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Among The Statues

Sibelan E.S. Forrester

Swarthmore College, sforres1@swarthmore.edu

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And the Muse Speaks: Faculty

Differences

Some say
that there is no difference
between black and white

I disagree
There is a fundamental difference
-between all races, all cultures

Those differences are what makes
life so infinitely interesting.

All peoples have pride
roots
ancestry

That heritage must be celebrated,
revelled in,
but never dwelt upon.

Racism goes both ways
Hatred is a free-flowing emotion;
impartial—and unjust

Prejudices on the basis of
color race religion sex
all are inexcusable

The past should remain
for always
a reminder of things past,
never a plague for the future.

We have a chance for
a new beginning

There is a difference

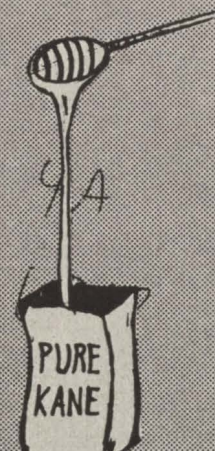
It need not make a difference.

Megan .C. Hallam

Daffodils in a Qing Vase

Cut from some entrepreneur's patch for profit
at \$2.99 a bunch are beautiful nevertheless
this March morning under an ersatz Tiffany
lamp, shockingly yellow to the point of luridness.
Far from the Lake poet's lake, they are at a dead
end, for my enjoyment, poor spirited blossoms.
The wood stove's glass door reflects their fieriness.
My daughter's clarinet in another room makes a doleful echo.
How west meets east in perceptible ways
as a globe diminishes, China's farmlands are pruned
to golf parks, a Maine man called Siskel
sells batiked porcelain dolls named Dara,
not knowing Dara in Malay means blood,
name this mismatch what you will,
there are the happier joinings of lovers
whose mulatto children are adored by them
if not by others, I know no way to make an easy
peace, thinking of Said's grief for his murdered
Palestinians, the ravaged women
of Bosnia, mutilated blooms in alien camps.
no felicitous conjunction there but a haunted
languishing nameable as agony or blood,
the world moves apace with its unprecedented
marrings, spilled oil on sea's skin and fowl's wing,
butane flame on human flesh,
all the terrible perfections dreamed up
by chemists, all the sufferings inflicted
on the animal world, a fly's head joined to an additional
one, a human gene closed to swine's
for leaner meat, how we will meet
such intertwinings in the years to come
when I am joined to dust and my daughter's clarinet
mingles with an orchestra beyond my ever hearing,
let us pray for faith in some singularities,
the beauty one daffodil spreads on a stalk,
a Qing vase with a lady in blue
painted on a bed of whorled blue clouds,
some unitary goodness of the human spirit
in every one of us that must surely
engender more goodness when made two.

Chin Woon Ping
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sugar
- to d.j.e.

yours is the sweetness
of brown treacle
melting
under an august sun
bitter chocolate
and aged honey
burgundy swallows of
dry wine
liquid smiles
dripping into dreams

Jacqueline Morais

Among the Statues

I gather their stories, tiny shards
from the edge of frozen tunics, I work
to follow the blank whites of their eyes.

And if your heroine or hero weighs in
at half a ton, even a shard of their story
will be ponderous — echoing marble Latin.

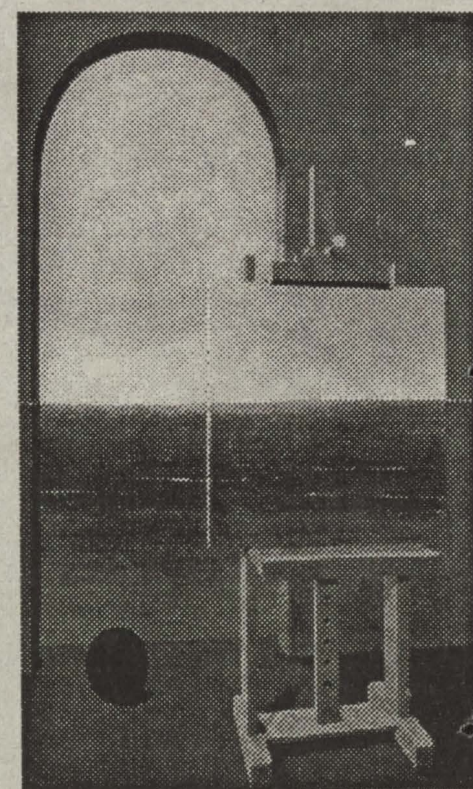
My arms are dark against their flanks
of shining white, my plush and paint
not worn away by centuries and retellings —

I must have stories as well, easy ones
that would still float in salt water, with arms
not to crush a lover so simply —

but I fear such lightness, it might indeed ride
on my body like fluttering cloth, but without it flesh
would shrivel to a dropped leaf, I fear turning

to offer my grief to the serious visitors
who nod behind lorgnettes, who applaud
borrowed names and tragic masks, but who

and who, I ask, would pause for my song,
merely mortal, such a high-pitched bird
its echoes would fade at once in the hollow halls?
Sibelan Forrester



THE SHORE

before anything is remembered
water has already decided
never to die

then the blood falls

sealed in white rocks
the blood of the sea
begins
cold and clear as
a pair of palms
rising
a day ahead of us

in some places tomorrow
arrives lifetimes ago

then the sand falls

it climbs the sound of water
spiraling inward
until it reaches into its color until it
covers its blue heart

until some morning there is only the shore
and the water and the absence
of something that came
before years

there the names fall

into the ocean
its only claw reaching over the sand
toward the peddler of minds
who waits with his wares
draped in the sun
counting the shape of water

all along the coast
destinies set out towards him

knowing only the sound of the sea.

Sam Taylor

