

# The New Criterion

## Poems

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### Hindsight

by [Bill Coyle](#)

A poem by Bill Coyle.

*But is it really necessary I  
renounce all of his works? Couldn't I just  
renounce the vast majority of them?*  
We were out walking, you were explaining why  
you couldn't quite convert. I was nonplussed.  
Theologically, I could condemn  
what seemed to me a clear misunderstanding  
of the relationship of good and evil,  
but in aesthetic terms I understood:  
Given that you imagined God commanding  
all that was light and airy and the devil  
all that was dark and dangerous, pure good  
had to be lethal, both in life and art.  
I think I still believe that, in my heart.

**Bill Coyle's** first book of poems, *The God of This World to His Prophet*, won the New Criterion Poetry Prize.

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