

RAIN ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON

M.L. McCarthy

A soft, persistent rain falls straight
On rows of roofs of dark-blue slate;
It leaves the window dry.
The beads of life are spilled and strayed,
The will that held them broken, frayed
By many a rasping sigh.

Tender, monotonous sound of rain!
A silver bell begins to toll
Sweetly and dully in the rain—
Sounds dropped into the soul,
As rain might plonk into a pail
Left out-of-doors;
As plaster-crumbs, when ancient ceilings fail,
Drop on marble floors.

Rain is water. The mind hears
In its soft slither, sad vain tears;
And in the tolling of the bell,
The everlasting of farewell.

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