

I guess I'm ready to get up.
I know it's raining outside
but it's been 9 years
since the last time
I ran out into the rain
just to splash
in puddles
and let the rain wash the mud away.
Every splash,
every slap
from my wet hair
hitting and sticking
to my wet cheeks
brings more speed and more life.
I've been in this town
for three months now
and I haven't found a single person
to identify with
and I've got all this mountain ground around me
I might as well go out and live.
I can hear my laughter
filling the open air.
Every inhale
contains heavy scents of dirt and grass.

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