



After Reading the Last Pages of Moby-Dick

John Tagliabue

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Matthew Arnold

GEORGE GARRETT

I think, after all, you were right.
 The whole man is a man divided,
 Adam and the glory of his wound,
 doubled to beauty in a single night.

And how shall we live with ourselves?
 Shall I follow my inner dancer
 or assume the logician's poise of stone?
 You, once expert to answer,

Smile across years and the changes
 even the Critic never dreamed of,
 let alone the Poet, a stiff Greek
 gesturing for pity and for love.

But, troubled like the rest of us,
 you found your voice and gave a name
 to what you believed. If now
 there's only smoke where there was flame,

if ancestral notions tumble down
 and critics, having been deceived
 too often, drop their pens and run,
 there's still the strict example of your frown

to shame them back into the ranks.
 Adam, torn in two, discovered,
 strange and beautiful, another self
 to live with. He gave thanks.

After Reading the Last Pages of *Moby-Dick*

JOHN TAGLIABUE

How calm and grave the world seems now that Ishmael is up again
 And birds in the summer coolness sing after the death of all
 And Ahab pouring down like fire and comet and King
 In fury through the furled and unfurled watery grave
 Spoke to the fish and Fedallah and climbing once more the foam
 Spoke with the voice of the milder sea. Wonderer and wanderer
 He broke the waves' Sun and his arm like an empire
 Poured pearls into the caskets of death. Then the Sun
 Once more came from the birds of the sea like a prophet, Son,
 or Ishmael.