The Rain

By Robert Creeley

All night the sound had come back again, and again falls this quiet, persistent rain.

What am I to myself that must be remembered, insisted upon so often? Is it that never the ease, even the hardness, of rain falling will have for me something other than this, something not so insistent—am I to be locked in this final uneasiness.

Love, if you love me, lie next to me. Be for me, like rain, the getting out of the tiredness, the fatuousness, the semi-lust of intentional indifference. Be wet with a decent happiness.

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