

Title: The Open Window Lets the Rain In

Author: yours truly.

Prompt: cues challenge, “taboo—using spin, rain, f*\$k, shimmer and glory” in 500 words (5-19-05).

Notes: Uses all words, 284 total count. I’ve been working on this forever (or at least since this February, so I don’t know how long it actually took. It’s something that I really wish had actually happened... but didn’t. It steals my habits and relocates them.

He can’t pay attention in class, not half as much as he used to, back when class was interesting. Back like it was in high school. Not with the *rain* outside pouring in clear rivulets down the window of his communications class. The professor’s voice drones on, the water washing it all away from his ears and down to the grass below.

His mind continues to drift, watching the *shimmer* of purifying rain cleanse the world outside. It makes the window crease in such indefinable patterns, fractals and fractions of glass. Piecing over and over until it’s cracked lightly, crushed into bits that miraculously hold together.

Until his eye catches a *shimmer* of something in the rain that focuses his attention. A figure waiting beneath a tree between buildings. He blinks, thinking it will disappear. Until he catches sight of it again. Her. *Spinning* in the rain in slow, slow circles.

His mind fuzzes out a moment, the only thought being a word he almost uttered aloud. *Fuck*. He can make out everything, from the pile of coat and bag placed dryly under the tree, to the way the mud was clinging to the hem of her pants, and the way her shirt cleaves wetly to all her womanly *glory*. He wipes the window clear of the fog building in his line of sight. Still twirling, gathering *raindrops* on the flats of her hands, she stares up at the sky peeking through heavy leaves and crooked boughs.

His gaze flicks over to the oblivious professor before returning to the outside. Where she’s disappeared. A water nymph, suddenly gone. He can’t help himself, he stands and turns, trying to get a better look.

“Excuse me, sir.”