LOUISE GLÜCK

QUIET EVENING

You take my hand; then we’re alone
in the life-threatening forest. Almost immediately
we’re in a house; Noah’s
grown and moved away; the clematis after ten years
suddenly flowers white.
More than anything in the world
I love these evenings when we’re together,
the quiet evenings in summer, the sky still light at this hour.
So Penelope took the hand of Odysseus,
not to hold him back but to impress
this peace on his memory:
from this point on, the silence through which you move
is my voice pursuing you.