

# Somewhere

By Robert Creeley

The galloping collection of boards  
are the house which I afforded  
one evening to walk into  
just as the night came down.

Dark inside, the candle  
lit of its own free will, the attic  
groaned then, the stairs  
led me up into the air.

From outside, it must have seemed  
a wonder that it was  
the inside *he* as *me* saw  
in the dark there.

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Before he was five, Robert Creeley had lost the use of an eye in a freak accident and his father to a heart attack; not surprisingly, his poetry conveys an acute sense of the body's frailty and the anguish of isolation, yet it also records the joys of love and family life. His verse is instantly recognizable—brief in its individual lines and overall length, and often so terse as to be opaque—while concerned to trace the puzzlements of the mind and heart as they move through experiences of intense intimacy. Much influenced by jazz musicians and action painters, Creeley stressed the process of writing over any finished product.

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