

RAIN

I have raised my hands to rain,
Raised my hands until my lifting
Fingers, like warm snow, seemed drifting
Into rain, becoming rain.

I have given all my hands.
Rain has taken them and made
Out of them a liquid shade
To lay upon a place of sands.

What stirred in my pulse now sighs
In the long sigh of the rain;
What was restlessness will rain
Against some woman's windowpane
And make a woman close her eyes.

What my fingers had of shape
Is a curve of blowing light,
Moving in unhurried flight,
With the rain, to its escape.

Yet what have I given rain,
Who have felt the edge of rain
Fray my fingers, who have striven
To give much, what have I given
But a little moving pain?

And what have I more, what boast
Of a meaning may I keep,
Who am weary as a sheep
And slightly pleased like a ghost?

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