

SJ Renfroe

Rain

I listen as you fall slowly out of the sky, following gravity toward my upturned face. You dash yourselves onto my chin and lose yourselves in my hair. My face burns under the beating and I draw no distinction between your crying and my own. The sound echoes all around me. It crashes into my ears, filling all of my senses with endless shattering. You are all I can see, spreading like a vast blanket over the sky, and I forget myself.

Each of you is immensely strong and quickly pierce into the very depths of the earth. The world has become achingly gray; you are the only lighter shade to the grayness. I am forgetting myself in this world as I feel my arms spread numbingly over my head, my legs splay across the grass, and my face push deeper into the mud. You soak into my skin until I realize that you must feel so very cold. I am cold, but at least I was warm once.

I feel my breathing slow, my heart pause. You slow, and I open my eyes. Above my face I watch you again descend toward me. Who are you? I gaze into you and search for answers. What makes my existence upon this grass any different than your own? You come daringly close to my eyes and I see my reflection and I cannot breathe and suddenly, we are one.