On Not Going Gently

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Now a wild gesture of shedding familiar comforts: lawn littered with sales, plants leaving shelves as if on feet of their own, like grown children, friends leaving with arms-ful of my last years because my only child, suddenly taller than I, has left here, moving to his own western space: I sell my house, leave my meadow and mountains, possessions chosen as willfully as companions culled to surround and cherish my senses nicely. 

A vengeance on the dream that nothing changes! But each town has a house I could live well in, each room holds some man I could deeply love though only for a most brief span of earth-time while the fiercest love-lessons are learned. With each gesture my finger-rings move slightly and vary, changing breadth, as within trees, each indicating the texture of a year’s time or mode of a half-decade of love lived through.

Till now I have had lovers, emerald and silver, and cities, while stars haloed rich with rage; for contrast, I built finely of warm old wood which earth-deep weather has worn to wisdom. Now I must leave here, move on to other cities. What I chant has shifted swiftly like my rings, passing through permutations of deep anger at a world never as sweet as I would will it, to this patina, earned through the learning that everything in nature changes and leaves.

My face is wearing like the wood of my walls while I weep uselessly, howl to change clocks: though the meadow weather simply shines farewell nothing will soothe me into the duller passions. I will keep furious until the day I leave here. I will cause the dark stars to halo my leaving.