

Gandy Dancer Archives

Volume 3 | Issue 1

Article 21

12-1-2014

Alone

Amy Elizabeth Bishop
SUNY Geneseo

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Recommended Citation

Bishop, Amy Elizabeth (2014) "Alone," *Gandy Dancer Archives*: Vol. 3: Iss. 1, Article 21.
Available at: <https://knightscholar.geneseo.edu/gandy-dancer/vol3/iss1/21>

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Alone

The night has moved into my room—
all silences before its stone face.
A silver bow moves along on muffled, dark feet,
a moon, a star—something I do not know.

My hand is chilled, as if a small bird hovers—
always with me. Oh, carry me, the one
who scarcely lives any more, into the ice,
into the fire, even further into the sea.

There: I lie under a dream and breathe only dreams
from a home distant and bright as snow—
I eat my bread with cold fingers: all the quarters
of love are burnt up and only cause me pain.