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.