

## Raindrops on Porcelain

The  
rush of  
hot water  
gushes out of  
the faucet and booms  
against the porcelain  
tub, stinging against the  
cool metal drain. The faucet's  
gaping mouth emits a low deafening  
roar as the water thunders angrily  
through the curves of the pipes. Yank up  
on that knob and the rush of the storm gives  
way to the quiet of a soft summer rain. I watch  
as it patters gently down the curves of the tub and  
trickles through the grooves of the cracked ceramic  
walls. The water is scalding, but the fire is good, as a  
prickle of goosebumps ripples the skin. But goosebumps  
turn angry when the bite cuts too deep, and the blood  
boils hotter as the skin turns bright pink. Thick curls  
of steam rise in delicate whispers and cascade  
over the white linen curtain. Curled like soft pale  
fingers, it licks at the cool air still trapped  
within, and exhales its warm breath on  
the glistening mirror as echoes of  
raindrops on porcelain  
continue to sing.