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Rilke's Apollo's Torso

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when we didn't know we were dying anyway in our unseemly bodies,
pale assemblages of lean meat & wire & foolscap
in the static blue of the Republic?
Did the news denationalize the swollen combs?
Which history could we slather in secret across our thighs like come?
How much honey could we smuggle the reverse direction
through the Finland Station?
What color were the buildings by the river before?
Who wants to know?

RILKE'S APOLLO'S TORSO

We cannot know his real sun versus
this proximal museum phosphor. And yet
the white on his belly might have been us,
Apollo's luminous come. That this wet

slick might be the west's cradle of life
makes you sick. Vandal, revise the obscene
myth of his groin. You must change your knife.

We cannot know how many—a thousand or so?—
torsos pass as the lucent (if dead)
body of god. Rock's hard to ID without a head,
a luxury you lack. You must change your clothes.

We cannot know lots of stuff. In brief,
deus ex machina ex faux marble sex machine.
The ecstasy part is easy. You just change your life