The Rain in Seattle
It may come as a thunderous downpour, or as an ever-present soft mist.
Either way, we know this is why green things grow.
And so we are to each other, always raining.
Whether a look, or a whisper, 
a discussion, or an argument, 
a demand, or a sacrifice, 
a gift, or a thoughtfulness.
After so many years together, we are soaked to the bone.
Drenched in togetherness.
And we know, this is why green things grow.
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