

Rain Typing

by Carl Santoro

"I can't hear what you're saying!"
I shouted across my room
into the room where she was
typing and talking.

"Never mind",
I heard
her mumble
as I lifted my legs-
careful to not
let my shoes touch-
onto the couch.

"I'm just going to
take a power nap!"
I yelled back only
to hear her typing.

Typing rapidly,
I noticed, as I began to
also notice the
sound of rain
hitting our aluminum awning.

She must've had much
to say through
that keyboard,
slamming keys
hard and fast.

No wait, that's the rain.

No wait, that's her.

No...it is
a symphony
of rain and the
Dell keys.

Then a human
voice.

"I can't hear what you're saying!"
I shouted across my room
into the room where she was
typing, talking, and
unknowingly
making beautiful music.

"Never mind",
I barely heard
her mumble.

That's good, I thought
That's nice, I thought.

