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LOUISE GLÜCK

YOUR VOICE IS GONE NOW; I HARDLY HEAR YOU

Your voice is gone now; I hardly hear you.
Your starry voice all shadow now
and the earth dark again
with your great changes of heart.
And by day the grass going brown in places
under the broad shadows of the maple trees.
Now, everywhere I am talked to by silence
so it is clear I have no access to you;
I do not exist for you, you have drawn
a line through my name.
In what contempt do you hold us
to believe only loss can impress
your power on us,
the first rains of autumn shaking the white lilies—
When you go, you go absolutely,
deducting visible life from all things
but not all life,
lest we turn from you.