

A French Café

by Jane Stuart

The wind is cold tonight—it blows and blows!
 across the street, mixed with a winter rain
 that falls on porches, damps doors, wets windows,
 then twists and turns the street signs upside down.
 This wintry rain subdues flashing street lights
 and leaves the city quiet from the storm.

We were out walking when the sudden storm
 rose in the north—wild winds began to blow
 and rain fell covering the moon's bright light.
 The grassy park was soon drenched by this rain.
 The wind turned every park bench upside down;
 across the street, it battered store windows.

But who, at night, can see the wind? Oh, no,
 it slides along, part of a heavy storm,
 pushing at trees, and trying to tear down
 what was not there before when no wind blows—
 but we were walking in a gentle rain
 along the river bathed by soft street lights.

There to the left, shimmering in soft light
 —the dog was sleeping inside the window—
 a restaurant not caught up by this rain
 but somehow passed by, by the sudden storm!
 A wafting supper smell began to blow
 around the hidden door then up and down

this crooked street that we had followed down
 the road to yesterday, full of moonlight,
 covered by starshine a zephyr had blown
 over the door, and roof, across windows
 until—sitting inside—there was no storm.
 Our happy tears began to fall like rain.

You were, again, so young and full of rain.
 Your eyes laughed but your smile was upside down.
 I thought of you as yesterday's lost storm—
 a promise found, a dream made out of light.
 You saw our reflection in the window.
 Before we left, you blew a kiss to me.

A dashing rain, the palest city lights—
 wind crossing doors and sliding down windows—
 another storm that blows and blows and blows.