

burrowing.
crawling.
leaping.
flying.
lying in wait.
the insects outside
sound angry and confused.
another late night and still there is no rain.
will this be how it is in the end.
an occasional childhood fear comes back
and begins to wander around the room.
my mind knows it is not there
as a gift
inside or outside
mostly dark
but i can still see strands of heat
sweating everything out
i join the night choir
to sing if only it would rain.

still there is no rain.
wf.h.
2026