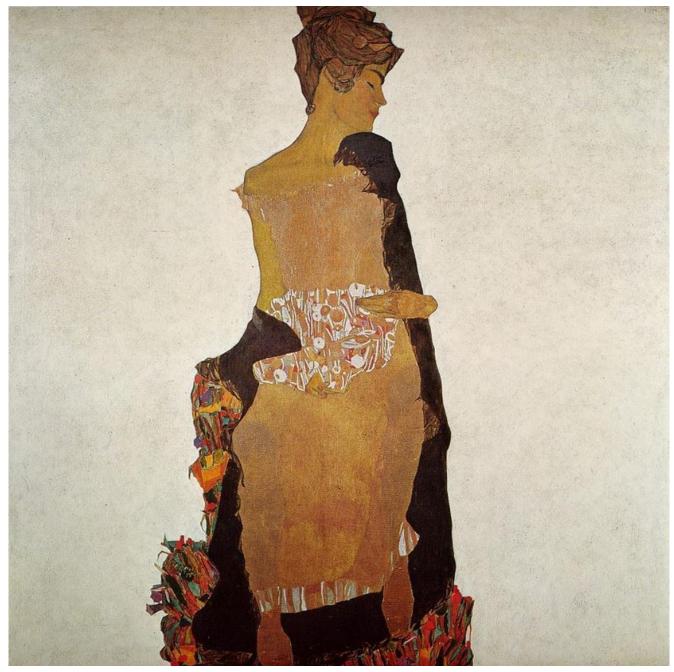
Somehow, The Poet, & Heimat

by <u>Jeffrey Burghauser</u> (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.

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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 booklength collections are available on Amazon, and his website is www.jeffreyburghauser.com.

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