

# 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?"

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**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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