LOUISE GLÜCK

SOLSTICE

June’s edge. The sun
Turns kind. Birds wallow in the sob of pure air,
Crated from the coast … Un-
real. Unreal. I see the cure
Dissolving on the screen. Outside, dozing
In its sty, the neighbors’ offspring
Sucks its stuffed monster, given
Time. And now the end begins:
Packaged words. He purrs his need again.
The rest is empty. Stoned, stone-
blind she totters to the lock
Through webs of diapers. It is Christmas on the clock,
A year’s precise,
Terrible ascent, climaxed in ice.