

## ***Yearning and Anguish: Poems of Faith, Poems of Doubt***

**July 8, 2014**

**John Donne (1572-1631)**

*Holy Sonnets*

**"Thou hast made me, and shall thy work decay?"**

Thou hast made me, and shall thy work decay?  
Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste,  
I run to death, and death meets me as fast,  
And all my pleasures are like yesterday;  
I dare not move my dim eyes any way,  
Despair behind, and death before doth cast  
Such terror, and my feeble flesh doth waste  
By sin in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh;  
Only thou art above, and when towards thee  
By thy leave I can look, I rise again;  
But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,  
That not one hour my self I can sustain;  
Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art,  
And thou like Adamant draw mine iron heart.

**"At the round earth's imagined corners, blow"**

At the round earth's imagined corners, blow  
Your trumpets, Angels, and arise, arise  
From death, you numberless infinities  
Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go,  
All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow,  
All whom war, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies,  
Despair, law, chance, hath slain, and you whose eyes,  
Shall behold God, and never taste death's woe.  
But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space,  
For, if above all these, my sins abound,  
'Tis late to ask abundance of thy grace,  
When we are there; here on this lowly ground,  
Teach me how to repent; for that's as good

As if thou hadst seal'd my pardon, with thy blood.

**"Death be not proud, though some have called thee"**

Death be not proud, though some have called thee  
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so,  
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,  
Die not, poor death, nor yet canst thou kill me.  
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,  
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,  
And soonest our best men with thee do go,  
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.  
Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,  
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,  
And poppy, or charms can make us sleep as well,  
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?  
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,  
And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.

**"Batter my heart, three-person'd God..."**

Batter my heart, three-person'd God; for you  
As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend;  
That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow me and bend  
Your force, to break, blow, burn and make me new.  
I, like an usurpt town, to another due,  
Labour to admit you, but Oh, to no end,  
Reason your viceroy in me, me should defend,  
But is captiv'd, and proves weak or untrue.  
Yet dearly I love you, and would be loved fain,  
But am betroth'd unto your enemy:  
Divorce me, untie, or break that knot again,  
Take me to you, imprison me, for I  
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,  
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

## **Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844-1889)**

### **"The Terrible Sonnets"**

#### **'To seem the stranger'**

To seem the stranger lies my lot, my life  
Among strangers. Father and mother dear,  
Brothers and sisters are in Christ not near  
And he my peace/my parting, sword and strife.

England, whose honour O all my heart woos, wife  
To my creating thought, would neither hear  
Me, were I pleading, plead nor do I: I weár-  
Y of idle a being but by where wars are rife.

I am in Ireland now; now I am at a third  
Remove. Not but in all removes I can  
Kind love both give and get. Only what word

Wisest my heart breeds dark heaven's baffling ban  
Bars or hell's spell thwarts. This to hoard unheard,  
Heard unheeded, leaves me a lonely began.

#### **'I wake and feel'**

I wake and feel the fell of dark, not day.  
What hours, O what black hours we have spent  
This night! what sights you, heart, saw; ways you went!  
And more must, in yet longer light's delay.

With witness I speak this. But where I say  
Hours I mean years, mean life. And my lament  
Is cries countless, cries like dead letters sent  
To dearest him that lives alas! away.

I am gall, I am heartburn. God's most deep decree  
Bitter would have me taste: my taste was me;  
Bones built in me, flesh filled, blood grimmed the curse.

Selfyeast of spirit a dull dough sours. I see  
The lost are like this, and their scourge to be  
As I am mine, their sweating selves; but worse.

## **'No worst'**

No worst, there is none. Pitched past pitch of grief,  
More pangs will, schooled at forepangs, wilder wring.  
Comorter, where, where is your comforting?  
Mary, mother of us, where is your relief?  
My cries heave, herds-long; huddle in a main, a chief-  
Woe, wórlð-sorrow; on an áge-old ánvil wínce and síng -  
Then lull, then leave off. Fury had shrieked 'No ling-  
Ering! Let me be fell: force I must be brief.'  
O the mind, mind has mountains; cliffs of fall  
Frightful, sheer, no-man-fathomed. Hold them cheap  
May who ne'er hung there. Nor does long our small  
Durance deal with that steep or deep. Here! creep,  
Wretch, under a comfort serves in a whirlwind: all  
Life death does end and each day dies with sleep.

