

Grace

When those strange days
 were done — back
When I forgot that love existed —
 I saw, it seemed, for
The first time,
 in a landscape spotlight,

The rain lightly
 raining alike on
The lawn and the leaves
 and on you —
And then, later, I saw
 that all the rain does

Is fall. And when
 late at night I read
You stories, I thought it
 mattered
If, before the ending,
 you fell asleep —

And there were times,
 sleepless, I
Would read, and just before
 dawn, walk out
Through the hip-high
 wild oats

Green with spring,
 pleased to be there,
At the beginning, at what
 promised to be
The start of everything — just as
 it seemed, last night,

The end. I
 know what being
Frightened means,
 and now I know what
Being stupid means,
 and I know,

Too, what it
 means, in dreams,
When the dead beckon.
 And then there's this —
There are some things
 you can't ever

Pay back,
 and others
You wouldn't wish
 on anyone, and how
You deal with that is
 the point.