

Poetry: “Last Night I Prayed for Rain” by Mary Carroll Hackett



solstice moon rising early, joining me
to wait for the short night, long sun.
Last night I prayed for love, for what
there is to be won in the soaking, the drenching,
the washing away. Last night I prayed
to be empty, to be full. The moon fell behind
clouds, behind my wanting, but not before
dropping silver coins into my upraised hands,
not before the flowers around me turned
to say my name in their silver voices, to say *You*
are empty You are full You are empty You are
full, just before the lightning started,
just before the storm came.

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