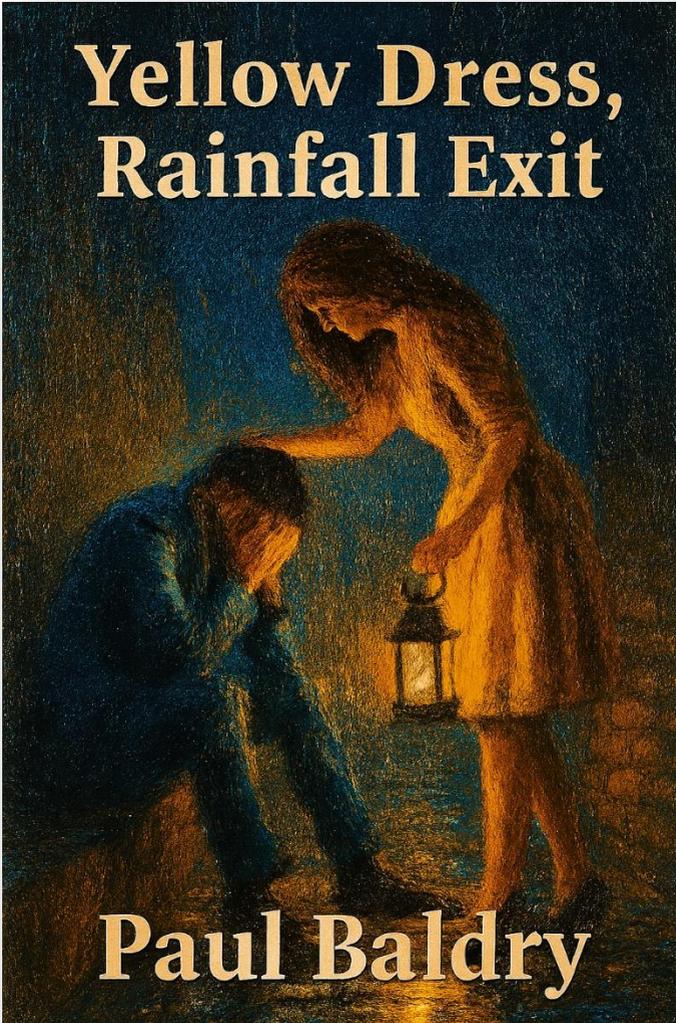


The Streetlamp Stayed On

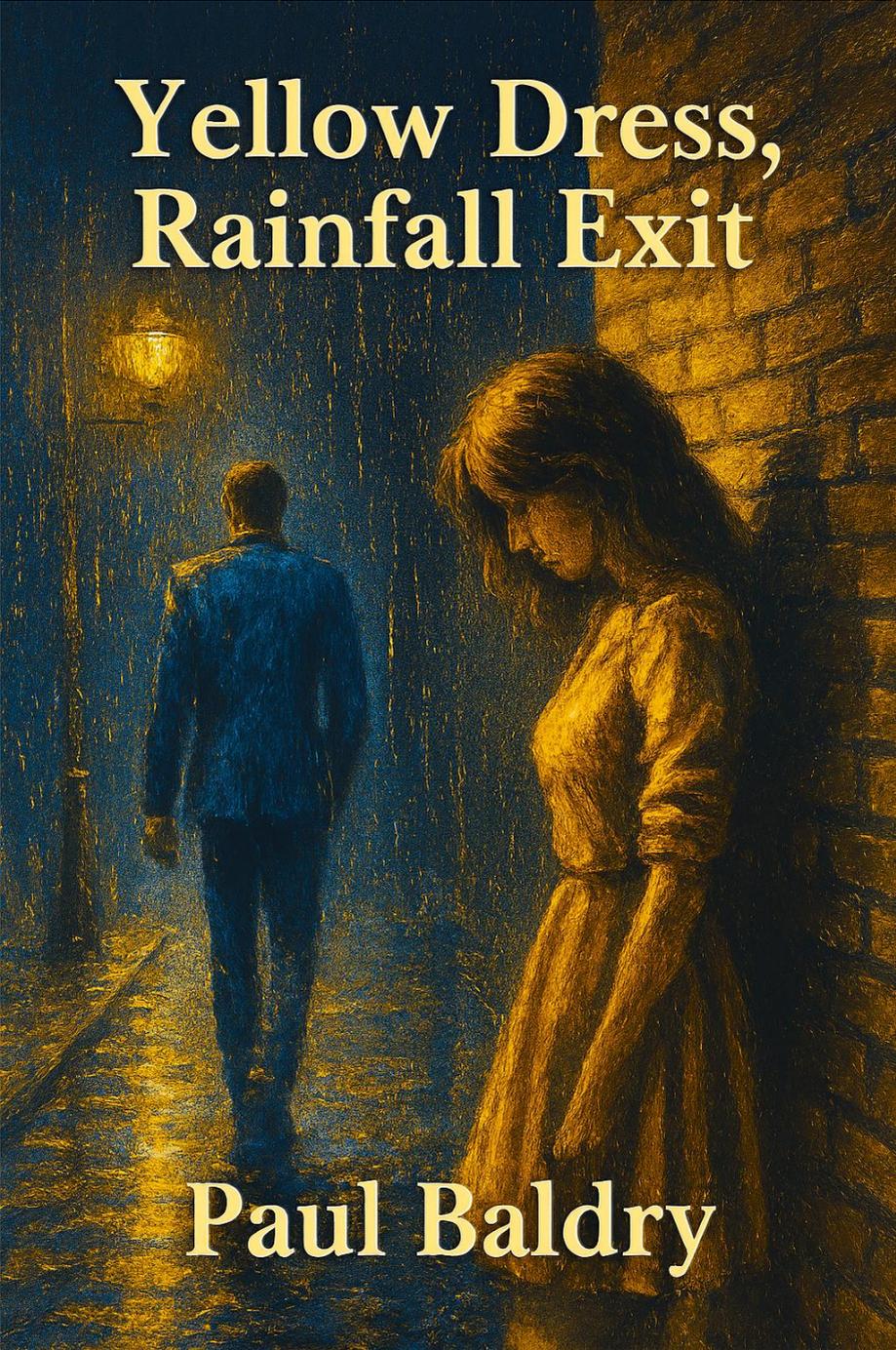
**Yellow Dress,
Rainfall Exit**



Paul Baldry

*A metaphor
for enduring love,
even through heartbreak
and silence.*

Yellow Dress, Rainfall Exit

A painting depicting a man in a blue suit walking away from a woman in a yellow dress on a rainy street. The man is seen from behind, walking towards a glowing street lamp. The woman stands in the foreground, looking down. The scene is rendered in a dark, moody style with heavy brushstrokes, capturing the atmosphere of a rainy night.

Paul Baldry

Yellow Dress, Rainfall Exit

By Paul Baldry

She stands where lamplight meets the rain,
A yellow dress, a quiet pain.
The bricks behind, the night ahead—
A silence where his footsteps fled.

Her heels are soaked, her arms hang low,
The city hums, but doesn't know.
She watches shadows stretch and bend,
And wonders how good things can end.

The pavement holds his fading trace,
Reflections blur his leaving face.
A stranger passes, doesn't see
The girl who gave too easily.

She doesn't cry, she doesn't call—
She lets the rain explain it all.
A thousand drops, a single truth:
He left her love, he took her youth.

But in that hush, beneath the light,
She finds her breath, she finds her fight.
And though the night feels cruel and long,
She walks away—still dressed in song.

Blue Suit, Rainfall Exit



Blue Suit, Rainfall Exit

By Paul Baldry

He stands where lamplight meets the wall,
A suit of blue, no words at all.
She walked away, her heels like drums—
Each step a truth that never comes.

