Night Rain

It cloaks me like a blanket.

I thank it.

It tittle-tatters me to sleep.

On quiet nights I stay awake.

It's late.

I'm thinking thoughts and counting sheep.

On rainy nights I'm soothed.

Smoothed.

Rough patches from the day removed.

The noise swirls round the room

And soon...

Soon...

Soon...

WINNER of the 2023 Phantom Billstickers National Poetry Day *Drop by Drop Poetry for Children* Competition run by The Poets XYZ

Annelies Judson is a Pākehā, feminist, mother-of-four who writes in the little spare time she has. She's written academic work, book reviews, website copy, and a LOT of humorous social media posts about things her children say and do. She writes poetry because she loves the inescapable beauty of language, the lull and rush of the rhythm of words, and the magic of pulling language apart and putting it back together.