
Fall 1966

in a winter rain

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in a winter rain

On the dark window glass glowing raindrops melt,
And unfettered rush downward in unified rivulets . . .
There are no two content with tangency; they will separate,
Only to surround compelling beads of ice.

You and I have sensed the element,
That forbids our plunge to water
The roots of a common plant;
Now, only in the mingling of our memories
Shall we bloom.

Soon, through this breaking morning
You will be flying toward the sun, yet linger,
And I, invisibly, will follow through the raindrops.
My amazement widens the meeting of our eyes . . .
We have not known the ice of separation.