

# Six Short Poems

By [Jeffrey Burghauer](#) (August 2018)



*The Distressed Poet*, William Hogarth, 1736

[1]

Only terror's heave  
Could make the place you thought you  
Knew seem tentative,  
Untrue. Pound said: *Make It New*.

[2]

Like the Cantos, my  
Newborn's eyes contain  
All of History—  
But his eyes don't strain.

**[3]**

Those iambs inked  
Thrice within the cell  
Of a villanelle  
Are not *quite* the same:

Icing tastes distinct  
(Dying wisdom says)  
Whenever it is  
Used to spell one's name.

**[4] Walter Pater**

The Æsthete's junction:  
Conservatism  
Of attention, and  
Liberality of limb.

[5]

Penitents enter

The dreary Fitness Center.

They solicit God's protection;

Every machine faces the same direction.

[6]

Since he didn't have a son,

Whitman sang to everyone.

Only virtuosi pull

Beauty from the general.

Only the begetters of

Virtuosi master love

For one as for another.

Only God, God the Father,

Can intone to everyone,

Yes, *because* he has a son.

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**Jeffrey Burghauer** is an English teacher in Columbus, Ohio. He was educated at SUNY-Buffalo, the University of Leeds, and currently studies the five-string banjo with a focus on pre-WWII picking styles. A former artist-in-residence at the Arad Arts Project (Israel), his poems have previously appeared (or are forthcoming) in *Appalachian Journal*, *Lehrhaus*, *New English Review*, and *Iceview* (Iceland).

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