

THE RAIN HAS MADE ME LATE TO WORK

this *morning* washed so that fragrances rise while
you inconceivable sleep curled up wise bud in my
bed and I incredulous pedal the hill to this *day* my
work facing dusty stacks with a secret small music
called *maybe* your face could unfurl for me later

but *now* is the time when happiest I should be writing
poems and indeed they stir around in *here* it may be the
time having *come* to them or they to *her* the *ideas*
arriving to someone it has just *occurred* to me I grab
a yellow *pad* hide in the *shelves* instead sweet *letter*.