

# The New Criterion

## Poems

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### The naked truth

by [Charles Edward Eaton](#)

In the twilight filled with late, late roses,  
Camellias, sasanqua, not yet taken by the frost,  
I wonder what order, and disorder, the coming night imposes.

All afternoon on the sunporch I sat naked in the sun,  
Thinking of things composed, imposed, myself a kind  
of flower,  
Late, late, but not yet overblown, irremediably done.

The night, of course, will have a place for me:  
Order, disorder—the huge, hybrid, cosmic plan—  
I remember the shining youth standing by a brilliant sea,

Also naked, feeling like some growth, some product  
of the water—  
Ah, that blue, blue garden of long ago,  
Promising to be fertile for all my dreams no matter,

No matter what. Now this formal matrix and the mellow  
...

**Charles Edward Eaton's** seventeenth volume of poetry, *The Work of the Sun: New and Selected Poems* is forthcoming in January from Cornwall Books.

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