

Winter's First Rains

Deer in the green rain,
Clamber over flood-strewn rocks,
Quiet as clouds

At dusk,
Thrushes drop like silent leaves
To the forest floor

All day, only one sound not induced by water:
A Dipper, bobbing full-breasted
At the very edge of all this surging power--

A single loud trill,
Briefly pierces the river's roar

Droplets strike needles,
Crescendo on fallen maple leaves,
Gather in trickles,
Braid into streams

Speechless for three days:
Discarding words,
Remembering to listen

All of us here
Loving rivers
Their irrepressible urge
Toward the sea

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