

**With Respect To Rain**

Speak not of misery in rainy ways,  
Of lost illusions in the grey-stained stones.  
Tell me no traced allusions to dark days,  
Intent on cold unhealing in my bones.  
Is sunlight such elixir to your pain,  
Its blistered healing setting sores anew,  
That you can shrug soft clouds with such disdain  
And crush a sweetening coolness with the dew?  
Caress the waters as they seek to be;  
Run, living, in the rainly textured space  
Of rendered grace and laughter falling free,  
That stoops to kiss the facets of your face.  
The earth sighs passion in the sweating sky  
And licks the dust-hood from an upturned eye.

*E. R. Dickens*