

After A Rain

The earth smells of rain,
Sweet, fresh,
And clean.
The children find the puddles—
Into the mud, sweet and fresh,
And dirty.
The rain has passed
And the scent pulls them out.
Their cries and yells start slowly;
They find the new earth and rejoice,
Louder, longer.
The chalk marks are washed away
Leaving puddles for bikes to ride through
And trees that drip-dry
Above the children's heads.
The flowers and trees color the grayness,
Dotting the sky and dripping
Into the puddles that reflect the passing clouds.