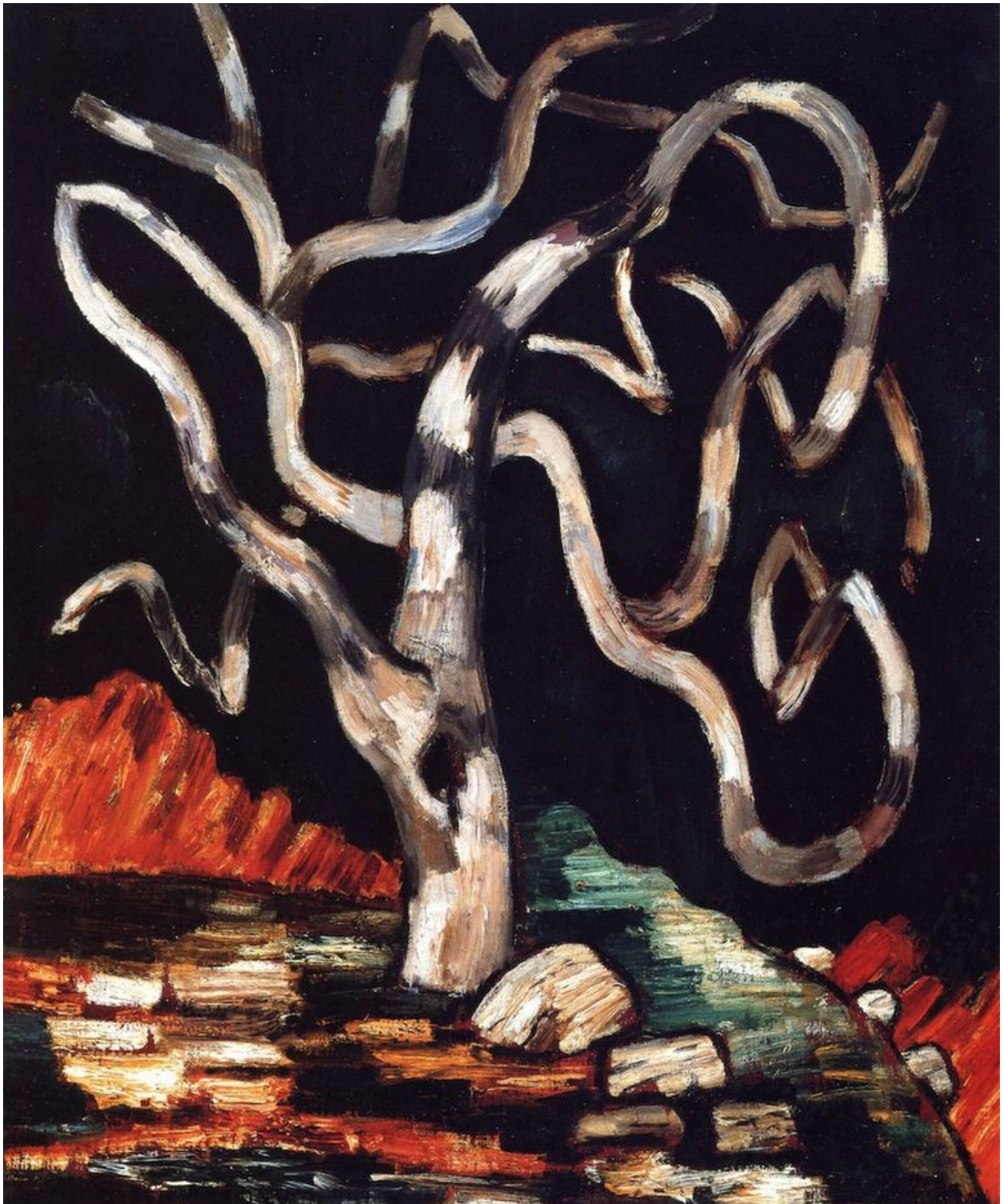


# Three Poems

by [Michael Shindler](#) (December 2020)



*Fig Tree*, Marsden Hartley, 1924

## A Great Ox

A great ox like a hill in a barren field  
Standing black against the dawn  
With body once broken, now healed,  
With silver-mended horns and brawn:  
He pushed past the sun  
And the mountains, unplowed immensities,  
And with his silver won  
A briar-crown of vanities.

## A Purple

A purple abandoned in the dust  
Of an impressionist painting;  
A music fit for fame and fainting;  
Wrought iron meant to rust.

What—in the tones ascending,  
The colors caught and blending;  
What—the metal mired in time:  
Poems all—with a pall of rhyme.

The hues fade; the roar dies;  
Genius glimmers to the grave;  
Beauty itself closes its eyes  
And sleeps a winter in its cave.

## A Satyr

A satyr singing in the mist,  
A fig tree behind him,  
A bangle on his wrist,  
And the world at his whim:

‘The clouds race, the birds chase,

And night comes like a thief;  
Songs are sweet, men must eat,  
But glory tastes of grief.'

## [Table of Contents](#)

---

**Michael Shindler** is a writer living in Washington, DC. His work has appeared in publications including *The American Conservative*, *The American Spectator*, *National Review Online*, *New English Review*, *University Bookman*, and *Providence*. Follow him on Twitter