

# Brave Rain

-----  
Diana Drozdik | Poetry

The thud of the car brings me back to attention. It hit the rocky hillside as I was coming up the mountain road. My location now reflects my mental state; lost. Not enough answers, and my questions build a wall. In my isolation I still hold her name to my mouth. So many words were spoken, none I can really remember now. The gist of it being that we were once close but now too far away. I hold onto the steering wheel and try to estimate how far she is but fall in the cracks. I find myself questioning if we were even close or did the simplicity of a childish-mind find it easy to gift forever friends, bff, best friends medal like I would a gift hitch hiker a ride. In the dark, a girl grinned, her braces left little to blind with the reflection of the car lights. In her hands is a Sailor Moon Puzzle, she tries to flag me down with it.

Brace yourself, I say to myself,  
a fork meets ahead on the one lane road.

The right turn leads to a cliff but seems less painful than the left, a rocky path with no concrete road to promise me comfort.

The window wipers thrash against the rain, I try to guess which way is sane but find it hard to see with wet eyes.

We crash into the middle, picking neither.

And it rained on.