LOUISE GLÜCK

CLOVER

What is dispersed
among us, which you call
the sign of blessedness
although it is, like us,
a weed, a thing
to be rooted out—
by what logic
do you hoard
a single tendril
of something you want
dead?
If there is any presence among us
so powerful, should it not
multiply, in service
of the adored garden?
You should be asking
these questions yourself,
not leaving them
to your victims. You should know
that when you swagger among us
I hear two voices speaking,
one your spirit, one
the acts of your hands.