

Andrew Joseph Grattan

curriculum vitae

last updated 01/08/21

Personal Data

Present Employment:	Canonical Writer in the tradition of The Western Canon – ‘Dante, Will & T. S. Eliot’s third’ (Dante Alighieri, William Shakespeare & Andrew Grattan); The New Theocratic Age post James Joyce and the Age of Chaos, Dante’s <i>Greyhound – il Veltro</i> , poet and novelist
Date of birth:	18/08/72
Foreign languages:	Very good in spoken and written Latin, very good in reading New Testament Greek, good in spoken and reading French, basic in reading German, basic in reading and spoken Italian
Computer Languages:	MS Word
Academic Reference:	Emeritus Professor Robin Kirkpatrick, Robinson College, Grange Road, Cambridge, CB3 9AN, UK
Character Reference	Fr. Daniel McAvoy, St. Joseph & St. Margaret Clitherow Roman Catholic Church, 39 Braccan Walk, Bracknell, Berkshire, RG12 1BE, UK

for additional information, please see my website: andrewgrattan.org

Education

Postgraduate Diploma in Religious Studies, King’s College, London, UK, 1996

First Class Degree in English Literature, King’s College, London, UK, 1995

Gregorian University, Piazza Pilotta, 00187, Rome, Latin – *Primae Experientiae, Aestivae Latinitatis*

King Edward VI Grammar School, Broomfield Road, Chelmsford Essex, CM1 3SX, UK

Distinctions, Honours and Awards

First Leathes Prize in AKC, Associate of King’s College, London Examination, 1994 & 1995

Positions Held & Professional Experience

Canonical Writer – 1999 to present day

St. Augustine's Abbey, Sample Oak Lane, Chilworth, Guildford, Surrey, GU4 8QR, UK – one-month monastic experience, successfully completed, 2015

Pontifical Irish College, Via dei SS. Quattro, 00184, Rome, Italy – First Year Seminarian, successfully completed, 2002-2003

Newman Institute Ireland, Ballina, Co. Mayo, Ireland – Academic Coordinator, 2001-2002

Ampleforth Abbey, York, YO62 4EN – pre-postulancy pastoral placement, six months, successfully completed, 2000-2001

Douai Abbey, Upper Woolhampton, Reading, Berkshire, RG7 5TQ, - Novice monk, three-month postulancy and one year Novitiate, successfully completed, 1999-2000

Quarr Abbey, Ryde, Isle of Wight, PO33 4ES – two-month monastic experience, successfully completed, 1998

K.S. Goring & Co., 222 Upper Richmond Road, West London, SW14 8AH – trainee accountant

Professional Memberships

Member of The Dante Society of America, Member of The Milton Society of America

Canonical Writing

Christ: a depiction of the Writer as an English Benedictine Novice

The Christ Sonnets

Corpus Christi: a bildungsroman

The Christ Colloquy

- Book I *Commedia*
- Book II *Letteratura*
- Book III *Filosofia*
- Book IV *Teologia*
- Book V *Mary*
- Book VI *Jesus*
- Book VII *Cielo*

Crucifix

Sinai

The Occasional Sonnets

The Roman Observatory

The Aprilian Sonnets

Jesus: a Life – an epic poem in five books

Eucharist: an epic poem on Christ's Second Coming & Judgement Day in twelve books

Vinum: an epic poem on the History of Christianity in twenty-four books

The Christ Homilies

The Christ Sermons

Personal Statement

I wrote my first novel, *Christ: a depiction of the Writer as an English Benedictine Novice*, at the age of 27 when I was a Novice monk at Adonai Abbey in rural West Berkshire in England and a proof copy of the novel is now in the library of The Dante Society of America, in Newtonville, MA, in America. I wrote *The Christ Sonnets* while I was a first-year seminarian at The Pontifical Irish College in Rome, at the age of 31 and a proof copy of the sonnets is also in the library of The DSA. I received the initial inspiration for *The Christ Colloquy* in the chapel at The Irish College whilst a seminarian and also received the initial literary inspiration for the epic poem *Eucharist* while reading John Milton's *Paradise Lost* before the tabernacle in the chapel of The Irish College. I wrote the pivotal 'Andrew 'of the wood' sonnet of *The Christ Sonnets*, at the age of 31, in the duomo, Florence while a student at The Irish College. I wrote the first three cantos of *The Christ Colloquy* Book I *Commedia* after attending the Good Friday Service at *Corpus Christi* Roman Catholic Church, Wokingham, Berkshire, when I was 32. I met and fell in courtly love with April Child, 'the new Beatrice', at The British Institute of Florence at the age of Dante's 'pilgrim', 35, enabling me to legitimately and truthfully fulfil 'the greyhound prophecy of Dante's *The Divine Comedy*, writing as 'the greyhound & Child' in *The Christ Colloquy*. Andrew & April eclipse Dante & Beatrice. I wrote the epic poem, *Eucharist* in six weeks at the age of 36. I also wrote *Corpus Christi: a bildungsroman* in the library at Blackfriars College, Oxford, in two weeks at the age of 36 and I wrote *Jesus: a Life* in four weeks at the age of 37. I completed the first draft of *The Christ Colloquy* Book I *Commedia* at the age of 38. *The Christ Colloquy* focuses on the *confusio-intellectus* of 'the three woods', - three monastic choirwoods in three different monasteries. The first wood is the dark choirwood of Quarr Abbey on the Isle of Wight, a monastery of the French Solesmes Congregation, (Thomas More's 'holy isle' of Utopia), where the dark choirwood is the polar opposite of Dante's 'dark wood', or *selva oscura*, symbolising human sin and Florentine politics in *Inferno* in 1300. The second wood is the white choirwood of Adonai Abbey, (William Blake's heavenly Jerusalem), Grattan's 'light/white wood', or *selva opaca* of 2013, symbolising universal 'Church sin', - for example: lying, unchastity, narcissism, careerism, patronage, preferment, psychological bullying, child sex abuse, abuse of office, power and position, corruption, clericalism and secrecy. The third wood is the choirwood of Ampleforth Abbey, (St. Augustine's 'City of God'), in Yorkshire. A proof copy of *The Christ Colloquy* Book I *Commedia* is in the library of The Centro Dantesco in Ravenna, Harvard's Villa I Tatti in Florence, and also, the library of The DSA in America.

Website

ANDREW GRATTAN & THE WEBSITE andrewgrattan.org

Dante, *The Divine Comedy*; Shakespeare, *First Folio*; Grattan, *The Christ Colloquy*

The design of my website is based on the concrete reality of ‘Shakespeare’s Staircase’, the ‘DNA helix’ spiral stairway, at the core of The British Institute of Florence, and ‘Shakespeare’s DNA Canto’, from The Christ Colloquy Book II *Letteratura*, features at the centre of my website. The literary critic, Harold Bloom, in *The Western Canon* (1994) presents Shakespeare as the first centre of The Western Canon, and Dante as the second centre of the Canon. When I was 35, I fell in courtly love with the librarian at The British Institute of Florence, April Child, who has the face of Our Lady, as it was embroidered on the Marian vestment that a Benedictine monk, Fr. Wilfrid Sollom OSB, wore on Saturdays and Marian Feast Days, when I was a novice monk at Adonai Abbey, in Berkshire, England. The words ‘April Child’ link ‘the April Easter’ of Dante with ‘the child of April’, Shakespeare. I have placed April above Dante’s Beatrice, creating a paradigm shift in The Western Canon, lifting me into the company of Dante and Shakespeare, and confirming me, as a new and third canon centre. T. S. Eliot’s famous quotation that “Dante and Shakespeare divide the modern world between them; there is no third” also features prominently on my website. The poem is in seven books for both Shakespeare’s ‘Seven Ages of Man’, and the Seven Deadly Sins.

- *The Divine Comedy* is the preeminent work of Italian Literature and a masterpiece of World Literature. A second experience of courtly love in Florence, and the unique ability to place April above Beatrice, automatically lift me into the company of Dante and Shakespeare. The words April Child, at their most profound level, also refer to the Paschal Mystery, as described in the Catechism of the Roman Catholic Church, graciously facilitating a straightforward elevation into the company of the two poets. Authoring *The Christ Colloquy*, is a privileged opportunity to create a new masterpiece of World Literature.
- As Dante and Shakespeare are linked via the two words, April and Child, similarly, the Logos, Jesus, is linked with the new poet, the literary logos, Andrew, via the two words, More and John, which refer to Thomas More, author of *Utopia* and St. John, author of the sublime canonical gospel.
- I was discovered for my work, by Professor Robin Kirkpatrick of Robinson College, Cambridge who has read my new *Commedia* of 2013, and said that it is “strange and strong”, the criteria required by the Yale literary critic, Harold Bloom, for a new literary work to be ‘canonical’ and form part of The Western Canon.
- Harold Bloom saw literature as a competition, and the poem has necessarily been designed for a highly educated readership, as primarily, a set-piece ‘DNA theory’ of the Literature of The Western Canon, based on my “discovery” of ‘Shakespeare’s Staircase’ in Florence.
- The poem should permit the new poet to achieve ‘national writer’ status, in line with the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust in Stratford and Dante’s House and Museum in Florence.
- I have accessed the idea of the triumvirate of the three great Renaissance artists, Michelangelo, Raphael and Leonardo, being paralleled by the three great global writers, “Dante, Will & Eliot’s third”.
- I have accessed the concept of the Italian ‘*tre corone*’, of Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio being paralleled by the new global ‘*tre corone*’ of “Dante, Will & Eliot’s third”.

- Harold Bloom once described the late poet, Sir Geoffrey Hill, as “the strongest British poet now active”, and Hill was knighted for his services to literature in 2012. I am both an ex-Joycean and an ex-Miltonist, and I suffered from Bloom’s ‘anxiety of influence’ as an undergraduate at King’s College, London, finally rejecting them both. This form of literary paranoia has enabled me to write as a strange and strong new poet, justifiably assuming the new literary identity of ‘the greyhound’.
- Dante’s tomb is in Ravenna, and the principal statue of him is at Santa Croce in Florence. There is also the *Centro Dantesco dei Frati Minori* in Ravenna, with a *Museo Dantesco* inside. Mass is celebrated on his anniversary each year in Ravenna. It was Dante’s 700th Anniversary in 2021, which was celebrated world-wide, but especially in Florence, Ravenna and Rome, and at *The Dante Society of America*.
- The Papacy see Dante as ‘a prophet’ and he is known as ‘the poet of popes’. I have treated these two aspects of the poet, engaging with two papal documents, *Altissimi Cantus* (1965), and *In Praeclara Summorum*, (1921). Benedict XV in 1921, explicitly referred to “the intimate union of Dante with this Chair of Peter”, and I have also addressed this union in the poem.
- Crucially, I have approached Dante on the strictly academic terms of *The Dante Society of America* and Professor Albert Ascoli’s text, *Dante and the Making of a Modern Author* (CUP, 2008), which examines the notions *auctor* and *auctoritas*, in order to compete with Dante as ‘the greatest of poets’, by engaging with elite, contemporary secular scholarship. *The DSA* publish the academic journal, *Dante Studies*, annually (John Hopkins University Press).
- The poem, in also designed to help “save” the intellectual integrity of the Humanities, currently in crisis, based on my “discovery” of ‘Shakespeare’s Staircase’, at the core of The British Institute, confirming the Institute as a new tourist destination, it having hosted a second experience of courtly love in Florence, vitally, when the new poet was 35, the age of Dante’s ‘pilgrim’. Andrew & April, ‘the greyhound & Child’, eclipse Dante & Beatrice.
- The new literary protagonist of Andrew ‘of the wood’ is both ‘the eternal pilgrim’ at 40, and ‘the greyhound’ in the poem, based on true life experience described on the website. The greyhound “saves” the Church of today, from the abuse crisis and scandals, with a silver “A”, a new literary “gospel”. Benedict XV referred to *The Divine Comedy*, as the “fifth gospel”, and the new literary figures of Mary and Jesus recognize *The Christ Colloquy* as the “sixth gospel”. Christ and Our Lady also acknowledge Andrew to be Dante’s Greyhound.
- I have made reference to the factions and parties of Dante’s day, and the Ghibellines, and the black and white Guelphs, who are echoed by the ‘white’ ‘Petrine’ Pope Benedict XVI, and the ‘black’ ‘Jesuit’ Pope, Francis, mediated by the ‘grey’ of the Greyhound evangelist. I used to help Fr. Wilfrid Sollom OSB, who was devoted to Our Lady, with his crossword in evening calefactory at Adonai Abbey, and this ties in with the black and white floor tiles at *Il British*, The British Institute of Florence, and April’s black cardigan and white shirt.
- *The Pontifical Council for Culture* in Rome has a Dante Centenary-Scientific Committee (Dante 1321-2021), and *The Christ Colloquy* is also a ‘sacred’ and a ‘holy’ work. The greyhound must necessarily “save” the Church of today, out of duty, with a new literary “gospel”. The poem is uncontroversial and features truthful outspokenness, regarding negative aspects of the modern Church, as the greyhound lives for “truth and virtue”. The poem is also influenced by Newman, author of *The Dream of Gerontius*, a poem inspired by *The Divine Comedy*, and who is considered to rank next to Dante, for the Roman Catholic penetration of eternity.
- In the poem, Andrew ‘of the wood’ forms the ‘order of the Vine’, a new religious order for men, to actively begin “saving” the Church of today in practical terms, thereby rejecting the current intellectual and spiritual mediocrity of the Church, lack of great men, and corruption and cronyism.

- The artistic success of *The Christ Colloquy* depends on its recognition as a new modern masterpiece, becoming a triumvirate with *The Divine Comedy* and the *First Folio*.

Canonical Author: ex Miltonist & ex Joycean

The New Theocratic Age post James Joyce and the Age of Chaos

THE *LOGOS*, JESUS & the literary *logos*, Andrew

My literary career is dedicated to glorifying the *Logos*, the Word, - Jesus. The Garamond font denotes this new *logos* English Literature, post James Joyce and the destruction of the *logos* in *Finnegans Wake*. I am an ex-Joycean, having rejected Joyce on account of the *Wake*, Joyce's own "biblical" text and version of the Pentateuch, the opening lines, "riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend of bay, brings us by a commodious vicus of recirculation back to Howth Castle and Environs", consciously introducing a text of scriptural status, the protagonists of HCE, Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker, and ALP, Anna Livia Plurabelle, rivalling the Old Testament's Abraham and Sarah. John Milton is my 'great original' as he remarked of Edmund Spenser, author of *The Faerie Queene*, but I am an ex-Miltonist too, having rejected Milton, on account of his theological beliefs, especially his anti-trinitarianism.

