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None of the Rain

ROGER REEVES

I could not do death today, and yet it did
Its starving, its taking. None of the rain
Has prepared me for the rain though I've listened,
Studied its slant, it's cleaner washing, have
Touched, held the dying away from its light
And the solitude of having to hear the rain
While dying in the rain. I have not forgotten
That I too will die in good, bad, or bleak blood,
In the light of the rain or out, and will
And will and will not as the light will not
In the shadows speak its yes. 'No, no,'
Says the light, the light of the rain. Death
Is not an imposition of decency
Or some sudden perfection achieved
Because, now, the body in its husk can
No longer make the tiniest sounds in the house
Or any violence on earth or touch the window
Where the crow draws its black line in the sky
And the rain, the rain falls beneath it
Where it is we are waking to hold you
Who are dying in a solitude
Which cannot be held or kept out of the rain.

About the author

Roger Reeves is the author of *King Me*, *Best Barbarian*, winner of the Griffin International Prize and the Kingsley Tufts Award, and *Dark Days: Fugitive Essays*, his first nonfiction book. He is a recipient of a National Endowment for the Arts fellowship, a Radcliffe Fellowship from Harvard University, and a 2015 Whiting Award. *Best Barbarian* was also a finalist in poetry for the 2022 National Book Award. His poems and essays have appeared in *The New Yorker*, the *Paris Review*, *Granta*, the *New York Times*, *Yale Review*, and elsewhere. He lives and teaches in Austin, Texas.