

IAN WILLIAM COLSON

EVENING COMES EARLY

Evening comes early west of the Rockies
When rainclouds envelop sky in blue grey
When rain puddles in the street and drip drip drips
Between buildings so tall
The flower vendor leans back to watch a veil of silky color streak down over office windows.

Somewhere little girls skip in shiny new rain boots
Mothers calling after,
“Close your coats or you’ll get wet and chilly!”

Buttercup yellow, lipstick red, and clover green dance across sloshing water;
Intersection tar makes the bottom of a tiny lake.
Waves spray up over spinning wheels
“Aieeee!” laughter gasps and giggles;
The language of sisters.

They drive through the early evening streets, with doors wide open and pants rolled high
Their socks pulled free to dangle bare
To greet skipping rain, to slosh twenty toes, as five others push speedometer to thirty.
Streams and dreams frolic till they gurgle down storm drains.

Rest assured mother, our jackets are buttoned.