



WET BUT HAPPY

I walk outside as rain falls,
Tapping watery rhythms
Against your bedroom window.
Birds sing their morning song as you sleep.

Muntjac graze in the field behind your house.
Red-tailed hawks keep watch overhead,
Their sky is grey but bright.
Your daffodils are dying;
Like them, our lives are golden-short.

Though I am only passing,
These timeless goings-on of the village--
The flint, the farms, the families--
Continue to move my heart.

I am wet but happy.

~ c.p.grisold