



Yesterday a passing transient shower,
Slaked my thirst so gently, softly,
Parted my lips, shook my bones.

They say the world is dying, I know,
I remember how you said love died.
It was a passing shower, a fancy,
That left you cold and shivering.

This distance, these wired networks,
Couldn't bring your love to you.
You became strangers, distances apart,
The eyes, too, misted with showers.

Friend, your world is far removed,
I can only view the receding landscape,
Of another woman's deep distress.
Is it much to expect the showers to pass?

If you come out of the ship, step over the deck,
Open your heart and cry in the rain.
I am sure the passing showers will cease,
And usher in the blossoms of spring!