

Beauty Through the Window Pane

Crystal raindrops danced on the wind, a glittering curtain washing the world anew

I peered at the window

A solitary raindrop trickling down,

Soon joined by many of its own.

I was fixated upon one of these tiny droplets,

Fighting its way out of cowering from others

Desperate not to be forced to blend in

Or crippled by society's standards

But to forge its own path instead.

If only I had the courage of the tiny raindrop

To break free from this small cage i'm in

But alas

I have nor the endurance or strength

To fight

So

I will conform.

I place my gaze, once again upon the raindrop

Approaching another dewdrop

Swallowed whole by it

A lump of water on the window

Not budging at all

Not moving

Not fighting

But staying in place

With no will to travel down the window any longer.