

The sixth sense

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See

the clouds

skidding

fast

towards their end,

their wispy bulks

shadowy gray

choking the sun

with their tears.

Hear

the wind,

howling,

moaning,

wailing,

mourning

the loss

of its most beloved

sun.

Feel

the last gust of warmth

like a kiss

on your cheek;

the first fist

of cold

slam

into your belly,

mist

swirling

around your feet.

Smell

old roses

wither

cry

for the rain,

the life-saving drops,

heavy in the air

like a deadly perfume.

Taste
the dust
of summer days past,
hot tar,
cooling in the rain,
a bitter-sweet drizzle,
fallen flowers
ruffled by the wind.

Know
that, no matter what I do
you
trap me
catch me,
a summer storm,
in that
sticky net of words;
I return
to your side
again
and again
and if I could
I would
love you
like the rain.

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