

## ***RAIN***

**Swollen drops to fill the streams  
Were caught within the headlamp beams  
As prancing stars that left the night  
To dance as silver on the sight.  
The gorse and turf revived again,  
The drought was done – at last the rain!**

**Deep dusty rivers heard the sound,  
The great wide cracks of arid ground  
Raised sightless eyes and drank it in.  
The time of greenness could begin!  
The fading trees stirred up to sigh  
For joy – they did not have to die!**

**And once, this heart of anguish lay  
Midst scars of dreams from yesterday  
It's garden dry and fading fast,  
Life's blooms of joy that did not last,  
And nothing grew amidst the cry  
'This drought of care would have me die!'**

**TILL GOD! And fading flowers stirred,  
HE breathed and suddenly was heard  
Above the cry that brought Him down  
To heal the arid dying ground  
Of hopelessness and long borne pain...  
THE THUNDEROUS SOUND OF POURING RAIN!!**

**Annette Keeble Martens.**