

# The New Criterion

## Poems

October 2008

### Landscape with colossal kouros

by [Betsy Bonner](#)

Samos lay me down to sleep,  
thirty brown-stained fish in a yawning cove.  
Weary of waves, urchins and cigarette butts,  
the abandoned lighthouse couldn't care less

if we stay or go. Sirocco settles the matter  
for a ferry caught in horseshoe harbor.  
Hailstones pummel Hera's temple;  
wind plays shepherd huts like dropped stone flutes.

Stranded, I'm not sure whether to curse  
or thank the Furies—punishers of perjurers—  
for another night in the arms of a man  
who cannot love me.

Sculptors of colossal kouros inscribed  
not only a name in the statue's thigh,  
but for whom he was made. Vainly, I scan ...

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This article originally appeared in The New Criterion, Volume 27 October 2008, on page 30

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