

# 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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