

A Rainstorm

Drops plummet slowly, snaking down,
It's quiet; it's clean; it's foreboding.
From the cold crest of the mountain crown,
Ever renewing while it's eroding.

Filtering stowaways like Crestor
From pandemic health concessions
The most natural of reuptake inhibitor
From droughts and bouts of depressions.

All along through its search and find
Becoming a mud of life's excrement
Never once judging humankind
While stripping each and every filament.

And as stoically as each drop drums,
It fades as quickly as it comes.