

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