

TIFFANY HORD

On Adonis and Cicero

There are two tragedies in life. One is not to get your heart's desire. The other is to get it.
- George Bernard Shaw, from *Man and Superman*

Like Mary at the feet of Jesus
She sits at his shoes drinking him in,
Wondering if he has ever seen the sun
As she looks upon his pale white skin.

But he is the sun, to her moon
And she shines in the echoes of his words
Attentively wondering, witnessing, waiting
For the divine way words roll off his tongue
As if it were licking her entire body
Making her ascend rapidly towards heaven.

His speech continues like a sermon
She couldn't imagine Christ more exquisitely
As she sits and stares in wonder at his eyes
And how they look so much like a stormy sea.

The gray and blue reflect in her dark irises
Continually feeling she could see straight into his head,
Into the wonderful way he articulates images
From firing nerve endings to the spoken word.
He's more persuasive than Cicero in her mind,
The mind refusing sanctuary from the tempest tossed sea.

Everyone's listening to him now
They all want to hear what he has to say,
But she was the first one to kneel at his feet
Even if they turned on him, she would stay.

He's set higher on a pedestal than Cicero in the polis,
But if they turned on him like in the days of Cicero
She would stand in the square and hold his hand.
The detached head and hands would not move
But she would still feel the pulsing of his words
The unmistakable beauty of truth on his lips.

For he is beautiful, if not outside then in.
His mind is even more accomplished to eye and ear.
Even though she has an Adonis already,
She still wants him to be near.

It's true she loves Adonis, a beautiful man.
Everyone loves him the way they love a God.
It's an exact obsession, to love a handsome thing
Still the only fixation he has is for his own façade.
The lack of affection in his heart, or essence in his mind
Shows through the bright burning of his perfections.

Then is it to be Cicero, the son of a man?
She cannot choose between her eyes and mind.
Is it to be Adonis, the son of a king?
She's choosing to leave it all behind.

She needs more than either alone can give.
She needs a man strong enough to save her
But too weak to break her heart.
He will make love to her through his words
And beautify her existence by breathing
And dance . . . oh, he will dance.

She will fall in love with the world
And every man in it to find the one,
The father of her Superman,
The force of Life, willing her a perfect son.

So she rides away on her own fine horse
Towards the place where the sun touches the earth
And God's great fingers point downward.
She's set to roam the earth, to and fro' like Cain,
Looking for Adonis and Cicero in one man
Father, son, and Holy Spirit all the same.

