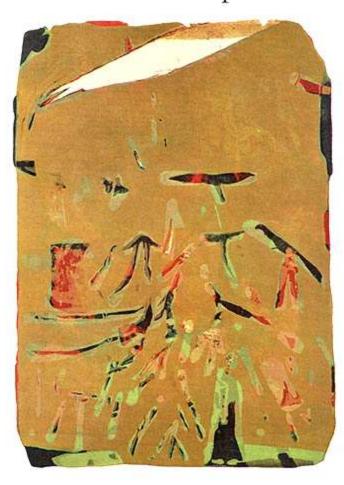
Lumen Gloriae

Poems by Frank Samperi



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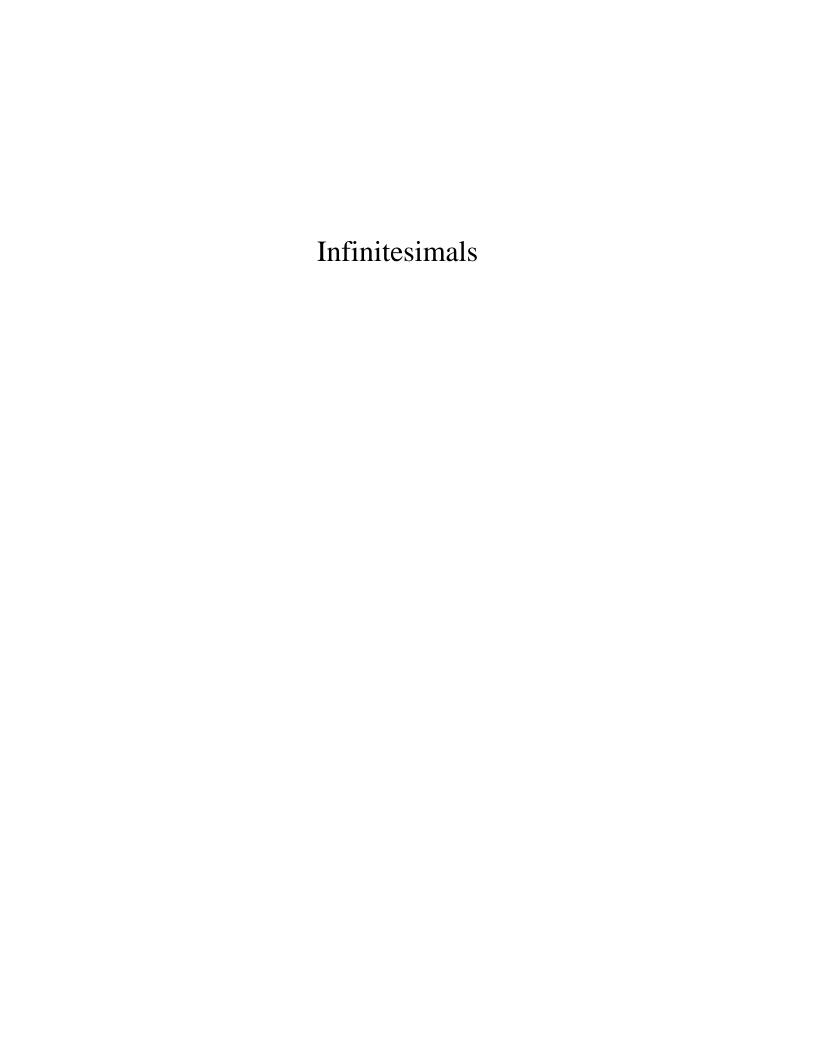
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Disigilla



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

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 leaving the airport
taking the bus
riding past cemetery
thru shopping district
the city truer
dustier
the guest gone

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

curving the road

overlooking

a lake

other cars

alongside

contributing

to

the

symmetry

longing for purity
finding onself
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



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 accuring
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

a refrain

my love in a blue dress passes a white bench and the lilac bush behind it 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 lying on a stone the palm of a hand a tree

specifically branches in snow

by them

the lovers in dream ogle the corner across the street and to the left of the clock tower

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^{th} to the 1^{st} 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