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## A Roman Enters In

Pete Cooper

*Western Michigan University*

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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