LOUISE GLÜCK

THE LETTERS

It is night for the last time.
For the last time your hands
gather on my body.
Tomorrow it will be autumn.
We will sit together on the balcony
watching the dry leaves drift over the village
like the letters we will burn,
one by one, in our separate houses.
Such a quiet night.
Only your voice murmuring
You’re wet, you want to
and the child
sleeps as though he were not born.
In the morning it will be autumn.
We will walk together in the small garden
among stone benches and the shrubs
still sheeted in mist
like furniture left for a long time.
Look how the leaves drift in the darkness.
We have burned away
all that was written on them.