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LOUISE GLÜCK

HOW CAN I HELP YOU WHEN YOU ALL WANT

How can I help you when you all want
different things—sunlight and shadow,
moist darkness, dry heat—
Listen to yourselves, vying with one another—
And you wonder
why I despair of you,
you think something could fuse you into a whole—
the still air of high summer
tangled with a thousand voices
each calling out
some need, some absolute
and in that name continually
strangling each other
in the open field—
For what? For space and air?
The privilege of being
single in the eyes of heaven?
You were not intended
to be unique. You were
my embodiment, all diversity
not what you think you see
searching the bright sky over the field,
your incidental souls
fixed like telescopes on some
enlargement of yourselves—
Why would I make you if I meant
to limit myself
to the ascendant sign,
the star, the fire, the fury?