

Now the River Runs with Rain and Clay

Now the river runs with rain and clay
to fill the sea that fills the 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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