

## Almost Rain

By Elizabeth Dresdow ©

The smell of rain permeates the air  
slowly creeping onto the horizon.  
The air cools and a slight  
wind barely lifts her hair.  
A truck drives past and diesel  
mixes with the almost rain.  
The wind picks up. The grey  
sky darkens and lightens  
almost letting the sun through.  
The clouds scuttle past.  
A few drops smatter then stop.  
The almost rain dances on her mouth.  
She feels it in  
every pore of her body. She  
wishes for rain but almost  
better was this feeling  
of suspension. Lifting off  
into the air as if the clouds  
graced the ground. The dampness did not chill  
the bones like most rain. This one gives  
life, springing out of the anticipation  
that something good is just around the  
damp tree trunks. Like God's breath,  
holding it there  
before letting out the sigh.

It was earth's gasp.

The feeling made no sense with  
the ominous and dark.

But the dark clouds rushed on by.

She is infinite.

The world is infinite.

Anything is possible. The taste  
of tantalizing possibilities  
breathing in the scent of the future.

She skips across the damp ground,  
holding arms open. The feeling  
is limitless. She is limitless.

The almost rain comes.