Rain of Grace

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“Be like the rain of grace for the earth.”
—Ahmad Shamlu

Unsteady spring steals into the light of the solitary sunbeam, opening moment to moment through the fields of time. The sky is high over the deep woods the hibiscus hedgerows, where birds fly like sprays of brilliant pearls. The rains will erupt from the hills of heaven careening in the wind.

The affairs of the world could be set aside in this cleansing rain; the human voice stilled, as all bend down over the sacred earth. Then, let all, at once, release their praying songs.

We live, not knowing the ways of heaven— hearts join other hearts and take God’s hand feel love under the dream of His voice— write lofty songs on wind and flower, be transformed into this greening spring, grow radiant beneath the rapture of the rains of grace.