

i tried to save the raindrop that fell  
from some iron rail of the effiel tower  
and splattered on the left side  
of my forehead  
then the horrors set in  
not a single cloud in the sky  
rain is not a grey and white pasty mixture.  
the parisian walking next to me  
who could not speak english  
seconds before  
suddenly could...

    woe to the tourist  
        not wearing a hat.

    the raindrop that fell.  
    wf.h.  
    2026