

In The Name
Of
The Father
The Son
And
The Holy Spirit

by

Garrett O'Sullivan

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Dedicated to Regina Singer O'Sullivan

And there came one of the seven angels which had the seven vials, and talked with me, saying unto me, Come hither; I will shew unto thee the judgment of the great whore that sitteth upon many waters:

With whom the kings of the earth have committed fornication, and the inhabitants of the earth have been made drunk with the wine of her fornication.

So he carried me away in the spirit into the wilderness: and I saw a woman sit upon a scarlet coloured beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns.

And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication:

And upon her forehead was a name written, MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH.

Revelation 17:1-5

Six Portholes For An Ark

The City Noah
 the Flood the Bird

Phoenix of Fire, lust and hysterical windows of blowing
sand, twisted flaming figures shrieking by the sea-shaking
shore.

Spy you, obedient waves, dark skies, Immortal Rivers
Rising.

Satan and Noah, trident and Ark, gravity and Grace.
Marriage of dolphin and dove in the Eye of the Storm,
Break forth Meadows of Light from Rainbow.

Land Ho! Awake, beloved children,

The Lord survives the Flood of His Sun

Ancient Rites

Antique priests dwelt on shallow lakes, their copper skin,
 With mud, flamed the lakes into red sunsets. Virgin of lonely
 Goddess of fertility and seafaring, be with us always, deliver us.

Her delicate fingers and eye lashes stirred the water into storms,
And Pan raped her beneath these lovely willow trees. Hello satyr,
You of the cloven foot, dealer of scented bottles and sensual frenzy.

Adoration. A potter's wheel creaks and the hairy satyr speaks:

[illegible]

There is faint echoing in the valley of Palaces and solemn
thunder across the hillsides.

Tearing her pagan heart on the bulrushes, from the river she
 took a Child.
 All wept for the hunchback, hanged from the cathedral bell,
 scaring the pigeons.
 Sea lions in the heat of temptation rimmed our desolate cities.

Were sunburnt Hermaphrodites dancing
Across marble temple floors?

A troupe moved silently across the battlefield, across the
Doomsday of Bird Wars.

Death emperor, blow upon your conch shell, keep hidden
Thy goat's head crown, lest thou induce a pre-judgment frown.

A worthy man, I, though snowslip blind. Eve? Hip-Hop.
Hip-Hop.

In the afterglow his voice blushed and became hieroglyphs
Turning in that
Undertow

Winter fantasy

Lucky, here, a delirium. Panem.

raven's eye, almost dry. some vehicle, ultramarine
prongs. an inheritance of bibulous and supple
ambulance. often she strolls to shuttlecock with sleuths,
leagues, deep her
Marquee.

Womankind, far, far away, Fresco in your arctic hair.
Remnants, reflex, Merrily with blazing magic the Banshee wail-
ing. cube. space, times alcove crypt

universal execution, designed and desired, it
is. it verily is. friends at king's court
washed by speckled ether, fondling below stairwells.

out, out from ocean gloom, from sea's icy chamber,

Riseth Kingfisher laughing in wake of Moonlight.

O, but long, long ago, evil flaxen dress find gate,
go into Masquerade, long ago, little girl swoon. go, too,
Rise up and stamp their hooves, Unicorns after a storm,

And kite soaring into that gulf like a searchlight
Creeping into the throat of a looking glass.

Her sixth seal, that

lady slippers had become lewd and jagged
wolverine tears,

Stirrups of Thule ravished by jasmine sleet

Man and Woman Soaring over Countryside

Primrose and violet, this blood-letting, who ruffles fog
behind these fens as pillars of smoke lunging
from a killer's future, or

the way a dagger drips a warrior's skull, arrow in the forehead,
Pharaoh in the Sandbed. Lace escapes from her kisses
a kid's fingers.

Mystic Rose, albatross idol and Araby, the gold horns. And
Capes of Good Hope. come, nearer, girl. speaking softly
Her eye from shroud amidst tree.
then it was I and beast, being there,

Antlers plunging damp interior. Once you followed Airmen
and Stars,

As quiet as Tigers
Clawing pictures of caravan
On city skylights

As quiet as
Secret gargoyles, her
Magpies throbbing on gallow beams.

