

# Gone for the day, she is the day

by [Christian Wiman](#) in the [November 2, 2010](#) issue

Dawn is a dog's yawn, space  
in bed where a body should be,  
a nectared yard, night surviving  
in wires through which what voices,  
what needs already move--and the mind  
nibbling, nibbling at Nothingness  
like a mouse at cheese:

Spring!

\*

Sometimes one has the sense  
that to say the name  
God is a great betrayal,  
but whether one is betraying  
God, language, or one's self  
is harder to say.

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Gone for the day, she is the day  
opening in and around me  
like flowers she planted in our yard.  
Christ. Not flowers.  
Gone for the day, she is the day  
razoring in with the Serbian roofers,  
and ten o'clock tapped exactly  
by the one bad wheel of the tortilla cart,  
and the newborn's noonday anguish  
eased. And the tide the mind  
makes of traffic and the bite

of reality that brings it back.  
And the late afternoon afterlight  
in which a much-loved dog lies  
like a piece of precocious darkness  
lifting his ears at threats, treats, comings, goings . . .

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To love is to feel your death  
given to you like a sentence,  
to meet the judge's eyes  
as if there were a judge,  
as if he had eyes,  
and love.

*This poem appears in Wiman's Every Riven Thing (Farrar, Straus and Giroux).*