

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.