

# Question

By May Swenson

Body my house  
my horse my hound  
what will I do  
when you are fallen

Where will I sleep  
How will I ride  
What will I hunt

Where can I go  
without my mount  
all eager and quick  
How will I know  
in thicket ahead  
is danger or treasure  
when Body my good  
bright dog is dead

How will it be  
to lie in the sky  
without roof or door  
and wind for an eye

With cloud for shift  
how will I hide?

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Ranked by Harold Bloom as one of the twentieth century's three best women poets, May Swenson was born in Logan, Utah, but spent most of her adult life in New York City. Active as an editor, teacher and critic, she also translated Swedish poetry and wrote many poems for children. Her particular gift was for close observation and sensuous, imagistic description of the physical world. From 1980 to 1989 she acted as Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets.

