

HIS ROOM

The man in the mirror suit
lives in a completely empty room.
All the walls are painted black.
He has only the one suit.
He sleeps in the center of the floor,
the suit hanging over him
like a chandelier, a tree of cold light.

SOME THINGS

I know some things about death.
When I was twelve, I killed
my own brother.
When I was fourteen, my mother died.
I have seen some of the things death does,
and it's not that amazing.
It's a house made of black glass;
we'll all live in it some day,
but so what? It's a long way off,
and the journey is the difficult thing.

In my dreams sometimes we talk together.
They are dead, but what does that mean?
Last night I found a child sleeping on a nest
of bones. He had a red, leaf-shaped
scar on his cheek. I lifted him up
and carried him with me, even though
I didn't know where I was going.

On Gregory Orr's Poems

Louise Glück

A poem should read as though it had to have been written. If it is not imbued with necessity it will not draw me into its universe. (This has nothing to do with tone; the poem need not be strident. Nor is humor obviated, there being a difference between earnestness and seriousness.)

Necessity tends to manifest itself in a body of work as obsession. The poet's obsessive concerns are, to my mind, more interesting if not actually named in the