

From the raindrop looking where to land
by Violette Taylor

Falling from the cloud 60,000 feet above the Seine,
I search for a tender place to settle.

I search for lovers so that maybe
I will be brushed away by a gentle hand.

I see a short-haired girl in a green dress rolling
a cigarette and decide this is my new home.

Her friend is writing poetry about this moment in
her head and I wish to be looked at like that.

I fall into her soft brown hair and
I am seen. I am home.

