

Two Poems

by [Walt Garlington](#) (March 2021)



Fire in the Evening, Paul Klee, 1929

The Poet's Burden

A fire is burning,
Wildly raging,
Fully razing
Whatever lies
Within its pathway.

The poet sees it,
Arms are waving,
Voice is raising,
Warning all of
Deadly horror.

Friends and neighbors
Him ignoring,
Madly rushing,
Willing life to end
As charnel ashes.

Antifa

Anti-Fascist
Freedom-Fighters,
With fist and fire
You bring revolution
To the streets:
A new order
Of fearsome justice,
A new man to live
Upon the earth,
Eden and eschaton
Crushed together
Like two skulls in your
Trembling fingers.

But your paradise
Is a putrid hell.
From out of Egypt
The Great and Holy

Anthony rebukes you.
He trod the devil underfoot
And truly loved his neighbor.
Overflowing with
The Grace of God,
He made the barren desert
Become a teeming city
Full of godly monks.
Succor he gave
To all who asked:
Persecuted Christians,
Spiritual seekers,
The Emperor.
A true foretaste
Of heaven he brought down
Into the world,
Transforming men
Into angels, who
Filled the earth with their light.

For those with eyes to see
And ears to hear,
The new city,
The greater justice,
The higher love,
Have already come.
To be a citizen there,
Spill no human blood,
But break your heart
With humility.
Accuse yourself of crimes,
And there you will find a home,
And healing for your
Often wounded soul.

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Walt Garlington was born and raised in that part of Dixieland called Louisiana. A chemical engineer by training, he has spent the last several years writing full-time. He has written essays and poems for *The Hayride*, *The Tenth Amendment Center*, *The Abbeville Institute*, *Reckonin'*, *Katehon*, *Geopolitica*, and *USA Really*. He writes regularly at his own web site, [Confiteri: A Southern Perspective](#).

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