**Drizzling Drone**

Five AM the rain drizzles a sobering drone

City lights put together like there should have been somebody home

A nest full of hollows scrambles from bone to bone

Out in the clouds the sound of an early morning train

Falls against the sound of a million pieces of rain

Soggy the trees, stare back like someone is home

Spirits fall downwards off clouds that are made out of stone

On the grass by the church you see God sleeping there by Himself

Slate shingles tumble like glass Mason jars from a shelf

Out in the clouds the sound of an early morning train

Falls against the sound of a million pieces of rain

Damp city breezes collide with a taxicab tire

Yellow-painted oak branches silhouetted like arthritic fire

This city of millions behind the black where the streetlamps go out

Her million dreams screaming, a child with a tear-scatted shout

Out in the clouds the sound of an early morning train

Falls against the sound of a million pieces of rain

Loneliness moans like poisonous paste in a spoon

The man on the corner soft whistles a three-legged tune

Out in the clouds the sound of an early morning train

Falls against the sound of a million pieces of rain