

RAIN

Rain salts the caves
Soils weep the sun
yet the kudzu clings
 canopies of no kelp
the heel spurs are horseshoes
for the durango sauce
the charms the harbor master
soaks the sponge release gas
is not the worst to be done

when you've looked around
the prowl never to break
what's won and what's lost
winter blossoms a paradise
 frost cantilvers penguins
while sun weeps sun weeps soil