

## **Footprints and Rainfall**

Restlessly, I lie awake. Dreaming  
for the land of the dreaming.  
Rain wanders along the metal roof:  
a cat hunting for wakeful nightmares.

I listen, and my mind turns still.  
You pounce into bed, eyes blazing  
from water-bent moonlight and  
we listen together, curled into comfort.

Rainfall slaloms across shingles;  
muffled waterfalls dribble  
down the gutters, gracefully  
dislodging leaves to be swatted  
aside by playful droplets.

Below, a lake begins and the sky  
claims a new percussion.  
Rippling strikes dye  
the earth: a blue cushion.

I wish to stay here forever,  
Listening to the ensemble  
of deluge. Yet your ears  
begin to swivel as I fall.  
You poke my cheek, but,  
too late, oasis engulfs me.

Sand and static sprinkle my eyes, and  
I dream of cats' footprints and dancing rain.