**Thirsting**  
*Joyce Elaine White*

The drought of sorrow  
dust-caked dreams  
dried split-edged memories  
thirsting, parched hope

Hands that can’t repair  
arms that can’t reach out  
hearts that wither and lie still  
living lost in whorls of dust.

One drop of love, unexpected  
One clear drop, minute in the desert of despair  
One sweet drop

Touches its appointed place  
unconcerned with scope  
unburdened with success  
intent upon its mission  
willing to lose itself in the dryness where it is sent

Faithfully it completes its task  
using all it has, giving completely what it is  
asking only to be accepted  
One drop finishes what it was born to do.

Followed by another, another, another  
Numberless faithful  
The Sent, The Givers  
aware only of purpose and completion

Sorrow, covered unconditionally, streaming  
dripping from excess  
gulping, splashing  
consume,  
Extinguishes in hope.