

## **Now the River Runs with Rain and Clay**

Now the river runs with rain and clay  
to fill the sea that fills th sky with rain.  
The lot that's lost its lease soon gains a tract  
but now the thistle leaves the rosehips blacken.  
This quince goes sweetly toward these blasted figs,  
these plumes of dock that stood stiff and red  
two days ago now start to brown and soften  
this night long morning rain. How stubbornly  
these scrub oaks keep their acorns; how these olives  
cling. Nothing puts its seed down willingly  
once the hand that tenders passes by.  
Even this treehouse built by kids from the new  
development is fair weather work: wet floors,  
walls bent, the first supports to fall to earth  
lending damp warmth to slugs and bugs  
and occasional reptile underneath.  
Cracked foundations, broken pipe,  
rusty drum knee-high in wet dog-grass.

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