

# 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*.