

I am the rain

I have gone through trials
and tribulations at times, felt so alone.
The battle cries of struggles past
take up hostage within the brain
Yet even through the thickest mist, a golden thread is found.
A mystic hand to close old wounds helps me weather out the storms.
Silence, once an enemy, has become a friend. I smile
when clouds float above; for now, I am the rain.