

**Carol Lee
Grade 10
Florence High School
Florence, AL**

With Baited Breath

A sinister puff looms overhead
Waiting and watching
Passes, it, through a breeze
Hovering, it stays above.
Slowly, yet surely, it plunges
Down to its watery equal.
The drops do dive ever downward
Eternally so fast it dives!
To be met with such a rushing feeling
Of a river's own feet.
When at last dear relatives
Of such friends, depart
A heavenly mist arises
From the now, still water
That holds a baited breath
Watches it rise back into the white,
A puff of rain that drifts overhead,
Just until the time is right.