

That morning the rain came down slow then fast
They raced to be the first drop down the pane
I knew that the rain would not have to last
But watching the ran made me numb to pain

But then I saw it as it landed near me
A small butterfly that only had one wing
He fluttered away to the willow tree
I went out to see and sat on the swing

I noticed that the butterfly was blue
He fluttered over to me and the rain stopped
After it stopped we both knew what to do
From that day forward the rain never dropped

The small little butterfly changed my view
The small rose flower of my future grew