

on inundation. see also: resurrection, salvation, and every other form of beginning again

I have missed the sound of rain
on the roof. blue smear of wet
winters, of dappled streetlight
haloes in the draped downpour.
not so holy as the summer storms,
each of us bound to our careful
arcs as the waters rise, waters rise
with no warning at all. where I'm from
people argue about baptism: about at
what point in the human lifetime the soul
can be saved. but I sing salvation drenched
to the bone from these unpredictable carolina
atmospheres, the moody and petulant shifts
of these familiar heavens. tonight, in december,
I listen to the break and bubble of the rushing
tides beyond my window, and it reminds me
of standing under a waterfall, the violent and
wonderful currents bruising my head to breath-held
laughing disbelief. how changed we become in the
drowning, how starkly our lungs remember to wonder
at air. no stranger to salvation, but perhaps estranged
from anyone's saving grace: I listen to the cosmos
weep, and I wonder if it's cathartic, and I wonder
if any savior ever mourns quite as deeply
as I do.