

Rain

The village, wet and grey with rain, is quiet.
If quiet is the sound of wet, fat raindrops on a roof;
If quiet is the hush of wind as it skims over the grass;
If quiet is a snuffling dog taking refuge under a step -
The village, wet and grey with rain, is quiet.

If grey is silver wood, weathered by rainy seasons;
If grey is silver grass, a little flattened by each splash;
If grey is silver, puffed-up clouds that gather in the sky;
If grey is ocean water, stippled 'til it disappears to black horizon -
The village, wet and grey with rain, is grey.

I awakened to a village, wet and grey with rain -
I lay on soft, warm sheets and listened for awhile
To the sound of wet, fat raindrops on my roof;
To the wind, nudging the screen to thrum upon the windowpane.
And head a dog move, restless, near the door.
I awakened to my village, wet and grey with rain.

Later, drinking friendly coffee, fragrant, hot,
I looked upon the weathered wood - my neighbor's house;
And saw the yielded grass submit still to the rain;
And watched the clouds that filled the sky grow darker, silver;
And heard and saw the ocean, warm under the endless rain -
My village - wet and grey with rain.

Much later, there I was - awakened by a storm outside my bed -
And heard snow rattle in the hollow shimney,
And felt the ice a-gather in the air...
Where was my village, wet and grey with summer rain? I slept.
Behind my eyes, it came, a vision once again -
In dreaming, I will see my village - wet and grey with rain.

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