

Wonderment - Mary Pat Lenahan, 7/19/20

Drops of rain fall gently on patches of cracked, parched earth.

Random rain, pregnant with live-giving moisture satisfies thirsty soil,

While other drips overload already full buckets of liquid gold.

Why do some droplets quench dry dirt, while others overflow in abundance?

Inequities scream out for justice as we attempt to balance sparse sprinkles of life with forever fullness.

Limbs languish in lingering breezes, sometimes whipped by nature's fury, while at other times barely inching with the slightest wisp of movement.

Sometimes, I hang on for dear life, tightly clutching tiny twigs ferociously in fear.

At other times, I leap with abandon, eager to swiftly sway in the tempest of uncertainty with freeing, deepening faith.