

Water

by Tawnysha Greene

After ten days in Jeddah,
I start to miss the rain
back home in Tennessee.

Storms rage here, wind
teeming of stones, sand,
red plumes that stretch
to the sky, roll over rooftops,
settle into clothes, eyes, mouths,
sun burning skin.

On the day the sun is so hot
the Saudis cancel school,
my driver takes me to the rain
of King Fahd's Fountain
where water spews
a thousand feet into the air.

Ma'a, he points, Arabic for water
and I close my eyes, feel it
mist my face, salt sticking
to hair, and I taste Saudi Arabia,
salt, sand, ma'a, me.

