

a raindrop's journey

the

evening

air is crisp, like

the first bite of a

ripe apple, and like that

bite, the breeze sinks its frigid

teeth in me...yet i remain unaffected

dwindling sun in my reflection, pressed

on window's glass — i smoothly sink, i slowly

pass — it's a choreography that i've prepared

for all my life. i'm finding myself desperate

to get a look inside, but it's not my place to

stain, and it's not my place to stay

for sixty fleeting seconds,

i'm a nomad

until i reach my ancestors below

a ripple in the pool

and i'm

home

