For Love

By Robert Creeley

for Bobbie

Yesterday I wanted to
    speak of it, that sense above
    the others to me
    important because all

that I know derives
    from what it teaches me.
    Today, what is it that
    is finally so helpless,

different, despairs of its own
    statement, wants to
    turn away, endlessly
    to turn away.

If the moon did not ...
    no, if you did not
    I wouldn’t either, but
    what would I not

do, what prevention, what
    thing so quickly stopped.
    That is love yesterday
    or tomorrow, not

now. Can I eat
    what you give me. I
    have not earned it. Must
    I think of everything

as earned. Now love also
    becomes a reward so
    remote from me I have
    only made it with my mind.

Here is tedium,
    despair, a painful
    sense of isolation and
    whimsical if pompous

self-regard. But that image
    is only of the mind’s
    vague structure, vague to me
    because it is my own.

Love, what do I think
    to say. I cannot say it.
What have you become to ask,  
what have I made you into,  
companion, good company, 
crossed legs with skirt, or 
soft body under 
the bones of the bed.

Nothing says anything 
but that which it wishes 
would come true, fears 
what else might happen in

some other place, some 
other time not this one. 
A voice in my place, an 
echo of that only in yours.

Let me stumble into 
not the confession but 
the obsession I begin with 
now. For you

also (also) 
some time beyond place, or 
place beyond time, no 

mind left to

say anything at all, 
that face gone, now. 
Into the company of love 
it all returns.


Source: Selected Poems (1991)