

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.