

I wrote this while it stormed last night.

the lightning and thunder grow closer together like reconnected lovers, the strike and the impact sound at the same moment and i lay awake while the sky reaches a rolling boil and think about the last time you called me, it was to say to not call you back and how i never responded to make that wish come true. a light crackle as the rain picks up on the roof. a gentle hum around the house once the power goes out, the silence more irritating by the hour. forced to hear my thoughts, i stuff my earbuds in and allow them to echo instead, around and never aloud. the things i can hear, even just next door. the rain rushing through the neighbor's gutters, their terminal pains towards one another put on hold for the mutual need of a hand to hold before they grow too old. to be so bold as to sit on the roof, sip a hot tea and let nature have its way with me. how cute, the storm cutting the power to get my attention, to tug at my sleeve. it isn't only times like these i think of death, but now the cause not my own intention a far more frightening thought. the pressure drops and my teeth ache, water drips from my hair and down my face. i don't hate the rain, i tell myself. i don't hate change. it's just messy is all. a little all over the place is okay, better than having nothing in no place at all.

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