**Nonmonsoon**

by Stella Miles

StarKilometers@aol.com

Thunder and wind announce

long-awaited monsoon season!

I hurry outside into eerie,

early evening light,

greeted by cumulus confusion.

Clouds chase one another

through florid sunset strobed

by lightning in the west.

Easterly, a rainbow arcs.

Pungent moisture permeates the air.

Sweet fetidness captivates me.

Too soon, light, hue, aroma

and promise of rain fade,

turn crescent into a rain-less-bow.

I feel like a jilted lover.

A friend who lives five blocks away calls,

makes me listen on speakerphone

to raindrops tinning her roof.

She texts video of monsoon manna

awash in an arroyo.

Thunderclaps, lightning bolts,

errant clouds confound me –

meandering monsoon boondoggle.

Razzle-dazzle fizzle –

not even a driz of drizzle.