

Untitled #3

Sean McGrath

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when the skies fall loose of the heavens
and the great wet comes down in deluge

a man of the earth
does not shiver

though his head is drenched
though the gutters give way
and the woods swell with sound

he does not sigh
instead
his hope his heart is filled

with knowing the peaks are capping white
the reservoirs back to their brims
the canyons carved anew

he hears the gurgle of the roots
the song of the grasses
smells the growth of trees (what they bring forth)

though with it the muds the boulders the blood she brings
his veins like streams they pulse mightily
for he is a man of droughts and floods

of birth and death and afterlife