

Falling Rain

A steady rain falls lazily on the new mown grass.
Black water pools along the silent streets.
A chill descends upon my countenance,
Perfect mirror of a clouded heart.
Drops roll slowly down the worn and weathered panes,
Falling gently, at last, from the peeling sill.
As I look out upon a dreary day,
I can almost hear their dying cries.
I am suspended between the sill and pool below,
Having traversed a path across the glass.
I await the tranquil conclusion of all,
Blending quietly with the dark waters.
Perhaps not in ending, but rather in beginning,
The rain makes its way to the rolling sea.
The hopes and dreams of a billion mingled lives
Run off silently, as one, to the deep.

TMJ August 18, 2006