

(Artes 1995)

TWO POEMS

ROBERT BLY

Admiring Olav H. Hauge in Ulvik

I admire him so much, as he stands up,
And slowly walks to the door, his hair tousled,
His legs thin, to fetch a book, pulls
It down and says, "No doubt you've already read this?"

He has. He paddles among these ice floes,
These enormous fat books, like a great Eskimo
Hunter, for there are seals below in the sea,
Offering their hides, their fat, their great lonesome eyes.

"Oh yes," he says, "Oh yes." Some truths have been
Said. Someone in Persia or Hardanger has written great
Poems. "Oh yes." He stands again, goes to the wall.
"Emerson was a *keen* reader. Oh yes."

The orchard, the cat, the stove that enjoys all night
The wood chunk it has, the breadcrumbs, the bird-
Songs, Bodil — all of these are gifts.
I am proud to know him, this old man late in life

Who stands up and says, "No doubt you've lived all this."