

**RAKAIA VALLEY EVENING****Colin Burrows**

All day the west wind raged,  
its torrent poured down-valley,  
tossed tussocks,  
threshed trees  
and sky-tall dust veils  
hid the gaunt grey hills,  
screened the swollen river.

Now it's dusk,  
the air's clear  
and, but for little tremors,  
in warm air-puffs,  
the trees are stilled.

The river's silver skeins  
twist far westward,  
where cardboard cutout  
stand the fretted peaks,  
shades on blue-black shades.

Cloud balloons  
tied to highest summits  
foretell another storm.  
In a blaze of late, last light,  
the sun slips through  
the proscene arch  
and out.