

# Beartrap Meadow

By Nile Coy

Driven like rats by the heat to higher, cooler ground  
meditating on soft meadow grass, listening for banjo music  
over the sounds of my heartbeat, my breathing,  
my fingers rolling over supple leather drumhead,  
and when the clouds stop dancing for me,  
and open up to spill their burden onto the meadow floor,  
the smell of rain and the sound of hailstones  
striking against dirt makes me feel  
as if the sky was drumming back to me,  
like my message was received,  
but the only answer worth sending  
was a soggy hammock  
and a few precious moments of quiet bliss  
standing in the rain with my lover.