

## A Walk on a Rainy Day in West Mountains

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Heavy shower last night cleared the air  
driving away the heat waves  
cooling down with breeze.

Cloudy without scorching sun overhead,  
a perfect day for a hike in the west mountain  
to find cool resort in the valley.

I pick *Far From the Madding Crowd*,  
from its shelf and put in the bag  
with a waterproof jacket and walking stick.

I bike along the best known route  
with the summer breeze flying by  
vast and extensive green by my side.

Walking up mountain stairs  
wears my strength away;  
youth is not with me as before,

when a hastened jog-and-walk lifted me to the top  
with less sweating or rare breaks for breath.  
Trying is today's walk,

sweating all along the trails, probably due to  
lockdown impairing my endurance  
or age stiffening my steps.

Out of breath following the steep climb,  
I sit on the stone stair,  
reading chapters in the quiet.

After six chapters, I finally stand by the top tower  
to take zealous photos with the milestone  
inscribed by Chinese characters: The Peak.

Looking around at the views:  
Green and verdant are the hill slopes;  
summer's lush trees and bush hide the trails and rocks.

Under the roof of the summit pavilion,  
I hear the wind blowing and magpies chirping.  
Visitors chatting about the chills and cool winds on hill tops.

More showers are hiding themselves in the chunky clouds  
dark and heavy above the mountains ranges  
or reaching for the vales.

Thunder rattling, lightning cracking the clouds:  
Another shower. Raindrops shoot at the groves,  
wet the footpaths and grass.

I read another six chapters on and off as the rain went,  
mountain walkers hastened their steps to leave the top pavilion.  
Me alone gazing at the gray clouds looking at the city in mists

blurred view of the skyline:  
the winds drifting apart the foggy valley  
the clouds stirred by bouts of high winds

making their way downwards  
meeting the hill ranges  
greeting the slope groves

sinking to the bottoms  
then ascending over  
the valleys.

The skyscrapers in city afar,  
were dimmed by mists  
over hills

cleared by a sudden  
gust of wind.  
What an amazing view of city and valley

in mists after showers!  
Though with a rare sense of pity:  
no rainbow spans the sky.

Walking down the trail steps  
by darkened skyline  
with caution as the trail steps

were flooded by rain,  
and harder for footing safely.

Lightning and thunder rolling far away

I grope for the trails,  
smell the scents  
of fresh acacia and fragrance of pine,

figuring out the bus stop in the dark.  
Looking back and up  
at the mountains

with lights shimmering atop.  
I hop on the bus for downtown,  
while missing the bike wet in shower.

