

## IN THE HIGHSTREET OF TRALEE

Run girl, run!  
Under your blue blouse  
The birdie paps are flying.

God made you thus  
To pleasure us  
Against our dying.

## WHY?

In an old letter found  
in a drawer she mentions,  
almost casually, marks on  
her wrists. She writes that  
“they can now hardly be seen.”  
Who? When? Why? That superb  
girl, what agony was she  
passing through?

## THE RAIN ON THE ROOF

Tonight the small talk of the rain\*  
Is speaking to us again.  
It began as a storm,  
Then quieted down into a steady patter.  
It's a reassuring sound that tells us  
Everything is going to be all right;  
We'll wake up to good weather.

Each of us can hear in the rain-talk  
Whatever voice we most want to hear:

\*“small talk . . . ” Thom Gunn