Baptism

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Baptism

Here it comes down upon my skin
I turn my face upwards to Heaven
Opening my mouth to taste the sweet drops of life upon my tongue
The sky quickly darkens, as if there was never light
And the rain grows stronger
Pulsing against my body, seeping into my soul

I run for shelter under the porch of my neighbor’s weary home
Just as I arrive without breath, lightning strikes the Weeping Cherry Tree
Splitting it in half and scattering white petals all around
Wind moans through the sky as His tears splash against my ankles

The storm will retreat, just as it came
Leaving footprints underneath the baptized Tulip leaves