

A Silent Rhythm

I hear the rapping of the rain on the edges of the window.

My moon smiles in her sleep, and

Sirius dances to the pavement's rhythm.

My mind can only hold so many thoughts.

I prefer to hold on to the warm ones.

The rain reminds me of the time I sang a song for flowers.

The rain reminds me of my first kiss.

The rain reminds me I'm alive.

Its pitter-patters are like my heartbeat in my fingers,
the puddles like long forgotten thoughts on old screens.

In these small hours,

I can feel everything.

I can feel anything.

So for now I feel the rhythm of the rain,

And I smile in my sleep.