

Erin Harnum

Pitter-Patter

Petrichor, the earthy smell during the moments before a rainstorm; I learned about it in my seventh-grade science class. I had a strong liking-ness to water ever since I was a kid but there was something different about it pouring out of clouds in the sky. Right before it rains the air space is filled with a musky but fresh smell. It's almost bitter but softer than the smell of an herb, like the smell of wet wood.

In my favorite rainfalls the sky releases soft raindrops in the beginning mimicking the cloud formations above. The start of this rain is delicate, like silk or lace against freshly cleaned skin. It smells sweet but feels cold causing an eruption of goosebumps down one's spine and throughout one's body. I like to let the cold rain fall on my warm skin and watch my hairs stand up; reaching to the sky. The start of rainstorms feels sweet and delicate like April love. Like someone holding an umbrella for you and daydreams of slow dancing under spring showers.

I know I'm *supposed* to enjoy warm weather. I'm *supposed* to look forward to the blistering summer sun and sunburns and I'm *supposed* to want sand between my toes and cold drinks. But I love watching the clouds seemingly eradicate any leftover rays of sunshine and shamelessly soak everything below. The opinion I hate the most is that rain ruins. Rain has the personality of the lover that everyone longs for. Everything seems imperfect in the rain making the simplest things seem perfect. Rain is mother nature's way of reminding us that no materialistic thing matters.

Makeup runs, clothes get messed up, phones stop working; in rain, the only thing that remains perfect is how imperfect everything is.

The middle of rainfall smells like slightly damp, peaceful happiness. It feels like sitting by a window with a hot cup of chamomile tea reading a book filled with indescribable love stories full of chaos and overcoming. It feels *refreshing*. The world is drowned out by the melodic pitter-patter and occasional splash of a passing car. I like the way the middle of a rainstorm sounds atop my umbrella. I am in a surround sound space of my favorite sound and my favorite smell. I watch the raindrops fall from the peak of the umbrella all the way to the edges where it meets other raindrops making themselves heavy enough to fall onto the pavement. Daytime rain smells sweet.

The rain washes away my worries. In heavy rainfall, music sounds better. Happy songs are deeper, love songs are more meaningful, angry songs are filled with rage, and sad songs seem to mimic the feelings of the sky. The sky is generous; it keeps forests breathing, flowers blooming, and fills puddles for rainboots to jump in. In the middle of rainfall, I can go outside and be completely drenched. Completely free and completely unashamed. Soup tastes better in the middle of a rainstorm, especially after going outside. Combatting the frigid world of catching raindrops in your mouth with a piping hot spoonful of broth.

At the end of my favorite rainstorms dark billowing clouds begin to lose their grasp on each other like interlocked hands unfolding in the sky letting in the slightest peaks of sunlight. Bigger gaps open up and sunlight begins pouring down on the world below. What once seemed to be a

somber sky now filling up with blue. If you're lucky enough, a rainbow will appear after all of the darkness recedes. Only sometimes am I lucky enough to see that, but my favorite is watching the raindrops on the sidewalk dry; after all of the earthworms, slugs, and anything else that needed a fresh drink return to their homes. The raindrops seem to dry in reverse order of how they fell, revealing an intricate layering of clouds one on top of the other until there is nothing left. The rainfall leaves as if it was never there.