

# Rain by Raymond Carver

Woke up this morning with  
a terrific urge to lie in bed all day  
and read. Fought against it for a minute.

Then looked out the window at the rain.  
And gave over. Put myself entirely  
in the keep of this rainy morning.

Would I live my life over again?  
Make the same unforgivable mistakes?  
Yes, given half a chance. Yes.

From The Poetry Pharmacy Returns  
William Sieghart, Particular Books 2019