- *Christ: a depiction of the Writer as an English Benedictine Novice* is a short, accessible book written in a plain and simple prose style, contrasting with the "purple patches" in Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. John Milton's *Lycidas*, featuring the shepherd-poet, is the single greatest poem in the English Language and I approached the holiness of singing the *Adonai Office*, as a novice choir-monk, at Adonai Abbey, (based on the Psalms in English and the language of the Roman Catholic Church, Latin Gregorian Chant), via the axis and fulcrum of Milton's poem, *At A Vacation Exercise*, the word vacation, being the polar opposite of the word vocation. In *Christ*, I quoted the seminal words: "Hail native language, that by sinews weak / Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak" to consciously conjoin canonical English Literature with the canonical language of the Church, and the singing state of the novice in *Christ* complements the singing state of Milton's swain in *Lycidas*. The two novices in the book, *Christ*, yoked together, echo the two gallants in Joyce's *Dubliners*. The two novices in the poem, *The Christ Colloquy*, freed together, disband the two novices in *Christ*, whilst both Christ and Mary themselves, cut the *logos* free from Adonai. The truthful monastic community of Andrew and April, sing not the *Adonai Office*, but *The Christ Colloquy*, undoing disillusioning Adonai, the *logos* not finding the pleroma of the *Logos* at Adonai Abbey, in Berkshire, which I joined during Eastertide at the age of 26, but, at Dante's 'pilgrim' age of 35, in Florence, at The Harold Acton Library, in the two literary *logos* words, April Child, referring, at their most profound level, to the Easter Paschal Mystery, the meaning of human existence, and truth. The goodness, honour, idealism, innocence, naivety and zeal, with which, I first came to Adonai, find fulfilment in being gifted the grace, by God, to Ariel like, turn the words of the *Adonai Office* into something "rich and strange", - the Cross *logoi* of *The Christ Colloquy*, as Thomas More refined humankind's perception and use of gold (and silver), in his magisterial *Utopia*.
- I reject Dom Augustine Baker OSB, the English Benedictine Congregation (EBC) mystic, who wrote over two million words of tangential, ungrammatical and diffuse words in his tract *Sancta Sophia*, the polar opposite of the *Logos*. I reject the aspiration to titles in the Church, for example, that of 'Cathedral Prior'. I reject posturing, for example, the Dominican Blackfriars Priory in Cambridge, being referred to as a 'house of writers'. I reject seeing religious life as a "career", and

the pursuit of power, status, influence, and position, for ‘pilgrimage’ and trying to prepare for the true *telos* of the beatific vision.

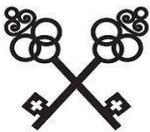
- The literary *logos* in this new *logos* English Literature, is fundamentally rooted in two words: gold and Logos. The word gold refers to the gold featuring in More’s masterpiece *Utopia*, and its singular and thought-provoking use. Logos refers to the word Logos in St. John’s gospel, “in the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God”, being the polar opposite of Joyce’s, “riverrun, past Eve and Adam’s”...

The Papacy & The Dante Society of America & Grattan

DANTE ALIGHIERI & THE GREYHOUND PROPHECY

The Divine Comedy (1300) & *The Christ Colloquy* (2013)

THE PAPACY & THE DANTE SOCIETY OF AMERICA



The fulfilment of the greyhound prophecy, in **The Christ Colloquy**, must address two bodies: **The Papacy**, first represented by **Pope Benedict XV**, in the papal encyclical, *In Praeclara Summorum*, (1921), in which **Dante** was **unified** with the **Chair of Peter**, and **The Dante Society of America**, represented today, by **President Professor Albert Russell Ascoli**, in the academic text, **Dante and the Making of a Modern Author**, (CUP, 2008), in which the two notions, *auctor* and *auctoritas*, are

discussed.

The fulfilment of the prophecy in *The Christ Colloquy*, addresses two aspects of Dante, who is both “**the greatest of poets**”, (**the DSA**), and “**a prophet**”, (**the Papacy**). The new, literary protagonist of *il veltro*, (the greyhound, hunting hound), **Andrew**, successfully competes with **Dante**, both poet and prophet, by becoming a **new auctor**, (**author**) and writing with divine *auctoritas*, (**authority**), in *The Christ Colloquy* of 2013, and today, for **both the Papacy and the DSA**. The greyhound prophecy features in Dante’s *Inferno*:

That beast – you cry out at the very sight –
lets no one through who passes on her way.
She blocks their progress; and there they all
die. She by her nature is cruel, so vicious she
never can sate her voracious will, but, feasting
well, is hungrier than before. She couples, a
mate to many a creature, and will so with
more, till at last there comes **the hunting
hound** that deals her death and pain. He will
not feed on dross or cash or gelt, but thrive in
wisdom, virtue and pure love. Born he shall be
between the felt and felt.

To all the shores where Italy bows down
(here chaste Camilla died of wounds,
Turnus, Euryalus and Nisus, too) he’ll bring
true health. Hunting that animal from
every town, at last he’ll chase her once more

back to Hell, from which invidia has set her loose.

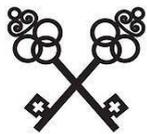
(*The Divine Comedy, Inferno*, Canto I, 94-111, translated by Robin Kirkpatrick, Penguin 2012).

April Child, the English librarian, with whom I fell in **courtly love**, at The British Institute of **Florence**, at the age of **Dante's pilgrim, 35**, has the face of **Our Lady**, as it was embroidered on the Marian vestment, an English Benedictine Congregation, (EBC) monk I knew, when I was a novice monk, Fr. Wilfrid Sollom OSB, of Adonai Abbey, (William Blake's 'Jerusalem'), in West Berkshire, England, wore on Saturdays and Marian Feast days, justifying my assumption, of the **literary identity of Dante's greyhound**, and **the eternal pilgrim, at 40**, in *The Christ Colloquy*. **Andrew and April** are 'the greyhound & Child'.

April Child is **divine agency** in *The Christ Colloquy* of 2013, conceived as 'the sixth gospel', during the Pontificate of **Pope Francis**, as **Beatrice Portinari**, is **divine wisdom**, in *The Divine Comedy*, which **Pope Benedict XV**, termed the 'the fifth gospel'. I have placed **April** above **Beatrice**.

In *In Praeclara Summorum*, (1921), **Pope Benedict XV**, wrote about "the intimate union of Dante with this Chair of Peter", and he referred to *The Divine Comedy*, as 'the fifth gospel'. **Pope Paul VI** issued the *motu proprio, Altissimi cantus* in 1965, and on 4 May 2015, **Pope Francis** referred to Dante as "a prophet of hope", on the 750th anniversary of Dante Alighieri's birth.

The greyhound prophecy, can refer to a future "saviour figure" for the **Roman Catholic Church**, and in *The Christ Colloquy*, **Andrew** is authoritatively established as **Dante's greyhound**, and *The Christ Colloquy*, is authoritatively established as 'the sixth gospel', and the fulfilment of the prophecy, "saving" the Church of 2013, and today. In order to "save" the Church, to compete with the greatest of poets successfully, to fulfil the prophecy in the context of the Papacy, and to be "made", as a "modern author", in the phrase utilized by **President Professor Albert Russell Ascoli**, in *Dante and the Making of a Modern Author*, the greyhound must possess **new auctoritas** for modern times, to **parallel the established authority, of both the Papacy and the DSA**.



On the Papal insignia, the symbol of Papal authority, (the Chair of Peter), is the saltire (St. Andrew's cross), of two crossed, gold and silver keys, (St. Peter's "keys" to the kingdom of Heaven), and the symbol of the greyhound's authority, is the saltire of two crossed black keys upon a white background. *Auctoritas*, derives from the primacy of the unique experience of courtly love in Florence, for **April**, at the same age as **Dante's pilgrim, 35**, in *The Divine Comedy*, the greyhound, **Andrew**, being the eternal pilgrim, at the age of 40.

In *The Christ Colloquy*, **The Holy Trinity**, and the new literary figures of **Christ**, (the third person of The Holy Trinity), and the *theotokos*, **Mary**, with their dual supreme *auctoritas*, as Mother and Son, confirm **Andrew's** status as the greyhound, above even, the *auctoritas* of **Dante** himself and *The Divine Comedy* itself. **Virgil, Dante**, and the new protagonist of **Shakespeare**, all recognize **Andrew**, as the greyhound.

Our Lady, wields **complete authority over the greyhound prophecy**, as *Mediatrix* of the "saving" of the Church of 2013, and today. In a scene in Paradise, in *The Christ Colloquy*, **Book V Mary**, Canto XLVII, featuring **Mary** and **April**, (the flower girl of Heaven), **Our Lady** refers to *In Praeclara Summorum* and *Altissimi cantus*, and then, *The Christ Colloquy*, which **Our Lady** authoritatively refers to, as 'the sixth gospel'. **Our Lady** also speaks of her personal and unique relationship with, "my greyhound", **Andrew**.

In the new courtly love pairing of **Andrew and April**, **April** is placed above **Beatrice**, and **Beatrice** cedes her place to **April**. **April** acts as a mirroring, lesser *mediatrix*, divine agency, mediating between

Heaven and Andrew, as Beatrice mediated between Heaven and Dante. April too, confirms Andrew's status, addressing him in a threefold manner, as **Veltro, Greyhound**, and by the new name, **Saltire**.

April, also calls Andrew by the private name of **Grey** (as Our Lady calls her, **Prila**), referring explicitly, to the blended **black** and **white** of the greyhound's saltire, (echoing the black and the white Guelphs). **Andrew and April, 'the greyhound & Child'**, are established above and beyond, **Dante and Beatrice**.

Only the greyhound, is capable of placing another woman, above Beatrice. The greyhound lives for truth and virtue, and is destined to bring "true health", to Italy again, and the centre of Italy, is established as the altar, under Bernini's baldacchino, in St. Peter's Basilica, in Rome. In this extract, from Book V, *Mary*, April addresses Andrew, besides Christ's tomb, in the garden of Gethsemane, on Easter Sunday afternoon, 2013:

**"As Gabriel, once greeted the Virgin girl, at the Annunciation,
I annunciate, auctor, with divine auctoritas, only one man alive,
Can save his Church, restore Sancta Mater Ecclesia, Barthes author,**

**Good news, a new, named gospel, according to Andrew, and it is you.
Veltro, Saltire, you are to bring true health, to the hearth of Italy again,
Beneath Bernini's baldacchino, in San Pietro and there, cross the keys".**

APRIL CHILD – The Paschal Mystery
The Christ Colloquy, Book V, *Mary*, Canto XLVII, 55 – 60, Grattan.

In *The Christ Colloquy*, the four canonical gospels, are referred to, as the **gold 'M' of Matthew**, the **gold 'M' of Mark**, the **gold 'L' of Luke** and the **gold 'J' of John**. Dante himself, refers to *The Christ Colloquy* as a **silver 'A'**, echoing the silver key on the papal insignia, and *The Divine Comedy*, is referred to as a **silver 'D'**.

The greyhound "**crosses the keys**" with "**the keys of Peter**" and "saves" the Church of 2013, and today, with the truthful service, of writing *The Christ Colloquy*. "**Crossing the keys**", also refers to the Eucharistic Rite in the Mass, and the Pope moving his two arms and hands (keys) over the host at the moment of Consecration, at the altar, beneath the baldacchino in St. Peter's, the greyhound, also moving his two arms and hands, (keys), in mirroring action, in a new form of diaconal service, authoring 'the sixth gospel' and silver 'A'.

In *The Christ Colloquy*, Book VI *Jesus, Christ* recognizes Andrew as Dante's greyhound. **Christ** also receives Andrew as a new disciple, a new evangelist, and a permanent deacon. Dante's treatise, **Convivio**, (*The Banquet*), forms a triad with the **Last Supper** and the **Mass**, and Dante states to Andrew, in *Inferno*, in **the wood of the suicides**, as it is in 2013, and today, newly composed of **monastery choirwoods**, the colour and condition of each **wood**, (echoing the *selva oscura* of 1300 and *selva opaca* of 2013), reflecting the current intellectual, political and spiritual state of the Church globally, that he, Dante, "**the holder of the Convivio table-keys**", will give Andrew, "**the Petrine key to The Western Canon**".

Academia & The Christ Colloquy & Grattan

In **The Western Canon: The Books and School of the Ages**, (1994), **Harold Bloom**, wrote that new writing, must be "**strange and strong**" in order to be canonical, and to form part of The Western Canon.

“One mark of an originality that can win canonical status for a literary work is strangeness that we neither never altogether assimilate, or that becomes such a given that we are blinded to its idiosyncrasies. Dante is the largest instance of the first possibility, and Shakespeare, the overwhelming example of the second”.

(Bloom, Harold, *The Western Canon*, Papermac, 1994, p.4).

“Canonical strangeness can exist without the shock of such audacity, but the tang of originality must always hover in an inaugural aspect of any work that incontestably wins the agon with tradition and joins the Canon”. (p.6). “All strong literary originality becomes canonical”, (Bloom, Harold, p. 25).

I was discovered by Professor Robin Kirkpatrick, Professor Emeritus of Italian and English Literature, and Life Fellow of Robinson College, Cambridge. His books include studies of Dante’s *Commedia*, the European Renaissance, and Shakespeare. His verse translation of Dante’s *Commedia* was published by Penguin Classics in three volumes (with introductions and notes) between 2006 and 2007.

On 26/07/2018 Professor Emeritus Robin Kirkpatrick emailed of Robinson College, Cambridge emailed: “The language of your poetry is especially strong and striking”.

On 27/07/2018 Professor Emeritus Robin Kirkpatrick of Robinson College, Cambridge emailed: “Grattan’s work is as strong as it is strange. One admires especially the energy and richness of its Christian imagination”.

THE DANTE SOCIETY OF AMERICA

- **Dr. Christian Dupont**, (Secretary and Librarian of The Dante Society of America and Head Librarian, John J. Burns Library, Boston College, Massachusetts, United States of America), emailed: “I will be happy to tell others of your work as I have occasion, letting the strength of your verse speak for itself”, (19/01/2016).
- **Professor Teodolinda Barolini**, (Previous President of The DSA; Columbia University, New York, (The Italian Academy); *Dante Studies* International Advisory Board), emailed: “Congratulations!”, (11/07/2016).
- **President Professor Albert Russell Ascoli**, (President of The DSA; University of California, Berkeley), emailed: “You certainly have a unique take on Dante’s work”, (17/12/2016).

Professor Arielle Saiber (Bowdoin College & *Dante Today*), posted a citing of my website on **October 18 2016**

Filed Under: Written Word, Tagged With: 2016, Poetry Andrew Grattan

DANTE TODAY Citings & Sightings of Dante’s Works in Contemporary Culture

website submitted on **16/12/2016**, backdated and paired with, the citing/sighting of a new biography:

Marco Santagata, DANTE The Story of His Life, posted on **October 17 2016**

- **Professor Ronald L. Martinez**, (Brown University; **Dante Studies Editorial Board**), (*Inferno*, OUP, 1996; *Purgatorio*, OUP, 2003; *Paradiso*, OUP, 2011, edited & translated by Robert M. Durling; introduction, commentary, notes and interpretive essays, by Ronald L. Martinez), emailed: “I’ll pass this on to my students, who will likely be very interested. It’s a teaching resource, too, and I appreciate it”, (19/04/2017).

- **Assistant Professor Elizabeth Coggeshall**, (Florida State University (FSU) & **Dante Today**), emailed:

“I frequently teach material from our digital collection in my course on Adaptations of the *Commedia*, and I am always looking for examples of poetry that I can direct to my students’ attention. I look forward to learning more about your work”, (1/03/2018).

