

# Two Poems

## by Peter Porter

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### Komikaze

Each of us thinks he is a suicide  
(and we do too, the women say), and this  
despite our dread of disappearing  
and losing the discipline of self-distaste.

Great then to follow Fundamentalism,  
live on forever in the fires of Hell  
with all of Evolution pointing to  
a point of view which views the point of you.

And Comedy will make it even better —  
Saint-Simon's bowels exploding at the Court  
and showering shit on ermined sorrowers,  
with Heaven laughing at true reverence.

You need to judge the moment to go mad.  
Nietzsche heard a tortured horse's scream  
and recognised his cue. But Turin now  
is just the average sound-frame of complaint.

I'm sure my Father lived so long not out  
of fear of death, but more because he knew  
he hadn't the profile of the Great and Good  
yet wasn't needed where the damned are stowed.

The old joke goes that we sophisticates  
will be surprised by hideous prods and pains  
from hornèd devils just because we think  
such torments silly: already we've seen worse.

Is death a joke? Depends on who is laughing.  
I have a friend who tossed into a grave  
an avant-garde review to give the corpse  
some reading matter for eternity.

### Compression

Heaven has no libraries and once  
we've read a book or heard a score we know  
that to exist it must be born again.

Thus far our Classicism, and we seek  
a joy forever in a thing of beauty.  
A fuck today presumes a fuck tomorrow.

Or prorogues it. So the mind has muscles.  
It values essences. It says what's done  
is the unmediated way of doing things.

Witness the templates, whether true or not,  
which Plato conjured. Imagining must be  
discovering, but 'Make It New' fills up

The world with noblest bits of its detritus,  
our books, our CDs, letters, memories,  
all yellowing and drying in their files.

Into the grave goes nothing. The poet, leaving  
a Winter Funeral observes a bird  
peck at a berry soldered in the ice.

A word would only strain the shape of grieving.