DAY



Frank Samperi

Illustrations by Claudia Samperi-Warren

Frank Samperi

Illustrations by Claudia Samperi-Warren Foreword by John Pearlman

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This Volume is dedicated to the memory of my father.

Claudia Samperi Warren

Foreword

tragic shackle of an angel's wing

The crux of the matter is, of course, interrogating that "tragic." That is to say, shall the term apply to the angel in descent, journeying on and about the Earth, or to the angel in ascent? I scarcely considered the question at the time I wrote these words, but I did/do have Frank in mind, as ever, when angels come to mind/heart. The wings themselves are a trope of gravity and of the flesh's encounter with fluid media. Perhaps the tragic dimension exists most "on and about the earth," in the loss or forgetfulness of the wings' history, and the unawareness of that past as a prefiguration of their immediate potentiality. Such obliviousness would be to move through one's days-literally, aimlessly. Thus, the quality of one's suffering partakes of an ignorance which is unremitting, irremediable, horizontal, political. A choice? "Tragic" applied to such a life is itself the call to compassion. But, what of the being that will not, does not, cannot, so forget? Surely this is a life graced by consolation, but also profoundly burdened by the passionate awareness of distance, of remoteness, inversion:

...day
Tumbling
As far as
The very heart
Of the matter

But these words admit of no doubleness, no terminal exile. The true "heart of the matter" is the presence through sight of the transparence of things, as species in and eternity, this very moment thereby, the gift, proffered, of uniqueness, in distinction, a Cardinal relation. And not tragic. Thus Frank has written, "I will have mercy/and not sacrifice." Perhaps the greatest hurt the angelic knows comes from the renunciation of the call to recollection, that those who speak of it find themselves, if not merely unheeded, then, of necessity, silence. And because the reminding is inevitably accusative, the suffering becoming most acute, the reflection of, the falsity of, self unendurable viz. "the knowledge/of God was more than Holocaust." Who would see?

One who looks Looks because Light from sight Sights the light

Sight the light From above

One remembers Meister Eckhart's formulation: "the eye with which I see God is the same with which God sees me."

see lovely girl
picking
flowers
by river
see lovely writer
picking words
from air

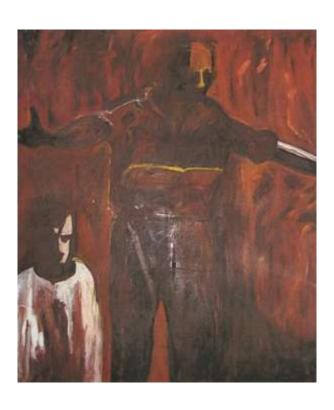
A poetry, not of prophecy, but of sight, the invoking of the visional as that tropology, which is conversation even of the trope itself, the turning toward, a vector, an approach to the anagogical which always already in-spirits. The faith in the poem as of and as the work one is called to. As Frank wrote in a letter of 1980: "preserve the (my) work, so that the few may have a share in the Gift, prevailing by reason of their own difference." These "few" are those who understand that the relation is not comparative, not hierarchical, but vertical. Each and all so Gifted, but called, again, to the offering, "mercy and not sacrifice."

Just human, finally, though, "just asks full lexical paly. Here is a full Day, of the (Frank's) work, which is (Being) preserved. Whatever else, the shackles have been annulled. The angel? This constancy, this humble relation:

Then the dwelling of the angle in the soul or rather the odor sign of the dwelling continuing habituating the man to the daily drawing out radiance preparing rendering transparent the surroundings the universe the aureole receiving truest ray

> John Perlman January 1998

moment ruse existential doctrine additive temporal although eternal sang the man expected to win his day by breath



Spirit
the spirit
embarassment
no
state
willing
to
see
it
any
other
way
but
potictically



no ground only fire and spirit

if
you
don't
have
time
then
levitate

steller places interplanetary no point this is all wrong better start again can
a man
write
a book
in a day
that's
what they're
trying
to say
and it doesn't
matter
what gets
in
as long as
it gets in

You're in outer space imaginatively who's the joke on

a productive mind can turn this stuff out daily call it inspiration and to boot get away with it

You've found a little corner in the mind no comfort really a bird files from a branch twang for both



You can't be serious a writer's a junk man



I sit out the day out writing the day And when you finish this there s more paper

see lovely girl
picking
flowers
by river
see lovely writer
picking
words
from air

if you had more money you wouldn't be so circumspect I know you know poetry's da i ly Take a vase place it on a window sill as is empty

don't tell me you're out to prove you can write 50 poems in a day a man
sitting on
an enormous
root
guzzling
qt. beers
got up
went center
addressed
the
other
leaves

here I am lost to all purposes

you say man the cop beast if it were moments and you had to respond to every one of them you'd soon break momentarily run the risk of being laughed at ashtray to my left to my right candle front wall dead center a little logic would be well placed here that is there more Flame poised mathematically correct what wins is 3000 pages to your 300 blusterer do you really think bulk



having coffee a bottle of Old Grand-Dad to the side one shot left c'mon you know no one knows what a poem is willow outside my bedroom window folksey beyond contempt New York poet you falsify you're up to your head in shit move round lucifer lead us out you holding candelabrum I wish you all the luck knowing of course you wish me the same Look at my ceiling all pealing So much of our speech is just that and no more not poetic but a century later how quaint nothing but poetic

Could go to the waterfront watch the sun go down return home the moment's no help

how many moments in a day suppose you miss a moment the heart skips a beat

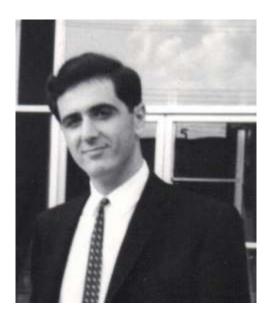


fear then the determinant if
you
can't
keep
at
it
you're
done
for

no rush no working at it Spirit the spirit not breath moment now time not eternal no twisting can

right it Spiritual man lives eternal walker hills enters city





Frank Samperi, 1933-1991.

American poet Frank Samperi was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1933. Discovered by poet Louis Zukofsky, his first poems were published in the early 1960's. Through study of such masters as Aquinas, Aristotle, Dante and the Hindu Vedantist, Shankaracarya, Samperi created a body of work that was a unique exploration of the ability of language to exist in a pure musicality apart from thingly reference. "Frank's work was truly abstract, truly resisted the things of the world and boasted rather the refining fire of the spirit," said Robert Kelly. In his lifetime, he published 20 collections of poetry, including the trilogy Prefiguration, Quadrifariam, and Lumen Gloriae.