

To Rain

The midnight hour approaches swift and still.

My heavy soul as sodden as the earth
sets wand'ring down a path with aimless will—
so joyful, though somehow devoid of mirth.

A quiet mind says more than words convey.

I laugh amid the slow deluge of rain:

I'll find someone who loves me in the way

I love the wonder distant stars contain.

The way I love the puddled, rain-slicked street,
and dancing with the first debut of spring...

the way a severed heart still craves to beat
for hope that ev'ry lovely breath could bring.

Though fickle love is courted thus in vain,
the clouds will always drench the earth in rain.