## **Carrion Comfort**

Not, I'll not, carrion comfort, Despair, not feast on thee;  
Not untwist - slack they may be - these last strands of man  
In me or, most weary, cry *I can no more*. I can;  
Can something, hope, wíth day come, not choose not to be.

But ah, but O thou terrible, why wouldst thou rude on me  
Thy wring-world right foot rock? lay a lionlimb against me? scan  
With darksome devouring eyes my buisèd bones? and fan,  
O in turns of tempest, me heaped there; me frantic to avoid thee and flee?

Why? That my chaff might fly; my grain lie, sheer and clear,  
Nay in all that toil, that coil, since (seems) I kissed the rod,  
Hand rather, my heart lo! lapped strength, stole joy, would laugh, cheer.

Cheer whóm though? The héro whose heáven-handling flúng me, fóot tród  
Me? Or mé that fóught him? O wích one? is it éach one? That níght, that year  
Of now done darkness I wretched lay wrestling with (my God!) my God.

July 15, 2014

**Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844–89)**

**48. That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire and of the comfort of the Resurrection**

CLOUD-PUFFBALL, torn tufts, tossed pillows ' flaunt forth, then chevy on an air-  
built thoroughfare: heaven-roysterers, in gay-gangs ' they throng; they glitter in  
marches.

Down roughcast, down dazzling whitewash, ' wherever an elm arches,  
Shivelights and shadowtackle in long ' lashes lace, lance, and pair.  
Delightfully the bright wind boisterous ' ropes, wrestles, beats earth bare  
Of yestertempest's creases; in pool and rut peel parches  
Squandering ooze to squeezed ' dough, crust, dust; stanches, starches  
Squadroned masks and manmarks ' treadmire toil there  
Footfretted in it. Million-fuelèd, ' nature's bonfire burns on.  
But quench her bonniest, dearest ' to her, her clearest-selvèd spark  
Man, how fast his firedint, ' his mark on mind, is gone!

Both are in an unfathomable, all is in an enormous dark  
Drowned. O pity and indig ' nation! Manshape, that shone  
Sheer off, disseveral, a star, ' death blots black out; nor mark

Is any of him at all so stark

But vastness blurs and time ' beats level. Enough! the Resurrection,  
A heart's-clarion! Away grief's gasping, ' joyless days, dejection.

Across my foundering deck shone

A beacon, an eternal beam. ' Flesh fade, and mortal trash  
Fall to the residuary worm; ' world's wildfire, leave but ash:

In a flash, at a trumpet crash,

I am all at once what Christ is, ' since he was what I am, and  
This Jack, joke, poor potsherd, ' patch, matchwood, immortal diamond,  
Is immortal diamond.

**Matthew Arnold (1822-1888)**

**"Dover Beach"**

The sea is calm to-night.  
The tide is full, the moon lies fair  
Upon the straits; on the French coast the light  
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand;  
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.  
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!  
Only, from the long line of spray

Where the sea meets the moon-blached land,  
Listen! you hear the grating roar  
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,  
At their return, up the high strand,  
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,  
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring  
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago  
Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought  
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow  
Of human misery; we  
Find also in the sound a thought,  
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith  
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore  
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.  
But now I only hear  
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,  
Retreating, to the breath  
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear  
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true  
To one another! for the world, which seems  
To lie before us like a land of dreams,  
So various, so beautiful, so new,  
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,  
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;  
And we are here as on a darkling plain  
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,  
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

### **Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)**

"Faith" is a fine invention  
When Gentlemen can see—  
But Microscopes are prudent  
In an Emergency.

