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Rain on a Road

Every time the rain hits the cold street—
shadowed by graying clouds hanging solemnly
like dead leaves on a tree—
it bursts into millions of molecule-sized spectrums,
each reflecting a rainbow of colors.
Every time the water hits the cold, shadowy street,
it splashes my skin,
sending droplets of color running down my cheek.
Every time a car rumbles past me,
a spray of water shoots up from under the wheels,
creating another light show,
and then it all stops,
and the sun comes out through the leafy trees.