

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Four Poems after Rilke

By Daniel Tobin

Figure

Losing is also our lot, and even forgetting features aptly in this everlasting realm of change. Whatever we've lost encircles us, and while we're almost never centered here, their circuit traces the Whole restored.

Epitaph

Rose, O pure paradox, elation
of being no one's sleep under
so many eyelids.

Atmosphere

Oh, not to be cut off,
not to be barred
from the star's magnitude
by so thin a wall.
What is the inward?
What, if not concentrated sky
hurtled-through with birds
and deepened by winds
that carry us home.

Idol

God or goddess of the sleep of cats,
relishing god, who crushes berries
of ripe eyes in its ravenous mouth—
sight's *must* burgeoned to sweetness,
light eternal in the palate's crypt.
It is no lullaby—gong! gong!—
what summons every other god,
what allows this cunning deity
its own dark core-imploding might.