

## The Flood

By Ron Koppelberger

The soul of rough empty drought and quiet cascades of rain cloaked the desire of the burgeoning farm. Rain, rain, rain, rain, the drought had ended with a gentle hiss of joyous rain. Inhaling, he tasted the cool misty vapors, whispering for just a brief moment, he prayed for the deluge to abate; only a few days earlier he had been eating dust and hoping for rain. The corners of the wood framed house poured torrents into the secret trenches running beneath the downspouts, great gullies, holes filled with water. The buckets and roaster pans were nearly full again and the dripping ceiling, smudged dark by leaks, slung in bellies and frayed paint. Surrendering to the sheets of moisture, the layers of top-soil used for growing wheat, saffron and sorghum had washed away leaving hard packed clay and muddy quicksand.

It was difficult to see through the foggy window panes, nevertheless, he persisted; rolling in waves of shimmering crystal, streams of fast, cool rain. By the wills of rare sodden earth and pools hungrily branded by the reflection of gray rolling thunder, he watched and continued to pray. The furrows ran far and away from the front door of the house; the rain offered an unmanageable abandon, an overcast cloud of inaction. The roads were rivers dug by varying degrees of impasse. He paused and took a deep breath in contemplation of the flood as the rain gave birth to the distant lightening. Strange, he thought, the amber glow of sunshine conveyed the wrath of shadow and silhouette, dark clouds, huge billowing in black cotton and rain.

The sunglow increased and the prospect of sunshine and rain was a promise for salvation; He sighed, "Thank-God." the clouds fell behind the western view and the sky presented an amazing scarlet and fire. Seasons warning the survivor of rain and flood, havens and the bond with earth and God. A marriage of profound mercies and damp claims of ownership, unto the gods of rain, denied by the sun and sky. He had postponed the desire to embrace the sun for its' warmth, nevertheless, the rain, the pouring driven rain had abated and the fires of heaven embraced all of the earth. The deserts would be dry again and the bordering farm country would flourish amongst the wheat and the blossoming promise of eternity.

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