



**HURRICANE  
REVIEW**

## Covenantial

More rain. Noah's rain.  
The yard fills  
and a river ripples  
where grass weaved  
in once dry  
winds. A new deluge.  
A new end of creation.  
When the clouds  
have cleared, no  
dove flies, except two  
mourning doves  
loosed from the ground  
below the bird feeders.  
No  
rainbow arcs  
across sunlit sky.  
No covenant is  
written in new God's  
spell. But  
there are two of us,  
three cats,  
a house that seems still  
seaworthy.  
And if God smiles in  
the soaked lawn, reflecting  
like sunlight  
from a lake  
where grass weaved  
in a once dry  
wind, who  
am I to doubt  
that some faith  
has been restored,  
some balance  
kept, some  
momentousness  
raised like a lost  
son into the heavens.  
It may look very like  
a cloud.  
It may feel very like  
the breath  
of the divine, drying  
our small and grassy

Ararat.

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