
My friend...

I have a friend;

He's really strong, destructive sometimes, but beautiful, oh so beautiful;

He taps on my window, bringing a wave of ease to my tight heart and an insuppressible smile to my face;

When he's outside we communicate through the glass;

He can be very moody, changing his mind like a frantic spider, unpredictable;

He's truly misunderstood, seen as another obstacle in drearily complicated lives;

I can be like him sometimes, and maybe that's okay, maybe we can be misunderstood together;

My friend, rain.
