

Raindrops

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I've always loved the rain—even after thirty days of downpour, in every phase—Vietnam could not change that.

How glorious the pale blue sky that separates heaven and earth and the eternal dark void. The air-sea clouds set sail upon, and tease us with ever changing forms that cartwheel and dance majestically, horizon to horizon, to greet the dawn and tuck in the sunset that clears away the light and draws the stars upward to awe the poet's quill and painter's soft brush.

Vietnam cannot spoil this calming gift . . . though it tries.

Consider the jesting, teasing dewdrop that forms from nothing upon a leaf, then slides down and drips into the meandering stream. Merged with earth's quenching flow, jealous of the clouds above until it flies over the falls and wings away once more on rising draft of warm breeze.

I've always loved the rain