

# 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.*

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