

Ready the Parachutes by Palmer Strubhar

Waking up to a rainy day is like falling asleep to sun.
You don't know how to function or when the day had begun.
Do I need to get ready for school? Are we still in the ides of June?
I know "cowards die many times before their deaths" but I don't want to leave my room.
Does this mean I'm a coward, Shakespeare, or simply a diligent relaxer?
If I look at the time, the action alone will make the time go faster.

I couldn't look at the calendar on my wall if I wanted to, which I assure you, I don't,
Because even as the sunlight tries to reach my window, truly desperate, it won't.
But then I gaze out my window and am taken hostage by a single cloud's allure,
The date is irrelevant now, ignorance to all our worries is preferred.

The sunlight lets the rain wash away its pitiful attempts,
Vowing to come tomorrow but the cloud already preempts.
I favor the rain's company anyhow, with it falling like the Fountain of Youth
The single cloud has no company now, only its notions of truth.

The cloud is filled with thousands of raindrops who don't know one another,
It's their first day of school again, just like the five hundred others.
Tired of moving, too hard to hold on, the raindrops let loose,
And fall hundreds of feet to the rough concrete, bullied by another Zeus.
But the cloud does not want to let you go, though the raindrops always blame it.
The cloud dissipates and cannot help the hurt rain, unable to reach for the first aid kit.

The sun punishes the cloud because she is tired of being overshadowed,
The sun doesn't care about the rain as she forces them to fall into the shallows.
After thousands of times in this cycle, the raindrops accept defeat.
Exhausted by all these new faces, their life endlessly on repeat.
The sun cruelly takes it's time with evaporating, leaving enough time for attachment,
But the sun makes them move again, a happy ending they no longer can imagine.

The raindrops blame the cloud again, but it was only the way of the weather,
The drops don't understand why the cloud reappears only after they're together.
The cloud has no explanation; he's not used to the drops' sad emotions,
As the cloud tries to form an answer, his raindrops leave him for an ocean.
He doesn't get the chance to say goodbye to the raindrops before the downfall,
He's stuck in a cycle of heartbreak; he hides it like a masquerade ball.

He doesn't want the drops to blame the sun, what with the warmth and comfort she provides,
But after being strong for so long, the cloud cannot dry his eyes.
After I explain to the drops the cloud's sacrifice, they realize sadness is not theirs to keep.
The raindrops understand as they ready their parachutes and allow the cloud to weep.