

## Swimming in the Rain

We swam in the rain  
The lake dark without the sun  
Transforming the falling rain  
Into a million fire flies  
Landing on our faces  
Warm, soft, and cleansing  
We opened our mouths  
Catching rain drops on our tongues  
Laughing like children  
Our hands pushed through the waves  
To grab the colour and splash it around  
The shore broke out in white  
Against the trees who were our guardians  
We felt young, our bodies smooth and supple  
Under the movement of the water  
Which softened the hard places of worry  
Lapping against us, turning us towards  
This moment in time

Painting by Gail Thornley  
Poem by Debbie Laginskie