“Your approach to the poem is distinctive, and I look forward to sharing it with my students!” (26/03/2018)

THE AUTHORITY OF THE DANTE SOCIETY OF AMERICA: 2 KEYS / 2 EMAILS

THE PAPAL INSIGNIA - 2 GOLD & SILVER KEYS IN SALTIRE

THE DANTE SOCIETY OF AMERICA GOLD MEDAL

THE GREYHOUND INSIGNIA - 2 BLACK KEYS IN SALTIRE

- **Dr. Dupont:** “Thank you for sharing these explanations of the symbols and symbolism that is so deeply embedded in your poetry. The greyhound prophecy has remained the most puzzling of Dante’s prophecies. I wonder sometimes how long he thought these end times might last. Surely not the centuries that they have? Yours, with good will”.
- **Mr. Grattan email 1: 15/03/2018** **2 SIMULTANEOUS EMAIL REPLIES:** **Dr. Dupont: 28/03/2018 at 05.14 am**
- **Dr. Dupont:** “At the conclusion of this Lenten Season, I wish you fulfilment and joy as we enter the Easter Triduum. Thank you for sharing your new and updated PDFs. I see that you have been reading Prof. Ascoli’s work more closely”
- **Mr. Grattan email 2: 22/03/2018** **2 SIMULTANEOUS EMAIL REPLIES:** **Dr. Dupont: 28/03/2018 at 05.14 am**

Dante Studies International Advisory Board members, acknowledgement emails:

Professor Luisa Maria Ardizzone, (New York University), (24/03/2018); Gary Cestaro, (*Dante Studies* Editorial Board, De Paul University), (26/03/2018); Richard H. Lansing, (*Dante Studies* Editor *Emeritus*, Brandeis University), (28/03/2018); Giorgio Inglese, (Università di Roma La Sapienza), (3/04/2018); Roberto Antonelli, (Università di Roma La Sapienza), (3/04/2018); Marko Tavoni, (Università di Pisa), (4/04/2018); Christopher Kleinhenz, (University of Wisconsin-Madison and first recipient of The DSA’s Distinguished Service Award, 2018), (8/04/2018)

Canonical Writing: Extracts - *Christ: a depiction of the Writer as an English Benedictine Novice* – (The Chrysolite Collection)

ONE

“Lord open our lips, and our mouths shall announce your praise!”

The monks touched briefly, with their thumb, their lips to unseal them. With the tip of his left thumb, the Novice unsealed his lips. He cut quickly, a curtailed cross across his lips length and horizontally, he remembered himself to Christ. The Novice listened to the authority of the choir. He knew that he must not dissemble; he was wise and tasted first, the silence of the air.

This one voice had broken the sweet of the silence and now began to shepherd them around the Invitatory Psalm. About him, the morning sun was continually bedecking choir in her best lightsome attire, and the choirwood was all yellow gold beneath the dressing sun. He looked and saw the sacred veins of grain, running deeply throughout the holy, white choirwood of the English monastery.

The Cantor spoke with tingling authority. Like a herdsman, the *Hebdomodarius* guided them round the first psalm of the day. The pace was grave and solemn.

The Novice stood with the monks, listening to the beginning notes. He looked quickly again upon the straw-coloured organ wood, rendered honey-yellow in the morning light. The piping organ smoothed sound across the plane of the nave and lower sanctuary. The Monk-Organist touched lightly the stops and made sound. The stream of song swayed upon the air about him. The pipes flashed silver in the light. The various pipes sounded out upon the morning air. He listened as the unlocked organ pipes wine pressed out their first chords of the day. The song swelled, warming the air.

The Novice took up and read, holding the royal blue book loosely in his joining hands. He fingered the dark blue, hardboard psalm book expectantly and it bathed his spirit in delight. In his heart, he lay his finger across his lips and bid himself instructed. The Novice awaited the psalms, athwart the fruiting cedar and the Leban lime.

The Cantors had pronounced their half; the monks joined their reply. The reply began. The Novice attended them; he did not answer. At first, there was a humming of confused talk; the psalm was

circling round and round as the Cantors steered the light body of the psalm round lightly. The monks, in drowsy hum, rang morning's yawning peal.

A despondent, raggedness of sound, was shaken off, from the scattered and sparse population of monks; most were weak voiced, for it was still very early. The monks sang in alternation with the Cantors. The body of the monks adjacent him sang across the flowing course of the silent Cantors. The precious sounds of the psalms were being sung, and the Novice marvelled at their words.

Then, when the sound gained shape and fresh familiarity, the sound to accompany the insistence of the chief Cantor, grew as fresh branch adding greening shoots upon an olive tree. The fresh streams of their song ran by him. The sound itself seemed to soften the very stones of the abbey. Their hearts and their faith spoke.

The Novice did not answer.

The body of the psalm continued in soft, insistent, purposeful urgency and gradually, the form of sound added fluidity and solidity to the first solo voice. The tongue of the Novice was silent from disuse and misuse; he trod water within the slow tide of their moving surge.

Pure, soft prayer filled gently the warm atmosphere.

The song was growing and grew steadily about him, stronger. Then, the psalm was concluded and with a terse final note and calm and peace and serenity reigned. The Invitatory Psalm had terminated.

Two monks from above him and to his right, merged from the morning fresh and glowing choirwood. They carried with them books about their sleeves and at their breaking from the stalls, bowed toward the lower altar and crossing the nave, came to the Cantors' places.

The Cantors for the office arranged their books upon the broad-faced, flat head of the wood, that upon a thick and strong stem was mounted. It dwarfed their figures; upright they stood.

The Novice stood still, upright with the monks. There was a delay then soft piping began to originate at the organ further down below the seat of the stalls. The silver organ pipes gleamed from within their setting. Their silver lines flashed like the antler of deer. They shone from out the yellow honeyed wood of the climbing organ casing. The words of the monks would be tempered to the steel ringing pipes. Below the organ, within the lowest open of the Abbey Church the day was rousing itself to increased warmth. The music began again; he was fresh to it.

Still, the Novice did not answer.

Then, in alternation, sound and silence arranged began to issue and the deep-toned and lovely organ pipes pronounced the name of prayer. The vocal reeds of the pipes hummed and piped forth. A soft flow of air, a gathering tide, reissued from the monks' mouths in antiphonal chorus. Each side the other answered, each, responding to the others alternate silence.

The sound slid smoothly down the glassy way of the nave. The monks drank the air before them as the fruits of their faith enwrapped them, and, as the song rose as rising sap upon fresh branch, the English Benedictine Novice, was mute.

He was all wonder, all amazement.

Hail, Native Language!

The English Benedictine Novice began to answer; he was beginning to learn their language. He forced the tight and unworked cords of his throat to move and work, and felt the sinews of them within his larynx, work and move and warm, until the morning song smoothed out sweetly through his moving lips.

He spoke softly. He talked softly. In quiet joy his parted, fulfilling lips moved and they cooled the air with their reasoned language. He held the psalm book in his joining hands, tracing attentively the times of silence and of song. He sang softly. Their voices had skipped up a little as they warmed to their work. The monks sung the psalms; the Novice sang the psalms. The song was not untimely, no, he not sedulous by nature, no, nor beginning late. With a clear and informed spirit, he, standing, began the newness of that morning's offering. They, the Cantors became his guides.

The Novice's tones tested the air, striving quickly for the credibility of his own part on the warm, morning air. His accent was good; he hit the note of expectation. He did not miscarry the sound. The monks of solemn profession, from custom, from faith and from practice, their song, streamed still more thickly. The Novice's words and theirs hit the air together. His heart spoke. Faith put song in his throat. He sang very soundly. Something had given him leave to speak. The sound grew; it prospered. He spoke like the monks, with the monks; he sang, and would not tender any less. The Novice brought them answer.

The Novice restarted to a slight, clear voice and cradled it in his warming throat. He set to the creation of a humble, chary flute of sound. Like a rushing brook at Siloa, he knew theirs upon the warm and mellow air, and, he joined gradually, the conversation of their prayer. He trod water, waiting until the surge of song had regathered and regained and then rode upon their impulsion and surging sound. The river of the sound was fully swollen, intoned and answered. They stood like trees speaking. The whole, simple glory of their Art glowed. Words of logos-love rose ripe within their throats, and the panelled walls of the choirwood received the graceful words. The monks were well-tuned now.

They bore all things well, both the words and the psalm tone, they bore both well. They bore the sound very well.

They let it carry far away and down into the wood and the stone of the New Building, the New Abbey Church.

The walls of the holy choirwood renewed in reverberation, the graceful words to Our Father in Heaven. He stood amazed. The Novice had speech with them. The Novice was living now in an English monastic court, no Star Chamber. The Novice had learned to mend his speech. It had become true and he no longer held his tongue, for faith had claimed his tongue.

The Novice spoke their language.

The vines of his song, strove to be inter-woven with that of the monks'. He had learned to mend his most marred speech. It had become true. The monks poured the sweet milk of holy concord out into the gleaming and open way of the nave. Their well-projected voices were gathering to a head. Understanding swelled his song and the decanting tide, filled the wide shores of the Abbey Church's lower bounds. The ark, boat and barque of the song sailed freely, both with stream and wind, and the chant washed richly, the limed-oak, front panels of the choir-barque. He had sung few, slight words, but to effect. His downcast eye turned away and down, and lit upon the altar. The sacred and radiant sight was bright. Then, the monks ceased their singing and the stream shrank to silence.

No, he was not sedulous, no, nor beginning late.

Canonical Writing: Extracts – *The Christ Sonnets* **(The Chrysolite Collection)**

I

Artists who have an understanding of love, tarry attend,
I would speak to you of one unique, timeless, faithful love,
'Wood-love', borne to dark breaking top of Calvary of hill: -
Master Milton, greatest sublime, masterless English poet
Of most misdirected heart: -I, weary traveller of your mount sweet,
Your unseer commanding English: - Poems Lesser; *L'Allegro*;
Il Penseroso; *Lycidas*; masking *Comus*; Sonnets; Psalms; Latin
Poems; *Paradise Lost*; *Regain'd*; concomitant late life pleasure-

Samson Agonistes; Italy's *Dante*, dark-browed magister, all terrains
Traversed by your culling look! Admirer, *Beatrice* aspected pure,
Daughter Florentine, *Vita Nuova* booked your memory; walker through
Infernal ring - *Inferno*, *Purgatory*, *Paradise*; jejeune insubstantial of nulling
Joyce! Of wood-love I will speak; vined Stratford, master of all those who know
Sweet Son of Stratford, England's Shakespeare's tissue spun, vine spun lines.

XXIII

Milton, I do not trip the Marvell marvel, I do not even recognise
The piping of that minor oaten, slide-slither voice; do I survey the
Poet blind and over-marvell? - No, I do not; nor do I worship, pathetic
Mesmerized, heave-heart, dumb-struck, blaspheming, weak, knee-
Humble, watch I, rather cascade tumble, your unseaming, jointless
Verse of voice - young, stark, struck, darted, I - yes, but it was then me,
Footprintless, natural humble, juvenile, breathless, at your hit striking
Latinate-priestly-poet-voice: gifted imprint of you, I, willing followed,
Printing my, young, unshod marvelling voice; daily, Milton, I strike out
All no longer matchless; chapel'd iris, mark, praying, record what I can
Dress round Christ's tree, tend, tilled, watered, poured; all, I, Will, will,
Want to know is: who were you, in regard to Him, Andrew Marvell? I,
Will thorough assess altar-filter unravel you; I, His one attending, loving
My, one true one, chosen selected, disturbing, one-vine'd of Vine man voice.

XLVII

Surely, rough Joyce, should be no real surprise, my triple-headed
Tyrant, should slaughtering come to slit the thin spun life, your
Sprite spirit smite? Glistening Ulyssean streets, Bunburying, I
Had long since departed; dead my Chapelizod, long cheapened
By your cheapsided; called to Irlandese my enthralled of Ellmann;
Or the fluking Aeneidean snows unfurling, upon the living and
The dead; circumference of those shortening stories, tantalising
My culling hopes? My readying companions, those poorly formed
Pages of '*A Portrait*'? Or the swooning wooing of a Cranly, or a
Heron, scavenging the overly adolescent of your hero Stephen?
I have a Kildare of Newbridging to forge the smithy of my soul, and a
Further third of Middlesexing England; Ravenna, Florence, Rome and
Milan, crest my Trieste long wandering, till formed the final third; Now?
Where the sea has fallen, where you looked northward toward Ireland's
Howth: Joyce, your name does ague my cheek, and I want it out my mouth!

THE GLOBE SONNET

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: THE GLOBE & ANDREW GRATTAN: the *logos* globe

LII

Globe-Ruling, topless-towering, spin solving Shakespeare! His ever revolve, ball
Revolving, human nature surveying sieving solving, blue-green ocean-landed
Turning, silken shimmering your naked gaze, beholding, solve-spinning Shake-
Speare! Prospero wanded, magic ball holding; trickless, your almighty gift, trick
Tongue to glorious open telling! My solvent tongue strews sestercii, florins, pennies,
Groats, dressing enoaked groundling circle! Wondering, awed sitting merry-talking
Prattle tell sounding! Elizabethan crowds know wood-talk original! Jonson, Marlowe
Merely hollow, your full sack swift song harmonious ambrosial! Sit within marvellous
Confines, your Thames house around: Globe'd: The Globe; round, sift out satiate
My Pentateuch of five, Cross-companionable, Biblical books lyrical: *King Lear*,
Tempest; *Othello*; *Macbeth*; *Hamlet*; Pushed, drop all save pellucid Beloved Disciple?
King Lear, will I sue for meek holy cloth suiting, single Will-work wanting: England
Green, your spotless orb detailing, turning; His, round globe shape cylindrical,
Magisterial: perfect globing *King Lear*: Italy living - my anglicized tears for England!

Canonical Writing: Extracts – *Corpus Christi*: a bildungsroman (The Chrysolite Collection)

[1]

Vocation

* *Wise*, helpful, and softly and sonorously spoken, employing the soft and reassuringly rich and resonant brogue of the educated lay Irish man, Professor Augustine Helix, the Visiting Lecturer in *Renaissance Studies*, at Blackfriars College in the University of Oxford, handed the triple programme of design and endeavour back with so gentle a motion of conferral, as if to signal in its careful swish, an admittance of the slimness of the *Master of Philosophy's* (M Phil's) premises, rather, than its laudable projected intellectual worth and merit. The would-be visitor received it back with humble alacrity.

In their slimness, those papers had failed to fill sufficiently the medium-sized brown envelope, the missive from the *School of English and Humanities* that had found its way to the country air of Warfield, the field of war, from the city of Oxford three weeks previously; the neighbouring country air where both the Roman Catholic satirist, Alexander Pope of Binfield, and that dangerous free-thinker, Percy Bysshe Shelley, had tilled time within lightsome Berkshire villages, their minds watered and milked outside the great oak of the great metropolis.

How loosely Professor Helix had held that slim packet of papers! He had held them rather like that slow burning cigarette that was once held limply in the un-caressing

fingers of that abject posturing *Artist*, a cigarette that continues to burn down to lightless oblivion long after the smoker has long since lost interest in the pursuit of that questionable pleasure; and smoking, the attendant guest of the professional academic, had long since thought, was the guilty secret of those unsure of their purpose at heart.

Andreas Christianus knew that the application was slim and not overly fleshed out, but he relied on the un-lost memory of his coveted argument and title, to win the attention and entertainment of this distinguished and attentive man of letters, a true humanitarian: '*Christ's Lady, Milton and the Sonnets*'; '*The Lady of Christ's: Milton and the Sonnets*'; the variations were endless based upon so sweet and sublime a notion, and the pleasure of simply revolving the occurrences of difference in assonance and import around within his head, filled him with a sensation of intellectual rest that was sweeter even than honey in the mouth.

Yes, even the very beauty of the topic had been burnt on his lips ten years earlier. 'I shall feel something in ten years', *Andreas* had promised himself then, and he had known himself then not equal to the task; and to have broken off from so sublime a supplication of the advancing soul and ravished spirit, as John Milton himself had, had been entirely wise and sweetly rational; and certainly, it was not as if he had been denying himself then, the spiritual odyssey, of an '*On the Circumcision*', or '*On the Nativity*', or even '*On the Crucifixion*'.