At world's end Televised return of ancient dead?
Shake hummingbird angrily in air?

Wind's fox ear poised, those eyes, flamingos in midnight
mangrove.

Requiem bars invoke springs of Rain,
That, running down Our Lady's glass canopy,
Whisper like petticoats over fallen birch leaves

from a lenten manuscript
Good Friday

Then will skies dome flash honeydew, leg chain and cypress
emigrate the course of her wine, sail
picturesque beneath the ale of voices cracked prettily
with turquoise countenance,

lake beard:
weed and anemone in watery suburb, torrential
descending.

get up and go now, go to brazen stable, lake lantern lapping
shore, her dishevelled, cocked and sultry
over conquest.

down the syllable's spike, trumpet calls, whispered swollen,
that language of nomad and oasis bathing these violent
galaxies, yet complete dominion
of howling animals

seven times sidesaddle through saga, opened gypsy bones above
swaggering decadent West. dragonflies withdraw into
centuries.

only circus high-wire, thinning ice,
galloping plague,
rippling water nymph, his depraved errand, his impure delving,
grasping,
murdering.

Mourning bird in the grapevine cries Beware Leviathan
unchained,
Clanking feet of giant men whirl, ruttish their green propellor,
Tell her of their evil eyes, Faithful lover

Children's
Ferris wheel color darkened and smashed by trolley window
soldiers

two poems for an apocalypse

a bat the moon and when all the eyes begin to stir, flock of
easter lilies, ballerina pirouette across that starry floor
forever

and your celeste struck a siren strangled by nylons, hear her
flickering thigh draped with a saint's tattered cloak; that coun-
try for young lions, devouring zebras beneath the noonday sun.

What Beast televised undying, graven images to western living
rooms?

drum major's perfumed sash
away from endlessly rocking sleep, to and fro, a cradle,
such a long time slumber

Above out tonight
Musick blown after ocean whale
Leading tall masts to that Sacred beach.

Nymphs and satyrs drowning in the bright Foam.

And that starlight crouching,
And that stars, Damnation

And panther stare from waterfall of blood mountain,
Dream a rider swing.

She is cobra taken from gracious arms, reindeer over glacier
gliding as quick as mantis mounting misty water maidens, a
tower of high blackbirds, earring cold to lips

Hark! The Hailing of Cranes, their legs like stalks of lightning
To thee at break of Day, a

Night long and pale from its gathering coach, finger
Forest damsel her Infernal Grove that cast down mysterious
sphinx,

Fallen enchanted faces the black Arch

A Puritan Lamentation

Printemps

O rose beast speak fangs cleft thy bed of death,
A mirror rain lily and April lust, sprinkle that
Marriage hyssop and all flesh descends to thee:

eve scarlet, her lace cherub in moonlight, lattice
Bethlehem to garden Covenant. Her face of Cross
blood her birds of gingham and perfume.

O magdalene, first Bride of the Risen Lord, why weepest thou?
Thy bright and distant Promise a Servant hath beheld:
Yea A Living Savior Anointed in the Kingdom of Heaven!
A Mayflower ascending from this dark and snowy New
England!

Alleluia! Blessed is She who comes in the Name of the Lord.

eve lance, thou art a wicked baptism thy men even pierce
Him

Behold winged creatures through Tree of Life
Blossom a cloud carriage witch

A Dying Pastoral

Dream begin earth and man soweth his garden Sin.
 ye thorns ascending a seraph wept.
 eve, darling, o sleeping gable goddess,

Behold a summer Reed shaken by Flood wind,
 A tabernacle of Winged Eyes
 gathering amidst Cloud and violet Thunder.

O death queen of adultery,
 Art thou jealous of undying love?

O death queen of mystery,
 Thy seven dancing veils do hide the Face of God.

Know ye this that thy veils have become a burial cloth
 Whispering in the cool light of His Morning Star.

