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Spring Storm

By Richard Garrity

A depthless amber glow
Filters across the field
Crackling in intensity
With pent fury to wield.
Rolling black clouds,
Strutted with a lesser mass
Flee before the wind
And thunder resonance.

From the sullen gloom,
The driven blast of rain
Gluts the creeks
And pummels the plain.

Thin shafts of light,
Golden, moist, probing,
In a cloud-filled sky
Searched for an opening.

In the west,
On the horizon,
Entirely freed,
Is the setting sun.

Against the eastern clouds
A rainbow is formed.
Arched against the sky,
A sign if the rain's end.

In the pasture,
Every depression is a pool,
Sparkling in the sun.
Each blade of grass a jewel.

In the newly filled ponds,
A frog chorus is heard.
From the wet tree
Sings the mockingbird.

Tiny leaf buds
Stir restlessly
In their husks
As they open noisily.

A second rainbow
Doubles God's promises
As in the beginning
This is Genesis.