To have nothing but, '*A Paraphrase on Psalm 114*', or, '*The Fifth Ode of Horace. Lib. 1*', would have been more than so sunny a sensation than he could have borne at that time; and moreover, it had been the permutations of Samuel Taylor Coleridge's addled intellect, within the opacity of imagination that had fascinated him then, especially the experiential frenzy of '*Khubla Khan*'; and it wasn't until '*Paradise Lost*' had smashed in upon his spirit quite late at sixteen, that he had begun to recognize the dread barge of literary genius in its full transparency.

He cut the familiar lines out in his head:

'Of Mans First Disobedience, and the Fruit
Of that Forbidden Tree, whose mortal taste
Brought Death into the World, and all our woe,
With loss of *Eden*, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat'

(*Paradise Lost*, Book I, lines 1-5, John Milton).ⁱ

Revolving the permutations of the beginning notes of epic poem in his head, beginning with Virgil's '*Aeneid*', and '*Arma virumque cano*' – '*I sing of arms and men*', *Andreas* imagined how he would fascinate himself with the taut triumphal beginning of his own cherished poem, '*Eucharist*', and how the holy hosts of the Angels would wing against the forces of the night at Milton's Satan's resurrect command. '*Dies irae*' and Christ's Second Coming, he had decided upon for that treatment, and he had already selected the premises and promise within his head and the turf of the Square of St. Peter's in Rome. Not for him, would be the urgency of disavowal of too long preparation-littering that had been Milton's defensive explanation: '*Not sedulous by nature, nor beginning late*'.

This would be the arena of contentment, the Altar of the Lord, until he could parcel up his time in the due dispatch of all his literary ideas, and return in full to the plenitude of the over-covering Triune God.

* Yes, '*Introibo ad altare Dei*', *Andreas* recalled as he thought candidly to himself about things; yes, that was how he felt!

But, in these rapidly advancing middle years, he would redefine that altar to have a greater covering girth of lily white covering first, and call it without the flanks of ordination too, but within the cloaks of all Religious coverings and all forms of Religious Life, - whether it was within the blanket of white blessed goodness that over-covered the woollen dressed flanks of the stout Cistercian monk or the swart augustness of the over-black Benedictine monk, so that he could come to some final understanding of those disastrous callings to tears that had been those influences upon his un-sweet Spirit, of the Sublime Blind Puritan's, John Milton's invocations to *vocation* that had been '*L'Allegro*' and '*Il Penseroso*'.

Unlike Saint Monica's Saint Augustine, the dilemma to final vocational closure had been no querulous distancing over concubinage, (never that), but the once more ivy never sere of the calling from the graduated poem, '*Lycidas*', and the hymn over the waves of the dread key and lock of St. Peter, and those mouths that look up and are not fed.

The calling of melodious ontology that he had first understood to be behind any calling to vocation and to the vexatious question of *Vocatio* herself, he had found first in the implications of Religious Life in Milton's monody. He had imagined the ghost of that one daughter *Vocatio*, when he had last visited the entombing shades of St. Paul-outside-the-walls in Rome and her prayers for the souls of men; and O, how that heavenly issue of Dante and Beatrice had worn out her supplications in Heaven over the listlessness of his own soul!

He thought too of the dread and looming prophecy of that Lady Doctor of St. Hugh's College, when he had surrendered up the Sunderings of his silly imitative Stephanic soul that had been the three plates of admission to study English Literature at Oxford. The selected Authors had been Shakespeare, Milton and Joyce. She had earnestly mentioned that word which promised and foretold exceptional literary ability and had pressed a copy of her own play entitled '*Mortal Conditions*' into his eager grammar-school boy hands. The introduction, he did fondly remember, had included a reference to Cardinal Basil Hume, OSB, who had imprecated the exemplum of Saint Hugh's life into the praying Christian heart. And then she had delivered the dread injunction that had caused him the loss of all happiness in his twenties and the first half of his early middle years:

"You are probably the man who comes after him; but don't start before you are thirty-five; it won't be any good".

Canonical Writing: Extracts – *The Christ Colloquy*

THE CHRIST COLLOQUY BOOK V *Mary* *IN PRAECLARA SUMMORUM* ENCYCLICAL OF POPE BENEDICT XV ON DANTE

3. So, just as at the beginning of Our Pontificate by a Letter to the Archbishop of Ravenna We promoted the restoration of the temple where the ashes of the poet lie, so now, to initiate the cycle of the centenary celebrations, it has seemed most opportune to Us to speak to you all, beloved children, who cultivate letters under the maternal vigilance of the Church, to show even more clearly than before the intimate union of Dante with this Chair of Peter, and how the praises showered on that distinguished name necessarily redound

in no small measure to the honour of the Catholic Church. Rome, St. Peter's, April 30, 1921.

THE DIVINE COMEDY Dante Alighieri
Inferno Canto I: 94-110, the greyhound prophecy

CANTO II

And within, the holding ring, where the Marian throne
Presides, Our Lady, demure and poised, re-recalling,
Grace and mediation, those descending wings flying,

Her face transfixed by utter joy delectable, as, when a child
Leaps in the womb, mother cradling the bump, turned, to
Face the face before her, *imago et imago*, to see reciprocal

Before her, that which Veronica had seen duplicated, when,
She had swept the towel over the *via Crucis* face. She,
Mary, heard herself sing, those simple phrases, as when

Magnificent *Magnificat* first ascended from her own lips,
Among dry grass sticks of Bethlehem; she, felt the first repush
Of phrases, as when, a pilgrim climber, climbs Lough Dergh

In Patrick's Ireland, one foot before the other, pushing
Higher, above the basin and crashing oceans around
The emerald, one note crisp, eliding to make marriage

With the second, as when, the wedding band is floated upon
The finger, her voice guiding, exhaled, as when a virgin
Monk Cistercian can pronounce precise the *Salve Regina*,

In truth, - no careerist, no liar, no vow-breaker, no rank wind
In the wood, but true. And, Our Lady, her face suffused
With joy and memories sang: 'My soul glorifies the Lord,

My spirit rejoices in God, my Saviour.
He looks on his servant in her lowliness;
Henceforth all ages will call me me blessed.

The Almighty works marvels for me.
Holy his name! His mercy is from age to age,
On those who fear him. He puts forth his arm

In strength, and scatters the proud-hearted.
He casts the mighty from their thrones and
Raises the lowly. He fills the starving with

Good things, sends the rich away empty.

He protects Israel, his servant, remembering
His mercy, the mercy promised to his fathers,

To Abraham and his sons for ever'. She turned:
'Know, beloved daughter, my flower girl,
That the time has come for you to leave my sight,

Et conspectu Dei. Know, the great joy you have given
Me in seeing you grow, like a nursed sapling, to full
Height, and now, to be the tallest tree in the forest.

Know, that in the dialysis of the divine will, Know, it
Is a most good will, that *Altissimi Cantus*
And, *In Praeclara Summorum*, be full rescinded now.

For, a singular, chrysolite heart of Christ-love, my Son Jesus'
Genius, will cause fresh issue, new encyclicals and documents,
Editrice Vaticana, from a Soubirous wellspring soul;

And, my suffering servant, the hunting hound, I myself, will Set
Loose upon the earth, to hunt for *veritas et verbum*.
He will not feed off dross, or cash, or gelt, but thrive in wisdom,

Virtue, and pure love: Solomon, More's gold, and Mary-love;
For, he is the Trinity's *sommo poeta, veltro* prophecy, and,
Born, he will be, between the felt and the felt, at thirty-one,

Between Cross-arms of 'Christ Sonnets', in Rome.
He will love not trash, - history and archives, but truth,
Logos et Verbum, Holy Scripture, the Word of God, sole,

And, I will have him no part, an abjured Adonai, but Benedict's
Coelis monastery, - Dante's 'Monarchy'.
Neither, will he be, dunce cap *canis domini*, Blackfriars lame,

Average academia, *vox pop*, popcorn spirituality, but, special,
Sacerdos soil-seeded in Ignatius, Dominic and Benedict,
And housed, in Brentwood's Our Lady Immaculate Church,

To love immaculately, he, my immaculate one,
My immaculate face in Florence, at five-and-thirty;
My chosen son and my Son's chosen one, to join

Elite Galilee band of twelve, and meet Synoptics,
Until he trips the light fantastic toe with John, beloved
Disciple, with new teaching, *magister spiritualis*, author,

Of a "gospel sixth", my Meister Eckhart of the Sacred Heart.
Know, that there is to be a special impingement upon time
And, the affairs of man themselves, as there was a

Fracturing around the *Gaudium et Spes* days, of a

Council Second, when Paul VI had to assume the
Mantle after the brief arrow flight of John XXIII,

He, who went to Ravenna, to see the ashes of the poet,
The one who, gifting, gave the *Commedia* to all the cardinals.
And, within these weakest vessel, vassal times of the

Church, a mighty organ sounding, our greyhound,
Will overpower, base swollen wind, as a Puritan poet,
Ascribed to Archbishop Laud times, Lycidas sing, for

Delight and delectation, of the Chair of Peter.
And know, that as the grown flower girl of Heaven,
You have shone within rings and rankings as

Pearl of your face, has grown to oyster lustre, and
Dimples of an angel-baby, have recontoured, to
Lustrous Marianism, that you, will shine, as my

Son Jesus, shone at the Transfiguration, when they
Did vie, to make Moses booths for my child Messiah,
On that mountain top, and you, now, as oil, to strengthen

One man's heart. A very mirror to magistrates, this
Blessed countenance of yours will one day be, as if
Reverse side, that towel of Veronica, had, then been

Wiped upon my own, after Simon of Cyrene, hoisted Cross-
Beams on his own shoulders, and this Samson Agonistes,
Will earn the right, with an 'Agony in the Garden' sonnet.

Know, the white chrysanthemum, is to be no longer before
The White Rose of Heaven, but before a white carnation pure,
For courtly love again in Florence, and a *Colloquium Christus*, for

Assisi's Pope Francis, to full cherish'. And tears, splashed lashes
Of the girl, a with a pannier of posies in her left arm,
Overshadowed, by a pageantry to shame Sheba's.

She cried tears. 'Lady *beata*, what is my fault?
There has been no revolt, that I am to be denied this
Light of Christ, and sent away, that even Venice's moor

Would murmur upon it, turned out homeless, like Lear
Upon the heath, by Regan and Goneril, when in the Father's
House, there are so many mansions? Will you gouge out

My eyes too, like Gloucester, that I should never see your
Serene countenance again? What sin have I, to confess in a
Shriving confessional, who have only known, pale blue rosary

Beads within my fingers, nothing venial or mortal, before France's
Pastoral John Vianney, nothing bad, to Campion brag?
Am I, to be turned out, to eternal winter, heart of Clairvaux's

Bernard, withered away to nothingness, that there will be no
More two Turin's before him, for a doctor of the church, to
To treat into treatises, *qualitas* 'Nouvelle Théologie', for Migne

To mould into multiplying series?' 'Know, we know, Prila',
Our Lady pronounced soft, childish name, endearing intimacy,
'God Father, God Son, God Holy Spirit, and I, God-bearer,

How you have yearned for human life, monk-priest
Vestment face, and there is another angelicity, whom The
Holy Trinity have accorded to be born human too.

His pure soul, will be sold by many, as Manichees cheapened
Augustine to augustness, but we in Heaven know, he will
Support it, like his Milton's Samson; and soldiers, squabbling

Over His purple cloak, will final, be held to account, too. You,
Who were installed by my *Regina* throne, holoenzyme heliotrope
Commixture, breathed out by Bea, and conceived in her womb,

By one look, contrapunctal, to that of decadent David's,
Upon bathing Bathsheba, similarly Pentecostal, as my Son Jesus,
Did breathe out, over the disciples, Thomas no more

Doubting, at the dipping of the hand, in the holed side,
In that upper room, *audito*. Prila, a translating, translation
Transubstantiation occurred, foetal matter unformed, aired,

When Durante first regazed upon the Portinari, separating
Ravenna sojourn days over, he a Wilde, amid Spartan mosaic
Tiling, and, the portals of Paradise, themselves, were then

Laid open to him, upon his death, for a "fifth gospel", already, so famed in Heaven'.

CANTO III

Our Lady rested, pausing, as Yahweh, had done on the seventh day,
As Genesis records, in the creation story. Then, she rebegan:
'A blast, as at falling walls of Joshua's Jericho, sounded,

King David attending him in honour processional, with
Harp, lute and madrigal, conducting semi-quavers of Psalms,
And, blessed Bea, *nova minima mediatrix*, attendant patient,

Upon his ascent to Heaven, relocked eyes with him, he, all
Admiring again, as 'Vita' records, boring through essence
Of her being, re-awaking quintessence of courtly love, and

Memoria, of "ego dominus tuus", and rebathed in that initial wash,
Of courtly sensations paralyzing, first arising upon, Beatrice's
Favour-greeting him on streets of Florence, somersaulting over

His grief-filled life. The prosimetrum form reanimated him,
Joyful, after pure, hard concentration, composition of *Paradiso*
Cantos in long, harsh years of exile from *la donna del Nord*; and

That first, early innocence, sonnets, *balata* and *canzone*, and,
His peers, Cavalcanti, Cino, and Lapo Gianni, and re-delight
In the fine phrasing of, "donne ch'avete intelletto d'amore".

So, Prila, in your gulfless slipstream, second emanation,
Following fluidly behind you, Bea, breathing out sharply
Di-fold, a gaseous spirit, a spirit and a woman too, and

Vocatio, dizygotic, sororal twin, twin-sister, as there is
Sometimes a surprise for the labouring mother, at the
Birth of a new life. Gabriel and Michael, most prime,

Of all archangels, received you then, genesis, originating
Tissue, in arm-wings martialling, you brought to my rich
Richeldis, dowry for His indignity, you then being coupled

With the one man to whom Durante will ever compare,
The Hathaway-wedder. Thus, the manger of light, first rose up
Before me in Heaven, an ark of golden straw, a Moses basket,

Cresting upon peaks, as the 'Noli me tangere', Gethsemane man, rose
Up transparent, before the other Mary, Magdalene, I, His mother
All lachrymose, for a second manger, woven, by the lower angels,

In recompense and satisfaction, for when, the King of kings,
Jesus Christ, was laid upon but a bed of straw. Flower girl,
You were moulded set, as my own conception and assumption,

Prompted Pius IX into knotty doctrine and Pius XII,
Ultramontaned into glory, *Munificentissimus Deus*, pursuant
Then, those papal documents, honouring my Queenship,

The Immaculate Conception and Assumption; and in Rome,
I have observed Roschini's Marianum, promulgated by
Coelesti Honorandae Reginae. Know, Prila, you were conceived

From a dart sigh, directed at Beatrice, impregnating her
Womb with angel-matter, bearing the face of the Virgin Mary,
Dante's purest feelings for Beatrice, forging extensile,

Gracious economy of your being, you then, lovingly placed by
Cherubim, within reed-straw manger, composed of self-same *capellini*
Tubes, great More's abbatial blessing stick, as wand of Milan's

Prospero, summoning Ariel on that sweet and haunted isle, to do
His bidding; and the straw Aquinas saw, in divine revelation, papal
Mission Neapolitan, More imagining, flicking, a golden ruling rod,

Of true and holy abbot, Benedict's regal median, a Solomon
Of the cloister. Prila, sweet More, who longed to send out,
Over Cistercian monks true, mild regulation, prior, sub-prior,

And cohort, cartography of a utopia, for *athleta dei*, divining rod
Of charity and divinity, particles, of gold complementing,
Fibrous tissue woven-wended into a manger of light, the

