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OREGON RAIN

by Carla Perry
Newport, OR

The water whispered at first
and found me among the low mounds
of Kansas strip mines, living in drought

It padded alongside
as I scratched at the earth of Missouri
perspiring on parched soil
trying to be sensitive about hidden springs
as I peered into empty winter wells

In Iowa the water enticed, cajoled,
then insisted
I dream about a land
where water fell from the sky
the sweet song of rain, a calypso of deluge

The melody of free water haunted my sleep
storm clouds came for me
survival, they said, we know where you live follow us
and in my walking dreams
I followed them home
back across the dry prairies of Kansas
and gold mines of Colorado
up into Wyoming
across the orange skies of Idaho
following the hint of dank
to the home of mold, fog, rust
this lovely water that falls for free
this rain that needed me
to feel it.

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My Mountains »

OREGON STORIES



FEATURED STORY by Susan Sokol Blosser - Sokol Blosser Winery/
Dundee, OR
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