

The Gone Jackals

"No Sign of Rain"

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Autumn s come
And the leaves are lookin brown and dry.
Sun swings low,
A fruit resists the thirsty ground.
Uselessly,
I try to coax a cloud or two.
Searchin the skies,
Knowin there ain t nothing left to do.

Summer s turned to gold,
My garden s tired and old,
The dust swirls round my bowl -
And still, no sign of rain.

Faithfully,
I ve tended to my patch of land.
Year by year,
I ve scratched to keep my humble clan.
Now and then
Some thunderheads come out of the blue.
Trouble is,
They ve always been too far and few.

Summer s turned to fall,
The air is thick and cold,
I feel it in my bones -
But still, no sign of rain.
Silence shades my lonely claim -
Though all is gold,
there is no rain.
Still, I hear my singin bones

And I believe
Rain will fall.

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