

Today I typed poems on-demand for strangers of all kinds at the Art Deco Festival on Miami Beach.
Enter: Eva. Just seven years old. Smart as a whip and she wanted a poem.
She gave me three words/ideas for inspiration.

1. **Otto** (Her scruffy dog that sat wagging on his leash next to Eva.)
2. **The Park.** (We were in a park, Lummus Park to be exact. Right on the beach.)
3. **Rain.** (She loves it and actually prefers rainy days to sunny ones. Wow. Often, so do I.)

Here popped out Poem Fifteen...

A POEM FOR EVA

I may be seven
But I'm sure
Some days my heart knows more
Than the grownups

My blue eyes full
Of wonder and surprise
Smiling each sunrise
But loyally loving
The rain

Otto and I run
Making splashes
Throughout this
Green park
Batting my lashes
Hoping
These delicious drops

Never stop

Falling from the cotton clouds

Soaking me
And my family

We land on this sand
With no cares
With toes bare
To wiggle
Our love showers me
With gigantic giggles

I'm young enough to know
Even when I grow...
To always remain
Playful and
Grateful
In the rain

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