

Rain

By Hailey Grant

When clouds engulf the golden rays above,

And heavens cry to gutters on the street,

Remembered in my head your name, my love,

Can't stop the rain or make the storm retreat,

The ground will flood and voices drown below,

The sound of every droplet like a bomb,

The city seeking shelter, off they go,

An ominous and doleful sense of calm,

My boots become an ocean, deep and cold,

Without a shield to carry overhead,

What's better is to have your hand to hold,

I do not want to sob but sing instead,

It used to dull my spirit, I'd complain,

But now my favourite weather is the rain.