

Rain

It shimmers the forest,
pushing leaves to dance, and birds to hide.
What comes hasn't for weeks, like a trick of the
morning, and seeps coolly into patient roots;
pearled, a brief shiver of glass.

The buckeye asks little of it, the cedar more;
but neither as much as the oak, thick and
broad and pale-leaved in the low light.
It hides a raccoon in its branches,
bowing gently as she squirms—
negotiating dryness with grip— and considers
the slick-dark hollow above her.

To a distant eye she might look like rot on
the trunk, but then she moves,
swinging a tail, the orange-breasted
robin in her teeth. It's all she could manage
after the creek overflowed, and the scent
trails went cold with petrichor.
Yet it is enough.

In time the damp will rise, warm, and higher
than most ever see;
condensing wide into heaven as the sky returns,
and the robin is left to the raccoon, the raccoon
to her oak, the oak to its roots.

And then the world will dry,
and wait.