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LOUISE GLÜCK

CEREMONY

I stopped liking artichokes when I stopped eating
butter. Fennel
I never liked.
One thing I've always hated
about you: I hate that you refuse
to have people at the house. Flaubert
had more friends and Flaubert
was a recluse.
Flaubert was crazy: he lived
with his mother.
Living with you is like living
at boarding school:
chicken Monday, fish Tuesday.
I have deep friendships.
I have friendships
with other recluses.
Why do you call it rigidity?
Can't you call it a taste
for ceremony? Or is your hunger for beauty
completely satisfied by your own person?
Another thing: name one other person
who doesn't have furniture.
We have fish Tuesday
because it's fresh Tuesday. If I could drive
we could have it different days.
If you're so desperate
for precedent, try
Stevens. Stevens
never traveled; that doesn't mean
he didn't know pleasure.
Pleasure maybe but not
joy. When you make artichokes,
make them for yourself.