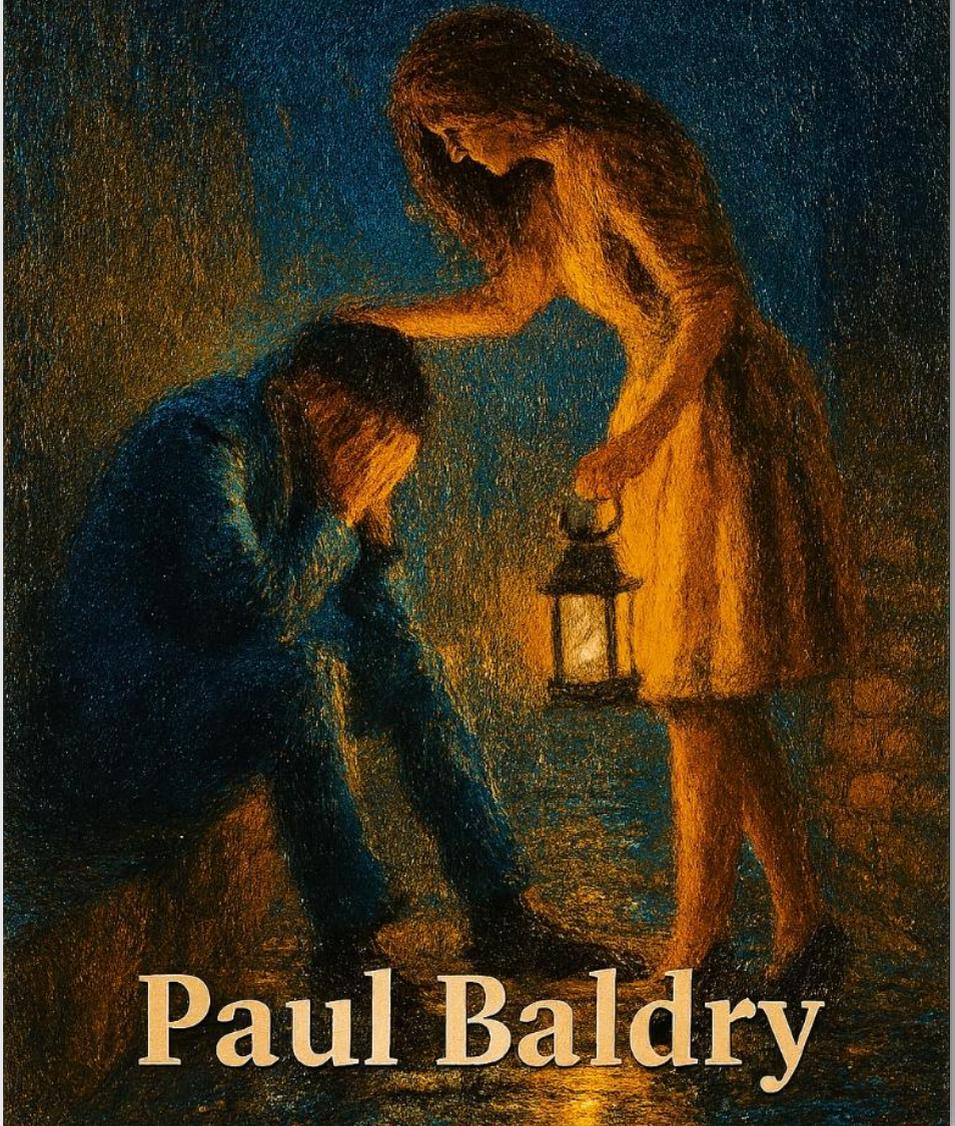
The bricks are wet, the night is wide,
He folds his hands, he swallows pride.
The rain runs down his collarbone,
A man undone, a heart alone.

She didn't shout, she didn't cry,
Just turned beneath the amber sky.
Her yellow dress, a flame in flight—
He watched it vanish into night.

The city hums, the puddles gleam,
But none of it can touch the dream
He held too close, he wore too thin—
The love she left, the ache within.

Yet in that hush, beneath the light,
He finds the edge of inner fight.
And though the night may never mend,
He learns how silence can defend.

Yellow Dress, Rainfall Exit



Paul Baldry

Lantern Between Them

By Paul Baldry

She found him where the rain had pooled,
A man undone, a heart unspooled.
His suit was soaked, his silence deep—
A place where even pride could weep.

