

# The New Criterion

## Poems

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### Kokoschka in love, 1914

by [Floyd Skloot](#)

It does not matter how a mountain found  
its way into these waves. Perhaps the wind,  
perhaps the war. He turns in predawn light  
to find his Alma's pale arms held as though bound

to the bedposts. Her eyes are giving back  
their horde of pure darkness as though the night  
were hers for good. He knows those eyes will rend  
his flesh unless he paints them closed, the black

buried in swirling seas along with blood  
and the morning's first full blue as the ship  
their bare bed has become shatters. The lip  
of the whirlpool will be gushing with gold

flecks of foam and silver will mark the clouds.  
It is the tempest and she is the bride  
of the wind fitted now against his side.  
He will do it right if he can just hold

himself together long enough, if he  
can disentangle himself ...

Floyd Skloot

[more from this author](#)

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