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### **A Gift**

The sky irate with swirling madness  
Unasked and unanswered  
She falls

Drizzles coming to revive the world  
Her showers hug me  
Concealing my body  
But she remains provoked.

For she kisses all  
Nothing can be uncovered.  
And what she finds begs  
utter disillusion.

On the streets, from my window  
I can see her almost clearly,  
She sparkles while she walks but  
As she keeps going, she's mixed with the imperfections of life.

Her drops intertwine with mud and trash from a thoughtless world  
Crime brings blood and hate  
Into whatever's left that falls deep  
into the drains.

Nearing her last minutes, everything is disheveled  
Streets of disarray  
Remember the silence  
While yesterday's air  
Burns of nothing.