

Question

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?
