

Rain

Rain swarmed
above our newspaper
umbrellas, trees
shook like guitars.

Reflections from neon
signs ran like lines
of wet mascara, staining
paving slabs hues of red,

blue and yellow. We took
shelter in a nearby church,
the light from the stained
glass filling in the wire

frame outlines of our lives,
blank as an uncoloured tattoo.

Christian Ward