

The sky is cloudy. The wind calls. I don a jacket and head outside.

It starts to rain thoughts, big and small. I stand and soak. Others hurry by with large umbrellas. They don't have time for stray thoughts. A guy grabs them as they come, filling bags and bags of them, but somehow they leak out of their bottoms; he tries grabbing them with his hands, his clothes, his hat, his mouth, like someone who has won 15 seconds in a money machine, his eyes wide and maniacal-veined.

Some thoughts glimmer as they fall, too far to catch. The guy makes a desperate rush for them but trips, and his gathered thoughts spill out and fade. It makes me sad, but I stay; there are enough where I stand.

I walk by the road the way back. There's a traffic jam, punctuated by honks. The thoughts bounce off steel skeletons and die on the asphalt. Faces look out, distracted.

No one opens their window for the homeless man. He catches thoughts, but he has too many already.

As I arrive on my doorstep, the thought storm subsides. The man with the bags walks by, "nothing again," he says, "those slippery thoughts, they always get away."

I open the window, and let the wind whisper in. The thoughts are gone now, but a sticky residue remain on my fingers. They'll carry me until the thoughts come again.