

Ends and Beginnings: Thoughts on Rain

It's raining today, the steady downpour
of Vermont March, heavy sky and mist.
I ache for sun but know that sun for
days will make me wish for this.
It's foreverness that's deadening
even though we say it's what we want.
You leave and I go into mourning
but, then in the rain, I plant
violets, rosemary, wait for blooms.
The tug of "always" against "sometimes"
against death, against starts, and looming
ends. Forgive me if memory chimes
with sadness, but also brings me peace
I'll rejoice in rain and sun until I cease.

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