LOUISE GLÜCK

THE JACOB’S LADDER

Trapped in the earth,
wouldn’t you too want to go
to heaven? I live
in a lady’s garden. Forgive me, lady;
longing has taken my grace. I am
not what you wanted. But
as men and women seem
to desire each other, I too desire
knowledge of paradise—and now
your grief, a naked stem
reaching the porch window.
And at the end, what? A small blue flower
like a star. Never
to leave the world! Is this
not what your tears mean?