

MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH



RAIN GIRL

The gentle rain
Makes her glow -
The kind of girl
I'd love to know.

Her soft skin
Made moist with drops,
If allowed to touch
I couldn't stop.

Her soft hands
Predict soft heart,
Her dimpled smile
Sets her apart.

Then her voice
Reveals keen mind,
Bright and pretty -
What a find!

She stands to walk,
I stand as well -
Where we're going
I cannot tell.

I pray she takes us
To that place,
Of non-stop rain
And love's embrace.

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