LOUISE GLÜCK

THE FIRE

Had you died when we were together
I would have wanted nothing of you.
Now I think of you as dead, it is better.
Often, in the cool early evenings of the spring
when, with the first leaves,
all that is deadly enters the world,
I build a fire for us of pine and apple wood;
repeatedly
the flames flare and diminish
as the night comes on in which
we see one another so clearly—
And in the days we are contented
as formerly
in the long grass,
in the woods' green doors and shadows.
And you never say
Leave me
since the dead do not like being alone.