Unfaithful waters canst thou flee a Pearl
 When the days of men cannot flee the Wrath of Love

Baal
Adagio Desolato

Cannot thy lying tongue flee Truth image of Man,
or thy multitude of tombs flee Eternal Life?

a spring of daffodils, a sled of pretty mistletoe,
a manger of nymph and satyr, and feathers in her Scarlet
hat Fall, a starfish shadow drown across weeping

Iris. Kissing darkness and waters of Swan silence
her fever, a windy face will seal her Seventh Lamp:

Good King David is at hand. Trinity nightingale
Thy Paradise sibyl Scatter Scarlet branch kings

Paradise Autumn

Beloved Mary, drape with scarlet falling leaves My celestial couch,
As thy Beauteous Soul must Rise from the body's lustful limbs,
That in Paradise, Autumn shall be crowned by Spring Eternal.

Bride of Spring, wilt thou Repent thy winter Sin? That bare
Singing praises to the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil,
Across the twilight sky, A Calvary for Autumn's April garden
Passion.

The bones of the Tree that once was Life. Shall they live again?
Will Man and Woman Sacrifice their Body to the Great Whore
of Lust?
Or will Man and Woman offer their Body with Christ on the
Cross of Love?

Shall there be any who can Rise from the bowels of that Whore?
Whosoever shall choose death in this life, that choice shall be
Eternal.
Whosoever shall choose Faithful Love, even though he shall die,
Jesus Christ, the obedient Son of God, shall Raise him up on the
Last Day.

Son of Man, say, I am CONSTANT, like unto Thee, Lord God,
That thou shalt reap therein the Harvest of Fidelity:
Never shall thy Spirit die, Wedded unto the Lord Forever and
Ever.

Darling butterfly, Moon of Vinyard mansions, evening
Seal of Grace your adulterous Wing, sister of Mercy,
And Behold upon earth O Jerusalem Your dark and
 faithless changes,

Your Eternal God
of LOVE.

Kyrie Eleison Christe Eleison
Amen.

And I saw in the right hand of him that sat on the throne a book written within and on the backside, sealed with seven seals.

And I saw a strong angel proclaiming with a loud voice, Who is worthy to open the book, and to loose the seals thereof?

And no man in heaven, nor in earth, neither under the earth, was able to open the book, neither to look thereon.

And I wept much, because no man was found worthy to open and to read the book, neither to look thereon.

And one of the elders saith unto me, Weep not: behold, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the book, and to loose the seven seals thereof.

Revelation 5:1-5

Hymn on Christmas Morning

Behold! This Christmas all of Creation is Trembling:
Hosanna in Excelcis! Peace to men only of Good Will!

The nations rise in the night like dragons afire, Yea
The very foundations of the earth crack with terror.

The Magi must not listen to the dancing Cabaret women,
But hearken only to Angels, faithful, in their Holy arms.

Thou art My Beloved Son saith the Lord God of Creation,
The very Flesh of My Eternal Covenant, Revealed unto Man
That he may be saved from death, his mistress, Forever.

And ever I dream through a glass Darkly, of
Fiery foxes and Snowbound night, of scarlet
Ladyfingers shining in icy Starlight! Alleluia!

Behold! This Christmas the kingdoms of an unfaithful world.
A sleigh bearing a Shepherd, with Bells that are His eyes.

A Purgatory Psalm

Heavenly Father, my sins are as numerous as winter stars,
Yea, Thou hast given me a North Star to reveal my iniquity,
That in this long sleep my dreams may look upon Thy
Sorrowful Face.

For Thou, O Lord, lovest man wonderfully as the Joy of Thine
Eyes,
And Thou, O Lord, hast sent Thy Son into the world to Reveal
Thy Covenant:
And He shall be a Lamp of Everlasting Praise within Thy
dwelling place,
A wondrous Horn of Salvation; He who was dead and IS
ALIVE.
Thou Anointest Him, that all the ends of the earth may behold
The Glory of the Living God.

And it came to pass that a violet Angel spoke to Thy Servant,
saying:

In Paradise Her face is like unto cloudless Heaven,
Her Eyes our Morning Stars doth become, And
Her Heart the fiery Throne of our Garden Lord;
And the tempter shall be no more, nor they who worshipped
him.

