LOUISE GLÜCK

THE RETURN

At first when you went away
I was frightened; then
a boy touched me on the street,
his eyes were level with mine,
clear and grieving: I
called him in; I spoke to him
in our language,
but his hands were yours,
so gently making their murderous claim—
And then it didn’t matter
which one of you I called,
the wound was that deep.