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LOUISE GLÜCK

END OF SUMMER

After all things occurred to me,
the void occurred to me.
There is a limit
to the pleasure I had in form—
I am not like you in this,
I have no release in another body,
I have no need
of shelter outside myself—
My poor inspired
creation, you are
distractions, finally,
mere curtailment; you are
too little like me in the end
to please me.
And so adamant—
you want to be paid off
for your disappearance,
all paid in some part of the earth,
some souvenir, as you were once
rewarded for labor,
the scribe being paid
in silver, the shepherd in barley
although it is not earth
that is lasting, not
these small chips of matter—
If you would open your eyes
you would see me, you would see
the emptiness of heaven
mirrored on earth, the fields
vacant again, lifeless, covered with snow—
then white light
no longer disguised as matter.