

The Rhythm of the Rain



Grahame Baker-Smith

As the rain poured down it made little streams that ran out of Issac's pool. He emptied his jar of water into the pool too and raced the laughing streams down the mountainside.



He watched as they joined the river that
ran past his home to plunge down a waterfall.

*Somewhere in all that tumbling
is my little jar of water, Issac thought.*





As the river went on it got deeper and wider.
Creatures came out of the woods to drink and to wash,
and fish leapt high out of the swelling water,
happy to see the rain.



On and on the river flowed,
winding through the country . . .