

All those miracles

by [Paul Willis](#) in the [September 28, 2016](#) issue

Rain at dawn on the tent fly,
the hum of an idle mosquito.

Then another.
I pull on a headnet, turn over in my bag.

The rain stops.
My tentmate breathes

the breath of slumber.
I find my clothes, creep outside,

sit under a lodgepole pine
and read the gospels—all those miracles—

till rain returns
to walk across the open page.

—Pasayten Wilderness