

After A Rainstorm

It came down hard
Upon Earth -
The rain
Filling pores with tears
Raising worms
To its intangible surface
Animating sidewalks
As I passed
Moving carefully
Studying keenly the path
Translating eye information
With heart language,
Imagining myself as Saint Francis
Dodging each
Turning rolling life
Heedful placement of steps
Observant
Dancing around them
In such a manner
That I too felt risen;
And then,
Glorious

 I entered the house
To cut down three spiders
Without thought of it -
One in doorway
Two at supper's table;
At bedside
Alone in darkness
Dancing done
I asked
My Lord,
What manner of man
Am I
?