

Grey Rain

Elaine McDermott

Early spring.
At Shearwater,
the woods blaze
with wild azaleas
and pitcher plants.
You swing softly,
talk of earlier days
and trips to Horn Island.
Late summer.
The south wind
wraps around
the screened porch,
splashes the scorched soil
with jasmine-scented rain.
Down in the marsh
a green heron
wades through reeds,
feeds on ribbonfish.
You swing softly
and remember trips
to Horn Island.
Midwinter.
And the ashen brush
is as grey as the rain.
midwinter.
And the swing is still.