Lazy Rain

Smog

It's snaining outside
Or is it just lazy rain
It's six AM and I'm walking home
While the city twitches
In a sleep of dog dreamsMe and a friend of mine
We just cheated death
Now I'm walking home
For death's rain checkI open the door quietly
So as not to wake
The blue-eyed wedding cake
But she's watching me with one eye
The sleepy little spyShe helps me off with my shirt
Because my arm was hurt
In a recent fall
I slide into the bed
Then my leg I thread
Between hers
I put my good arm on her belly
Her hips
Her knees
She is made of several babiesI keep my scratchy cast to myself
As I feel our bodies melt
Into two drops of lazy rain
Snaking down the window paneAnd when the two drops merge
Then there is the surge
Of one larger drop
We move faster towards the sill

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