

Debbie Westbury

NIGHT RAIN

I heard the rain-laden mist
uncoiling under sea cliffs
and begin rolling up the gully;
restless on the beach,
then roaring in the tall trees
as it rushed
up and over the escarpment.

Driven back by the white-knuckle salute
of a departing moon
it dissipates quietly in a clatter of leaves;
a gentle rain
steady as the song of a tawny frogmouth
that throbs all night
along the gullies and the ridges,
like the small pain
I'm grateful for.
It grabs me from sleep
from dreams of wild pig hunters
with blood in their eyes,
dust and stagnant water
in their veins.