

Of the Thunderstorm

The rain falls with a muffled drumbeat
Of percussive white noise,
And though I have only just escaped it,
I find myself longing to return
Despite the chill the wind brings to my bones
And the goosebumps already on my skin.
My hair is wet and hangs in my face
Covering my eyes and letting me listen,
Letting the patternless noise
Help me drown the desperate sorrows
That had made my cheeks wet and eyes red
Even before this latest cloudburst.
I had stood like this alone many times before
Soaking up the thunderstorms
And making their strength a part of my heart,
Steeling myself against the likelihood
That I would always stand this alone:
One body as fierce as the thunderclap;
One heart as bright as the lightning;
One soul as dark as the clouds;
One life as persistent as the rains.
But my only companion could be
These dark and gloomy cumulonimbus
That brought my body and heart, my soul and life
Back to me in aperiodic moments.
But always the thunderstorms followed
By days of sunlight and nights of starlight,

Filled with the other sounds I tried my best to ignore:
Sounds of laughter and talking
From the earth and not the sky,
And I find I wonder more and more
Whether I am really of the thunderstorm
Or might only wish to be,
And what I might be instead.
The storms are always partnered with sunlight,
One that follows the other,
And then the first again.
What could I be partnered with then?
And all around is just the rain
And the wet hair plastered to my face.
What is it I'm not seeing?
I ask over and over again
Will I find my answer in storm or sunlight?
Do I wait or do I return to the rains
That gave me my strength to come so far?
But I am already chilled and soaked to the bone,
So it is to my storm that I return,
To lose myself in the fog and downpouring rain.
I may find nothing,
But at least I am at home.