The Sophist's Dilemma [1]

May 18, 2020 <u>Writing and Faith</u> [2] <u>Poems</u> [3] <u>TW Reading Series</u> [4]

Two Poems by Peter Bethanis

Editor's Note: We're pleased to republish these poems in *Talking Writing* as part of the TW Reading Series, with permission of the poet and the original print journals. Here, Peter Bethanis explores the disillusionment of middle age and the search, in suburbia, for purpose. "The Sophist's Dilemma" previously ran in the Spring 1996 issue of <u>The Wallace Stevens Journal</u> [5], and "The Sophist's Cellar" originally appeared in the Spring 1996 issue of <u>Tar River Poetry</u> [6].

Peter is also a visual artist, and as part of this TW Reading Series feature, we've included several images by him.



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The Sophist's Dilemma

Like an insect's stinger, the church steeple punctures the sky. Dusk sifts through backyards where porch lights burn, and the star's dead light returns, disillusionment finally conquering even the most congenial boy scout sometime around the age of thirty.

Along rows of houses, orange windows glow and a man sits half-asleep in front of the television, something in the workday still banging in his head as if he's holding on to a frazzled rope, swinging inside a bell. The knot of his hand grips the chair as he contemplates the walk up the stairs, as if he were a circus animal performing a silly charade of an act, his real capability held sadly behind the eyes.

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The Sophist's Cellar

With just the right amount of useless junk, loneliness is bearable, as a whole lifetime may putter by searching for the lost wrench that keeps one feeling busy.

The sophist conjures the image of a beautiful woman, her slender hand shading her eyes as she leans back onto his imaginary bed. Where can one go to escape the unfunny sitcom of a burned-out marriage, or the local minister with the nervous tic, who tries to sell heaven as if it were real estate?

Shelves of jars filled with a dozen varieties of nails, a stool and a workbench, the old television with its one fuzzy station are the sophist's company.

(function(i,s,o,g,r,a,m){i['GoogleAnalyticsObject']=r;i[r]=i[r]||function(){ (i[r].q=i[r].q||[]).push(arguments)},i[r].l=1*new Date();a=s.createElement(o), m=s.getElementsByTagName(o)[0];a.async=1;a.src=g;m.parentNode.insertBefore(a,m) })(window,document,'script','https://www.gooff@ge 3 of 5 analytics.com/analytics.js','ga'); ga('create', 'UA-18260536-1', 'auto'); ga('send', 'pageview'); Spontaneity seems more suited to the gods or the young at this point. Still, desire braids itself together in the heart like a pair of snakes, intertwined, exotic, beating beneath the pulse that longs for intimacy as the weeks drone on, and the neighbors settle for shooting just over par, being born again, looking busy without purpose across the pent-up silence of their immaculate lawns.



Art Information

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Peter Bethanis grew up in rural Maine and currently lives in Indianapolis, Indiana. He

is a writer and an artist. Peter's writing has appeared in *Poetry*, *America*, and *Tar River Poetry*, as well as in more than sixty other literary journals. His work has been recognized by former US Poet Laureate Donald Hall and James Dickey, author of *Deliverance*. He is the author of two books, *Dada and Surrealism for Beginners* (For Beginners, 2007) and *American Future* (Entasis Press, 2009).

Peter's artwork has appeared in several galleries and in literary magazines such as the *Adirondack Review*, *Indianapolis Review*, and *HCE*, the literary magazine of University College Dublin.

For more information, visit Peter Bethanis's website [10].

Source URL: https://www.talkingwriting.com/sophist%E2%80%99s-dilemma

Links:

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- [5] http://wallacestevens.com

[6] https://sites.google.com/view/tarriverpoetry/home?fbclid=IwAR1S6Y371vPnUhyOdLCr0xVe2vVtHn559ESLT0IXgYo h1Cvt_wFQXMB1-Lo

- [7] https://fineartamerica.com/featured/1-peter-bethanis.html
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