

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.

