

Puddles

By Nicki Startek

Pools of rain conquer the dips of the alleyway.

The thrum of the city triggers a fluid sway.

Their glass like quality inverts the world,

Slight movement makes it whirled.

Contents disperse at the contact of a shoe,

Speckles and laughter wash the path anew.

Heat from summer, strobes and neon lights,

Bid the ponds off into the sky of night.

Trickling seizes,

Dampness exits the creases.

Withering, shallower and shallower,

Merely dark patchy stains in their final hour.

At dawn their temporary life concludes,

Their anticipated return a gloomy cloud alludes.