

RAIN



I opened my eyes
And looked up at the rain,
And it dripped in my head
And flowed into my brain,
And all that I hear as I lie in my bed
Is the slishity-slosh of the rain in my head.

I step very softly,
I walk very slow,
I can't do a handstand -
I might overflow,
So pardon the wild crazy thing I just said -
I'm just not the same since there's rain in my head.

Shel Silverstein