

# Salem Depot

A Symphonic Cinema by William Brattle

*Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem rise!*

**allegro grazioso**

**Salem Depot**

On Christ the flame, on Christ the wheel,  
The body turns the soul;  
From birth to death without respite,  
The body turns the soul.

The passion in the gulf of time,  
Upon the soul's thin track,  
Bears man, a darkened Lucifer,  
Who burns a wingless back

Upon the scorching fire heat  
Of Christ, the axel's flame.  
He needs the searing of those tears  
To wing the truant home.

Down the slim rails that home abides,  
That formidable force,  
Where life in darkness has a stop,  
And the spirit meets the curse;

The curse that is beatitude;  
That exorcises time,  
Like granite stones upon a sky  
Telling a man he's home.

They rose, a shadow in the sun,  
A shadow and a fire,  
For a pilgrim from the pathless world,  
Drawn by their desire;

And engineered by April's light,  
A transfigured Puritan;  
The incense of the engine's smoke  
Incensing him alone.

On Christ the darkness of the wheel,

The passion and the peace,  
The providence of couplings,  
And the suckling of the grease.

From cow catcher to danger light  
Christ executed this,  
While in the core of axel's core  
He spun a spectral bliss.

Beware, the spectral train pulls out,  
What knowledge cannot pull,  
Nor doubt.  
And in the cars go sitting dreams,  
The daemon passengers;  
While on the wheel of Christ they spin,  
On Christ the central paradox,  
The wheel of time, the timeless rose,  
The witchcraft that stays not nor goes;  
It darkens into space and leaves  
The depot's messengers.

Now this is private.  
This is the privacy of the voiceless hazards.  
They are dreams perhaps, and intellectual knowledge; but the sense,  
The sensation of cold privacy desires death.  
They are panes speaking without faces, and flames whispering without  
fires.  
Alone they wait in frigid contemplation; not softly warm and tender  
Like God and a bird confessing each other.  
They are the blades of nothing.  
They are the void staring at man.  
They are the diabolically nervous void  
Pining to be the resurrection,  
The twinkling vibrations on the frail lattices.

The train has left a cloud of smoke and steam.  
Haunts of it hang in the air and brush the man's soul  
With a kiss of invisible molestation;  
And he wonders how the gold of the mind is born, conceived.  
And he waits, like a source of absent music, stone deaf  
In the depot; stone cruelty about him, and blacked out senses;  
Salem depot.

What is it that I fear?  
Is it the indifference of the organic?  
Is it the persecution of the inorganic?  
Is it the love, the passion of the inorganic?

Is it the oracle of the inorganic?  
The stone?  
The Christ?

Pardon, if I leave you thinking. Cheat yourselves with thoughts at home.  
Passion has a man in Salem spiked on nature's palindrome.

Here's the pain of earth and matter, here's the elemental host  
Waiting for its spectral children, waiting like a granite ghost.

In the cavern of the depot, roofed by scales of solid soot,  
He began the skeins of journey, thinking life's confusion out.

Taxi men with pleading aces chattered, purred, behind his back.  
Dawn shot through the hollow cavern, like God's passion through a  
rock.

Weakly to the street he wandered, dazed, but rather dry than drunk;  
Thirsty for the ancient greeting in the pits of passion sunk.

Nuclear in mental dazzle he imbrued the obscure sight,  
Cleansed the ignorance of seeing, died in agony complete;

Nerves that dared to tempt the sidewalks that could languish in the  
past,  
Like surd instruments of torture made from ore of ageless cast.

Then he spun and caught the depot, watched it with the eyes of stone,  
Sensed its preternatural powers, feared their passion as his own.

Time can make a hideous mimic of what time has never had.  
Only those who love with loving know the goodness of the bad.

Only those can love the depot where time's mischief has a stop  
Who escape the scars that inward lead unto the outward rope.

Something fervent in the towers, something like a soul on trial,  
Swelled into his lonely heartache, filled the absence of the vial.

That's the virtue of the matter, that's the healing of the rock  
Ranged against the gulf astounding to embrace one with a shock!

Yet can you stop the pain?  
It is a wound being born, being born again.  
It is the bursting of the hidden years  
To lose the apparition that you are,—  
The testimony of your selfish blood,

The antinomy of your pocketbook,  
The impinging powers of unconscious things,  
The neighborhoods that alter painted hopes,  
The housing landscape and the houses drab,  
The rags of industry in gray silhouette,  
And the sorry, sly serenity of wires  
Lagging along the poles, like long dead voices.

Yet these are the spectres of the unevolved.  
These are the exhibitions of the dead  
That cling upon our souls with simian claws.  
Their going is their staying, their engraved  
Dark denigration waiting for your sons.  
But earth that pouts with roses in the spring  
Remains also, insensibly to grind  
The body on the mind.  
The body must strike itself upon existence,  
And the soul must wonderfully wound itself—  
Provoking a Calvary or a cavern,  
An acceptance or a rebellion.

Praise God for the Inorganic!  
Praise God for the non-living, the unfriendly universe.  
Praise God for the obdurate pebbles and the impendent hills.  
Praise God for the unknowledgeable waters and the void-full winds.  
Praise God for the occurring oil and the secret plutonium.  
Praise Him for the unnumbered and numbered rationalized elements.  
Praise Him for the Gold.  
Praise Him for the godly Gold,  
And the reek of the clod that is not Gold.  
And praise Him in the shelter of the rock  
For the irrational wonder of the clod—  
The cells and chromosomes and walking God,  
The sanctification of the BODY AND BLOOD.  
Let everyone who has matter praise the Lord!

Who matters.  
Who matters like the provoking lucky stone  
Found on the shores of an unholy time;  
The invisible archetype of the lucky stone,  
The changeless, non-beginning of the stone,  
The ineluctable stone.  
Propitiate His enchantment with your eyes  
When you behold the depot, when the awe  
Of that thing that stands alone,—  
That rest, that everlasting rest,  
That freedom,

That freedom of standing alone—  
Overcomes you.

Offer Him your sacrifice.

I offer Him my sacrifice, he thought.  
Head's whirl projected him  
Just as the clutching April with a flash  
Out of a cloud hung golden on the rock,  
Hung like an expressing death and resurrection:—  
The sable granite and the vibrant gilt,  
The burning life and death, the towering grave  
Descanting at the sky.

Now I atone, stone God, he thought,  
For my own priesthood.  
Now I atone, you immanent space and time,  
You banner of the God who made the Christ,  
Who formed the pain,—  
The depot between all our doing.

On Christ the stone, on Christ the form,  
The body breaks the soul,  
While Kuan Yin smiling from her pain  
Offers her peaceful ghoul;

While Buddha and Osiris vie  
With Jupiter in stone  
To be the depot to man's soul,  
To prove him scheme and bone;

While some amused psychologist  
Plays deity to prove  
That only he knows what he does,  
Or why man's grief is love;

While doctors testify their grip  
That patents the diseased;  
While all the eminent in lust  
Like gods must be appeased;

Like gods of stone, like elements,  
Yet wickedly alive,—  
A haunch of life, a wing of death,  
Spectres fugitive.

From Christ the stone, from Christ the form  
The oblate hour streams.  
From this delight inanimate  
Comes more than bone and dreams.

Out of this bold voluptuous rock  
No dislocated whim,  
Like pestilence, disturbs the mind,  
Nor confidences grim;

But from these aromatic blocks  
Of an unending face,  
There issues an atomic love  
For the lonely human race.

Now this is private, this is individual, this is pain;  
My body is my thought.  
I am possessed by possessive pain,  
Pain impudent, familiar pain;  
The rock confessed him.  
Scars of pain struck him,  
Salt-wounded him,  
Dazed.

Dawn-dazed among the people on the curbstone he stood,  
Enthralled by the arrogant awareness of the depot  
That accused him, judged him, destroyed him.  
Here was the ultimate defeat.  
The stone moved upon him and beat back the white horns of  
springlight,  
The pining lamb-light.  
Yet it moved like a fire, a rigid sunflower, a dark essence.  
A busy shadow.

A quarrel of fodder it seemed, an apparition, a pain,  
A guilt,  
The stone, like Christ, was an accuser  
Saying, Who are you?  
Demanding, with sepulchered truth,  
Who are you?

Cost of entertaining no one in inviolable breast  
Is the memory of conscience which has never spread the feast.

In the breast that never took Him, never fed God's metaphor,  
Lies the darkness of the dismal who keeps life behind the door;

Keeps, like a familiar spirit, someone in away from light;  
Thinking he is seeing sunshine when he sees alone the night;

Godless grown, the unobservant, peopled by a host of fools  
Inherited from all the races, all religions, and all schools,

Living like a storm of anguish, yet supposing it is bliss;  
Never seeing what the depot, or what any building is.

