



PROJECT MUSE®

Hammered Dulcimer

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COMPLAINT

There is no mother in this night,
only the trees, with their strong backs,
their proud chests curved over the creek.

There is no mother. Why did we think
if we walked into darkness we would find her?
Why did I think

if I asked you for nothing, you would find me?
Walking into darkness is like
walking into an absence of questions:

there's a kind of peace settling down,
an inestimable reference,
a lack of desperation.

The wind goes on its way.
The eyes move through the grass.
Description takes its place

piece by piece, loss by loss.
There is no mother in this night
which pours its warm limbs over us

like a lover without motive,
without hidden interests,
like a lover that simply is.

It is good, how the self exists
and would be centered, strong, and proud
in its own right.