

Only a few of the thousand nameless rains

That one where the sun shines even during—

that one

sheer joy, a child's memory of the smell of green

an undisturbed nest, spring eggs, blue

A life before the city, before each drop dashes down, before shame, paychecks

before every pointy fear that pollutes love, before the dark clouds descend

That one that falls on a pool, a lake, a puddle

any small body of water

that one

perfect intersecting circles in rhythm

a reminder that we are all connected

Each splash intensifies into more insistent pecking, the pattern breaks

Into chaos, a thousand birds touching down—

The lost gracefulness of flight

But right before it falls apart, the dance

of rain's reverberation

rings in your ears.

The anticipation collects, the clouds bluster. Watching

from your window seat, you have no regrets, no tether to this world.

The silence grows heavy and you anticipate the storm,

that rain, sharp

the lightning, the thunder

thick blue gravity pinning you to this moment

Have you ever really suspected you'd feel this helpless?

Night rain falls,

this rain

Only a sound and in a pause

the moon barely risen from behind a cloud

an owl frenzies up from the pasture, swoops

uncomfortably close—for a known predator

as if to ask

Didn't you know the rain would end?

Haven't you ever seen a bird in flight?