

Come Alive

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The shimmering rain slipped through the sky and slowed. I watched the thick gray cloud that seemed so close. The thick drops went from falling quickly and splattering against the black concrete to stilling in the air. My heart hammered out its own drum beat in time to every splatter.

Gravity seemed to reverse itself and those wet drops began to float back towards the black sky. Lit up by the flash of lightening and his crisp eyes. His eyes widened as he scraped against the charged air and both our bodies gained buoyancy. We were now floating in time with those slowly drifting rain drops. I smiled; the fear not yet taken hold. My body felt a merriment I hadn't in a long time.

The crisp night air soaked my cells almost as fluidly as the rain soaked my body. We floated through it, and he squealed in discomfort. I giggled as he began to flip. Flopping like a fish, he attempted to turn his body back upright. This only spun him faster into the wrong position.

“Lilah, this isn’t funny! I thought you said magic doesn’t exist,” Easton said.

His sparkling hair stuck to his forehead and drops of rain beaded off. Instead of plummeting towards the concrete, they floated back into the sky. Everything moved so slow. He pushed a large hand against his face, now upside down. He then flicked it and the beads of water sashayed off as if they were dancing away.

“Woman, put us down,” his voice rumbled through the thick air.

I chuckled.

The air was charged with secrets and longing. I looked down and felt my toes curl. We were so high! The blacktop now a small speck. I looked up. The sky was beckoning to us with open arms. A dark, vast expanse of winking stars and thick black drapes. A stage set with closed curtains.

A red shone in his cheeks as he stared at me.

“You don’t like this time of year do you?” I asked.

He shook his head. “No, I always lose someone,” he breathed out, and I almost didn’t hear over a loud clap of thunder.

Somehow I was in control of my body, even despite a slight thread of wet dread filling me further. *What are you doing Lilah?* I thought to myself. Here we were, floating up, up, and up... higher still. I wasn’t shocked though. I felt a moment of peace.

Then the images came. We plummeted towards earth. I could hear the screaming of those thick drops. Another thick clap of thunder. I saw the lights of a decorated tree off the city skyline that glittered and a traffic light quickly change from red to green to yellow and back to red again.

Another clap of thunder. The magic of floating through the air at such a great height had broken. My breath whooshed out of me as we sped down, down, and down. It still felt like slow motion,

but instead of the sky, it was the blacktop beckoning with open arms. Easton whizzed past me; his voice lost in the sound of the screaming raindrops hitting the ground. *Is this it?*

My heart stilled.

My body thickened and felt full as more drops clashed into me, or I clashed into them. I reached for Easton. We picked up speed together as I watched him hit the pavement and splatter in a puddle. Water splashed everywhere.

We may be merely rain drops, shimmering our way through the night sky like a shooting star, but with the charge of a storm we come alive.