

Sometimes I wish the rain

by [Kathleen Wakefield](#) in the [March 8, 2005](#) issue

could wash my impatience away,
my hardness-of-heart rinsed like grit
from the blackberry bush by the road,

the rain-soaked boughs of the sassafras
bobbing in the day-after wind
like waves turning in a lake, a spray of droplets
suddenly shaken down.

I could stand in the field surrounded
by such luxury and feel for a moment lighter
as if I'd forgiven one thing, *one*.