

# Away, from Reno

William J. Macauley, Jr.

Rain

Infrequent here in high desert

Smells like battery acid

The drizzled shhh,

Like a finger raised, centered on the lips

Hushes collateral movings

Drops interrupt

Desperate diving animals

A riffing water clock

Night and neon lose their form

On a long-past backseat window

Strange as now and another place

Running down the glass

Like vinyl siding

On a tract house in the desert