

Visitors

There is a need within us all,
just like this garden,
for water to replenish what is dry and wilted.
One drop falls from the grey-blue sky onto a leaf.
Another hits my brow, I smile.
Like me, the rain does not stay forever,
we are both visitors here.

The droplets of water pick up speed,
as if sensing urgency.
Thirsty plants lap up water,
the rain is welcome.

Unlike the rain, I serve no purpose.
I quench no one's thirst.
Nonetheless, I sit in the center of it all,
as if I matter most.

Lindsey Bosk