

ADEL METTAWA

60% Chance of Rain

Mud-smear'd grass rots the chipped sidewalk
a couple of light blue drifters bombard
her flower-speckled dress and gray synapses of
a shattered Polaroid memory fire
his sepia-tinted flashbacks
duo skids the crevasse
a collision of neighborly smiles

Plates full of mashed potato-clouds spill
change droplets earthbound:
pennies, quarters, dimes
scattering, splatting, and soaking
warm shirts and shoes spreading
the smell of meadows and wet grass to
classrooms, offices, and grocery stores
dripping over waxed linoleum floors trampling
the tune of a J. Pollock canvas

Umbrella armies huddle like
insect colonies poking up elliptical rainbow
yellows, reds, and polka dot pink
against an imposing glum A.M. a muggy atmosphere of moody
wind serving wisps in between the branches tugging leaves aloft
littering clogged storm drains full of puddled foliage

Cars, buses, taxi lights blind pedestrians
in search for the warm box of a café,
the shade of a crowning tree, or a bus stop bunker
stopping the crescendo of nerves
for a fermata—rest

Customers cushioned about coffee shop benches and chairs peek
past the starry gloss of water on windows seeing the city street
grow and shrink in population with the change red to green to red
on traffic lights that bounce about taut strings warping in the wind

Caffeinated drivers watch their windshield metronomes and
count the ticks of time till work muttering this verse:
There's always a chance of rain