

# Enough

By Suzanne Buffam

I am wearing dark glasses inside the house  
To match my dark mood.

I have left all the sugar out of the pie.  
My rage is a kind of domestic rage.

I learned it from my mother  
Who learned it from her mother before her

And so on.  
Surely the Greeks had a word for this.

Now surely the Germans do.  
The more words a person knows

To describe her private sufferings  
The more distantly she can perceive them.

I repeat the names of all the cities I've known  
And watch an ant drag its crooked shadow home.

What does it mean to love the life we've been given?  
To act well the part that's been cast for us?

*Wind. Light. Fire. Time.*  
A train whistles through the far hills.

One day I plan to be riding it.

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