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Epigrams

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The forms my senses apprehend;
And in the end she will be so.

Her whom my hands embrace I kiss;
Her whom my mind infers I know.
The one exists in time and space
And as she was she will not be;
The other is in her own grace
And is *She is* eternally.

Plato, you shall not plague my life!
I married a terrestrial wife.
And Hume, she is not mere sensation
In sequence of observed relation!
She has two forms. (Ah, thank you, Duns!)
I know her in both ways at once.
I knew her, yes, before I knew her,
And by both means I must construe her,
And none among you shall undo her.

EPIGRAMS

1.
I know not what I am. I think I know
Much of the circumstance in which I flow.
But knowledge is not power. I am that flow
Of history and of percept which I know.
2.
Deep summer, and time pauses. Sorrow wastes
To a new sorrow. While time heals time hastes.
3.
The dry soul rages. The unfeeling feel
With the dry vehemence of the unreal.
So I in the Idea of your arms, unwon!
Am, as the real in the unreal, undone.
4.
Things hasten to their end. If life and love
Seem slow, it is their end we're ignorant of.

5.
 What visage is this? in what fears arrayed?
 This ghost I conjured though that ghost was laid?
 The vision of a vision, still unstayed
 By my voice! still by its old fears dismayed!

J. V. CUNNINGHAM

TWO POEMS

EXHIBITION

(For Wassily Kandinsky)

All loves and aspirations of
 A thousand inspired men
 Are hung upon the walls above
 The little cards of *who* and *when*.

Ten lovely women slightly veiled
 And many men lain naked,
 White flying geese, and Trotsky jailed,
 Madame Poots and Spring Awaked.

And there before the dreams all framed,
 The whispering flesh walks sideways by,
 Travailing in the spirit lamed
 To find the shade where their dreams lie.

The light is weaved by shuttling look,
 Warping the walls from frame to frame
 And wetting down to the clenched guide book:
 Or Nymph or Peach, the look's the same.

Christ Crucified and Napoleon Dead,
 Atrophied Apple, Birds in the Snow,
 Or Lady in Green or Lady in Red—
 Still hungry they come. And hungry they go.