

a warm spring rain

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prose

I remember one time last April, I was laying on my back on the stone pathway in front of my house. A warm spring rain fell on my face, covering my skin with water. The raindrops, despite being warm, cooled my body. They soaked through my clothes. The damp scent of rain surrounded me and I shut my eyes to protect them from the steady stream of the water.

My body felt heavy, exhausted from simple existence. With my back pressed against the cold rocks, it was easy to focus on my thoughts. Thoughts that are always there, just usually subconscious because of the business of life. Thoughts filled with stress for my future and my current grades. Thoughts of fear that no ones going to accept me for who I love. Thoughts of worry that no one will ever miss me if I leave. Thoughts of the stares. The whispers that follow me like looming shadows. Constantly hanging over me, always making their presence known. Thoughts that lead me to wonder if things could be easier if I just wasn't here, if I just moved on to the next stage of existence, not existing.

I continued letting the rain wash over my body, dampening every strand of my hair and turning its usual golden color a dark yellow. Suddenly my thoughts began to change. I remembered standing in front of my mirror getting ready to go out. I remembered noticing how pretty my eyes are, how cute my freckles look. I remembered holding hands with them for the first time, how powerful it made me just to be standing next to them. I remembered an average day in math class when I finished my work early and looked around and realized how much I loved every single person in the room. I could feel how much I would hurt if any of them weren't there.

Suddenly, I opened my eyes. I stood up. The water droplets ran off my body in tear-stained streaks. I pushed myself to my feet, my shirt sticking to my skin. I brushed the water out of my eyes and began walking forward.

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