

This is How You Spend Your Days

You
chase
raindrops
down the glass,
and occasionally change
direction so that you can feel
authentic; but ultimately, you really only
move in a line, that randomly veers side to side
like an energetic little kid squirming down a slide.

One day you will find that you are no more than a teardrop slipping
down a sad countenance like a wet bullet, and the glass is a reflection
of the skin you ride, and there really is not anything for you to race,
because soon you will just be wiped away, if not absorbed by this face.

Until then, this is how you spend your days, just dripping and dropping
away someone else's pain, like the slow descent of an IV,
with the hope of healing something, eventually.