

WELSH RAIN

Again I am here
in the Welsh wet hills,
in the draughty

porch of a chapel,
this time with the brown Labrador
from the farm,

wrestling with the darkness
around my son.
As before

I take my place in the dark wood pew
and ask for guidance,
for mercy

and wonder why Wales,
why rain,
why Sam?

My hands are cupped to receive
blessings from the leaping water,
like the great Ganga river

soaring down hills
fresh from the steep black tarns
luminous in wet leaves.

And as before
I am restored,
renewed.

Washed clean
with Welsh cold rain,
ready again, to believe.