

## Walking The Whippet in The Rain

By Sue Moules

We walk in the merit of rain

our feet whisper on the running road,

water sounds its plywed, a jumble of happles

as it leaps the rocks as it did centuries ago,

twinkles on its flow - down, down, down

into the moment of visurgo, a skult on its way to forever.

The whippet walks gracefully through the puddles,

a dancer of elegance.