

# Omens

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The rain falls soft  
after a hard weekend.

Monday murmurs into life,  
teasing its way,  
more like night's early hours  
than a fresh working week.

You watch the crow, poised  
within a trinity of trees  
on the damp green,  
meditating amongst drops.

You pass the tabby cat  
in the doorway,  
shrinking back onto hind legs,  
a concertina of fur.

These seem like omens,  
though, strangely,  
not of ill will.

For this rain falls like the calm  
that follows chaos;  
like a fast after the feast.

