

There I lie,  
In the hay  
    of the barn.  
A horse's gentle  
    Breathing  
Just feet away.  
The only thing that  
    Separates  
Us;  
A wooden manger.  
The only thing that  
    Disrupts  
Us;  
The quiet rain.  
The tin roof above me  
Like a  
    Drum,  
The rain  
A    percussionist.  
The constant    pitter-pattering  
Nearly    drowns out  
The soft  
    Rolls  
    Of thunder.

Outside the barn  
Rests    a pond.  
It's surface  
    Interrupted

By the gentle tapping.

The ripples reach out

Longing for

Something,

Fading

Into

Nothing.