

## The Rain

by Fran Duffield

She had never seen a rain  
quite like this,  
so gentle that it seemed  
barely to fall,  
yet slowly laid its shine  
on the bay leaves  
and the hydrangea flowers

it was sky's breath  
tender and cool,  
invisibly  
misting her face,  
as light on her closed eyes  
as mother's sigh,  
or lover's farewell kiss

it wrapped her  
clothes close around her,  
dissolving,

infinitesimally light,  
passing through  
to the skin beneath

as if she would merge,  
melt with it,  
and disappear:  
what a soft leaving  
it would be,  
so still,  
no one would miss her  
until the rain  
ceased

as quietly  
as it began