

Elayna Hagen

Mrs. Rutan

A.P. Literature and Composition

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It Rained

September 17th 2007,

A beautiful day

For a wedding—

And it

rained.

She swept through the crowd,

a suffocating wet breeze.

Her dress a whirlwind of grey tulle

With electric gold strapped to the breast—

They did not ask where it came from

The congregation did not *have* to ask;

The groom had always been a fan of

Chasing

*Storms*—

It was no surprise

**One**

**Came**

**Here.**

The elderly ladies in their pastel trimmings

Turn their nose up at the oncoming flood.

“Bad luck for **rain** at the wedding,”

They *whisper* and *snicker* as the gloom draws nearer

“Bad luck for a girl like *that*.”

They had then turned their gaze to the poor shivering bride.

Poor

Poor

Bride—

Who clutched her pretty white dress tight in her fists.

A dress

Not quite *pretty enough*.

No matter how many times she turned her face to the clouds and asked *why*,

It would never be enough—

For the groom;

He had always been fond of storms.

He loved swirling grey clouds

Vibrating with life—

Much more interesting than dull, white, fluff...

Was

The

**Smothering,**

**Grey,**

**Destroyer**

**Of**

**Love**

For,

What is the difference between

**Tempest**

And

*Temptress*