

Raining at the Moment

John Levy



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Raining at the Moment
poems and photographs by
John Levy

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for
John Phillips



the tree isn't blossoming clouds
look
as if they're the tree's dream



Horse and I

Rain is. Falling. Between
us. It

falls

on us. And
the fence. It

changes the
color of

where. It. Lands. I
put this

into

words. Where

do

you

put

it?



A Month in Autumn

for Dag T. Straumsvåg

The yellow ginkgo leaves are wheeled above the city's brick pavers. Over there, in the shade of the doorway, a boy carries an inflated horse out into the light. His mother, behind him, a voice from a distant country. RETURN TO SENDER, a widower reads, stamped in black on the front of a letter he sent someone he hadn't written in 20 years. He hopes she is still alive. A different old man, in a grey beret, head bowed, shuffles through fallen leaves and approaches the boy in the stroller.



Stating the Obvious

When it rains it is always raining at the moment. The moment, therefore, is wet. The wet moment is obvious. Obviously, you are reading this and “this” is composed of words. They make sounds and so do raindrops when they strike, say, feathers. In Spanish, crow is cuervo. The Spanish word for a lot of noise, a racket, is algarabía, which in Spanish also means rejoicing. Noise is its own physical body, it rises and falls. Rejoice, someone may say to you once or more times during your life, rejoice.



even in a puddle, moon
even
in a puddle



Of Man and Cone

- (a) He recalls fantasies about cornucopias.
- (b) He is imagining a man in a submarine, far below the ocean's surface, who has picked up an ice-cream cone and is debating with himself which flavor of ice-cream he craves the most.
- (c) Pausing on his way home, he meditates on fragility.
- (d) He observed a shape in the brick wall behind him that resembles an upside-down cone and considers turning around to lift this smaller cone in front of the larger more permanent one.
- (e) He thinks of a wedding gown and how both the shape of this cone and the words themselves, "gown" and "cone," are off rhymes.
- (f) He's grateful to be alive, with fingers, hands, arms, heart, eyes and mind, all functioning.
- (g) He visualizes placing a tiny beach ball into the cone.
- (h) His coat envelops him, he thinks, while the cone embraces its enclosed shape.
- (i) The sculptor contemplates his next creation.



(j) He's recollecting his childhood, the cone almost weightless.

(k) He will place a postage stamp on one side of this, carefully write his granddaughter's name on the other, and deliver it to her. She is four.



Trio of Giraffes

In captivity, giraffes determined that two or more constitute a quorum. When people are around, the giraffes pretend they are slowly passing each other without communicating. Every tilt of the head, combined with elevating the neck and calibrating the angle of neck to the other nearby necks, precludes much more than includes; they know how to narrow down, with precision, what needs to be disclosed. We get the impression of solemnity on their part, because they're masters of the deadpan. Sometimes they put together the quorum to share quips or riddles, occasionally a slightly outrageous limerick. Today is more serious, they are once again exchanging views of what is impossible. One believes that a giraffe can walk on water and the other two recall recent dreams.



If, per

if, perchance, there were
no

bull in no
arena

only the
matador

waving
a red

cape

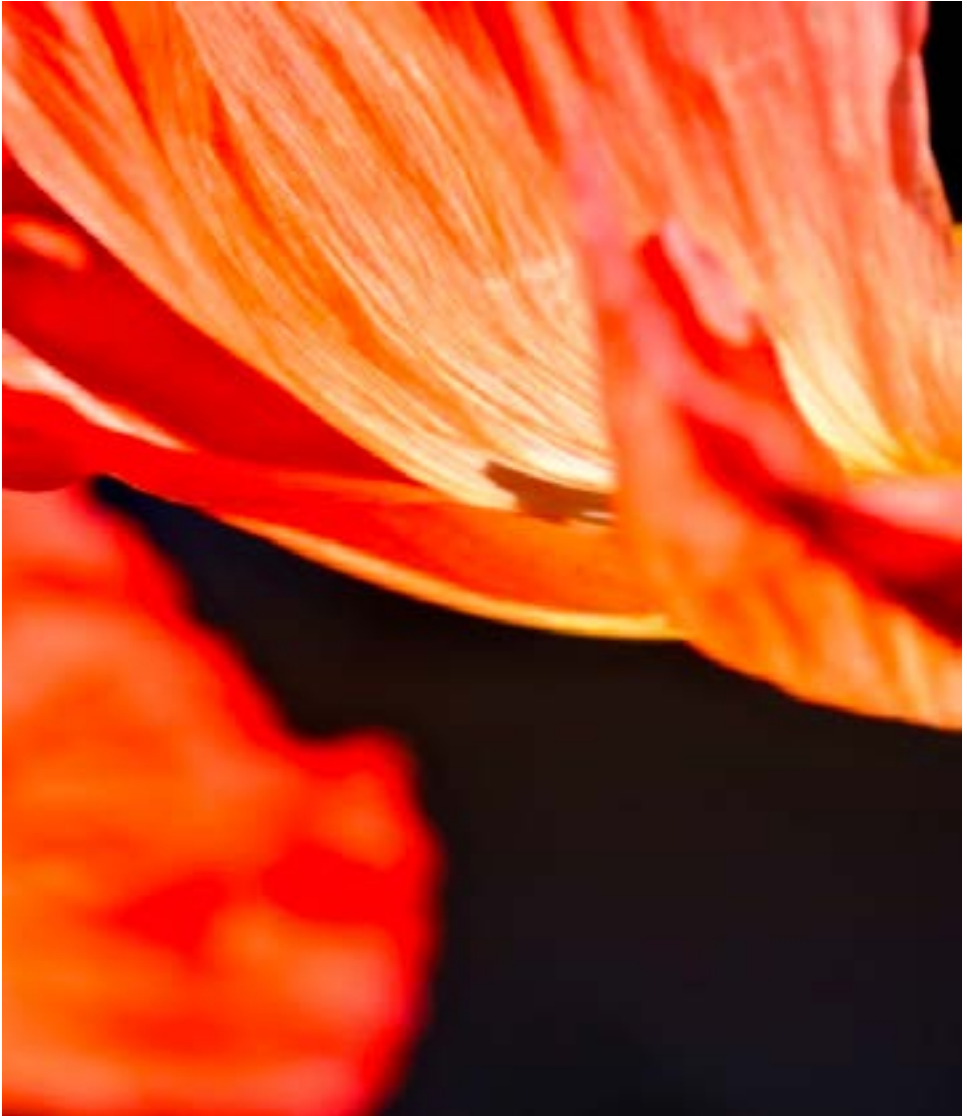
for the
flourish of

the red

itself

and if the matador's

head were
not a human's



and if you were
small

enough

and could fly

among the petals

Acknowledgments

My thanks to Mark Young for publishing “If, per” and the accompanying photo of the poppy in *otoliths*.

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