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I Sat at My Window Just After it Rained

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I Sat at My Window Just After it Rained

Sabrina Williams

The clearing sky was now a bright blue;
For perhaps a few hours the downpour refrained.
Oh, why does the rain make me miss you?
The clouds pass by in gossamer wisps.
They move so quickly before my eyes,
Their journey above the tree tips.
In all their sadness each cloud gently cries.
How is it back home? Hot, I would hope.
For now all is calm here except for the water.
It flows in the street and from trees like it's pulled by a rope.
Oh, but home in California would be much hotter,
But those white wispy things in my sky and my dreams,
They keep moving by and in my mind I'm chasing.
Like them, if I keep moving I'll be home so it seems,
But as I watch the clouds my mind keeps racing:
Do I like it here and is home my home no more?
Do I like the great difference in weather?
Is it the heat or the rain I'm living for?
Why does my heart wonder which is better?
They are both now my home;
Both equal parts of my heart.
I think of the other when in one and alone,
But I miss both when I'm apart.