



Tiny Tedious Drops by Jodi Girouard

Tiny, tedious raindrops falling from the sky

and I can't believe the loss of sunshine's greatest high.

The lowest form of sorrow, tomorrow will be better,

but now all there seems to be is me getting wetter.

What hope is lost yet grass and moss, is green because of rain.

I still can't stand the silent slips that trace my older pain.

The aches remain, the stain of past, the lasting echoed showers.

Hours on hours the skies downpour, I want to curl up in bed and cower.

For the fear doesn't fade as I've made my way, to stay is to exist.

I find this day I must resist the sadness that seems to insist.

I'm clad in the wettest gear, clear of the water that rains.

I stomp, I grin, I learn to win back my day that still remains.

And oh, the puddles I muddle through still in this newness of thought.

Brought on by the ridiculous drips, the trips I learn, all I have been taught.

Escape is here, I steer my mind on this rainy day, I find.

I move, I groove, I will not lose the happiness that still is mine.

Gray skies to sigh at but imagine that the world is my own true dream.

I can float; I can coat myself with goodness to dry the burden of what may seem.

And I am intact, perfectly packed, a trip outside at stake.

Make no mistake, it still does pour, but oh so much more I can take.

Tiny, tedious drops falling from the sky,

and I can believe the loss of sunshine's high

still allows me to live, to simply try.