

**“art is a lie in helping us
understand the truth”**

picasso

never pure and never simple
see hughes on plath
and let me not hear
an irish brogue again
who to the ear imagined
an aversion worse than surrey
where then the pure lilt of summer
still there still there
beyond the cornfield
down the old beards lane
past the folly
where his grace
so many times disgraced
the girls who loved him
nonetheless
twas their fault
not to know him
there now through the wood
past fields of english soil
the quality of her breathing day
its special light
in winter hard
in summer rhapsody

all interplay suggestion
art;
a curious little word
(like rilkes inclination)
quality, links art and truth
indefinable defines
and I do not know if time
will show it
or those things lost in time
were greater
or why one is learning to do without
the people one still loves
so omerus moves
and we too
in a way so ornate
one could never explain
we love condemnation
but each heart may not exist
only inhabited
either or
the task of new creation
awaits