

# DISAPPOINTMENT

*by Lawrence Raab / from Poetry Magazine, February 1979*

Distraction isn't what's needed.  
You mend what needs  
to be mended. Answer the phone  
thinking it is so easy  
to lose your bearings, easy enough  
to fall out of touch. And isn't this  
what you've always understood?

No more saucepans flying through the air.  
No more of that. But don't feel  
you have to wait  
for something awful to happen.  
Just look at the moon. The way it used to be.  
It is like the story in which nothing  
was left to chance. And no matter

how you look at it—that powdery  
light, that sweet milk, that old wooden boat—  
no matter how long you look,  
as you turn away it's all  
too much like the real  
objects of desire  
that darken and turn away.