

February 19, 1940

RAIN

The dribbling rain in wild wet sheets descends,
And all about me are the subtle shadows of the night,
My tears, those endless tears that streaming
Flow wave after wave upon my fevered cheeks
Are mingled with the cool and quiet rain,
So soft, so deep in gentle throbbings low—
But yet I am not sad; I weep for joy,
And now the heart within me slowly swells,
My soul, so soothed and full of deepening peace
That surges high within my happiness,
Is warm and glowing, stirred to depths unknown—
For in the sweeping raindrops have I found
A friend whose tender, tragic, heart-wrung sighs
Fall on my ear in melancholy bliss—
And love of all things, love unknown before
Sweeps on my lonely heart and comforts me,
And now no longer do I feel alone,
But deep in joy, I, with the sobbing raindrops weep.