

Wilderness House Literary Review 5/4

Antoinette Claypoole
radiated love

“put your shadows together until they become one”

—Yoko Ono “Shadow Piece” from Grapefruit, 1961

one.

*curling mauve twilight tethers your baby curls neck
jugs of iced tea please you they tease and teach death
the tissue is cluttering our poetry your butterflies your
nervousness banished like the bones of geese who forget
to fly. south. you are going back to the west. recycled
nests of radiated honeycomb veil his adonis face the place*

is cruel. is sexism is reverse sidewalk android film extras
a boy with a cap a stack of rocks on his newspapers colliding
with time. with defiance of treatment. with cold sweats
and morphine with sweet opiate haze and *I wish you were dead*
the teenager said. our generation outliving make love made

war made love *I wish you were dead* judas iscariot said kissing
the breast of magdalene kissing the baby the dream the chalice
of breath which connects us. the air that seizes screaming autumn
and force feeds her waltz her scottish her irish famine her legend
was a tattoo in his dartmouth. his birthplace. his little big man
a good day to ... *where we are born that's where we die...* reciting
green eyes his hazel twilight opens like the sea and her mooses.

two.

they were never christian. never the burn the catacombed wound his
stigmata his *don't*
cry pounding glacial quartzite river. falls. dammed. electric. she scales him
like a tressle a bridge of flowers on rapids. her captive. calliope. alighting
tears with her five dollar poem her dime a dance hall jive with his wiccan his
wildfired ash. he is. they are. regalia. their clipped coupon blood from a turnip
coalescence.

three.

pompeii wings were frescoed on a postcard.
theirs was not an ordinary kind of love.