

A Prayer for Rain

BY LISEL MUELLER

Let it come down:
these thicknesses of air
have long enough
walled love away from love;

stillness has hardened
until words despair
of their high leaps and kisses shut themselves
back into wishing.

Crippled lovers lie
against a weather which holds out on them,

waiting, awaiting some shrill sign, some cry,
some screaming cat that smells a sacrifice
and spells them thunder.

Start the mumbling lips,
syllable by monotonous syllable,
that wash away the sullen griefs of love

and drown out knowledge
of an ancient war—

o, ill-willed dark,
give with the sound of rain,
let love be brought
to ignorance again.

let love be brought
to ignorance again.

