

The Window Pane

by Nicole Callihan

On the window pane,
water drips.
Oh, will it ever wane?

Looks like
a horse's mane,
looks like
a twisting lane,
striped as a candy cane,
slick as an airplane.

The dripping and dripping
and inside all day.
Oh my, I'm going insane!

*Then go outside, Mom says.
Go on! Go play! It's just rain!*