

After the rain

by [Paul Willis](#) in the [October 25, 2016](#) issue

When sourgrass bends sweet and heavy  
over the path and even the sumac fawns at my feet,  
when little streams run large and muddy

under the light of poison oak,  
and when tongues of bark hang sodden  
from the paling sheen of eucalyptus—

then, then is there moisture enough in my throat  
for praise, if only the tiny frogs would return  
to bass the bottom of our song.