

atmospheric gathering

just this morning
a storm was assigned
to cleanse the earth
where cleansing was spoken of
as a ritual
and not a chore

quiet with rust
rain collects in a tin pail
knocked over by wind
scattering my frustrations
above roof shingles
above air and light, where

they meet with
clipped angel wings
swirling downward
like damp beads
caught within the sky's
silver netting

and now the worms are leaking
the red glitter of heel to gutter
while moistened petals
attract a molding skin
green and blue and honey
around the exoskeleton