

The rain was wetter than usual

*Glasgow, November 2018*

The rain was wetter than usual, unusual I know, it wept as it came to be,  
And as the rain started pelting the ground, the rain between was all one could see,  
For the rain was of a peculiar nature, it weighed far more than rain should weigh,  
An old man came and asked me if I knew, if I understood, I could not say.

I had never seen a rain like the rain on that day, such a bitter rain,  
I had never watched the death of hope, even though I am no stranger to pain,  
Everything was wrong, even though it all seemed right,  
But maybe that's just what it was, a scattered rip across my sight.

My skin now damp and cold to touch, I do not smile, why should I smile?  
My tongue is dry, the only thing now that remains so, it seems,  
If I weren't pretending to be deaf, I'd probably have to hear the screams. I don't, silence.

I step forward and breathe in nothingness. Or something, but it's nothing,  
And the nothing is something, but it really isn't anything.  
Why do I do the things I do? Why is today this day? Why must it all burn so hot?  
Sometimes I just sit and wonder here, to spend some time, help, it does not.

But then again nothing helps, every breath I take is stolen from me,  
I do not own that which is mine, I want to run but cannot flee.  
The air pushes on me like a boulder about to tilt, I choke,  
I want to die but am no coward, even if I weren't, where is my rope?  
I can't find it. I can't find anything. So, it seems.