

Scottsdale Sister Cities Association

Poetry Entry 2021

"Rain Cleanse"

by Ava Claire Lariago

Newspapers lie forgotten in the gutter.
Rain soaks headlines, dates, history,
Reduced to an inky mess,
Swirling in a hazy pool of grey.

Dark skies and misty fog
Monday is Wednesday and Wednesday is Friday.
What day is it? Has it been this long?
The downpour outside is all I recognize.

Redundancy has left me numb.
When can I feel again? When can I see again?
I don't know for sure, but I hope
Tomorrow will be better.

I believe this storm will pass soon
Because Hope tells me the sun returns afterwards.
Hope kisses the grass with dew
And encourages the flowers to bloom.

Hope makes the children smile
And reminds the birds to sing again.
Hand in hand with comfort,
Comes the bright light of possibility.

Drip, drop, drip
I focus on the skies in higher definition.
Knowing spring has heard my hopes,
I welcome this rain cleanse.