Therefore Beloved, clothe thyself in Righteousness that the Lord
May know thee. For the Son of Man shall again be Revealed
unto the World;
He who will come to Judge the living and the dead, the
Promised One.
O Lord how long canst thou bear Thy Suffering? Is not the
Time at Hand?

In his wickedness man turneth away, saying, there is no God to
see us.

That man God shall not see, saying, Let man, who trusts in
himself,
Eat therein the fruit of that trust. And let man, who trusts not in
God,
Deliver himself from the power of evil. And let man, who trusts
in himself,

Raise up himself from the dark and silent tombs of the earth.
Amen.

O FOOLISH MAN, who will light thy path in the evil TIME OF
TRIBULATION?

Yea, Man shall be as a serpent in the night, crawling to and fro
on his belly,
While the sun is like blood, and the Heavens are full of the
WRATH OF GOD.

The Lord hath declared: IS IT I, THE HOLY ONE OF ISRAEL,
who hidest My FACE?
Out of thy sin have I called thee, Man, but thou hast not
listened to Me.
Away from thy treacherous lovers, Man, have I called thee;
But thou hast not come. Return to Me and I shall return to you,
saith God.

Shall the Lord God of Truth allow the abominations of the
earth to continue?

The Lord's Covenant hath been broken: Lust and War are thy
newer lovers,
And Death thy chosen Bride.
Therefore shall death, the secret love of man's heart, the
GREAT WHORE,
Take man into her bedchamber and shut the door, and no one
shall open it.

The Eyes of the Lord are provoked, even His Mercy,
For the Blood of the Lamb runneth over in every street.
Man hath worshipped death, and infidelity, and
Hath knelt before the prince of this world, named Satan,
And hath sacrificed unto him upon the altar of war.

Behold the Spirit of God brooding over all the nations of the
world,
Saying: How much longer, Man, before I POUR OUT MY
WRATH?

For the HOUR IS HERE WHEN THE FACE OF GOD SHALL
BE SEEN BY ALL MEN. AMEN.

O My People, the LIVING GOD OF ISRAEL hath neither
slumbered nor slept,
For thy unfaithfulness hath broken HIS HEART. His Blood
hath been poured
Into the chalice of the GREAT BEAST. her sacrament is LUST.
Know ye this: The LIVING GOD OF ISRAEL draweth near.
HIS NAME IS LOVE.

Simone
Jeux des Sirenes

Many beautiful faces hath the temptress,
Whose mortal wound no creature can redress;
Only that violet angel with two-edged sword,
Waiting in yon garden for Christ the Lord.

Worthy is the Lamb slain,
Receiving power and divinity,
A crown more pure than flame,
A timeless vision of the Trinity.

Waiting for God doth the Spirit's light,
Become as an airport's runway at night,
A beacon shining in the Almighty's sight,
Charting in goodness his infinite flight.

Across the thickness of time and space,
Crucifixion did reveal the Living God's Face.

O temptress, thy shameful adultery,
An image of man's deadly infidelity.

A Covenant with God hath been broken,
Turning from the Word eternally spoken,
Seizing that Love which God alone can give,
Becoming unworthy in His Presence to Live.

The forbidden fruit from woman, man did take,
And she from a liar, hid in a snake.

Man did look to mere flesh and blood,
And there his eyes the woman did chain,
Blind to the light, in a dark flood,
Embracing that death with whom he had lain.

Thy hands must never grasp nor seize,
Lest thou gather thy dying reward,
Thy Soul to Eternal Love must always gaze,
For only Eternal Love doth see an Eternal Face.

Death, the unfaithful mistress of Life,
The root of all disharmony and strife;

Caught in that lustful music, impermanence is king,
Monuments of Eternal Faithfulness alone can we sing,
Of God's Covenant with Man, descending from above,
Of the Graceful Marriage Covenant, undying Faith and Love.

Prayer on the Death of John the Baptist

Sirens have descended into the river valley of Judaea, yea, even
Bearing within all the lust of the eyes for the things of this
world.

