











## Mock Orange


BY LOUISE GLÜCK

It is not the moon, I tell you.   
It is these flowers  
lighting the yard.

I hate them.   
I hate them as I hate sex,  
the man's mouth  
sealing my mouth, the man's  
paralyzing body— 

and the cry that always escapes,   
the low, humiliating  
premise of union—

In my mind tonight   
I hear the question and pursuing answer  
fused in one sound  
that mounts and mounts and then  
is split into the old selves,  
the tired antagonisms. Do you see?   
We were made fools of.   
And the scent of mock orange   
drifts through the window.

How can I rest?   
How can I be content  
when there is still  
that odor in the world?

"Mock Orange" by Louise Glück, from *The First Four Books of Poems*. Copyright © 1968, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1985, 1995 by Louise Glück. Used by the permission of HarperCollins Publishers, .

Source: *The First Four Books of Poetry* (The Ecco Press, 1995)