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When the rain falls to the ground, pittering and pattering like the trotting of hooves, what's the point? Does the raindrop travel for the destination? Does it travel just to join its brethren in the earth? Does it travel to relieve the world below? Or does it travel for the fall? One moment of weightlessness, independence before joining the crowd below.

When the raindrop soars through the air what does it think of? Does it dream of home? Returning to the cloud? Does it look towards the ground rushing towards it? Does it reflect on its life cycle? Or does it focus on the flight?

What does the raindrop feel on it's journey to the earth? Does it understand freedom as we do? Does it understand that moment of weightlessness is limited? Does it know that's once it meets the ground it will not return up as it left? Does it know to enjoy the fall before it's ripped away?

Are we just raindrops falling from the heavens? Are we all the same as a teardrop from the sky? Growing up in heaven a blissful palace of peace and oblivion until we're old enough to fall? Old enough to stick the landing, but young enough to wish for more flight?

Do we ever really know how far we are from the ground? Is there any way to know how much time we have before the flight ends? Before we crash into the ground and are expelled from our worldly bodies to become a mist floating through the air, untethered, disconnected.

If we're all just raindrops, who is the drizzle, and who is the storm?