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LOUISE GLÜCK

PORCELAIN BOWL

It rules out use:
in a lawn chair, the analogous
body of a woman is arranged,
and in this light
I cannot see what time has done to her.
A few leaves fall. A wind parts the long grass,
making a path going nowhere. And the hand
involuntarily lifts; it moves across her face
so utterly lost—
The grass sways,
as though that motion were
an aspect of repose.
Pearl white
on green. Ceramic
hand in the grass.