

## Winter Riches

Early autumn rains blustered in this week  
and some friends are already grumbling.  
The oncoming darkness looms before them  
like a sentence. They're getting  
pre-depressed.

It's true that Cascadia is famous  
for long, dreary winters  
but the odd person flourishes.  
As quick as the rivers rise  
steelheaders pour out before dawn  
to cast their lines onto fish-haunted waters.

Mushroomers  
armed with baskets and small knives  
get all bug-eyed  
scanning the duff under fir trees  
for king boletes and golden chanterelles.

And someone with a taste  
for gray solitude, for the drab music  
of guttering rain  
and a penchant for gathering  
words and phrases onto a blank page  
may feel flush.

~Charles Goodrich