

Winter Rain

by Ivysong Flaherty Muller

The trees are thin and bare.
Not a single branch has any remaining leaves.
The sky is gray, and sad tears sprinkle down from their clouds up
above.
The twinkling rain drops are the only color right now against the
black trees.
The pitter patter of single drops land on my boots.
A drop lands on my eye lashes, making my eyesight go blurry.
In the distance, there is the black outline of the treetops peppering
the great rock mountain below it.
It starts to rain harder and it pelts down on my head like needles.
It doesn't hurt, and I don't mind it soaking my hair.
The water is cold and wet but smooth and silky.
The sky is getting darker and the clouds outline the sky with the faint
glow of sun behind them.
The rain pelts down like a million drums at a million different times
and places. The trees are swaying gently.
The snap of a twig gives way to the everlasting wait of the
drenched tree.