

# Just Rain

By Morri Namasté

The evening grew cool.

Aided by a perky thunderstorm.

Not a downpour.

Not a drizzle.

Just rain. Just rain.

Sometimes a bit more forceful

Before settling into a gentle fall.

Just rain. Just rain.

Cheered on by bellowing thunder,

Streaking through the clouds

Rendering the dark sky light.

Just rain. Just rain.

Blue in the distance

Signaling the impending shift.

Thunder announcing last call.

The rain has its own rhythm.

Quick. Slow. Crescendo.

Again and again and again.

As it plays out its final act

Easing into a gentle fall.

Just rain. Just rain.

A flash of lightening in a half lit sky.

Rumbling from far above.

As the wild come back to life.

Just rain. Just rain.

The crack of slowly fading thunder  
overhead.

Reminding just who rules.

Just rain. Just rain.