

## Two Poems · *Karl Krolow*

### ON BIOGRAPHIES

It's good to die young  
for biography. We see dead  
poets as swans for a while.  
They're fed, not made of synthetic material.

Our pretty streets fill up again with folks.  
No one thinks about the end of something. That's just fine.  
A character puts on some dust, a sensitive process.  
There's gushiness in the air. Say, how're you living?

No one notices me going about. I try,  
I get embarrassed. I've missed a chance  
at metamorphosis. I'm still around, incidentally.  
I live very well on the deception of my senses.

I won't be fed. The swan's costume's  
too old, you can't find faith anymore  
at the edge of Swan Lake, and Tschaiikowsky's  
out of fashion now. Biography's too long.