

In Those Years

By Adrienne Rich

In those years, people will say, we lost track
of the meaning of *we*, of *you*
we found ourselves
5 reduced to *I*
and the whole thing became
silly, ironic, terrible:
we were trying to live a personal life
and yes, that was the only life
10 we could bear witness to
But the great dark birds of history screamed and plunged
into our personal weather
They were headed somewhere else but their beaks and pinions drove
along the shore, through the rags of fog
15 where we stood, saying *I*