

# Lumen Gloriae

*Poems by*

Frank Samperi



Lumen Glorïae

*Poems by*

Frank Samperi

A MUSHINSHA BOOK

GROSSMAN PUBLISHERS

First published in the United States of America  
in 1973 by  
GROSSMAN PUBLISHERS  
625 Madison Avenue  
New York, NY 10022

Designed and produced by Mushinsha Limited, IRM/Rosei Bldg.  
4, Higashi Azabu I-chome, Minato-ku, Tokyo, Japan  
Copyright in Japan, 1973, by Mushinsha Limited. All rights reserved.  
Printed in Japan.

*First Edition, 1973*  
*Library of Congress Catalog Card No. 73-89803*  
*SBN: hardcover 670-44435-9; paperback 670-44436-7*

# Contents

Infinitesimals

Disigilla

# Infinitesimals

settling

of the nature

of falling

unable to go on  
illness and an afternoon  
equally  
    inevitably  
        severing

I sit in a house  
literally  
falling about  
my ears

the courts  
weigh  
the issues

deem  
pros and cons  
necessary



in poverty  
knowing nobody  
water flowing in  
from all sides

riding a train

looking at homes

desiring a home

poor drunk  
asleep on the sidewalk  
clutching his penis

river  
    warehouses alongside  
a superimposition  
eye noticing less in front  
than behind

in one room  
and for a second  
in another

just a doze

transfixed

seeing flow  
in the light  
on the floor

ashes

even so

odor

essence

space

my state

down

to

a

t



bird  
    gliding  
beyond  
hill

below

wanderer

existing no place  
pilgrim no staff  
entering no space

in light spirit to spirit  
recalling deeper light  
communicating deepest  
sight

universe closing behind  
pilgrim beyond  
even  
one with point

an old man leaning out of a window  
knowing himself useless  
the potted plant beside him  
backing it up

candlelight  
and the shadow  
of the base  
of the candle  
holder  
    at rest  
        circling

going down to the river  
I look across to the hills  
my spirit in union  
triumph over opposites

roof seeming horizon  
approach verifying  
metaphor

*for Dolores*

as I work  
hang upon my neck  
or look in  
leaning upon my shoulders

pigeons

all

in a flash

under one

tree



turning  
and the light's the farthest point  
of the road

why see you  
other than  
perfect woman  
moving gently  
along stream  
thru wood

newest rage

click-clack

cicada

flying against a window  
falling three stories  
a bird  
former life  
a man  
sensible  
foolish  
no less

a whole garden of angels  
each leaning upon each  
light flowering heavenward  
tho each flower heaven  
animals under flame  
key releasing ground  
fire air earth water  
outside the walls



shucking our bathing suits

the little window  
above the sink  
blinding

you pass a  
couchant black cat  
to the left  
of a stoop

you say  
no reason  
to give it  
a second  
thought

then  
late night  
disaster



Golden maiden in a brazen tower  
Behold Jupiter his golden shower

after supper in Chinatown  
we walked home along the Bowery  
our attention  
quickened by a crash  
somebody put a rock  
or something or other  
thru a shop window  
then ran up the stairs  
of the hotel  
a few doors down

climbing the subway steps  
hearing a bird in the tree  
behind the shoeshine stand  
the rush hour crowd  
equally awakening

isolation

grass  
along  
a river  
in shadow

feeling space as something solid  
estranging the body from its object  
the soul seeing thru  
remaining ingathered  
biding its time

ghostly  
petals  
whirling  
about

offsetting  
shaded  
walk

haunt  
even  
waking  
dream

when I got off the bus there she was  
I hadn't seen her for almost 3 wks  
we walked up a ways to the cottage

moonlight in the room  
our bodies exhausted from loving  
we lay taking  
sleep surprising

a couple on a bench  
their kids over  
by the sand pile  
even tho rain  
any minute



listening to the world outside

the soul in the body doing the same thing

therefore a room still somewhat outside



longing for purity  
finding oneself  
instead  
a wanderer  
amidst  
          at the edge of  
green

