

# An Anthology of Rain

By Phillis Levin

For this you may see no need,  
You may think my aim  
Dead set on something

Devoid of conceivable value:  
An Anthology of Rain,  
A collection of voices

Telling someone somewhere  
What it means to follow a drop  
Traveling to its final place of rest.

But do consider this request  
If you have pressed your nose  
Of any shape against a window,

Odor of metal faint, persistent,  
While a storm cast its cloak  
Over the shoulder of every cloud


In sight. You are free to say  
Whatever crosses your mind  
When you look at the face of time

In the passing of one drop  
Gathering speed, one drop  
Chasing another, racing to reach

A fork in the path, lingering  
Before making a detour to join  
Another, fattening on the way

Until entering a rivulet  
Running to the sill.  
So please accept this invitation:

You are welcome to submit,  
There is no limit to its limit,  
Even the instructions are a breeze



As long as you include  
Nothing about yourself  
Except your name. Your address

Remains unnecessary, for the rain  
Will find you — if you receive it  
It receives you (whether or not

You contribute, a volume  
Is sent). And when you lift  
The collection you may hear,

By opening anywhere, a drop  
And its story reappear  
As air turns to water, water to air.