

The Coming of Water

I will dress myself with rain
put on mizzle souse and patter

trail my cloak of showers
over freshwater and salt

my wide-brimmed hat of grey
hangs on mountain tops

my liquid vocables
in beck gill runnel burn

a million fingertips drum
on barrels gutters window sills

as I run off
the camber of rainbows

in my coat of monsoons,
make aquariums of villages

from my pockets roll
thunderstorms flooding plains

drowning houses flattening crops
stampeding horses

big-eyed cattle in brown water
farmers and families on rooftops

listen as frogs sing, change colour
swallows fly low to the ground

fire ants build rafts
and everywhere ravens pace

you cannot summon me with spells
bathe a priest to purge your sins

enumerate your dead if you wish
these heavens are empty of gods and portents

there is only this world,
this weather, this coming of water