

REVIVING POWER

I saw it coming miles away – the rain –
Caressing first the hills all brown and sear,
And then it kissed the wilted fields of grain,
And purified the dust-grimed atmosphere.

Across a meadow's withered waste of grass
The great drops came like fairies in a row,
Reviving everything it chanced to pass,
And bade old roots take heart again and grow.

With arms extended towards the dripping skies,
In deep emotion murmured I: "O God,
Just as the rain refreshes drought-burned earth,
It has today revived a human clod."

By Alice Whitson Norton

From Holland's Magazine of the South
February, 1938 – page 44