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The Pond

Louise Gluck

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THE POND

Night covers the pond with its wing. Under the ringed moon I can make out Your face swimming among minnows and the small Echoing stars. In the night air The surface of the pond is metal.

Within, your eyes are open. They contain A memory I recognize, as though We had been children together. Our ponies Grazed on the hill, they were gray With white markings. Now they graze With the dead who wait Like children under their granite breastplates, Lucid and helpless:

The hills are far away. They rise up Blacker than childhood. What do you think of, lying so quietly By the water? When you look that way I want to touch you, but Do not, seeing As in another life we were of the same blood.

FOR MY MOTHER

It was better when we were together in one body. Thirty years. Screened through the green glass of your eye, moonlight filtered into my bones as we lay in the big bed, in the dark, waiting for my father. Thirty years. He closed your eyelids with