

The Oncoming Storm

The breeze tickles me as it blows from the open window, making my thin curtain move back and forth as if it were breathing. This open window invites the sound of construction and chattering birds into my room, along with a feeling of nostalgia from last summer.

I stare at the blue sky and watch as the light changes when the sun peeks out from behind clouds and goes back in. Blue to light blue, then grey. Suddenly, the smell of a thunderstorm creeps in from the window. The sweet but pungent scent of ozone, always a warning of the sky's upcoming downpour. The angry clouds edge closer and I can't take my eyes off of them. I wonder, do they sense the change in our atmosphere? Perhaps this message from the clouds will tell.

It starts slowly, a light patter of droplets hitting my window. I look out at the blossoming trees with maroon reds that will turn into flowers in the summer. The strong wind has begun to push against their branches, testing the strength of the trees. They stand still, in defiance.

Here comes the first roar of thunder, its quiet at first, then it grows louder. The echo of it roams the neighborhood. Now the rain has started to come down harder, surrounding me in the sound of a hundred quiet drums. I decide to close the window because the water has started to splash the books that lay on my bay window. I reach out to grab the beige-grey knob and twist it to the left. Slowly, the rectangular glass comes back into its safe place. I lock it and return to the seat at my desk to watch the rest of this storm.

There is no longer the sound of chattering birds or the low sound of leaves being blown away. Now I am just surrounded by hundreds of water droplets drumming around me. I look up at the skylight to see the teardrops slide down the glass and onto the roof. This process continues for what seems like an eternity. I have other things to do, but I guess they can wait. For now, I'd like to sit back, listening to the drums, and watching the tears of the sky come down like a waterfall.