

Good Morning, Blues

it's still raining
say good morning to the blues
raining, raining
Good Morning, Blues
the sky is crying
more bad news

the consolations of style
like a belief in history
persist on my block,
the mystery ambulance
keeping its distance

nobody can predict the future
and time is an illusion
but it hurts, this meditation
dedicated to the ones I love

it's raining this morning
gray streets slick with rain
rain against the windows of the hospitals
their long hallways with harsh lighting
the pump-wheeze of machines,
raining on the empty schools,
the steady drip of leaks unfixed,
thin streams sluicing
from the peaked roofs of churches

the entertainment district dark
all over shops closed, factories
projects and parking lots abandoned
to the rain! black puddles
low clouds over wet trees

if we're not online
where can you read these lines?
keep your cellphones dry

Chuck Joy has authored collections of poetry, most recently Percussive (Turning Point, Cincinnati OH), poems selected for their narrative quality.

~ *♦*❁*♦* ~

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