

## The Rain

Denise Levertov

Trying to remember old dreams. A voice. Who came in.  
And meanwhile the rain, all day, all evening,  
quiet steady sound. Before it grew too dark  
I watched the blue iris leaning under the rain,  
the flame of the poppies guttered and went out.  
A voice. Almost recalled. There have been times  
the gods entered. Entered a room, a cave?  
A long enclosure where I was, the fourth wall of it  
too distant or too dark to see. The birds are silent,  
no moths at the lit windows. Only a swaying rosebush  
pierces the table's reflection, raindrops gazing from it.  
There have been hands laid on my shoulders.

    What has been said to me,  
    how has my life replied?  
The rain, the rain...

Traducido por Montserrat Abelló