

1968

Catena

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Cover Page Footnote

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*The last poem to *TIME TRILOGY*. The first—"Floating Half Pressure"—was printed in the *Angle* in spring, 1966; the second—"Easy Wednesday"—was printed in the *Angle* in spring, 1967; and now this.

in no god's land
in no god's land

Manoeuvring in operational time
Between the twain cosmic whispers
Of religion's forgotten dream
Within the plastic citadel snaked
Between the wheels of the reel
Lies the twilight of the trinal vision
The cycle of image, silhouette and projection
The Land of the Painted Mirror.
Here: the Children of Mist and the River
The alchemical delta of angeled clay
Silted between brimstone and sound
Between sound and light: the Enigma.
Here: the Mystic of Corn and the Scarecrow
The looking glass mystery of vision in tension
Pressed between question and pain
Between pain and response: the Word.
Here: time is no more than a torrent of rhythm.
A pale strain in the moment of force
A pale force in the moment of strain
A pale strain in the strain of the horn.
Here: life is no less than a funeral procession
A random phantasy of beauty and pain
A march of death parading through
The pregnant pageant of consciousness.

*And I come to the fields and spacious palaces of
my memory, where are the treasures of innumerable
images . . .*

AUGUSTINE
CONFESSIONS

german dark, window of moments
night the lane of crossing thought
when you move the furniture of your mind
and moonlight blueprints the pain.
purgatory
the hour glass
unquiet as flame
flame in the hour of wax.
dumb lips, blind words, a teacup soul
numb with a sense of tomorrow
narrow with the vacant hour
the goblet and the faded flower.
voices, tongues and words of wood
in drifting waves of mood
the flux of weak-smiled resolution
the narcotic of counter-feit reflection
when you pulse against the universe
unquiet as coiled glass.

lent of thought, penance of time
years of nerves defined in rhyme
a papier mache cohesion
of moment and sound.
moonlight and pain.
the unquiet rain.
a garden of faces
landscaped in circumstance
the planted laughter of carelessness
that graves upon the face
the temple of dust and change
that veins the plasm of chance.

crypts and caverns of thought
fountains of wasted emotion
barren effusion of doubt
cold remembrance of dead affection
that chisels that brittles that cracks
the marble of moments statted in passion.

hunger—the beating of eyes
sunrise of touching—desire
clapped words of love
a fusion of scents in scarfire.
love in the sapphire hour
the clouded hour of love
the thunderclap of love
the dawnburnt corpse of love
love
lipdeep love
moonlame nightlong
love unquiet.

lost pages of happier days
beauty worn at the edges
soft as chanced fingernails
hard as roulette smiles
loved, rouged and gone with the sound . . .
of newspapers.

question-and-answer breakfasts, formless
afternoons, and evenings dwindled with small talk
drawing room lungs, fumes of regret
sahara of question and doubt
questions begging like caravan thieves
the riddle of leaves and apple trees
when stuffed animals shivered alive.
speculation, conclusion
the prison of partial knowledge
the half answered ash on the grave
the silhouette of old age
shadowed on curtains off stage.

scraps of ancient hymnes
sung beyonde tuche of knauing
sound without word
agony without speech
thought without lyric
no miracle of word when sonnd is a skull
no mnsike circuling the fyngers
the empty flute of sound
a carcass of wind in the field.
were there word for sound and blood for bone
were there wind to tongue the air in prayer
stars to sing their fire
were there stars
word and blood and wind
were there ears to bend to hear
the percussion of thoughts
the mandoline of moments
harped on skeleton ribs.

strains of innocence
scarred with kisses
lyrics of darkness—
the chalice, the furnace
the music of hegel's events.
in the last analysis
past the slum of possibilities
the siren of yesterdays
perhaps awareness—
the pressure of stars in the distance.
perhaps in the last analysis
perhaps awarress
tenderness
the wilderness of violins
in the silence.
scraps of ancient hymnes
notions of vision, blindness, sin
sin
laughter at old men
the wind blowing as though they had not been
the wind heavy with question
mntations of words attempting to form
moments, thoughts, sounds unquiet
the wind heavy with light

Am I worthy of the ghosts of the dead
Am I guilty of innocent blood