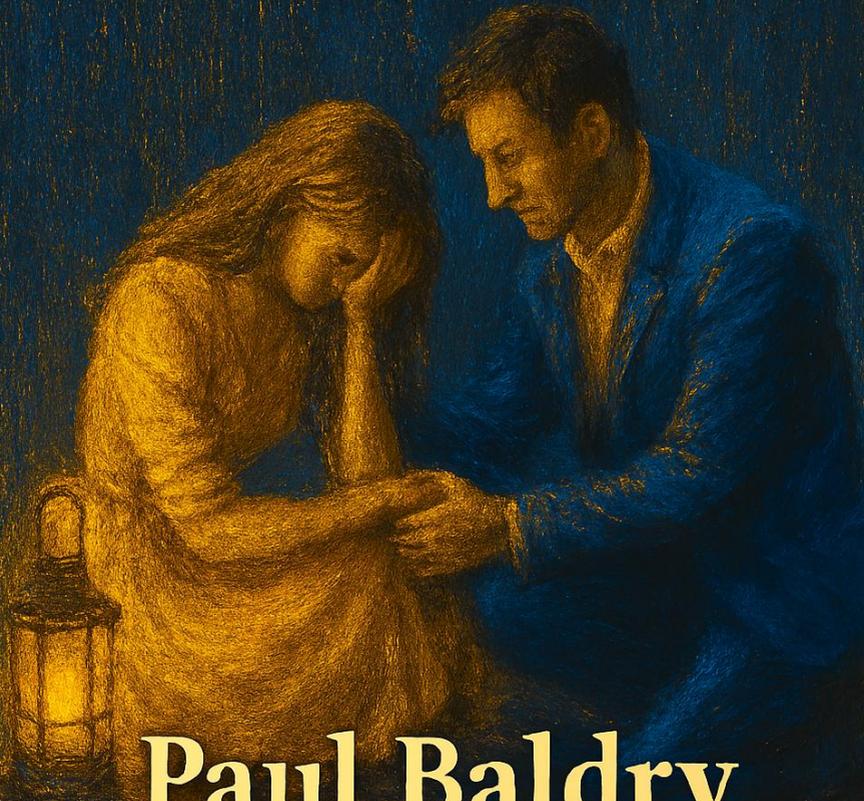
She held the light, she touched his hair,
No judgment passed, no need to stare.
Her lantern glowed, her fingers stayed—
A warmth that sorrow never frayed.

He didn't speak, he didn't rise,
Just met her hand with quiet eyes.
And in that hush, the storm grew mild—
She knelt beside him, soft and wild.

The rain still fell, the night still sighed,
But something shifted, something tried.
Not every wound is meant to mend—
But some are soothed by love, not end.

So let the lantern cast its flame,
On those who lose, on those who came.
For in the dark, between the two,
A light was held—and something true.

Yellow Dress, Rainfall Resolution



Paul Baldry

Rainfall Resolution

By Paul Baldry

She sat where lamplight met the stone,
A yellow dress, a heart alone.
The rain felt soft, the night stood still—
A silence shaped by aching will.

