

B

The Beast of Death

The boast of death is loud enough unchosen
But chosen it splits the eardrum of my heart,
Yet chosen by one upon whom ^{covenant} ~~guiltless~~ love ^{was} is lavished
Makes the thought of it the more ^{all} unthinkable.

This final act of violence and shame
Plunders my imagination.

The self-annihilation of all pretended virtue
Haunts the early hour.

Why, O stealthy imager of time undone
Do I suffer ~~with~~ the prospect of the unthinkable?
My why flies through the air unmet.

Amid the unanswering void I choose
To affirm, in the absurd silence of this dawn
Even if it should come to this
Even if my end should be rashly, ^{scintillatingly} ~~absurdly~~ self-designated
~~Horridly and irreparably self-chosen~~
Amid the claims and counter-claims within without
God I would nonetheless affirm thy good dominion over time
Knowing thou hast grasped in passionate care
What I could not grasp.

So I find myself claimed in life and death
Pursued by thee in my abortive exit from myself
Chastened ^{both} ~~by thee~~ in pride and in despair

Loved by thee amid my lovelessness.

Amid the anti-moment of this early hour.

(11 August, 1967) ~~8.11.67~~

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