

now comes the good rain farmers pray for (and
no sharp shrill shower bouncing up off
burned earth but a blind blissfully seething
gift wandering deeply through godthanking ground)

bluest whos of this snowy head we call
old frank go bluer still as (shifting his life
from which to which) he reaches the barn's immense
doorway and halts propped on a pitchfork (breathing)

lovers like rej and lena smile (while looming
darkly a kindness of fragrance opens around
them) and whisper their joy under entirely the coming
quite not imaginable silence of sound

(here is that rain awaited by leaves with all
their trees and by forests with all their mountains)