## **The Bible is an antique Volume**

The Bible is an antique Volume—  
Written by faded men  
At the suggestion of Holy Spectres—  
Subjects—Bethlehem— ;  
Eden—the ancient Homestead—  
Satan—the Brigadier—  
Judas—the Great Defaulter—  
David—the Troubador—  
Sin—a distinguished Precipice  
Others must resist—  
Boys that "believe" are very lonesome—  
Other Boys are "lost"—  
Had but the Tale a warbling Teller—  
All the Boys would come—  
Orpheus' Sermon captivated—  
It did not condemn—

Those--dying then

Those—dying then,  
Knew where they went—  
They went to God's Right Hand—  
That Hand is amputated now  
And God cannot be found—

The abdication of Belief  
Makes the Behavior small—  
Better an ignis fatuus  
Than no illume at all—

## **Walt Whitman (1819-1892)**

### **A Noiseless Patient Spider**

A NOISELESS, patient spider,  
I mark'd, where, on a little promontory, it stood, isolated;  
Mark'd how, to explore the vacant, vast surrounding,

It launch'd forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself;  
Ever unreeling them—ever tirelessly speeding them.

5

And you, O my Soul, where you stand,  
Surrounded, surrounded, in measureless oceans of space,  
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing,—seeking the spheres, to connect them;  
Till the bridge you will need, be form'd—till the ductile anchor hold;  
Till the gossamer thread you fling, catch somewhere, O my Soul.



**July 22, 2014**

**Robert Frost (1874-1963)**

Design

I found a dimpled spider, fat and white,  
On a white heal-all, holding up a moth  
Like a white piece of rigid satin cloth --  
Assorted characters of death and blight  
Mixed ready to begin the morning right,  
Like the ingredients of a witches' broth --  
A snow-drop spider, a flower like a froth,  
And dead wings carried like a paper kite.

What had that flower to do with being white,  
The wayside blue and innocent heal-all?  
What brought the kindred spider to that height,  
Then steered the white moth thither in the night?  
What but design of darkness to appal?--  
If design govern in a thing so small.

**Wallace Stevens (1879-1955)**

Sunday Morning

I

Complacencies of the peignoir, and late  
Coffee and oranges in a sunny chair,  
And the green freedom of a cockatoo  
Upon a rug mingle to dissipate  
The holy hush of ancient sacrifice.  
She dreams a little, and she feels the dark  
Encroachment of that old catastrophe,  
As a calm darkens among water-lights.

The pungent oranges and bright, green wings  
Seem things in some procession of the dead,  
Winding across wide water, without sound.  
The day is like wide water, without sound,  
Stilled for the passing of her dreaming feet  
Over the seas, to silent Palestine,  
Dominion of the blood and sepulchre.

## II

Why should she give her bounty to the dead?  
What is divinity if it can come  
Only in silent shadows and in dreams?  
Shall she not find in comforts of the sun,  
In pungent fruit and bright, green wings, or else  
In any balm or beauty of the earth,  
Things to be cherished like the thought of heaven?  
Divinity must live within herself:  
Passions of rain, or moods in falling snow;  
Grievings in loneliness, or unsubdued  
Elations when the forest blooms; gusty  
Emotions on wet roads on autumn nights;  
All pleasures and all pains, remembering  
The bough of summer and the winter branch.  
These are the measures destined for her soul.

### III

Jove in the clouds had his inhuman birth.  
No mother suckled him, no sweet land gave  
Large-mannered motions to his mythy mind.  
He moved among us, as a muttering king,  
Magnificent, would move among his hinds,  
Until our blood, commingling, virginal,  
With heaven, brought such requital to desire  
The very hinds discerned it, in a star.  
Shall our blood fail? Or shall it come to be  
The blood of paradise? And shall the earth  
Seem all of paradise that we shall know?  
The sky will be much friendlier then than now,  
A part of labor and a part of pain,  
And next in glory to enduring love,  
Not this dividing and indifferent blue.

