

# 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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