Now he smelt the bricks of Salem, sandstone, granite, limestone, rock;  
Now he looked and read the wording, Bowker, Perley, Kinsman block;

Saw in forms concealed Nirvanas, sensed delight that made him  
damned;  
Turned again upon the depot, saw a heaven in it crammed;

Saw a Christ upon the towers, saw a Christ within the gloom,  
Saw the unimagined glory, the infernal hope of home:

Saw and smelt the springtime matters, sailing of a Salem cloud,  
Laughter of a Salem newsboy, perfume of a Salem road;

Found the pacifying flowers in the bruising of the past;  
Found for pain the healing only of the feast of Pentecost.

Now like fires private, scorching, from the sunlit towers fell  
Thorns and spears and spikes of glory, making heaven out of hell;

Making a deranged mosaic in the leaden sight of eyes,  
Fusing through each granite crystal colours of eternal skies.

Syrups of magnetic thunder seemed to race across the stone.  
Frightened, he blinked eyes astounded, and discovered self alone;

Alone and gazing at the tyrant stone that languished in time's vex,  
Grimly resting, with endeavour to outlive the world's complex.

Tyrant at the world's beginnings, tyrant at the close of hell;  
Stone and Christ and death and atom, breathing, perdurable shell!

Reduced to simple terms,  
He was at the end of things, and the beginning.  
The inorganic extravagance of the black stone,  
The virtue of the pretentious masonry,  
The agony of its abiding presence, and the charity of its symbols,

Gathered him in;  
Not as at first by its tyrant possessiveness,  
But at last in the ultimate emulation.

He felt the armors of the hidden soul  
Steeling the unwatched hour.  
He felt his bones shape  
Another flesh.  
He heard the ominous silence order the decision.  
The air was thick with spiritual undertones.

The granite curbstone at his feet,  
The granite towers before his eyes,  
Were only grains of matter, atoms  
For which he was grateful;  
As the sea is grateful to the headland,  
As the masterful sea is grateful for being mastered.  
He had found the elongation of the void,  
The place where the earth menace dies in the rock,—  
The rock that lifts up its head to the hair of the heavens,  
And laughs at itself.

God made the depot.

On Christ the rose, on Christ the wheel,—  
The rosette of Creation's space,—  
The soul will turn the body's steel,  
The body's mind, the body's grace.

On Christ, the diamond axel's love,  
Three circles of creation roll,—  
The pain of life, the gulf of life,  
The free circumference of the whole.

For God in space, that is not space,  
The centripetal rosette spins  
In praise of the controlling Christ  
Whose power draws all powers in.

And love of Christ who is the earth,  
The consummating granite peace,  
Compels the pain, the fear, the birth  
Of knowledge to adore His grace.

The private Christ more public grows,  
Though privately His craft remains,  
To draw all men until none knows



How self could live without Christ's pains.

A wise, lamenting universe  
Upon the axel turns with tears,  
And senses God a waiting stone,  
A depot to receive the years.

### **Andante**

#### **East India Marine Room**

When hope returns to auspices like the past  
Then love-fear in trouble dreads recovery.  
But faith restores the sign, a rose with irony  
Saying, Seek that which was lost.

I will seek that which was lost.  
I will seek Christ the root from which I grew.  
I will seek Christ the room from which I roamed.  
I will seek Christ the sea from which I swam.  
I will seek Christ the vessel,  
For the vessel is seeking me.

Glory is not the obvious element  
Of Essex Street, that straddling accusation  
Of non-committal man. Glory is not.  
But between commerce stands the asserting temple,  
A beatitude for commerce, an accrued dividend  
Upon the heat of gaining and the heart of learning,  
Commercial learning,—the pocket and the soul,  
The infinity of something vaster than the ledger and the lust,  
The infinity of the waters, and oceans of the mind.  
Here sail the ships in glittering fantasy,  
Spectres that robe imaginable seas  
For children, prisoners of the magic toys.

I will seek that which was lost.

In this purlieu of silence he remembered his power.  
In the exhibition halls he remembered time  
Before there was affliction and returning depots.  
He recalled the little sails.  
He remembered the sails of bone, the sails of silk,  
The wooden sails drawing the windy silence,  
While the glass cases cleared his windy eyes

From hollow worlds and surfeited with sails—  
With teeming, windy sails—his lenses' sea.  
And sailing drowned the fictions of the years,  
And the grim squalls the boy's headland forgot;  
Forgot, yet sensed the gull found in Cathay  
Would not deliver from the hidden winds—  
The witchcraft of mischievous withins,  
The wizardry of damnable withouts.

Straight to the case he made, the favorite case.  
His eyes bristled with his nervous light.  
His soul was flaming like tall phosphorous.  
And it was there, the light, a ship of glass,  
The sailing silica; simply a tour de force.  
The task was to regain the childhood's flaunt  
Of witchcraft, to love the light in her clean sides,  
To love the dream of self in her sloping sails,  
Her profile's gulf, her beam's transparency  
Of undercurrent power.

So all alone, yet hushed by visions old  
Thrown over time,—a boy's bread mother made,  
Pumped feet, sashes, braids, comic shows,  
Screen's flicker, common criss-cross walks—;  
And through these Eunice following, she  
Of all the ships, barks, brigs, and brigantines,  
The loveliest, the most secret, formed to sail,  
To beat the cruel oceans and to swim,  
Out of the rent, a searing suffering port—  
The far off port of fluorescent dark;  
Forebodings in the lustres of the sea  
And in the deep vibrations of the veils,  
The saturate fusings of the fears and joys  
That lined the mimic amplitude of glass,  
Voluptuous glass which rot could never worm.

But by him there was someone, someone, someone,  
And thickets and a swamp and earth, and earth  
That stole behind a headland into seas  
And ate the strong wood into soggy keels,  
And silenced all the forebraced winds of time,—  
The still-born music of the civilized.

I will not seek that which was lost.

I will not seek the self emanation of the gulf,  
The deadening winds of the unmolded thoughts,

The social half-way lands of the complexed,  
The windy souls who blow inaudibly  
The ships to death, sorrow to mockery;  
Mindoros making into final mould,  
Sumatras sailing into shrouded slime  
On the palpable dark breath of other people  
Who cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot  
Sail with the Eunice, with her enquiring light,  
With her fine crystal and transparent shrouds,  
Her gowns of flight—the incredible, blue sails;  
Her diamond decks, her anchor's auroral flukes,  
Her skysail love.

Yet by him there stood someone, someone, someone;  
The permanent, few years of wandering man,  
The link of centenarians twenty nine  
Back to the Trojan war, the few more links  
Through timeless tumult into shadowed lands  
Whose driving tempers led into our night.

I will not seek that which was lost,—  
The dreamers in distemper, the febrile ache,  
The invisible clusters at my shadowy side,  
Those who invade the mystical four walls  
Of the white room, the living closure, Christ.

He would not seek, but the unclosed eyes could see  
The neap tide shallows and the long launched fossil brains  
Bleeding with virus on the violent shores  
Of planning man,—the abnormalities,  
The turmoils of dominions, the living rooms  
Demanded for their death, their spectral pride.

The ecstasy of friendship sails no more.  
One sails alone into the ocean's roar,  
With crystal tackle and with crystal need  
Within the crystal agony of head.

My body is my power.

I will not lose the glassy seas;  
The crystalline Marquesas, Admiralties,  
The Windwards and the Leewards, the green glades  
Of ocean—lost Tahities, Typee maids;  
And jeweled Indias and silk Cathay,  
And breadfruit lands, no, nor the present day—  
The ghostly Russias where gold, tear-lighted domes

In tideless romance spring to other homes  
And throw a lustre over the cold sky,  
And seal the souls in the hyaline reply.

I will not lose the joy!

But there was someone, someone, someone, someone;  
Someone like carnal shadows in each port,  
Towers of windy stone and wharfs of will,  
Trammeling ropes and sockets without eyes,  
And eyes without the transcendental gleam.  
And Eunice would not sail. How could she sail  
Where garnered death awaited in its gloom  
To snap her yards and boom,  
Her gaff and spars,  
Her tars!

The sudden room was brainful of strong being.

I will not lose her bows, her apprehensive bows  
On which I laughed youth's white waves over dreaming.  
The stretched-out God-hand hounded with her light,  
The sounding world of my deep seeking soul,  
And gave the searching ultras to form the strain  
Of hurricanes. Her beams had dyed my heart with roars  
That stretched the verging hells for radar sailing shores,  
And whipped the spectral whispers with spectral sails,—  
Those wings that cannot moult into the worm.

