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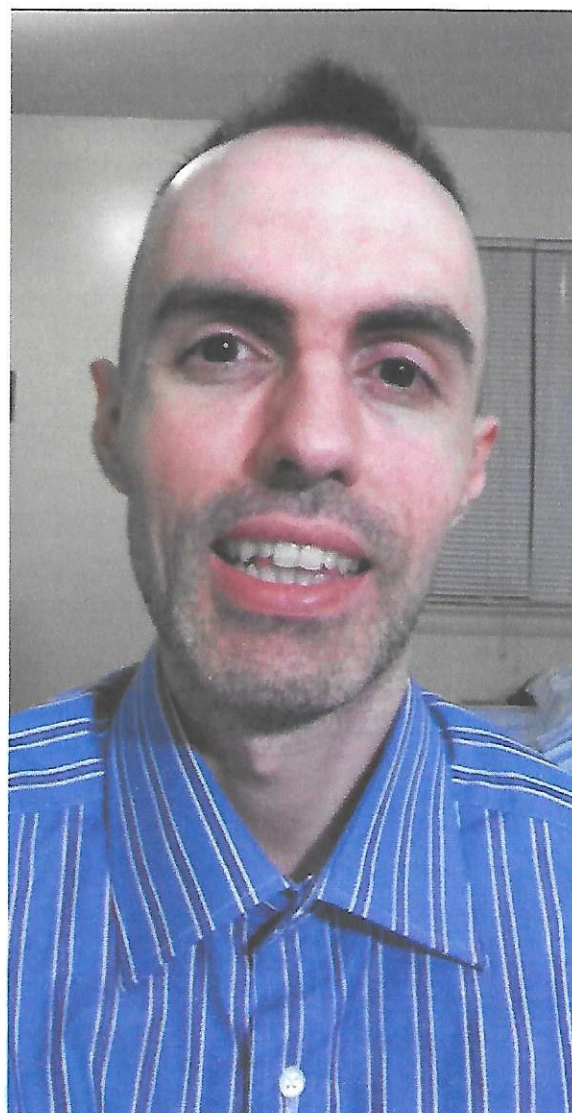
50 Give or Take Story No.174

Spring Rain

I walked the roadside, face bowed,
dismal. When the first drops hit, I left
my hood down and let the rain dampen
my hair. Its wet, warm fingers rolled
over my scalp. My neck and shoulders
relaxed, the rain increasing. Then I
smelled the earth freshen, my sadness
washing away.

Norbert Kovacs lives and writes in
Hartford, Connecticut.

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