

...drops....

BY KEZIAH BENNETT-BROOK

The scorched dry earth baked slowly, languidly, listless, indifferent, unhurried and lazy.

The burning sun cracked the hard surface

like a seedpod shattered by the fire.

Heat radiated down and sucked the moisture from wherever it could reach

Everything was still, silent, soundless, except for the occasional sound of small rocks  
exploding into a million tiny particles.

It was too hot for the cicadas to shriek to mates from trees afar,

Too hot to walk bare foot across the gravel drive

Too hot, much too hot.

The first drop came pelting down from above,

One silver pearl hurtled down, crashed and was gone,

The second drop could have been the first,

Quick, violent, cracking into the parched surface and disappeared.

No puddle, no swirling eddies of brown warm water, not even a splash.

Searching the skies for clouds was futile.

They had come and gone from nowhere.

Later, drops three, four and five arrived together in a hurried little gaggle

Too shy to leave a puddle,

Drop six landed on the pathway and marked its arrival with a splash

Silver fragments reflecting the sun left a stain of black,

grey,

then all evidence was gone,

Drops eight to seventeen banded together on their way earthward and splashed and

echoed as they smacked the ground in joy,

Drops eighteen, nineteen and twenty were equally silly tinkling on the iron roof.

Twenty one had the nerve to throw itself through the open kitchen window,

Twenty two gave up half way down.....

23,

24,

25,

26

Slowly

slid their way

elegantly

edging down the corner of the house.

Drop twenty seven was refined and graceful as she floated to a stylish and sophisticated

landing on the letterbox,

Twenty eight was brash and assertive, daring us to leave the doorway as he graffitied our

doorstop,

Twenty nine was skilled and practiced (degree of difficulty 2.5 with pike) not leaving a splash of course.

Thirty was special; she was the herald of great things to come.

The land held its breath and waited for relief,

The birds waited expectantly,

The plants lurched forward,

and waited and

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