

RETURNING TO RILKE

by Dan Carpenter

who was all about loneliness –
seeking it, that elusive core
whose perfection was denied the artist
by human noise . . .

Returning once again
to the exalting struggle
to comprehend him
is an exquisite loneliness in itself.

Who, to steal the poet's language,
is there
in all of family or friends
to even begin to care
about this quest
to rise to that plunge?

Who comes off the golf course
out of the nightclub
mall or boudoir
to stand alongside the poor reader
even to watch him watch him
wrestle with the angel?