

The Rain in San Diego
By Noor Al-Zahraa Safar

7:30 blindly flashes off the screen, lighting the dim room
Shit, I'm going to be late!
A storm of wrinkled papers, tangled chargers, and scattered pencils erupts
Did I remember to lock the door?
Pushing against the heavy back door of the complex, I greet th--
Huh...it might rain?

Grey clouds.

They loom in the distance, casting shadows amidst the sunrise
Hues of muted orange were replaced by shades of night sky
However, in pockets, the rays find an escape
Gingerly leaving light kisses on every inch of my face
The warmth seeps into my body, like an encompassing hug
But the abrupt wind undoubtedly cuts

There is something about the rain in San Diego,
Something in its ability to suspend time,
To pause hectic schedules and incessant frenzies,
To elicit something unheard of- deafening silence.

There is something about the rain in San Diego,
Something in its ability to magnify
The swaying of the trees, humming of the streets,
working in a single cohesive unit.
Unlike home, where rain is murky and brown
Here water drizzles in translucent streams.

There is something about the rain in San Diego.
The cobbled gravel beneath my feet quakes as a skater passes by
Walking by faces, so many faces
Contorted in all sorts
Cheeks flushed, hair disheveled, squinting
Tired eyes, last night's clothes, slouching
Who are you? How are you?
What is your story?
There was another protest last night
Galvanized by shared disillusionment, they stride

But rain eventually **stops**.

Update: The I-5 freeway is being blocked.
Mirage **dwindles**.
Zooming cars are unidentifiable in the darkness; the honking is the only **warning**.
Spell **shattered**.
The girl's body drops upon impact.
-THUD-
I forgot my index cards