

Drought

by [Paul Willis](#) in the [October 15, 2014](#) issue

The laurel sweeps its lower limbs
all the way down the rock
and into the creek that wasn't there
till last week's rainstorm.

If leaves could speak—
and they do, in their everlasting fragrance—
they would welcome the sound of water
traveling over sandstone.

The leaves would say,
*We missed you—for almost a year,
you were gone. Please stay this time.*
And the water would say, *Maybe. See ya.*