

# 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

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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