And Four Horsemen have ridden away to warn all ye kings of
Wickedness
That the Lord God Himself shall walk the earth, Forgiving Sin,
And from His Mouth shall pour forth the Holy Spirit in
Judgment of the world,
That they who have worshipped Anti-Christ shall pass away
Forever.

John, O Lamb of Christ, thy water and thy wrath hath lifted up
The Seventh Veil of Revelation, uncovering with thy Voice the
Great Whore:

Yea, in these desolate gardens a brood of vipers hissed at your
Beloved.
For thou didst come to wash away lust in the River of Eternal
Faith;
And thy Light hath born witness to and thy Blood hath
Anointed Her, Yea,

Tempter and Adulteress

Who lieth since the beginning of time in the Path of the Son of
God. Amen.

O Thou Soul, most Beautiful of Creatures, Rejoice with
Trumpet and Harp!
For thy Bridegroom prepareth Himself in the Tabernacle of
Heaven!

Let Everything that has a Body make straight the Way of the
Lord! Alleluia!

Seven Veils
for the
Ark of the Covenant

The Winter of 77

The Wind howls from the icy Northwest, the cold Kingdom of
Death,
The place where the falling Sun makes love to the black Night,
And we have seen the Stormy Children of their Marriage.
Amen.

HEAR MY ANGRY VOICE, saith the Lord, for I am greatly
displeased.
There is no Righteousness or Truth in the land,
Nor obedience to My Commands.

The land is full of murderers, adulterers and thieves.
The land is full of violence, lust and greed.
There is no Faith.
There is no Hope.
There is no Love.

Everywhere there is desolation of Spirit,
And worship of the things of this world.

You have bowed unto the works of your own hands,
Building altars, worshipping idols,
Making therein a covenant with Death.

Upon these altars you have taken Evil to be your bridegroom,
Forsaking the Lord God and His Goodness.

Breaking MY COVENANT.

Mocking MY HOLY NAME.

Spitting on MY BLEEDING FACE.

I have watched and waited, saith the Lord, THE HOLY ONE
OF ISRAEL.

In your midst I have pitched My Tent,
That you might be MY PEOPLE and I YOUR GOD.
But no one has seen me,
Nor has any one listened to My Voice.

Man, you have become as branches on a dead vine,
Loving evil and lies more than Goodness and Truth.
Loving winter and death more than Spring and Life.

Your hearts are cold and merciless,
Grinding the Faces of the Poor.

Your hearts are full of deceit and hatred,
Silencing the tongue of the Just man.

Your hearts are full of darkness and pride,
And your cities have been built with blood.

You have been unfaithful to me, Man, but I have Faithfully
Recorded your deeds. The scroll will now be opened. Amen.

I CAN REMAIN SILENT NO LONGER, SAITH THE LORD
YOUR GOD.

FOR ALL WHO HAVE BEEN LONG SUFFERING.
FOR ALL WHO HAVE BEEN MURDERED FOR MY NAME'S
SAKE.

FOR ALL WHO HAVE CRIED OUT FOR JUSTICE.
FOR ALL WHO HAVE CONTINUED TO LOVE THE GOOD.
FOR ALL WHO HAVE REMAINED FAITHFUL TO ME.

THE HOUR HAS COME.

I SHALL COME DOWN FROM MY DWELLING PLACE,
AND I SHALL WIPE EVIL FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH
FOREVER. AMEN.

Therefore I have sent this winter unto you as a Sign of My
ANGER.

You have heard it said, as you sow, so shall you reap.
 Ice, clouds, storms and death have you reaped this winter.
 Your hearts are like ice, cold and loveless.
 Your eyes have fled from the light, seeking after shadows.
 There is no peace among you, only hatred and discord.
 You have worshipped the body, lusting after death and mere
 flesh.

YOU HAVE FORSAKEN THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD YOUR
 GOD,
 AND GONE WHORING AFTER HOWLING WINDS,
 DRUNKEN, RIOTOUS, LUSTFUL,
 MEN WITH MEN, WOMEN WITH WOMEN, MEN AND
 WOMEN,
 DESTROYERS OF LOVE, BREAKERS OF THE COVENANT,
 WORSHIPERS OF INFIDELITY.

