

I sit here in the room, As I listen to the rain; It falls so softly down, To wet and quench the  
ground. It's gentle pitter  
patter noise, Att  
racts the life in times enjoys,

To just link the sound of each silent drop.

Attracts another to touch and stop.

A miracle of things to do,

A window with an open view;

The metal roof across the way,

Leads the thought of a rainy day.

Deep within the heart of this,

A moments thought of a raindrop kiss;

To wish the walkers by their well,

To save each one to heaven from hell.

The kind who picked the last one straw,

Who offered me an open door,

Who made the hope of God to shine.

But left the rain this day to dine,

A miracle of waterfall,

The rain that belted down on this ball;

From every drop of savored flesh,

All intermingled in this women mesh.

Signed,

Till the last drop