

# The Angle

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## Theophany

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## Theophany

### Cover Page Footnote

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## *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 d'écoule*)?

—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