

# The New Criterion

## Poems

June 1999

### 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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This article originally appeared in The New Criterion, Volume 17 June 1999, on page 33

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