

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](#)

Jeffrey Burghauser is a teacher in Columbus, OH. He was educated at SUNY-Buffalo and the University of Leeds. He currently studies the five-string banjo with a focus on pre-WWII picking styles. A former artist-in-residence at the Arad Arts Project (Israel), his poems have appeared (or are forthcoming) in *Appalachian Journal*, *Fearsome Critters*, *Iceview*, *Lehrhaus*, and *New English Review*. Jeffrey's book-length collections are available on [Amazon](#), and his website is www.jeffreyburghauser.com.

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