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LOUISE GLÜCK

POEM

In the early evening, as now, a man is bending
over his writing table.
Slowly he lifts his head; a woman
appears, carrying roses.
Her face floats to the surface of the mirror,
marked with the green spokes of rose stems.
It is a form
of suffering: then always the transparent page
raised to the window until its veins emerge
as words finally filled with ink.
And I am meant to understand
what binds them together
or to the gray house held firmly in place by dusk
because I must enter their lives:
it is spring, the pear tree
filming with weak, white blossoms.