



**Honorable Mention  
Children's Age Group**

# Water sky

It starts to drizzle.

There is no thunder or lightning.  
Just rains. And rains and rains.

The burnt lonely little town is thirsty.  
The cool moisture is a welcoming change.  
Washes away the death of fire and damage.  
Nourishes the growing garden.

Like a blessing.

By Liliauna Novillo