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LOUISE GLÜCK

MEMO FROM THE CAVE

O love, you airtight bird,
My mouse-brown
Alibis hang upside-down
Above the pegboard
With its dangled pots
I don’t have chickens for;
My lies are crawling on the floor
Like families but their larvae will not
Leave this nest. I’ve let
Despair bed
Down in your stead
And wet
Our quilted cover
So the rot-
scent of its pussy-foot-
ing fingers lingers, when it’s over.