The country's terms were harsh
1st rain of season:

—like infinity falling

—the complete package: sheen on deck of porch, can hear it falling all the way back to the Flood.

—lull: the rain is akin the word's spelling, soft and straight down (like l's)
the sea has washed down the land from forested green to cliff-gray.
winter-tanned bluff
the polished water, smoothed by rocks below.
fold of shoreline
Puget Sound area as a littoral
The (scree, shore) slurred beneath...
watercourse upon watercourse
breakup (geography)
Seattle a city of Pacific roulette
life through the decades @ Cascopia:

--70's, making love on every desk
--80's,
--90's, mutual funds/401K's
Seattleites know airplanes the way birders know ducks.
The Coast, the leading edge of the continent. It butted against...
seaplanes skiing down the sky (did I use this in earlier book?)
plane notes for Mitch (based on our 6/15/96 flight to Chicago ABA):

--Puget Sound like puzzle parts

--riffles (snow-white) of mountains to the horizon

--frozen lakes in the Cascades; like portholes? isinglass? manhole covers?

--unfrozen lakes a little farther east; Mitch reads elevation(s) of mtns by them
possible detail of Mt. St. Helens eruption:

the ashstorm above the clouds, Mitch on airliner w/ music on the headset
Robert's left home from St.

five miles...

-St. H, dinner came
Mitch's flight home: over the fire mtns...

--his close call @ Mt. St. Helens, flying w/ Lighthawk (day before eruption)
--his sense of the land having been hacked at
--he muses about his job, & the publisher's habit of sending him to conferences
--big as he is, M in the plane seat is like St. Bernard in a windowbox (?)

Green Page.
Seattle downtown under clouds: pewter skyline
4th of July fireworks setting off car alarms

—Sarah & Nile Norton reported this, watching Elliott Bay '96 firwks from Qn Anne Hill
flight attendant who gives gate numbers with quasi-military codenames:

"C9, Charlie 9."

David  (Isn't the actual military codename here "Dog"?)

Echo F

Fox

younger attendant, Skyla's generation, would give them as...

Bennie

Courtney
Keeping:

@ Green Lake (or elsewhere), Mitch &/or Lexa while thinking about moving from Seattle (or a job) hear a voice say, "Leave it." (Dog-owner to big dog on a leash, interested in another dog; "leave it" is the common command..."
Keeping:

--crow (probably a young one) on railing @ Shilshole, teetering and flinching a bit as we walked past, C's elbow less than 3' from him, but not flying off; maybe another evolutionary instant in crows fitting themselves into disturbed environment. Tony Angell likens it to the history of dogs, changing from hunting beasts to pets; says crows are so smart, always working at the edges of a situation, that he wouldn't be surprised in 100 years to find them in some role humans find compatible and comfortable.
windless as a sea in space
Day 47—Feb. 5—Wind and rain in night and early morn. Some clearing, showers at noon; misty showers during afternoon.

Day 48—Feb. 6—Rain trotting in the drainpipe when we woke up; now (10 am) gray pause between rain, slight wind in trees.

These two days are the usual winter—rain and 45 degrees—after the weeks of the cold clear winter. The winter of two winters.
The moodless weather does not help. Customarily I take the view that Swan seemed to: count it a bonny day whenever the wind isn't ripping the roof from the house. Just now I would wave away the gray equilibrium overhead and invite commotion for commotion's sake. It could happen yet, in the remaining space of the afternoon. No winter I have spent in the Pacific Northwest--this will make an even dozen--ever has been as damply bland and excitementless as the season's reputation. ("Oh, Seattle," anyone from elsewhere will begin, and one of the next three words is "rain.") There can be winter weeks here...
Does Swan ever curse the rain in his diaries?
pewter weather of gray days and stormy water
call to Nat'l Weather Service, Dec. 18, '78:

--winter arrives 9:21 p.m., Dec. 21 (is this 21:21 hours?)

winter solstice

perihelion
"Rain five days and I love it," wrote Richard Hugo in Swan's town of Pt. T. (Chapbook, RAIN FIVE DAYS AND I LOVE IT, Shln 810.54 H895Rai)
(rain) (trotting) (6:14) the murmur running in the drainpipe. Day-long yesterday, night-long. Into the day again. (6:15)
gently sombre day (of rain)
the discontent of our winter
Dec. 12: a rarely chilly season so far.
Snow last month, and today a lingering frost on the streets, the day punctuated with the panicked scrrrritchhh of braking cars.

(Scrrrritchh)
winter: an entire season in shade
We are now into winter, the rain and I...
the winter light of this house: more daylight in living and dining room now—Jan. 5, etc.—than in summer, because of lowness of sun, circling the end of the house from noon on.
this winter that began with a salute of twenty-ones
5 decades of North Pacific's hard weather
- 07, 30-yr winter in Hant; hard weather, say, voices of friends
If I noted the weather three times a day as Swan did, today it would read:
goose-drowner, gully-washer, fence-lifter.
soft weather of this area