

Waiting for Spring

Bailee Christmas

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She sat on her doorstep and waited for the rain to come. For the clouds to rumble in, the air to moisten, the windows to slowly fog, and the worms to quietly resurface from their darken world. She wanted the whole world to roll away with each drop. The way the grass illuminated left her with a warm feeling of innocence, the kind that could only be felt after waking up from a dream. Waiting for the rain, she stared long and hard at the trees, as they slowly transformed from textural leaves into a peaceful sheet of white. She saw the sidewalk, street and the grass all transform into one. She watched her neighbors garden lights become little white-topped mushrooms. She watched the snow fall from under the street lamp, where she could observe each snowflake make its minute long journey, each landing just as peacefully as the one before, as they all worked together to recreate an entire new atmosphere. Whatever previously existed, became a clean slate of white covered of its flaws. Everything was equal and everything was cold. It was the closest thing to peace and simplicity and as more singularity formed together, she decided she could wait for the rain.