

# Rain Song at Summer's End

*by* Gary Hardaway

Nice rain, slow rain, soaking rain—  
what the lawn and scraggled  
young pecan tree need—

feed the reservoir  
and send the dust to sand bars  
in the river.

Soft rain, small rain, steady rain—  
what the shrubs and tangled  
young red oak tree need—

speed the avatars  
of autumn-- gold and crimson--  
come October.

Cool rain, gray rain, dripping rain—  
allow the summer one last  
wave of glistened green.

