Rain

Hana Pestle

There was something in the wind that day
There was some kind of sound in the silence
There was some kind of violence in the dust that dayThe tap on the roof
The tap on the roof had a haunting sound
The barn doors opened and shut
While the birds flew
And the paces quickenedThe lightning danced on its toes
While the thunder sung lowThe tap on the roof had a haunting sound
The barn doors opened and shut
While the birds flew
And the paces quickenedAnd then the palms parted
And then the palms parted
And the drops they came tumbling down
As every palm parted
And the drops they came tumbling downThe tap on the roof had a haunting sound
The barn doors opened and shut
While the birds flew
And the pices quickened
And the pices quickened

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