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## Epigrams

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## POETRY

### SEVEN EPIGRAMS AND A TRANSLATION

#### EPIGRAMS

1.

These the assizes. Here the charge, denial,  
Proof and disproof: the poem is the trial.  
Experience is defendant, and the jury  
Peers of tradition, and the judge is fury.

2.

I was concerned for you, and keep that part  
In these days, irrespective of the heart:  
And not for friendship, not for love, but cast  
In that role by the presence of the past.

3.

This Humanist whom no beliefs constrained  
Grew so broad-minded he was scatter-brained.

4.

How we desire desire! Joy of surcease  
In joy's fulfilment is bewildered peace,  
And harsh renewal. Life in fear of death  
Will trivialize the void with hurrying breath,  
With harsh indrawal. Nor love nor lust impels us.  
Time's hunger to be realized compels us.

5.

Soft found a way to damn me undefended.  
I was forgiven who had not offended.

6.

I have distracted time.  
In a full day your face  
Has only its own place.  
Tired from irrelevance  
I sleep, and dream by chance,  
Till passion can exact  
No faith, and fails in act,  
Till timelessness recedes  
Beneath the apparent needs  
Of a distracted time.

7.

The scholar of theology and science  
Who falls in love must in good faith affianced  
Love and his trades; must prove the commonplace  
Of his divine research, *Love goes by grace,*  
*Never by merit;* judge by divination  
Supernal from infernal visitation;  
And risk his faith. As scientist he tries  
By the inductive leap, immense surmise,  
To force the future to confirm his guess—  
Though predisposed toward ill or good success,  
Pledged to the issue. So he may discover  
As scholar truth, sincerity as lover.

THE CONFESSION OF BISHOP GOLIAS

*Written originally in Latin by the Archpoet toward the end  
of the twelfth century.*

Inwardly fired with vehement wrath,  
In bitterness I will speak my mind:  
Made of material light as lath,  
I am like a leaf tossed by the wind.

Though it were just for the wise and brave  
To place their seat on the rock of will,  
Fool, I am like the flowing wave  
That under one sky is ever unstill.