

Let me tell you about the smell of the rain.

by Jane Flett

You are lonely. Let me tell you about the smell of the rain. I know you keep your doors closed tight in a storm like this, windows buttoned; I know how you plug the gaps to keep out the drips and drafts. You needn't. The rain will never hurt you, little thing, even if you leave a crack for it to penetrate. Did you ever think: maybe the rain is lonely too? Well, no. The rain is not lonely. The rain is something that needs nothing. This is all you want: to be something that needs nothing. But here you are, stuck with your body, endlessly hungering, thirsting, longing, roaring. You try to be still and small and unobserved, but here you are, *needing*.

Feel that drip? That drip is for you. Hear the purr and patter? Those are for you. Smell the rain. Breathe in its heavy, mineral scent. The smell of the slithering moss on the back wall of the cave, of dank forest, undisturbed. That is for you.

Nobody is asking you to hide. You are not something that needs nothing—so go, scream and wail and gnash your teeth, yowl with the wind, gather your bulk like the thickening clouds. Grab and snatch, take take take with your small-knuckled hands. Or just collapse before them and demand that they see: you are something that needs, oh God, you are something that needs. Tell them this, make them see. Let yourself fall upon the earth, thunderously, like rain.

