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rain jam

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rain jam

— Jo-Ann Ledger

It rained on the Eisenhower today.

The shower possessed the inherent spontaneity of summer storms. Instantly, the streets were transformed from parchment into slick sheets of obsidian. Needles of water fell on the traffic, spurring a sudden epidemic of brake lights and ingratitude. An incipient orchestra of mechanical humming commenced as car windows sealed shut. Undaunted by the separatist commuters, rain droplets cozied up to car hoods, then slipped off like casual tourists sliding into a swimming pool. Streams rappelled off of truck wheels and splashed up in sheets of rainbows. An army of windshield wipers frenziedly attacked, whooshing the fragmented wetness onto adjacent cars whose own metal arms slapped it back. Inside the vibrating boxes of impatience, drivers leaning forward to study the road exhaled great sighs of hot breath that condensed on interior windows. The stalled travelers checked timepieces and tuned in to traffic reports, drummed nails on sweaty steering wheels, and dug through glove compartments. Some watched the rivulets of water tinkling off of billboards, craning their necks upwards as they waited, waited for the sky to reign in its capricious children. Separating skin from vinyl seat embrace, commuters squirmed and squinted, searching for indication that the traffic was about to resume its ponderous slither forward. The blacktop sparkled like sparrows' eyes. And rain danced.