

Night Rider

Tonight the rain god rides his black stallion across the sky
While the trees toss their arms like tribal dancers
Beseeching his blessings

We look out from our stockade of stale air
And long for the unleashed thunder, the baptizing torrent
While arrows of light ricochet among the clouds
But there's no pardon for our parched tongues and perspiring skin

We join the plea with an offering of firewater
Communing with the amber liquid
While it cools and comforts us
From the inside out

With a sharp whinny the wind rears and shifts
Roused from our stupor we snatch at the reins
But they slip from our grasp
Rain's redemption eludes us
Again

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