

The Smell of the Rain

Darren Shell 5/28/07

Dust and pollen fill my eyes.
Waves of heat fill sunny skies.
Joyful birds no longer fly.
Everything, everywhere is dreadfully dry.

...and the sun beats down.

Workers pound hammer on undriven nail.
Buzzards soar on sultry gales.
Nary a wave splashes darkened shale.
Roses are wilted, unusually pale.

...and the sun beats down.

But there is a rumble far and loud...
darkening, threatening, ominous clouds...
as if the heavens might shout aloud...
riding strong...forceful...proud.

Still...the sun beats down.

Then a gust I felt in swirling swell...
hammering, hot, humid spells
of dampened, moistened, vaporous smells
like nothing else I could ever tell

...and the sun began to drown.

And then the sky grew painfully dark.
Thunder shook me. Lightning sparked.
Cattle called...dogs barked...
Children raced to home from park

...and the sun could not be found.

But from this storm, my spirit gained
as if it had washed my senses sane...
free from sorrow, numb from pain,
this joyous gift...the smell of the rain

...and drops fall down.

Pitter-patter, pound-pound...
Swirl, swash...wash the ground.
Renew the soil. Soak in around
the fledgling saplings that abound

...and the rain beats down.

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Now, in the wondrous morning calm,
where drops of rain still cling then fall
from trees and plants and buildings tall,
the new sun shines and warms us all

...and joy is all around.