

Let the rain come down
From this cloud-filled sky
And storm-filled mind

To wash away those dark, cloudy
Thoughts resident, painful,
And blocking.

Let the curtains of clouds
And daggers of pain
Melt and dissolve
As if these wet drops
Were a shower of uric acid
Removed from blood
Ready to cycle back
Pure, clean, and ruddy.

Let this rain cleanse the dark
And thick clouds of their weighty load
Lightening the sky
And heavy heart.

- Marv Machura

