

# The Fragrant Taste Of Rain

[Jason Reeves](#)

She like the fragrant taste of rain  
Rests in my senses relentless, restless  
Dripping and diving in taunting drops  
Through my blue sky barren being And I am searching for the sign of the smallest cloud  
Split to disintegrate upon the ground and  
Gasping, cracking like the skin of my craving tongue  
Dry like the veins of a heart without love And I cannot tell the way she feels away from me  
Like a layer to be shed  
It is carved in stunning shapes and patterns on my soul  
Carried like dreams to places my body could never go  
Carried like dreams to places my body cannot go

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