### IV

She says, "I am content when wakened birds,  
Before they fly, test the reality  
Of misty fields, by their sweet questionings;  
But when the birds are gone, and their warm fields  
Return no more, where, then, is paradise?"  
There is not any haunt of prophesy,

Nor any old chimera of the grave,  
Neither the golden underground, nor isle  
Melodious, where spirits gat them home,  
Nor visionary south, nor cloudy palm  
Remote on heaven's hill, that has endured  
As April's green endures; or will endure  
Like her remembrance of awakened birds,  
Or her desire for June and evening, tipped  
By the consummation of the swallow's wings.

V

She says, "But in contentment I still feel  
The need of some imperishable bliss."  
Death is the mother of beauty; hence from her,  
Alone, shall come fulfillment to our dreams  
And our desires. Although she strews the leaves  
Of sure obliteration on our paths,  
The path sick sorrow took, the many paths  
Where triumph rang its brassy phrase, or love  
Whispered a little out of tenderness,  
She makes the willow shiver in the sun  
For maidens who were wont to sit and gaze  
Upon the grass, relinquished to their feet.  
She causes boys to pile new plums and pears  
On disregarded plate. The maidens taste

And stray impassioned in the littering leaves.

VI

Is there no change of death in paradise?  
Does ripe fruit never fall? Or do the boughs  
Hang always heavy in that perfect sky,  
Unchanging, yet so like our perishing earth,  
With rivers like our own that seek for seas  
They never find, the same receding shores  
That never touch with inarticulate pang?  
Why set the pear upon those river banks  
Or spice the shores with odors of the plum?  
Alas, that they should wear our colors there,  
The silken weavings of our afternoons,  
And pick the strings of our insipid lutes!  
Death is the mother of beauty, mystical,  
Within whose burning bosom we devise  
Our earthly mothers waiting, sleeplessly.

VII

Supple and turbulent, a ring of men  
Shall chant in orgy on a summer morn  
Their boisterous devotion to the sun,  
Not as a god, but as a god might be,

Naked among them, like a savage source.  
Their chant shall be a chant of paradise,  
Out of their blood, returning to the sky;  
And in their chant shall enter, voice by voice,  
The windy lake wherein their lord delights,  
The trees, like serafin, and echoing hills,  
That choir among themselves long afterward.  
They shall know well the heavenly fellowship  
Of men that perish and of summer morn.  
And whence they came and whither they shall go  
The dew upon their feet shall manifest.

## VIII

She hears, upon that water without sound,  
A voice that cries, "The tomb in Palestine  
Is not the porch of spirits lingering.  
It is the grave of Jesus, where he lay."  
We live in an old chaos of the sun,  
Or old dependency of day and night,  
Or island solitude, unsponsored, free,  
Of that wide water, inescapable.  
Deer walk upon our mountains, and the quail  
Whistle about us their spontaneous cries;  
Sweet berries ripen in the wilderness;  
And, in the isolation of the sky,

At evening, casual flocks of pigeons make  
Ambiguous undulations as they sink,  
Downward to darkness, on extended wings.

**T. S. Eliot (1888-1965)**

*Journey Of The Magi*

'A cold coming we had of it,  
Just the worst time of the year  
For a journey, and such a journey:  
The ways deep and the weather sharp,  
The very dead of winter.'  
And the camels galled, sore-footed,  
refractory,  
Lying down in the melting snow.  
There were times we regretted  
The summer palaces on slopes, the  
terraces,  
And the silken girls bringing sherbet.

Then the camel men cursing and  
grumbling  
And running away, and wanting their  
liquor and women,  
And the night-fires going out, and the  
lack of shelters,  
And the cities hostile and the towns  
unfriendly  
And the villages dirty and charging high  
prices:  
A hard time we had of it.  
At the end we preferred to travel all  
night,

Sleeping in snatches,  
With the voices singing in our ears,  
saying  
That this was all folly.

Then at dawn we came down to a  
temperate valley,  
Wet, below the snow line, smelling of  
vegetation;  
With a running stream and a water-mill  
beating the darkness,  
And three trees on the low sky,  
And an old white horse galloped in  
away in the meadow.  
Then we came to a tavern with  
vine-leaves over the lintel,  
Six hands at an open door dicing for  
pieces of silver,  
And feet kicking the empty wine-skins.  
But there was no information, and so  
we continued  
And arrived at evening, not a moment  
too soon  
Finding the place; it was (you may say)  
satisfactory.

