

CutBank

Volume 1
Issue 22 *CutBank* 22

Article 6

Spring 1984

Love

Peter Wild

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Wild, Peter (1984) "Love," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 22 , Article 6.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss22/6>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in *CutBank* by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.

LOVE

One could make a case that everything
falls from the sky,
what you find on your front lawn in the morning
and later stare at, puzzled over
 scrambled eggs steaming up into your face,
like the laborer having made love
to his wife all night arriving at work
and staring down into the muddy hole
 of his construction site.

Since because of gravity
things can't come up from the earth
and if they do they're touched
with iridescent rust, the trout from
the portholes of the earth, the corn with smut,
the atmosphere is a reservoir for our lives,
a *Graf Zeppelin*, a *Hindenburg* around us.
At night orchids fall over our front yards,
melting with the first daylight, but if you wake
 in the middle of it sometimes
you hear the bumps, a buffalo
rubbing his wet snout along the window,
 then floating away astonished from you

Like Isaac Newton or Leibnitz
both working on calculus at the same time,
and when they were done with it, worn out,
broke down, the one, scorned by princes,
dying an embittered man, the other
 full of doubt
becoming a guard in a gold mine, always alert
for the gold to come rushing out past him.