

THE SECRET OF POETRY

When I was lonely, I thought of death.
When I thought of death I was lonely.

I suppose this error will continue.
I shall enter each grey morning

delighted by frost, which is death,
& the trees that stand alone in mist.

When I met my wife I was lonely.
Our child in her body is lonely.

I suppose this error will go on & on.
Mornings I kiss my wife's cold lips,
nights her body, dripping with mist.
This is the error that fascinates.

I suppose you are secretly lonely
thinking of death, thinking of love.

I'd like, please, to leave on your sill
just one cold flower, whose beauty

would leave you inconsolable all day
The secret of poetry is cruelty.