

I SIT IN WINDOWS

I sit in windows
While rain grows in the gutters,
Learns the routes of roads
And finds purpose in splashes.
My face is cold
With mist and drops of purpose
But I remain dry as ice,
Afraid of slipping on steps,
And stepping further than I know
Out into the fall.

Our time passes
Clutched too closely to the chest,
Stifled, drowned in caution,
Never caught out in a flash.
I love the rain,
And I stand under tearful skies
Regenerating my mind and body,
But I never let it take me.
Standing is not going, not lifting
A burden laid by familiar hands.

Zak Barouh