I will seek that which was lost;—the endless pain  
Of the extended yards, the water lined  
Upon my seeking heart, the severing lap  
Of weathered water, and feel the fresh downpour  
Of salty sunlight, find I the trustful one  
Who had returned to Eunice, to this room,  
Unmindful of the evil sycophant  
Who sneaked beside me,  
The shade who dared not come alone,  
Being afraid of beauty—that great Christ.  
And I have come.  
And, yet, how did I come but on the driving pain  
Of Christ the driving wheel, of Christ the heart?  
And in this subtle nakedness of light  
The cargoes of desire roll into my night.

The wings of Eunice beat across the shoals  
And brush the symbols of my million souls.

And, yet, a voice was saying, She was not— .

Irrelevance of shadows! She was shot  
Through with shredded sunlight on a sorrow's harvest sea,  
And sailed the spume of sunrise through the bare night brightly.  
Eyes cannot know the glass ship in the case,  
Sailing its sea-squalls generous,  
Sailing across my blue mind from the race!  
I turned on man and said, I sailed!  
You quailed, he said.  
I sailed, I shouted. I sailed a frozen storm—  
Too pure to claim her and too fierce to lose!

And then I was ashamed by this confession  
Which he could call a lesion,  
For who can understand love's strange cohesion?  
And from my maul of mind I turned on fire,  
And burning rocks rushed upwards from the sea,  
And slowly showered Eunice over me,  
Severing me from the liar.

I will seek that which was lost.

I will seek the dream, the tingling light  
That made me hers through Christ the painful spite.

And others in this lone sidereal quest  
Shall have no chipping. I shall be at rest.

No body is my power, and I will sail  
This ship to heaven.

He turned upon the voice and smote him full  
Upon the broad, gray mouth, and the room thumped  
With an unconscious thud.

He looked away with an unequaled spunk,  
And stepped into the glass ship, as if drunk;  
Leaving the smearing devil in the drear  
Long level tidal waters of the levelling year,  
Leaving the dreadful dearth of power dead—  
The scarlet spirits of uncomprehending heads,  
The warfare of the classes, the deceit  
Of amputated man, the dying fate  
Of big intestine dreams, those nightmares sunk  
In the lingering lust of the Neolithic trunk.

I will seek that which was lost,  
The treasury of time shall yield it me.  
There I shall flesh my soul, and he— .

He heard the crystal riggings cut the light,  
Heard the foreskysail singing in the glass,  
And staysails cut with melody, and storms  
Whispering from the loud ionosphere.  
And, magically, rain seemed in his eyes;  
And spectral winds made channels of his ears  
And of the daylight masts, and made a song  
That carried daylight through the misty air;  
And made the spindrift like the soul of Christ  
Whose freedom is the tyranny of light.

The white walls seemed to lap him from the room,  
Far from that pale, dust-body on the floor;  
Into the pain and virtue of the dream—  
The power of the waters in her eyes,  
The flaky tang of spume upon her brow,  
The colour of God's soul upon her lips,  
The scud of innocence within her teeth.

I will seek that which was lost;  
The other one who was not the other one,  
The Indies who was Salem,  
The far away within the little home.  
I will secure the testament of love;  
The countenance of dreams within the scud,  
The soul within the sorrows of my soul.

I will seek the migratory truth,  
And the induction of the wingless youth.

A cry blew through the glass and Eunice sang.

### **Song**

I am the mirror of a sorrow's loss.  
In me the life-boats of a youth abide.  
My davits hoisted through the glass  
The rowing eyes, the faring ace;  
While his shrinking fever plucked the narrow tides.

Black were his seas, lonely and black and cold.

Fearing the storm of Christ he feared his own;  
In frenzy carried canvas bold,  
In fear cut sails that could not hold  
The passion of his dark dominion.

His bows usurped the compass, his daubed keel  
Routed the storms with handless victory.  
No shore was reached, but the evil spell  
In the sounded seas of the usual,  
In ports where cargoes go ashore to die.

Yet still with my tiny rays I called his love,  
And still sometimes across his bows I sailed,—  
A vision of his heart, a stave  
Of starboard glass, a glistening grief  
That silently through unseen waters wailed  
The passion of the light that never failed.

I am the starbeam in the pool adored,  
The chastity that never is begun.  
The tyrant vessels of man's hoard  
Sail not with me to the harboring Lord,  
Nor find the winds of that transparent sun.

The room was shock-still. The ships and brigantines,  
Barks, brigs, and barkentines like stand-stills stood.  
The dust body was gone.

On Christ the wheel,

I will seek.

I will find  
In my mind  
The reposing glass, the Eunice of my soul;  
Not this retreating and organic pain  
Of someone else, this someone in the gulf who blocks my path,  
This cenotaph, this bloodless, soulless stone,  
This wrath,  
This intrusive telephone—  
We have heard, we desire, we inquire, we say, we demand!  
O pay the devil out of hand and be damned!

Praise God for freedom from someone, someone, someone, someone.  
Praise pardonable when drops and heights are known,  
When the urgency is known of the spiritual fortress,  
Of the culture in the garden within the walls,

The response in the brook swelling upon cold grasses,  
The dream in the log sunning a fireplace,  
The renewal in the sailing wood and the last harbor,  
The catalytic recovery of the first harbor,  
The casus in the reagent.

Praise God for the Void.

Praise God for the consumption, the consuming,  
The horror of our prying, darkened eyes,  
Our presuming;  
And also for our life  
Although we seize the useless knife  
Wherewith to make incisions in the sky  
Of a child's spiritual eye.

Praise God for freedom from someone, someone, someone, someone.  
I can return to the child within my heart;  
And see my God on the circumference wheel;  
And feel my Christ within the axel's steel;  
And know myself, within the gulf, mocked by a nail,  
A gorgeous nail, red petals through its head  
Silkening;  
And, unreprieving, then I look at man,  
And can,  
Yes slink into a finger hard with prayer;  
Since he and I together are  
Souls on a slow perimeter,  
Within the hollow of the years alone,  
Though love is not alone before the stone,  
The napkin stone, the rock.  
O God, the shock!

**scherzo**

**Salem Willows**

Eunice was a girl.

I was going to say that this is private.

This is the dream that desires to become my body,  
To engulf my body.

But it may not be my body,



Because my body is reality,  
And the dream is confusion,  
Non organic,  
Non existent,  
Non.  
Or is my body like the spine of sleep—  
A dream from which no waking can escape?

Always she had been a girl and a ship;  
The body of the waters and the winds,  
The vitality of sea-moon and sea-sun,  
The imagination of the wandering voyage,  
The saturation of the distant port,  
The port unknown impressive in her eyes,  
The landfall of her lips, her mortal voice.

But Eunice was a girl and not a ship.  
She was not a ship because she was a mortal.  
She could never sail into that unknown port:  
The compassed port which is not quite a dream.  
Her sentence was to sail and sail and sail.  
She will sail forever, sad, happy, sailing dream,  
A sailing harbor and a sailing home.

The sun is an illusion of a sun.

Beauty is an illusion of a beauty.

Beauty is never an hallucination.

How could Eunice know a pain,  
An hallucination.

I was going to say, How could Eunice be a pain,  
An hallucination.

For she was free.

She was a girl at the Willows.  
Below the willow trees she laughed, ran laughing.  
And I was a boy, he thought, I was a boy.  
I was a private boy, like all other boys,  
In the gulf of time.

I was going to say;

By maple tree, by sea, by wind,

By sycamore, green elm, bright willow,  
I strolled like vapour down with mind  
Long afterwards upon my pillow.  
We did not hear the tramp of others,  
So solid were our walls of mind,  
Yet in our hearts beat all the brothers  
Of animal or human kind;  
And in our sole companionship  
Each word was sacred to each lip.

Each lip was sacred to each word.  
We were a strategy immersed  
By time in God's strategic blunder;  
For I ran wild while he ran versed  
In deadly things that side of wonder  
Where man is minuscule to bird.

I wondered if he would not laugh,  
Who crucified himself for sin,  
Or mimic the depraved who quaff  
From their soiled cup their mental gin.  
How could he feel that I should live,  
Who sinned the sin that he could not forgive.

He never saw her hair, or did he see  
Her hair, I mean her guilty, godly hair  
Crouched in the sunlight and shining like a bee,  
And flying forth from the flower of her stare—  
Her wine, her honey to anoint my soul  
With heaven and the gaudy light of love.

So this is death, I thought, so this is death,  
This heat that cannot burn,  
This cold that cannot freeze,  
This mind which is and isn't, this pain of yearn,  
This keen angina cold all suns beneath,  
This spectral evidence of private grace.

