



## COME RAIN COME

By Wayne Visser

Come, rain, come!  
Swirl with the mists of intrigue  
Like the ethereal wisp of whistles  
Shrouded with mystery  
And enchanting

Come, rain, come!  
Patter with the kiss of butterflies  
Like the gentle blend of voices  
Infused with salve  
And healing

Come, rain, come!  
Fall with the gift of life  
Like the soothing tap of marimbas  
Blended with tonic  
And quenching

Come, rain, come!  
Pour with the pulse of ages  
Like the rhythmic beat of drums  
Stirred with emotion  
And invigorating

Come, rain, come!  
Storm with the cry of battle  
Like the mighty clash of cymbals  
Consumed with passion  
And transforming

Come, rain, come!  
Arch with the bow of promise  
Like the haunting wail of saxophones  
Imbued with colour  
And inspiring





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