

ALAN SULLIVAN

*A Walk in the Rain**for Richard Wilbur*

We walk through pattering rain  
 that spangles every frond  
 in a fine dendritic stand  
 of Hampshire County fern.

Our genial guide confides  
 the names of Berkshire trees.  
 Their fret of dripping baize  
 annoints our hatless heads

as the melismatic chatter  
 of rivulet on rock  
 announces Hamlen Brook  
 newly filled with water.

We cross, and just beyond  
 the trail begins to wind  
 up stony slants of land.  
 Minding the broken ground,

I spot an orange eft  
 no larger than the leaf  
 it bestrides on soggy duff  
 as though it rode a raft;

and having glimpsed the one,  
 I suddenly see the rest  
 my gaze has somehow missed.  
 Wafers of setting sun

glow on the forest floor.  
 These are a poet's gifts—  
 the sacramental efts  
 he brought us here to share.

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Alan Sullivan was born in New York City, educated in Connecticut, lived in Minnesota and North Dakota, retired to a boat in Florida. Founder of The Deep End poetry forum at Eratosphere. He blogs at [www.seablogger.com](http://www.seablogger.com).