

Like a pilot flying with a  
Mud-rainy windshield,  
Sunlight can feel like  
The Devil beating his wife  
Again, but for the droplets  
In their array, scattered mildly  
About, varied in their brown-gray  
Envelopes, the plane will fly itself,  
After all, more or less, at least,  
Like an intuitive, silent guest.

Whoever signed up for the job  
Of buying groceries and sharing  
Life insurance with Beezelbub  
Had to know that people would talk.  
On the short end, they were in for  
A life of misunderstanding, a  
Life caught in transition and always (   
the immutable center of greed),  
Transition, slowly turning leaf  
Color, laryngeal muscles adjusting  
Dance-like to desire, that which  
Will carry us into forever like a  
Popsicle (but without the sugary  
Haste) we wait for the day to come  
When light, shining through water,  
Reminds us that we can fathom  
Covenant to the point of tying  
Rainbow so closely to Devil and God  
Themselves, if you're southern, a  
Luxury reserved for the sentient,  
And cherished just below the clouds.