

## Rainfall

### Hammers of Misfortune

Rain, rain , rain  
A thousand tiny drops upon the pane  
Marching in their millions toward the drain  
And whose to say those drops are all the same?

Against the shutters, splash and down they go  
Into the Gutters, or to rivers flow

Rain, rainy day  
On rooftops or on treetops either way  
The curbsides and the creek beds know the way  
To turn these drops to streams that flow away

To fill the rivers, bound by banks and shores  
Or to the sewer, down the gutter's course

Drawn by weeds in stagnant pools of mud  
Or tossed in torrents, agents of the flood  
To lay to rest in placid lake  
Or raging for a dam to break  
Their destiny, eventually, the sea...