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.