

# Somehow, The Poet, & Heimat

by [Jeffrey Burghauer](#) (November 2022)



*Portrait of Gerti Schiele*, Egon Schiele, 1909

## Somehow

That a mortal human being  
Could write *The Mass in B-Minor*

Is less of a miracle than  
The one that it would constitute  
If I could live without my love.

## **The Poet**

The Poet seldom knows which way the knife  
Is pointed. Heaven help the silly brute.  
He's like a man who's cheating on his wife  
Whilst unaware that she's a prostitute.

## **Heimat**

Alas, no longer any kind of youth,  
I found a crimson coral fan of Truth  
Deserted in the sunlight's ruthless bleach  
Upon the sand of Circumstance's beach:

*A full Poetics of the Commonplace  
Accepts the actuality of Race.*  
We scatter our lives among the lives  
Of strangers when an innocence connives  
With blest America's superfluous,  
Barbaric comfort to withhold from us  
The fact that even a serenely slow,  
Improbably successful life can go  
So very wrong—so very, very wrong.

Ethnicity is real. A cradlesong  
Ancestral always is the deftest healer.

But Heaven's universal love is realer.

## [Table of Contents](#)

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