

1967

## Suadente Diabolo

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# Suadente Diabolo

## **Abstract**

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"On parade in a book pressed poppy concession and playing pious in my pew, I am peering through these shuttered panes at the powder pouting girls and thinking sundry. I am nodding jerk approval of your modulated script and planning prompt digression from your dripping pulpit pander to the duty doing faithless. I am panting out your prayers to a power happied god for the new succession babe barren borne in brittle birth. I am preying on the claim of your paddle padded plenty to the child drowning plain of constant lilt and money. I am waiting for your pride to prod the mystic magic in the plush for blushing chalice. I am pending to pretend my own substantial blend in the pinking pointed pronouns of the priest."

## **Cover Page Footnote**

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# Suadente Diabolo\*

On parade in a book pressed poppy concession and playing pious in my pew, I am peering through these shuttered panes at the powder pouting girls and thinking sundry. I am nodding jerk approval of your modulated script and planning prompt digression from your dripping pulpit pander to the duty doing faithless. I am panting out your prayers to a power happied god for the new succession babe barren borne in brittle birth. I am preying on the claim of your paddle padded plenty to the child drowning plain of constant lilt and money. I am waiting for your pride to prod the mystic magic in the plush for blushing chalice. I am pending to pretend my own substantial blend in the pinking pointed pronouns of the priest.

Hic est je suis enim un autre mei.

Now and now a solemn bow to the transubstantial feast for gobble gobble beast in the absence of all yeast. I am memory alone strictly confidential honed for an intervenus ulcer from your ever fiendly rome. And yell love love love for the bumble bee your dove has granted me a vision in the open planted missal sandwiched sanguine stench on my nose my hush puppy nose. It colors in the renting of a boyhood I didnt have. Hushed in hurried frenzy.

softly Qu'il vienne, qu'il vienne,  
Le temps dont on s'eprenne

Swirling through the stalks of muddy unmade breads, she swelled the hazy hills' clumped cleavage. With a cool and gentle palm firmed my jaw to speak.

— Guts.

Was a sound of solemn peak peering when I lofted heroes. Something brave and strong in my tar baby clinging made me clap worsted. Something brave and sinew was a bold man. Something berg and surging was eyelending wisdom. Something violent red was the pulsing touch of knowing. I spelled knelt truth to tumble a cascading casino of laminated prolixity. I ate the pale blue pages of fact vending and polished gold baring busts. My footline receded and I reached to scrape the evening pink tuft's promised joy. And I am poised pawned a vestal child.

Come the doubting smile waved and I felt the hand that moistened me to follow to the frowning lake an absent fishers flatboat. Rowing slowly

\*———The old canon law used this expression in legislating a basis for ex-communication: "violentas manus suadente diabolo inlicitas in clericos vel utriusque sexus monachos." It describes a deliberate and conscious physical attack or act of disrespect, while under the advice or persuasion of the devil, against a sacred person or object.—Ed.

to the center swelling and resting on the easy lashing current, I slunk  
the cool bottom seeking the rounded divinity who gently stilled my wander-  
ing in the melting pressure of a former despair

hold tightly tightly that I may breathe  
worn out vapors of an extended eve  
scourge once again the dilemma you leave  
time and barbarians topple goddesses

And hard of seeing I splashed those selfish words

forgotten lines of a nursery rhyme moan  
lady bird lady bird fly away home

Cynthia Cynthia and my sacred Echo Dithyramb as I whispered forever  
laden with the rocking clouds.

I fought heaven's indifference with a dry fall snowflake the whimsy  
santaclaus the breath of all woman beating in my hands. Jimmie wishes  
on the fairy puffball for angel hair and runs to nuns hiding in evergreen  
trees holding the cobalt milkweed. How that thief serene chases me to  
subservient corners to find the virgin spider. And finding only the grey  
hairs of old women lint from portly navels ragged filter tips kisses from  
a leper's lips. Now boys in suburbs blow those wings away to rake your  
mommy's lawn with splintered popsicles like sky relined in fat. But may  
cannot last in a dead eternity as the phosphorous thruway flows into  
october the lava city.

