

## SINGING IN THE RAIN, PROVENCE

*for Evert Lindfors*

Walking in rain  
in a yellow slicker

is as close as I'll get  
to dancing; no one

is out to watch me,  
either, though I

did pass some sad  
dogs, and two English-

women. My umbrella  
is furled, back pain,

but with good boots,  
a hood, who knows

what I might see  
down this old path,

maybe wild boars  
mating with pigs.

Or the rain could  
twist, like an in-

tegral sign, or  
its drops reach and

seize hold, in lines  
at 45 degrees,

ukiyoe rain,  
corrugated tin

sheet rain over  
the cherries. So

the rain proffers  
shelter. From which

something sings  
out of me; Donald

O'Connor winks,  
watch it, kid, he

says, keep wavin'  
your arms like that,

and a wet, sharp  
thorn bush is going

to catch on to you.