

# The Rain Stick

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Up-end the rain stick and what happens next  
Is a music that you never would have known  
To listen for. In a cactus stalk

Downpour, sluice-rush, spillage and backwash  
Come flowing through. You stand there like a pipe  
Being played by water, you shake it again lightly

And diminuendo runs through all its scales  
Like a gutter stopping trickling. And now here comes  
a sprinkle of drops out of the freshened leaves,

Then subtle little wets off grass and daisies;  
Then glitter-drizzle, almost-breaths of air.  
Up-end the stick again. What happens next

Is undiminished for having happened once,  
Twice, ten, a thousand time before.  
Who care if all the music that transpires

Is the fall of grit or dry seeds through a cactus?  
You are like a rich man entering heaven  
Through the ear of a raindrop. Listen now again.