Extract from: *101 Poems*

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Petrichor

Thunder cracks.

The oceans cry.

Lightning surges
in the white-haired sky.

Silence
as the clouds divide.

Nature awaits the rain.

I lift my eyes
to fissures grey,
and lamenting clouds reply
to tears
laced with pain
washed away,
softly bidden
goodbye.

Pit-pat,
drip,
and water glide
’cross cheek
and grass blade
beautified.

Glisten,
trickle,
fall and slide,
water wade
and fading mind.

Fizzing pavements
tremor-kissed
by cooling,
gentle
wave
and mist.

Crystals clear
indent and shift.

Light descends
and splits.

Thunder seizes
the greying clouds
that rupture within its clasp,
surging water to the ground.

Electric surge is cast.

Lightning braids
the sky with violet
and the earth shines blue and green.

Rain floods street in rivulet
and roof in fluid stream.

Light coerces flower,
and water coaxes tree,
to burst their shoots
through mud and earth,
through dirt, loam, turf and scree.

Earth and stone.

Soil and seed.

Tear caress
and water bleed.

Purify.

Demystify.

Pebble, rock
and weed.