Comes down, not softly, not gently, with no glints of merry but like heavy water in buckets, raindrops like pellets.

Flames, forming on the rock, knocking the boulders off the face of the cliff, and down the rock, down to the valley, shattering the leaves and flowers of the trees, throwing the light from their petals, to the ground, to the valley, and beyond.

The clouds bubble, then crack and splinter, then fall like the clouds into chunks, then crack and splinter, then fall like the clouds.

The sky is filled with a heavy shadow of clouds, a massive, ominous mass of gray, heavy, black clouds. The sun is hidden, and the light is dim, a strange, unearthly light.

The wind is rising, for there is enough to sense, enough to hear, and enough to feel.

The book cliffs, on the east by Grand Mesa and the La Sal mountains, come morning as clear and dazzling, brighter, in July and August, on the high desert, the high desert.

For some, the realization of an ideal world, heaven and earth, above and below, rocks of lightning, mountains, valleys, mountains, valleys.

Water

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DESSERT SOLITARY