

Week 10 Assignment

Driving Home In The Rain

Sophia Hoff

Drifting away, head leaning on the window. Tired and alone,
The car is lulling me to sleep. A gray and dreary day, I look out
To see the sky. Cloudy, with dark and steely textures; a depressing
Cotton candy. Puddles all alone, solitary and sad. They reflect the
Sullen skies. Bored, I am alone. To my side my sister sleeps. I do
Not drift away, I do not join her trip to dreams. The seat-belt rubs
Against me, and I watch the rain-drops fall. The umbrella at my side,
Is still damp with angel tears. The thunder is gone, so I know they are
Crying out of joy. Happy tears, my mommy said, are what they cry
When the drums in the sky are gone. Mommy sleeps too, but Daddy
Is awake. Driving down wet roads, he leads us back to home. I sigh
And watch the rain, slide down my window sill. Tiny little droplets,
My sister calls fairy dust. Together they form race cars, sliding to the
Bottom of my window. I watch as they do a dance, unlike any I've
Seen before. They wriggle all around, making silly shapes. They streak
Down the window, the way I've seen tears streak down my sister's face
When I'm mean. Or she's sad. I watch one, and it loses. It gets stuck-
It has no friends. No one else joined him, and he lost the race; too small
To slide down to the finish line. I wonder if I am like him, too small to
Reach the finish line. Wherever it is. If I do let tears streak down my
Face, will I be like the angels? Bringing wet and sad days to little people
In the street. The little people with little jobs, and even littler children
Who go to school. Why do the angels cry? Do they weep for me? If
They now cry tears of joy, why does the rain still make me sad? It makes

Me tired and alone. It makes me wet, wet and cold. I watch the race
Cars driving down my window. Are they really made of tears? I wonder
If they're race cars in disguise. What are they? Are they really tears?
Or are they racing cars? Are they just water? Or are they clouds? If
They're clouds, why aren't they fluffy? Or are they completely
Something else? Maybe they're pretenders. They pretend to be a cloud,
When they want to fly. They become angel tears, when they're sad. And
They become race cars for bored children. They stick on everything in
Little droplets, for little girls; pretending to be fairy dust. And for rain
Boots, they become puddles. I watch the rain drops slide down my
Window. Are they really just pretenders? Am I? I feel my eye lids try to
Sleep, and make me go to dreams. But as I take a glance at the rain
Drops on my window, my daddy says we're home. So, I try to keep them
Awake. But the rain has made me sleepy, and I want to just pretend. I
Pretend I am asleep, and daddy carries me inside. He lays me on my
Bunk bed, and I loose myself to dreams. I'm no longer pretending, and I
Am actually asleep. I dream. I dream of angel tears. And how it feels to
Float.