

Just Another Rainy Day

by JM Prescott

Some of the raindrops bounced off the cobblestones and some fell into the cracks and ran into rivers where they lost themselves to puddles. The raindrops that bounced enjoyed a moment of hope as they felt their little water bodies lift off the ground and rise back up to the sky, but in the end they were doomed to the same rivers and puddles of missed opportunity.

But a few lucky raindrops fell on Tasha, who sat on the bench at the edge of the street. Some fell and were caught up in a mess of tangled hair. Some ran down her skin in tear like streaks and into the warm crevice between her breasts where they puddled happily, a few dared to wonder further down the line of her body to the places the sky only dreamed about. Some landed like diamonds on her boots until another came to claim the spot. The two droplets of water fought to stay but nearly always they'd roll off the edge and tumbled down onto the iron bench, where they'd eventually join the lost raindrops on the cobblestones. A very few clung to her eyelashes, and danced on her lips where a blink or a caress of her tongue would catch them up and bring them into Tasha where rain became one with her.

Tasha loved to tease the rain. She sat still with her legs folded on the bench, never once looking the clouds in the eye. People rushed by her, under umbrellas, racing between awnings, wrapping their raincoats tightly around them. Not many looked at Tasha but those that did scowled at her bare arms, her soaked hair and her water-damaged laptop. Some hated her for her brazen disrespect of the weather. Some pitied her, assuming she couldn't afford a coat or coffee that might shield her from the rain.

Tasha paid them no mind, except to smile when a gust of wind would bring rain gathered on the awning down on their unpleasant faces.

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"Tut, tut," she'd whisper to the sky without looking at him. "That wasn't very nice."

The wind whispered in her ear and moved her hair so the wet strands dragged across her skin. Tasha sighed again but kept her eyes on her work. Goosebumps prickled up and down her arms and under her collarbone and the raindrops played between them like the rivers between the cobblestones.

The sky lit-up with excitement then moaned as Tasha let her head fall back and exposed her neck to the rain. She opened her mouth just a crack, drinking in the icy, salty water that fell from the sky and covered her.

The rain fell harder over Tasha and a passionate flash of light filled the sky. Tasha's eyes were closed; she lay back on the bench, letting the destroyed laptop fall on the cobblestones. She opened herself up to the sky as the clouds massed over her body. And the sky moaned again.

