



RAIN

I can hear you making
small holes in the silence
rain

If I were deaf
the pores of my skin
would open to you
and shut

And I should know you
by the lick of you
if I were blind:

the steady drum-roll
sound you make
when the wind drops

the something
special smell of you
when the sun cakes
the ground

But if I should not
hear
smell or feel or see you

You would still
define me
disperse me
wash over me
rain

BY
HONE TUWHARE

**PERSONAL
PRONOUN**

IMAGERY

ONOMATOPOEIA

ALLITERATION

LISTING

REPETITION

ALLITERATION