



Albert Marquet, *Rain, Mont Plaisant*, 1944

VERMONT SUMMER RAIN

Because I know you can't love
The Green Mountain State
without loving the thing that makes it green,
I resign myself to a morning walk
in the rain that has persisted since dawn.
I snap the leash onto my dog's collar
and explain to her that yes,
even though it is cold and wet,
it is time for us to venture out.

Her short legs resist
the gentle tug of the leash
as I try to coax her to the door.
She understands wet.
She understands cold.
But she doesn't understand
the precious gift of rain.

So I pick her up,
carry her to the edge of the woods
where I relish the smell of wet grass
and generous perfume of pine trees
and despite my sodden feet,
I can't help but love
this symbiosis of water and earth,
even as it soaks my hair
and dampens every stitch of clothing.

Rosie squats and shivers
and shakes off the raindrops
that sequin her fur,
oblivious to the miracle
in which we are immersed.
And as I bow down to pet her head
and tell her she's a good girl,
the tapping of the raindrops
on the leaves sounds like
a thousand mittened hands clapping,
telling us we are both good girls,
we are both part of this greening,
this baptism in the woods,
this verdant summer sacrament.

—Gloria Heffernan

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