

SCHIZOPHRENIA

GEORGE FULLEN

In a slattern country of pond and paradox,
He is a stem resisting the most violent winds,
But whose dead roots prevent the flow of the sap of life;
He is a sterile reed standing in fertile soil.

Warmed by the sun, and bathed by the rain,
He grows to the prodigious height of corn
And does not bear a single ear or grain.

The world may hear the boasts of Whitman from his lips
May hear them intoned in strident Wagnerian harmony,
May see in him the power of another Jupiter.

He is an immortal poet; and he dies.
He is a heroic tenor; and his voice has not yet changed.
He is a Greek God; and he is too weak to live.

But his real love is privileged to know the truth.
She alone sees this dualism,
The cause of it, the cause of him—
The boy impoverished and the god struck dumb.