

RAIN

THE SPIRIT IN PHILADELPHIA



POEMS & IMAGES

VOLUME I

FREE PREVIEW / EIGHT SELECTED PAGES

RAIN

01

Poems & Images

VOLUME I

A heart becomes a landscape. A creature becomes a voice. A figure finds another figure within.

Twelve poems by RAIN, gathered with early drawings and photographs and three recent AI artworks. Longing, anger, desire and inward vision move through the same changing weather.

Poetry and visual direction
RAIN

First digital edition
October 2026



Poems and source records span 2020-2026.
Drawings and photographs are from the recovered site archive.
AI artwork is dated 2026. Sources and edition notes appear at the back.

The shape of the storm.

I / HEARTWORK

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One Night with You

2022

One night with you,
Could spark a whole life with you.
It's what I'd like to do,
But only when it's right for you.

One night with me,
Is what I'd like to see.
U are right for me.
but righteously,
I want it to be right for you.

One night with you,
With no fights with u,
No lights will do.
I'll reroll life for u,
Just spend the night with me.

One night with me,
What you'll likely see
Is the light in me.



My Pheonix and My Beast

2022

My human creature is a creative beast.
It thirsts, it feeds.
It has needs, like companionship and love.
Its cries always crack the skies.
Then it begins to rain.

My ego is burnt gold.
My pheonix, so bold.
It constantly soars towards the fiery sun.
From its actions, it burns to ashes.
But always rises as One.

My pheonix I cannot mistake for my beast.
There is a 3rd in there, neither here, nor there.
He is short-lived and contained to linear time.
This is my being, he'll be just fine.

I aim not to be my pheonix, lest I burn every time.
I aim higher than my beast. Lest I drown in its cries.
I am primarily shifting.

No matter how many times my pheonix burns,
My beast will bring upon the rains,
And extinguish all the foolish flames.

For survival, they never leave my side.
My beast protects my pain of the past.
My pheonix is my sight.
His visions of ambitions,
Propel us forward into the light.



RAIN

“Terrible is the unknown,
but my spirit has a path.”

Poem #1

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