

# The Prefiguration

*Poems by*

Frank Samperi



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# Song Book

On the night of my death  
fires will lace  
the shoreline  
of some unknown beach—

and children  
    in loose  
        half-length  
    blue gowns  
will sing my dirge  
as unknown vagrants  
place my body  
on a raft  
    covered with lilies  
    and seaweed—

and after they have  
fastened down my body  
with rope  
    they (the vagrants)  
and the children  
will set  
    the raft  
    adrift

I am an anchorite.  
and (I am Manfred's half-brother.)

In the morning  
I go to a coffee shop.

Sunlight is  
on things.

the young wives are wheeling baby carriages  
the old wives are carrying large packages of food

The Avenue  
Seethes with health.

After I have had  
my coffee and toast  
I go back to my furnished room.

I am stirred by some  
white blossoms near  
low uncut hedges.  
and

the wind cools my eyes-  
for the trees are blinding.

In a moment  
I shall be in the room  
and I shall be glad.

I cannot bear  
sunlight in the morning.





the trains

My room shakes.

run

I am lying on  
my back in bed.

every

The lights are out.

five

Between the second and third finger  
a lit cigarette hisses.

minutes

Anemone.

the

I think of anemones.

subway

And sequins. And reeds. And mice.

is

My deadness is now complete.

two blocks from  
my room

I waste

my afternoons  
in streets

where faces

drift

in sunlight

and brick homes

fling

Mozart tunes

against Pet shops.

Dame it,

there's something

wrong

with this place,

says an old man,

as I wait for a bus.

Memory  
sends me  
back

time  
is  
dread

formerly,  
the dead  
moved  
on the graveled path  
past the chipped virgin

and

children  
gathered  
apples from  
the nearby orchard

green and  
red

eyes caught  
in the incense  
going up

and corn  
fields

burned

up and little boys stood  
at the fence watching

with sunlight

and then went  
through a hole  
in the fence  
down to the farms

The sorrel  
horses gallop  
along a  
dirt road

fields  
recede

hills  
flatten

cities  
sink

—and the sorrel  
horses  
    continue  
to gallop  
    along the  
moving dirt road.

Come here, by this window—look,  
Up there, the sun has become inconstant.

Hapless, I shall take  
my little bag of necessities and move closer  
toward the ivory gate—  
                  for I have paid  
my debts, and having neither father nor  
mother nor brother nor sister, I am now granted  
freedom—which is the quickest way to death.  
But I swear I shall die happy.

To be saved I must  
slip away from the moderns  
quietly  
and go to that land  
I have heard  
so much  
about (the north wind)  
the gardens  
full  
with my favorite  
lilacs.

There is no  
sunlight  
in this  
room.

Outside  
the bee song  
of people  
and cars  
penetrates  
this tomb  
of coldness  
of darkness—

But  
the features  
the par  
tic  
u  
lar i ties of  
the living  
are not seen  
by the Prince (   
inmate  
solitary  
of this tower  
without  
windows).



Tune comes  
from

the street:

dark, cold  
treeless—

a cops' band

practices in  
the basement

of the apartment  
house

near the car lot:

streetlight  
opposite

the basement

lights  
upon

the instruments  
through

the open window—  
stones,

glints  
tangle—

free

as mind,  
as fog.

Turn  
look!

the brindled  
west

lion

is stalking  
the river-bank.

Say goodbye;  
greet owl, yes!

or, I you can,  
at the high wall

ape Buddha.

An iron fence  
a brick house—

blackbirds  
in grass

at the edge  
of the walk—  
from  
the ground floor

piano

base  
treble—

toward  
the back

in his garden  
an old man

stooping

plants  
seeds

heard from  
the kitchen window.

A crowd  
stood

in front  
of

the church  
gap—

ing as  
four

pallbear-  
ers

carried  
the

coffin  
down

the steps  
to

the hearse  
as

the grieved  
chil-

dren of  
the

deceased  
were

singly  
es-

corted  
to

the fam-  
i-  
ly car—

after  
when

the last  
car

was seen  
slow-

ly turn-  
ing

around  
the

corner  
they

went their  
way.

Among  
rocks  
looking down  
on nude bathers

gulls high  
against sky

gulls low  
against high

ships  
against

blackness

Window  
looks

out on  
the shore

rowboat  
drifts

in toward  
the bell buoy

water  
infolds

comes up  
goes back

rain  
beginning

the window  
looks

and sees

eight birds  
fly

down from  
a tree

to drink  
rain

water  
from

the gutter

later—  
two

spot  
some crumbs

under  
a car

five  
scatter

as  
children

run by  
and

one flies  
up

to a  
window ledge



To give these words to someone,  
Wherein being shall be made known.—  
“No, my friend, no, I cannot hope

To get away. What you say, I know.  
I have always wanted new sights—  
Such as, the movement of a leaf

Struggling to free itself from a branch.  
But I also know that if free I shall fall.  
So I stay with my books, and sometimes make songs.

It is better, I mean, to be here,  
Where the mind can act  
And make light where there is none,

Than with the crowd, whose mouth defies the sun.  
No I can never go; it is dark beyond my gate;  
And my mind could not live out there.”

I shall go where light is clean  
(this, too, I know is inapposite  
to a way);  
nevertheless

emerge  
and gain a  
sight  
of clear ground

from which one may—  
as before he  
couldn't  
when

a wall  
which admits  
no light  
but sound

secured him from,  
as it were,  
grossnesses  
and, also,

possibly,  
graces—

start again

and see  
with eyes made clean  
by an apt use

a haze  
over  
rich fields

and a hedge  
alive.

Altho there is no evidence  
in the streets,  
hills, etc.,

that He exists

it is right to think  
of Him to *be*:

viz.,  
as a *conceptual limit*,  
wherein order might be dreamed—

for an adept  
once said:

the angles of  
a given triangle

are equal to  
two right angles—

this I understand;  
however, I'm not convinced  
that such a triangle  
exists-

where?—in nature,  
of course-

where existence  
can be gainsaid?—

yes—then, it's the mind  
that gives a thing being?

yes    &  
no.

A grotto  
A wonder  
Of workmanship

Where a bird  
On the shoulder  
Of a saint

Sings  
Of a night's  
Calvary.

If prescient then knowing  
of Its beginning is with Him,  
if beginning can be  
applied to **It**—

since even before the battle  
He knew of **It**:  
being that **Is**—

and since good, therefore, It couldn't *be* from Him:  
but, maybe, It is with Him as His "I Am Not".

The Christ of meadows,  
lost, prayerfully  
awaits  
a sunrise.

And the satyrs' lithe  
movements tempt  
the candor  
of his aliveness.

I have seen him  
in the garden  
when a songbird  
flew among bright  
branches and a dog  
barked in the street,  
walk by a rose bush  
and along a path of tulips  
toward her grave,  
which lies to the right  
of an apple-tree,  
and place a wreath  
of white carnations  
on the headstone.

This I have seen  
him do many times.

My songs  
would

praise  
her doves;

but now shadows  
pass

over  
a wall—

and the broken  
head

of a Cupid

lies  
beside

a cobbled  
walk

past  
a hothouse.



