

# Rain

by Sasha Schwartz

Falling droplets make tiny oceans in the dips of the concrete,  
Lined with forgotten fall leaves and fresh spring hopes

The corpse of the dead grass lies on the ground, battered by the water,  
Only waiting patiently for a new life to approach it

Newly born rain creates rings of silver in the inky puddles,  
Disappearing without a trace

Brown earth crouches low, close to the land, scattered like a bad rumor,  
Afraid of the rain that holds new beginnings

Drops pound through the air with the force of a bullet, a shooting star, molten metal,  
Trying to seem more intimidating than it really is

Collections of lasting snow clumps hide beneath sagging bushes,  
Trying in vain to escape the drops that threaten to betray them

Sneaky rain, whether falling together in a blinding sheet, or separated, alone, isolated within each  
tiny drop,  
Holds open doors for other parts of nature, praying for the promise of a new season