



John Brandi Rain Blows Through



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Rain Blows Through



Winter sunrise  
summer hills turn gold  
on the hanging scroll

Who are you?  
the mirror  
never stops



Build a cloud hut  
and forget  
the days

Loneliness—  
I wag my tail  
at the dog

Mountain home  
rain blows  
right through

A bath under the stars  
all burdens  
to the breeze

New robe  
way too large  
for these bones

Spring rain  
our knees barely touching  
at the bus stop

You lead  
I'll follow  
butterfly

Keep in touch  
she smiles, giving  
no address



Drought defiant  
my little patch  
of flowering weeds

Night wind  
Mars leading Venus  
across the sky

From one coyote  
the voice  
of twelve

Eight a.m.  
the eyes of the housefly  
already on me

Travel-ready  
that cricket singing  
in my suitcase

So far so good  
I've outlasted  
my walking stick

Cold front  
the silent transparency  
of distant peaks

Moving over  
to let the moon  
fill the bed



Fork in the road  
I hurry both ways  
before nightfall

The shortcut  
took longer  
autumn leaves

All Souls' Day  
evening lights of those  
across the water

Dry ravine:  
in every boulder  
the river's force

Just like that, the Dipper  
now the moon  
gone down

Mountains  
one after another  
taking hold  
in the fog



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