Ice floes  
out  
beyond  
wreckage

break  
against  
a faint  
sunrise:

seabirds  
tumble  
under  
a cliff

and bridal  
wreaths  
mingle  
with rue.

Our  
vines  
burn  
on

the  
garden  
wall—  
also,

snow  
lightly  
covers  
the

shovel  
by  
the  
wooden

steps.

Of Light

daybreak—

chicks  
under  
the  
wing

nightfall—

a  
dimming  
of  
trees

How long I've leaned against the screen-door!  
Our porch empty of the few guests we've ever had;  
And the white roses, under the shadeless window  
That looks toward the freight yard—dead, too.

You say  
I'm not:  
so trees  
bloom?

tired,  
I gave  
love, sat  
on grass—

held  
your head  
up; even  
a cop

thought  
it new  
that a  
lover's

eyes  
could be  
bloodshot:  
wakeful,

I knew  
only  
a dawn  
—and you.

*Cavalcando l'altr'ier per un cammino*

Riding the other day along a road,  
thoughtful of this hateful journey,  
I found Love up a ways in shadows  
in the tattered clothes of a pilgrim.  
He seemed wretched  
as if he'd lost lordship;  
and he came sighing, with head bowed  
—I guess, not to see people.  
When he saw me, he called out,  
and said: "I come from a far place,  
where by my power your heart was—  
now I bear it to serve a new pleasure."  
Then I took in effect his movements,  
and he vanished, but how I cannot say.

this thinking  
can't overreach  
body  
nor body  
thinking:

    seeming one,  
we're music's  
nightly  
spell  
—not spheres'.



Tonight I, hero, have drunk wine-  
For no doves tremble above the golden branch.  
Now I stumble along a low garden wall;  
And pray I'll soon fall toward hidden grass.

*I will take away the hedge  
and it shall be wasted—  
the lovers placed*

a long table  
on the  
lawn

and crowded  
it with  
meats, wine-bottles

and clusters  
of grapes—  
later

they walked  
naked  
among the

panthers  
crouched in  
the trees'

shadows.

The roses, song, droop  
    On the trellis;  
    Dried petals, shadows  
Are this garden's music.

a dream  
a falling away  
into darkness

after wandering thru  
the wood  
coming out

standing on the edge  
looking down  
the slope

the church  
to the right  
behind pine trees

the playground  
to the left  
behind the school

slanting up  
more pine tree  
on top

arranged in rows  
against the sky  
behind the fence

came down  
to a river  
sat under a willow

birds flew  
from the river-bank  
over the wood's treetops

to mountains

The garden's  
fig tree's  
covered  
with burlap

and the leaves  
on the grass  
are wet  
with rain—

nor yet has  
the twittering  
of a bird  
on a hillside

waked me  
to the glint  
of grass  
at the gate.

...must  
you talk

of failure;

even this  
snow's

right

—ah, oak,  
branching

over  
my work

shed

a phase a despair  
in hope or dying  
worrying least  
whether the voice

behind the screen's  
more like faith  
or undivided  
—or why ivy vines



after snow  
forsythia  
bloom against  
a white fence

no luck left  
only  
a memory  
of a child

behind  
his  
attic  
window

Come  
scatter  
the garden's  
blossoms

on the hill  
above  
the beach!  
an old man

under  
an umbrella  
lies toward  
water

where a ship  
sails out  
beyond  
a cliff.

*in memory*

the old  
men stand  
outside  
the fence

near the  
grape arbor  
of the small  
two family

house

Not soul, but body  
otherwise limping we go;  
*Intelligences'* substance

tautologic;  
matters not, really,  
glass vase

and liquid in it  
that seems  
same color—

An old lady  
    behind  
some artificial  
    flowers looks

from her dirty  
    ground  
floor window  
    at the kids

in the school  
    yard  
a block up  
    from the

repair shop  
    for the  
city's  
    buses.

Taking  
the train  
back to  
Brooklyn—

thinking  
always day  
posits  
your intent

in the  
renewing  
as in  
the old—

my loneliness  
greet  
a friendly  
world

even  
the painted  
sign  
on a factory

wall:  
House  
of the  
Dairymaid.

Nothing so good  
as this thought  
of green under light  
wherein branch

over branch against  
sun moves toward  
its green under  
a guise of light

Icicles  
hang

from  
branches

glass  
under

branches  
sun

glass  
sun

icicles  
icicles

falling



down past  
rocks  
children  
running

under  
leaves  
beyond the  
bench

fronting  
grass  
where birds  
hover

against  
the trees  
in back—  
ground

relieved  
here and  
there by  
apartments

because  
of the  
steps  
leading

up  
to  
the  
street

in  
music's  
least melody  
there's

a memory  
its beginning's  
a flowering  
of light

*At*  
*return*  
*of*  
*memory—*

when  
morning  
light's  
behind

roofs—  
the first  
sight's  
of roses

on the  
garden  
gate—  
then:

fading  
shows  
of  
a dream.

below  
levels  
of  
hills  
white  
horses  
galloping  
down  
the  
road  
from  
the  
wood  
above  
the  
valley  
at  
the  
foot  
of  
the  
range  
of  
mountains  
in  
moonlight  
against  
stars

up

beyond

mountains

a

grove

beneath

rays

of

light—

below:

eagles'

shadows

gliding

toward

valleys

the

garden's

paths

darken

under

plum

blossoms

in

shadows

from

the

walls

going out  
to  
    the backyard  
to shovel snow

away from  
the  
    cellar door  
an old man

looked up  
at  
    a shadeless  
window

blinding  
in  
    the sun  
setting

behind the  
homes  
    beyond  
the freight yard

the

trains

shaking

the

dust

from

the

El

scatter

the

birds

from

the

trees

to

the

roofs



a  
branch  
in  
bloom

in  
the  
light

from  
the  
hills

trembles  
under  
the

lighting  
of  
birds

hills

behind

the

branches'

shadows

up

past

a

fountain

slope

toward

light

upward

in

light

flame

in

flame

dying

to

its

memory

of

snow

this  
quiet's  
but

a  
fall  
of

light  
from  
hill

to  
shore  
where

the  
odor  
of

the  
rose's  
more

of  
sea  
than

earth

# Branches

A wind's in the persimmon tree—  
Come under its rustling.

And so  
the bird  
was

said  
to rise  
from

cinders—  
a way  
of

holding  
the sun  
to

heart.

Always  
    now  
for me  
    in dreams—

yes!  
    at noon,  
too—  
    children

in shade  
    longing  
for the  
    grass  
along the  
    house  
wall  
    in light.