All this was a long time ago, I  
remember,  
And I would do it again, but set down  
This set down  
This: were we led all that way for  
Birth or Death? There was a Birth,  
certainly,  
We had evidence and no doubt. I had  
seen birth and death,  
But had thought they were different;



this Birth was  
Hard and bitter agony for us, like  
Death, our death.  
We returned to our places, these  
Kingdoms,  
But no longer at ease here, in the old  
dispensation,  
With an alien people clutching their  
gods.  
I should be glad of another death.

**July 29, 2014**

**e. e. cummings (1894-1962)**

the Cambridge ladies who live in furnished souls  
are unbeautiful and have comfortable minds  
(also, with the church's protestant blessings  
daughters, unscented shapeless spirited)  
they believe in Christ and Longfellow, both dead,  
are invariably interested in so many things—  
at the present writing one still finds  
delighted fingers knitting for the is it Poles?  
perhaps. While permanent faces coyly bandy  
scandal of Mrs. N and Professor D  
.... the Cambridge ladies do not care, above  
Cambridge if sometimes in its box of  
sky lavender and cornerless, the  
moon rattles like a fragment of angry candy

**Since Feeling is First**

since feeling is first  
who pays any attention  
to the syntax of things  
will never wholly kiss you;

wholly to be a fool  
while Spring is in the world

my blood approves,  
and kisses are better fate  
than wisdom  
lady i swear by all flowers. Don't cry  
—the best gesture of my brain is less than  
your eyelids' flutter which says

we are for each other: then  
laugh, leaning back in my arms  
for life's not a paragraph

And death i think is no parenthesis

## **W. H. Auden (1907-1973)**

About suffering they were never wrong,  
The old Masters: how well they understood  
Its human position: how it takes place  
While someone else is eating or opening a window or just walking dully along;  
How, when the aged are reverently, passionately waiting  
For the miraculous birth, there always must be  
Children who did not specially want it to happen, skating  
On a pond at the edge of the wood:  
They never forgot  
That even the dreadful martyrdom must run its course  
Anyhow in a corner, some untidy spot  
Where the dogs go on with their doggy life and the torturer's horse  
Scratches its innocent behind on a tree.

In Breughel's Icarus, for instance: how everything turns away  
Quite leisurely from the disaster; the ploughman may  
Have heard the splash, the forsaken cry,  
But for him it was not an important failure; the sun shone  
As it had to on the white legs disappearing into the green  
Water, and the expensive delicate ship that must have seen  
Something amazing, a boy falling out of the sky,  
Had somewhere to get to and sailed calmly on.

## **Theodore Roethke (1908-63)**

### **The Waking**

I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.  
I feel my fate in what I cannot fear.  
I learn by going where I have to go.

We think by feeling. What is there to know?  
I hear my being dance from ear to ear.  
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.

Of those so close beside me, which are you?  
God bless the Ground! I shall walk softly there,  
And learn by going where I have to go.

Light takes the Tree; but who can tell us how?  
The lowly worm climbs up a winding stair;

I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.

Great Nature has another thing to do  
To you and me; so take the lively air,  
And, lovely, learn by going where to go.

This shaking keeps me steady. I should know.  
What falls away is always. And is near.  
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.  
I learn by going where I have to go.

## **John Hollander (1929- )**

### **Adam's Task**

And Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field ...  
GEN. 2:20

Thou, paw-paw-paw; thou, glurd; thou, spotted  
    Glurd; thou, whitestap, lurching through  
The high-grown brush; thou, pliant-footed,  
    Implex; thou, awagabu.

Every burrower, each flier  
    Came for the name he had to give:  
Gay; first work, ever to be prior,  
    Not yet sunk to primitive.

