

Dreaming in Noir

Chapter One hundred eighty-seven

Anonymous as a drop of rain

Life scatters in streams of storms

Runs into dry creek beds

Over streets nameless unmarked

I go and

If it ever mattered

Who knows

Thunder trips a trance

Writing in a flood

The flesh pelted

With the sludge

Of living

Thoughts collect like mud

The mind seeks shelter

In the corridors

Of the empty page

Beneath a porch

Of paragraphs

Between run-ons

Splices on the walls

A house of words

Collapsing in the rain