

The Rainy Day

Grey clouds filled the sky of blue,
It was going to rain, everyone knew.

Out came the first drop, as clear as can be,
One was soon followed by one hundred and three.

The landscape was stolen, turned grey,
Whatever happened to that lovely day?

Windscreen wipers swished side to side,
In their coats, people tried to hide.

Inside a café a boy looked warm and smug,
With his red hand wrapped around a hot chocolate mug.

Finally the sun broke through the cloud,
People pointed and shouted aloud.

Curved above the town they saw,
A rainbow of seven colours or more.

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