

Simon Perchik

Now that it's raining you can forget
—let gravity do the work
and this rake, half bare, half

at attention through the circle
that holds the Earth in place
clearing the path the dead remember

though these leaves must be wet
cascading past savanna to savanna
as primordial headwaters spreading out

so many years apart and always
there's room for more dead
whose million year old cry

will sound the same a million years
from this tree calling, calling, sleepless
—you don't need to find out

—it's enough when it rains
you can lean down and grasp hand over hand
without caring why or holding back.

Simon Perchik's poetry has appeared in *The Nation*, *The New Yorker*, *Poetry*, and *Partisan Review*. His most recent book is *Almost Rain*.