You see  
tho  
leaves  
fall

the stars—

out at  
all  
times  
for

in  
no  
time's  
sake.

in memory  
of your memory of a time far back:

birds  
to your call falling to your  
shoulders

Claudia,  
Autumn's  
come round  
again—

now  
leaves  
like birds  
tumble

from  
the hill  
behind  
our

garden  
overlooking  
grass sloping  
toward  
sea.

looking  
toward  
the  
wooded

hill  
under  
moonlight  
you

spoke  
of  
the  
rose

leaves  
of  
our  
marriage

day

tho now it's only noon  
we speak of moonlight  
on the trees among the houses  
closed in by the hills

in  
the  
after  
rain

a  
child  
stirs  
in

the  
wood  
beyond  
the

clovers  
in  
the  
tree's

shadow  
above  
the  
moored

rowboats

If they knew  
why this grief  
the hour when  
men gather in  
fishing nets  
or boy alone  
on a hill  
hesitates between  
light and shadow  
they wouldn't go  
looking backward  
along this river  
below the olive grove.

To carry a song  
into the city,  
not to come away  
with a prize—  
this can't be  
considering  
in memory  
the aftermath  
of burntwood—  
but nevertheless  
to sing of a rose  
against a sunrise  
and of a man  
moving toward water.

You're in light, song;  
birds on branches  
already in bloom  
begin to twitter;  
nighttime's behind you,  
which, in truth, can  
never enter into  
the melody you have in heart:  
see, the old men  
sit above the river  
twisting toward the ocean,  
and the children  
carrying baskets of lilac sprigs  
turn momentarily  
to look at the hills and woods  
around the city.



from  
the cold  
wood  
a silence  
close  
upon  
a fluttering  
of birds

beyond  
behind the  
apple-trees  
among the  
telephone  
poles  
on the  
hillside  
a falling  
of  
leaves

in the wind from the wood

a woman

stoops to gather

wild flowers

at a bridge

No longer  
the singing the melody  
following upon the seeing  
light from the hills  
from the particles  
either way  
a way of getting beyond light's ghosts  
but in the voicing  
—no sun today  
and a drunk shivering in a doorway—  
a falling toward dream  
or a wandering  
among trees along  
a river

in love in longing  
remembering a dream  
of a cliff  
crumbling away from under him  
and the birds  
beaten down by the storm  
along the coastline  
a man  
walks in a meadow  
casting least  
shade  
—Come sit  
under a tree  
in the shadow of the farthest hill;  
there, before you  
a river

and the flamingoes

The trees  
along the road  
up to the rocks  
against the moon  
loom above the dead  
leaves

Of the sea  
coming to the imagination  
under an aspect  
of tar  
comes to the mouth  
after a night  
spent at a window  
looking toward the darkest  
outline  
of the highest hill  
revealing forest  
stars

yesterday's  
hills:  
    birds,  
insects—

today's:  
wreckage  
    under  
light

Passing by  
a bridge  
and then over the one  
over the dried stream  
to a field  
along a wood  
sloping toward rocks  
above sea  
a man  
a woman  
and a child



# Ferns

Dolores,  
now I make  
my songs  
for you—  
I don't need  
a window  
at least  
not the one  
seeing you  
and Claudia  
as branch  
over water  
at the foot  
of a hill  
in morning  
light

You've  
seen me  
in pain  
moonlight  
on  
my hands  
my talk  
dying  
away

Today  
we'll probably  
go sit in the park  
or maybe  
on the bench  
in front of  
the bus stop  
by the hospital  
at least until  
the sun goes  
down

this crisis  
of our life  
when the stars  
mean little

as background

Morning and Evening

A man going away to sorrow.

The furnished room: a bed a chair an end table and a lamp  
on it. Lo giorno se n'andava...: he lay dying.

Morning and no sun—nevertheless wandering under a  
hill, a man looking toward rocks and so much farther down  
a wood.

Architectural pomposity: reflections of cars and pedes-  
trains in the shop windows in the skyscrapers of maximum  
glass.

Sitting under light as if it were a tree, no shadow any-  
where around him, a man who no longer remembers,  
seeing the whole world among branches.

With star and from star and from one's gathering of the

significance of each, a transformation whose flowering's a new heaven and a new earth.

From a hill, a man down from a hill, weary of solitude and the cold night, sees the waves against the sunrise and the gulls under the cliff.

To gather a spirit up out of its own consciousness: He stood at the foot of a hill and the flowers and animals around him gave off odors suggesting the perfection of fragrance beyond the hill. Walking slowly, passing by the stream to the left of a grove, the grass everything perfect in the morning light, some birds swift under branches, some lighting some hovering, he came to a place of roses and lilacs to the right of a grotto, and then past a willow climbed the fullness of path.

Continuing: If he was capable of seeing the phenomenality behind and impossibility of extrication, then to be in the dark and at peace was more of the nature of a forthcoming transfiguration.

One would have it illusion another fault and either may take offense at the other's sense of former and latter.

Concerning two lines opposite each other whose point in common (and equalizer) is perpendicular: the point in common (and equalizer) if infinitely removed would still remain the point in common (and equalizer).



Foreknowledge's fault: neither light nor darkness, and then light and darkness and the inclusion completing the one dispelling the other.

He wandered into an area of shops and bars: people hung about the corners—streetlights and neons dominated—no inkling of hope in the signs—if there were stars no reason to look up: a man could determine his direction by relation to mechanical light.

He walked along a shore and then up a path to a hill—dawn at the edge of grass.

Awake! and the hills remain. Sleep! and the awakening that is a dream sees the land sleeping in the folds of the horizon.—More snow on the ground—however, not so bad—the wind's died down.

He walked along the shops under the El—a few blocks down, the ocean.

At the foot of a slope, a man in the light from branches, sees clusters of birds in the glare above the hills.

Concerning an angel dying by a river and a man sorrowing in a street and the nature of the prefiguration of the one of the other depending upon whether one's by a river or in a street:

An angel came down a hill and moved among the flowers along the river-bank to a place where river and grass twisted

toward deepest wood, then following more to the right than the line of the river he saw a white flower and a path. Sorrowing along the path, imagining flowering trees on a hillside and birds in the shadows of a grove, he moved as if downward, taking his sense from his movement down the hill, and came to a brook reflecting animals fleeing to woods and at the same time revealing as if under glass birds dying in a withered tree. Then going on, he passed under overhanging rocks to a meadow past vines. He kept close to shadow and a little ways down turned in on grass leading toward what seemed sea. In memory he saw a land exempt from the misery that placed the hill under the deepening of shadow. When he reached the roses at the foot of the slope what seemed sea was instead ice; then he took the path beyond the lilies: along the way, off behind the rocks in the weeds, a stirring of animals. After crossing a stream and climbing a hillock, he moved down into a valley. He felt as if he were at the edge of a field next to a forest in moonlight under sky sloping toward stars. Then he came to a path leading upward past mountain ledges looking down on land revealing to each level its horizon. Continuing along the path, seeing eagles swooping down on prey, remembering the grass gradually fading as he approached declivity, he moved into a grove where leaf and songbird

trembled under faintest wind, and then down above  
branches growing out of cracks in rocks to a field in snow.  
Then he turned to the left and some ways up beyond the  
trees under the hill came to forsythia in bloom on a slope.

If a work is primarily addressed to God, then it follows  
that the audience isn't essential—in fact, a period that places  
the movement in the audience whose referential is the  
standard that impedes draws to itself a principle whose point  
is finally to exclude totally: therefore, it is right to say that  
no identifications can be telically intended when a work  
is so primarily addressed.

