

The Angle

Volume 1967 | Issue 2

Article 11

1967

What Art, Thou?

Ray Pavelsky
St. John Fisher College

Follow this and additional works at: <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

[How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?](#)

Recommended Citation

Pavelsky, Ray (1967) "What Art, Thou?," *The Angle*: Vol. 1967 : Iss. 2 , Article 11.
Available at: <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1967/iss2/11>

This document is posted at <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1967/iss2/11> and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.

What Art, Thou?

Cover Page Footnote

Appeared in the issue: Volume 12, Number 2, 1967.

What Art, Thou?

When I don't do anything on-purposely,
(Hear my breath gush seconds down my ear),
I can discern what time is:
Snaking everything along the coast of now.

Not like Husserl, not like Hegel
Do I thinkertoy to find time's formula.
I intuit He who do it:
In the hinterland He dwell creatingly.

But what I'd like to know,
Does He do an evernew
Take
On this guitar of me-and-you?

Or enjoying His completed
Flick,
Like Bergmann, popcornseated
(Freewill being merely *ce qui se dénoue*)?

—RAY PAVELSKY

THEOPHANY

"My art is profoundly spiritual.
Shall we ever give God back his
physical dimensions? Really, God
has the most beautiful body there is"

—FELLINI: *Giulietta Degli Spiriti*

My God my God you are a God of thunder
Lightning cracking smoke neath sheets of rain
A wild wind wilting flowers in your way
Shattering crystal windows of your vault
Cutting eyes that yearn with coloured glass.
Forced up our nostrils with the air we breath
Our lungs burst ugly in a paid lust love
Or else we turn damned away in disgust
Your smiling procurers behind us
Cut off from your antiseptic body
Cursing the storm and forgetting the rainbow.
Still one day in the quiet of my garden
Watching the sun's shine image in the pool
I'll look too close and see you sad unsmiling
And softly fall and catch you in my arms.

—JOHN F. VORRASI