

After Rain · *Stuart Dischell*

After bad dreams I wake up  
To the world made new by rain,  
And getting out of bed,  
Going to the window,

I see you outside  
With your red umbrella,  
Waiting to cross  
With the change of the light.

I see you, first flower  
Of the season, among others  
Unblossoming in green ponchos,  
Hoods pulled tight and collars raised.