

Petrichor

By Lauren A. Margheim

April grew up with her rainstorm
disguised as a blessing in an idiom.
The deluge hid the flowers from her view.
Early August promised warmth,
but the inconvenience of distance forced
April to cling to her rainstorm.

April met late June
and her rainstorm mocked departure.
Again and again she wandered into October,
and lost her rainstorm.
Daunting wind shook the skies and
carried away her rainstorm—
although the rain vanished,
gloom still lingered.

April took a chance on January
Until the isolating cold took the hope of flowers
that in the absence of her rainstorm,
will not bloom.
The rainstorm's disguise was lifted
to reveal there was no blessing at all.

April turned to May
as she should have year after year.
May introduced light.
for it is not the rain, but the sun
that brings flowers into this gray life.
Scattered showers still threaten the forecast,
but April now knows better.
It takes too much time to dry the earth
and she loves the bright,
clear sky.