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WILLIAM WRIGHT HARRIS

ODE TO A RAINDROP

I am a god,  
or at least,  
a part of one.  
I spiral,  
turn in the air,  
a broken tear  
falling from clouds  
upon the tops  
of umbrellas.  
I can make mud,  
even puddles,  
cradles for toy boats  
estuaries that  
boots may  
jump into.  
I am an unborn  
snowflake, a  
tiny river falling  
to the earth in  
a single, happy,  
deadly fall.