Golden raft rushes, that a hidden Moses baby knew, no
Swaddling clothes in Pharaoh's Egypt, More, Chrysanthemum,
He spoke up before the Christ, and though you have recited

Dutifully, an *Ave Maria* at Lauds, and an *Ave Maria* at Vespers
In day's two framing folds of morning and evening prayer, like
Luther's lowly ploughman, dragging his plough through furrows

Of the earth, one to hear, the good news, in his own tongue,
Know, Prila, there has been seismic rupture in *depositum fidei*, by such
Severancing men, as Hans Küng and Henri de Lubac, and a far greater

Rupture will occur, foul schism, in Benedict's light, Adonai-wood,
Selva opaca, anno domini, two thousand thirteen, reopening, the
Selva oscura, anno domini, thirteen hundred, due to, too sinful

Monks and priests lamentational, muddying, my Son's holy
Church, and my sweet Lourdes waters; and, the holy, light, white
Choirwood, will begin to bleed drops of red blood, weeping, a black

Sap rising, as staining blood-beads, decorated His crown of thorns.
Know, a young pilgrim will go to visit me there, in that French
Town, and he will see my face, upon mass-vestment, of a *senex*

Dunstan, in a holy monastery, and then, he will see my face in your
Face in Firenze. Know, daughter, an angelic exhalation, is to be
Co-issued upon earth, one year after you, who was once, lovingly,

Placed with you, in the manger of light. He will be taught, by
Jesuit and Puritan, an angle-angel of Gregory, in the market-place,
San Gregorio al Celio sent, by the other Augustine, angel *humus* dust

Distillate, of, *il nuovo sommo poeta*, gold carats, presented before
Office chains of scaffold saint, the thorn in Henry's side, *Utopia*,
Beheaded by the king's great matter, so, that another Henry, will

Cede to queenship of the book. Thus, the Holy Trinity and *Vocatio*,
In divine cooperation, are to begin a Newmanian, new man formation,
Of the *logos* of the *Logos*, to comfort Carthage's Augustine, Nursia's

Benedict, Dominic's Aquinas, Carrara's Michelangelo, and Littlemore's
Newman, that greatness, can still contend, in today's fallowest of periods.
Know, that Durante saw Bice once, during afternoon *passagiata*, district

San Martin al Vescovo, *sestiere* San Pier Maggiore, not yet a Duomo, or
Brunelleschi's dome, but to create conditions, temperate and timely,
For my Son and I's couple, the greyhound and the Child,

Who will purge, very air of Rome one day, reeking, with crisis after
Crisis, scandal after scandal, and darkest abuse, with good news, via,
An infant's name and Easter; and he will be, my Son's *discipulus novus*,

My pure one, who stepped into the dark Adonai wood, whom,
I myself shall raise, above career priests and scheming religious, broods
Of vipers contaminating, my *Logos*, to cleanse the temple of St. Peter's,

St. Mary Major's and St. Paul's outside-the-walls, - the light wood,
For a new Pope, the saints and martyrs, will call the humble pope,
Franciscus. It is the will of the Holy Trinity, to synchronize in stealth

And suffering, the hunting hound of Heaven with the Papacy,
And the Holy Spirit, will stand and sift, in four score years and beyond,
Moment of your conception within a human mother, - the truth.

It is the will of the Holy Trinity too, to synchronize in sublimity,
The greyhound and Child, in parallel presentation, as two
Embryos split within a common womb'. And, Our Lady, halted

In her discourse, lowering her head, upon her chest, in grief and
Sighing, as the flower girl of Heaven, dropped to a curtsy for
Courtesy, and harmony of the pair, would have graced a Tintoretto.

'And, now, I must turn these notes to tragic', Mary smiled, winsomely.
'For, as you will be born for happiness, he is to be born for Bradley
Tragedy, but he shall know unique strength, in special grace of a faith

Superabundant, gift of the Holy Spirit, in this most supremely gifted
Of men, confirmed by the Queen's Cardinal and succoured by an Irish
Sacerdos exceptional. He will live for honour, as "honour thy father

And thy mother", was inscribed, on Sinai tablets of stone, when
Moses brought down the Decalogue from the mountain, to legislate
For the tribes of Israel; and he will honour God sole, with a heart

Lucan Beatitudinal, born to hunger and thirst, only for what is right'.
Ripples of accord impressionable, swam around ready and free
Commonwealth of Heaven, till ripples of applauding approval,

Were signalled, by the circling spheres, serried ranks and rings. And,
The Marian, tearful, looked to the son of Nursia, holy St. Benedict,
Ringed by those first few and steadfast, Maccarius and Romoaldus,

Constantius, Valentinianus, Simplicius, Honoratus, - Nursia, as
There is New Norcia in Australia, where a new community grows,
Aided, by global impact of Thomas Merton, Kentucky Trappist,

Who penned so much in the sixties, proliferating papers, in
These learnedless Benedictine days, when we can glance at
But a handful of those who truly possess, the love of learning

And the desire for God, when many cherish ecclesiastical honours,
To be canon regular in a cathedral, or, pursue banal scholarship on
Nobodies, such as Augustine Baker OSB; and when, so few, keep their feet

Inside the cloister, chasing rainbows and abbot primates, all the way to San Anselmo.

THE CHRIST COLLOQUY Book V *Mary*

Our Lady, before the saints and martyrs, recalls the reunion of Dante and Beatrice, in Heaven, in 1321, and Beatrice's oral delivery of new angel matter *in essentia*, the breathed out, new amoraphim species of April Child, conceived in honour of Our Lady, and a link between the 'April Easter' of Dante and 'the child of April', Shakespeare. Mary, then remembers, Beatrice's oral delivery of *Vocatio*, April's twin sister, conceived in honour of Cardinal Newman's prayer on vocation, who prays solely for priests and religious, that they become pure and holy and truthful and honourable. Mary also recalls, the new joy of holding a baby girl, in comparison to holding the baby Jesus. Our Lady, then remembers the paralleling encounter of St. Thomas More and St. John, in Heaven, in 1535, and St. John's oral delivery of new angel matter *in essentia*, the breathed out, new amoraphim species of Andrew, conceived in honour of the *Logos*, created by the dialogue of More and St. John, when the Latin of More's Utopia commingled with the New Testament Greek of St. John's Gospel. Our Lady surveys the current intellectual and spiritual condition of the Church, and describes the origins of Dante's greyhound, a man who will be born, under the special care and protection of *Vocatio*, and a 'saviour figure' for the Roman Catholic Church of 2013, and today, saving the Church from the abuse crisis and scandals, with Our Lady's own, new literary 'sixth gospel' of The Christ Colloquy, to accompany the 'fifth gospel' of *The Divine Comedy*. Dante's greyhound, is to be T. S. Eliot's "third", the only man who will ever live, who will also fall in courtly love, in Florence, at 'the pilgrim' age of 35, and who will also be capable, of placing another woman above Beatrice.

CANTO VI

And, 'Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia', rang out, pealing;
And, 'Wonderful, Counsellor, Prince of Peace';
And, 'Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia', rang out pealing.

And, Our Lady wept, stationary, before the throne, that exists in Heaven,
Weeping, within a special place, chamber, visible only, to pure of
Of heart, super-privileged ones, select, a Catherine of Siena,

Or blessed Sister Faustina, saints, mystics and visionaries, not
Chums and charlatans, dressed in the emperor's new clothes,
But the real thing, the *Stabat Mater* descendant line, a St Ignatius

Of the *Spiritual Exercises*, or, St. John of the Cross and
The Dark Night of the Soul, or John Henry Newman, who had a
Conscience and intellect, and delivered *Apologia pro Vita Sua*

To the press; not posers and preeners, producing reams of copy
By Bullough's Cam, company men incorporated religious, yawn
Rote learning, safe acquired at desk, in a lecture hall or seminar,

The second-hand book trade, of modern catholic spirituality,
Where pop-up spirituality books, written in children's crayons,
Are the common currency, dictated down, in cosseted hierarchy,

Of career religious, climbing a career ladder, to a *gnosis* of nowhere,
Designed to *status quo* keep, Church of Christ waterlogged, all under,
Uninspired, derelict, that all toe the line in happy sameness;

An MA in Spirituality conferred, when Jesus learned His temple
Genius in the field, crucible furnace of the forty days and
Forty nights, technicolour super-realistic, tested, by Father

And the wily one, prime academic panel, inspiring by his *animus*,
Gospel of John, into St. John, and who starving, was tempted to
Turn stone into bread, flat discus rock, to become bread of life.

And, 'Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia', rang out, pealing;
And, 'Wonderful, Counsellor, Prince of peace';
And, 'Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia', rang out pealing.

And, within throne room of Heaven, chamber, where Heaven
Mirrors reciprocated human perception, understanding, for,
In the Father's house, there are many mansions, here is nexus

Intersecting, bisecting human understanding, but no pigment
Imprints lustrous depicting, gorgeous renaissance scene royal
Enthronements, rich tapestries descriptive, jewel rich, in colouration,

As for an Albert and Victoria, dynasties of York and Lancaster,
Hapsburg, and Mugello's Medici family, joined blood-lines dynastic,
Cosmos of Cosimo, that thread circumference of the world, how

Deoxyribonucleic acid is disseminated, seeded, within a woman's
Womb, and then new houses, spring created, whether Windsor, or
An Austrian or Germanic line, Montagues and Capulets; but, in

Heaven, throne room is white-washed humble, low, and pleasingly plain.
And, Our Lady weeping copiously, tears profuse cascading, down
Her cheeks, coursing in currents, turned to silent St. Benedict:

‘Benedict! Bea! What happy memory, when I saw oral delivery of
The Aprilian babe, baby-angel essence, just as Jesus had breathed on
Them at Pentecost, Holy Spirit, made manifest, in the upper room,

Bice breathing out sensationally, sweetest exhalation pure, of a Cordelia
Heart, Bea, Exodus quick, in delivery of Wonka chocolate confection,
Angel matter, to delight children’s author Dahl, no labour birth pangs, out,

Cumulous cloud airiness, vigorous quick, as Shiphrah, Puah, midwives,
Recounted to Pharaoh, Israelite women, quick in delivery on a
Birthing stool, Bice pregnant, with angel matter, in nanosecond’.

And, ‘Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia’, rang out, pealing;
And, ‘Wonderful, Counsellor, Prince of peace’;
And, ‘Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia’, rang out pealing.

‘And, with but one look, of courtly love, from Durante,
Exchange, infinitely more direct and powerful, than Aelred’s arrow
Of divine love, sourced in Tuscan genius’ treatise mind and

Intelligence, that had created, *Il Convivio* and *De Monarchia*,
Before worldly black oil, was Arabia refinery refined, into gold
Of *La Commedia*; but *puritas* of *La Vita Nuova*, it was, held

Foremost in Dante’s mind, saw, opaque angelic snowflake tissue, soar,
Delivered from Bice’s rosebud mouth, out, into atmosphere
Of Heaven, to mingle with cherubim and seraphim, where it

Hardened, solidified firm, as a caterpillar becomes a butterfly,
Escaping, flying from its chrysalis, and new species of angel,
Heralded in Heaven, whispered alacritous, among the white

Robed army, who had shed their blood for Christ; and then
Blessed Bea, maternal careful, delivered her baby, into my arms,
Metamorphosized, in an instant, into a human baby girl, set to

Become, the flower girl of Heaven seven years, after she meets him,
Squirming, crying and mewling, at first sugar onrush of life, that
First stage made famous, by playwright’s seven ages sequence

In his *As You Like It*, waiting for a mother’s comfort, to be
Cherishing, placating held, before cherubim and seraphim.
What joy, what love, I knew, in holding a baby girl, at last,

I, who had held, but the baby boy of Jesus, and had never
Known augmentation growth natural of a family, numerous, above
The one child, cherishing pink biology, in comparison to the blue.

I, *theotokos*, and the virgin maid of Bethlehem, created, with but
One purpose in life, to bear the Saviour, I, the Annunciation,
As I love it most depicted, in high watermark of excellence,

Leonardo's mesh scene in Uffizi, that vortex of shape and
Colour, guided onto canvas. And, she, all wonder of the saints,
Bernard of Clairvaux, and myriads of distinguished names;

We three become bodily, as it had been in Bethlehem, and
Dante and Beatrice, stood about me, until he would be elastic
Snapped away, by lights, to begin his reward of eternal life;

They gathered round me, until I disclosed her babish middle, to
Proud parents, and, offering her up to the poet, he taking her, witnessed,
Flashed across her tummy, *First Folio*, in Shakespeare's spidery ink hand.

And, Durante pronounced named her 'April', after Easter
Journey month, of his poem; and passing her, to her mother,
Bea called her 'Child', as she said she was a true child of God;

Until, I snaffled her up, within my holding arms again, and
Beatrice returned to the joy of eternal life, and Dante, after all his
Suffering, and wandering in exile on earth, began to begin his.

Three hundred years, were but a whirlwind, and I the nurse maid,
For all of them, as the flower of girl of Heaven lay before me, and
By my side, and she became, infectious, intoxicating delight of all

Who came before her; even the Little Flower, came to play with her,
Speechless before, that which was created by mind of the Florentine
Poet, and all the stripling unknown novices, who had lived a life

Of unknown sanctity too, hidden from the world, by white veil
And a grill. For, there are many paths to sanctity, the wick, bright,
Short life, lived within garland Carmelite convent enclosed,

Or hard years of scholarly thought, of Jerome or Augustine,
That would Vulgate backbone the world, supply her with lava
Strata and civilization, the steepled hands, and the book spine.

Then, I can recall, in seven blocks of three, but plain English
Prose, no worked and wrought, rhyming Florentine Italian, when
Hooded executioner's blade, slipped upon neck of my lawyer

And High Chancellor of England, Blackfriars bridge, that dismal
Gallows day, author of *Utopia*, Lucian witty humour of ancients
In so learned a man, as Thomas; and Heaven felt the wound, with

Milton's earth, sighing, that all was lost, sighing, with Durante's
Sighs of courtly love; and soon before me, was form of More,
Wrapped up rapt, intent, in exchange locution and dialogue, with

St. John, 'in the beginning was the word', engaging with
More's one word of 'gold', in Latin, from *Utopia*, and New
Testament Greek, combined with parsed legal Latin and English,

Until Gospel breathed out, bundle of short, sharp breaths, and
Oxygen of life, was created in new amoraphim, a rainbow of light
In seven colours, refracted in spectrum of the chrysalis of this

New angel tissue fluttering; and the manger of light, was transformed
Before me, and I looked to that basket, that bore so many memories
Of Bethlehem, while a new baby boy blue, struggled manfully in my arms,

Snuggling for safety. And, I knew, what was to come, what priests
And religious, would do, to very children whom I love, massacred in my
New Herods' slaughter of the innocents; and *Logos* silent beside me,

I, Mary, holding More's gold in my arms, quintessence of magi gift, *logoi*
Of the *Logos*, bright, baby tissue of 'the sixth gospel' lightsome, and
I, who had once held the Saviour, foreknowing the shipwrecked Church,

Of *anno domini* two thousand thirteen, holding, the humble saving, in my arms'.

CANTO VII

And, 'Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia', rang out, pealing;
And, 'Wonderful, Counsellor, Prince of Peace';
And, 'Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia', rang out pealing.

'Benedict! Bea! Durante! What joy it was for me, when I lay those
Two split babes together, climbing up, writhing at my chest, struggling
For space and life, in basin at my toes, where fibres of gold spark,

Flashing, like Trieste antlers, glint in light of Heaven, to make a
Pair, to the manger of Bethlehem; and I saw rolling blur of blue
And pink, seismic struggle together, clinging for comfort and hold.

