

1969

Septuagesema

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Cover Page Footnote

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GoodWIN

THEOPHANY

"May 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 Vorrasi

MONOLOGUE

shh!
(shake off love
you need it not
it binds with a
cord too tight
constricted in a narrow mold
your quest
is struck
with blight
you want all
but can have none
if now tied
to that girl)
No!!

shh!
(listen-
the mind is more important
travel to be done
dragons to be slain
knowledge to be felt
one bird flies faster
than two
run this way,
not that)
No!

but yes,
but,

Oh God!

Why waste awhile
Trying terribly to touch another
With much to do about something?

But worth the doing
Without the feeling felt
And suffered?

Or, as bellows Saul,
Searching, feeling- a feminine thing
Not for Herzog seeking something. . .

Brian F. Hogan

Septuagesema

Lyric for a Lent

"memento"

Night's soft corners rock me, rock me, rock me
Warm and dreamless in its arms. And this earth
That cradles soft in crisp autumn
Sings dry of leaves, whispers in the still air,
Heavy with the scent of soil, untilled, waiting.
Oh my pale Christ, dimly lighting this land,
Tracing across the sky every image,
Every rounded corner of this strange rest
Yet never reflecting here my presence
Give answer to my prayer. What is this night
Burning so within me that my hands, warm,
Should press so eager in these quiet shadows
For secrets, long ago remembered,
And with each breath draw in such troubling love.

John Vorrasi