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Rain

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RAIN

The man is raining. A gray cloud hovers above his forehead. His friends and children must stand three feet away from him when they talk or else they'd get wet. The man blinks his face and water splashes out.

Neighbors have asked him to water their lawns for a sizeable amount of money but he refuses violently. He yells at them saying that it isn't water, it's tears. The people laugh. Silly man, anyone can tell that you are merely raining. It's a simple fact of life.

The man has stopped going for walks although his wife does occasionally. He sits by the drain in the basement. Cobwebs glisten in his hair. Late at night, he climbs upstairs into bed, his muscles snapping like turtles. The wife places buckets underneath him and then goes outside to dry her clothes. The man pulls the sopping blankets over his shoulders. This is not at all how he dreamed it would be.