A leaf, a green leaf’s not
one color, one side’s
slightly darker, I say one’s lighter.
The wind flips it first
one way then the other
before the storm clouds break.

And the tree on which it hangs
with many other leaves
looks like rain.
It thrashes its long branches
like Medusa in a rage.
That tree has nothing to say

but says it anyway:
first waves of light
then darker waves
of wind pass through
the leaves and later
that foliage turns brown.

If the tree doesn’t mean
anything by that,
I still take it as fact:
when trees look like rain
they show the underside
of all green things.

Or so it seemed that day
walking along the river
with storm clouds rolling in.
All the trees there looked
like rain. I have no regrets.
I won’t see you again.