THE RAIN

The clouds they sang as if in pain.
A human child then felt the rain.
Water and being for the first time met
The boy announced ‘I am wet’

Tall people busy about their day
Umbrellas pop, splash and spray
For a smiling boy time falls still
Tickling taps on his face that thrill

Head moves down then fully up
Mouth wide open, he is now a cup
Reddened cheeks, one eye squeezed
Arms outstretched cold yet pleased.

Heart with excitement and joy so great
Droplets of water shoot to their fate.
The heavens and a child sweetly embrace
He gives his time, they wash his face

Jumper sparkles from drops that cling
A boy and life just sway and swing.
An adult shout calls all to a STOP!
Child pulled away and arms just flop

Time then whizzes, speeds and brags
Noise again booms, shrieks and drags.
Gutters and shutters, taxis and trucks
People and pigeons and bread gobbling ducks

An adult holds tight, a little boy’s hand
Pulls him along to something pre-planned.
Hoping and groping to find a way home.
Billions of humans within their glass dome.

If ever the books and the searching has stopped
If all these things can be daringly dropped
If you decide, to disperse all the pain.
Remember a child who just stood in the rain.