

And The Rain Fell by Phoebe Clayton

And the rain fell on nameless lips,  
Washed dusty lines off withered hips  
From heavy eyes down shining cheek,  
From charcoal skies down rivered street,  
The rain fell, and those lips, it kissed

The rain came in stale night,  
Broke breathless heat and tomcat fight  
In stifled black to angry dawn,  
Soothed sunburnt rose and sharpened thorn,  
The rain came and softened the light

The rain poured on shrivelled land,  
On joyous prayer and outstretched hand  
On roof, and tile, and pavement crack,  
On tree, and root, to green turned back,  
The rain poured and washed away the bad