

The Rain...

Dr Seuss has a lot to answer for.

The rain, it rains
Again, it rains
It's raining
Againing
It's raining.
It rains
It pours
The floors
are wet
and yet
the rain
again
is falling
calling
palling
smalling
galling
isn't it?

The rain, it pours
see saws
Hee haws
mocking
flocking
socking
it to us
rocking
it with us
locking from us
the possibility
inevitability
sensibility
sentimentality
rationality
passionality.

The rain, again
prevents
events
stops
the hops
and jumps
of outside joy
the boy
and girl
cannot whirl
around the garden.
Pardon?
They can't go out

they start to pout
to scream and shout

run about
and generally act the lout.

The rain I confess
can even depress
the happiest
sappiest
person alive.
Though we strive
to be good
like we know that we should,
in the rain
it's a pain
and all our frustration
at our fixed location
leads to the temptation
to great altercation
A fight
tonight
is never right
a terrible sight
makes parents
sad
when children get mad
and all because
the weather is bad.

The rain falls down
on an ancient town
another fight
between wrong and right
love and might.
A man betrayed
all hope mislaid
a failed crusade
and hollow parade
friends evade
responsibility
for their action
bread ready for fraction
wine for pouring
crowds are roaring
for blood
a fragile bud
of love falls broken
a token

of life
amidst strife

The rain, it drops
waters the crops
mixes with tears
eases our fears
as guilt sears
through our heart
at the part
we played
in the evil trade
in violence
silence
in the face of injustice.

The rain mingles
tingles
as teardrop
waterdrop
wash and stop
the pain.

This is my body
neverending rhapsody

This is my blood
poured out in a flood
of love

[Tear and share; pass a glass]

The rain, it rains
again it rains
but now we see
the part that we
must play
today
as we say
we want to build
a promise fulfilled
a world of peace
we must release
all that binds us
all that unkind us
humankind us.
A new way of seeing
a new way of being
not always agreeing
but loving diversity
hating adversity
celebrating
not berating

the rain.
The rain, it rains
again it rains,
and love remains.

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