

Midsummer Rain

Ted Kooser

I wake in the dark to a thunderstorm
making its way toward the dawn, a half dozen
big thunders pulling it forward, straining on
leashes of lightning. They passed on into
the brightening morning and I wanted to follow.
I wanted to follow so much that I wept.
It had something to do with my knowing
they were on their way east, soon to cross
over the rain-sprinkled Missouri, and into
Iowa, back toward those mid-July mornings
with that smell like none other, a fresh rain
on old window screen, the windows left open
all night for what little coolness might come,
and there we all are, and were, waking
to thunder and lightning still off to the west,
the first tentative rain splatters wetting the sills,
my mother and father, my sister and me.

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