

## *Paschal Poem: Now In The Green Year's Turning*

### *Part Three*

*(Dream Dialogues)*

Run, run, run with the rising moon!  
The people are sleeping in calico,  
and you (my heart) do not know where to go.

The older poet said to me:  
Your poems have grown tough,  
but not tough enough.



Pity is like a river.  
It walks like me  
though.  
(How can I get away from my bones?)

The way rain pours into flat rock,  
that kindly pity soaks into me.

Carpenter,  
lay out smooth nails/and  
piece me together:  
sand the rough planks,  
but admire the smooth and fine-grained  
of my soul.

I know—  
you will tell me  
I am  
. . . too gentle:  
I cannot last:  
I have had that feeling, too  
(about you.)

*(Continued on page 2)*

(The wind—the world, shifted into  
a deeper color blue.)

Monseigneur:

*everything* is wrong with me:  
for one thing: I have no . . . right  
to feel such a bone-tenderness  
for one of my same sex.



(*Finger-to-lip*)  
Creature is tired. Creature doth need rest.



Shoulders like ships, come over the corn  
thrashing silence  
and a kind of blue sky (sheaved, shelved),  
—a slow spoken creature.

(*Very still*)

(Is my infirmity  
the reason why  
when people touch my body  
I feel shy?)



Wildflower opening to the wind—  
O Lord! there is the word the lame  
can speak only to you  
(why must I live out my life in this frame?)

I keep searching the word to transform  
me  
. . . into a renaissance boy again;  
keep waiting, breathlessly, for some god  
to lay his hand upon my shoulder, and  
transform the bone into the wing.

(Continued on page 3)

Or some god, listening, to lay his hand  
upon my body  
and . . . whisper, it is enough/to be a poet



and *this* may be the word of the mystical  
and this of the green, impossible  
longing  
of  
spring.



Beyond mere nakedness  
stands something else:  
a further reach I strain to bring to light:  
and this I bore, I bared to him:  
To dare to look the angel in the eyes.

I touch my body—and I leap toward God!  
(I swear, I do not speak these words to shame:  
they labor forth through deep, inarticulate praise):  
It is a joy beyond—beyond!  
I offer this as proof of Him:  
the ultimate embrace: the ecstasy.

#### Part Four

Beyond these words, few  
aside from this simple song of observation:  
men and women  
three thousand years ago,  
threading the hills of Arcady  
perceived that it was spring  
and sang.  
Sap runs and the carnival is celebrated:  
it can't be helped.

No formal magic can relieve this weight  
of green, green mystery.

(Continued on page 4)

But did we not accost defeat  
with our lives like Eleusinian mysteries?

(The largeness of sheer world absorbs  
the tense sadness of the individual heart:  
in between historical mystery  
and personal, visions shift and flame  
like fires of a harp's strings,  
or ebb and flow of unnamed pain . . .)



I look at the world through one more dusk.

Day is done:  
sadness and singing are one:  
I am singing.

And now in the green year's turning, I turn, too  
to leave . . . Corinthian blue  
stretches through the mind; and on earth,  
a natural kind of sadness: all the hills  
consent/and the sky—a sadness not my own  
alone . . .



A boy walks through the flaming sky.

What is it to be so slender boy?  
To walk the silent streets at dusk  
away from the flaming gold and rose?

To be so careless of the evening's beauty  
is to be the beauty of the evening; wholly.

The earth turns  
(and the lamb):  
It is spring.  
Someone is wading in the cool green  
stream at dusk, and disturbing

the silence  
with the turmoil  
of his human heart.



Into the dark song's reckoning  
go the leap of the lamb,  
the green blade through the sod.

Earth's soft green revolution has wrought this:  
the heart so crowned with mortal loneliness  
it breaks the eternal silence of a god.

from *Paschal Poem: Now In The Green Year's Turning*

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