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## Tropical Raindrops

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## TROPICAL RAINDROPS

Deborah Sue Miller

Before departure

What will it sound like; rain in Papua New Guinea?

American city rain bounces

on concrete, car, brick. What will a tropical downpour sound like? When it lets up, will the rain be accompanied by a choir of birds? Instead of tires, will I hear breeze; instead of airplanes, will I hear raindrops consecutively toppling from one leaf to the next?

What will it feel like; rain in Papua New Guinea?

In the street,

rain tags me as I chase my five siblings; they kick water from the curb, splash puddles against my knees. We blabber on random conversation and make up little jingles. I scrape my big toe on a dead worm. In Papua New Guinea, instead of sidewalk and roads will there be trails of dirt? Instead of clear puddles will there be gloppy mud squishing between my toes?

What will it taste like; rain in Papua New Guinea?

Wylie, Texas rain hits

my tongue. I close my eyes, stretch back my arms with open palms, and let the cool circles of translucent blue roll down my face and off the tips of my red hair. Faith, the youngest, pokes her head in the house and hollers for Mom to heat up water for hot chocolate. The rain is chillier than expected, but nobody minds; hot chocolate, warm and frothy, has become traditional.

What will it smell like; rain in Papua New Guinea?

Week by week,

city air sneaks in and county air leaves town. The rain pushes pollution to the ground, washes it down the sewer, and makes the atmosphere fresh. The pitter patter of rain stirs mint leaves and gardenia flowers from the garden bed. What aromas stir the air in Mount Bosavi and Ukarumpa?

What will it look like; rain in Papua New Guinea?

Texas drought soaks

up the wet sky. A bunny investigates the strange phenomenon. Milk-colored ducks come out to play, laughing their squawk laugh and waddling their flippers around the neighborhood. I plop down for a second from running and let the raindrops paint my fingernails.