

## And Now The Rains

And now the rains  
rushing into the flanks  
of mountain ash  
the residue of monster flames  
scouring  
with howling heat  
wild lands and wilder life.

And now the rains  
pelting the soil  
incapable  
in this moment  
to absorb.  
That is the epilogue of flame.  
The soil itself  
incapable  
in this moment  
to absorb  
what the rains offer.

Where in me  
lies soil incapable  
in this scorched moment  
of absorbing what the rains offer?  
After the burning up  
my own burned-over land  
where what I held  
as true  
as me  
erupted into flame  
and rained ash?

The torrential rains  
now create  
moraines  
of mud and rocks limbs and trunks  
snarled ash

cascading down grey-black slopes  
and bouldered stream beds  
memento mori  
of flesh, fur, hooves and hearts  
riding the rains  
falling in this moment  
their own seas parting  
the burned into land –  
rains that cannot now  
be absorbed  
and yet perhaps  
in the flooding  
the scent of something new  
will linger  
in the last rain drops that fall  
the last trickle  
the last wet breath  
that exhales  
when the rains falling now  
recede.

What in me holds this pause  
so that my last wet breath  
my last trickle  
in this new land  
carved by fire and flood  
finds one inch  
on which to stand  
for now  
and for  
what comes next?

Katherine Holden  
January 9, 2018