

Wash Me Clean

Raindrops patter on my roof.

I sit inside, a glossy veil hangs over my eyes.

I wish I were the rain.

Fast, free, flowing, and undisturbed. A purposeful force whose life never wanes.

But every power has two sides.

Raging, violent, fatal, and mighty. A catastrophic storm who knows no bounds.

It's not worth it.

I walk outside, into the piercing spears. I let them wash me clean.

I feel my mind wander. I wish rain could wipe away anything.

For all it's strengths, it can't be a cure. It can't save. It can't protect.

The storm screams and so do I.

I scream for the world, the leaders, the responders, the dead, the living.

I scream until the glass overflows.

Rain gently wipes my sorrow.

I lay down on the grass, a peaceful spell comes over me.

A bow of hope embraces the sky.