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## Rains

James B. Nicola

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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 H<sub>2</sub>O into soft, kid leather  
to soothe the feet of subtle, supple

rain.

