

"Words' Worth" Poetry Readings

Poets at the Culture, Arts, and Parks Committee of the Seattle City Council.

Weather Report - The Cool Rain! by Bernard Harris Jr.

The first drop came screaming down from the heavens and met me with a tender bang! right in the face, a shocking and soothing sensation all at once and I liked it! It was cool at a time when I needed to be cool, after all it was February, but the temperature around here was in the low 60's.

I allowed gravity to grab the back of my head, full face greeting more cool rain, surely friends of the first drop I felt. The cool rain took me away for a minute, right out in public. No telling who was looking, all I heard were horns blaring and muffled profanity.

My tongue was getting jealous so when my lips finally parted, the cool rain had a familiar taste. sweet like military memories, never more. and I liked it! I wasn't thinking about work, even though I was on the clock. I was overwhelmed by each new cool rain drop, taking me away for just a minute, standing in the crosswalk, slowing up the speed limit.

Thanking the cool rain. feeling like liquid darts, dancing on my skin sending a cool breeze down my neck. I took my hat off and my hair was so grateful, I could feel the applause, a standing ovation for the cool sensation. My smile sneaked its way out and before long, a big gaping grin emerged. The sun was out but the cool rain fell anyway, even though they didn't really look like rain clouds. What was that saying about the devil and his wife?

Here I am caught up in clichés, when the pressure was on just a few seconds ago. I was really tripping all the way to the curb, still grateful to the cool rain, taking me away for just a minute cause after all it was February, and the temperature around here was in the low 60's.

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