some extent is an abstraction. And a compensatory dedication to the finite and the abstract brings its own special kind of emptiness and frustration. Closing the gap between the life of self and life in the world, is a fulfilment of self which is at the same time a denial of self.

Memorial University of Newfoundland

AFTERTHOUGHTS: PARIS ON HELEN

Douglas Barbour

She was the shadow of perfection’s shadow cast along the wall of rare dull massed humanity’s rough face

Her mind

the bough of some exotic tree although

I’ll die soaring

through the clouds of my sad sophistication

and all the blood of Greece.

Menelaus received it not

and he suffers now.

the sparrows fed there nor nightingale nor simple dove

but to try to touch her soul is worth a thousand scattered Troys

and I, an eagle as I thought

while passing through

upon this green-gift perch, but Ah! she held me

cought me in a net of ambiguities
too intricately woven and vast for any mortal bird to fly

And so I made her home.

You’ll tell me she’s inconstant, Hector, and I vow you’re right but deception is a gift from her and to be rarely praised.

I’ll die soaring

through the clouds of my sad sophistication— nor nightingale nor simple dove

while passing through

upon this green-gift perch, but Ah! she held me
cought me in a net of ambiguities

door guide to belted Helen

her mind

the bough of some exotic tree although

the sparrows fed there

nor nightingale nor simple dove

and I, an eagle as I thought

brooding for a quiet night—

while passing through

upon this green-gift perch, but Ah! she held me
cought me in a net of ambiguities

too intricately woven and vast for any mortal bird to fly

And so I made her home.

You’ll tell me she’s inconstant, Hector, and I vow you’re right but deception is a gift from her and to be rarely praised.

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