

POEM TWENTY-ONE

Awoken by the
Tapping
On the pane
Like a lover at the window

It has always been
Between
The rain
And me

When it comes
Washing the world
I never wish
It away

Or pray for another sun
Showers allow
Me to stay inside
While it does the cleaning

Baptizing all
That is
Concrete
Turning it soft


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Serving you
Poems to go
Words that feed
Heart and soul