

1967

the glass Kage

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Recommended Citation

Hall, James R. Jr. (1967) "the glass Kage," *The Angle*: Vol. 1967: Iss. 1, Article 7.
Available at: <http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1967/iss1/7>

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the glass Kage

Cover Page Footnote

Appeared in the issue: Volume 12, Number 1, Autumn Winter 1966-67.

the glass Kage

"...we are all born in the same way but we all die in different ways."

JAMES JOYCE

"The time of human life is but a point..."

MARCUS AURELIUS

i. point line

"...days have passed more quickly than the web is cut by the weaver, and are consumed without any hope."

BOOK OF JOB

"Anarcharsis, on learning that the sides of a ship were four inches thick, said that the passengers were just that distance from death."

DIOGENES LAERTIUS

"...even the dogs..."

THE CANAANITE WOMAN

you are promised

woofing your bark with clippers hound
whiping and warping before the bound
slaying sea gulls by your wrath
shuttling sea shells on your path
mending not your sirius ways
weaving yet in more dog days
you are promised

scylla looms by craft
cerberus shrouds the raft

to death

a lingering death

a fingering death

a promised death

like doomed macbeth:

lust tears death

I have seen your lust indulged in dust

stare your soul

I have seen your busy tears from the depth

of some human despair

I have seen you dying by degrees

order your certificate

Yes I have seen

you are promised

you have whistled at the wisdom
of the canine knight of tyre
you have sniffed at the kingdom
of the heaven hound of fire
no creed you heed
you feed in need
you bleed in tweed
your seed is weed

indeed

souls long
snakes hiss
dry song
hands lace
false kiss
dry face
dead rise
no bliss
dry sighs
faith a sterile bloom
love a sterile womb
hope a sterile tomb

indeed

you have not eaten of the crumbs
of the dogged young woman
you have ignored the tongues
of the bearded young man

dark

dark

through the glass

yes

yes

I know

death

is slow

ii. line  triangle

"pulvis et umbra sumus"

HORACE

smoke

doubt

death

smoke is in your mouth

death is in your doubt

smoking death you rout

ashes

strangled in your hand
ashes
mangled in the sand
ashes
wrangled in the wind
ashes sand wind
ashes in your mind
your life is sand
your soul is the wind

adam sinned

you have half-hunted haunted crystal beaches
the red sea monster
you have half-hunted haunted bristol mountains
the white snowman
you have half-hunted haunted benzine stations
the red winged creature
you have half-hunted haunted christen fountains
the white snowhand
water whispers defeat
snow softens in heat
gas gushes concrete
no hand touches the feat

the hunt is not complete

No leviathan
No yeti
No pegasus
No hand
No tradition
Just graffiti
No oasis
Just sand
for you
there is you
useless maginot line
ashes is your mind
there is you
captives of the band
your life is sand
there is you
waiting to be pinned
your soul is the wind
there is you
ashes and

sand and
wind and
adam sinned
smoking death
there is you
darker
darker
through the glass
yes
yes
I know
death
is slow

iii. triangle  square

*"Go, go, go said the bird: human kind
Cannot bear very much reality."*

T. S. ELIOT

your empty, hungry laugh in hollow halls
I have heard
empty, hungry, hollow calls
and the bird
go go go
you respond un-seeming
to know you're in a game
motion minus meaning
action minus aim
yeo yeo yeo
where you sow
you do not reap
you say so
i need my sleep
sow sow sow
with open eyes you sleep
and crouch in the plastic jail
modern antique
I can hear your silent wail
woe woe woe

*whispering wailing where
wondering wailing when
watching wailing what
weeping wailing why
crying crying die*

crying crying die

*Ulula porta; clama civitas
prostrata est Philisthaea omnis;
ab aquilone enim fumus veniet
et non est qui effugiet agmen ejus.*

o polyphemus
clamor in your cave
you cannot see
with empty eye you rave
no man kills me
no no no

