

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.