

gravelortian part 22

by Chad Smith

I was born in this mud puddle
Like a worm flailing around and rolling over in the wet muddy lawn
It has rained every single day of my life
This rain is going to kill me

Miserable dripping dropping, sliding down slinking pooling
Constant misting and trickling for hundreds of days
Not even kind enough for an interesting storm
Mediocre cold pissing and water drooling

This grey is going to kill me
Flat sheets of blank unintelligent dark grey clouds
Held over my face like a scratchy slobber covered pillow
The spot of brightness on the other side not saving me from
drowning

Running down your face, it runs down your leg
Blinking frozen fluorescents stab the luggage under your eyes
Your bags are sitting in the cold darkness weeping
Trapped in a bank vault as it fills with water like in that movie

Oh little tear drops from heaven
No, these are spasms of acid splashing up from hell
We are all angry here, we are all sad
These hundreds of days of darkness will kill us

I do not care now as I stand, shoe filling up with dirty water
I can not bear you rain, I cry out for a drought
Cracked dried dirt, dead crops and panting thirst
Please Lord hurry and destroy the Earth with fire as promised

Today only drizzle with a chance of showers

Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/chad-smith/gravelortian-part-22>»*

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Rain pounding down on soft skulls spitting them open
Drip, drip, drip, pouring leaking from the blocked drain
Spurt forth mold and dribble festering pus over pavement

There are stories of people who have never seen snow falling
I want to be the person who has never seen rain falling
In the children's song we tell it to come again another day
I am teaching the boy to sing never come back again