Thou, verdle; thou, McFleery's pomma;  
    Thou; thou; thou—three types of grawl;  
Thou, flisket; thou, kabasch; thou, comma-  
    Eared mashawk; thou, all; thou, all.

Were, in a fire of becoming,  
    Laboring to be burned away,  
Then work, half-measuring, half-humming,  
    Would be as serious as play.

Thou, pambler; thou, rivarn; thou, greater  
    Wherret, and thou, lesser one;  
Thou, sproal; thou, zant; thou, lily-eater.  
    Naming's over. Day is done.

## **Adrienne Rich (1929-2012 )**

### **Diving into the Wreck**

First having read the book of myths,  
and loaded the camera,  
and checked the edge of the knife-blade,  
I put on  
the body-armor of black rubber  
the absurd flippers  
the grave and awkward mask.  
I am having to do this  
not like Cousteau with his  
assiduous team  
aboard the sun-flooded schooner  
but here alone.

There is a ladder.  
The ladder is always there  
hanging innocently  
close to the side of the schooner.  
We know what it is for,  
we who have used it.  
Otherwise  
it is a piece of maritime floss  
some sundry equipment.

I go down.  
Rung after rung and still  
the oxygen immerses me  
the blue light  
the clear atoms  
of our human air.  
I go down.  
My flippers cripple me,  
I crawl like an insect down the ladder  
and there is no one  
to tell me when the ocean  
will begin.

First the air is blue and then  
it is bluer and then green and then  
black I am blacking out and yet  
my mask is powerful  
it pumps my blood with power  
the sea is another story  
the sea is not a question of power  
I have to learn alone  
to turn my body without force  
in the deep element.

And now: it is easy to forget  
what I came for  
among so many who have always  
lived here  
swaying their crenellated fans  
between the reefs  
and besides

you breathe differently down here.

I came to explore the wreck.  
The words are purposes.  
The words are maps.  
I came to see the damage that was done  
and the treasures that prevail.  
I stroke the beam of my lamp  
slowly along the flank  
of something more permanent  
than fish or weed

the thing I came for:  
the wreck and not the story of the wreck  
the thing itself and not the myth  
the drowned face always staring  
toward the sun  
the evidence of damage  
worn by salt and sway into this threadbare beauty  
the ribs of the disaster  
curving their assertion  
among the tentative haunters.

This is the place.  
And I am here, the mermaid whose dark hair  
streams black, the merman in his armored body.  
We circle silently  
about the wreck  
we dive into the hold.  
I am she: I am he

whose drowned face sleeps with open eyes  
whose breasts still bear the stress  
whose silver, copper, vermeil cargo lies  
obscurely inside barrels  
half-wedged and left to rot  
we are the half-destroyed instruments  
that once held to a course  
the water-eaten log  
the fouled compass

We are, I am, you are  
by cowardice or courage  
the one who find our way  
back to this scene  
carrying a knife, a camera  
a book of myths  
in which  
our names do not appear.

Edward Hirsch (1950- )

### **Mergers and Acquisitions**

Beyond junk bonds and oil spills,  
beyond the collapse of Savings and Loans,  
beyond liquidations and options on futures,  
beyond basket trading and expanding foreign markets,  
the Dow Jones industrial average, the Standard  
& Poor's stock index, mutual funds, commodities,  
beyond the rising tide of debits and credits,  
opinion polls, falling currencies, the signs  
for L. A. Gear and Coca Cola Classic,  
the signs for U.S. Steel and General Motors,  
hi-grade copper, municipal bonds, domestic sugar,  
beyond fax it and collateral buildups,  
beyond mergers and acquisitions, leveraged buyouts,  
hostile takeovers, beyond the official policy  
on inflation and the consensus on happiness,  
beyond the national trends in buying and selling,  
getting and spending, the market stalled  
and the cost passed on to consumers,  
beyond the statistical charts on prices,  
there is something else that drives us, some  
rage or hunger, some absence smoldering  
like a childhood fever vaguely remembered  
or half-perceived, some unprotected desire,  
greed that is both wound and knife,  
a failed grief, a lost radiance.