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A Roman Enters In

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MY POET

My Poet is a hush old man
 who is not dead.
My Poet is a child who calls
 his father Pain,
 his mother Beauty,
who calls his Brothers to come home again.

Stone, bone, and mist below
 My poet grows on,
and sings the sun around each cradle,
shouts out the hope from graves.

My Poet knows
 as earth knows,
And spits his spite on irons
 and on air.
And dies tomorrow, writhing song.

A ROMAN ENTERS IN

Beneath the rich, full robes
Flash-tied to tired old shoulders,
Hung his huge white hands.
Taunt, white, and positive hands
With only a drop of doubt in each broad palm

Nor was the firm face sure,
For all the bold power that weighed
On those great shoulders.

Yielding no awe to the guardian,
He asked, "Is there a Nazarene
Come before me called Jesus?"
And to the answer,
"It is as I thought."

And the face and the white hands
Received the knowledge finally,
And Pilate entered in.

Pete Cooper