

Note the dove and eagle fly
In answering amity
Triumphing over our world's fertility."

THE MODES OF GREEK SKEPTICISM: NUMBER THREE

("Based upon differences in perception")

Martin S. Dworkin

In the order of battle: pikemen,
sharp as the rip-rap of stone-hard silences;
archers, clothyard-cold, playing to bowstrings;
slingers, sniffing trajectories of happenings;
horsemen, hawking their learned bile,
winding horns in chill cooerage of neutral air,
shaping the emptiness to solid battle sound—
and all thinking swords.

In contest is a castle in the mists,
a crenelled argument or two
hovering on the spoken smoke,
bulging through vapors
like any solid prize.

So brave, so brave, the heart's wild wisdoms
win glories in the glare of fear,
and see all that's to be seen.

FORTY-SIX POEMS

Martin S. Dworkin

The words are waxen flowers,
not dead, but longer still from living.
They grow in gardens on the moon,
harrowed by telescopes, and watered
by numbers. In spring, the stars
make peace, and planets fertilize the rows,
and space's little seeds
compute their poetry.