

## **Before The Rain "Paragraph"**

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Time unfolds like unconscious writing,  
A universe of words  
Gathered by the fragile consistence of paper.  
A godlike creative process,  
Soliloquy and solemn.

I slept while thunderous waterfalls  
Flooded narrow sidewalks.  
The nervebreaking silence seemed a distant relic,  
When dragonflies used to enjoy  
The kindness of fading lullabies.

I slept while in the hills  
Cities clashed for an obsolete reason,  
Betrayal and treason.  
I slept while thunderous waterfalls  
Came washing over those who lingered,  
Hopelessly regarding the marvels of self-demise  
What other reason could you otherwise Imagine?

I do not wish to be history's typist.  
I wish to be it's writer, not a mere spectator,  
And to command a rebellion of stars.  
A discreet, yet powerful seduction.  
A thespian savoir-faire for whom may learn to dare,  
How to conceal such discipline.

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