

Summer Storm

First the welcome cool
descends. Arms of trees
against low, dark clouds

reach skyward,
old women casting
incantations for rain.

Mist wanders through,
drapes all in gray
and silver.

Old women
grown youthful
shimmer in gowns.

What longing does to us
can be beautiful.
A transcendence

saturates our skin,
moistens flesh
dried from age,

makes it plump again
with hope. Rain slips down,
strips trees bare.

Arms held wide to receive,
worn, grooved bodies
sway in new-come wind.

BORDERLANDS

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