## When I Wait for a Cab in the Rain

it's the sound of a snare drum I love. Water beads bounce and land on the tops of air-conditioners. It's earth's wish for water. filling dry cracks on soil and pavement. Tulip bulbs, seedlings, tree roots and the birds at my feeder have learned how to drink. We all know about parched things. Cars splash through puddles; sometimes our feet get drenched. O, let this ground around us fill. Let no one ever go thirsty again.

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Kent Humphrey, Winemaker

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