LOUISE GLÜCK

THE EMBRACE

She taught him the gods. Was it teaching? He went on
hating them, but in the long evenings of obsessive talk,
as he listened, they became real. Not that they changed.
They never came to seem innately human.
In the firelight, he watched her face.
But she would not be touched; she had rejected
the original need. Then in the darkness he would lead her back—
above the trees, the city rose in a kind of splendor
as all that is wild comes to the surface.