Over her long literary life, Elizabeth Coatsworth of Nobleboro authored 90 books, including volumes of fiction, biography, stories for children, and poetry. In today’s poem she describes a thunderstorm in Maine.

July Storm

by Elizabeth Coatsworth

Like a tall woman walking across the hayfield
the rain came slowly, dressed in crystal and the sun.
Rustling along the ground, she stopped at our apple tree
only for a whispering minute, then swept darkening skirts over the lake,
and so serenely climbed the wooden hills.
Was the rainbow a ribbon that she wore?
We saw it when she was gone. It seemed a part of her brightness
and the way she moved lightly, but with assurance
over the earth.