

Before a Journey

Where are the wind and rain?
A continent and seas
away. Going there again?
Yes: I'm no longer at ease.

Rain visits untended graves;
wind stirs their wet grass.
The grain swirls into waves
as the clouds sail up and pass.

(Sunlight touched the church tower;
then the rack closed again.)
The wind mourns hour by hour;
hour after hour chants the rain.

Towards night the skyline clears;
I leave a shore for a shore.
The good rain sheds my tears
and the brisk winds bring more.

—Arthur Henry King