

Meteor Shower

by Dirk Eshleman

A rain of stones
cast from the heavens
by who knows who.
A rain of fire,
stones become flames,
rain becomes light.
A light shower,
light inscribed
on a black canvas
of no substance
in brief, bright strokes,
erasing themselves
as they go.
We believe
in two sticks rubbed together,
although I've tried it
without illumination.
If someone told you
someone could create fire
by rubbing rocks
against air,
you'd think, he's crazy.
God!
you might say,
meaning nothing
by that word
except disbelief.