

Rain and Snow

The company of the ill, creates illness. It was more than he could take, and that was that. Rather than hit her, he got up and walked out. It was nearly morning, and his head hurt...her words clung to him like a bad stink, and he would let the weather have it:

He sat down in the middle of the field, in the middle of nowhere, and watched his tears gather, above him. It has been years, since he was so honest, as the weather. He needed, honest company.

Clouds, are like people. They fill up with all which the world pours up into them, and then...burst. We are like clouds.

Grey and double thick, gathering, doubled twice around again, pouring back within, and through, thicker and more turgid, so damp and wet, the wind like honey folded back into itself, now the chest labors, to draw, so overfull and wet, wind as sadness, soon too round and full with pain and spent hope, each breath, so impossibly full, trembling and wet...so full are we, as hungry clouds, roiling in voluptuous torment...waiting. So sumptuous is our pain.

In heat and sultry anguish, a shout twice full, ready to burst and be swallowed, so does man crave only a frigid storm in which to be drowned...lost and cleansed...if not forgotten.

Turgid and swollen, she gathers above him, pain over pain, hope over hope, life over life. The pain of man...is too great, for any but weather to hold.

Now, she will not look away, but sees, and understands, and so, he is heard...the first drop admits, of sadness. In this, we are affirmed, and again, may love. For in seeing the wound, it may at last be filled up, and washed through...

Slowly, her tears, loosed, untethered, drops fill the sky, tears running glad down the cheeks of time's hollow, now glad and shining, wet and bright with rain.

Soon she is unable to refuse, for her heart will not be softened or led to imagine itself closed, for pain is but pleasure unfastened from the marrow of time. Now shattered and perfect, tears scratching and slipping, tumbling and spilling, unto sheets of splintered silver sound, platinum and clear, is the shout of time's cool. Unto her broken breast, he does pour his hope, now so heated and cooled, but a whisper is the pain of man, within the weather of this world...may he be redeemed! Who can hear his shouts, so long wet and drowned, within her?

Oh, how the pain of man, does fill the coolest places, and redeem them!

Spattering hissing sheets of water envelope him, and her words are but weather, shimmering drops of truth spent out and poured, from the glad arch...so chill and

unforgiving is she! Only this, is fit place, for the burst chest of man. So are we, as she...
but torn cloud. Who but she, could hold us?

The hissing sheets of rain and wind, are but tender glove, sweet and cool is the heart of
this day, tumbling as sheets of rain and snapping wind...so pure, clean and right.

And her angry heart, does find me, and knows, I am within her—so is the pain of man,
but a note, a whisper of caring...unheard, in gentle silence. And so, the rain,
shimmering and bright, may find, reason, to covet, . . . and to whisper. Silver drops,
held, and cupped, in chill wind, descend, as feathers, gathered in still air. And her pain, is
spent, and as I, she is full...and quiet. Filled up, with fat flakes, of white, cream and
drifting shoulder, poured over the meadow...as the curve, of drift might soften the earth,
once brittle and narrow, now swept under drift and new feather...held, in silence. So
perfect, is this world.

For the heart of man, is but a cloud, and this world...is weather.

—© 2015 Rich Norman