

JENNIFER ATKINSON
Canticle of Assisi Rain

An olive branch threaded with clear beads of rain
The whole tree swagged with garlands of rain

Fog, the same fog cowl Chiara wore,
Scarves my hair and shoulders, before, after, during the rain

Pecking for crumbs in the gravel, fledglings
Hunch up and soften like bread in the rain

The cypresses nod, a solemn quorum of elders,
A jury to rule on the rights of rain

The lines of the city are washed away or left undrawn—
The road, wall, far side of the garden—forgotten or dissolved in the rain