they jeered at him when they saw him with his green apple...

n/a Timor

*St. John Fisher College*
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ELEGY FOR EZRA POUND

Who is there now for me to share a joke with?

Upon hearing of Pound's death

Youth has flickered from youthful words
And self-sprung estribues of rhythm
Have wammed and wined and autumned a self
So danced and dawned and forming (like Plato)
And bleeding on an act of oblivion.
The time in thy throat
The breath on thy hands
The sad hours slowly move.

Like Hecuba, an old woman who
With knowing eyes
Wept, wept for beauty lost
And feared tomorrow's face

Silent as curtain and sunbeam
Your flames have wreathed the wind.
But retina-poised in nighted skies
One tear shall hear from listening eyes
Shall hear and shall stare, shall flicker and stir
Shall bid and shall bay, shall quicken and try
The self-conceiving Epiphanias of ashes
In the molting hearth of words.

My words are flames—you are a told old tail of a comet
My words are waves—you are a rinsed old skull of a sound
My words are coins—you are a crumpled old bill of a poet
My words are tears—you are a frozen old Proteus of a god

The pages of your grace
Quicken camera cadence:
The fragments of your cantred ways
Fuse mused fragrances
Your memories suspended by dreamed yesterdays
Pendulum bundled events
Your partial visions pressed between crossed Gethsemanies
Mosaic symboled silence.

You are the lost Odyssey
In your own litany
You are the re-occurring weariness
Of your own pain

Where children loted over broken walls
To wind themselves through labyrinths of pleasure
You saw the bondage of action
The heritage of pain, the corpse of time.
Your community of years starched
The ribbed voice of afternoon thought
The legacy of weary-eyed love
And starred the ghost by inches.

Your aging is a redemptive act:
The minutes are splinters of pillars
You are your own omens:
The fired, spoiled Babylonous tongues
You had beautiful things to say
From the edge of your intoned force—tumult chapel words
You had beautiful things to say
From your intoned martyrdom of glances—stern yellow lines
You had beautiful things to say
You were the idiot prophet, in this chant of dust
Your poems eclipsed, your words our relics
Your staff the wand of our wonder.

Bishop of Tradition
An evoking god
You are the plastic Christ
The Wandering vision of your antique world

The flash of a Chinese lantern tongued the prism of music
A violin bow across your nerves.
The fuses of twelve exile lit the lyric of your huts
Within your dialect of horns.
The trumpet sounds scarlet no more.
Along the nooks, across the screeves, out of the West coasts
The swan goddess: There for you to share a joke with.

Through my fornication of metaphor, false labor pains of meter
I tremble paint and stumble probe your sheer white song of mind
And blind I find I know thee
And I, too, participate in thy dying

JIM HALL