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Sun Shower

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Sun Shower

MaryGrace Biggs

It's the sunlight, that bleeds through the clouds,
to the raindrops that strike the pavement.
It's the blinding reflection that leaps up
and soars into the sky's embrace.

The sun sheds tears for humanity and gives us a reason to live.
The prediction was: cloudy and wet
but the beauty starts when the assumption is broken.
In the forbidden thunderstorm—it's golden.

It's the vain rainbow that stretches its back and sighs deeply in color,
to the double bow which hovers shyly above in modesty.
It's the rare blue sky, that peeps from behind the cloud,
squinting down at the drenched earth.

It's the fresh clean air, the kind I greedily breathe in,
to the soil that engulfs my shoes with every step.
It's the slight shiver of goosebumps,
where droplets tickle my skin.

The golden sunlight
The double bow
The blue sky
The air

That's how I explain it to them, with an uncontrollable grin.
"Can't believe you didn't get a picture," they say.
I shake my head, smile evaporating,
it's always the photo, never the moment.