

# Fallen Angel

## translation from Gefallener Engel

Von kyouto

### Drip, Drip, Drop

*Drip, Drip, Drop ...*

The rain hailed down on her, soaking her endlessly,  
but it did not matter to her.  
She knelt down, placed the culled flowers and smiled.  
Her eyes were filled with sadness. Still, she smiled.  
The girl bowed her head...

*Drip, Drip, Drop...*

It was a rainy day, just like one month ago.  
Red, green, yellow. The diversity of umbrellas kept within bounds,  
still she was amazed, seeing such warm and pleasant colours on a blue day  
like this.  
Amidst this rainbow of umbrellas, she stood alone and soaked.  
The people passed by did not even notice her.  
They were fast, under pressure of time.  
Some of them jostle her away, looked back for short and went on.  
The girl did not matter to them and they did not matter to her.

*Drip, Drip, Drop...*

*She looked around. Everything was full of wet spots,  
in which the umbrellas and their owner reflected,  
if only some raindrops did not destroy the reflection with little waves.  
Glimpsing at the sky, she discovered a new colour: gray.  
Raindrops hit her.  
It was a pleasurable feeling, sensing so many little raindrops on her face.  
It always invited her to dream.  
The drops flowed down her face,  
only to drop from her chin in a new puddle, and once again her  
beautiful mirror image destroyed....*

*Drip, Drip, Drop...*

*Once again she was torn out of her dream.  
Again someone jostled against her. But this time, he did not look away.  
This time, he asked, whether she was okay, helped her and even apologized.  
She looked at him astonished, or was it amazement?  
He asked again, whether she is fine or not, reaching his hand out to her,  
while the other held the umbrella above both of them to protect them  
from the rain. The girl just nodded and took his hand.  
She did not speak. Not because she was not able to,  
but because there was nobody, who would listen to her.*

*Drip, Drip, Drop...*

*He smiled at her. He was caring and frank.  
The boy offered her to carry her home and she nodded.  
He took off his jacket to give it to her.  
She already trembled because of the cold and moisture.  
All the way home he talked to her about the rain, school, sunshine,  
about unimportant things, but still it fascinated her.  
She did not answer his questions, but nodded or shook her head.  
He smiled, seeing someone rather nodding than speaking.  
The reason, why he told her all those things, she did not know,  
but she did not care either.*

*Drip, Drip, Drop...*

*Finally he asked her, whether she could not speak,  
but again she shook her head. He laughed loud.  
She was just like a fallen angel in an aspiring city.  
Fallen angels have much to tell, but still they rather kept silent,  
he told her. Her eyes got a shine that she thought she has lost long ago.  
It was the first time after years that she felt like smiling.  
He was not much older than her, however he felt way more mature and grown-up.  
She got to know his name, he not hers.*

*Drip, Drip, Drop...*

*The rain hailed down on her, soaking her endlessly,  
but it did not matter to her. She knelt down, placed the culled flowers  
and smiled. Her eyes were filled with sadness,  
he tried to get rid of her. Still, she smiled.  
The girl bowed her head.  
The glance from back then, she did not want to lose it ... for his sake.  
Water drops fell down the earth, which was covered with flowers.  
They were salty and did not stop. Yet this time there was no mirror image,  
they could destroy.  
She laid down her hand on the stone, on which his name was written down.  
She opened her mouth, her eyes still staring at the name.*

*"Thank You".*