LOUISE GLÜCK

LIBERATION

My mind is clouded,
I cannot hunt anymore.
I lay my gun over the tracks of the rabbit.
It was as though I became that creature
who could not decide
whether to flee or be still
and so was trapped in the pursuer’s eyes—
And for the first time I knew
those eyes have to be blank
because it is impossible
to kill and question at the same time.
Then the shutter snapped,
the rabbit went free. He flew
through the empty forest
that part of me
that was the victim.
Only victims have a destiny.
And the hunter, who believed
whatever struggles
begs to be torn apart:
that part is paralyzed.