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The rain is over

by Charles Tomlinson

The rain is over, the sky
has fallen in bright blue pieces:
you can no more pick them up
than before they fell
becoming sky-shards,
segments, a sliver
bisecting the road
with its shining chasm
which you straddle,
look into and see the way
the crowns of tree after leafless tree
have come down with it
crowding this narrow sky-pond
like underwater vegetation:
threads of what went on overhead
catch at the eye
wherever you gaze on ground,
each seam of light,
each bright stitch
a reminder of that perfection
before the heavens fell
which now@night coming on@
lie holding the stars.

Charles Tomlinson's most recent volumes are *Selected Poems* (New Directions) and *Jubilation* (Oxford). He is editing a collection of his own prose for Carcanet.

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