

Fall 1987

The Man and the Woman in the Sky

Patricia Goedicke

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

Goedicke, Patricia (1987) "The Man and the Woman in the Sky," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 29 , Article 11.
Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss29/11>

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.

The Man and the Woman in the Sky

In the beginning was the one lightbulb
Swung from the ceiling of the world.

In the beginning the man and the woman were inside it

As if it were a diving bell,
Its lit windows trembling

In the sea's corridors suspended like a ghost.

I look over your dear shoulders at the curtains
Beyond the headboard swaying.

Cars snarl in the underpass,
Jet liners cruise overhead,

But in here it is all light

And bulky sweetness.
In the smooth, buttery parentheses

Of curved arms, two drowsy
Limp snails nuzzle each other,

From the tender periscope of a neck
That lifts upwards, from time to time,

I peer out over pajama bottoms rucked up

As usual, my sour breath,
Your beard bristling against my cheek. . . .

Love, I know this is just one more coupling.

The alarm clock ticks; I am ashamed of my belly.
Where is it I put my hand? But you laugh, set it right

And suddenly we are floating

In pure silk,
Sheer billowing clouds of it

Over warm buttocks slipping
And sliding everywhere.

In the house next door, in the cold,

Mrs. Tawney, widow
Eighty-five years come Sunday,

Stoops into her kitchen.

But here in the spinning bedroom

What do we know of the dark?
In the beginning was nothing

But the bare light
Of desire.

Inside their space capsule

The man and the woman look down
From one continent to another.

First Latin America goes by, with its starved eyes,
Then bloody South Africa in the dust.

But even in torture chambers dangling,
Strung up here on high

Sparks leap, electric
Down a black wire.

In the dark flowering bulb
Of the man and the woman in the sky

Far off galaxies glitter:
In the heated heaven of two bodies

In the halls of judgment glaring,

In the beginning as it is now
In the depths what other light is there?