

Winter 2006

from North American Dreams

Jon Thompson

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from North American Dreams

I

When will they return & when will they empty the
fog ghastly in their amputations and losses with limbs
missing like lost memory *My Soul at first fierce eye*
I cannot now say or sing what they have seen the
ones who will not speak, beseech me not *Whose*
brightsom beams could break into thy heart faces
harrowed by bright visions all foreseen all the bodies
in all Disarray the dead exiled to silence their stories
cold on their lips They rise up too late/ too late we
worship only shadows rising & falling *with my Fist*
mine Eye Dasht out, and did my Soule Unglorify

IV

What is not fit to stand is given, merciless the woe of
lead & fire the scenes improvised by amateurs with
brutal histrionics who cry out who can the acting is
so bad But now no time is there for hand-wringing
re: authenticity the Angels have descended & will
not go back Despite miraculous flights--the eyes
enthralled--the wires hardly show O the militancy
of desire, redemption deep falling/I thought I was
through/the streets became stagecraft everything
staged beyond craft *kening through Astronomy*
Divine/The World's bright Battlement My Heart it flies
down fiery it is a wrackful siege conflagrations dog
the everyday breathless she rushes to meet Death
her dark, slim-waisted suitor

XXI

Summer comes all ferocity & abundance, greenness
as if the world held no sorrow or as if green were
the color of unutterable sorrow My daughter, my
daughter what can I say when all the stories abduct
the truth Where is the line of retreat the rallying
point *Here for Companions, are Fears, heart-Achs,
Grief* In the Greek fable, green is grief-released, death-
fled, mad mother-love Backstories of whispered rage
possession & divine intercession The words were
salvation but a worldly plight has a death pallor &
thereafter never was it safe to speak her name

XXVIII

Oh Sarah, Landscape is vague how to hunt the beast
with corrupted nature, see signs of salvation, the
world is to spew us out Instead of a bright City
a Wilderness & the nightmarish dream-kingdom's
spell I see signs of shifts & divisions Fears, my
heart doth rise up for the quest, all -- "To that end
they began to build a Fort as it were to beleaguer the
Enemy" | Mine inward looking Eye God of mercy
anger infinite love| "The victim-hero divin'd exorciz'd
& banish'd the living blood of men & beasts & trees"|
Annawon he was then is in me now With Divine
Permission to execute Vengeance upon him, the
head perched on a pole in Plymouth Abstractions
of darkness abstractions of light immanent power
Hell