

## **After the Rain**

Dankness hangs in the air.  
The earthy scent rich, dark  
rises like a sigh,  
after the rain.

Sodden leaves speckle grass.  
Trees cling with giant alien hands to slopes,  
sucking life, clinging on.  
Pearly drops totter,  
waiting,  
poised to drop on unsuspecting  
passers by.  
Velvety moss coats tree trunks  
like a shabby worn glove.

Worms too near the surface  
are soon tugged, rubber- banded  
into eager beaks.

The sky, a moving patchwork of clouds,  
rushes on;  
blue hope jostling,  
with grey being finally ousted,  
feeling a sunburst  
to crown the park  
in shimmering splendour. “

*Alison Steadman*

*From her book “Raised from Dust”*