

Waiting for Resurrection

All night, I feel the crackle
of impending precipitation.
Hips and knees throb;
every vertebrae aches.

Parched earth
and stressed sycamores
Endure a disappointing dry year,
crave rehydration.

Dark edges
of an overdue squall bubble inland.
Puffy thunderheads skid
above arid dunes.

Excited birds cluster
on the half-empty feeder.
Brittle cypresses bounce
with the first gusts of wind.

Thirsting,
we await deliverance.
Any minute, rainy resurrection
just might descend.

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