

# Battery Street

by Tamar Love Grande

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Black feet splay  
the bleak puddles. Rain  
gear from the neck  
down—no hats, but  
a stream of dark

umbrellas. Runnel  
of somber coats. Coursing  
sturdy cases. One  
baffled woman stands  
sodden from rude

taxis, cars, the 1  
California. Her red  
coat a delta. Her limp,  
dumb body turning  
the river, parting,

east and west. Red  
umbrella, crushed,  
drifts. The rain  
falls and  
is wet.