The other movement: We moved to another place—  
and what seemed to be direction of another sort was, in  
truth, only a second period devoid of a wake but neverthe-  
less profound enough to transform memory.

“Do you think a writer needs a room of deepest dark-  
ness?”—“Yes!”—“Does deepest quiet mean darkness?”—  
“No!”—“Then why use the word deepest...”

“Is it possible to write amidst noise?”—“No doubt—a  
truism even speaks of a part inwardly contained.”—“Yes!  
but if one contains himself even amidst noise, can the word  
be anything but dynamically scanned? that is, each to each  
discontinuously rooted?”—“To project no argument as  
answer would place the meaning in an implication whose

release would be to draw to itself a view no longer implicative.”

Conversations with oneself: they’ve a way of going on even in book shops where one goes only to browse—and then after satiety, one finds himself in a street ostentatiously structured toward the intellective that gathers in only for the sake of the river-god who demands that the flow continue—and the shops along the way are not an afterthought. From this it becomes valid to say that what is commonly called direct vision is, in truth, just that and no more, that is, the integument is the reflection; therefore, if you walk a street and come out with a presupposition that is a plain whose perspective is homeric, then you are as they say in the world but not of it.

Given a beginning, it is true to say that by the second or third day a man’s words falter—he falls away from that confrontation that makes him secure even tho each step shows him to others a man to be shunned.

There are those who are so sure of a place in letters that smugness is the upshot to the idiom nothing can displace them— this comes from a contemporaneity moving them to conceive of themselves as the originators of a movement whose touchstone is in proportion to the audience’s relation to the referential wholly civil.

One can go on writing like this for a lifetime and still not be false to a movement opposed to a work in progress.

From Leibniz' "Car (quelque paradoxe que cela paraisse) il est impossible a nous d'avoir la connaissance des individus et de trouver le moyen de determiner exactement l'individualite d'aucune chose, a moins de la garder elle-meme; car toutes les circonstances peuvent revenir; les plus petites differences nous sont insensibles; le lieu ou le temps, bien loin de determiner d'eux-memes, ont besoin eux-memes d'etre determines par les choses qu'ils contiennent" the clearest insight is: state as unity as space and civil right as time; therefore, seen this way the differential calculus is progressive.

Deeper thought reveals a yes and no in the statement: propositions de fait propositions de raison.

Mind discouraged again—long walks as curative—hope this place causes me to move about differently each day.

There's a sorrow that arises from a contemplation unable to come to grips with a work that needs to complete itself and say: it's a new period and the time of fulfillment closer.

"Should a writer feel guilty that he makes no money from his work?"— "No!"—"Even if he makes no money another way?"—"If his work brings in no money, then he's in the same position as any other unemployed worker;

however, since it is granted that the audience substantiates his position as artist, it leaves him little hope of help from 'welfare'—therefore, he must let go of the one and take on the other, that is, poverty and not feel guilty.

Since civilization is not for the poor, there isn't much to it—by the poor one means the world before God; therefore, one obviates the condescending tone "does not include".

"...quod ideo est quia scientia habetur de rebus secundum quod sunt in sciente, voluntas autem comparator ad res secundum quod sunt seipsis. Quia igitur omnia alia habent necessarium esse secundum quod sunt in Deo, non autem secundum quod sunt in seipsis, habent necessitatem absolutam, ita quod sint per seipsa necessaria; propter hoc Deus quaecumque seit ex necessitate; non autem quaecumque vult ex necessitate vult." When natural theology appropriates the above, we get an image of God as "mechanical wizard": that is the State has succeeded in drawing its variables unto itself.

"Can you honestly say that modern literature is beyond these traps that are societally 'formalized'?"—"It would seem that the most argue state propaganda is to imply the contrary in its use of its most intransigent subjects: that is, 'free society' conducive toward free literature, which is to say, each author is left more or less alone to satisfy the

audience occupying a mean reflective position, which the 'lone author' conceives as his to mould by astonishment, taking his sense to act from 'free society' granting him this illusion to discover, thereby giving ample praise to a progressiveness, whose Unitary Field Theory is discontinuous, therefore, circular, and whose image is shoreline to sea...." —"Can you tell us anything about merit?"—"Yes! It doesn't work here."

"Unde perfectio naturae angelicae requirit multiplicationem specierum, non autem multiplicationem individuarum in una specie."

Modern criticism views let us say a 16<sup>th</sup> century poet and proceeds to divest him of an 18<sup>th</sup> century critic's view, never owning up to it—else why criticism at all—that the next century stands to rid him of his slant. There's something ad infinitum about this.

It seems that I haven't said what I've wanted to say, that is, when confronted by such a tradition—and yet the idea is not opposed to tradition—no reason to write seems to be the honest action, that is, of course, if we accept audience as end, but since God is the reason we write, then it follows that the perspective that is historical is pointless.

Little relation to the civil: does this make me uncivil?

"Isn't it a pity that in the end an artist becomes just

another example of grandiose state propaganda!”—“Yes! but even more piteous is the image of his youth.”

It is better not to know what I’ve written yesterday— not that one writes to discard, but when there’s a sense that I’m not right today, then the next day leaves me in the position of a viewer of things under the hill; therefore, it is fair to say: I have no world.

Everything down here just teems with the give and take that is exploitative.

To take up what was said above: if one continued to write as if the right hand were unaware of the left, then at the completion of such a work he could only be as much surprised as any possible reader. But the sorrow that arises from such a writing can only be compared to a journey unaware of every step along the way but the end in mind fully presupposed and, of course, the reason for moving. This end in mind should be solace, but somehow, because of the steps along the way, it leaves the sorrowing man ever in a state of renewal or better vigilant enough to know that if tense then bowed, if relaxed, that is suggestive of flesh bespeaking least or more truly no bone, then blessed, full of the peace that gets you thru, that is, least or again more truly no trace of the other world, that is, circle, passed thru.

One wishes to write honestly: therefore, is it honesty to



be concerned primarily with the rhythm of language? isn't the triumph in the very vanquishing of language?—Don't be misled: language is your better part, and the flow is life. —If language is the better part, then since you call the flow life, it follows that language is to matter as the flow is to soul, which is to say, if so, then the flow is a consequence of the matter language...—Logic is circular: is the angelic nature circular?

Again: light and darkness—if evil is a privation of the good, then evil is not an opposite: does this make the good tautologic?

“What you pose a statement in the form of a question, have you already answered it?”—“Yes! but it seeks to enlist another—this establishes it as an argument, altho the calm to be revealed makes it ever singular.”

“There's always so much more going on—a writer could draw completely only haphazardly—you it seems place yourself—it's criticism; I do it not to hurt, but to make you, eventually, of course, realize yourself more in the way that is cultural—in a position too inward; therefore, you force the reader to bow his head—this kind of art is at least from the historical view immature and altogether misleading: it uses simple words and expects us to come up with an even greater simplicity and yet at the same time gives also indi-

rectly the involvements that are of greatest complexity—  
you cannot expect a people inured to surface to accept your  
depth.”

