

Ghazal

Rain, in great sheets, drums
the roof in tune with the faucet.

In anticipation, the turf awaits
the thunderous cleats of football players.

Veal scallopini under my belt,
child in bed, I write a poem.

Indians at bay, the pilgrims
gathered together, giving thanks.

The ten miles under his belt, the runner
breathes at an even pace with his heart beat.

—Kathy Tyler