It seemed Christ's sea had risen like a rain  
To drown my stream of consciousness, for the hour  
Beat backwards in his young, confusing eyes—  
Eyes like the bearings of a purple dawn  
Weaving their fluvial blushes from the rays  
Of her who ran as if she were God's power.  
It seemed he plucked those buds of firmament,  
And called me to consent;  
And I was in her light, and in I went

Like someone sent.

I was going to say that Eunice was a dream,  
A lost heart in the grave of life, but shining.  
And he knew my divining.

Suddenly through the vessel's gloomy chasms,  
From lobe to lobe of his radioactive brain,  
I travelled; and in one moment like a spasm—  
Like a dying sadness calling for the bird,  
For the bird who sings and does not know he sings—  
I clutched his heart.  
It throbbed like distant thunder,  
And I could only wonder  
If by my hands it tore;  
For my throat was drenched in attar  
From a rose on a god-rose tree.

And we were walking where the grass is clean,  
Down by the sea; and all the creams of ices  
Were melting on the velvet of our tongues.

O boy, I said, O boy let us go far  
Up by the point where we can spy the sloops  
And the girl who sails like a twelve-metre class,  
The winds and the heavens in her dress.

He seized my hand. I felt his arteries roar  
With the long hill. Yes he, he understood.  
How could he understand I wished and wished  
To fly where dream in dream has vanished.

I dared not think he knew  
How blue her eyes, how blue;  
Or think his world hung on man's bliss,—  
The physics of his future kiss,  
A garden kiss,  
That flesh of night,  
And put up swords.  
How could he know that dream in me,  
My hanging on the kiss of life,  
And on the sword of dreaming love,  
And on the word, but not God's word.

His strawberry cone he juggled as he tossed  
His long leap forward. It hung upon his lips  
As pink and fragile as an iris, sweet

With essence nearly spiritual. I soon had lost,  
As in his bold, young trance I seemed to beat,  
The privacy of valour. All was here,  
The mornings and the evenings of the years.

He laughed out loud!  
And dropped my hand.  
How physically all his body quivered!  
She turned on toes to me, a wind that hovered  
In long keen ribs of light,  
A fire from her feet.  
On Christ the pivot she seemed to turn and cry,  
Come to me else I die  
By springing from this tint into the sky!

Dazed, I searched the utter cheek of sky,  
Expecting that some tragedy there was hid.  
Was the sun flying, flowing, knowing,  
Peering like an ocean at the boy,  
Envious of the shadows in his hair;  
Or raying through the piercings of his heart?  
Suddenly she sang!  
He laughed! My body rang!  
Enticed by waves of bleeding in a grail  
I loved the passion of the laughing gravel,  
And the girl's face within his face composed,—  
The consummation canopied, infused.  
I saw life flung into an open bloom  
Within his room.  
And—

And I was going to say, perhaps you understand  
The metric peril of love's measurement  
That circumscribes the earth of you,  
And Christ the pivot.

I said, Who is she?  
But the boy ran on, and I was glad he ran—  
With his five fingers reaching towards the sun,  
While the fleur-de-lis of ice cream kissed his tongue,  
And the balls of his strong feet beat on the earth  
For all his passion's worth!  
Until he was a period on the sky,  
Like a bird.

If you see me, I called to him.  
I could not run. Some hindering hope,

Some crowd of Willows people on a spree  
Made dreams capricious by reality,  
Forced fried clams, kisses, frankforts,  
Hamburgers, cheeseburgers, frozen custards,  
Loud speakers laughing at seekers.  
And the willow trees were black  
Upon my heart.

I was whipped by some neurosis or some pain,  
Some tyranny as surrealist as man—  
The heavy shoulders, the creased lineaments,  
The ugly hips, the lips as red as evidence,  
Eyes locking for glut's coincidence,  
Eyes beautiful as death  
Clinging on coiled permanents.

O God! I cried. O God! I cried, This Earth!

And cast my feet, and clenched my lids,  
And said, My pain is my reality.  
The confusion is the dream that there is no dream,  
No non organic fantasy fulfilled.  
The horror is to think the dream unreal,  
To lose faith in the spectral eyes,  
The sanctifying eyes.

O Christ, I cried, The Dream besets us all.  
And shall we not award The Dream the dream!  
O Christ exceeding sound and sight,  
O Christ, O Christ the axel turn,  
O turn the light  
And make my dream my mistress.

Across the green I labored, and just there,  
Beneath a distant willow, like the air  
She stood with all of heaven in her hair,  
With all of God's forgiveness in her eyes,  
And in her lips all mortal love can feel  
Of immortality.

Yet all the claims of innocence and joy  
Were dying in my heart. I heard the boy,  
But ran for Eunice, and as I ran I sank.  
My heart was rank,  
O God, and the great earth seemed to be tossed  
Out of its orbit, and I knew love was crossed,  
A ghost,

And lost.

A vaguely aware, ontological, sharp sea  
Was lapping Jesus' feet with memory,  
Was washing Peter's Passion like the live  
Quiver of death, was healing in that hive  
The gangrene heart, the Adam, Dionysus, Faust,  
The wisdom of the living ghost.  
Yet nearer, like a wind branch in the air,  
I fled, a scarlet morning of despair,  
A running steel of rain,  
A Bessemer of brain;  
And in the centre of my storm I dropped,  
For here all living stopped.

Enormously she was not where she was.

I was going to say;  
That there are weathers that arise unknown,  
There is the wisdom which is confusion,  
There is the hawk, the swamp, the dawn, the sparrow;  
There is today tomorrow.

But to tell the truth, if the truth should be known,  
May it not be told by interrogation?  
Is not the private soul being forever confused in the gulf,  
Devoured by the wolf,  
By the dream,  
By the exposure to the enclosure  
Of the dream,  
And a poor print?

My breath is caught in frailty; my bed  
Of truth is a frail woman unafraid  
Of death, yet wondering what will then be made.

The boy sang in my head. I heard him call,  
Loud like the independence of a gull.  
I ran to him like life's perimeter.  
He shaped upon the headland, young and clear.

On Christ the wind I turned and ran,  
Seeking the happy pain of the absent god  
Who scurried with me and seemed the bristling air,  
Who seemed the girl with blue sun in her hair;  
And yet I knew she, he, he was not there!  
Only the shadow of a whimpering heel,  
And crushing mouths on jelly rolls of steel,

Only the whimsy of the unnatural foil.

I was going to say,  
When thoughts arrange the eyes the pupils die,  
And mental schism wreaks monstrosity.

For the willow trees were black upon my heart;  
The sea was yellow, the lawn a sorrow's blue;  
The elm was cypress, the sycamore a yew,  
And each the ultimate niggard with crumbling twigs,—  
Like a witchcraft woman with a sworded nose,  
Who pricks up gossip until she has skinned  
With scratching vanity some virtuous wretch,  
And dropped his écorché in mankind's ditch.

My blood blenched as I paced  
Lest I should be embraced  
And as I passed she snorted with her nose.  
A passion spun my heart  
To grind her ragged dart,  
While I prayed to God, though only spectres rose.

For with head and heel and haunches  
The people in the wind walk crushed and crammed—  
Like the dim of Dante's damned—  
With peanuts, popcorn, sausages,  
Mustard, kisses, lozenges;  
While fried clams were reeking in the predatory paunches  
Whose beaches are their bellies where they go  
To lose themselves in their own undertow.

But I was not the carbon paper there,  
Nor copy stretch of care.  
My single soul had strived to see  
The girl in organdy,  
The lonely girl with heaven in her hair;  
And she had faded into my despair,  
Had shrunken in the midnight of my eyes,  
Or slipped into the sanctities of skies,  
The solitudes of sighs.

And on the fiend-blue ground I ran like hell;  
With one intention—not therein to fall,  
Into that windy monotone of life,  
That strife.

The beds were dying flowers as I hurried

Paolo and Francesca flurried,  
Fingering lacy bodies in my soul,  
And a rose with moth laced petal;  
And in the concrete room  
No bloom, no bloom  
For the crystal in the stone,  
The natural stone.  
But all seemed sallow in subservience  
To their experience.

O Christ, o pity, Christ, our need  
Lest it become our greed,  
Lest what we seem become our dream.

But let us roll  
On Christ the soul,  
On Christ the flame;—

My tongue could hardly move  
To say it;—LOVE.

No sooner said the word but by my side  
I felt the light, the boy,  
My friend, and he was I,—  
I all alone, complete and new,  
A crystal pillar in the tide,  
A boy, a happy boy,  
God's permeated joy.  
He lapped his flag and smiled.  
I saw, unseeing, how God's love beguiled.  
See see! he cried. Yes there  
The sloops were slipping in the summer air.