No one, of course, speaks to me in the words of the above;  
therefore, why not give myself over to such words! they  
place me in direct relation to my daily walks—people move  
I move—rapidly: is the street the river? the sidewalks its  
banks? buildings a wood’s tallest trees? is a man insane to  
see distortion of this sort? or is it really the builder who in  
the withdrawal from “the natural whose presupposition  
is creation” impedes the will only to make it take stock, that  
is, unlearn the learning, come finally to the glory that laid  
no traps?

Should mention that the words meant as criticism ended  
up in praise of...:can such a writing be valid?

The gloom reaches down—a valley a prey to deepest  
shadow: what’s above?

Lovely birds my birds singing in the backyards of stone  
and rubble-

So many windows from the ground floor to the 5<sup>th</sup>  
facing the row of tenements opposite, and each to each  
immutable except for the snap of shade the fall of light and  
the abysmal yawning gap the backyard.

window sill in light

blind

branch bird

shadow

radio

Light altering things—angelic nature in time and not time that is planetary, but rather time that measures virtually—what kind of time is that? is it cosmic time? out of a man's reach?—Read of angelic power! its movement that can be either continuous or discontinuous—is the discontinuous its better movement? and yet either movement in no way to be compared to “things corporeal in movement”—does it leave you guessing? science distorting an ancient definition—taking unto itself for the sake of the more intense or better world-wide slavery—should a man damn science? or rather see it rightly, that is, that which is for sole consideration of truth—is truth outside? more complex than in head? therefore, why consideration of motion? and the other aspect of science, that is, the more prudential whose impediment is use-value as substance (and this not to say that the other side's any better—in face, in a way even worse—

feigning a system conducive toward free movements)...  
You've again written indirectly—and yet you've been  
direct in the way that abstracts from here and now: thus  
another inverse ratio.

A man in deep darkness hears birds and imagines flowers.

Let there be words to express a child's gaze at moon: in  
father's arms, she points at the moon and says: bird! not  
knowing the moon's name—then hearing its name, she  
delights in it—says it over and over—they pass the shops,  
the avenue busy as ever; and then at a corner father sees the  
moon just a little to the side of an apartment building—he  
reminds; child says over and over: moon moon...  
sleep my child heavenly under moon!

What constitutes a true definition of sentimentalism? a  
risk involving a man in a past whose ambience is sensible?  
should an angel look down upon a man? God forbid!

“You must not let them get you down—whatever they  
say, it's beside the point: that is, their ultimate interest is how  
much is in it for them; therefore, to subsidize you would be  
false to an age checking every gift to see how much is risk  
how much is to their advantage (that is, ‘the force behind’,  
which leads upward to munificent capitalist, who in turn  
draws us completely to participate in the choral praise of  
the Material Ideal, the State).”—“When you use the word

choral, are you thinking of it anteriorly? I mean, the dance?”  
-It is now late afternoon: hear paraphrastic words: How do I know? The father has told me.

Writing of misery and in the long run isolated from the world, a man can only move along streets as if no relation were possible. Yesterday, for instance, everything went wrong, and so he thought of streets, but once out and amidst the flow things fell away or began to topple—so he was left alone in a plain—of course, he knew that this was illusion; but again, he thought what is the cause of this illusion: “The only cure for your malaise is manual labor—you should stop your wandering, feeling as if the world were in distance—your logic is leading you astray; therefore, work hard—forgot the inwardness—the great thing about our century is just this: we’ve succeeded in getting everybody into the hard labor market—and it’s good—it keeps the inward ones from going off on pilgrimages. You must not see this as an error, rather you should—using all your strength—come to its feast—it doesn’t exclude; in fact, it wants you and your children. I repeat: give yourself to physical labor—what you do is not labor—it can’t be measured.” There’s movement in air but it isn’t light.

I’ve returned from another long walk—the day so depressing, but, of course, it isn’t the day, it’s the sorrow so

deeply inward-and maybe to use depth is still to be in perspective-a reason why there's something frustrating about that direction, too.

One involved in a way foreign to anterior and posterior must consider it true that work done "isn't looked back to" for a different reason.

Angelic knowledge despite "species connatural" is still a confrontation.

There can be no audience when a work's vision is total.

Since the final pleasure is the whole work in mind, then "in the end" implying only "some statements" does not hold.

The park was crowded today—no reason to stay away—but always why parks built within city rather than cities within park—not right to pose this even as a question let alone become sorrowful over it—but nevertheless you find yourself being drawn to them—yes! to take a breather—and the best reason for being there is the child.

Then there is the movement away from the park: along the streets is the direction, and the sense is supposedly straight—this illusion adds to the sentiment "my city". No man can escape this trap—for by extension the suburbs and deserts are but the city in extension. So you continue to walk, and every relation comes to you insincerely.

Now you think of various religious and sciences—and when seen from the standpoint of the city, an image of the world belaboring an issue never to be at rest, and the stress is just that, that is, the encomium to commotional world, and the city the better for it, teaching the citizens no life only burden of death, reduces the mind to stoical severity as its only triumph over quotidian movement.

You have your work—no amount of impediment can hold you back—you must if need be think that each word is in praise of the Word—it comes to that! give yourself up to Him and then place is yours or better is of no account for just that reason of love.

The world has its own, therefore, it seeks to establish the Christ-Phenomenon as the outcome of the Graeco-Roman Hebraic clash—this makes it cultural; therefore, those who labor for a new culture are justified in their desire to exculpate themselves from any action that deracinates: that is, they wish the crime to be enacted by the masses. Anti-christ cannot triumph, for the life has nothing to do with progress as such, that is, the conservative and liberal dependent upon the so-called infinite straight line—nor is tradition of any concern, nor does this mean that restatement is necessary.

You must come to grips again with the principle of

individuation: the difference is formal the singular material—the singular cannot be known in itself because intelligence is spiritual, therefore, it is by way of abstraction that the singular is known simpler than it is; however, species intellectus angeli, quae sunt quaedam derivativae similitudines a divina essential, sunt similitudines rerum, non solum quantum ad formam, sed etiam quantum ad materiam.

It now seems valid to see man's relation to the Gift, that is, the image of a man at the foot of a hill, revealing the angels similarly disposed—the signification of this revelation shows up the fault of pantheism.

When it is said that the angels behold God's wisdom, the meaning is: dwelling in His City; but when it is said that they do not comprehend it, then the heart obviates: are they at rest in it? establishing a kind of trust holding even them in check—God's wisdom completely informs them, holds back nothing that is theirs; therefore, no tragic ache can subsist in them.—“How do you explain the Fall?”—“How do explain Salvation?”

It might be mentioned here: if a man in stressing the angels' inability to comprehend the Divine Wisdom states nevertheless it isn't necessary to know everything in it, then he says in effect the same that was said above.

The morning and evening knowledge of the angels is a



refinement of the principle of individuation: that is, to know things in God and things in themselves is to know angelically. (It should be mentioned again: the principle of individuation does away with the knowledge of things in themselves.) When it was said above that “the singular cannot be known in itself because intelligence is spiritual”, it was done more to state the implication, intelligence, rather than that “the singular cannot be known in itself because of the matter”.

