

The soft sound as they tap the ground and pitter-patter the leaves of trees.

Watching them in numbers streak across the way.

I awoke this morning to much heavier sounds beating at my window,

But all I hear now is the light sprinkle of a passing cloud.

Oh, it seems that the light gray cloud has passed, for the noise has stopped.

Though, I still see delightful droplets dripping from damp leaves above.

Now, I see someone with an umbrella walk amidst them.

Oh, yay!

Another passing cloud has brought more of them and their amazing sounds.

I love the autumn and winter seasons, for they bring cool weather and these relaxing fellows.

(Spring, however, not so much, for my nose itches and my eyes water.)

It seems there is going to be an on-off flow of these little guys, which I don't mind at all.

Periodic showers of calm pairs well with the slight breeze entering through my window.

These feelings also help me find the right words as I write this.

How I dread the spring and summer months,

Yet, where I live there seems to be nine of those months,

So, I've learned to appreciate these colder seasons and show love in any way that I can.

I guess that's why I decided to write this piece as more of them decide to dance around,

Gracefully filling the sky with their wondrous selves.

They have not been active enough, however,

Since their fresh, earthy smell has not yet permeated through the air.

That I shall wait for as I end this piece.

Oh! How I love the rain!