

Return of Water

Rachel White

I

Every city has its own light—

and mine has Great Salt Lake
like a mirror placed to peer around a corner,
it brings
back to me rays from the
sun below the horizon,
embers in magenta,
smoldering purple above a
burning
rosy orange glow far
away behind lavender
mountains, range after
range draped in beaded
curtains
of indigo rain that
evaporate before they hit
the ground, ethereal virga
in reflected radiance
mysterious, the Great Basin
version of Northern Lights,
semblance of some other,
more perfect plane, a realm

beyond us, who have barely
begun to understand
the resonance of our existence.

I I

Perhaps, if we return a part

of what belongs to the land,
in thanks, start to recognize
we live—as do all things
alive—in relation,

rain will return, replenish
the reservoir of deep time,
waters that connect us
to the people of the past,
millennia upon millennia
of intercontinental
migrations like great rivers
converging in the flyways
of millions to this vestige
of prehistoric lakes,
ancient tracks across a marsh, microbialites,
salt reefs that transform light
—an ongoing miracle
like the parable of loaves and fish—
into masses of brine flies
and shrimp that feed the famished birds,
who rest to keep flying on.