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A Wet Poem

A rainy hurricane whips the skyscrapers,
houses, shops, shopwindows.

It clogs the watergates
with screams, sludge, debris.

A tilting man is strolling under the bridge,
the kay chafes and try to wake up a dinghy
to act as lifeboat.

In the streets people
run, walk, limp home,
to shelter between concrete walls
or in arms of a rescue team
somewhere and nowhere.

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