

Alec Soth's Archived Blog

May 17, 2007

Friday Poem

Filed under: [poetry](#) — alecsothblog @ 11:55 pm

IN THE KINGDOM OF THE PAST, THE BROWN-EYED MAN IS KING

by Charles Wright

It's all so pitiful, really, the little photographs
Around the room of places I've been,
And me in them, the half-read books, the fetishes, this
Tiny arithmetic against the dark undazzle.
Who do we think we're kidding

Certainly not our selves, those hardy perennials
We take such care of, and feed, who keep on keeping on
Each year, their knotty egos like bulbs
Safe in the damp and dreamy soil of their self-regard.
No way we bamboozle them with these

Shrines to the woebegone, ex votos and reliquary sites
One comes in on one's knees to,
The country of what was, the country of what we pretended to be,
Cruxes and intersections of all we'd thought was fixed.
There is no guilt like the love of guilt.

6 Comments

1. My favorite living poet.

His wife Holly is a photographer who's shot the jacket photo for all his books.

Comment by [Michael David Murphy](#) — May 18, 2007 @ [6:23 am](#)

2. Beautiful, thanks Alec.

Comment by [m](#) — May 18, 2007 @ [11:10 am](#)

3. Less poetry, more photography

Comment by [Howard Johnson](#) — May 18, 2007 @ [10:52 pm](#)

4. Many photographs are poems too...
...and a poem can conjure up wonderful images...

This one I've always loved.

Comment by [Roy](#) — May 19, 2007 @ [4:42 pm](#)

5. **Anothr feed track -alec soth - blog...**

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6. A bit sloppy and easy this poem, I think.
Did Wright only write poems like that ?

Comment by [teatiny](#) — May 20, 2007 @ [10:52 am](#)