

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.