

S P E A K I N G F R A N K L Y

It isn't your claim, or mine, or
what we do or don't do, or how
we feel, or our gain or loss—it's something
other, and across our whole country a fine
soft rain comes, the wide gray clouds
and a sigh in the wind for us all.

Those endless experiments in woods and
grass go on, get ready to pay; the whole
world clenches itself, and quietly
shouts: it waves the days forward.
On the edge of each moment a little
voice tells the scenario, "Come."

And you feel it come down: the end,
the beginning, the part between, light
as a dance that draws near in the big
expanse maintained for us by the sky.
We go wandering out. And at the end we sense
here none of you, none of us—no one.