

splash

Number 4

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Peter Seaton

REFUGEE FROM JUSTICE

for George-Therese Dickenson

What is this enduring strength with
Which writings read of for good works
Mediate so high a mystery. The earthly senses
Came to our minds; the spirit in a certain
Window was to be what shall be things
To have been. We made ourselves
And I am here and other visions to a woman
Leave her body.

This is what I know, I can resist
What I cannot and perfect
My hope of what I am. I discover
I would be heard, and yet I love a kind of light
Absent in performing, the breath of time
Neither wasting nor unveiled, in sight
And out of place besides what
I have with myself. I form images
In my memory. I produce colors
As present this or that. All that I am
Disturb the mountain, sea and stars for thought
Requires will out of some pleasure and whatever
I could think requires one who
Should say my heart in sight makes way
For what I have done, which takes place
As I do myself in this power of mine, this ego
I shall call wonderful, those lines
In charge of all the senses of the body which
The mind discerns.

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So then I taste or smell or touch the other
Things that press themselves on what I know
To be right but lost in the memory
Of some deed from whom we are all born.
Unless you scatter me back in my soul
That vision longs for the life of a man
That leads to lovers. How can I say
Art in the mortal life of a man and in
Men's faces writes the wars whose gift
You are, one good made only into
Concerning creatures rushing
Into my attention. This kind of buzz
Throngs with abundant thoughts that satisfy
The single-minded stars because these same concerns
Let me examine myself as I survey the world
Mingled with myself, with the same glories
And merits and perils valued out of the mouth
And into the first words, which you appoint
With the pressure of the question a laugh
Could be created for as traces on our future
Which is no longer usual, yet hidden.

What signs shall I ask for, and what motions
Do I love. Whom do I ask to stay
Which is one thing and which gifts last
From my old delights to the manifest syllable
And complete words another as plain
As one's dawn being seen and leaving something
In my memory remaining equal to the present
Bounds to come, the poems and verses
Passing any other discourse said to have
Made traction of all mystery before all
Consequence before all souls and bodies expect
The words to come to divide this lively world
Animated into voice and pen and men without
Invisible and open knots within their hearts

And justice which those things express in sight
Of something I conceive.

Is it a soul? Is it a body, of substance,
Deprived of all nothing and filled with spirit?
So my mind questions one small thing, the great
Good and suspect first things and clears
The days of my life with sobriety. Then may
The inner motion of the will with
First and last sight and wonders and fancies
Nourish the ever present future to expect
No one would tell me, mutable, wasted
And consumed with affection, distracted
By one figure to another seeking
Chaste creatures of time that it takes
A chill upon the shoulders of my nature and my
Sigh which is enlightened takes possession
Of a liability to be brought to you
And your books because this is almost nothing
And it's true too, wisdom qualified
By certain wants forms visible
Restraints subject to when we read
Stuff to be changed, while things considered
Strive to be words.

The sensible earth made universal
With the writer's bulk written in
The largeness of approach, not written
By a comely pen occurs in those words
In this book making confidence dare to affirm
The world because the rational mother
Is the matter in its vast bosom. In this
Place handsome heaven and irksome earth
Pose in concentrated choice, not better
Than a verse but what in its original
Example precedes no absurdity and includes
Superior pains preceded by sharpshooting
Understanding.

Once we were herbs, and that day is at hand
When to relieve the needy likeness with our best
Strength masculine blessings rescue
Miracles from the poor and bring the hungry
Spirits to all these stars to another faith
Of all you weak things of the world.

So I should prefer to write my own meaning
To include us and our gifts of the presence
Of the knowledge of desire steeped
In the spirit and of emerging cares which yield
No obedient urges seeking the weights
Of their own places conforming to the health
And fears and tears over us like a skin.
Like lights the dry land forsakes content
Confounds the fatherless, the moon
And stars shine for the widow
Of the rich man who knows what
To distribute and when, treasure having life
Like words under a bushel. In the pleasure
Of a man voting and groaning to withdraw, gliding
Through the phantom conscience that gives me away,
These things I know. Your rough love attracts
These difficult perceptions corresponding to
A part of my mind. And I wrote aloud
Straying from that secret place into
The creation of a giant and some words of his
That form your mouth so earnestly
Into my name, which is subject to
The wish to imagine how many predicaments
Are created for me, whose calculations
Buzz to the voices in the sweat of my brows
Where I was sinking into the so-called bones
Of things to ignore how wide it spreads or where
Is even such a better state than number,
Weight, source, guide and days and nights
Of candid reason in subtle and difficult discipline.

So one thing reigns among the literature, a
Proposition that custom be detached from finding
Nothing better, that some eligible
Purpose be torn from it secretly
Correcting a persuasion to neglect what
Had been so strong and where the words
I would refuse begin to appear
Intoxicated with objections, that thought
Might be resolved in the frame of this comparison
With that intent that dilutes habits with fruits
To the lips of a breast filled with
Praises mingled with the limits of a human form,
The mystic assurance fearing almost all
Comprehension drenched in swelling likeness
To a father and me.

It held me
In our dust. How long
And where and what might be dreams
Penetrate a void and suffer from
What I now heard formed and ordered and left
In something skilled in making something
Of it. In what saves diligence
From needing no whirling divisions
Roaring out from certain words it's enough
To be with me, to remain breathing
On all sides which may break in and fire
Hail snow ice and wind host fugitives.