

Dripping

By Laren Grey

I don't want the raindrop fallen straight from heaven, a watery Lucifer cast down. I want the drop sweetened first by branches and leaves that have burst from the earth, risen from the fiendish underworld. Fall across a magnolia blossom first before my tongue. Drip from the tip of an evergreen sprig before wetting my hair. Rumble in thunder and become electric. Run across my cheek like the tears you have shed. Pelt in sheets across my world and let rivers of mud run beneath my feet. Make my root swell. Strike ecstasy through the sky. The angels will play in mischief. Trickle across the grooves between my ribs that lead to my ocean heart. I am now the mud as strong as the entire world. I can smell it sticking in my nose like cloves and chlorophyll. I am now the dreams of deer and the steams of geysers, the blood pulling through tubes and the scream of falcons, the winding of a serpent through your crevices and the chase of a wildcat stalking a cunning field mouse. Rapturous, we have caught one another here, in tension; hydrogen meets oxygen in a twirling dance. For one instant, one flash across a gray, motionless sky, you have made us the whole Earth, and we spin through the universe.