

Rain

It's raining outside, you can hear
the wet tyre sounds in the street
crushing like fruit, juicy and sweet;
It's raining, the wet and gentle tap
on a window pane, rain
falling tear-like, drenching the earth
like tears soak a heart;
It's raining, gentle rainbow sounds
all around.

Clouds rush to fill the voids of light
high in the sky,
dark rushing banked and tumbling forms
cascade like billowing smoke -
Bereft of hope,
sullen and grey the day.

You would paint for me a mournful mood
that sighs of lovers gone away
and yet, I will not fret or sing
a song of love-longing;
I will somehow seize the moment
that springs from every waking breath -
a beam of darting light,
a glimpse of sun-set in a gathering night.

Rain make me a melody,
a lullaby of loving that tells
instead of love's delightful spells,
of moments in eternity
and summer smells wet-evoked
from hedgerow and field,
of birdsong in the early dawn
and willows weeping low by pools forlorn
Rain be a song, be a mystery of giving.

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