

APPOLOGY

Christopher Burgess

Dearest Daphne,

Your name, my dear, echoed on hushed lips,
the traces of fingertips on weathered marble,
the soft lights upon your face
from distant lamps,
has undertaken to withstand time.

We parlayed, and fought, and finally agreed
to disagree. Artistry and nature,
forever separate.

I found no allies among my reasons,
refusal no longer serves me

Yet I still sit and wonder,
sit and beg to no one,
sit and wonder

If I had ever found the strength to petition,
be other than myself and stand,
not tall but stooping, shorter in the end,
than the beginning,

Would I not still see the whisps of leaves
beginning to sprout from your fingers.

Would I know yet of the whispers I hear,
concilliation, a foreign artiface,
an idea I had not thought of
and would still not consider.

And had I not found it better, in the end,
to simply fight for what I had thought was my best virtue,

had I not had art, and probity, a judging eye,
and a healing hand, can you say,
for certain and with no doubts,
that you would still not be rooted to your spot,
only your laurel crown left to me.