

# April Showers

by Angie

Vincent stood at the culvert entrance gazing at the city through a dense curtain of rain. It seemed to be dissolving.

The rain pounded on the concrete channel, swelling the little runoff stream.

Then traffic noise disappeared and it was as if a great weight had been lifted. The world was reduced to an immense downpour, a waterfall, a pounding that, in its fury, released smells of disturbed earth and stone.

He roared into the night, knowing he could, that no one could hear. The sound disappeared into the deluge, absorbed, embraced almost.

Bemused, Vincent walked back through the silent tunnels.