Monsoon

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MONSOON

Jennifer Stanford

Stillness in a purple haze
Cicadian buzz a masquerade
All is silent here
A celebration in the streets

A place in time
Witness of death and life
The spring of each new river
—Celebration in the streets

Dust-filled air suffocating breath
And palm trees bending in obeisance
Against flashes of dry electric light
A celebration in the streets

Photos capture place and time
Like the bars of a bird’s cage
Encase the wings but not the song
—Celebration in the streets

Dry river beds without a source
Disjointed rivulets in a desert plane
Where dark gray skies reflect the eyes
A celebration in the streets

Ruddy hand with pale and brown is joined
Together in freedom, deaf and blind
Where palm fronds strew the ground
—Celebration in the streets

Then liquid flows from heaven’s skies
Drenching parched earth
The street a river—river, floods
A celebration in the streets