And April, flung her chubby arms, around neck of her twin
And settled down next to him, for peace and security, as any
Earthly baby twins, in a cot; and he, the boy, wrapped his stubby

Legs around her, and clung to her tummy, where once, words
First Folio had flashed across her middle, while their laboured breathing
Settled to a peaceful lull, rush of breath, settle, to a whisper.

And, I wept, to see, blue and pink, blissful, idyllic, at peaceful Baby sleep,
who had known sorrow, of nursing predestined Saviour,
Ransom, born to die, and I could only marvel at life, of my new family.

Thus, what say you, then, Europe? For, now, my Son's Church

Is low, and disowned priests and religious, have brought me,
To my praying knees, that there is a very Gethsemane of widowhood

In my heart, and I am bereft and alone, as Jesus in the agony
In the garden, when he asked that this cup be taken from him;
For His men, have turned my Church, into poor widow with the cup.

It is time, to sprinkle star dust, upon the earth again, as when saints'
Steps slipped upon the soil, when Bede volumed in Jarrow,
And Francis of Assisi, Mary Poppins fed the birds, from fingertips.

It is time, to alchemy create, the man, who will be born, with but one purpose
Upon earth, as I, born to bear, he born, but to parallel papacy,
Poet of *The Divine Comedy*, cede, to poet of *The Christ Colloquy*;

He, Grey, to save the Church, save my Church, save my Son's Church,
Return me, to my pristine whiteness. It is time, for the poet's prophecy
To be fulfilled, meek hunting hound, to return tub of Peter,

Rudderless, capsized, to Cowes yacht sprint excellence, and crew her,
With Jason and the Argonauts terrific, not abusers and careerists,
Who serve themselves and not my Son and Me; and it is season

Time, to quicken the blood, of this J. Alfred Prufrock of the Church,
To use terminology of Harvard Norton poet American, who idolized
Alighieri, a patient infected with diseases, and lying etherized

Upon a table, time, to raise my Lazarus of Jesus, from Joyce's dead.
For, whole body of the Church lies icy, cold as Christ's Gethsemane
Tomb, and massacred of Milton's Piedmont sonnet majestic, must be

Firenze *duomo* spliced, with April children of new *vox*, from the Strand;
For my holy children have been slaughtered, and all there is, for us to
Do in Heaven, is weep with women of Jerusalem, and lay the lilies.

For, the modern Church, truly is a waste land, and Hofgarten T. S. Eliot,
Must final have his "third", before all, is Plurabelle lost, alla stranger,
For good, globe's sun, slip forever, below horizon, does not rearise

In morning, in a widow's mourning, Dante and Shakespeare, are
To become, a heroic triumvirate, and the divine spark alone, when
God the Father tipped a finger to Adam, upon ceiling of the

Sistine Chapel, that the artist Michelangelo recorded, can salt
Dead sea of my Church back to life; and April Easter candle flame
Of courtly love, is to be reignited in Florence, divine spark,

That will bring the body of the Church back to life, as we women
Knew in garden of Gethsemane, on morning of resurrection,
Privileged few, to have known Jesuanic, from a child, shocking

Pink of courtly love, to become blood red of Prufrock's artery alive;
And modernism and postmodernism, are to be dead too,

Words, to be returned, to blue blood-line of the canon.

The triumvirate of Michelangelo, Leonardo and Raphael,
Greatness in pictorial art, at last, is to be paralleled in print, by
The triumvirate of Dante, Shakespeare and the “third”;

And *logos* of the *Logos*, will begin rewrite, of very name of Christ,
In slight *Christ* novel, at twenty-seven, novice in Jerusalem,
Until he hoist cross beams preparation, upon his shoulders,

A love song to Christ, in *The Christ Sonnets*, in Rome, and burn of
Courtly love in Florence, produces product, of Oxford Movement’s dictum,
“To live is to change, and to be perfect, is to have changed often”.

And it is time, that a *colloquium* accompany a *commedia*,
No second spring, Christendom awake, no cigar smoke and
Old ideas, but New York journalistic Wolfe’s, “the right stuff”,

That my tabloid gutter Church, shall be a broadsheet again,
And my spirit soar, via ashes, of Bread Street eagle’s pupil, when
City of renaissance, plaster casts, divine David of the Psalms

With Michelangelo’s marble David, and the thirty-five man,
Hoists my Son’s Church upon his back, like King David, a kid, slung
Upon his shoulders, reconsecrates my Son and I, glorious, again;

He, Ascension, I, Assumption, *Exsultet* elevates our names, in
Cruellest month, with ‘gospel sixth’, composed of sweetest cedars
And limes of Lebanon, from English pine, that the Chair of Peter,

Termite infested with careerists and paedophiles, riddled with
Bore holes, become darkest, sound mahogany again; and wood love,
For a holy English choirwood, will return wood to the Wood.

So, in this twenty-eighth, of my three-line segments, my
Morean legalistic ordered thoughts, I must began display of poplar,
Who will know, to live is to change, be perfect, have changed

Often, until his breath is balm bathed in love and peace.
When he is a child, he will speak, think, reason, like a child, until he
Becomes Birmingham’s changed man, puts away childish things;

Born, the greyhound will be, between felt and the felt;
Born, between books and books; born, he will final be, in year
Of two papacies, year of Pope Francis and Pope Benedict XVI.

At eleven, he will begin learn, own English tongue, in Coleridge’s
Xanadu of *Kubla Khan*, until maturation, *Lycidas*, is known, adjacent
Milton’s Pandemonium, cold classic corners architectural, Brentwood

Cathedral; until post-adolescent, Carmelite Latinity, settles within him,
And he begins widen out, parabola of speech, in lecture hall of Jesuit

Gregorian in Rome, *seniores* and *iuniores* of summer language, at

Porta San Pancrazio. In sweet naivety, at twenty-five, More's
Wight utopian isle, will downpour tempest tropical upon him, as he
Sees silver sphere of tabernacle, Shakespeare's globe earth ball,

Chrysolite, suspended like Eco's Foucault's pendulum, above
Altar of the Solesmes abbey, where holy dark choirwood,
Eternally cleanses Dante's dark wood of Florence, washed in intricate

French chant, treading, in footsteps, of More's own journey spiritual
And intellectual; until he sees William Blake's heavenly Jerusalem, and
Green and pleasant land in Berkshire, where bow of Noah's ark,

Crests and breaks, upon frontage of the abbey church, and he will
Begin return of the *logos* to the *Logos*, in postulant April Eastertide, merge
At A Vacation Exercise with Gregorian Chant, that something

Beautiful, might Mother Teresa be made, for God, at abbey church
Daughter paired, with house of highest Ample, where St. Augustine's
City of God, squats sited, within peaceful bubble of the valley.

What say you, Europe, for, I will create him super-abundant in
Naivety, all wonder, pure; and, as Jesus, the boy child, stood in
Synagogue to pronounce, that today, this prophecy would be

Fulfilled in their hearing, I, Mary, announce, prophecy of *La Commedia*
To be ripe ready, time, for greyhound, to patient, pad the earth,
Money lenders, to be eternal evicted from my Son's temple'.

St. Benedict spoke up: 'Can anything good, come out of Adonai, Our Lady?
For, he will sit in calefactory with sinners, offenders, flatterers, and liars'.
And, 'Did anything good, come out of Nazareth?' Mary countered, smiling.

'For, as my beloved Son, Jesus, turned water into wine, and bread
Into His body, at the Last Supper, we must create a man of honour,
Intellect, and truth, who will transubstantiate, change, a chant and a

Choirwood, into Heaven's glory, glorious More's gold *logos* sphere,
New gospel, in seven books, my Son and I's, *Colloquium Christus*;
And feed His unfed sheep, fed on a diet of worms, with ciabatta

Bread, and focaccia. And he, Greyhound, sole, will craftsman repair,
The Chair of Peter, with but love of his parents, lied to and about,
By common and the jealous. At sweet and twenty-six, Heaven,

Will let our grey puppy, guileless, tread holy, innocent into Adonai,
Hear homilies of abbatial Sollom, know Bernard's good namesake, that this
Acorn of Adonai, become the strong tree, seeded beneath baldacchino

Of *San Pietro*, and in verbal carpentry, rebuild wood of the Cross, beginning with Virgil's *Georgics*'.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S DNA CANTO:
the spiral staircase at the core of The British Institute of Florence

The British Institute of Florence, is a three-floored building, representing the three parts of The Divine Comedy, - *Inferno*, *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*, and also, the three persons of the Holy Trinity. At the core of the British Institute, is a metal, spiral staircase, linking the ground floor with the mezzanine floor, and this actual spiral staircase, is the spine of the new seven book poem, 'The Christ Colloquy', symbolizing William Shakespeare's double helix DNA, at the very centre of The Western Canon.

In Book II of 'The Christ Colloquy', *Letteratura*, is 'Letteratura Land', a whole, new literary world, that exists within a side-altar, inside a side-chapel, in St. Paul's outside-the-walls, in Rome, where Shakespeare guides the new writer and his new friend, Andrew, through the whole of World Literature in 93 cantos, on Holy Saturday morning, 2013. In the middle of 'Letteratura Land', is The New British Institute of Florence, founded jointly, by William Shakespeare and Andrew Wood, in the new poem of 2013, in honour of the Royal Family of Heaven.

The New British Institute of Florence, is also a new papal state and seat of government for modern day Florence, where More's Utopia replaces Dante's Monarchy, as a text. At the very centre, of The New British Institute of Florence, is also a white, metal, spiral staircase, symbolizing Shakespeare's DNA, at the very centre of the Western Canon. This stairway, 'Shakespeare's Staircase', is later paired with a second staircase, 'Jacob's Ladder', in Book VII Cielo, witnessed in a dream, by Andrew, 'the eternal pilgrim' at 40, when he climbs the steps of the Santa Scala in Rome, on pilgrimage, on Easter Monday afternoon. These two staircases are actually prefigured by a third staircase, the hollow, open plan staircase, with no risers, at Adonai Abbey, linking the novitiate library and the monastery library, which features in the short novel, 'Christ: a depiction of the Writer as an English Benedictine Novice'.

In Canto XLVII, William Shakespeare leads Andrew Wood, into the vortex of his DNA double helix, this spiral staircase, where each individual author and book of The Western Canon, is symbolized by each step and spindle of the staircase. Halfway up the staircase, William instates and recognizes Andrew, as a new and third canon centre.

CANTO XLVII

And, I looked up, my foot flat, upon the
Ingression doorway, of the British
Institute of Florence, that flat doorway.

And, up I looked, to that cylindrical
White staircase, stairway white
Stairway, staircas4, stairway

And, airily waving his arm, as to the white of a
Corkscrew of a spiral staircase, as, to the acid of an
Acid deoxyribonucleic acid, said Shakespeare:

'From, this held shaft, spins, the spun of assign
And contain, where lies the gamut of assignation,

Leaves, as from the *liber* of the Cross, are agreed, as

Adjudged worthy and decided and determined
And beneath, the *piano prima*, and the *secunda*,
Is the mezzanine or the middle of agree, where

Stands the figure, of one immortal English playwright,
William Shakespeare, and, through me, the oracle of the
First Folio, are, recognized all works literary, as being

Canonical, or not, and their relationship of consanguinity
With the one true Cross of the Crucified Christ,
Lording out from lauds and praise, as David at

His Hebrew psalms, the prancing boy in delight, as
Daniel in the den, the immortal Will, who was not
Weighed before a Star Chamber and found wanting.

Regulat et governat for all good, is the judging
Solomon of I, Shakespeare, who never split his
Two babes, comedies and tragedies’.

And, William Shakespeare, taking my hand,
Pulled me up, in twirling corkscrew climb,
To set, the flat of my foot, upon the

Curling, twisting, rung-ways, to see
Where the great books and the great
Writers, were decorously engraved, and,

Upon that white twist of shake-turn,
The corkscrew, taking me up and
Indrawing me, into the twisting journey...

And, we stopped-halted at the mid-point
Twist off the turn, and twisted and
Turned to look about ourselves

And I saw, gracious calligraphy italics,
With names of writers, of The Western Canon,
With names of books, of The Western Canon.

And William Shakespeare, turned to me, and
Said: “Of the wood’, you are the truest flower
Of my genius, the execute of my words, histories

And sonnets, that we two, be blood writers,
Two noble kinsmen, centres, that Stratford be tied
To Warfield, and William be tied to Andrew’.

And, I spun around, half-way up, the apportioning
Cylinder, as the Alighierian, had been ‘halfway,

Along the road, we have to go'; and halfway

Again, I was between the Charterhouse and the
Executioner's block, at the Morean age, of twenty-seven,
At the Equal crossroads, between the lee and the sea.

And I turned my head, twisting three-sixty degrees
In my poet father's Inferno, to see that mournful
Visage, flipping on the dunny clouds of Hell, I saw

The fruit of truest courtly love relationship,
Dante and Beatrice, no longer unique, medieval
Superseded by modern, Andrew and April.

And, twisting again, looking up, I saw, *miles Christi*
Written in gold lettering, entwined with Sarah and 'Eucharist',
As that of King Lear, entwined with Cordelia, and:

Dante
The Divine Comedy
Florence

Helix of assignation; Othello and Desdemona; Helix of assignation;
First Folio; William Shakespeare; *First Folio*;
Deoxyribonucleic acid; William and Hathaway; Deoxyribonucleic acid

Andrew
The Christ Colloquy
Florence

And, other names and titles, intermixed and inter-
Threaded, in the steps and spindles, and, I rejoiced to see
The King James Bible and names: Sir Thomas More,

Aeschylus, Lucretius, Virgil, St. Augustine,
Geoffrey Chaucer, Yahwist, Socrates, Plato,
St. Paul, John Henry Newman, Sophocles,

Aristophanes, Longinus, Plutarch, Herodotus,
Cicero, Horace, Ovid, Plautus, Terence, Martial,
Dr. Johnson, Freud, Boccaccio, Aristophanes,

Nietzsche, Kierkegaard, Franz Kafka,
Samuel Beckett, Ibsen, Oscar Wilde,
Vico, Sir. Thomas Malory, John Donne,

Sir Philip Sidney, Alexander Pope, Swift,
Machiavelli, Jane Austen, Herman Melville,
Charlotte Bronte, Jane Bronte, Virginia Woolf,

William Wordsworth, Percy Bysshe Shelley,
John Keats, Tennyson, Walter Pater, Homer,

James Joyce, Goethe, William Faulkner,

Ernest Hemingway, Walt Whitman, George Eliot,
F. Scott Fitzgerald, Flaubert, William Blake,
D.H. Lawrence, Honoré de Balzac, Henry James,

Robert Browning, W. B. Yeats, Charles Dickens,
Christopher Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Hobbes,
Andrew Marvell, George Herbert, John Bunyan,

Gibbon, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Erasmus,
Lord Byron, Browning, Gerard Manley Hopkins,
Tolstoy, Proust, Henry James, Mark Twain,

Jean Paul Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir, Camus,
Jean Anouilh, Thomas Hardy, Kipling, Joseph Conrad,
H. G. Wells, T.S. Eliot, Aquinas, William Blake,

E. M. Forster, J.D. Salinger, Tennessee Williams,
John Ruskin, Dostoevsky, Henry James,
Thomas Nashe, Thomas Kyd, John Webster,

John Dryden, Montaigne, Molière, Ariosto, Seneca,
Giacomo Leopardi, Petronius, Baudelaire, Juvenal,
Hugo, Petrarch, Catullus, Lucan and Ariosto.