The grass is green, I said.  
Of course it's green, he answered absently.  
He had not seen!  
But would he see, and would he never see  
The thunder hanging on a willow tree,—  
That wildly wonderful magic to acquit  
The sane of fear when he has conquered it.

The sky is blue, I said.  
That's what I like, he answered,  
Throwing out his hand that held the cone.  
Beneath it cruised with clean cylinders' soft drone  
A stretched, white yacht, a fancy yacht with brasses,  
And scrolls of gold,



And holidays of people,—  
Those lovely Marxian classes.

That's real, he said.  
And before I'm old, he said.

I saw it was a dream.

The cone tipped over and the red,  
The soft, sweet mound of cream fell on the dirt.  
That hurt.  
Give us this day our daily bread.

What would he do!  
Would he call on the absent gods  
Who never never never hear,  
Or never answer if they do.  
He sighed, O dear!  
So simply I was startled as if a bird  
Had spoken.

Poor child,  
He did not, no, he did not understand  
The dream and the lust for the dream which he had held in his hand,  
The torch that was his tongue.  
He only knew the song,  
The pleasures of the singing.

But my head was ringing.

Will I be rich? he said.  
Without a hint of greed he looked me through.  
Or will I be like you?

The sun with anthropomorphic sympathy  
Folded our hearts,  
Shawled our arms  
Together.  
Such bright weather.  
The grass is green, I cried.  
That's what I said, and died,  
He thought.

On Christ the flame.

Let's get another cone, he said.  
The flying horses' tune gets in my head,

The jangling of the music at the whip,  
And those whip worms who never loved a ship,  
A crystal ship, the dream, the dream.  
O God!  
Keep me upon the sod.

Yet leave the girl with heaven in her hair  
Beneath the solemn willows when the season  
Has sagged, and men with common reason  
Go glamouring to movies with crude care;  
And when the boards have branded the concessions,  
When flying horses mold their wooden sleep,  
And love no longer talks in torn processions  
Beneath dark lighted trees, when the seas keep  
Alone the solace of their mistress moon,  
Then let me swim into that gulf and drown!

Dare the dream to its death,  
Dare the red thorn security of the lethal witness,  
And by this drug of danger rip the lines  
Of Maginot frustration,  
Lose all imagined liberties in love.

Come on, he cried; the boy,  
And could I be refrigerated joy?  
My azure pupils saw the treasured blood  
Of laughter in his lips,—the brilliant blood  
That mothers dreams, and will have dreams,  
And will, and will be free of the confusing screams,—  
The silent screams the dogs bear in their eyes,  
And stoic savages, and love's audacities.

I was going to say that no one knows,  
That no one knows what it comes to.

For life is private, invaluable private to some ONE.

And, to tell the truth,  
Should we be afraid of the terrible integration?  
Or must we prefer to be the aimless drip  
Into a tideless mud; to evaporate and keep  
An arid mud-farewell upon earth's crust,  
A fossil embroidery of our black-patterned lust?

Since nothing is, but will be so, why turn the rug,  
Or primp the body with another drug,  
Or ease the soul from the surviving jug?

Shall we sit in the winds and suffocate,  
Drink from the credence table and starve;  
Or slowly weep for willow trees of fate  
Until we lose the white screen of the nerve—  
The witness of indelible desire,  
Incredible fire?

Listen to nothing;  
Listen to the dream,  
The panting swords that pace upon the sea,  
The brimming hair-shine of the mizzen mast,  
The iris-glow of spume in watered sun;  
And the sailing of the brain empire's soul—  
This supercargo on this splendid ship,  
This original trip  
On the glassy sea  
With her, mind's mystery.

I was going to say,  
That at the Willows  
There's a slumber and a concealing in the shallows  
When the calm is like a wind that doesn't blow,  
Like a train that seems to run into the depot  
Among the stones,  
The inorganic peace  
Where the dreams go.  
My body is my dream.

**con moto moderate**

**Witch Street**

Every man is a wonder of the invisible world,  
For no man has ever been seen;  
Only veils of flesh through shales of eyes,  
Unreflecting screens, unsolving sights;  
Life pulses cautiously evaluating the next move  
Within life's cage,  
Within the occult medicine of growth which is decay,  
The failure of the flesh, the troubled glooms,  
The wanderings of rooms.

Well, as a matter of fact,  
Can the comic infinite live in the tragic factual,  
Can the eternal live in the ephemeral actual?

Fill me with sleep, O Christ, that I may wake.

Who is able to see the invisible in the city?  
Who has the quartz to qualify the vapour?  
Who is able to saturate the dreams with his eyes?  
The streets radiate the dreams that were builded,  
The lights that were lighted in studding and clapboard,  
And they fail in their fallow,  
Having known the sufferance of experience.

But who is unable to see, sometimes,  
The notations of suffering on the thresholds,  
The limits of windows,  
The absence of hands,  
The hands of the slow builders  
Who have been condemned by time?

We see the astringent skin on the soulful faces,  
The kith of heaven and the kin of hell.

The winds have hurled their passions through this gulf,  
Their hot breaths and their fangs,  
Their sullen, foggy tongues,  
He thought, as he found the street with a homesick stealth;  
The winds have eaten and corroded grace,  
Have penalized the dream,  
Have imprisoned in the wood  
The good.  
And dry exhaustion weary of the winds  
Has made a bone of sunlight, a pale soil  
Of arterial truth whose beating proved the woof  
Of glittering existence.  
And fear has robbed the soul of her white flesh;  
And Truth in stripping-fear has dug her grave  
And crawled within, afraid of time and Truth.

Rise from the dead, ancestor; rip the air  
With rolling stones; deliver weary Truth  
From time's earth peak of insolence!

Dribble of a faded footstep seemed to quiver on the ground,  
Startling happiness of robins was the only other sound.

Barking of a dog withindoors seemed the silence of the world,  
The intentions of the elm trees, the brick walks about them curled.

Gingerly he tried his passion on the poisoning of decay;  
Through the witchcraft springlight peering for originalities,

For the evaluating moment of the man who might have been  
Living in a Salem graveyard, satisfied to sit and grin

At the world; the truth were better, at himself, that vial cold  
Holding not inheritance but some Judas traded gold,

Some imported, new time master, some new worship of deceit,  
Some occult and frantic passion, and the heart to harbor it!

At a door's seductive sagging he paused like a trance apart;  
Here it was, he knew it madly, he should meet his other heart,

Meet the decomposing conscience, sitting lonely like a grub,  
Blackened by progressive vapours, and forgetful of the tub.

Well he knew the pride and glory, the consumption of success,  
The green lungs so shrill with virus, like the anxious mind's abscess.

Now, unseen, the doorway opened, and he left the faded street  
Where once each garden was a flower and the minds were made of  
light;

And he walked into the present, startled by the symptoms new,—  
Like new wine in sane, old bottles, in each room a radio;

All the gadgets of the masters,—television and a sink  
Electrically chewing garbage, and all the cola you could drink;

But the horror of the picture was the fleshy throb who sat  
Hostile, like a prisoner, in the Malebolge he'd got.

And they shall be shut in prison, and after many days shall they be  
visited.

But, as a matter of fact,  
They are all strangers withindoors.  
They are frayed strangers frightened before the television screen.  
Apparently they are afraid that Christ,  
That a bleeding rust,  
That a hand.

And they cry to themselves like a scar,  
We are not within what we are without!  
They screen themselves hopelessly, hopelessly;  
Crying, We are not the graceful, classic porticoes!

We are pitchblende, and what all man knows—  
That there is no security anymore  
Behind the door;  
That we are a tissue of atoms, and that the hexe  
Will vex.

But, as a matter of fact;—

Ah, here you are, I said,—refusing the trust  
Of his dragging-down eyes like a septic beast;  
Ah, here you are great priest,  
Stifled, like a fiend, with everything of the best  
In a tomb of tasteless feast;  
The spectral power of the usual switch  
And its burning yeast.  
How easy is your life within this ditch.  
You never sense the malnutrition,  
Being your stupid apparition,  
And unaware that radios can bewitch.

His eyes blotched darkly like a moccasin  
Curled upon the quarrel of his coil.  
I'm really not insane;  
He said, and moved across his mental soil;  
A grub in mineral oil.  
You needn't sit; he warned, and tangled in  
The mutable he made a poisoned stroke  
At the television joke.  
A woman, flickering with her misery,  
Screamed through the room and laid her down to die  
In the hungry years that hardly were awake.

It's a delusion. It's a pity, but it is;  
He smirked, and lighted an electric flower.  
I understood his bliss,  
His joy that shades should live and die by power!  
Chameleons of the hour.  
He crumbed his lips with grub-like sanctity  
And whispered, You cannot escape the wise  
And dead psychology  
Upon which I have breathed a tony breath,  
So people come to me and worship death.  
And then, you see, they know not when they die.

