

Rain

Wherever we needed or wanted to walk,
it fell without notice or comment,
a weather that all those before,
in the long line of family, possessed.

We breathed rain at birth,
tiny silver beads in the air—
keeping hair curled, skin soft,
and light without the power to bleach.

Elsewhere now for 26 years,
I thought I had conformed,
accepting this dry-aired land,
the brittle smiles and harsh-creased faces.

Until this winter:

Rain falls gentle but often,
settling the earth around me.
I recover the way to be,
without defending the top of my head.

—Theresa McCourt