HAVEPOETRY.COM

LOUISE GLÜCK

# CLEAR MORNING

I’ve watched you long enough,
I can speak to you any way I like—
I’ve submitted to your preferences, observing patiently
the things you love, speaking
through vehicles only, in
details of earth, as you prefer,
tendrils
of blue clematis, light
of early evening—
you would never accept
a voice like mine, indifferent
to the objects you busily name,
your mouths
small circles of awe—
And all this time
I indulged your limitation, thinking
you would cast it aside yourselves sooner or later,
thinking matter could not absorb your gaze forever—
obstacle of the clematis painting
blue flowers on the porch window—
I cannot go on
restricting myself to images
because you think it is your right
to dispute my meaning:
I am prepared now to force
clarity upon you.