

Rainy Days

Heavy storm clouds roll in
Covering the warm sun,
A thick gray blanket.
People sink into a state,
Hazy, slow, sad?

Glass beads start to descend
Slowly falling,
Falling,
Falling,

They become faster.
Like the beats of an ancient drum,
Splattering the streets
Covering every leaf,
Every patch dirt,
Every square of dusty sidewalk.
Turning them darker.

The wind howls,
Rattling the trees,
Bending their branches,
Natures' nails
Scratching the windows
Of frightened children,
Held in their mothers arms

But are they really safe?
From the pulsing drops
Booming thunder
Crackling like a witch

Bright light
Suddenly,
Zigzagging across the murky skies
Illuminating every shadow

Shaking the ground
Vibrating the willows
Rustling their leaves

Until it fades