LOUISE GLÜCK

SEPTEMBER TWILIGHT

I gathered you together,
I can dispense with you—
I'm tired of you, chaos
of the living world—
I can only extend myself
for so long to a living thing.
I summoned you into existence
by opening my mouth, by lifting
my little finger, shimmering
blues of the wild
aster, blossom
of the lily, immense,
gold-veined—
you come and go; eventually
I forget your names.
You come and go, every one of you
flawed in some way,
in some way compromised: you are worth
one life, no more than that.
I gathered you together;
I can erase you
as though you were a draft to be thrown away,
an exercise
because I've finished you, vision
of deepest mourning.