On the Ancients and, I Guess, the Modern Mind

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What freedoms do the ancients give
To followers who then must live
When thoughtful remedies are done?
Of freedoms ancients give us none,
Except to tell that when we look
No answers live within a book.

Sweet Homer--how could he employ
A wooden horse within great Troy?
This bard, who praised all bloody death
And sang aloud Hector's last breath,
Makes war seem worthy of the trust
We place beneath the reddened dust.

Old Aristophanes did say
That sex prevents the black decay
Of war when women join the fight
And keep their lovers home at night.
Did he not know that wars are bought
While innocence, asleep, is caught?

(Continued)
On the Ancients (Continued)

And also Greek Euripides;
He pitied passion's poor disease!
When violent mothers kill all youth
All innocence must go, and truth
Must know no easy choice to find
The tavern of the eager mind.

Sweet Virgil wrote the Roman theme
Which made Augustus' eyes to stream
With pride for the great city-state
Where multitudes were born to fate.
Oh, Virgil were your writings sold
To fill your pockets of the gold?

Grand Seneca, the Roman mind
Was in the government entwined;
He fingered all the city treasure
While Nero fiddled for his pleasure.
Such open minds indeed display
The grandeur of the Roman way!
On the Ancients (Continued)

And Horace, though he lit the fire
Beneath the seat of great satire,
Did leave for Juvenal to play
The hottest lyric of the day.
Were such criticisms wise
When burned so near to frozen eyes?
As one is forced to throw abuse
At ancients, let one make a truce;
It's not that ancient thought is bad,
But only human, so be glad!
And as for answers, let me find
My truths within my human mind.

--Timothy Miank

To A Woman

I do not imagine you know how you
You lack the grace of empathy,
The оргasmic moment between the two
And the act. You would rather
Bring me pails of leaves and water
Through the doors of your memory,
The world, though they are locked away
Through your veins the roaring
Its silvered body to the edge of
Burning hair.

Enclothed in the sound of bells
Enfolded in the sweep of cloud
Swinging like a mad child, you
Would murder antelopes and dreyfens
Of copulating with god.

If your dreams were only water
I would gladly drown for your heart
I have known too many mornings
When your eyes would bleed, when
Your mineral walls dissolved and
Convulsed in a tree-bare cove
Could I but flow through the hair
Arm to fill you with the disease
Then all the statues of your mind
Might crumble at last and turn
Your pain to lust.

But how can one so full of dying
Evade the thick-fleshed moon
In the bowed motion of its yea
Lacking any other means than the
To tongue the silver spoon and
Thorn by thorn,
I will taste your lips.