

Brian Spaeth

The Rains

3:55 on a day called Friday, February 15, for no reason that I can ascertain!

Damp & Dejected Constellations Rotate Ponderously Above the Fulton Sky
A Watery Prayer of Way-Downtown at the Bottom of the City
Tributaries of Regret: The Source of the River of Turpitude

I scan the mute faces of the old skyscrapers, looking desperately and forlornly for a familiar and re-assuring image.

Watery Illusions on a Lifeless and Formless Afternoon on a Calendar of Terrifying Import
The Looming Sentinel of Nassau Street in a Half-Light Moment of Recognizance
Ancient Structures Creak & Moan as they Shift in their Iron Beds
Moral Uncertainty in a Watery Hour . . .

Moisture turns to Rain and then to Flood on the Coordinates of the Old South Rooftop!

Asperdalteria-in-Aphasiaticca!
Mad Dance of Disturbed Molecules
Downpour in Abscondia!

Storms swirl over the rooftop as I gaze out at unimaginable scenes of Architectonic Fantasy . . .

Vaporous Memories Swirl and Comingle with an Image of Myself
Receptive Waters Welcome the Vapor/Memory Phantoms En-Route From the Old Powell's Cove
Swirl of Vapor/Memory Regret in the Great Rotating Turret of the Bennett

Watery Afternoons as the Rooftop of the Bennett Stretches to the Edge of Recollection and
Mute Skyscrapers Moan at the Very Brink of Audibility

*Water-bourne phantoms peer into the sunken confines of a peculiar outpost called, in a fit of linearity: 1003, and by many other names,
depending on the level of moisture and bio-spark inclination*

Lost and Swept Away Along With Other Effluvia

Effluviatta-in-Catatonia!

Lost and Watery Days & Nights Walking Down Fulton Street in a Rotting Half-Moon Dream

Down here again . . . the Bottom of the City—Tidal Longings and ripples of Loneliness & Despair

And now— Rain!

The Cenotaph at Fulton & Nassau

I am led to strange doors deep in the Electro-Spark Night: The Great Trepidarium of Nassau Street

Lost Trails Through Electro-Stanchion Halls & Stairs
Routes Traced and Re-Traced as Unknown Gods Ignore our Scurryings
King's Pawn Gambit on an Iron Gameboard Deep in the Lost Interior of the Bennett
Conversational Gambits Declined in a Tale of the Old Bennett
Drunken Conversations Echo Through Cast-Iron . . .

*Great and ancient valves are turned, ponderously, deep in the cast-iron heart of that
mighty structure*

Forge of The Old Bennett
The Strange and Mysterious Workings in the Ancient and Crepuscular Interior
Night-Crews Work Ceaselessly on Tasks of Complete Unknowability
Heaving and Moaning Structures in the Devonian Night of Old Fulton . . .

Stranded on an unboly rooftop of great improbability

Ruminations on a Strange Plateau Way Up There at the Top of a Dream
The Ghost of "X" Wanders the Staircase and Halls of the Old Bennett
Impossible Lives, Shunted-Off and Trapped in Unlikely Rooms
Phantom Patrols in the Hallways

Frost on the windows of a peculiar outpost . . .