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## So There Might Be Rain

Jessica Jewell

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## Jewell: So There Might Be Rain

### SO THERE MIGHT BE RAIN

Jessica Jewell

Because the drought endures,  
the old dogs start digging—  
know what has to be done,  
four bony front paws, clawing  
the red dirt, teeth moistened  
by an unclouded moon, deep  
through the burial shale.

They do not raise up  
his tiny body for hunger alone.

Three feet of cotton  
wrap—easy enough to pull  
from the sand—tilling  
with their claws, until they  
scoop out the dead boy  
and lay him on the ground.

This is an offering for the rain.

His heart will be eaten  
by the summer hawk  
circling since sundown.

The worms do not feast,  
nor the dirt, will not let  
him arrive at the Sacred River  
untended by this wild kindness.

They dig around the unearthed  
sheets until morning, raw-pawed.

They see Samuel coming, see him  
grab the shovel, but do not run  
away, as he beats them to death.