

After The Rain

After the rain, the world feels fresh,
Like Soil and strawberries under mesh.
Paths and pavements shimmering silk.
Birds singing clarinets, like Ackerbilk.
Shrubs and bushes reach out to touch,
Ferns and fronds and bonds to so much.
Droplets of rain patter on leaves,
Branches sway, with no wish to deceive.

A carpet of velvet, the grass is so soft,
Blanketing gentleness with woodland waft.
Damp wooden benches and wet metal bins,
Priestly proud robins forgiving our sins.
Up to the surface slide intrepid worms,
Birds pick them off, as though they were germs.
Out from their hiding place venture bold cats,
Hunting and eating after their spats.

Tremulous traffic throwing up spray,
Dominant drivers, who must have their way.
Fast-flowing water, gurgling down drains.
Overwhelmed gutters splashing on brains.
Struggling shopping bags jostle for space,
Like would-be runners, eager to race.
Somnolent brollies roll up to sleep.
Coloured umbrellas, no vigil to keep.

Excited children jumping in puddles,
Purposeful parents getting in muddles.
Elderly people thinking, "O Heck!",
As shop-front canopies drip rain down their neck.
Window cleaners scowl at the smears,
As their spoiled work could move them to tears.
Fingers of sun shine pierce the clouds,
Warming the hearts of miserable crowds.

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