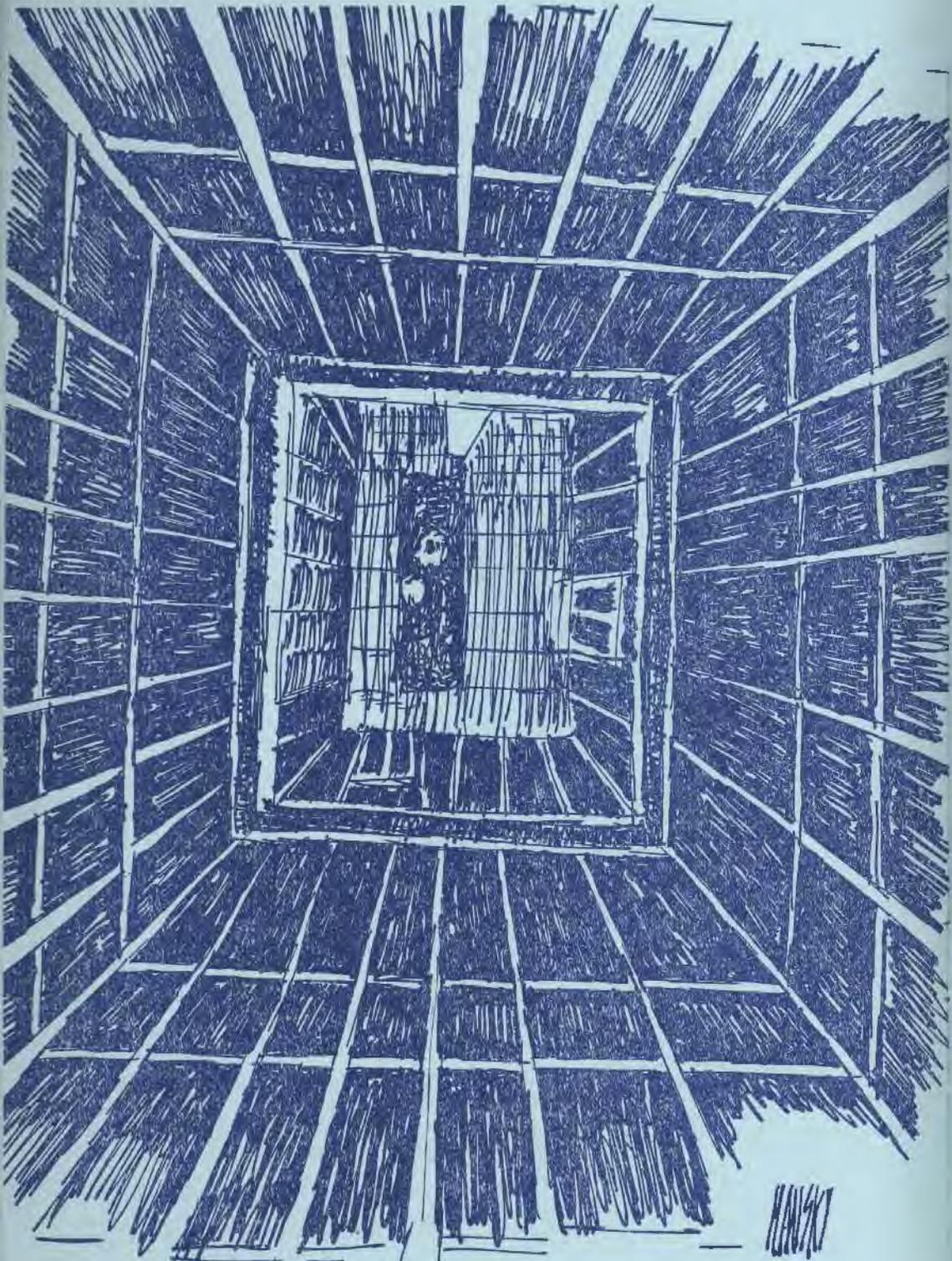
it is your blood
poured for the wrong reason
it is your dust
stirred in the long season
it is your flood
drunk for your own treason
No sword
No lance
No dish
No grail
No bird

Just rants
No fish
Just wail

Dead symbols strewn on the trail
Hacked pieces to an ancient puzzle

sow reap; so sleep
bear the futile pain
sow sleep; so reap
your issue is of novacaine
go go go

darkly
darkly
through the glass
yes
yes
I know
death
is slow



iv. square  circle

"...one neglected aspect...of the Centre: ... that it is enough only to raise the question of salvation, to pose the central problem; that is the problem—for the life of the cosmos ever to be renewed. For...death is often only the result of our indifference to immortality."

MIRCEA ELIADE

you have ruptured time:

you suffer the riddle
and not the answer
you play the fiddle
and you're the dancer
you suffer the question
and not the reply
you weigh your pension
and you're to die

so I

The Cornman
because of man annan
ventured a psalter
erected an altar
ventured to enter
cosmic centre
ventured to dare
circle the square
posed the problem
the problem

jim hall

with care
and carved out oink
in the cold, kinetic curtain of snow
in the couched college courtyard just so
commencing with K
commenting on clay

Your
coffined coffined
choking choking
shifting swollen
i's
rose
--an eternal instant--
yearning
from
the
glass
Kage