

ROBERT BLY

An Ode on Morning Pajamas

When you've been sleeping all night in a warm bed
There's a certain smell inside your pajamas.
It's a bit lowlife, but satisfying.
It is some sort of fragrant warmth
That your balls have created during the night—
It's a kind of mammal poetry related
To the cow's udder
That the calf knows well.
That odor is one of the nouns
Of this earth.
Don't be ashamed, friends;
Don't turn toward the clock
Or open the window,
Breathe it in, forget the Pilgrims.
Think how sweet it is
That advice should come
From a source so deep.
"We will never be lost from ourselves;
God knows where we are."