

## EROS

I had drawn my chair to the hotel window, to watch the rain.

I was in a kind of dream or trance —  
in love, and yet  
I wanted nothing.

It seemed unnecessary to touch you, to see you again.  
I wanted only this:  
the room, the chair, the sound of the rain falling,  
hour after hour, in the warmth of the spring night.

I needed nothing more; I was utterly sated.  
My heart had become small; it took very little to fill it.  
I watched the rain falling in heavy sheets over the darkened city —

You were not concerned; I could let you  
live as you needed to live.

At dawn the rain abated. I did the things  
one does in daylight, I acquitted myself,  
but I moved like a sleepwalker.

It was enough and it no longer involved you.  
A few days in a strange city.  
A conversation, the touch of a hand.  
And afterward, I took off my wedding ring.

That was what I wanted: to be naked.

LOUISE GLÜCK

*Carolyn O'Neill*



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