

Self-portrait in a thunderstorm

Ashley Wilson

The rain patters against my flesh,
The sideways slant creating a curtain
against the blackness.
I relish in the feeling as it rolls down my skin,
Creating rivulets on my cheeks.
I watch in wonder as lightning strikes,
A mere mile from where I stand,
Ensnared by the thin glass of my balcony
And no more.
Seconds later comes the thunder,
Roaring through the sky
Like a beast who missed a few meals.

I want the rain to consume me,
Soaking through my clothes,
Skin and bones,
Ravaging my body
Until there is nothing left.

Until the scent
Of the rain wafting up from the cement underneath my feet
Becomes my new favorite perfume.
Until I become the lightning,
A brilliant spectacle
Which lights up the dark.
Until I feel the thunder,
As it permeates my soul

And swallows me whole.