Aquinas has treated Aristotle and Plato justly by quelling all talk concerning tabula rasa and innate ideas.

A good morning walk! cloudy at first, therefore, streets almost deserted—then after a pause at a book store, started again to walk—this time to a park—sun out, therefore, streets becoming crowded—in the park, the various kinds of people, more various because of the outfits rather than “the head structure, the skin”—therefore, words come to mind: why then argument running out *race race!*—sitting down, letting the child play—two girls playing catch in the distance—coming closer to move the child to join them—child responds immediately! before that: lady walking dog responds to child because child shows no fear of dog—lady moves away—girls take unto themselves the whole movement—beyond: the fountain and around it the various

kinds—ball remains in a puddle—child moves away—girls  
who remain also as fixed as ball nevertheless fall away—  
then the walk continues along streets lined with paintings—  
child sees the ones representing birds various animals—  
there is the clash between the bright ones and the somber  
ones: the sun shines forth! finally out if it—now only shops  
to see—just before turning up a street heading toward home,  
a playground: groups gathered here and there along its  
fence: sun now noon!

To a man whose shoes are falling apart a movement  
toward a park is a movement toward unearthly existence.

He came to a park and then after some searching for a  
place to sit to a bench as if that time were without reference  
to another time far back or up head...

Neither to sow nor to reap—

It is important that you let go none of your principles—

Songs tonight may get you thru the night better than  
drink—

But the angels are being reduced to the clever atomic  
theory—

Fly up and then out unto areas of transformation—

Let the mind awaken in the way a man opens a door to  
a hallway of darkness and feculence and still senses the odor  
of lilacs—

To be in the way implies no end because the beginning is no longer implicative—

None of this will get you anywhere, altho you can go on indefinitely—

A drunk all bloody upsets the balance of commercial movement—no one cares—if he were to drop dead in an alley, they'd leave him and say the better place, but the law requires that a truck come to cart him off to immemorial ground—"life goes on"; no man can stop to give thought to a drunk all bloody.

"Give us another form rather than that old reform, and you'd see no Skid Row—"

"You'd see fields and no notion of surplus could arise from them—"

See the drunks sitting at the windows above the restaurant—

See the drunks unable to get up—

Legless men selling show laces—

But they have nothing to sell—they're simply unable to get up off the street—

Wounded animals! the pedestrians see no more than images of animals—

Sorrowful animals! Bloody animals! dragging their broken, dispirited bodies thru forests—

No traffic has concern for them—  
No charitable organization is truthful enough—  
No longer face to face charity—rather relegation to  
institution bent on screening applicants—

Traffic continues—

Shop owners stand outside shops—

They pose—

Cigar their sign of success—

Policemen stand at corners—

Shop owners and policemen greet each other—

Legless drunk finally drags himself into an alley—

Traffic triumphs—

To stress even this aspect of city is to say it incorrectly,  
that is, the others use similar tactics—if you're against a race  
then the best way to write against it is: raise scatologic news  
up front! that is, single out and let mob carry out sentence  
universally.

My beloved's lost in Babylon—

My beloved nevertheless sings of the waters of Babylon—

My son, the beloved, is a shepherd to none of the people  
because none know my son, the beloved—

My beloved son gather up my lost people—

My son, the beloved, is a shepherd to all of the people  
because all know my son, the beloved—

And then there is the East—which one comes off best?—  
pit them against one another—see both as outcomes of  
clashes, therefore, of little importance except as Types

None of this makes sense! East as Beginning West as End  
—East and West opposites

Not to the Sun!

A man awakens early to go down to the freight yards—

A man awakens from *that* awakening to know that the  
level is street—

A man falls down in the street—

Rain—

Litany is invalid too because it presupposes an audience  
equally interested in the same object of adoration as the  
speaker.

Walk downtown—go to areas of renovation—think  
upon the meaning of a structure built *with a look toward the  
horizon*.—But what about the meaning of tall buildings con-  
fronting you with a closeness that is almost natural?—See  
it as a lie!—Yes! every lie misleads you. What is right archi-  
tecture?—One thing is sure: it is not nature presupposed by  
motion.

Every statement that you make if it releases you from a  
notion that is dialogic alters the ostensible dialog in a move-  
ment ultimately concerned with the Light that Is and the

light that is by participation.

“To write as if every substantive were not valid unless first adjectivally qualified—this presupposition’s behind even the most austere work: therefore, do you mean to imply that your work is not so founded?”—“Yes!”—

“Then you must be saying something other than what the work conveys.”—“You seem to be criticizing yourself—not me.”

Children in a garden—

Waiting to catch a train, a man thinks back, oblivious to the empty station and the hills behind it—

Children in a street—

A man walks the whole city without a cent in his pocket—

Cents in this city are dollars in another—

What next: children up from a wood down a hill—

Like what?—

Like shadow—

Birds fly up as children run down—

You’ll have to go for blocks before you see a tree in this city—

...then you walk along warehouses till you come to the tallest building—you turn right and some two or three blocks up you’ll find a park...

“The nature of city speech: to keep you moving: up

and down.”—“I don’t think you’re using the word nature correctly.”—“I get your meaning—birth is different from purpose.”

An experiment: go to a park—sit on a bench and listen—then go home and try to write the variety of voices: you can’t do it—no man can—you’re always trying to make it simpler than it is: that’s the reason why no man is capable of banning works of art.

Necessary question: then how is it possible that city structure impedes the will?

What is the nature of grief?—To see a man who belongs to no city is to see grief; however, to be in the world but not of it is his way to Life.

If you spent your whole day trying to find reasons why you should love God and man, then you’d be in the very predicament that is against nature.

It seems that images of poverty can be used only for the sake of propaganda, that is, the end involved is the State paternally concerned for its whole household: so the wonder is: how can the State act paternally?

Again the contradiction is: seeing the city from the top floor of the highest building, and then later on, seeing a drunk dying in a doorway.

Passing by a home for the aged, you see the old people

grouped under beach umbrellas, and the flowers and grass seem immobile.

You've reached a depth of despair from which no gathering up is possible: to wander is to have little voice to interest others—in a place of depth, the cry to a world above reaches never so high but only returns back revealing you even deeper than before—but there's an end to this depth, this you repeat to yourself as you go down even lower than the depth occurring from the cry returning.

Given a notion of blessedness, how much more salutary is the grace whereby blessedness is merited. But once blessedness is attained no notion of merit is compatible with it—charity completes itself, seeing fully.

Nothing that is natural shall be done away with, but the perfection that comes from blessedness shall but say: fulfillment implies no opposite.

But what about a world principle that would do away with "specific difference"? wouldn't one be right in seeing such clearing away as "spiritual democracy", that is, for the sake of imposing on a world order incapable of right movements the notion of "numerical difference"?

If there's longing for confraternity with the angels, then every movement a man makes to establish such is a movement toward specific difference.



The differential world is the glorified body.

The world is prison—

I'm allowed to walk about—

No one knows me—

Or better they're told to shun me—

I gather flowers—

I reach out to birds—

From the standpoint of the world's own, there's no better way to "welfare" than the one that engenders a feeling of repugnance toward nature.

