

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...