Winter 2006

from North American Dreams

Jon Thompson
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
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.