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after the rain

Purcy H. Pini

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after the rain

after the rain
eyes are giving
light to the day . . .
people under
sun-deck—
closed for a moment
to neighbors . . .
shake away little
cloud-shovel
from manhattan.

—Purcy H. Pini

Prison Song

Behind the long ridge
The arms of the sun glow dim
As flames beneath water

Beyond the ridge and over the
Back of the pale west sky
Guitars sing in the sun
Waves catch the feet
Of a laughing girl

And I pluck broken chords
Here in the growing darkness . . .

—James M. Jenkinson

A Human Cry

see
see me
see me again . . .

on my stone
sits the trace
of salt pearls.

see
see me
see me again . . .

how all stones
are crying
are crying for you.

see
see me
see me again . . .

the stone
in heat
is bending.

see
see me
see me again . . .

my stone
strikes folds
in grief.

—Purcy H. Pini