

## RAIN

"Could such a place really exist, mudda?"

"In my inner sight, in dream, it exists, my little pebble. A place afloat with air, steeped in water."

"But we have to search so hard for air, mudda, in tiny pockets underground. You snuff it out for us, night to night. As for water, it's a miracle to find a single drop to share between us, gleaned from the deepest lintel..."

"I've dreamed it, pebble. A place in another galaxy. A planet. A planet blue with air and water, swarming with creatures, tight with people. So many people – with air all around them, above them, within them, between them. Air taller than the rocks. And water. In dribbles across the dust, becoming streams and torrents, lakes and oceans too deep to wallow."

"That place is heaven, mudda."

"Yes, pebble. A heaven where water can even fall from the sky."

"No! From the sky?"

"Yes. From the sky. So furiously, it collects in puddles the people joyously splash through."

"Oh let me dream that planet too, mudda."

"We'll dream it together, pebble. Sleep. Here's a drop of my water, a breath of my air, to last you through the night."

"Thank you, mudda. Will there be another drop, another breath, tomorrow?"

"I hope so. May it please be so."

"Those people, mudda, in that blue planet. What would those people be like?"

"I don't know, pebble. But I reckon that with each breath they took, with each sip of water, they'd brim with gratitude. Yes, moment to moment, breath to breath, drop to drop – they'd be so very grateful."

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