

The Rain Dance

by Ryan C. Tittle

Second Prize Poetry - Adult

he careens from
one burnt-brown spot
to another, heavy load
the hoses and sprinklers

back bent and stooped
he sways and tries to
plant his feet, harder with
the pain of age

this is not a request—
a prayer would not do—
rain, come on he thinks
but dares not say to the divine

inside, as I think of this past scene, I look at pictures of him
and dream of being
enveloped in Daddy's arms

I loved every inch of him—
as fragrant aroma from ripe fruit— that's what they say love is and I tend to believe it

outside, back then, it's getting dark
and the old man leans
on a tree and drinks lifewater
from a Mason jar

he cannot make it inside
in time and he simply hopes
the ground will be quenched as well,
his dog follows after him

i would love to be helping him,
but no matter what I do,
the skies never open for me
so I let him sputter and start in my memory

it gets dark inside and
dark outside, we all sit
waiting for the answers to our
prayers—the dog, my father, and me

and I wonder if he sees me,
perhaps he's in a place
where rain falls in droves
and he's dancing in the drops