

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