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DIANE EGGE

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Fall Rain

Gentle rain falls,  
seeps into the dry earth  
which hungers for more.  
Drink, drink deep.

I step into the grayness  
like a new world.  
Sounds absorbed,  
letting peace unfold.

I take a breath of the  
sweet smell of life.  
Refreshing moisture  
touches my face.

Fog rolls in like  
stealth soldiers  
hidden in clouds  
floating over the ground.

Trees grab every  
drop, treasure it,  
their sustenance  
for the long winter.

Birds are hiding  
under branches.  
The wind has disappeared  
eaten by the stillness.