

rain

sometimes the rain spears the light into cold glass
stretches its fingers about your shoulders
soddens every last inch of you

sometimes it smudges the edges of the day
floats like dust on your jumper and your hair
simmers on your skin in a cool fizz

when it's not here
it is likely somewhere else
colouring the buildings in Paisley
spattering dog shite in the High Street in Buckie
swirling grey in Peebles like an old woman's hair

and even when the sunshine bakes us
the rain is only hiding
smirring off the surface of the sea
gathering its breath
for the big Heave Ho