

Afterthought

The moisture began to gather in her eyes;
She did not seem to be very sad at all.
The humidity was mildly tolerable;
Even as the sky appeared rather gloomy.

The droplets flowed down her cheeks;
Slowly at first but picking up speed.
There was no warning of any kind;
And no one was prepared for the event.

The drops came faster with each minute;
A minute flood on her chin was forming.
Thoughts of having a tissue escaped her;
Her purse was laying on the floor nearby.

The race to a car she left that morning;
A place of solitude away from the crowd.
Next time it would be a different matter;
When calling for rain to carry an umbrella.