

XANTHIPPE WAITS ALONE FOR SOCRATES

He ages while I wait
And the so grey hairs
Upon his gnarled head
Fall to the ground
Of his cold stone cell.

Great thoughts did not
Serve him any rights.
Yet as I scorn him now
Only the wind bites back
At my harsh cries.

He,
With the thoughts expanding
Dared to push out
At the Athenian host:

Gadfly.

And I sit and wait
For you,
Oh corrupter of minds so young –
Apparently.

For what am I –
The blond nag
– without you?

Yet you must take
The hemlock way.



By Harry Hudson, Oxford, Oxfordshire.
The poem is based on the drawing **Untitled** (1932).