

Rain

By Heather Spurling

A heavy fall –
blood moisture condenses
up and down my shin

thick drops run
through baby hairs –
fall visibly one by one.

Liquid water –
a large quantity
cascades the red away.

I stand again
with tightened boots –
I will not fall, descend.

An overwhelming quantity,
rocks that trip me
but I weave through –

a water droplet.