

## TOM KILLION

*Evolution Valley from McClure Meadow,*  
2002  
handmade multi-color print, 12.5 x 19 in.



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## DAVID SULLIVAN

# Rain-Chains

anchor the four corners  
of this hut, turn what pounds  
rounds on its canted head  
to a stream that races down  
to clay-lined culverts.  
Bed's relatively dry.

Beside,

bucket I dump every hour.  
Arrows of rain fly across  
porch opening. Tea's breath  
is blown sideways. I bow  
to jasmine's aura. Too hot  
to handle even the clay

cup.

On retreat. Quaker Center.  
Music behind me deepens.  
Bucket must be almost full  
again. Everything around me's  
drinking: gurgle in the ground's  
throat, startled trees doing their

dance

of plenty. I haven't had a drop.  
Place the tea on a lower step,  
cast off my robe to shimmy and  
swirl in what stings me awake.  
Head thrown back, throat pegged  
by rain-hits, my lips

drummed.

Wind-chains rattle me home.  
Suddenly cold. I sit cross-legged  
and sip warmish tea. My daughter  
asks whether my tears after time  
away are out of sadness or joy.  
Yes, I say to our shining,

Yes!

David Sullivan teaches literature and film at Cabrillo College, where he also edits the *Porter Gulch Review* with his students. Poems from his first book, *Strong-Armed Angels*, were read on the Writer's Almanac by Garrison Keillor. His second book, *Every Seed of the Pomegranate*, entwines Iraqi and US voices, and was recently published by Tebot Bach.