

Never-Ending Cascade

I chafe too. It seems you must
be patient with justice—the drip-drop

of a few seeds, garden-sopped,
a few nurslings protected, when all

the earth round cries for clouds
to rain, thunderous, down. And how

are the few selected? Even their joy
is a cruel arithmetic, an unseemly

swelling of fruit while other bellies
split and lose what remains—

their germs of witness and wisdom—
to arid and empty, unseeing spaces.

But a cup of water for one
vibrant, loosened tongue may soon

resound in thicketed wilds of flowers
trumpeting those

trampled, too small, out of view.
These defy attrition, beat their own clamor of feet

dancing on dew with *lluvia* rhythms—insistent,
precipitant—opening earth's womb.