

Gretchen to Faust

I read Goethe's *Faust* last spring. I was bowled over by the prison scene that ends Part I. I wrote the verse for *Gretchen to Faust* a little later, adapting some of Goethe's lines and adding my own. To him, I owe "Tomorrow would have been my wedding day." She asks him to bury them "My mother in the best place... My brother by her side, and then myself / A little way apart, but not too far." The last line is such a masterstroke that I found a way to steal it twice.

Gordon Getty

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