LOUISE GLÜCK

GEMINI

There is a soul in me
It is asking
to be given its body
It is asking
to be given blue eyes
a skull matted
with black hair
that shape
already formed & detaching
So the past put forth
a house filled with
asters & white lilac
a child
in her cotton dress
the lawn, the copper beech—
such of my own lives
I have cast off—the sunlight
chipping at the curtains
& the wicker chairs
uncovered, winter after winter,
as the stars finally
thicken & descend as snow