

# Black Rain

by Jane Stuart

Floating over fields  
full of starry moon shadows  
the heron's last flight

Rain falls on the roof;  
gutters fill with soggy leaves,  
night is everywhere

A waking frog jumps  
over leaves, into the creek . . .  
ripples of cold water

Dawn's cream-colored skies  
streaked by scarlet rays of sun,  
crossed by birds in flight  
— sunlit seashores, splashing rain.  
starfish and seaots