

SUMMER PRAISES

the ground-filling rain
the rain like spray
the rain driven to violence by the sharp angles of the wind
the strange rain coming briefly while the sun shines
the soft rain yesterday washing into today's brightness
the rain at night that shelters your sleep
the rumbles shouts and split flashes that are rain's accompaniment
the rain that digs the dirt and softens it till the sunflowers keel over
the rain talking over stones
the gloomy rain that conditions your thoughts
the loving rain the harsh one the one that will not leave
the rain that hides in the cellar or jumps off the roof
the satisfying rain and the one that only teases
the rain in your hand the rain on your shoulders
the rain with a rhythm of blood drowsing you
the rain walking home beside you
the rain apart from you
the rain that never stops singing
the weary rain that wishes to stop
the rain that kills the memory of drought with its own green hands
the rain marks in the dust
the rust that remembers rain
the results of rain in tall crops thick air and mosquitos
the rain holding your thoughts in its pocket like a letter
the rain going into your mind through your ears
the delight of rain the boredom of rain the sleepiness of rain the
 rendering of rain as crayola lines
the rain you've grown up with and the new rain about to fall
the things touched by rain that are gone when the rain comes again
the rain when it was in the clouds was not rain but clouds
the clouds when they visit are not clouds but rain
the rain changes itself and others
the rain dries off the sun is strong you sit under a tree
sheltering as you did from the rain only now from the sun
and the shadows rain down on you

Eric Rensberger