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LOUISE GLÜCK

SCRAPS

We had codes
In our house. Like
Locks; they said
We never lock
Our door to you.
And never did.
Their bed
Stood, spotless as a tub …
I passed it every day
For twenty years, until
I went my way. My chore
Was marking time. Gluing
Relics into books I saw
Myself at seven learning
Distance at my mother’s knee.
My favorite snapshot of my
Father shows him pushing forty
And lyrical
Above his firstborn’s empty face.
The usual miracle.