

Awing

(1)

~~5 March, 1967~~

Awing soon
Too soon I will be ~~awing~~ awe-ing

I

(Awe-ing, Severed from my ordinary schemes.
Unexpected courage stays my thoughts.

Writing is mystery
Committing thought to word
Later to be shared, scrutinized, perhaps misunderstood---
It is not something to be done lightly.

We are aboard, seated, braced
For the ^{startling} new ~~vantage point~~ ^{address of} on space and time
The green light, then separation
From all that is familiar, piercing the unknown.

II

We are aborn
Ever new in history
Aborning through time
Extending ourselves through wing and thrust
~~Through imagination and technics~~
To ~~ever new actualizations.~~

2 sp →

This day which now impends the unknown possibility
 Will come and go as other days
 Perhaps to be ^{recalled} remembered, perhaps ^{unnoticed} unrecalled.
 All days, it seems, are worthy for remembering
 And are remembered in the mind of God.

That thou hast enabled me to venture
 I give thee thanks, thou great adventurer
 Into time.

III

The jet ^{thrusts} ~~thrusts~~ whiteward
 Immersed in the divine immensity
 Only a horizon of clouds is visible
 A thin white line casually erased by sheer blue
 Leaving nothing ahead but ^{the} ~~the~~ unknown.

~~O thou nothingness~~
~~O thou nothingness~~ toward which I am hurled
 I call thee loving Saviour of the world
 I celebrate thy vast immensity
 And know myself as known by thee.

IV

Greys and clay reds drench the eye
 With late winter greens
 In an orderly display of ^{farmed ripe} nature ~~and history~~.
^{ripened}

258 7

an enigmatic
 I am bombarded by ~~a new~~ view of twilight
 Being lorded over by an aluminum arm
 Spinning (inside I spin) deftly
 Stability in motion.

The structure of the wheatfields is unveiled
 Crowned by ~~the~~ ^a stiff city unwilling to bend.

Red bleeding clay
Cutted
 Pierced by an occasional rush of water for a million years.
 The sky now greyed to tender shades of blue
 Beholds a paralytic child / ~~dancing in the clouds.~~
Dancing in the clouds.

2 sp >

The water rules the earth
 Cutting, wandering, questing
 Its depth.
 But the earth is far too ^{massive} ~~massive~~ to be overcome.
~~The Impatient streams contest the patient earth.~~

O archless prairie,
 Witness to man's ^{persistent} ~~persistent~~ will to coach a stubborn nature,
 That long, thin, hand-hewn ^{highway for} ~~road~~ below,
 Like a surveyor's white string ~~tied tightly on both ends,~~
Nailed down tightly on both ends
 Measures your endless flattened planes
 With human ingenuity.

2 sp >

VII

The preference not to be born
Not to risk, engage, endure
Is native to the deadening propensities of the flesh
But today again as ever again
We are aborn. Today
~~The time~~ ^{The time} is unexpectedly ripe for labor
Birth, pride, agony and learning.

One reason I
Prefer death to life
Womb to birth
Homing to fleeing is
At home I can impose my settled claims
Upon a ^{by me tightly structured} partly controllable situation, here
The bounds are set by others
Schedules, requirements, courtesies
Undue at home.
It makes one feel uneasy
To be pried away from one's idolatries.

VIII

Ice on a dry tongue.
The slow pace of time amid suffering.
A dozen travellers sparcely distanced
Bound together for fifty-eight minutes
Our destinies meeting, quietly intersecting.

2/58

O rich bloom of deepening color,
 Purpled browns and ivories,
 I shall only see you ^{just} this once
 This unique stance in time and place,
 This one deep evening shall come but once,
 And you have graced the table of my eyes.

V

Now is only once
 Drink its depth
 Smell ^{it} and feel its ~~richness~~ ^{quality}
 Even the arid wastes
 Explode with color.

But it is fitting, is it not,
 Having learned to breathe reality
 To protect oneself against its intoxicating richness
 To put on tinted glasses to soften its dazzle
 Ignore ^{ing} ~~much of~~ its opulent variety
 In order to deal singularly with some manageable part,
 Taste it selectively, never gluttonously
 Savoring the moment.

The artist sharpens his gaze
 Upon a limited landscape, omitting all distractions
 Focusing on the partial
 In order to ^{unveil} ~~reveal~~ the whole.

no sp >

The ~~artist's eye~~ ^{ing} searches the endless horizon
 For that single word to speak, one moment to distill
 Which somehow bespeaks the totality.

VI

Empty, unnamable future
 You are my intimate companion
 My own unrepeatable encounter with time possible
 My investment in you is awesome, costly
 Admittedly idolatrous, burdensome to ledger.
 I probe your emerging edges
^{Watching anonymously} ^{and} ^{disrupting}
 Crouching behind the darkening clouds.
 However elusive and uncontrollable
 This I know
 You are mine till death
 O nameless deep of empty time

~~Why do I address you in personal terms
 As thou, not it,
 As a ^a ~~purposeful partner~~ ^{companion in my inner dialogue} ~~in dialogue,~~
 Not sheer emptiness?
 Thou massive evolving organism
 It is not ^a perfunctory routine that I choose
 To trust thee in response to thy choice
 To make thyself known as trustworthy.~~

double go

O blackness

Neither friend nor enemy, ~~mere thou-art-ness~~

Mere thou-art-ness, why does your void challenge me so

Address me as if you had some rightful power over me?

You are merely black thou-art-ness

With no right to summons me to dread.

In defiance I laugh

I celebrate thy immensity

As God's own gift. Amen! ~~Amen!~~

Whatever threat the dim unknown impends

It is thy gift

O thou who art the future

I shall ~~call~~^{name} it by thy name O Sabaoth

~~I may be wrong, deluded~~

no go

~~But that is what I~~^{how} defiantly name you

O vast empty abyss of time to be. Amen! Amen!

O thou who dost not call me into exodus

Without traveling with me as companion

Who dost not ~~require more than I can give~~^{burden} ~~than I can give~~^{bear}

Whose summons is ~~unburdened~~^{enlivened} by the refreshment of grace

The friendship of being

Thou who hast called me into being

And will call me out again to nothingness

Thanks be to thee for ~~my particular~~^{the unique address of} callings of

This here, this now. Amen.

IX

Through the mist I embrace you with my eye
 From afar, and high above your lost innocence.
 You are a spectrum of color at night
 Old friend. How I have labored for you
 City of my destiny.
 How my eyes have followed you
 Through all your twisted streets and contorted veins.
 Whatever you are, you are alive
 With wind and time and passion and guts
 I greet you as a friendly old competitor
 Ambivalent in my hesitating affection
 As uncertain of your friendship to me
 As I am uncertain of my love for you.

~~Gircling high above your lost innocence
 I see innumerable new growth cells
 Pushing toward the endless plain
 Kicking, pushing, digging-of mother earth
 Twisting for the birth
 That never comes~~

~~Square set it-scrapers
 Upping tall and furious
 Pricking the plain sky~~

28

~~You are (but)
 Dallas, city of lost winds
 And ungrown same-ing nine-to-fives
 Whose lust and pride is air conditioned.~~



Blue steel is at rest.
 The dancing child bows for a final applause.

Eucharistic existence means
 Embracing life
 Then sleeping in that embrace.

(5 March, 1967)

