

Weathertalk

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A darkwhite sky
with a touch of semantic confusion
and the day spreads like
a sheet between the city
and the empty endless space.

Clouds are so homogeneously
merged into each other that the word cloud
disappears on the page.

A shy rain falls ever so reluctantly
as if searching for its name.

Today is the coolest we've had for sometime;
it's refreshing, like an empty page
in a book of heavy arguments.
This is not a day like any other,
yet it is.