

Bedtime Rain

By Louise Knapp

I know.

It's cliché.

But have you ever truly
stopped, to listen
to the sound of the rain
tapping on a tin roof?

The soothing patter like
a knocking on a door,
an entrance, a portal
to a place of tranquillity.

You lay there, yearning to
be dancing in the cool water,
wanting to then curl up,
softly wettened, in the
gentle sheets and blankets and cushions
in your bed
letting the rain's kisses
seep into your skin

as you pause in
your own gratitude
for this moment
of precious solitude.