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LOUISE GLÜCK

THE DREAM OF MOURNING

I sleep so you will be alive,
it is that simple.
The dreams themselves are nothing.
They are the sickness you control,
nothing more.
I rush toward you in the summer twilight,
not in the real world, but in the buried one
where you are waiting,
as the wind moves over the bay, toying with it,
forcing thin ridges of panic—
And then the morning comes, demanding prey.
Remember? And the world complies.
Last night was different.
Someone fucked me awake; when I opened my eyes
it was over, all the need gone
by which I knew my life.
And for one instant I believed I was entering
the stable dark of the earth
and thought it would hold me.