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Catena

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in no god’s land
in no god’s land
manoeuvring in operational time
Between the twin cosmic whispers
Of religion’s forgotten dream
Within the plastic citadel avoided
Between the wheels of the real
Like the twilight of the trial vision
The cycle of image, silhouette and projection
The Land of the Painted Mirror.
Here: the Children of Mist and the River
The alchemical dells of angled clay
Silted between brimstone and sound
Between sword 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 repugnance: the Word.
Here: time is no more than a toreador’s 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 hour.
Here: life is no less than a funeral procession
A random phantasm 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
in the lane of crossing thought
when you move the furniture of your mind
and moonlight blueprints the pain.

portry
the hour glass
unquiet as flame
flame in the hour of wax.
dark lips, blind words; a teacup seal
mumb with a sense of tomorrow
narrow with the vacant hour
the goblets and the faded flower.
voices, tongues and words of wood
in drifting waves of muscat
the feet of weak-smiled resolution
the narcotic of counter-fair reflection
when you pulse against the universe
unquiet as coiled glass.

heat of thought, presence of time
years of nervous defined to rhyme
a purgatory communion
of moment and sound
moonlight and pain.

the moving rain
a garden of faces
landscaped in circumstance
the planted laughter, of carelessness
that grows upon the face
the temple of rust and change
that veins the prism of chance.

crypts and caverns of thought
fountains of wasted emotion
barren effusion of doubt
cold remembrance of dead affection
that chucks that brittle that cracks
the marble of moments started in passion.

hunger—the beating of eyes
suns of touching desire
chopped words of less
a flush of satire in a mirror
here in the apple hour
the clouded hour of love
the thunderclap of love
the downsurned corpse of love
loved.

liplock here
moonlight nightingale
love unquiet.

lost pages of happier days
beauty worn at the edges
soft as charmed fingernails
hard as rosette smiles
loved, raged and gone with the sound . . .
of newspapers.

question-and-answer breakfasts, formless
afternoons, and evenings dwindled with small talk
drawn room lungs, fumes of regret
shards of question and doubt
questions begging like cans of thieves
the riddle of leaves and apple trees
when stuffed animals slivered alive.
speculation, conclusion
the prisms of partial knowledge
the half answered sid on the grave
the silhouette of old age
shrouded on curtains of stage.

skrap of anecentic hymn
song beyond taste of knowing
soul without wind
sight without sound
speech without voice
thought without lyric
no miracle of word when sound is a skull
no sense, creating the fancies
the empty flute of sound
a tramp of wind in the field:
were there war for sound and blood for bone
were there wind to tongue the air in prayer
gas 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
harmed on skeleton ribs.

strains of impotence
scarred with kisses
lyrics of darkness—
the chalice, the forearm
the music of hell’s events.
in the last analysis
past the sum of possibilities
the siren of yesterdays
perhaps awareness—
the pressure of stars in the distance
perhaps in the last analysis
perhaps awareness

tenderness
the wilderness of violins
in the silence.

skrap of anecentic hymn
notions of vision, blindness, sin
old laughter at old men
the wind blowing as though they had not been
the wind heavy with questions
notions of words attempting to form
moments, thoughts, sounds metest
the wind heavy with light.

Am I worthy of the photo of the dead
Am I guilty of innocent blood.