

Rain

Rain is not the condensation of vapor from the skies,
But a relief to a feverish state of existence.

The water droplets awash more than the window panes,
They cool and cleanse the harried and the muddied spirit.

The rain drops dance to a music,
Inundating everything with a primal cry,
Its democracy steeped in lavish aristocracy.

The dusty echo of the arid land
Is only matched by the sighs from the taxed mind,
Both wanting to be cooled, washed, and cleansed,
The rain falls through the soul,
Watering the seeds embedded of late.

The curve of the wind-backed rain
Is the soothing arch over the sweltering street,
A coaxing bend with osmotic vibrations,
Chasing the demons out and ushering in the fresh mental state.