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## Two Poems

CHRISTOPHER NIELD

TO APOLLO

My love is calm and stone is warm.  
Each word is white as summer air.  
The emptiness of touch is form.

No shadow moves our mindful stare.  
The breath between us disappears.  
Each word is white as summer air.

There is but having in these tears:  
This knowing you. This knot of grace.  
The breath between us disappears.

We meet in sun, where face to face  
There is no more than tenderness:  
This knowing you. This knot of grace.

Opacity is limitless.  
The element of touch is sight.  
There is no more than tenderness.

The solid core of stone is light.  
My love is calm and stone is warm.  
The element of touch is sight.  
The emptiness of touch is form.

TELAMON

Cold, in triumph,  
Monumental  
Paragon.

A bearded face,  
Monarchic frown,

Torso cut  
By lines of rigor,

Column wrought  
From ritual

Pleasure,  
With that shy

Capricious  
Smallness

At the core,  
An idea—

The beauty of all men  
Standing

In a marble languor,  
Feet as one

To scorn the fire,  
Hands upraised

To hold  
The sky's entablature.

Body of Zeus,  
Stare of Athena,

Icon  
Of muscle and trial,  
Telamon.