

## **If a cloud could talk...**

*By Gerda Archer*

If a cloud could talk what would it say  
When suddenly it turned to rain?

“Who am I, how can this be,  
a fair exchange for all to see?”

As a new adventure unfolds  
Just imagine what could be told

If memory of the cloud remained  
Within each individual drop of rain

Could each drop come to understand  
Its connection to sky, sea and land?