Following again the way downward, you come to an impasse that shows you to yourself as the maker of your own obstacles—but once clear of the impasse, which presupposes that the way out is thru the realization that accuses oneself, an image of deeper clarity comes thru: you as victim.

Why again the dread? is it true that the exclusion will take place shortly? You know that they can't harm you— if you order yourself properly, no circumstance that tends to bow can truly overcome—remember, the city has no intrinsic power, I mean, it can't act upon you unless you place yourself in a position of passivity—do you mean to say that the city's in the same position?—yes! its principle of movement seems to be general consent, that is, given an

extreme populous honorabilis apparent virtual interiority must follow—but what about the general consent: how did it come about?—the answer is obvious: to turn away from God is to turn toward self—yes! and the city's founded on self-reliance; from this it's safe to say: the State, the Material Ideal, is the Self *magnified blown up a thousand times*—now that you know this you can walk anywhere and feel no oppression—but the impossibility of relations that brings a man to the realization that each man moves toward specific difference, turns the movement upon itself, leaving him groveling in darkness, gathering to himself a justification that is metaphorical: that is, the darkness that releases one from heat—but you know that this is impediment; therefore, release yourself from feelings of oppression.

No identification is possible when a man says: see the child standing by the window looking out at the rain.

What good is it to see the drunks sprawled out on the sidewalks, if your seeing can't go beyond, that is, to gather them up and feed them—does it do you any good to go away sorrowfully—the injustice writhes at the root; therefore, do your work of transformation.

To *use you* is to imply I—

Every time?—

Yes—

Then why the distinction?—  
Call it a circle—  
Persons in dance—  
Motion is its first principle?—  
It depends—  
Go to a wood—  
Find a pool—  
Look into it—  
There's no more wood—  
There's heaven—  
Totally light—  
Do you mean it's buoyant?—  
*You* see pun—I don't—  
But to see heaven in a pool is not to see heaven—

The moment you looked into a pool to see heaven was  
the moment you in heaven saw a man looking into a pool  
to see heaven—

“I've seen you walk along the markets by the waterfront  
—you don't buy—I hardly ever see you walk the neat  
streets.”—“You don't always see me—but it's true! I prefer  
the streets that look like time.”—“That's a strange simile:  
aren't all streets involved in time?”—“Yes!”—“And  
wouldn't one be right to say: old street—anteriorly contem-  
plative; new street—posteriorly active? And also respect-

tively: back; front?”—“Yes!”—“Then give up the old streets—go over to the new streets.”

“Time is always old—new time is ‘here one moment gone the next’—future time is similar, that is, the only difference is: it’s just a little ways up the river; therefore, time can’t be anything but old, that is, circular.”

“You were wrong from the start—no man can be serious in this society—yesterday, for instance, I heard an illiterate in front of an office building ranting about the injustice of the people in ‘high places’—he said to be phoney is their motto and they want their workers to follow suit.”—“The illiterates make sense—once I heard a drunk amidst fashionable street say: I’m right everybody’s else’s wrong!”

“Ornament is beside the point: is the world ornamental?”—“No!”—“Then how can you say that the world is prison?”—“I meant in so far as it is ‘strapped in’.”—“Then society is ornamental?”—“Yes! however, I prefer the word State.”—“Do you mean that the State is society’s stance?”

Remember that the Occident takes its force from the Fall.

To say “total light, therefore, total vision” is to say more than any proposition, because one *knows* wherein the *place* is angelic.

You hear: is the converse true of to use *you* implies I? and

if so, does it alter the stuff that follows? to tell yourself that  
it is true and that the stuff that follows does remain constant  
is to hear: a yes or no tips the scale....

Beware of the moon mirrored—in water? What about the  
back black fender of a parked car?

A drifting out toward open sea—

Open window—

Angel—

Beloved—

Words gathering around a word—

Cliffs under moon—

Birds lighting—

Sun under tree—

Downtown the journey—

Upward the bird—

Blazing forth the journey's downward under tree—

Beyond open window sea—

Between open window and sea angel—

Beloved's the word that gathers the world to himself and  
then upward fulfills—

Awaken to see neither open window nor open sea—

See the stars from the burnt hill—

Awaken the city—

Sing the stars—

Cry out to the angels above the city—

Sing the stars the angels the angels the stars—

When you find yourself looking out of a window—the last night of the day metaphorically in the position of a shepherd leading sheep toward the darkness that is no more than a step—then every ache that is memorial comes before you, and, because of the possibility of a future intending breakdown, you sorrow as if renewal were but deceptive action, that is, a mask revealing a reality everywhere un-resolution.

“Why pay any attention to a future no where in your power—that is, if you know that time is old, therefore, circular, then you’re already in a position that has nothing to do with it—therefore, walk in the light knowing that there is no impediment.”—“But today I see only death.”—“Then I can only say: you are blind!”

It is the intensity of activity that impedes contemplation; therefore, any system that pretends to release even the enslaved is one that seeks to get the most out of you without incurring the loss of profit that come from revolt.

Poverty seems to be the only action capable of reducing an intensity of activity.

“Are you seeking future things?”—“An intelligible metaphor for in the world but not of it is: if one finally contains place, then to be in it is tautologic.”

on  
a  
bridge

behind  
branches  
an

angel—  
a  
memory

of  
sea  
a

longing  
for  
home

scattered  
by  
the

dance

no  
grass  
no  
trees

a  
block  
of  
homes

cars  
speeding  
by  
in

rain



Behold the hill  
And beyond  
Against a wood  
The birds above

The burning grass

lie  
down  
angel  
broken

at  
the  
wing—  
the

river  
flower  
below  
you

withers  
by  
the  
wood

so  
close  
the trees  
birds

and  
grass  
along the  
river

ending  
below  
this hill  
my

home

there are

the children linked arm in arm on  
the circle of green

and in the midst:

a tree

a beginning of snow  
and in a garden  
in moonlight  
an angel

inwardly radiating

under  
the  
branches  
above

the  
water  
from  
the

hill  
beyond  
the  
wood

a  
flower  
in  
sleep

shaking

the

dust

off

the

feet

and

yet

smiling

the

angel

passed

thru

the

city



and

moved

up

and

down

trusting

in

the

path

Night longer  
than usual  
vision plainly  
lost  
music  
evidently  
best  
under streetlight  
little else  
to communicate  
sound draws them in  
the circle  
the fire  
the rose  
back from walk  
remembering the reading  
nepenthe  
coming in after 9  
a long table simulates  
committee room  
room again  
furnished room  
sorrow futile  
to move  
city  
seeks to  
bow  
or balance in a way  
indifferent to either  
extreme  
sit amid the ashes  
cry out  
stars listen  
woods give back

Words

hills  
woods anciently  
sung  
overheard  
from under a wall  
reveal  
a depth  
the voice  
another man  
given up to himself  
pondering  
reflecting  
you

Reflecting  
traffic  
a window  
of the corner house  
shaded by the only tree  
on the block  
fails to reveal  
the tugs  
going toward  
the opposite  
shore

Almost for three weeks  
the same walk  
theaters  
markets  
warehouses  
coat old  
lining torn  
returning  
facing the wind  
the water to the right  
memory

Cast  
into  
darkness  
words  
meaning little  
people wandering about  
no flower  
no bill

Then over to waterfront  
ships  
and beyond  
hills  
and everywhere  
falling  
snow



# Crystals

The new man is always the spiritual man.