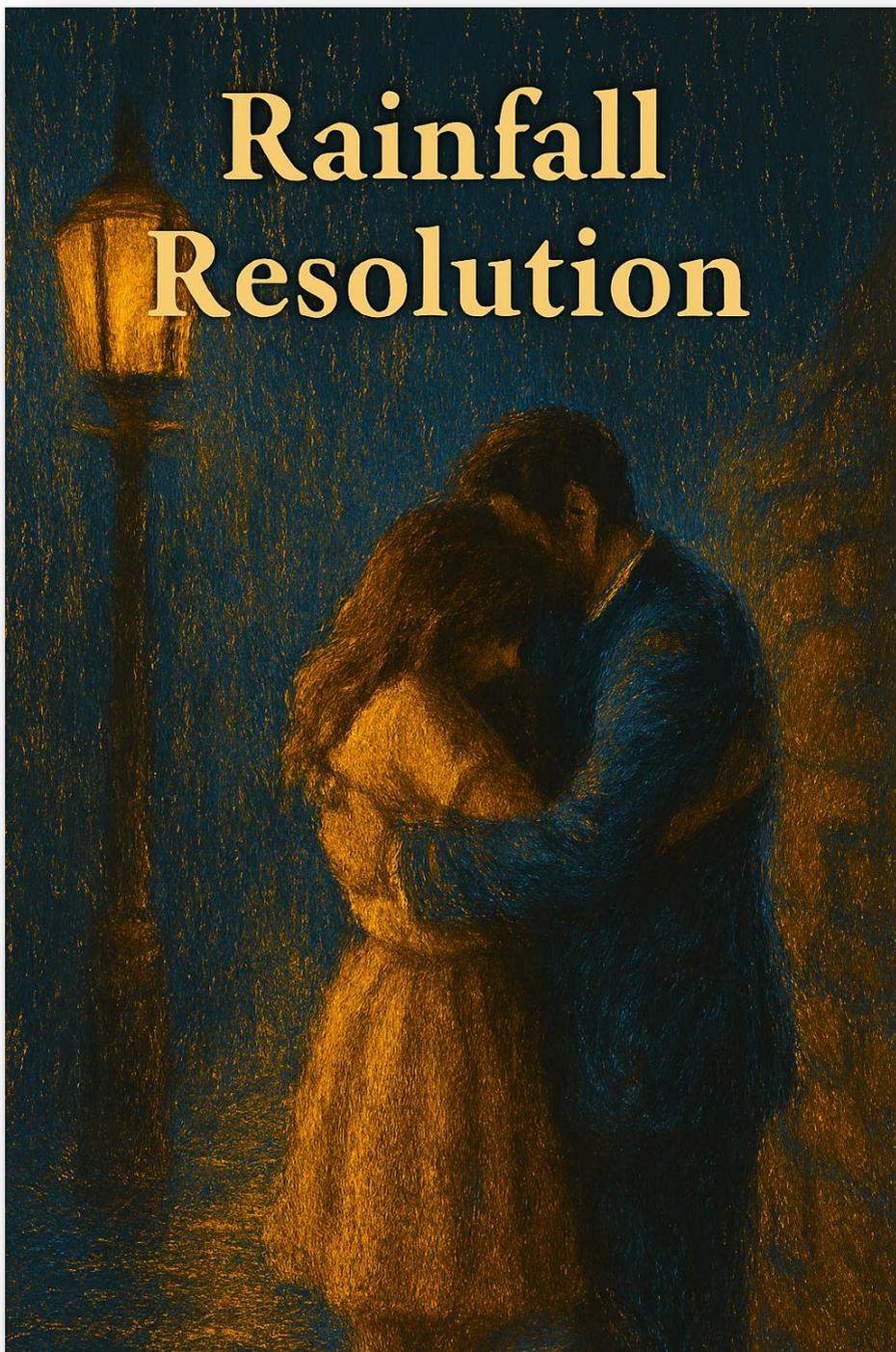
He found her there, her head bowed low,
Her fingers curled, her breath let go.
No words were said, no vows were made—
Just hands that reached, and hearts that stayed.

He knelt beside her, suit still wet,
A man not asking to forget.
He didn't beg, he didn't plead—
He simply gave her what she'd need.

A lantern glowed between their knees,
Its light like hope, its warmth like peace.
And in that hush, the storm grew mild—
She looked at him, and softly smiled.

So let the rain fall where it may—
They found a way to stay, not stray.
And though the night had known regret,
They chose the part that hadn't yet.

Rainfall Resolution



Rainfall Resolution” *Continued*

By Paul Baldry

They stood where sorrow used to live,
Where silence asked what love could give.
The rain still fell, the night still sighed—
But something deeper stirred inside.

No longer bound by pride or fear,
They saw the truth: *I need you here.*
Not for the vows, not for the past—
But for the soul that holds me fast.

Her hand in his, his breath in hers,
No need for speech, no need for spurs.
The storm had taught what hearts conceal—
That love is more than what we feel.

It's in the ache, the quiet grace,
The way her tears still bless his face.
It's in the way he holds her near,
And finds his strength in being clear.

They didn't plan, they didn't plead—
They simply knew what souls still need.
And in that rain, beneath the light,
They chose each other—chose what's right.