

1-1-2024

## Raindrops

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### Recommended Citation

Mock, Lauren (2024) "Raindrops," *The Peregrine Review*: Vol. 37, Article 37.  
Available at: <https://mosaic.messiah.edu/peregrinereview/vol37/iss1/37>

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# Raindrops

*Lauren Mock (English 2025)*

I'm unsure when I became a person that loves the rain.

When I was young, I was in love with brilliance.

The sky wasn't only blue; it shimmered

like white-capped ocean waves,

and the clouds floated on like islands,

carrying kingdoms and chariots on top.

The grass was a bed of emeralds,

tiny ant and worm villages hidden between its blades.

The world around me was a playground

to exercise the always-busy muscles of my imagination.

Everything was so much more than what it appeared.

Now, I'm drawn to the simplicity of the rain.

I still find in me a glimmer of appreciation for the sky's vibrant hue,

but I'm captivated by the muted, softer nature of the rain.

Something about the way it falls from the sky

in a feverish chorus of sound

only to shatter on the surface of the hard earth

makes me appreciate the fleeting life of each singular drop.

The rain isn't begging for love.

It doesn't scream with all its radiance "notice me!"

Rather, it fears its own existence.

It grows and expands and will be on the brink of spilling over,

yet still hesitates an extra second or two

before it falls.

As if the same clouds that held the kingdoms can't bear the rain's exodus.

As if the world teeming below would be better off without it.

As if people like me don't welcome the rain

like the father welcomed the prodigal son.

As if a fleeting moment of rain isn't on occasion  
the only moment of peace a day has to offer.  
As if there are more worthwhile things to do in a downpour  
than to surrender your fragile body to wet pavement  
and look up as it cleanses your soul.

Maybe I love the rain because we're one and the same.



## duality

*Eli Alderfer (Film & Media Arts 2027)*

