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Rains

By James B. Nicola

One kind of rain wears moccasins
and comes in quiet as a ghost
then leaves your cheeks-nose-forehead moist
with an unremarked kiss.

Another rain sports sneakers, runs around
and can’t stop whispering, but not in words,
as small boys misconstrued
will fill a room.

A third’s the teenager who, with a drum-roll’s promises of what’s to come, will make
you watch where you walk, but her spills mean no
real harm.

The fourth rain then explodes,
an angry father.
What was to come—has come
with a throttle and thrum

but will grow (as all rain’s growth)
into the grand ancestor
fading into translucence,
oblivion,
and spirit
with a smile of circumspection
and release
leaving in her wake the drying time
when the air is fresh and pure
at least awhile,
and all seems well
with the light, sweet scents
of heaven

where angels fashion feathers into wings
and miniglobs of H₂O into soft, kid leather
to soothe the feet of subtle, supple

rain.