

Singing for Rain

Tribesman,
hold up your soul
as a begging bowl
and sing for rain.
We unbelievers
are too aloof
to sing without proof;
but you without ism
intone in a rhythm
the elements four —
earth and the winds,
water and fire:
to keep them in balance
is all you desire.
Be as the sun
That gathers up steam,
be as a cumulus
borne by a breeze,
be the rain
that splashes to puddles
to flow into brooks
that water our lees.
Coax the rain, tribesman,
your humor is humble,
your voice is vibrant,
your smile's a command:
there's drought in our bowels,
our heads are on fire
and the stubbles of wrath
have covered our land.

— *Wolfgang Somary*