

# Harold Weathervein

Cursive

Harold walks down any street of this town  
both crier and witness the sun drops clouds shift  
his legs twitch

the clocks chime on cafes, pharmacies, and dime stores, in bar  
rooms he stils all alone erupting.  
in his head its like the weather  
back and forth its like the weather  
when it rains it pours down

Weatherman, do you feel?  
Is it stormy inside of your veins?