

## FOG OVER THE HILLS,

rain now  
after six dry months.

Now there'll be  
mushrooms  
springing from under  
last year's leaves —

creamy chanterelle  
and the orange  
lactarius, damp and cool  
to the hand.

Blueberries  
too wet to pick until  
the wind  
blows them dry;

monkshood hidden  
in quiet places along  
the trail,  
hung over with raindrops.

And now I remember  
the wet bark  
of young tamaracks,  
black against  
the ochre needles —

far-off there  
over the hills where  
once before  
we walked down  
out of the summer  
on a rainy path.

*John Haines*