LOUISE GLÜCK

THE GAME

And yet I’ve lived like this for years.
All since he quit me—caught the moon as round as aspirin
While, across the hall, the heartfelt murmurs
Of the queers … I see my punishment revolving in its den:
Around. Around. There should have been
A lesson somewhere. In Geneva, the ferocious local whore
Lay peeled for absolution with a tricot membrane
Sticking to her skin. I don’t remember
How it happened that I saw. The place was filthy. She would sit
And pick her feet until they knocked. Like Customs. She’d just wait.