

## Clearing This Evening

Rain.  
Ten minutes or so.

Going out, the air reinvented  
beyond shadows of soaking trees  
a new evening appears, at last.

Cat and dog  
were cornered on the floor  
since when this morning,  
heaving heads like dirty toys  
and sighing at the oddest scent  
weaving out of my skin.

Day of noises—drillings, cracklings—  
totally flushed.  
Now a bird sends a code across:  
I believe in insect plans.

Out back, cat and dog slide face first  
into quiet, wet grass.