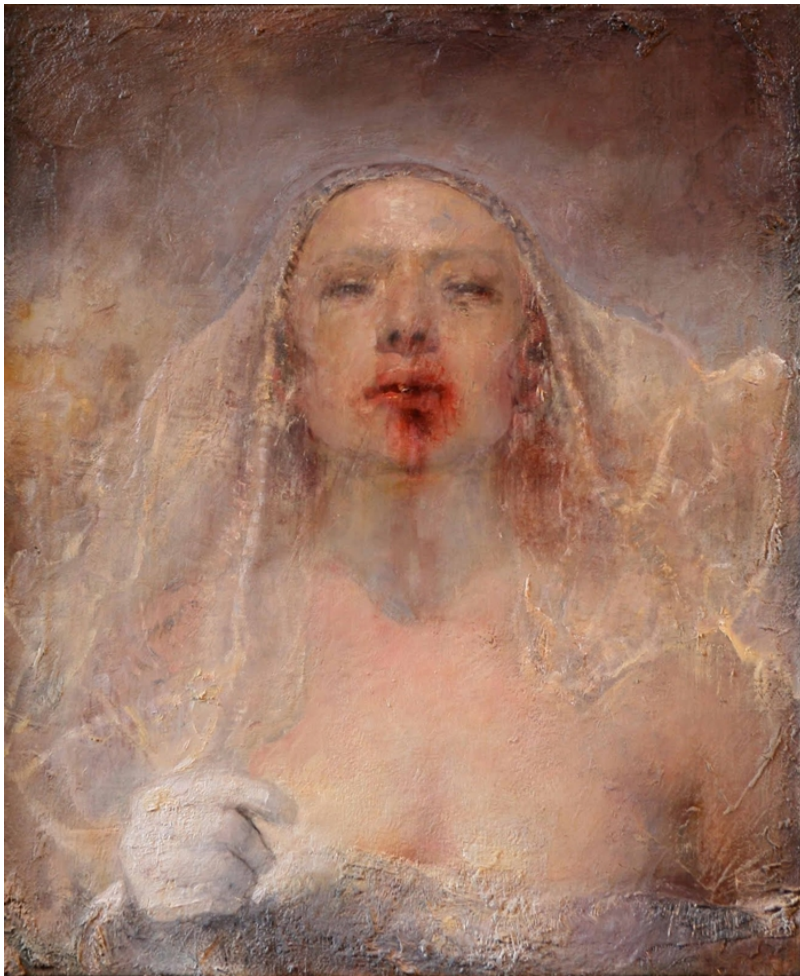


# Two Poems

by Andrew Jankowski (March 2018)



*The Running Bride*, Odd Nerdrum

## I. Captives

An example of captivity

And the passage of time

Fury on every side

With the bare hands of honor,

Sorrow at the raw hands of honor  
Forcing their way.

And the joy of feeling death sit close

Even in captivity,  
Even in the pitiful relenting  
Of knowledge and generation,  
A paradise of strength  
Which was born

And yet was an echo of their nakedness.

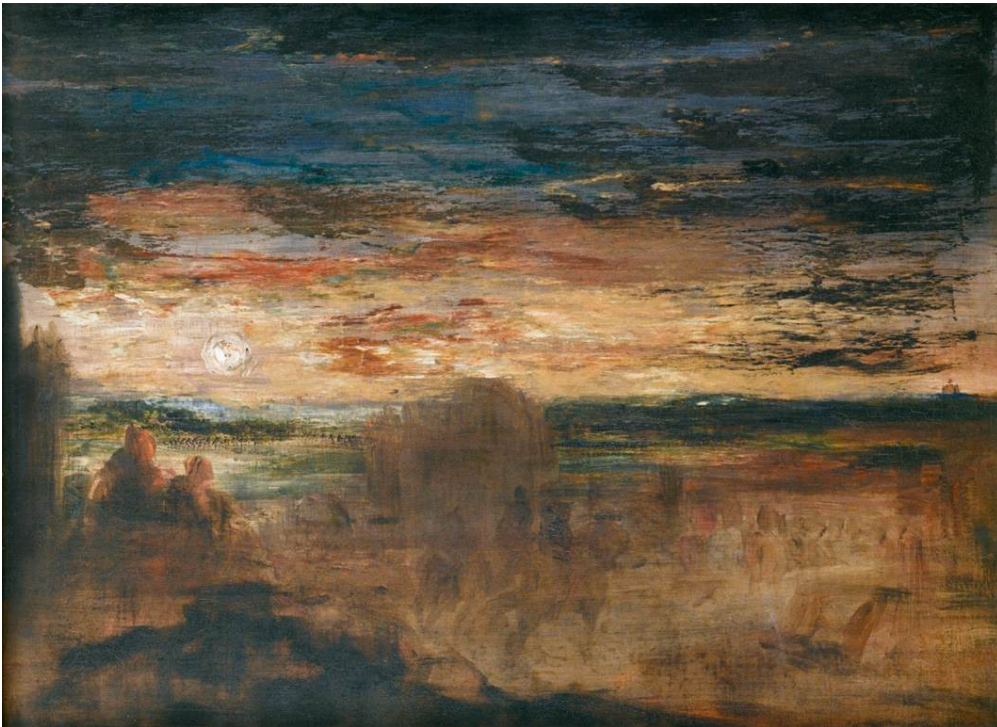
Reliving the love she breathed over his shoulder  
Itself an echo of the breath that was grace.

Yet no new sacrifice  
Recalls the creation:

Establishment of all natures,  
*Who makes things grow*

The red-hot stone grazing air  
Already dies, for him is dead,

And is living  
With the tenor of a lie told cheerfully,  
Dies humbly,  
*For the misery of these evils is*  
*Not yet ended.*



*Shepherds Viewing Passing Soldiers, Gustav Moreau*

## II. A Dream of St. Anthony

Home to a growing death  
A blank dream that sits dead and black  
On the marrow of the soul.

A god already devouring

And devoured in the slick ruts of  
Convenience, harassed by the time.

Subdued bodies well past the hour of  
Intention; slipping into patterns unbreakable.  
Unbroken bodies, untested anger.

And time hung from the old year,  
From the neck in a satchel,

A demonstration not sound but  
Softly reassuring . . .

But you cannot consider this from outside,  
Or bring the flesh to heel  
With your motives alone.

*They burned like torches in the night*  
A poetic line from the great historian  
Still remembered in the time of honor.

For they were men that burned,

And men that paced the tombs,  
And slept along the hillsides,  
Broke down the flesh  
And brought the mind to heel.  
Remembered then, having done honor  
To an impossibility,  
Their names a quiet legend in a  
Dead language.

*For some there is boldness alone,*  
*For some, divine protection*  
For us a winter of choice with no consequence  
And no conclusion  
Slipping into patterns unbreakable.  
Unbroken bodies, soft and tender skin—  
Is it better to break their innocence with your own?  
Or stand in the blank dream—  
For there is no emulation without acceptance,  
No dark symbol working in the flesh,  
No knowledge without needing  
All that seems and is felt to be passed.

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Andrew Jankowski is a poet, satirist, and occasional journalist who lives and works in the Northeastern United States.

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