

# Out of the Blue

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Just a little something I wrote during a boring Politics course.

## Rain

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Out of the Blue  
Spring in his Step  
And Song on his lips  
All blooms under his fingertips  
When in scorching heat he drums his beat  
At our opened windows.  
Hatred infused  
And war in his wake  
His powers our foundations shake  
With anger he strikes, comes off' at night  
Destruction he leaves behind.  
He's death of many and source of life  
Can't be destroyed by gun or knife  
He's frequent, he's seldom  
Brings healing, brings pain  
He's no living being -  
He's simply Rain.

