

After Lockdown

A gentle sweep of hills and valleys
Undulates ahead -
Swaying, aqua and sun-tipped
In the soft morning light.

A soothing breeze lightly
Skims the surface as it
Saunters through the chill air.

Silence.

Then they come, dropping quietly
From the light grey sky.

Raindrops: slender, silver, almost suspended
In their slow descent into the expectant
Water until, like dancers, they leap
Joyfully upward – higher – then pause,
Bestowing sparkling coronas of
Droplets in perfect circles around their
Graceful heads.

After lockdown: swimming in the rain.

Nessa Gibbons