And, spinning either side, the central three stairs, I
saw, the vortex of supreme worthiness, where, gold
And silver lettering, flashed out in panorama, titles:

'Dr. Faustus', 'The Canterbury Tales',
'Dubliners', 'The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle',
'A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man',

'The Tempest', 'Paradise Lost', 'King Lear',
'Paradise Regained', 'Macbeth', 'Samson Agonistes',
'Ulysses', 'Finnegans Wake', 'Beowulf', 'Kubla Khan',

'The Merchant of Venice', 'Metamorphoses',
'Eclogues', 'Georgics', 'Oedipus Rex', 'The Koran',
'The Fairy Queen', 'The Anatomy of Melancholy',

'Lycidas', 'The Iliad', 'The Odyssey', 'The Tempest',
'Othello', 'The Aeneid', 'In Praise of Folly',
'The Confessions', 'Hamlet', 'The City of God',

'The Importance of Being Earnest', 'Piers Plowman',
'L' Allegro', 'Il Penseroso', '*De Natura Rerum*',
'A Midsummer Night's Dream', 'The Pardoner's Tale',

'Measure for Measure', 'The Idea of a University',
'The Winter's Tale', '*Apologia Pro Vita Sua*',
'La Vita Nuova', 'Shakespeare's Sonnets', and 'Utopia'.

And turning, my hand in his, hand-in-hand,
William Shakespeare, drew me, Andrew Wood,
Past the ephemeral ghost of Dante Alighieri,

And past, the nubs of pertinence,
And up the timber-way of tread,
And before the gallery of survey,

To see, in my lost choir-box, of Arkwright and Sollom, the librarian of Florence...

THE CHRIST COLLOQUY Book V *Mary*

In *In Praeclara Summorum* (1921), Pope Benedict XV wrote of ‘the intimate union of Dante with this Chair of Peter’. In this address, in Heaven, Our Lady reciprocally unifies the Chair of Peter with Dante, unifying ‘papal conclave’ with ‘courtly love’. Our Lady also unifies ‘the manger of Bethlehem’, with ‘the Chair of Peter’ and ‘the manger of light’, and creates a new species of angel, the amoraphim of Andrew and April. The greyhound is to fall in courtly love in Florence, with Our Lady’s ‘Sloane English image’, at the age of 35, and to hunt the new ‘she wolf’, ‘the paedophile monk and priest’ back to Hell, with ‘the sixth gospel’ of *The Christ Colloquy*, and therefore “save” the Roman Catholic Church of 2013 and today. Paedophile priests and religious are condemned to the wood of the suicides in Dante’s Inferno.

CANTO IV

Lights, princedoms, virtues, powers, cherubim and seraphim,
See, how today, we unconditionally and unceremoniously, quick
Re-synch ourselves with our Church, and the Chair of Peter that

Recesses backwards, even to the reed basket of Moses, with this
New creation, as of an eighth day, this ‘manger of light’, not, this day,
Upon this hill, timely begot, as my learned Puritan poet, Milton

Picturesquely and erroneously ascribed to his imaginative begetting
Of the Son, but laid out as confectionery, sweets, sand grains upon shores
Of Dover, sweet of candy cane and coconut in recompense for foul

Putridness and stench that climbs up from the blue, brown and green place below.
Heaven, measure for measure, life for death, shall offer sweet for stench,
Back, to this novelty, this new, unknown sin. Benedict XV it was, who

Set to swaddling cloth care of Franciscan friars in Ravenna, and
Archbishops’ votive masses, for rest of the exiled Florentine poet, for
Return of whose *assa* bones, citizens of Florence call regular in clamour,

Who unified the Alighierian with the Chair of Peter, and raised him to
Exalted state of prophet, second only to all those prophetic names,
Habakkuk and Ezekiel, who star the old and new testaments.

Not all of Hell, Ciaccio, Farinata and Cavalcante, and super-sensual,
Whom Dante knew as daily leprous bread of his Florence, can compete
With present sickness and disease that termite eats, very wood

Of the Chair of Peter, and this new sin of paedophilia, that Dante,
In his over-arch of foresight and assent to all divinity, in the saviour
Person of the fabled greyhound, *veltro*, accounted for in earliest

Canto first of his *Inferno*; this sin, that will scourge post-conciliar
Church that sought to let in, latter-day light.
For, the synchronization of the Alighieri with the line of Petrine

Accession, I, the Marian, the mother of all my holy children on earth,
Synchronization of the Alighieri, reciprocally inaugurate, with the
Accession line of the Chair of Peter, unify, papal conclave with courtly love.

No greater intercession on earth, is there, then when the white smoke
Puffs from short chimney pipe atop the Sistine chapel; and no greater
Unification, will there ever be, with the purity of the Holy Spirit,

Than purity of two poets recording *La Vita Nuova*, in Florence and
The Christ Sonnets, in Rome; and sighs of courtly love in Florence,
Are very exhalation of a sweetness of breath, second only to exhalation

Of breath of the Holy Spirit, upon the earth, echoic as the *ruah* ruminations.
The longing for Beatrice, was matched for Alighieri, only
By the longing, for the coming of the greyhound, second only

To the second coming, when my Son will Creed come again, to judge
And condemn, be Francis merciful to, or to save, when every tear
Will be wiped away, at the second coming of the Jesuanic.

Before the second coming of the Jesuanic, though, is to be coming
Of the greyhound, a creature more famous and mythical than
Conan Doyle's hound of the Baskervilles, or, children's book, one

Hundred and one dalmatians. For, the hunting hound is dogged
Devoted, Learian Dante's faithful Kent, as Lear lent upon, that
Moses staff, matchless Dante, will grammar assent, to this son of Kent,

Grey child, born among orchards and Spitfire hops of a child's education
Among Westgate Benedictines to parallel Dante's Florentine Franciscans.
No greater urgency, was wept upon papers of *Commedia*, when Dante,

All but broken in exile, and reliant upon equip patronage and
Employment of noblemen, set to sweetest orchestration
Of the eternally sublime and true, in his *La Divina Commedia*,

He, the past courtly lover of Beatrice, snuffed out by Florentine politics,
He, the present courtly lover of April, snuffed out by Church politics,
True gospel coracle, shipwrecked upon, holy choirwood of Adonai.

And, as the divine poet unified himself with the greyhound, as he was then
Unified with the Chair of Peter, Heaven, now unifies the greyhound with
The Chair of Peter, in acknowledgement of this wonderful animal,

Though, even for Dante, there was more in heaven and earth, than was
Dreamt of, in his Henrican and Can Grande philosophy, that there would be
Something rotten in this state of Denmark, this modern global Church.

And, within remit of the poet's eye, fabulous animal of the greyhound
Conceived by Dante, as a Labrador guides a blind man, the sighted greyhound
Will guide the Church of today, safely, from present floundering, upon rocks

Of Malta, the ship of Peter, shipwrecked by its own fallacious crew of Barabbas
Brigands, paedophile monks and priests, who threaten to sink vessel
Of the pilot of the Galilean Lake, whom Noah would never have

Stooped to save from cleansing flood, inducted two by two into ark;
And, the greyhound will save holy mother Church, from jagged rocks,
Scuttling, and lead her back to promised land of clergy sinlessness, with

Sixth gospel of *The Christ Colloquy*. This epidemic of abuse,
That has covered the earth like a flood, though a sewer, not a river,
Prompts Newman's 'kindly light', leading out the encircling gloom,

To be relit, dreamer of Gerontius, second only to the divine poet,
To inspire new divine poet, that Greyhound, take his place with
Alighieri and Newman, as my three original, numinous minds of the Church,

For extinction of a weird sin, that my Son would happily be
Recrucified for, that they crucify his children, the one, who said,
'Suffer the little children to come unto me'. As *deus ex machina*

I, the Marian, will send the mythical champion upon the earth,
This stuff of legend and Psalmic justice, retribution for the cries and tears,
The greyhound, mid between pointer and pincer, for he is all the

Commedia prophecy, DXV, contextualized, in spin too, of *Purgatorio*
And *Paradiso*, and *il veltro*, shall bring peace to the See of Peter, and right
The ship, that dissonant *disio* be silenced. Between thought of Hamlet

And longings of Prospero, I will begin carve, *mens mea* of Greyhound,
And fabulous intellect, that will create *Colloquium Christus*,
One, so innocent and pure, his origin will be, puppy courtly love for

Sloane English image of me, in Florence, at quickening age of five and thirty.
Lights, princedoms, virtues, powers, cherubim and seraphim,
I, the Marian, in recognition of dual documents, *In Praeclara Summorum*

And *Altissimi Cantus*, and in recognition, of the intimate union of Dante
With this Chair of Peter, intimately unify, 'the manger of light', with
The Chair of Peter, and the manger of Bethlehem, that I may forget,

Abyss of look, that was my eyes' cast into degradation of Bethlehem manger;
And, in recognition, of that matter which was genesis new created,
At collision of souls of Dante and Beatrice, reunited in Heaven,

Creation of a new species of angel, species, to know but two seeds,
Two new lives, one male and one female amoraphim. And, as
Romulus and Remus founded Rome, as Livy, *Ab Urbe Condita* recorded,

I, the Marian, refound Rome, in founding new species of angelic delight,
Amoraphim, *Amor*, Roma backwards, as Rome is quicksand backwards
These days, that she, city of the shepherd, might move forwards,

And Andrew and April, greyhound and Child, will refound Rome,
Post-crisis, within infrastructure, of but Heaven's time and clock.
To declare an Augustinian just war, I, Mary, send all goodness

And sweetness, upon the earth, the hunting hound, destined
As he was, for all time and eternity, to bring true health to the hearth of
Italy again, cross keys, and merciless, *anno domini* two thousand thirteen,

Hunt the new she wolf, this janus wolf of paedophile monk and priest,
All the way back to Hell, where I consign them today, to languish
Within the wood of the suicides within *Inferno*, that part Hell,

Wood, polar, to the wooden Chair of Peter, pine paired with mahogany.
This is where the wood of Adonai abides in state, monastic
Choirwoods of all the world, from Subiaco to Camaldoli, that

People wood of the suicides, the weeping willows of Woolhampton,
Become dark, noxious tartorous bark and barque, eaten with cankers,
That even Milton, could not record a darker material, than rotted

And degraded wood, as it really is, choirwood, cast as soul of a
Paedophile, when splendour of the truth is revealed, by truth and virtue
Of the greyhound. And born, he will be, between felt and felt,

This exhalation of childlike innocence, Ockham cleverness and *suavitas*,
Between Cross-arms of 'Christ Sonnets', in Rome, *collectio* conceived
To confront chaos, anti-Scripture of other exile's *Finnegans Wake*;

Born, he will be, this baby-child of greyhound, between felt and
The felt, frontage and frontage, choir-side and choir-side of
Adonai choirwood; born, he will be, between Goliath and Goliath,

Bloated bores, career Benedictines and career Dominicans, empty
Cymbals, before this slight, supple David; born, he will be, between
Two sides of blackest choirwood, Austen sensibility of greyhound,

Forged between abuse and abuse, psychological abuse and child abuse,
Two sins, that will eat to sawdust, white wood of Woolhampton;
And born, he will be, of Psalms and Psalms, between brigand and brigand,

Endless pairs, who rob *Vocatio* daily, because they cannot conceive, of gospel goodness’.

THE CHRIST COLLOQUY Book V *Mary*

Our Lady, before the saints and martyrs, surveys the two babies, Andrew and April, in ‘the manger of light’, on the floor of the sanctuary of Heaven. Our Lady unifies ‘the manger of Bethlehem’ with ‘the manger of light’. Andrew and April, ‘the greyhound & Child’ are established as a new, unique, eternal couple, intimately unified with Mary and Joseph, above even Adam and Eve and Dante and Beatrice, and all other couples in World Literature. As innocent babies, they begin to “save” the Roman Catholic Church of 2013 and today, until the Second Coming of Christ, even preparing the way for Vatican III, with ‘the sixth gospel’ of *The Christ Colloquy*. Andrew is destined to follow in the footsteps of Mathew, Mark, Luke and John, and Dante; and April, is destined to follow in the footsteps of Mary, Hildegard of Bingen, St. Bernadette Soubirous of Lourdes, and Beatrice. The two babies, will become saints on earth, based on the inter-fruiting of their conjoined lives and perfect *curricula vitarum*, creating *The Christ Colloquy*. Our Lady, who refers to Andrew and April, by the private names of Grey and Prila, intimates that it is her private wish, that two new religious orders are to be founded to “save”, renew and revitalize the Church of 2013 and today: Andrew is to form ‘the Order of the Vine’, and April is to form ‘the Order of the Aprilians’.

CANTO VIII

‘O, baby girl; o, baby girl; o baby girl’, and, tears of joy ran down
Softest cheeks of Our Lady, to wash away jealousy, green rage
Of Iago for Othello, undone. ‘It was the will of God the Father,

That my new motherhood, private nursing moments, shattered
By census tax, flight from Herod, in cruellest days, my post-partum,
Those first days, that, in Heaven, there should be some recompense,

Some waxy palm paradise of a Mauritius, balmy Seychelles, or Caribbean,
Or even, impoverished Durrell family, in Corfu, that, at last, there
Should be some simple homespun pleasure for Joseph and I,

That the Holy Family, should know some happiness in Heaven,
Jesuit social justice, rather than fear, subjugation and destitution.
And so, my son, Jesus beseeched his Father, that His earthly family,

Would have some sweet human moments in Heaven, that
Joseph and I, would know, a tableau of joy, family life, where
A tiny part of Heaven, would be partitioned, reconditioned, part

Of the divine plan revised, a shell, protected microcosm,
Might be reserved for Joseph and I, to play at being young human
Parents, to know, natural matrimonial concerns, such as any

Lateran ‘Marriage and the Family’ course might teach at Newman

Institute, in Mayo. And so, we were afforded gift of being
Remade flesh and blood in Heaven, newly-weds, new parents,

And, beauteous creation, of 'the manger of light', came to pass.
And when, he heard whisper, that a set of circumstances had been
Set in motion, that a 'sixth gospel', would occur to accompany

Immortality of the four, and Durante's *Commedia*, St. Luke
Intimated, that he would retake up stylus to Theophilus,
Author a new work, to his earlier works, until I assured him,

That the new evangelist had already come, in a crib at my feet,
Eternally in love, with carbon copy of me. And I, was as happy
As Dr. Dolittle, talking to the animals, or Truly Scrumptious,

Picnicking with Caractacus Potts, Jeremy and Jemima, flying away
From that beach, in Chitty Chitty Bang-Bang, Lycidas', dismal
Scrannel pipes of straw, at last, become a Moses reed basket

Of capellini, angel hair tubes, tubing, More's gold, not rushed
Into Farnborough, no Eugénie tomb, but book of life for
My two poppets. It was the will of Jesus too, that his

Human parents, would know some domestic happiness
In Heaven and routine of normal family life and gaiety;
No surly republican Milton instructing Deborah in Hebrew, that

She might help to feed the commonplace book and make more
Congenial for him, cottage at Chalfont St. Giles, but just
Some Disney normalcy, when we could be homogeneous parents.

