

TWO POEMS BY CHARLES E. NNOLIM

To Her Behind: For a Girl Who Wants a  
Petrarchan Sonnet

Whose behind is that : is't an angel's or mortal's?  
O, keep moving, lady, you've turned walking  
To art. Keep weaving and swaying, stop not rocking.  
But turn now your face; let's see if everythin' totals.  
Ah! that's Rose — who else; my angel ent'ring the portals  
Of my eyes. Please keep moving, treat me to extra gawking.  
Parade those contours: shapely legs, full hips, mocking  
Men's salacious glances. Ignore them, love, they're but mortals.  
Oh, there she goes again, beauty in locomotion :  
The coiffeur'd hair, rounded neck, shapely arms,  
The inviting behind, the rounded legs — all in coordination.  
They all flash before me like Beauty in arms  
Destroying with lethal arrows men's weak defences.  
Kill them all, but spare me, love — to tell future races.

## On Beauty

Long have I puzzled in vain over thee, nonesuch  
What art thou, anyway: an arc? Mere lines drawing  
A parabola? Abstract forms flashing and mirroring  
The logician's "inner consistency" or "relatedness as such"?  
Here comes Plato: "beauty is the splendour of the truth" and  
much

More Platonic stuff. And here's others flaunting  
Philosophic dicta about harmony and equilibrium, eliciting  
"synaesthesia" and "aesthetic emotion": it is Dutch.  
But *de gustibus non disputandum est*, others teach.  
Of course, I agree with Aquinas that "those things are  
Beautiful, the perception of which pleases." But man:  
Beauty's a woman making universal that which  
In her, personal is. Beauty is that in woman  
Which in man intense awareness invokes. Ah!