

# Untrue North



Nature Morte Vivante (Fast-moving Still Life) by Salvadore Dali, 1956

by [Peter Dreyer](#) (January 2022)

The pole has shifted—  
our world is out of whack.  
It's time to set the

compass needles back.

Once in Athens on Kolonaki

Square, I saw Wystan Auden,  
his face like the mottled prow  
of an old ship too long afloat.

I knew where he was coming  
from—it wasn't hard to see—  
but lacked the nerve to greet  
the man; he'd never met me.

Poetry, he said, makes nothing  
happen. Now the reverse is true,  
not much makes poetry happen,  
everything bad is good for you.

### *Envoi*

Poetry being imagination's primal yeast,  
rising, it demands a gravitas not confected  
to season up the Internet's digitized feast—  
plaints, even if proven, should be rejected.

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