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 stragling 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