

Earth Care and Spirituality Reflection

March 2022

Sometimes When It Rains

Paula Anderson

Sometimes when it rains

I remember our pond,

a quivering expanse of rings, alive

and roiling with thousands of circles mapping,

overlapping across acres of water.

Water spouts rising like evening fish feeding on mayflies;

then merging back into the pond, agitated

from the percussion of all that rain.

Today it rained on a frozen lake, shellacking the surface

like glass, skimming, shimmering, sheathing it

and after the raindrops stilled –

a frozen lake brimming with icy clear water.

If we get the predicted cold

the lumps and fissures beneath

will meld into smooth icy skin.

The ice boats and skaters will fly into the glare.

Tales will be told
of the day it rained
the night it froze fast
into the mirror of a memory.
Sometimes when it rains
concealment and revelation
redeem the world.

Paula Anderson is a poet who lives in close relationship with the land on a farm in Turner, Maine. She writes often on the theme of redemption.