

## Gedichten in Tijden van Corona

### Credo

*Creo que si ... I believe  
it will rain*

*tomorrow ... I believe  
the son of a bitch*

*is going into the river ...  
I believe All men are  
created equal—By your  
leave a leafy*

*shelter over the exposed  
person—I'm a  
believer creature  
of habit but without*

*out there a void of  
pattern older  
older the broken  
pieces no longer*

*salvageable bits  
but incommensurate  
chips yet must  
get it back together.*

*In God we  
trust emptiness privilege  
will not not perish  
perish from this earth—*

*In particular echo  
of inside pushes  
at edges all these years  
collapse in slow motion.*

*The will to believe,  
the will to be good,  
the will to want  
a way out—*

*Humanness, like  
you, man. Us—pun  
for once beyond reflective  
mirror of brightening prospect?*

*I believe what it was  
was a hope it could be  
somehow what it was  
and would so continue.*

*A plank to walk out on,  
fair enough. *Jump!* said the pirate.  
*Believe me if all  
those endearing young charms ...**

*Here, as opposed to there,  
even in confusions there seems  
still a comfort,  
still a faith.*

*I'd as lief  
not leave, not  
go away, not  
not believe.*

*I believe in belief ...  
All said, whatever I can think of  
comes from there,  
goes there.*

*As it gets now impossible  
to say, it's your hand  
I hold to, still  
your hand.*

Robert Creeley