

Wet Sky Buddha



An early spring rain and he is shedding water. From childhood we are told, as a form of nursery style poetry, that rain is the tears of the gods or angel piss for the perverse. Who died in the night of the wet sky? What child starved? What cat was crushed by an auto? What great tree was knifed and sawn? Shot dead. Shot dead. Shot dead. Spring hops over these things and brings a sadness to the gods. And we assume it is for our world they cry.