

## **A Weeping Sky: Study of Precipitation**

In the cradle of dawn, where the soft winds sigh,  
The heavens awaken, a weeping sky.  
Clouds gather thick with a silvery glow,  
Ready to weave tales of rain and snow.

With whispers of winter, chill in the air,  
The first flakes descend with delicate flair.  
Like feathers, they flutter, so pure and so light,  
Transforming the world into a blanket of white.

Raindrops then mingle with snowflakes that fall,  
A symphony crafted by nature's own call.  
The earth drinks its fill from this dual embrace,  
Each drop and each flake find its rightful place.

In puddles they gather, in rivers they flow,  
The dance of precipitation—a wondrous show.  
As storms roll through skies with thunderous might,  
We watch in awe as day turns to night.

But when the clouds part and the sun breaks through,  
A glimmering sparkle adorns every hue.  
Snowflakes like diamonds in sunlight's warm glow,  
Remind us of magic in this weeping show.

For every winter storm that blankets the ground,  
Holds stories of life in its silence profound.  
The cycle continues—rainfall and snowfall,  
A testament to nature's eternal flow.

So, let's cherish this weeping sky's grace,  
In each droplet and flake lies a soft embrace.  
From mountains to valleys, let the seasons bestow,  
The beauty of life in rain and in snow.