

"Holy God we praise Thy Name"
 We sing the ponderous notes.
 With Benediction at an end
 We'll soon go get our coats.

The chapel shines with gold and glass
 And multicolored panels,
 "All on Earth Thy scepter claim",
 Who will put out the candles?

The acolyte soon shuffles down
 The marbled middle aisle.
 "Infinite Thy vast domain,"
 His face has got a smile.

One by one he puts them out,
 We watch his every move.
 "Everlasting is Thy reign,"
 Our throats are in the groove.

The acolyte forgot a candle,
 But as he prepares to go,
 "Infinite Thy vast domain,"
 We cough and let him know.

He sees his great mistake.
 He blushes and we smile
 "Everlasting is Thy Reign."
 "H'll be all right."

Patiently we sit awaiting his death.
Sure that it will come
As it has come every year that we've known him
And for unwitnessed millenniums before.
It will come. He is not to be feared,
Though occasionally he tries to awe us
With sudden displays of tempestuous might,
Like the last agonized spasms
Of a mortally wounded dragon,
Prostrate in bloody defeat.
There he lies, His awesome length spans continents
And, thinking him dead, we sometimes venture out
And he, awakened from his stupor
Which in the end must kill him,
Vengefully vomits forth gushes of white blood
From his mouth, and bespews the countryside
With it, hiding everything in a blinding crystal heat.
But he gets more feeble every day,
And he will die. We must sit patiently
And be prepared, and wait the magic moment
When his last gelid breath
Is expired as perfume by his gentle conqueror, the Spring

FEB, 66

In sheets of velvet fell the gentle rain,
A heavenly purgation sent to earth
To lave from every flower all alien specks,
And thus prepare them for the kiss of Dawn.

The virgin lily to his gentle rays
Doth open her pure womb in lambent union,
And there conceives that wondrous redolence,
Wherefore high heaven lowly earth doth envy.

FEB - 1966

I gladly smiled when first I saw
Your recent photograph, dear Brother
I know not how
I know not how

PIETÀ

Lo! Mass is o'er atop of yonder Hill
And only one the Sweet Communion takes;
She holds his Body, fast becoming chill,
And looks upon His Face; perchance He wakes?

She holds him as she did when Angels sang
And news of his dear birth to shepherds proffered;
Her most pure womb, whence live the victim young
Becomes the altar upon which now dead he's offered.

APRIL, 1966

I gladly smiled when first I saw
Your recent photograph, dear Brother.
A warmth I can't describe surged within me
I know not how,
But souls akin to souls communicate
Nor need our vulgar senses
Detect their subtle light, some beams.
A sense of warmth, of love, of memories shared
Was quick revived within me
As when a cinder glows with renewed brilliance
When the ashy deposits of time are blown away.

April, '66

Deep is the silence that follows
The last receding tones of requiem,
The loved ones' footsteps across the gravelled path,
The whining of the lowering mechanism,
The rasping halt, the final thud.
Enveloped all around by silent darkness
I lie here, clay to earth entrusted,
Perfectly resigned I shed a silent tear
Which sits unglisteringly upon my eyelid;
Nor can I move my stiffened arms
To reach it and wipe it away.

April, '66

At morning's cool clear hour

I walked the hushed and dusky path

That led into the towering forest's shade.

The vivid black and green of fertile earth and grass
Glowed from the forest floor,

A deep rich black with vivid vibrant

Emblazoned with a vibrant vivid green,

A green of emeralds set in darkest coal.

The puff-backed clouds
Marched by the wind
March solemnly upon the city,
Accompanied by the ^{rolling} drums of ~~rolling~~ thunder
And the flash and pagantry of purple lightning.

There's a low and low, a low and low
With laughing voices in their midst
Parted and scattered by the weather wind
Bearing away the music of their whistles
Early passed that godly afternoon
When Dawn had scarce withdrawn her veil
Tumbling her golden tresses in the air
When the sun had scarce revealed his face
The narrowing gulfs and gorges of the
East on the plain of evening by
On their ground, by distant
Their phosphorescent movement
Trailing on the emerald green

I lay and dreamt upon the verdant grass,
The jewelled flowers glowing all around,
Stretching out to hillocks out of sight,
Marking the footprints of the passing goddess.

There's Flora and her virgin retinue
With laughing roses in their radiant hair,
Parted and scattered by the wanton wind
Bearing away the music of their chatter.
Early passed that godly retinue;
When Dawn had scarce withdrawn her purple hood
Tumbling her golden tresses o'er the East;
When the sun had scarce recovered from the grass
The mirroring pearls and precious crystal jewels
Lost in the play of revelry by wanton Night.
On they passed, by mortal cares untouched.
Their phosphorescent raiment
Trailing o'er the emerald grass.

May, '66

To you that like a radiant sun
Measures the dawn and set
Of thought in me each day,
Whose image rising radiant
O'er the eastern hills of sleep's horizon
(*Eum lacte et purpurea mixta*)
Invites my mind to light and day;
Whose sparkling eyes at eventide
Like stars set in the canopy of night,
Mark with their silent light
The close of day,
(*Suadentque cadentia sidera somno*)
I offer these poor words of praise
And beg you grant that in your gentle light
The full some course of all my days be run.

'67

The giant of the mountain sleeps.
His great head nestled
Midst the wakeful pines
That silent sentinels stand
And ring the verdant hollow where he lies.

His gentle breathing
Swirls the pre-dawn mists that blend
The edge of his green mountain
With the shy and darkling azure
of the skies.

The dark happens slowly and in silence
And follows light's retreating shadow for a while.
It crawls from deep within the objects which we know
And slowly stretches out its phantom wings.
The colors sleep upon the surfaces
And all geometries are reconciled.

Kisses as many

The swelling over arching sky

Has rained upon ~~the~~ broad breasted earth

In limpid, touching, splashing droplets,
I give to thee.

To fill with warmth the plains and vales of you

And to touch with freshness

Your smoothly rounded hills -

The Silent, alas the silenced
minority
Maidens with soft voices
Weaving gentle melancholy dirges
That answer questions
Better left unasked

Unanswered, as they must be
In a million silenced throats
Of those ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~asked~~ ^{that} ~~asked~~ ^{asked}
And lie unburied, that asked.
Blas, too late.

their silence reveals the ugly silence
of hypocrites who claim them for their own.

What child was Father to this man,
What universe the womb that
birthed him?

maidens with soft voices
weaving gentle melancholy dirges
that answer questions better left unasked.

Kant Read - Book 1

Ch 1 pt 1

The streets are hushed beneath the tread
of lonely feet,
As onward through the night they wander
Guided by sightless eyes and distant thoughts.

Beneath the blue green glow of sentinel lamps
My shadow floats and lingers from pole to pole
But shrinks back from the cold within itself.

I'm drawn both to my right and left
~~Both to my right and left~~ I feel as I pass
By the loneliness of the chilly bright clear alleys
That stretch to lonely ends this winter night.

The alley floor is swept and brightly lit,
More melancholy for the light, I think,
The sightless windows of the casements look on.
On their rigid perch the neon lights
Signal blindly to each other;
Nobody's buying.