

IT'S RAINING

M.L. McCarthy

imitated after Paul Verlaine

Soft rain is creeping,
Stealthily seeping,
Through the town,
And in my heart a rain of weeping
Whispers down.

My heart is tired.
Rain, creaking rain,
Lullabys its pain.
My heart, idle and tired,
Loves the low-singing rain.

Grief needs no reason.
My heart is sick:
Fragments of treason
Pierce it and stick.
Time is grief's season.

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