no greater vista  
than the inward  
opening  
    out  
        and beyond

vacationers by the hundreds  
climbed the sand dunes  
and then at intervals  
ran down recklessly  
what seemed like steps

a few feet from the water  
by a path  
a bench

the house behind the grove  
half way up the hill  
linking highway to cove

separating husband and wife  
the sea makes pillars of both  
their gaze oned by vertex

whether hill  
or plain  
skyline  
seemingly  
sea



evening light the whole length of trees  
the rest of the forest

impenetrably

dark

in a clearing  
in a wood  
at twilight  
a family

walking about  
gathering  
strange enough  
driftwood

imagine a cliff  
with a lighthouse  
a ways back  
and a storm  
rumbling  
                  and  
                          crackling  
at its very  
                  crest

counterbalanced

by the shade

half light

half dark

a lilac sprig

in the vase

on the window sill

lie up on a slope  
untrapped by metaphor

a turn around the city  
but if the streets  
show degeneration  
then no cruise  
can alter that fact  
despite the guide  
speaking directly  
to the out-of-towners  
and the foreigners

the tree in the line of our vision  
in light  
    tho every other tree  
of the park  
    dark







Then the dwelling of the angel 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

each facet light accordingly  
the souls responding  
orienting  
becoming  
together  
perfect  
gem

body in grass  
elliptically formed  
in turn inscribed  
in square  
in flame  
flower  
center  
sustained  
by  
four  
angels

Disigilla

from the distance of a return home  
an evocation of a walk thru the city  
the flow of people characteristic  
the pilgrim secure upon the waters

climbing stairs

dread accruing

the sense

unceasing mentation

the oddity

speech

leaning against a tree  
the left foot by a path  
the incline abrupt  
a marsh from thereon

out



water lilies  
and the reflection  
bridge  
bride  
bridegroom

the more  
distant  
the wood  
the river  
the valley  
the more  
encompassing  
the bird  
spiraling

not a projection  
but an apparition  
a body  
standing amidst

a crowded train  
the counterpart  
sitting by the doors  
head bowed  
eyes closed

stepping out from under willow  
river close by

ascending order

wooded hillside  
ocean  
setting sun

archway hung with roses  
garden

here

cut hedges

there

tombstone

light

and

haze

clinging

even

to

blades

of

grass

the windows no different from night  
even so books disarrayed on a chest of draws  
quasi end table  
and a lamp  
lowly lit



proving ground

they came to the eastside  
making their mark

scattering afterwards  
buying farms or cottages

while one or two others maybe  
unknown to each other  
continue to roam city

finding out a generation later  
old news  
a newspaper partly in slush



at the foot  
of a block  
of turn-of-the-century  
tenements

a great bridge  
leading up  
or falling off  
to nowhere



standing in grove  
no frame of reference  
space rather  
or  
effluvium

love	knowledge	divided
mysticism	science	divided
union	identity	divided
glorified body	spiritual man	undivided

the day drab  
meeting the buildings  
all the way

tempted to buy  
a bunch of roses  
from a vender  
at a popular  
intersection

proper perspective  
the sidereal  
the intangible

total effect

gray sky

two streaks of light

five buildings

the bare branches  
of the trees  
of one  
of the bounding lines  
of the square

if a man wakes sprightly  
the body  
not necessarily  
diaphanous

if heavily  
possibly  
earth  
by degrees

glorifying

the heart skips a beat  
when the sun withdraws

something like a fall

an elevator from the 15<sup>th</sup>  
to the 1<sup>st</sup>  
without a stop



observe the body  
for signs  
of spiritualization

if translucent  
then icebergs  
float outward  
dissolving at horizon

the eye goes toward the ceiling  
especially the corners

nothing

leaving the apartment  
same sound  
in the hallway

the fluttering the corners

duality is rhythm the essence of duality is rhythm

the essence or nature of rhythm is duality  
positive and negative poles alternating indefinitely  
the inner structure indefinite total combination