

Dimpled Water

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La lluvia makes things move in the park.
I watch what the
Rain
does
as
I sit
on
a
rock under the long hair of the willow tree.

La lluvia and the pond look like they play.
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the pond while two
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Some dimples get erased.

La lluvia makes moss vibrant and alive.
Yellow green moss creeps up the side of the tree trunk.
Bunched and bumpy, the soft wet moss swarms up the bark.

La lluvia and tree tops cling to each other as they dance.
The light rain and rushing wind make them sound
like a crashing ocean wave.

La lluvia falls on land and changes her face.
My foot squishes down the wet mushy soil as
I pass the tiny umbrellas of orange fungus.

La lluvia is welcomed by a chorus of singing things.
Down near the lilies, frogs sing their monotonous tune.
Up high on the tree, beaks open to voice their delight.

La lluvia on the pond looks like a million smiles.
Fish, foliage and sludge are ingredients to her perfumed essence.
As I leave, each face winks

winks

winks for miles.