

I am the rain.

Trembling over the barbed wire
and chimneys that never stop breathing.
I slip through the cracks of crowded train cars,
through splintered wood and broken hope.
I land on skin marked with numbers
like people could be reduced to ink.

I am the rain.
Pounding the roofs at night,
muffling the sounds of pain and suffering.
I fall on mothers
holding onto their children *oh so tight*,
like if they squeeze hard enough
the world wouldn't take them.
I fall on fathers
trying to conceal their fear
even though the dread sits in their throat.

I sink into the ground,
carrying away the blood of the innocent,
like maybe I can erase
what should've never happened.
I run through the dirt
that should have grown flowers
but only learned how to hold bodies.

I don't want to be this kind of rain.
I don't want to clear out the smoke
that breathes out what's left of lives.

I want to be soft.
I want to be spring.
But here,
I am grief.
And I still keep falling.

Because even in a place where hope feels almost gone,
someone looks at the sky anyway.
And when I hit their face,
just for a second,
I hope they remember

The world is bigger than this,

and that sky is still there.