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WIND AND RAIN

by

Winifred Moorehead

I often hear your voice in wind and rain,
And it is music to my willing ears.

It helps dispel the loneliness and pain
That have prevailed through intervening years,
Since last we walked along a rainswept street
And felt the wind and listened for its sigh,
Not knowing that such happiness is fleet,
And even then death's wings were brushing by.

Some day when wind and rain and voice persist,
I'll reach my hand across my window sill
And find your hand. I know I can't resist
Until my lonely, aching heart is still.
And that which I have lost I will regain.
I thank you now, dear God, for wind and rain.