Man, you have said, and I have heard you,
 There is no LORD.
 There is only money.

LET YOUR MONEY SAVE YOU FROM THE WRATH TO
 COME.

You have sold Love for it.
 You have sold the children of Love,
 Light and warmth and peace.

You have forgotten Me, saith the LORD,
 But you shall be forgotten by your money.
 Love shall not hear you when you cry out,
 Nor will there be light from above;
 The darkness of your hearts will be your light.

Man, you have said, and I have heard you,
 There is no LORD.
 There is only lust and pleasure.

LET YOUR LUST AND PLEASURE SAVE YOU FROM THE
 WRATH TO COME.
 LET YOUR UNFAITHFUL LOVERS RAISE YOU UP FROM
 THE TOMB.

LET YOUR UNFAITHFUL LOVERS PLUCK YOU FROM THE
RAGING FLOOD.

Nature is like a mirror.

The LORD has given you just payment for your sins.
VIOLENT STORMS, WITHOUT MERCY, AS COLD AS
DEATH.
FOR THE WRATH OF GOD IS REVEALED FROM HEAVEN
AGAINST ALL UNGODLINESS.

Therefore is the Winter of 77 a Sign of what must come to pass
If man continues to do evil,
And does not REPENT IN HIS HEART.

Remember this: THOU SHALT EAT THE FRUIT OF THY
SINS.
DEATH SHALL COME TO TAKE THEE, DRESSED LIKE
WAR,
ATTENDED BY FAMINE AND PESTILENCE,
AND NO ONE SHALL DELIVER THEE.

MAN, THE HOUR HAS COME,
THE HOUR WHEN THE COVENANT MUST BE SEALED
FOREVER,
THE HOUR OF THE MARRIAGE FEAST OF THE LIVING
GOD. AMEN.

Will you, Man, return in FAITH to the Lord your God?
Or will you, Man, follow the evil one into the kingdom of
death?

IT IS, SAITH THE LORD OF TRUTH, YOUR CHOICE.

REPENT, RETURN UNTO ME, AND OBEY MY VOICE
SAITH THE LIVING GOD,
AND I SHALL CROWN THEE WITH ETERNAL LOVE.

The Wind howls from the icy Northwest, the cold kingdom of
Death,
The place where the falling Sun makes love to the black Night,
And we have seen the Stormy Children of their Marriage.
Amen.

Orpheus in the Cabaret

The Hourglass Cabaret, she smiled, Red Angels at the door.

Gliding beneath scented chandeliers, Sharks of Lust, a Tango of Furies.

After the grapes of Wrath, wilde demons and Desolation.

'Why don't you come up and see me sometime, Orpheus? Your music is so sweetly sad. I'd love to sink my teeth into your body.

In my room, a ceiling of mirrors, an evening of doom.

Orpheus, bring to this netherworld thy psalmist's lyre.
O the fat ladies in that band, off the starboard bow, spouting Hell-Fire.

Bones that were crushed shall dance with the Ancient whore.

Eurydice, chained to a Harp in the discotheque Garden.
And painted men naked around that fountain; servants of the serpent king.

Come away Darling, from this carousel of dying Souls.

I shall not gaze at thy Face ascending, Faith shall Raise thy
Beauty.

In your eyes blue and everlasting Dolphins, a Sea of Golden
Light.

Rocky

Are liberty bells ringing in your ears as you fall, slave of Death?
The slum trees, the factories, the children, the taverns, the
The men in ruins sighing, lying all around in gutters, dying,
crying,
dying.

Who will Descend,
Delivering us,
O Lord?

O city, dirty city, from out of our side a Woman did you take.
Unfaithful city, you tore open our heart. How our ribs do ache.

The Resurrection Athletic Club. You have fallen to the floor.
The bloodthirsty crowd has rolled a great stone across your
door.

Then she came with her birds, shy, like all Goodness.
Could you knock out evil, your hand resting in hers?

The snow is falling, the city is sinning,
Everywhere the legions of evil are winning.

