

**MORNING RAIN** - Rebecca Penning  
(Adult Poetry, First Place Winner)

Awakened  
Laying in silence  
The sound of morning rain  
Beats  
Against my windowpane.

I listen, quietly, I listen  
Shhhh!!  
Drip, drop, drop, drip..

The smell of morning dew  
Freshly intoxicating  
My soul feels cleansed, awakened.

Breath,  
as I breathe  
All my senses become renewed  
to the sound of morning rain.

Time stands still  
with a newness in the air  
I have made this moment in time all mine,  
reflection.

Each drop is my inner music,  
as it falls methodically  
into my own soothing rhythm.

Allow your mind be quiet,  
Just listen,  
MORNING RAIN.