

ERIC PAUL SHAFFER

All There Is

—an epithalamion for Jon and Thierry

Winter in paradise this year is dry enough to call a drought.
The grass isn't green and isn't growing in the season

we call the rainy one. Not a cloud to color sunrise,
and every night, stars deepen the sky. Ancient light rains
from cloudless darkness. If there were enough for everyone,

the rays wouldn't travel so fast. Light is a constant
reminder of the yearning between stars and all the worlds

spinning in darkness, like this one, the one we love.
For this brown grass and the open space between stars,
there's not much rain. Never will there be too much

or even enough, so we celebrate and celebrate fiercely
all there is. When the rain finally comes, I'll stand

in the storm with my face raised. When the night comes,
I'll lift my eyes to the light and take it in. Rain will grace us,
and stars will burn. Light flies through the night,

and rain finds the earth for no reason we know, yet we leap
to drink our fill of what falls from above to sustain us.