Nothing happened. But the rain jerked from the sky, then jaywalked toward earth, while dim light stroked the eyelids of excited clouds, clamped with an ardor against the day. Even now, a stomach draws a knot—recalls the daft butterflies, the dense wind that blew a backdrop of gravitas for girly wings (for frappés beat by crazed foundlings: the moths in the updraft). It’s serious foul weather when the dew lifts its anvil upwards to strike whatever’s walking. Upright dongs a bell whose deaf tones ruin the chorus of rain. Rip back a corner on this failed sheet which, note by note, wants to mate with the trees, the damned grass, the shiftless roofs. Nothing sweet starts like this—lover of branches, by posting amorous intentions on the short-waved air—but moss, and the mud. You’ll die in the hooves and hair of animals that move slow and eat up the expanse of the soiled ground. But, for you, wet friend, nothing happened.