

## *Idle Thoughts*

### *Cloudburst*

THE heavens tumble on the streaming streets.  
Grey rods like needles avalanche and merge  
As rivers — and the awesome flood unseats  
Awareness of a world beyond the surge.

This overwhelming, all-consuming rain —  
Beneath whose lashings, gutterings don't try  
To channel it sedately to some drain —  
Has marked this day and brought a year's supply.

So cascades thunder from the startled eaves,  
And all the world's a wetness so immense  
That everything that's logical perceives  
A soaking quite beyond the realm of sense.

Then, fast as it had started, it is gone —  
Nor can we comprehend the sudden dry:  
Where cloudburst crashed a moment since, there's none.  
It came, it raged unchecked, then went — but why?

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