

The HOWL

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Run Off

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They say water remembers, so maybe it knows
the last time I was small enough to believe in winning.
Watch the rain, press your palm to the glass,
trace the way it runs—beginning; every drop's a body.

Stumbling forward and leaving the rest behind,
one droplet shoulders another. This is how you grow—
not all at once, but by learning
that some things are faster than you.

My father's hands at ten and two,
my forehead against the window.
The road unwinding like a ribbon of something
I was never meant to hold.

Somewhere between red lights and left turns,
the race becomes a river
and the rain forgets my name.
It only takes a moment.

By the time we pull into the driveway,
the glass is clear again—
only the shape of what was
left fogged on its surface.