

# Two Poems

by [Thomas Banks](#) (April 2021)



*Les Amants*, Rene Magritte, 1928

## *After Les Amants by Rene Magritte*

*“Body shall give what body can,  
Shall give you all-save what you sought.”*

*—E.R. Dodds*

Less absolute than we had hoped  
The consummation proved to be,  
When hand toward hand had blindly groped  
And mouth found mouth eye could not see.

For still my soul was mine; your soul  
Was yours, and incomplete the bliss  
That we had wished would make us whole:  
Our kiss was no more than a kiss.

Why then did we anticipate  
That two could join and, joining, find  
The hidden joy that hearts await  
In darkness, where the heart is blind?



*Lot's Wife*, Anselm Kiefer, 1989

## *Lot's Wife*

So must we wander to retrieve  
In some dim region far abroad

The loss of all which now we leave  
To fire and the hate of God?

For my desire inhabits still  
This burning city; thus resigned,  
My life, my longing, and my will  
Become the look I cast behind.

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Thomas Banks has taught literature and Latin for many years in Idaho, Montana, and North Carolina, where he currently lives. Other writings of his have appeared in *First Things* and the *St. Austin Review*.

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