

Oh, how our lexicon has become engorged on the clichés of equating sadness to rain or happiness to the sun. I peep the days when drought killing down pours drowned your smiles, your smiles leaving me alone as my sparsely maned autumn ship made its maiden voyage.

The sun made your smiles return, unaware of the graveyard gutter. The signs of winters passing litter the asphalt ocean shore, keeping my smile at bay.

Your laughter confused me, making me wish i got the humor.