

The New Criterion

Poems

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Where and what you are

by [Robert McDowell](#)

I see you in a hundred places. Now
You've gone into the writing where anything
Can happen, and nothing is still. If you know
A short-cut to the flesh, a sweet sighing
From the souls of trees that we might make our own
Just say it, so. At least tonight the moon
Is confident. The riverbed is wet
From a summer squall. Tonight I'll make a bet
With you. I'll wager that the hands that tear
The living from the writing disappear,
As will the distance that is like too many
Clothes between us. Naked in my fear,
You are a light that calms and covers me.
You own me now that you are everywhere.

Robert McDowell

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