

IAN C. SMITH

## Forecast: Rain, Nostalgia

This dark sweet afternoon of misty rain  
Satie's sad piano measured and calm  
its echoes, prompts thoughts of gypsies again  
a secretive race never far from harm.  
That damp day smoke from their flues topped the rise  
above fields he hiked on the other side  
then the creaking caravans, his surprise  
ornate relief, those great shires, whippets tied  
near spoked wheels under a lowering sky, low  
pressure trough greening England, that tribe, sly  
tinkling bells, and now, this light, Satie's slow  
notes, the hills blurred violet as they passed by.  
Rain falls on the other side of his heart  
those tinkers long gone, having played their part.