

## RAIN

The pitter patter of the rain  
Dripping through the spout,  
Gentle splashes hit the frame  
Then fall on fresh young sprouts.

I turn away from hurried task  
Just to take it in,  
To seize the pleasure of a moment at last  
Simply watching drops of rain.

Trickles streaming from the clouds  
The purpose to refresh,  
And cheer our long and dreary hours  
With the pleasure of much less.

Life can hold this moment in time  
I'm taking the space to dream,  
And let my soul expand, then recline  
In this gift of a simple scene.