

A Rainy Evening at the Bus Stop

Rain changes the bus stop near my neighborhood in a quiet, gentle way. The pavement turns shiny, and the streetlights leave long streaks of color across the wet ground. Raindrops tap the shelter's roof in a soft rhythm, almost like a slow song that plays in the background. The sound fills the space and makes the wait feel calmer than usual.

A cool breeze drifts through the shelter and brings the smell of wet soil from the garden nearby. The scent blends with the light, sharp smell of rain on concrete and feels strangely comforting. Moisture gathers on my sleeves in uneven patches, and the fabric slowly grows heavier as the minutes pass. A new gust of wind arrives every so often and hints that the evening is settling deeper into the air.

A wide puddle forms near the curb and acts like a messy mirror. Ripples appear whenever a drop hits the surface, and the reflections break into little waves. Watching them feels strangely relaxing, as if the whole scene is taking its time.

A bus comes into view after a long stretch of silence. Its headlights cut through the misty air and brighten the road ahead. A soft spray of water rises when the wheels touch the puddles, creating a short burst of motion before everything settles again. That moment happens fast, yet it leaves a clear picture in my mind.

The rainy evening turns the usual bus stop into a small world with its own mood. The colors, the sounds, and the steady rhythm of the weather give the place a calm personality. Waiting there becomes more than a simple stop on the way home. It becomes a quiet break in the day.