

pondering rain
kailynn stiff

just as snow highlights homes
white against warm gingerbread bliss
the rain,
makes homes disappear.

if you squint your eyes
and tune to the tappatstappats
it seems almost if all things
man made,
melt.

and outside your window panes
the world becomes a fairy land
of sparkles and mist
of hobbits and hags
a place where whim becomes knowing.

saturated green grass softens
into blue gray skies.
drips drop down the glass
create a blurry world, separate from troubles
of the man, the woman.

many may wish to sit,
to "enjoy" this period of pattering,
thoughtless in a womb of humidity,
with a complacent fire at their feet.

but in that prerogative the mark is missed.
rain is not what it adds to a life
but it is the life.
the basis of the world
the paragon of process!

it is a time of true nature
when one can learn
unobstructed, worryless
the world disappears,
and all that remains
is you the ground and the sky

it is you the ground and the sky
and your soaked shirt
and your reddened legs
as blades of grass scratch and prick
as wetness becomes an itch

but your hands stay at your sides
you learn to live inside sensation.
to breathe in the moment.
the moment of uncomfortability.
because it is life.
the rain.
the moment.
the itch.
that is life.