

Of Need We Arose: A Cycle of Poems

by [Christopher DeGroot](#) (November 2018)



Bride of the Wind, Oskar Kokoschka, 1913

Of Need We Arose

Breakfast is dirt,
lunch is sweat,
and at dusk we go home.

Of need we arose.

We have cloths,
we scrub hard,
but they do not reach the bones.

Of need we arose.

Change Soon

Late June in the awful year,
old blossom of pain and hate.

Change soon. Everywhere
is rotten, you take and wait.

Old blossom of pain and hate:
Praise doom now you bear
unfathomed the day's weight.

Change soon. Everywhere

is rotten, you take and wait.

Dusk

Dusk is the hour
and memory teeming
when our spines arch
to begin seeing.

We can devour
where there is grieving
and our spines arch.

Flows with bleeding
a new off scour,
an end of seething:
our spines arch
for this leaving.

Our Purpose

Our purpose is an essence
that rewards us with its presence.
How can we know this essence,
unless we seek a blanket
with which to cover vision
from truth's blinding glare?
We cannot face the winner
of the paradox we bear.

We Marveled

The end of draping loomed;
we spoke autumnal vows:
love, hope, help...and more weighted nows.
They said he'd return soon;

We marveled, "They believe."
I saw and said to you,
"I understand the need,
But can theirs be the truth?"

Christopher DeGroot is a columnist at [Taki's Magazine](#) and Frontpage Magazine and senior contributing editor of [New English Review](#). Besides these venues, his writing has appeared in [The American Spectator](#), [The Imaginative Conservative](#), [The Daily Caller](#), [American Thinker](#), [Jacobite Magazine](#), [The Unz Review](#), and [Ygdrasil, A Journal of the Poetic Arts](#). Follow him at [@CEGrotius](#).

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