

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Genesis

By Richard Fein

Adam and Eve bit into knowledge
and found their nakedness, while God
took pity and sewed coats for them.
And a long time later Blake
and his wife cavorted naked in
their backyard garden in London
where, like Adam, he saw an angel
with a fiery sword. Then at a table
in a room in his house he wrote
rhymes and runes about the eyes
and stripes of tigers and the coiled
wool of lambs and walking sun flowers.
Still later, in Ireland, Yeats
wrote a poem in 1916 asking if a militia
of Irish nationalists was right or wrong
in bulleting their independence, which
he too wanted for Ireland. And out of
his own civil war, his naked admissions, he
wrote the most charged poem about politics
in English in the century in which I lived.
And now in the century in which I will die
I do not know how to write a poem about politics
except to say I fear so much of the idealism
I once espoused and fear all that hatred I still
oppose—I, naked, now, caught in the web of being old.

(March, 2020)