

A Just Representation

by [Christopher DeGroot](#) (September 2018)



Two Men Waiting, Malcolm T. Liepke, 1995

You need only call me brother in earnest to
enter into my world.

You need only know
it is adequate response that matters,
never a body, and for the burning
it is always possible, luminance.

For I've seen you,
your face a grimace,
your speech a sigh,
you can't wait
to get done work and
go home to your brother
since you live together
and after work
get drunk together,
though still always alone.

I come from lovely Philadelphia.
You should call me brother and say
these States have become strange.

*It is that we pine in fallow vistas
as though hardened spines were for sale.
It is that our proud draping wants no measure,
and though we've grown so thirsty,
we spill the water from our pail.*

There should be a new vow or nothing.

Give a scale to our melancholy.

Simply dignity or nothing.

Brother, turn,

lest this false life prevail.

Christopher DeGroot is a columnist at [Taki's Magazine](#) and senior contributing editor of [New English Review](#). His writing has appeared in [The American Spectator](#), [The Imaginative Conservative](#), [The Daily Caller](#), [American Thinker](#), [Jacobite Magazine](#), [The Unz Review](#), [Ygdrasil](#), [A Journal of the Poetic Arts](#), [Reckonin'](#), and elsewhere. Follow him at [@CEGrotius](#).

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