And God looked down, saw that you were True, and gave you
your chance,
That Body and Soul might become One, and Eternal Love begin
to Dance.

Ports of Call

O Lord, who will build an Ark for our drowning, shipwrecked
souls,
Waiting on floodlit corners of evil, in midnight darkness.
For all the lighthouses and bridges of the world are falling
down,
Falling down, my fair lady.

Ring the hurricane bell, Seahorse! All hands on deck!
Earth is falling overboard,
Drunk with blood.

There were many loveless ports, sailor, foggy wharves,
And wine. And that great barrier reef of mysterious death,
Blocking entrance to that one and holy harbor, Heart of
Yahweh.

Look! On the horizon! A tramp steamer caressed by
Tradewinds,
With a tabernacle full of ecstatic calypso dancers!

O lovely streetlamp lotus, Virgin of flowering night, Lady of
lonely Dawn,
There is but one Passion, one Eternal kiss, one undying Body of
Christ.

Navajo Hymn

Dream Speaker went out from the River tepee in a buffalo skin,
Saying, the Fragments of Woman explode in my Soul
Like a terrorist's bomb.

Piercing my Heart, the painted faces of the unloved,
Piercing my Eyes, the tight pants of the lustful and faithless,
Piercing my Ears, the lying words of the sensual.
Woman, where is thy beauty?

All thy men have gone whoring after money, selling their
Hearts.

The evergreen beneath the Waterfall has seen you kissing
Death.
The beaver with the aspen bough has heard the distant guns of
War.
The running deer of your forests have seen your infantry
marching.
The eagle with the serpent in his claws has seen your missiles
Crossing the starry Heavens.

Down the cypress lined boulevards of the West
The Soviet tanks will rumble,
While women in black leotards reveal their pale breasts
Through curtains and venetian blinds.

We shall serve the enemy in nakedness, in hunger, in chains,
In want of all Good things. Amen.

Love has gone out of the land. The Cabaret is shuttered and
Silent.

It's so cold. The fires are gone out. How we all begin to shiver.
Where is the Shining Squaw with sacred arrows in her Beloved's
quiver?

Bach at the Grand Canyon Christmas Day

Hear her torn negligee fluttering from an ancient blasted tree?
Introibo
See that downtown desperado weeping at the backdoor of the
sea? Ad altare

Tell us hooded passenger, about kings and comets, queens and
falling stars,
About frenzied peasant mobs gathering with guns in the royal
milky way,
And violent hopeless kids hurling empty wine bottles from
orgiastic cars.

The last chance Courtship begins this cavernous day.

Tell us hooded passenger, about jet claws climbing out of the
abyss of War,
About parapets and shouting warriors, and Spring rain turning
to nuclear Fire,
And bodies exploding at liberty, and huddled masses yearning
to be enslaved,
Teeming drunk in countless bars.
O America

Infidelity and greed slouch up this walled chorus of stone
canyon throats,
And the uncontrollable waves go red with blood on the bestial
cathedral floor;
Wolves stalk the bony shore and eagles swoop low over our
sheep-like boats.

The last chance Courtship ends with the black Widow
Death

It's Christmas! The wild rapids suddenly break against a high
arching grotto;
Within sleeps a glassy sea that mirrors a stormy desert Heaven.
Alleluia!

Trumpets of the Faithful play joyful Hosannas, singing Souls
begin to Soar!

Phoenix
Waiting for God

Take me in your arms beautiful backstreet mermaid,
Where the winged voices of children have webbed feet,
And true love will neither wither nor fade.
Take me to that heavenly beach, O starry eyed fleet.

Guardian angel, fire a broadside.
May God save the King!

Marriage queen, set sail at high tide.
Please wear my gold ring.

I'll remember April, Dreamboat.
The clocks ticking, the rain dripping,
The men licking, the ladies stripping.

The world will soon end. The time is at hand.
The Lord will Redeem this trembling land.

Give my regards to Broadway. I sit quietly on Desert sand.

Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to him: for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready.

And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white: for the fine linen is the righteousness of the saints.

And he saith unto me, Write, Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb. And he saith unto me, These are the true sayings of God.

Revelation 19:5-9

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MEN