

## A Rainy Day in an Old Amusement Park

Morning, evening, afternoon, melting  
Like ink on wet newsprint, running together  
Into one gray amorphous hour.  
All around, the bumper cars lay scattered  
Like dead beetles, under spreading girders like  
Gnawed-clean ribs. It was like standing  
In the heart-chamber of some vast dead beast  
Or the nave of a ruined church, bare rafters  
Dripping rain onto the toppled pews. I felt  
Myself a mourner, standing with the trees  
Drizzle running down our faces,  
As the wind threw leaves like ashes  
And the flakes of rust fell like dried blood.  
And pattered and muttered on the leaves.  
A chitinous arachnid sound, like mandibles.  
Of eyeless worms, chewing already on the corpse,  
Or like the feet of some eight-legged organist  
Coming up the aisle, down the dying thing's throat  
To seize its lungs and force from them  
A funeral march, a moaning fugue,  
To send the gray hours swirling  
Together into night.