

**G. C. WALDREP**

**The Wilder Shores of Love**

—*after Cy Twombly*

Sometimes a plan, sometimes  
a tender star bursts  
from the terrible bedding  
night has left cascading all about  
the rugged surface of Greek  
myth. You will never be  
lonely again, sighs the polis  
of the spectrum, disembarking  
from the little ships  
the autumn leaves level  
into history's maw. I can't  
shop in this blue  
supermarket, you complained,  
hugging yourself a little  
more tightly. And it was true:  
one bird, then two—  
robins, maybe—adrift  
on the glass precipice the sea  
was then making  
out of all our durable goods.  
It felt like a giant  
radio, you said, ascending  
and descending.  
We were quiet, then, for a time.  
I wanted to walk there,  
but both of us had our hands  
full: strontium, iridium,  
little fossil patterns  
in the anthracite, reciting Keats.