

1967

Trois Petites Liturgies sur le mot "Amour"

Jack Vorrasi
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

Vorrasi, Jack (1967) "Trois Petites Liturgies sur le mot "Amour";" *The Angle*: Vol. 1967 : Iss. 2 , Article 21.
Available at: <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1967/iss2/21>

This document is posted at <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1967/iss2/21> 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.

Trois Petites Liturgies sur le mot "Amour"

Abstract

Poems in English, titles in French.

Cover Page Footnote

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

Trois Petites Liturgies sur le mot "Amour"

I

Derrière le miroir

What are you going to do now
when nights grow cold and long
when all the mourners have gone home
and you are all alone

What are you going to do now
when kind words fade away
when remembrance has no more pain
and you are all alone

And who do you think knows
and who do you think cares
and who do you think sees
and who do you think shares

Today I brought you a rose
Tomorrow it too will die

II

Variations sur un theme d'un autre poète

It was a happy Sunday morn
all fresh with smiling dew
the first day of a spring new-born
filled with a promise hue

And all the happy people
so glad to wake alive
all headed for the steeple
God's love there to revive

Then Jack jumped into the pulpit's throat
waved a wordy fist over the happy congregation
stepped down, sighed,
and everybody felt religious

III

Chanson pour un degel en janvier

Martha: Get over there and open that door!

George: You've been advized.

Martha: Yeah . . . sure. Get over there!

George: All right, love, whatever love wants.

—WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

Oh it's twenty-five minutes past eighteen Charlie
Puberty's come at last
And at the foot of the Colosseum
Your cow eyes wink brown coffee.
Oh it's twenty-five minutes past eighteen Charlie
The sea is a blue green grass
With tears in our eyes we think and sigh
In remembrance of things long past.
Oh we have been friends together
In the days beyond recall
Through fair and stormy weather
When life was a chain and ball.
Oh we have been friends together
Fat-boy, Confessor and all
Sunk in the depths of a sanctified lake
Hearing handwriting on the wall.
God, it's twenty-five minutes past eighteen Charlie
Do you remember when
We fought tooth and nail for your victory
What they said?
But we showed 'em eh?

“Success!
Victory!
Greatness in all things!
Chuck”

God bless America
Raise that flag on Hi!
Golly, gosh, by gum
Oh gee: foody do.
Oh God, and the looks on their faces
All the way through
I wonder if they knew . . .
And I had longed long to eat this supper with you
But you didn't want to come . . .
Tout d'un coup it wasn't you at all.
?
Ah!

It's twenty-five minutes past eighteen Charlie
J.M. Barrie's old and died
And from the bottom of a crystal lake
Does a chanson innocent rise.
So it's twenty-five minutes past eighteen Charlie
And all the scores are in,
I see now under the arc of the sun
A time for everything indeed.
Yes, it's twenty-five minutes past eighteen Charlie
But good friend your happy half lie
Is blacker by far than the meanest truth
A vicious god could ever teach with a slap
Into the blinding light as we cry out our first breath.
I'll never close my eyes to what I see
Or close my ears in fear of what I'll hear
I'll never color crystal what's blue green
Or stop my heart from searching out its God.
Oh it's twenty-five minutes past eighteen Charlie
And we've all stuck around saying
Lord, Lord
Shrugging our shoulders and asking
What can it be?
Or are we all just too polite
to say what we know it is.

—JOHN F. VORRASI

"And Young Men Shall See Visions"

At the edge of nowness, darkness begins.
Therein bittersweet sounds of silence glow,
mellow-scented colors are intoned,
and only the wonderful wind caresses both light and night
If you entered, would you dare return?
Grasp the solitary strand of gossamer,
and wander with the wind.

from MARKS