

# Classic Encounter

by [Carleton Raisbeck](#) (October 2018)



*Milk*, Michael Borremans, 2003

**I call them The Academy** Peripatetic  
because on the dealings of men  
they dwell day and night,  
and are without  
a place to call home.

On the steps of a church

they converge, devoted  
to discourse and drink.  
(but by morning possess  
much less resolve  
than Socrates in *The Symposium*.)

Recently, I saw them sprawled  
topless, soaking the sun,  
with the richness of Senators  
in Roman bath houses.

Stood before them, a defendant; a rhetor,  
stained with icons of gods on his skin,  
defending a thesis and waving  
a chalice of tin.

Deploying an anaphora, he spake:

“I ain’t never seen her.

And I ain’t never touched her.

And I ain’t never gonna see her again.”

But alas, his *narratio*

though emphatically put,  
failed to convince;  
a questionable *ethos*  
or a flaw in his logic, perhaps.

And of course, as it does, this discourse became flesh:  
a *refutatio* to the stomach and face  
—a conclusion, at least, it may well be said,  
with less finality than hemlock.

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