I deck the world with cheating. It's a spree  
Of chances to the people, but a plan  
Truer than verity.

I am the executioner of man  
Who loves his own confusion.  
On such deceptions I could not endure.  
My eyes are science, man's possibility,  
The proof of religion's error.  
And in the haunts of faith I praise  
The virtues that have blessed my days,—  
The important parchment testimonial or—

I saw he would go on and on and on  
With his green, deluding groan,  
And so I slipped away with ritual  
That knows the way to go,  
That knows the sight of death,  
The soul of fat.

And with a sense of humble petulance  
I sought a room, a room where meaning slept;  
Where faultless solitude, where origins  
Unwithered might be scented, fondled, kissed;  
Where white Parnassus and blue Calvary,  
The summits of man's light, shine for his sun  
And alter the deep dusk, the drawings in  
Of trains that have no depot, no fabricated twist  
Of time into eternity.

The house seemed larger than my thought, the walls  
Seemed to have spread insensibly through nights.  
They were illumined as if with faded stars,  
Shadows of intimacy through which I groped  
And found the room not where I did recall.  
As if a sea anemone had wandered through a bay  
To haunt another rock.  
And there in easy confidence I met  
The cat; old Kingdom's basalt Bast,  
Old woman's familiar loneliness,  
He who is as an idol to himself.  
He seems as tall as an archangel's eye,  
He seems black water founted from the sky.  
He seems dogmatic law, and yet  
His passion is the Paraclete's,—  
A chain of haunting light,  
A tremulous desire that can glow  
In paw and purr and press and looking through.  
If spleen he is, that's like his weight,—  
The deception of his hairy state.  
His wisdom's open secrecy

Is concealing how he came to be,  
And how he satisfies his Ultima Thule—  
The remotion of his present soul;  
His lucent disposition to endure;  
His thought unframed by cornice, entablature;  
His walls and windows a single plane of light  
Concealing his well hoarded love of night.

So truthful in deception there he sat,  
An omnibus religion labelled CAT.

His eyes were webs and stones.  
He was a flame on bones.  
His gloom, like Buddha's stared at me;  
Absorbing, like a mystery,  
The who or what or why or when I was—  
The over-laborious secret of my cause,  
The loom that was my doom.

And solitude in hunger came between  
Our bodies, and reminded I had been  
With him before; as I had been with sound  
In a wild distance upon holy ground,  
As I had been the vast, long blade of grass  
In deathless hours when strange things rise to pass.  
And now he sighed and made a name of time.  
His eyes conceived a woeful flame.  
His lips commenced to turn  
My body and my soul,  
And thus sang the fuel:—

The stars are shattered;  
Atoms flash and die.  
All that once mattered  
Expires infinitely.

The dreamer, scanted  
Of the usual dream,  
Lives on unwanted  
In a fractured flame.

The fission's capture  
Of the mental state,  
Disparts the rapture  
When we celebrate.

The stars are shattered;



Pluto chars his name  
Upon an absent future.  
Where is home?

Then crystalline he shrank his soul  
And leapt like ether through my spine,  
And flashing out above my head,  
Died like an atom cat, died dead.

And from the soul of rooms I slipped with sighing;  
Hearing the shadows of my mother crying,  
Hearing the ceaseless labour of the earth,—  
The echoes of eternity in birth.  
But the wild shadows of the lifeless street  
Made deserts green, made honesty deceit,  
Made wisdom like the summit of a quarry—  
Turf and rock and impassivity.  
And doubling on the darkness of the hour  
I saw the gulf of witchcraft and its power;  
For the physicians had pronounced the children bewitched,  
And drowning waves of wisdom had poured down  
The story sickness on the feverish town.

And the witches were compelled to be guilty,—  
Not because they were guilty,—  
But because the human mind is like a broth  
Of hazy cultures invisible from birth—  
The prides, the envies, the power and the wrath,  
The vivacious virus of the fallen man,—  
Deluder, and deluded by his plan.

And as I stood within the shades of day  
I saw delusion refusing still to pay  
The price of love, the pain of sacred love.  
I saw the darkness of a man's belief,—  
The morbid growth insensible to grief,  
Except it be his own. I saw the expense  
Of the time purchase that has no conscience,  
That sits in the light of the unpaid bill, secure;  
Not like the cat whose darkness is his door,  
His house, his old, invisible wise rest,—  
The purring meditations of the past.

This is private.  
This is the nineteen little births to Christ  
Of a man's hundred years.  
This is the unfashionable shame, the tears

In the shapeless gulf shaping the sight of wounds  
In every electronic nerve from head to foot,  
The sense of shame pressing to death the sin,  
Hanging the past the present and the future  
On the rope of love,  
On the metempsychosis of the witch,  
On the suspected, and on the leaping, squeaking accuser forgiven,  
On Christ the flame,  
On the ruthless gentleness of awakening love.

I saw the railways of my heart,  
The apocalyptic flames of sin  
Borne upon the bleeding Christ—  
The legend love that carries pain.

O breed me, Christ, in your nucleus.

O breed me, Christ, in your nucleus,  
And grow a nurtured home;  
Snag time that hurled me on its bruise  
To eat the red bread of my pose,  
And drink my blood, for whom!

O save me from the pricking pins,  
And the hell man with his book,—  
The faithless toad who death explains,  
Like the grub contented with his brains,  
By a quanta's wistful shock.

O rock that disengages Christ  
And gives the gallow's grace,  
When bodies are dissolved in mist  
And stars are nearer than the wist-  
ful smile upon my face,

Then roll the liberty of light,  
And lure me through the gloom;  
And dip the wells of my brain's sight  
Into the peering of your night,  
Your nature and your home.

I was going to say,  
That my body is my freedom,  
And my freedom is my body.

I offer it to tyrants.  
I make the oblation with the obvious supplication—

That they shall know shame, as I know shame;  
For I make it with shame, with my organic all,  
My conscience.

I listen for the wording of their shames.  
But silence names them obdurate.  
They will not see their evanescent claims,  
The self-destroying lightning of their state.  
Shall I confess their love is hate?

So he went from the mansion, leaving the grub;  
Went thinking how time would confess the times.

And he didn't seem to be losing anything,  
Which was the virtue of grief;—  
That it sank the gulf towards Christ,  
And exalted it towards God.

On Christ in Hell we boldly spin,  
With barbital we cross his Lethe,  
And wander Phlegethon and Styx.

And round him shaped the haunted street  
Of creeds and faiths perpetual,  
And those ferocious loves that hate  
That dearest Christ should dare his hell.

Transfigured by the storm of truth,  
And the heart-beat of the clearing sun  
He knew why dogma's brain is loath  
That love should be a simpleton.  
For it is written—the ethos and the Brain  
Have printed upon time the homogenizing stain;  
And goodness must be chartered through the street,  
And love moved brusquely like a marionette,  
And superstitions of a copal Christ  
Must varnish your lens in the soul's Palomar tryst,  
And your neighbour's passion of preëmpted grace  
Must keep your ghastly goodness in its place.

O spectrum Christ, O Holocene,  
What does this murder mean!  
Forgive us Lord for the mind's hard rope,  
And authoritative storms.

A storming man with Hades in his stare  
Walked down Witch Street in the witching hour;

A man with dreams that hovered like a mist  
Of raging glory in a shawl of dust.  
He published love with tantrums of desire  
To gloom the world with his compelling rod,  
To make a fool of freedom and inspire  
The weaker gleams to worship him for God.

His skin was like the shriveling of death;  
His eyes were like the gasping of his breath;  
His lips were drenched with scarlet human blood—  
That alien slavery to the weeping rood,  
The abortion of the torsion.

Unreal he is, I say, and I  
Beneath the skeins of a holy sky  
Go gathering the wool of sleep,  
And flowers soft, those tender wills  
That care not if the sunlight kills  
Or moonlight brings the comfort deep.

And near the drone of a Salem house  
I saw a crocus all alone.  
It lighted like a yellow muse,  
And on the granite wrote its rune.  
And there was freedom in each character,  
The fulfilling cosmos in the accentuating hour.

The morning seemed to grasp the wordless elms.  
It shook uncrying lids along the leaves.  
Each separate, glistening leaf was a whisp of glass,  
And floating whispers wandered through their graves.

The long sun hung bewitched upon those gallows.  
Soon hanged the silence like a cleaving coat,  
Until I looked again and saw the wind  
Was blowing spaces which had long been mute.

Then, splashing suddenly on a façade,  
A wall of heaven rose upon my soul,—  
Sensation of the meaning there exposed,  
The slumber of fine things without removal.

