Rain Song

by Ed Higgins

"Rich showering rain and recompense richer afterward." —Walt Whitman, "Song of Myself"

Feelin', feelin' good, down-fallin' down
rain, rain, rain came today,
wet alfresco alchemy,
welcome in my dry-so-long brain.

Walkin' through drip thick sound
crushed, splayed cloud thickets——
even irony washing by rivers full
out of my gray desert head.

Over the dripping haze days
of my dry now-again-alive those
until otherwise arid skin-and-bones
burdens flushed clean as wild-a-way.

Rained, to this season's dense roots
I rise, rise, surprised anew. A new fluid
song in some druid-ancient oak trunk,
or my garden's favorite yellow rose.

Or better watered yet, Walt's own wit
witness of green goings-on. Washed down
leaves of all-again we're forever grass:
with life rising, risen from it.

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