

When the rain clears

by [Julie L. Moore](#) in the [December 12, 2012](#) issue

Standing on the street  
in the early morning of late autumn,

I marvel to see, to my left,  
over my own backyard, rain

and to my right, over my neighbor's barn,  
only clear, dry air.

As I walk this line  
drawn by the ordinary length of asphalt,

I think of the theologian who said,  
*God is on the loose now,*

no longer hidden behind  
the parochet, waiting for the high priest

to ask for the atonement  
of his people's sins.

The rain has to clear somewhere.  
Why not here? Like the road has rent

a veil that cloaks the fullness  
of sight, separates shade from light.