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And to the Man

Meade Harwell

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And the more I write, the more I am sure, oh, sure
 That now too she secretly builds
 The movement that is me, forming in all its elegy,
 A beauty that shall be, a lyric happiness
 That clutches me when the image
 Appears that is she:
 Full of the volatile fantasies with which I am filled.

Did she go? Which way did she go? Where, O God, shall I look?
 Not within the Absolute, which does not exist,
 But everywhere at once! And in space, where all
 Things are—every mother, every Atlantis—fixed,
 She is upon my lens
 The immutable
 Cinema of grief and joy of which I am the gist.

When I move, she moves; so it was, so it will be. Even
 This is, among all the interminable rest,
 The thing to be: the boring happiness, the festering cupid,
 The image surprised in a sudden, casual mirror
 That turns out to be
 The only reality. . .
 I am dizzy. Which, darling, is the baby? which, the breast?

PARKER TYLER

—AND TO THE MAN

Or, if not to the some day soon
 A past leaps from his shaken head,
 Crying with hate for the sin exhumed
 That has made him hate and his brother dead,

Do not think it sleeps. It is there
 In his brain in a seething of fact.
 And it softens his face to an angel-snare—
 The sword to be hid for the sudden act.

MEADE HARWELL