

Robert Bly

Time To Go

There's something we all like about morning. Maybe
It's just the light, or maybe the way the clock by the bed
Changes slowly, or the wall paintings that gradually
Become clear, or the good weight of the eiderdown.
The books I love most are here in this room.
They don't press on us; they are like people who run
Alongside child bicyclists, to keep them upright.
There's a feeling of safety. That's morning too.
And the sound of dishes rattling, and our children
Waking up, and a child muttering to herself. Now we have time
For the last few sips of coffee before we go to the funeral.

Something About Morning Pajamas

When you've been sleeping all night in a warm bed
There's sometimes a playful odor in your pajamas
It's a bit lowlife, but satisfying.
It is some sort of fragrant warmth
That your balls created during the night.
It's a mammal delight related
To the way the calf
Loves the cow's udder.
That mammal delight is one of the nouns
Of this earth.
Don't be ashamed, friends;
Don't throw the pajamas in the washer,
Don't open the window;
Forget the Pilgrims.
Think how sweet it is
That advice should come from a source so deep.