

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.

