

Jacaranda Tree

Josh Garrels

Sitting on porches
Since Friday while the sky
Tilts like a watery glass

We wait for downpours
A drenching joy
A carnival sky

But what I don't say
What I can't say
Is that with this joy
Comes a mourning

Something left behind
Blue lined, teary
Mingled
I move on

All things will change
We wait for the rain
And the promise remains

Live life fully
Peeking through fingers
Slung in our hammocks
Cocooned

Skimming the water
Trapezed above time
We glide like slingshot angels

Belly up and
Floating we see
The promise in the sky

Up to Orion's ribs
We climb this tree
And listen
For our pulse

All things will change
We wait for the rain
And the promise remains

I flung loosely
Into that world
I stayed heavily

I'll be a Jacaranda Tree
In Indiana
I say
Greenhoused and sung to

I pray light will
Leak from out pockets
We'll be drenched, overcome
At night the fireflies

Streamers at our sides
Silent flaming arcs of hope

All things will change
We wait for the rain
And the promise remains