LOUISE GLÜCK

THE ISLANDER

Sugar I am CALLING you. Not
Journeyed all these years for this:
You stalking chicken in the subways,
Nights hunched in alleys all to get
That pinch … O heartbit,
Fastened to the chair.
The supper’s freezing in the dark.
While I, my prince, my prince …
Your fruit lights up.
I watch your hands pulling at the grapes.