We, too, conceive of contemplation as the activity that is wholly compatible with His City; therefore, the act poverty that moves us in that direction is in no sense negative. What we are trying to say is this: to live in God is to be contemplative.

It is wrong to think of contemplation as the opposite of activity: that is, contemplation is a prefiguration of the very activity that pertains to the Kingdom of Heaven. It is the State that fosters the idea that contemplation is passive, therefore, more in keeping with the man who doesn't work, or better who won't contribute to the give and take that is the market. From this it is just to ask: what is the meaning

of the word activity when the State is Unity? it's obvious: exploitation.

How can we know life to measure and to name pertain to determinations wholly our own!

Now what is this problem concerning knowledge: that is, is there any? We cannot place it in words; but even to say *that* is to place the statement in the intention rather than in the real: does this bring us before a background ever changing the moment we start to move toward it?

There is knowledge! and it's of the kind that makes a man see the whole world as the work; therefore, to love the work is to be face to face (would it make much difference if you were to say: to see face to face?).

It all amounts to this: if a man is capable of knowing completely, then his companions are the angels.

To say that a man's knowledge is face to face is to say that the vision is never at odds with the life.

A man need not formulate in such a world: that is, where the vision is never at odds with the life truth can never be an approach.

If truth can never be an approach, then what is it?

The beatific vision brings the world face to face with the Truth.

In the meantime, what do we do?

Aquinas says: “Et in rebus quidem corporalibus apparet quod res visa non potest esse in vidente per suam essentiam, sed solum per suam similitudinem; sicut similitudo lapidis est in oculo, per quam fit visio in actu, non autem ipsa substantia lapidis. Si autem esset una et eadem res, quae esset principium visivae virtutis, et quae esset res visa, opereretur videntem ab illa re et virtutem visivam habere, et formam per quam videret.”

The hierarchical orders of the Church can only be valid metaphorically; therefore, every movement toward specific difference is the church’s movement toward its proper prefiguration.

A man’s proper prefiguration is his proper stance.

The ontological is still propositional. There isn’t much that you can say about the real, except that it is: this makes one walk freely—that is, no system of thought of just plain system can overshadow him: therefore, if the argument is ontological, then any attempt to re-establish the natural is asymptotic.

Blake’s argument against Analytics is an argument against himself: that is, the ontological is still propositional.

To be fair: to argue existentially or ontologically is to

argue incorrectly: however, the former at least stresses that knowledge is in the knower according to the mode of the knower, while the latter encloses existence in its insistence that it has grasped essence.

Blake's prophetic books still remain subservient to history—therefore, he places another generation in the position of a justifier of the ways of God to men: that is, another shall write of him in the way he wrote of Milton.

One has the feeling that Blake's final image of the new heaven and the new earth is an entangled image—that is, there's something discontinuous about it.

Now that you've said that Blake has spoken all the old truths, remembering what his argument against another was, release him and call him friend.

It came to me in sleep; Blake's Four Zoas is an attempt to square the circle; therefore, the indication is ad infinitum.

Blake never released himself from Homer—that is, his battlefield is the homeric plain.

From such a *plane* you can only get heroic type—that is, our “contention...with dominion...principalities” is still to be at the mercy of the gods.

The old truth is historical truth.

Since the Material Ideal is not out there with the force of

nature, then it follows that its mode of being comes from a reasoning that is ontological.

The resolution of the possibility of a spiritual art is: *isn't* is never valid except in relation to thought.

Riemannian space retains the notion of the horizontal in its confrontation with the unbounded.

A mathematical universe is equilibrated when its formulation is complete; therefore, any substantiation that is existentially presupposed is a consequent rather than an antecedent—that is, the latter is apparenial.

This argument has nothing to do with existence or non-existence—its concern is this: the possibility of a progressive formulation, that is, every possible temporal relation solved the universe is solved (it is obvious that the statement *the universe is solved* releases the word possible from any meaning).

Is there any meaning in a formula complete enough to represent a universe in the round?

To be drawn into the market only intensifies one's sense of the ambience that impedes; therefore, any science that pretends to have discovered a means to a re-establishment of

the natural has, in truth, simply proposed to the mind an end that places the whole populace in a position conducive toward complete service to the State.

The despair: to say *the* world is to give rhetorical definitiveness to *your* world.

It is obvious that the notions *making it on your own* and *being responsible* are there solely for the sake of stressing the eternity in the now.

Linguistics is the sole study of the logomachist.

Looking out only to refer back and then finally looking out significantly.

A doctrine is only valid ontologically, that is, nothing that one man or another can say can place the meaning unequivocally there rather than here. What is intended is a boundary that reduces each man's movement to a movement essential in the sense that the ambience is but a projection of his inner state.

Am I dead? My pulse  
Still beats, and my eyes  
Do not suspend:—  
O my people,  
My earth, my seraphim!  
There's none to mourn me.



It is as it were sorrow  
to walk these streets  
where, after supper,  
one, looking back, sees  
the diner in the shadow  
of a bridge—

Are there joys, friend,  
when light  
comes from no day?

Minds die this way;  
wilt from  
their own heat.

I hear of Ren's  
illness—and hope  
*this concern*

finds him  
up an around  
hungry for cookies

and tea: and ready  
for rompings  
in snow—not yet?

then, at least,  
at the window  
watching

his playmates  
belly-whopping  
down the hills

below Mt. Hiei

l'envoi

Go, song, to Will and Ami;  
tell them of my concern; be  
graceful in your phrasing;  
try to speak of melting snow.

here's  
a  
cherry  
spray

for  
each  
of  
you

—could  
n't  
find  
any

birds;  
they've  
flown  
to

woods

light  
over  
leaves  
above  
water  
where  
a  
sight  
of  
sloping  
green  
breaks  
thru

a  
river's  
flow

a  
fall  
of

leaves  
from  
the

hills  
slop-  
ing

toward  
its  
banks

the wood's clearer  
because of the children  
gathering flowers  
along its paths

Passing by the shops past the El  
past the blossoming  
apple-trees  
a man  
turns down a street  
to factories  
and then up  
to homes  
looking toward weeds  
along tracks



Quarter  
moon  
car  
turning corner  
rear view  
window  
five storey  
trucking  
co.

So Close

against light you my wife gather flowers along  
the river reflecting hill and forsythia  
at night, your fragrance dissolves metaphor

in the midst of the collapse our room dark our  
speech our love the background

our bodies naked given up to each other reveal  
the ecstasy the earth

the world a river flowing reflecting light revealing  
a river flower the world reveals our love in love

your odor returning night the bed our love returns  
sea our first year

body to body our night less boundary than fragrance  
releases bird hill river