I keep thinking of what my friend always tells me  
— the world screws.

the world screws and I say good—so what—all the time world screws  
but the virgin poet no. Being swallowed into New York and suddenly  
concerned with suicide and poetry with all the reason not to at my side.  
Her—I wonder who she is. Poetry is a drunker stupor that visits its  
relatives to admit pregnancy—naively not knowing who or when and  
usually not how. Naming each kid Ezra because he doesnt know either.  
As the tri-boro coils its tongue on me—this will be a relaxing vacation from  
the world screws—beginning to wonder myself if thats just what I plan.

Just before the city drinks us I wake her up and with loud staccato  
emphasis growl

— Let me kiss your brain with my teeth.

and then we are registering in the Sheraton—conscience struck I sign  
into the Y.

Prurient interests in our purity sit through SanFrancisco art—when the  
cock goes flop flop Ive had it—sick microscopic color pushing me to  
the floor huge chunks of brilliant red vomiting horror. She practically  
carries me out. I leave her that night with her own horror creaking  
through the key hole—she dreaming James Joyce in the next room trying  
to rape her and on my way uptown to the forbidden park. Found them  
all over—snorting pigeons wounded by BB shot—hailed them into a  
subway john nursing mankinds spittle telling shiny blackmen with no



irises (black dog eyes) to help me. These pigeons are dying. Flush the goddam bastards down the john with them—a whirlpool of death grey green cooings turning red—this is my body—New York City—a dog biting its ass.

Sleep finally in a filthy room my fingers in the air like rheumatic docks tied in veins of drying ink. Day turns into ballooning thighs and the muscular women of modern art. Only memorable moment spent with Manet and his shaded vision. A hep night in the village which is an imported British comedy but not half bad when youre high. Happy in street center looking f... you at the vast hordes of curious American parents. Embracing between lamp posts and skipping in slush with pink cotton candy. A real comeon when the walls are made of junkie niggers rolling tokens for quick eternities. Pocket change willingly but wishing us middle class christmas joy squashes our airy bounty. Around the corner alone together leaning with a sticky mess—my god happy candy cotton gobs of red despair in my hands. End up drinking coke until tears come to our eyes and loving with the same intensity. I cant leave tonight. Sleep in a chair. I do believe in responsible people and Ive decided shes a goddess.

Me?

Only the next day she reads "Lion for Real" in the automatic subway chasing benches of faces with Ginsberg's masturbation and one guy really excited. I loved him. Then the Puerto Rican bus ride from 130th down 5th trying to do this right without killing the hungry sunken blue eyes that ravish my goddess. She sleeping and I just stare at him staring at her. The only man Ive ever hated—the semen sight of New York spread eagle in every god forsaken window not even looking directly but through reflections in windows. I will not leave her tonight.

Double scotch—two—307—door closed against the bright lights of night. I sit on the floor. Yes we have not done much of anything but turkish taffy police men giving directions always say just a little further but dont breathe the amonia (the sidewalks illicit grease pools of it). So what—let us love—that is do love making. Lets go watch the sun set on some lawless velvet back skin. I have no control—trying not to break any arbitrary armistice.

mother—what is it—sex?

No it is done—go in peace. Did I leer? My sorrow is penance—no pity no compassion only a sadness. Even though we smoked the pot of forgetfulness. Even though putting on my shoes holding hard to me saying why. I left leaving her only a leering memory to sleep with.

I stumbling with self fear wander lonely with city lights playing not it tag with my six shadows. I the seventh. Finally converging in a dark street. I dont want to be lonely alone. Waiting swept out for the return of the seven—now diabolo myself. The blasphemy—in leaving her. On parade in a book pressed poppy concession.

—THOMAS HUGHES