

## TIME FOR RAIN

We sat on the porch  
the old woman and I,  
our rocking chairs squeaked  
with every thrust of energy.

“Is it hard to live here?”  
I wondered.

“Only if it doesn’t rain.”  
The woman whispered,  
her voice soft against the desert’s strength.

“Why stay in such a harsh place?”  
I asked.

“Oh . . . the beauty.”  
She answered.

Cactus bloomed with tissues of color as  
insects danced amongst the nectar  
gifted by the parched land.

Above, a graceful hawk pierced the air  
slapping the silence with its flight.

The dusty porch faced the evening.  
Our words drifted into a hidden peace.  
Song birds filled our space and  
clouds filled the sky.

“How long have you been here?”  
My thoughts not yet quenched.

“Since the beginning.”  
The old woman hummed as she eyed the past  
nestled in the rusted machinery.

“This is God’s land you know.”  
Her crevassed face and gnarled hands  
caught the warm breeze.

“Oh yes. When He finished creation  
He deposited the left-overs right here.  
It’s ours to savor.”

The old woman relaxed in her rocker  
and gazed at the drizzle  
approaching from the horizon.