

Spring 5-1-1997

The Second Rain

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Recommended Citation

Farnon, Bonnie E. (1997) "The Second Rain," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 17 : No. 2 , Article 44.
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol17/iss2/44>

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The Second Rain

By: Bonnie E. Farnon

it had just
stopped raining.
Like the other creatures
animals
birds
and God
I crept out of my shelter
to look at the world.
One bird hopped into the wet street
sang his song of
no rain

and there were more birds
on the hunt
clearing a path through strings of worms
wet

a squirrel scattered
here and there
people went by
no rain

sun poured its wealth
from dissolving clouds.
Puddles glistened rippleless
rippleless no rain

the scent of the air
I breathed deeply
all sun no rain

then I heard it

rain
dripping drizzling dropping
one at a time then two then more
wet sounds.

I looked up at the trees
wet leaves glimmering
a sparkling rain falling
from leaf to leaf to ground.

So the rain continues
Limb to branch to leaf
To puddle to shoulder
To nose

People go along
Dry streets (watch for the puddles!)
And they are surprised
Under the trees

They never expect
Their own private rain.