

The Rain ~ By Holley Cox

“Can you feel the rain?” I ask. “I can.”

“What do you mean? We’re inside. How can you feel the rain if it’s not hitting your body?”

“Who ever said to feel something it has to physically touch you? I can feel it...I can see it.” I reach out toward him and touch his face, following the contours of his lips, tracing his slender nose and feeling the old break beneath my fingertips. I stroke his cheek. “It’s almost intoxicating.” I whisper.

“What do you mean? How can feeling something be intoxicating? Don’t you have to ingest something for it to be intoxicating?” I can hear the confusion in his voice.

I take a deep breath, inhaling the imaginary scent of the sweet raindrops as they plunge from the heavens. “You need to learn that not everything is as you perceive it. Things have more dimensions than are visible.” I pause, thoughts of the cooling water run through my mind. “The sound of the rain pounding down on the drought stricken earth is like the music of the celestial bodies. It’s almost like the earth lets out a sigh as the thunder rumbles through the clouds.” I take a moment to listen and as I do thunder rolls across the sky, booming through the room and shaking the windows. “I can feel it, as if it’s running over my body and in-between my fingers.” I shiver, goosebumps appearing over the length of my body as I imagine dipping my hand in a cool bubbling stream, the rain falling down on me. “I can taste the sweet, crispness of the freshest sip of rainwater as it flows over my tongue.” I open my mouth and tilt my head backward until I feel the slick wetness of imaginary rain on my tongue. I close my mouth and savor the taste as it glides down my throat. “I can smell the rain. While it is still far off the scent is foreboding, but as it draws nearer it becomes pleasant...cleansing. And as it falls around you

and bounces against your skin the fragrance becomes like a waterfall, clean and fresh, giving you new energy and more life.” I take a deep breath, filling my lungs full of the relaxing smell of freshly fallen invisible rain. I hear him take a breath in with me, delighting in the aroma. I think he finally is beginning to understand. “But the best part is seeing it. The way the drops catch the light of the darkened sky as they fall. Seeing them bounce back toward the sky when they hit the ground. Watching as they hit puddles and create ripples that connect with other patterns in the water...intermingling. Like the lives of people. It’s magical.” I open my eyes, forgetting for a moment that I had closed them, and although there is nothing but blackness in front of me, I know there are real raindrops somewhere.

His voice breaks through the energy and knowledge fed silence between us. “Is that what it’s like for you?”

“Sometimes. Did you forget that I could once see?”

He is quiet for an instant but then says, “I guess I did.”

“It’s okay, but I’ll need your help.”

“With what?” he asks with caution. I feel him stand up from the couch.

I flip my cane open, hearing it click into place. “I need you to lead me to the largest puddle you can find.” I say as I stand up and reach out for him. “I want to feel the rain, hear it fall around me, taste it as it plummets downward, inhale its crisp scent.”

He takes my arm. “What about seeing it? How are you going to do that?”

I smile. “I’ve already seen it; I can still see it and I will always be able to see it, unlike you. The rain is the last memory of sight I have before darkness. It will never leave me.” I sigh and begin to walk, tapping my cane lightly in front of me.

I feel the cool raindrops against my skin as we step outside. We walk for a while before he stops me. I feel his body crouch down beside me.

“Slide your shoes off.”

I do as I’m told. His shoes softly thud on the ground nearby.

“Now hand me your cane and take a few steps straight forward.” He urges as he stands up again.

I hand him my cane, confident in his decision. With each step I go deeper into the puddle until my ankles are covered by the slick water. I can feel the droplets ricocheting off my body and the puddle beneath me. Taking in a deep breath I tilt my head upwards and part my lips, letting the rain fill my mouth with its clean sweetness. Laughing, I spin in a circle like I used to see girls do in movies. It feels incredible.

“Oh, wow.” His voice is filled with amazement.

“What?” I say as I stop moving.

“It’s a double rainbow.”

I close my eyes tight and pray that when I open them I have just one moment of sight. I fling open my lids only to find black, like a starless night sky. I give a sigh of disappointment but then smile. “Describe it to me; maybe I’ll be able to see it.”