

Night rainfall

by [Luci Shaw](#) in the [August 14, 2019](#) issue

Letting down from the water-laden air,  
the little fists of rain drum on  
the skylight above our bed, imparting  
their version of the truth of heaven.

I know that often the rain will  
hold off, the grass darken and burn,  
even the flies grow listless. And that too  
is a half-heaven gift, calling us to be  
more thankful when the heavy clouds  
burst open over the fields, as a fresh and  
fragrant cool sweeps in. We open our  
windows. We breathe the change  
that renews us.

How lucky that a poem can be  
made of nothing much. That we don't need  
to wait for the weather to shift, words  
arriving from somewhere, spattering  
like rain on a page.