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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