

## After Days of Rain

After days of rain  
the sky is clear.  
Almost full, the moon  
hides in a giant oak  
until I walk  
some distance from the house.  
Midnight, I hear  
a dog barking.

He hears more  
than I do.  
Geese straggling north?  
You too are looking  
at the moon—  
just out our kitchen door,  
in what seems from here  
another country.  
After sixty years,  
they say, one can start again.  
I think I will  
need some sleep first.

*James Koller*