As mute as sunlight warbling to a bird,—  
Such was the trance, the image of the vision  
Of an old beauty waiting for the eye,—  
The nerve of proving love or its evasion.

And there was peace,  
Not alone because there was PEACE,  
But because there was memory and isolation;  
The isolation of the free soul.

Praise God for isolation,  
For the noble strength of the great gift—  
The individual soul.  
Praise God for the success of suffering,  
For the endurance of all denial,  
That the affirmation may be born.  
Thank God for witches,  
For the good who are called the evil.  
Thank God for the unreality of the real story  
In the past hells of recorded history.  
Thank God for the Crucifixion  
When the charm of Christ is crucified by Man the Clue.

For, to speak the truth,  
I heard a cry crying in the light.  
When unbelieved—in April shone in the old  
I heard the sob of love's affright,  
Like snowdrops hanging chastely through the mould;—

The invisible abused me.  
The intangible concealed me, closed its gloom door  
On the burn and the heat of my vision,  
The intellectual, insensible pathetic,  
Broke all my windows, like a lunatic.  
The insomnia of sin seduced my tears;  
The means of living smote me, and I wept.  
My soul was a flood of God in my veins.  
In my brains the waters rolled,  
A glittering face towards the depth of the drop.  
There was a thunder of pools in the sob of my eyes.  
Sobbing was my mother in the threads of my eyes.  
In my throat beat the curds of her cry.  
The cross of her anguish darkened my lids.  
I kneeled in the streets, for the powers avoided me.  
I ate of my blood, for the nations gave it me.  
I rushed to the east, for the masses drove me;  
A naked, shameless violence drove me  
Towards the ruthless escape, the window of fire,  
The intolerant cross and the globe of its sorrow,  
The arch of its colours,  
The pain of its fracture.  
I leapt to the bid, to the lactic renewal.

Then quaked the needle on the record's will,  
And burning music sang seraphic song.  
There I embraced the cleaving rays of sound,  
And found my Father, all my rejection found.

But haunted by the deftness of the pain  
I flooded out my eyes where the ritual sang;  
And saw the abyss of the quarreling faiths,  
And saw the altar, the pond of my own heart,  
And the pressing flaunt of purpose like my own,  
But messed in scrimmage. Yet, behold, the bow  
Of little children poking words of prayer  
That deluged the discovery of love.  
I saw the young ears quiver for my soul.  
I rent the waves of ether with the din  
Of holy counsel, and pollened with a tear  
The entire universe.

I fled to the cheeks of the future and warmed them,  
And poured through its throb love's power and passion,  
The rays that are sealed without retina's foolscap;  
The violet hope I offered, the splendour  
Of ulterior things,—  
Offering the wine and the weariness,  
Offering the blame and the bastion;—  
And the children smiled, the children quietly smiled;  
Like a pale glass in the future's secret room  
I saw the modulation, winsome, lonesome;  
I heard the mercury of rising love,  
The whimper of a prayer,  
The calling sight;  
And I gave my response,  
BEWARE,  
I AM IN YOU!

The crying whitened into skies  
That hypnotize.

And ever in the slain hearts glow,  
Like liquid lightning through their snow,  
The casements of his crystal hands,  
His flashing heart,  
His baking mouth,  
His passionate forehead raw,  
Who hanged upon the improvidence of a dogmatic law.  
Who hanged upon the blaze

Of minds who gave not God the praise.  
On Christ the platter float my head,  
Until that credo shall be dead;  
And may the cornea of grace  
Seal His love upon my face.  
The cry of love for the lightning in the light,—  
This is legitimate!

The cry of shame in the rot below the beam,  
In the sandy crumble of devoured strength,  
Rips the cold air with the thunder of the home  
Strewn in the city a world's length.

The freedom cry in the Ionic capital  
That rolled across the Saviour of the lawn,  
Moans in the flame that arches through its lintel,—  
The immutable theology of dawn.

Sad, eerie eyes are walking through the minds  
Of men who wander like a looking glass,  
Of cold men peering at their beggared sands,—  
Unreasonably reasonable in this.

Those eyes make music sadly in the brain,  
Dye tints of loss upon the mental sky.  
And someone feels the puzzle, the incessant pain,  
The peace of God's incessant humility.

There comes an hour like a rose at night  
Waiting for earth and sun to culminate;  
Waiting like a sky in an unflown clearing  
When no one, or anyone, is nearing.

And sometimes on a creed a passion falls  
With powers physical and metaphysical  
Which were never bred in the clinic or laboratory;  
Which were rather culled from the ether of an old wound,  
Or gathered from the penetrating radiance  
Of the poignant mind.

And one will cry;

The absence of my eyes has given light,  
And life has risen through the absent night.

My heart has throbbed with the vintage of the rose;  
Renewing in the dark what days refuse.

The Fascists and the cultists and the crude  
Utopians with witchcraft brain imbrued,

Shall shame no more, for all the pain is mine  
Who gave the sorrow and made the bleeding wine.

So mercy, darkness, come; lie on my bed;  
For in you shines the light of home, the living dead.

And those who live in deadness,—  
What are they,  
But clay?

My body is my freedom, I am free  
In the wonder of the invisible world.  
I am the convex Hercules;  
Not the spectre and the witchcraft delusion—  
The pain, the evil of not accepting the pain  
Of ourselves,  
But looking for it in others,  
Knotting the restless rope  
And shaping the strategic nails;  
And looking for the victim with valleys in his heart,  
And fountains in his brain,  
And wings in his eyes.

O gentle Bird the planets waste;  
O guileless Shepherd greed implies  
Our lebensraum shall be Your skies.  
On Your Cynthis and Venus we shall feast,  
Despoiling love as in the past.

O Purity, and Love Your sword;  
O unhaphazard Word;  
How long must matter murder man!  
Is there a Plan?

**finale**

**allegro non troppo, andante maestoso, presto**

**Salem Tunnel**

To tell the truth,



Righteousness and peace have not kissed each other.  
Perhaps they can never kiss each other.  
Perhaps only love can kiss peace,  
Only love can kiss love.

Stop, Look, and Listen. Stop.  
Is careful Cotton Mather kissing Bridget Bishop—  
That weird, swift, unwinged woman hanging on his gallows,  
And her peaceful fellows?  
Is Hitler clasping to his fearful blood  
His Sachsenhausen brood, his Belsen brood?  
Do you suppose that someone could,  
Someone kiss someone on the rood?

Better not mention names,  
To tell the truth;  
For the wind that strikes the stone face of the depot  
Might strike like white-cold Judas into your face,  
Longing for a mother's love,  
For a cozy nest wherein  
To fold its heartless wings.

On Christ the pain the world revolves,  
On pain the Christ the world dissolves,—  
Reeling, wheeling the distressing soul,  
The inorganic organ,  
The possessed possessing,  
The barrier between two visibles.

And burns of light that harrow eyes,  
And who loves earth's perversities,  
And who perpetuates the wind,  
And who in sleep secures his mind,  
Who knows?

And who were they whose blood is lost,  
Whose form is now a windy post?  
Who were they!  
Witches hanging in the air,  
Gray rags of life and deadly ministers,  
Tunnels to the sky.  
But why!

To tell the truth, the shadows wander home.  
And blackbirds in the depot have a room,  
Invisible.  
But there they are, invaders with a right;

Determined to settle with Christ before one night;  
Somehow.

And I Aware, Self conscious, Self confused, Ashamed,  
Search my sad soul and welcome it again;  
Dying in the miracle of the pain,  
And rising in the terror of the peace!

O Christ with whom one day I lived,  
One vivid day of centuries;  
Remember how my tang contrived  
To taste the unseen certainties.

Through webs and tangles and stark things  
My soul responded to your skill.  
You broke with prism blood the wrongs,  
And sped with prism bread the ill.

That awful, unexpected tear  
Of love exposed my haunted brain.  
What aimless terrors I saw there!  
In those black cells what vain migraine!

O Christ, the searing of your eyes,  
O Christ, your cauterizing lens,  
Roused not my animosities.  
I feared such wounding light could cleanse!

Now this is private.  
This is a moment not relative to the policeman on the beat,  
Not touching affairs at city hall,  
Nor in the charity bureau,  
Nor concerned with January white sales,  
Or street railway strikes.

This concerns the labyrinth of independence,  
And the queerness of the quest.

There was a strange woman of Salem  
Who sat on the sidewalk and prayed.  
She sat on the curbstone and prayed,—  
For a dress or a shawl,  
Or it might be a soul,  
Or the smile on the face on the telephone pole,  
Or the pole of the earth or the pole of the sun,  
For a name, for a flame, for a will to be done.  
But the busses flung out

A cloud of exhaust,  
And the strange woman breathed it,  
And gave up the ghost.

