

Galilee, and Other Poems

Bad Infinity

Between this self
and every else
fall
the wide vacuities of quantum realms
and phantom incongruity.

Zeno was right:
Love is hell.

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When Property Is Theft

en quo discordia ciuis

produxit miseros; his nos consequimur agros!

To such an end has discord driven wretched citizens:

We have sown our fields for these [barbarians].

—Virgil, *Eclogue I*

The captains of this world's machinery
Must rob you of your everything, what keeps
You fixed to this great earth, whose greenery
Had promised joys of love and unarmed sleep.
All the country's turbulent with avarice
And confiscation, children born on rocks,
Vocations waved away at slanderous
Behest, impiety stamped by the orthodox.
Those gyring hawks, the dreadnoughts of the upper
Blue, will sooner skulk the woods like groundling
Turkeys than the powers be balked when they scupper
Rudimentary hopes, undocked since world's founding.
The fruitfulness of life becomes disposable,
For the promises of love are unenforceable.

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The Rapture

The mornings are different here, or rather now:
Less interrogative the mourning dove
In calling after the beloved's name;
Less frequentive the fog in paradox
Of cool and sensuality, the beck
And breathing promise of the bridal veil.
I wake, and no one's there. I wake from dreams
I never can remember, or no longer
Do, into a light oblique yet more acute.
What have I wakened to? What will I find?
Once love was all before—have I been left behind?

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Cor ad Cor Loquitur

The butterfly drinks deep, her wings in measures
Of oblivion, slow up and down, on bloom, in bloom,
Attaining—like a woman in her pleasure.

The Spirit is the water-wine perfume
Perfusing through the rock and on into the soft
Tissue of biospheric joints and flumes,

As self and self between, besought, exhaust.
By thirst of ours and thirst to meet another's want,
The festive God unites, no matter cost.

The kingdom of the gift has need as font,
For what's the point of heaping superfluties?
The mystic innerness of confidants

Yields still more raptured continuity
To feed the city of the final Sabbath day,
Tumescant with romantic fluency.

The vines and bugs of summer have their way;
The body politic begins in ecstasy;
And Zion swelters like the Milky Way

Grown young and hot and spinning breathlessly,
To constellate the night with dandelion wind,
To birth a world just more than fantasy.

My seraph dove, still crucified, ascend
The quivering mirage florescent in the desert;
Realize what blood alone can comprehend,

And be the metronome of heaven's pleasure.

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Galilee

There was no time to really get to know you,
Before the night streams of the underworld,
Resentment's bile at the extravagance
Of love, removed you from the latitude
Of my astonished heart's discovery
That you exist, and with such amplitude.

But other waters worked phlegmatically,
In capillary geologic slow,
In seeping pulchritude of dripstone, flowstone
To portico the caverns of my soul.

I missed you in such subterranean ways,
I lost myself. But you were there as leit-
Motif, a stoic thread to dure the column
Inching of the ardent words gone underground.

Yet here you stand again! Not quite again
Though, for you and I and everything—all's
Different now. You are more solid flesh and blood
This morning; love seems strange for being more
Itself and real than dreams have ever shown.

When we were young, we fished along these shores,
And cast our nets to haul the coruscating
Stones of the future kingdom. Thank you for
This pristination of my earliest love.
Thank you for re-presenting it as dawn
And as tomorrow, mid the brimming spume
And these contusions of the dogwood bloom.