

Under the Sun: A Cycle of Poems

by Christopher DeGroot (December 2017)



Music, Gustav Klimt, 1895

Old Dream

Bizarre as history,

here you are

old dream come

to tear the truth out

from its hateful home.

Relent a little,

O my soul,

let compassion flow.

Oh No

Oh no, oh no, oh no no no!

Neither will they do what you won't do.

Oh no, oh no, oh no no no!

That force carries love, you know.

Oh no, oh no, oh no no no!

Upon your feet—son—man.

Just This Thought

Just

thought

this

on this night

in this world.

Just this thought

(witness to my confinement,

my passion to believe).

Give to me

that intrepid resolve,

that knowing look,

that clear-eyed vision.

Let me be the one,

the only one

to justify

your part

in the spectacle,

the freedom

you get

from tragedy.

Let me be the one,

the only one

strong enough,

what some say

weak enough,

to believe

your wants

mean more

than my own.

For this alone—

as all know well—

for this alone—

witness the love of God—

for this alone—

we cannot speak of how much this means.

Father

for him

You are home in your sadness, father.

I am home

in memory.

Whom do we praise?

This tenderness brings to knees,

and we know

we know

to praise.