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Sky (poem)

William Stafford

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BANDS OF TWILIGHT
Lisa Grossman

*William Stafford, born in Hutchinson, Kansas, in 1914, is one of America's most renowned poets. Educated at the University of Kansas and the University of Iowa, he taught at Lewis and Clark College in Oregon from 1948 until his retirement in 1980. His first book of poetry, *Traveling through the Dark*, won the National Book Award in 1963. He published over sixty-five volumes of poetry and prose and was Consultant in Poetry to the Library of Congress (i.e., Poet Laureate) in 1970. He died in 1993.*

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Sky

WILLIAM STAFFORD

I like you with nothing. Are you
what I was? What I will be?
I look out there by the hour,
so clear, so sure. I could
smile, or frown—still nothing.
Be my father, be my mother,
great sleep of blue; reach
far within me; open doors,
find whatever is hiding; invite it
for many clear days in the sun.

When I turn away I know
you are there. We won't forget
each other: every look is a promise.
Others can't tell what you say
when it's the blue voice, when
you come to the window and look for me.

Your word arches over
the roof all day. I know it
within my bowed head, where
the other sky listens.

You will bring me
everything when the time comes.