

AUTUMN RAIN

THE plane leaves  
fall black and wet  
on the lawn;

The cloud sheaves  
in heaven's fields set  
droop and are drawn

in falling seeds of rain;  
the seed of heaven  
on my face

falling--I hear again  
like echoes even  
that softly pace

Heaven's muffled floor,  
the winds that tread  
out all the grain

of tears, the store  
harvested  
in the sheaves of pain

caught up aloft:  
the sheaves of dead  
men that are slain

now winnowed soft  
on the floor of heaven;  
manna invisible

of all the pain  
here to us given;  
finely divisible  
falling as rain.