

Rain

The rain is my closest friend.  
Not the aggressive, ear-piercing kind that crashes in fury of passion,  
but the mellow, controlled rain  
that turns a gloomy day into something more serene.  
The low chorus of droplets falling on my roof in perfect harmony,  
calms my continuously increasing heartbeat.

It drips down my face  
as I look up at the gray, cloud-covered sky.  
I don't feel cold.  
It was a warm rain,  
a comforting one.  
Not humid, either.

The sun was always too bright for me.  
I enjoy the warmth,  
but the rain holds something more.  
The smell of freshly wet grass,  
and water seeping into the earth restores the land,  
putting nature in its purest state.

I watch as little beads hit the palm of my hand,  
the water flowing into all of the lines,  
tracing them, as if it is trying to get to know me.  
It covers my body,  
searching for more,  
never getting stuck in dark crevices.

The rain knows nothing about  
judgements and rules.  
It falls in free patterns,  
losing the calculated way of society,  
creating its own path,  
discovering the world for itself.

When the clouds roll out and the rain comes to a stop,  
its journey isn't over.  
Soon, it evaporates in a captivating mist,  
forming clouds of information, memories,  
of what it took from earth.  
Then, once again, it falls back down  
embracing everything it touches.