

# This Light, This Time

by Rhonda Pettit

What if we were rain  
with memory,  
could recall

the soulful  
and gradual rising,  
the gathering into cloud;

the life we carried  
as we fell,  
this time

along the Appalachians,  
drenching the paw-paw,  
the hickory, the oak;

drooling into crevices,  
becoming the split of stone,  
the spit of springs

to come greening the ferns,  
sip for the sapsucker  
and others on wing

and foot, fin  
and root? What if we believed  
what the rainbow

of wet gravel  
lit through a clear stream  
tells us?

What if we were  
wings of light  
descending

onto peaks forever lost,  
onto man&machine-made  
songless prairies?

Would our light be  
buried in pockets of earth?  
Would it

refuse to go out?