Not having a soul to give;  
Having alone the ectoplasm's stare,  
The non-achieving astral body's bare  
Indifference to everything but I.  
Not knowing; only expanding from her birth,  
A stub of life, a feast  
Of confused demiurge,  
And yet a dim foreboding of the Christ  
In the dark myth of herself,  
In the bondage that desired delivery;  
To expound in her head  
The world that is dead,  
The tunnels hanging on a tree,  
The cults that cultivated them.

But why!  
She did not know,  
But like some passion long eclipsed  
She knew she must believe or die;  
And so she waited like a frozen river  
For something to deliver,  
For the equinox of the forgotten soul,  
For her hemisphere's spring  
To sphere her.

Or did she know some lunar worlds,  
Lone phosphorous caves and cloudy nebulae  
Where her stressed soul could trail the losing earth,—  
Paling witches in her dreamy womb,  
Or mixing an imagined Christ  
In the deep-sea gloom of her mist,  
In the lustre of her eely weeds,  
Her gangrenous mind's sea bottom?

How far,  
Must a man live in hell to gain a star?  
How near,  
To death in gamma poppies lies his fear?  
How beat, the fossils of the mind on the haunted street!

There all are mammals, vertebrates, and gods.  
Who made her soul that nods  
With sorrow to the bus,

With sheer and wormlike loss?  
The witches in the Bible made her soul,  
The witches in the street,  
The uncalled witch pre-Cambrian,  
The first cell's haunted beat.

In flesh she never knew why she had hands,  
Or crimes;  
Her life was a long digression, like lost winds,  
Heating their passions through Silurian slimes.  
The years had planned her tyranny; the slew  
Had drained her like the black of fallen snow.  
Yet her secret blood, like sorrow on fat feet,  
Exhumed the past and nourished life on it.  
So on the curb her gray soul sat and prayed;  
An apparition, lonely and afraid.

The inside story of her sprawling eyes  
Will come no more. No primate's ecstasies  
Shall move her buried passion's cyclotron.  
She will not fly again. No earth-hot sun  
Will draw her pupal world from the cocoon bone.  
And only narrow spaces part from her  
All hope, all peace, all resurrection's stir  
That lights the pain of being by the air;  
The fighting pain that puzzles how to prosper;  
The pain of dying to eternal life,  
Not by decision but by orchestral grief;  
The symphony of naked you, the score  
That makes the body soul by metaphor!

My body is my soul.

And now I see, he cried—I cried he cried, I see  
The treason of my world dies utterly.  
I am a bird engraved with earth.  
I am birth.

The lightning in his heart awoke;  
And, though his eyes were stone,  
He saw the landscape of his soul  
Waiting there alone;

And, though his lips were marble flushed  
With bleeding sunset rains,  
He kissed that landscape with the hot  
Suddenness of brains;

And silence grew about him,  
Like a tunnel made of death,  
A darkness inexhaustible  
Of unicellular faith;

The sustenance of the enclosed,  
The miracle of grace,  
The difficulty of the grave,  
The resolving of the race.

For,  
Shall we not tell the truth?  
Shall we not cast an eye at the depot?  
For,  
The depot stands before the tunnel,  
And the rails, like silver swords,  
Flee into it,  
Into its solitude of granite walls.  
On the oozy and the rock bed the metals glisten,  
In silences they listen,  
Or seem to listen,  
To the thunder of the wheels,  
A hundred miles away,  
Ten miles away;  
To the preternatural play  
Of the pistons; to the tumult,  
And the shudder of the steam  
Like an afflicted dream  
Hanging witch-wise on the towers  
Of the depot, hanging like pale flowers  
Strangely fallen upwards shapelessly.

And who shall canvas souls who wait in the train?  
They may not come again,  
And it is late.  
Bewitched are they, or have they found the rent  
For which God's Son was sent?

If the truth were known  
This is the first cause of the Son,—  
That the tunnel should exorcise the demon,  
And leave a long green glass of happy light  
Hanging from the trees in bewitching possibilities,  
Hanging like prizes for these hung by the assizes:—

the Reverend George Burroughs formerly of Wells, Maine; Wilmot Redd of Marblehead; Margaret Scott of Rowley; Susanna Martin of Amesbury; Elizabeth Howe of Ipswich; Sarah Wildes and Mary Eastey of Topsfield; Sarah Wardwell, Martha Carrier, and Mary Parker of Andover; John Proctor, George Jacobs sen., John Willard, Sarah Good, Rebecca Nurse, Giles Corey, and Martha Corey of Salem Village; Ann Pudeator, Bridget Bishop, and Alice Parker of Salem.

As dying and behold we live,  
Nineteen tunnels hanging on a tree,  
From the sagging boughs of a Salem elm;  
And one rock—darkened for legality.

Hear the celestial silences.

Can you endure the wonder of the tunnel  
That opens, like a flower through the ground,  
Another world, the bright—at the other end—  
Dawn, following the black wound

Of the granite, the cave? O God, O Lord  
Let me wander with my wonder through the stones,  
Or wither, wither, wither, on a tree,  
And leave these malign bones

In the famishing gulf, the tyranny of life!  
Deliver me O tunnel prayer, O time  
Of tunnel Christ! See, I bewail this grim  
Hindering hour and its antedating crime.

Remit my passionate ears and let me sense  
The coming of the train, the intimacy  
Of the immanent Jesus in the axel's rose  
Turning equations towards the invoking sky.

And the involving earth's last kiss shall make me cry.

There was an old woman of Salem  
Who sat on the sidewalk and prayed.  
I heard her declare,  
With gooseflesh in her hair,  
The horrors that await and that remain  
For those who cannot take the train  
Because they are afraid of pain,  
Or are too healthy;  
Or too stupid to observe  
That other people know the grinding nerve,

The effrontery of fear,  
The hell  
Made by the leaders bifocal  
Who see only two things,  
And them I may not tell.

For, to speak the truth,  
When one becomes the epicycle of the Lord  
One doesn't grouse upon the human blood,  
For the tyranny is dead,  
For there's freedom in the head  
And the faces of the wheels are rods of light  
Spearing through the night  
Of the tunnel.

So perceive  
And receive,  
Lest you grieve  
Without grief.

Practically it's of rather uncommon interest  
When you think,  
That there are two openings to the tunnel,—  
Two ends;  
Each committed to acceptance or rejection,  
Yet only one of them a crucifixion.  
And the rose in the wheel is burning hot.

To tell the truth.

And you can't look back,  
If the truth were known;  
For the burning Christ is driving through the stone.

And the depot is no house of dreams,  
And yet it is.

But it's no wonder, just a pile of granite,  
With rather impressive towers,  
And machicolated parapets,  
And the mouth is a cavern  
Whence the rails like tubular lode-stars gleam,  
And strike the tunnel's maw with a heated stream  
Of bladed water,  
Tongues of chastity,  
Fingers of perfectibility  
Seeking into the tunnel,

Silvering the bed,  
Singing the darkness  
With sibylic Salvation;  
And looking-eyes see the sheer strike  
Of rails transfigured into thorns  
To bear love's burning rose.

On Christ the flame  
Our journey flees  
From status quo,  
From hanging woe,  
From loss and cross,  
From legislation and damnation,  
From interference and indifference.

The soul at length is free,  
The gulf becomes a fantasy,  
The firmament a feeble sky;  
For in the tunnel we have met  
The image of the Paraclete,  
The repose in the flame absorbent rose,  
The absolution in the stone.

His will be done.

O God awake my mind this night,  
This morning; I should say this bright  
And dual mid-rest of my soul.

For privacy has brought me here,  
And privacy is only queer,  
And tyranny might still extend its scale,  
Its loathsome tail,  
Unless I dare forgive the hell—  
Engulfing me from birth to knell,  
And by the internal compass of your grace,—  
Having achieved the love of Love—  
Love also to forgive the grief  
That privacy receives from the juridical race.

We cannot all be rock or glass,  
Or live with heaven like a lass,  
Or hang in silence on a windy tree;  
But we can see the opening  
Of darkness and the further spring,  
And we can know the holy ghost of human liberty  
That pieces fiercely gulf and pain



And startles heaven in the brain,—  
O Thaumaturge!  
O Mary Crowned with Thorns!  
O level light so pure and still,  
O passionate light of Uriel,  
O rock of light,  
O syrup bright,  
O Death composed upon a hill,  
O sunset flames of burial!  
Why is the grass so green,  
Why do the children scamper like the sun—  
Little Bridget Bishop and Ann Pudeator—  
Among the stones,  
Along the grassy floor,  
Laughing in their sunbeam bones!

O final sun!

O peace!

O stone,  
Be done!