

# A Little Man on a Rainy Corner

*by* Michael Tusa

He is sitting in the infinite rain,  
and the water is making him some infinite silhouette.

He has got his little legs crossed, and his little arms crossed,  
and his hair is long and slowly untangling itself by weight of the  
drops.

Incessantly pushing, on and on, like little soldiers of sad,  
pioneering their way from his head to his socks.

And the stop light is blinking,  
and there is an uneasy wind.

