



Welcome Gentle July Rain

As June days ended the ground cracked as in August
Stingy rainfall had farmers to peering wistfully
Skyward as rain starved corn curled
Like pineapple leaves - more Hawaiian than Hoosier
Knee high by the Fourth of July --an unkept promise
Thursday night hope came with a wannabe hurricane
It passed leaving smidges of rain and wind smacks
Of fallen trees --Downed power lines
And spirits sinking
And corn blades still curled
Then unanswered farmers prayers
Answered in Saturday's predawn
Awakening to sounds of roof rain pattering
Morning's fragrance a perfume of fresh rain
Increasing hope and sighs of released gratitude
Harvesting serenity -- of shared joy
As if an old friend had returned
Then with coaxing as from an Indian flute
The Flags of the Fourth—and the leaves unfurled
Welcome you gentle July rain