

Lorine Niedecker

I married

in the world's black night  
for warmth

if not repose.

At the close –

someone.

I hid with him  
from the long range guns.

We lay leg

in the cupboard, head

in closet.

A slit of light  
at no bird dawn –

Untaught

I thought

he drank

too much.

I say

I married

and lived unburied.

I thought –

A note on this poem in a letter to Cid Corman, dated 20 July 1967:

“Just a few minutes ago rather spontaneous from a folk conversation and I suppose some of my own dark forebodings. We shd. be true to our subconscious? Sorry it is another *I* poem. My god, I must try to get away from that.”