

## LITTLE RAINS SKITTERING

Over the roof and across the lawn rain dances tiny steps, fleeing  
over the land so fleet of foot, hardly touching grass and bushes,  
over my head in a wild minuet: skip left, then right, then straight ahead  
over people who sit and smile at this fickle quicksilver rain.

Under the sun, thin clouds skitter, shredding long streamers  
under the wind that drives this dance, drumming on roof tin, and  
under the hat of the girl in blue, eyes atwinkle;  
under the roof life slides on its leisurely pace.

Left behind the door is yesterday's paper, to sop up the mud  
left from yesterday's showers that invaded, not so playful,  
left of the door where a dog sits and stares at the rain  
left in puddles that wind whips to slippery ripples.

Right then and there the dog decides to drive the cat  
right in the path of another little rain that, sneakily, turns  
right at the phone booth, to scamper up the hill  
right to the edge of a dry spot the cat was aiming for.

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