

Home and Home

ADAM F MCCUNE (2000)

It seems to me that I loved Hinkson best
In '99, when, happy and carefree,
I lived in Moscow with my family:
With home and home together, I could rest.

Since then, I've left, and since then I've come back—
Back to the school that was my second home,
Back to my friends and teachers I have come;
Without my family, I've become a wreck.

My second home is here, but now the first
Has slipped between my fingers, and is gone.
It's like the noonday sun without the dawn,
And I, beside a fountain, die of thirst.

So now I'm hollow as an empty gourd,
And now I must rely upon the Lord.

Hinkson: Hinkson Christian Academy, a school in Moscow, Russia

As She Studies

ADAM F MCCUNE (2008)

I see you sitting at your table there,
As you draw out the words that Vergil weaves.
As you bend down to read, I see your hair
Sweep down, dark as the shadows of the leaves.

Oh, turn your eyes that blaze brown into green,
Up from the page, and look back into mine.
Read me with an attention just as keen
As when you straighten out a tangled line.

Can my tongue vie with Vergil's ancient tongue?
Can my lips follow yours to where they go?
So I may sing to you to the songs he sung,
Unclasp to me the secret words you know.

Now teach me with the teachings of your mouth.
I'll show you what the poets wrote about.

Vergil: Publius Vergilius Maro (70–19 BC), Roman poet