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When it Rains

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When it Rains

Christopher Garcia

The clouds begin to rumble,
And gather collectively.
This I have been waiting for,
Since last you left me.

My theory is not sound,
Or wise in any way.
But fools in love are marvels,
As poets, at the art of disarray.

So as the heavens gather,
To war above this earth.
I will attempt in madness,
To merit me some mirth.

As the dark skies warrant,
Me to take position.
Know that this endeavor,
Is of my heart's volition.

So as the storm clouds roar,
I await that ray of light.
And with metal rod pointed,
Stand ready to ignite.

Because your love is lightning,
And sets my heart ablaze.
May this metal rod be struck,
And the current send me in a craze.

For what Lightning can provide,
I seek this severe weather.
And for a moment I'm as alive,
As when we were together.

So when skin and current meet,
Allow my mind to construe.
So that, as I close my eyes,
I may open them...to you.