

ROBERT THOMAS

Sonnet with Rain Dance and Gitanes

Jealous of the one who does not exist,
never the one who does. *Him?* His dirty
Peugeot parked where you thought I wouldn't see
his French cigarettes on the dash at night
as I walked home on Grant? The mandolin
picker with his beach house? Who cares about
him? But the one with iridescent wings
on his cock and a range of five octaves
he can sing with it, the one whose dancing
evokes five forms of precipitation,
each more astonishing than the last, down
on the withered grass below your window:
I've never seen him but know he exists,
as the Devil howls and knows God exists.