

Spring 5-1-1995

April Rain

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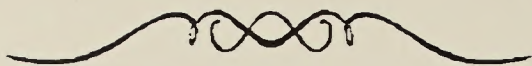
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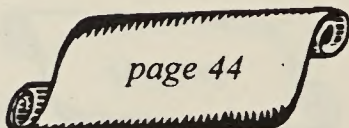
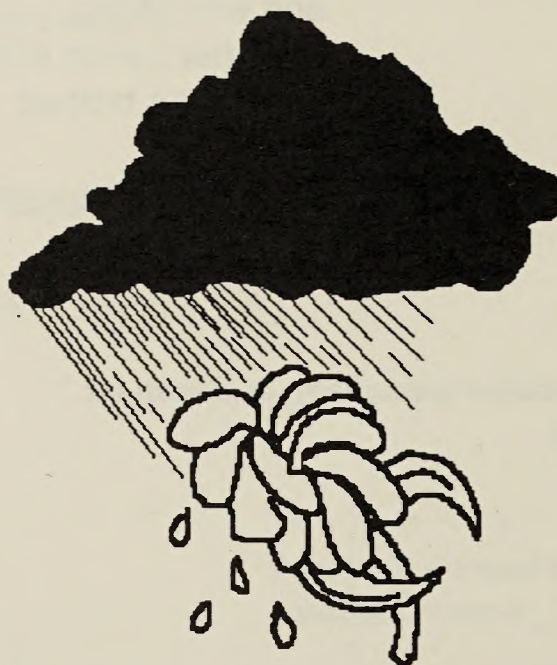
April Rain



It's a warm April evening and I'm sitting here alone,
looking at the picture the window brings.
When I go near I feel a breeze—
cool and gentle hands caressing.
I can smell the faint fragrance of rain that hasn't fallen,
bringing back recollections of things kept close within me;
the smell of rain, a hint of playfulness, a touch of a smile.

I can sense the rain and soon it will come.
Its presence taking me to an ocean not so far away,
the sound of water lapping ceaselessly on the rocks,
the ever-changing hues of green and blue.
Yes, the rain is here and it has brought its memories to me.
My ocean is here as well, its blueness becoming lighter then
darker,
as my mind wanders at the sound of the trickling rain.

By: Suzanne Mendiola



*"We do not remember days, we remember moments."
- Cesare Pavese*