

# Two Poems

by [Jeffrey Burghauer](#) (September 2019)



*La Baigneuse*, Charles-Amable Lenoir

## Ars Poetica

Yes, she would have been that allegoric nymph:  
Litheness admixed with a tomboy's countergrace.  
But the girl was somehow...*undermined*:  
Skin pigmented like digestive lymph,  
Eyes of the refractive index one might find  
In a water sample taken from a place  
Over which thin chimneys loose their lace.

Suchlike features found their mirror in her head,  
Disarranging her accustomed gait. The free,  
Soft affective signature, the chord,  
Whose unkempt assemblage would have said  
Something of the lovely inclination toward  
Clement, open, animal carnality  
Came off simply feral. For, you see,

Ambiguity like this is often best  
Gotten rid of when attempting to create  
An economy, a girl, a meal,  
A salvation. It's the *only* test,  
Though, the very precondition, of the hale,  
True, correct, spell-wedging, insurrection-hot  
Poem, which the present poem is not.

The Poem Addresses its Own Translator

Giving me your actual regard, you speed  
To be fully overwhelmed by me. You pant  
To be panting everywhere at once. You can't.  
No one wants to be translated by a god.

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