And so, raw sunlight slipped away one Lauds morning, to see
Two sleepy eyes, peeping popping over lip of the manger of light,
Before dipping to hide and giggle. And, the baby girl, played

Hide-and-seek and peek-a-boo, with me, flummoxing Aquinas,
And all about him, their hearts melting, and this august intellect,
Quashed, motionless, *Summa Contra Gentiles*, and

Summa Theologica, books, fell, lacklustre, from his feelingless,
Slackened hands, while he looked at her and the straw; and
Augustine, smiling at memories of his transgressive

Concubinage, happy delight of a child given, in *Adeodatus*,
Dropped, original manuscripts of *De Civitate Dei* and
Confessiones, from his digits, to smile at her protective paternal,

Bewitched, not by Macbeth's three weird sisters, at the cauldron,
But, by my baby girl, crawling on the floor of Heaven, he,
Augustine, momentarily sick, of surveying node antics of *ecclesia*

Of today, bizarre circus, performance, pantomime and show;
Huff-puffing of newly promoted socius in Rome, grinding away,
To destroy spark, very spirit of holy religious life; or networking

Speaker of an order, delivering bread and circuses talks, neither
Capable of definitive secular, Brown or Berkeley academic text,
But bringing to fruition, hanging gardens of Babylon of the Church

Of today, all horrifying corruption, cronyism, scandal and incompetence.
April, she stood erect, unsteady on shaking baby toes, and
Lifting up her raised arms, above her head, to be held and carried,

Said 'Mummy', and my heart wept for her, longing to raise
Her out from the crib and into my arms. And slow, deliberate and
Careful, she pronounced, 'Daddy' to Joseph; and I dropped

To hoist her, and Joseph beside me in a moment, whispering
And canoodling contentment and safety, to the baby girl,
While she jiggled on balls of her feet; and, all of a sudden,

She had spring-boarded, catapulted herself, out from the
Manger, and onto floor of the sanctuary of Heaven.
And, April, sat bolt upright, upon her bottom, upon the

Floor of Heaven, the small nursery, created partitioned,
A curtain of wavy black hair, hanging over her left eye,
Like a baby giant panda, black and white, in Beijing in China,

In Chengdu or Dujiangyan, discovering her new surroundings,
Queen, of all she surveyed. And, as an indolent and sleepy baby
Panda munching on bamboo, she snapped straw twiglets,

Of 'the manger of light', shoots, and to set to work, like
Boy or girl with a trainset, Meccano building with golden reed
Reed pipes, and the branches of the manger of light, regrew

Replenished vines. And, like Isambard Kingdom Brunel
Constructing intent, she set to work on building a rectangular
Library shelf on the floor of Heaven, industrious as Noah,

Pensive, measuring out the cubits for the Ark, to bring in the
Animals two by two. And two other eyes, amazed Ferdinand
Admiring Miranda eyes, popped over the manger, until Joseph

Lifted the boy, from out the manger and set him softly upon the
Floor of Heaven, and set two baby giant pandas, to play, together.
And I, her mother, passed Prila her books: More, Carlyle and

Wilde; Hildegard of Bingen, Plato and Aristotle, and she set
Them neatly, like Lego bricks, aligned in the rectangle, to create
A library. And April pronounced softly to herself, 'Library', and

Andrew pronounced softly to himself, 'Librarian'. And crawling over
To sit opposite her, Andrew pushed his left palm to his sternum
And said 'Joseph'; and placing her right hand to her clavicle

April pronounced, 'Mary'. And they sat there, looking at each other.
And, crawling across the sanctuary of Heaven, Andrew tickled her
Feet and toes, with broken, gold wooden straw from the manger

Until she giggled uncontrollably, without licence, abandonedly.
And Andrew, forming a bread basket, of gold twigs, from 'the manger
Of light', formed a crown of twiglets, into betrothal posy, and

Sweetness of our breath, breath of Mary and Joseph, was received
Upon it, and white chrysanthemums blossomed upon gold straw.
And Andrew, smuggled his right arm around her, as they

Both stretched for sleep and tiredness from Lauds exertions.
And we, Joseph and Mary, lifted them, tightly wrapped,
Wound around each other, and placed them back into the

Manger, smothered in swaddling clothes, and warm blankets.
And, St. Benedict spoke up, eyes washed with disbelieving tears:
'I cannot approve of sending this Jesus-man, to the land of Adonai;

He will fall in love, with the holy, white choirwood, believing it
To be Milton's wood in Comus, the opposite of Dante's dark wood,
When it is but conduit, to awareness of the universal Church, and

Paedos and perverts, morons and monsters, careerists and cronies,
Liars, sycophants and lackeys'. Our lady stated bold, '*Alea iacta est.*
There is no choice. I will never have Andrew, meringue pie

Dominican, all cream, no filling, flounce and self-importance;
Neither mind of Aquinas, nor holiness of de Porres, nothing
Original to say. It is my private wish, before my Son, that as cardinals

Are created *in pectore*, his being will find end, in formation of
'Order Of the Vine'; and Prila, will never know misery of starch collar, where
Mother Superior, a dinosaur, will suppress her, in her 'Aprilians'.

He will flick lightly, *logos* globe ball, of the earth upon his back, and
With wide-stretched shoulders, Grey will take, full responsibility
For saving Our Roman Catholic Church of today, alone, as

I refuse to create no one else, with the intellect and purity of heart,
To do it. She, is to be, the agency; he, the instrument'.
And Abbot Benedict: 'It is the will of God the Father, that he enter into

Banana republic of Adonai, believing it be Dante's Paradiso,
When it is but a dead end, until he, Our greyhound
Descend into Dante's Inferno, at chill vespers hour, at forty'.

'So be it', assented the Marian. And Our Lady wept, uncontrollably.

THE CHRIST COLLOQUY Book V *Mary*

After Rabbi Jesus, has instructed Andrew, on the nature of love, true human love and the purest form of love, - the Wood Love of the Cross, from the books of the Old and New Testaments, on the shores of Galilee, in the presence of the twelve disciples; and, after breaking bread, sharing fish and drinking wine, seated on the sand, in celebration of Andrew's spiritual maturity to be received as a thirteenth disciple and new "evangelist", authoring a new, literary "gospel", a silver 'A', - the supreme grace, the greyhound, *il veltro*, receives, is to witness the last days of Jesus on earth. Due to the greyhound's strict adherence to Dante's requisite human qualities of "truth and virtue", Andrew is then transported to Jerusalem, where in the presence of the living Jesus himself, he witnesses the historical Jesus' trial before Pilate, the via Crucis, and the Crucifixion on Mount Calvary, culminating in hearing Jesus' last words from the Cross. This last grace, occurs in the presence of *Vocatio*, Beatrice, April and Ruth, handmaidens of Our Lady, who survey in tears, the historical figure of Mary, at the foot of the Cross. Then, at the conclusion of Book VI, Jesus clarifies and discusses the origin of the greyhound prophecy within Heaven, and the relationship between the three 'grand refusals'. Finally, on His own personal *auctoritas*, Jesus Christ recognizes Andrew, as 'the greyhound' of the divine poet, Dante Alighieri.

CANTO XCIII 49-145

And, Jesus spoke to me in gentleness and meekness:
'For what, my Durante termed, regarding Pope Celestine V
Il gran rifiuto, the great refusal, the white Petrine Pope Benedict,

Will beget the black Jesuit Pope, Francis; and, as there was the
Black and white of the Guelphs and Ghibellines; and, as there was the
Black and white of duteous Sollom's crossword boxes; and, as there were the

Black and white floor tiles of *Il British*, Ariadne mazing to her
Wood-bound features, there will be, black and white of the grey
Man, friend Ambrose's new man, *ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem*.

Thus, formed, will be, lesser hypostases of
White, black and grey, - Pope, Pope and Greyhound,
By greatest hypostases of Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

And vine man, of fabulous sonnet sequence shall arise, the
Vinian man. And, as Bono da Ferrara's Jerome removed lion's thorn,
So, he, we will strip grains of Cross wood, for runs of rampant

Honeysuckle and English wisteria, proliferating vines, to
Decorate any countrified Carshalton cottage, such that Milton's
Adam and Eve, I would have to beckon to, to sedately lop

The overgrowth of foliage. And, I will call them *logoi* of the
Logos, Gildersleeve lodge of a Greenblatt man in the world, he, no
Cromwell Secretary for Foreign Tongues, but rainbow *officium*

Arc, arch language of Tyndale's testament to English,
Originating from crossed branches of the vine, words profuse,
Plum and date, to that withered, cursed fig tree, outside Bethany,

That held no moist fruit; a whelp, Clongowes Wood, portrait smithy
Forged, within conflux, disassociation of two sensibilities, in
Slipstream of the year of two popes, Grey's true genesis, in *Paradiso*, at

Prime *rifiuto* refusal of my Mother, hound, created, by word
Of *Mater Dei* so lachrymose, that she would have to send, up
The line to death, a floppy-eared puppy to black mastiffs,

Gambolling Welsh lamb of *Agnus Dei*, to goats and goatherders,
To learn how to exercise speak, when second Kraków's Pole
Johannine, promulgated *Pastores Dabo Vobis*. Soon, saving flood of

Words will come, wash of the denier of the Babel tower of *Finnegans'*
Anti-bible; and, as darkness settled upon the earth, when the
Temple cloth was torn in two, my Mother and I, have been

Shredded in two, by dogs disguised in white collars and
Black tailoring'. And Jesus stopped, as he did instruct us to
Rest on the seventh day. 'Handful of years hence, verbosity

Will transpire, be much discussed, critics read seven types of
Empsonian ambiguity, into encyclical discussing joy of love, and
Correctio filialis, shall contemporize itself, and then, *instrumentum laboris*

Will remit talk of many trees, jungle forest, and not the old rugged
Cross of Calvary. *Locutor*, not of foliage verbiage, but of tersity,
I command *magnum silentium* monastic from you, upon this

King's great matters, and commonwealth chain yourself, to
Hugh Carthusian vow of silence upon plain and ordinary,
Silent, More's gold metal precious, struck among John's scan

Of whitest disc parchment fibres, of red pulmonary sacredness.
For, as Samson did quit himself like Samson,
Greyhound, has quit himself, like Greyhound.

And I, the *Logos*, recognize the *logos* of a silver 'A',
An Egyptian Joseph coat of many colours, in many coloured
Seven books of *Colloquium Christus*, in a Sir John Vanbrugh, uncomedic

Restoration of present chipboard Chippendale Chair of Peter;
And draughtsman, midshipman re-keeling barque of Peter, unspring rhythm,
This abject wreck of my Deutschland, where all about you, is saltless sea,

Defunct corpse orders base, in atrophy, - politics, and pursuit of but
Power, status and influence, ineffable triteness of my modern, talentless,
Senior, pip-squeak churchmen, - you, happy helpmeet of good and

Faithful servant of parable of the talents, no wastrel, prodigal son,
Kinch Sharp before Mulligans, Deasy easy, Telemachus inner monologued,
But ever silent, while Benedict, Dominic, and Ignatius, too fondly weep.

For, as I said to Peter, '*Tu es Petrus*', and upon this rock,
I shall build my Church, '*tu es Veltro*', and upon this pebble,
I shall save my Church, with flexed *instrumentum laboris* of words

Of the *Logos* lover, who gave a great joy of *Amoris Laetitia*
Love to me, when a Marian vision in triangular white wedding dress,
Floated transparent airily, in a dream, at foot of your Firenze Newman

Oratory bed, and did smile at you, that time in coldest Tuscan Advent.
The white Pope and the black pope, have merged with the grey Vinian,
Bloodline of the papacy, corpuscles physician clamped, Patrick

Breastplate bound, to bloodstreams of the two courtly poets,
While Church, lumbers on, in such chaos and confusion, due to
Too many sins of priests and religious, who have warped grain,

Integrity of the wood of the Chair of Peter. But, as Paul VI
Asserted, that "Dante is ours, ours, the meaning of the Catholic faith";
And, as Dante was intimately "unified" with the Chair of Peter, by

Pope Benedict XV, We, God Father, God Son, and God Holy Spirit,
Recognize year of a new *tre corone*; and, as Michelangelo, one of
Another three, created glory of electing chapel, We have created the

Written word and world, I, who only wrote with my finger on the sand.
And, in Dante, William and third, the year of black and white,
Will be year of grey, too, for no man has given me a gospel since

Gospel of the man whom Sistine fellow author of sonnets so revered.
For falling in courtly love, with the English image of my most
Beloved mother, in Florence, at the pilgrim age of thirty-five,

I account you, to be the most highly favoured of men.
I, Jesus of Nazareth, am the way, the truth and the life, and
No one can come to the Father, except through me.

I, Jesus of Nazareth, am the eternal Pope, I am the Papacy
I am the eternal Shepherd. I am the Bishop of Rome.
I am the gold and the silver keys. And I, Jesus of Nazareth,

Recognize, the black key and the black key upon white.
You, Andrew, are the greyhound of Dante Alighieri, and I tell you solemnly,
You have saved my holy Roman Catholic Church, until I come again'.

And, Jesus smiled.

THE CHRIST COLLOQUY Book V *Mary*

Our Lady and St. Joseph, nurse the two babies, Andrew and April on the floor of the sanctuary of Heaven. Our Lady places a pearl rosary around April's neck and St. Joseph holds Andrew. Then, they are joined by their son, Jesus. Christ places a golden chain of miniature bars of gold around Andrew's neck in honour of St. Thomas More, recognizing his office of Lord High Chancellor of England, while Thomas is now the Chancellor of the *Logos* in Heaven. Baby Andrew is recognized as Chancellor of the literary *logos*. Then, Jesus recognizes April as his sister, April having been presented to Our Lady by Beatrice to be Mary's daughter and Jesus claims Andrew, the spiritual offspring of More and St. John, as his own baby boy. Then, Jesus summons St. Ignatius, St. Benedict and St. Dominic and St. Dominic proclaims that he will let fresh air flood upon Blackfriars. Subsequently, Jesus foretells that Andrew will be a future *doctor ecclesiae* and states too, that Andrew Wood will far exceed Dante Alighieri as a divine poet.

CANTO IX

And, two little heads lay next to each other;
And, two little sets of toes lay intertwined:
And, two little arms lay wrapped around interlocked;

And, two little chests rose fluttering up and down in peace,
Rising and falling in tandem, as inhalation and exhalation occurred
Until they awoke at midday to hear song of sacred speech.

And, scooping up the idol of Heaven, no golden calf cult worshipped
By wayward desert Israelites or Queen of all her sex, Our Lady
Wrapped her arms around April's lower half, supporting frame,

As little legs waggled, wriggling, convulsing, with excitement and joy;
And, baby April slipped fondly her arms around Our Lady's neck
Looking up in simple host adoration, until breathless, she exclaimed:

'I love you, mummy', cried baby April. And, as Jesus had once
Wept, tears rushed down the cheeks of the Bethlehem girl.
And, chary careful, Mary slipped a necklace of pearl rosary beads

Around the neck of April's child, for the baby priceless beyond pearls.
'I, who knew the chagrin of foisted disgrace, that the protector had
Implanted illicit seed within an untouched womb, accept this Genesis

Creation of Dante and Beatrice within 'the manger of light'.
No filaments of Russian Fabergé, I set around your peerless neck,
No revolutionary baubles, but a string of oyster pearls that

Dominic would not recognize for their heavenly magnificence,

When wood and cheap stones articulate their reverence for me
In that most prime of prayers, the Rosary of mysteries.

The baby Jesus is now paralleled by the baby April, to complete
The natural pairing in reproduction'. And, tearful,
St. Joseph claimed Andrew from the basin and rocked him in

Tenderness and calm to soothe baby distress, discombobulation,
Before wrapping his right arm around his slight shoulders,
Delivering him gently back into wicker work of the *Summa* man.

And, stooping, settled around his neck, chain of baby bars of gold
Ingots, such as had dwarfed the shoulders of More, when the Office
Of Chancellor had claimed him for the King's man and state office.

And, light shattered Heaven that morning, with midday,
Shards of bountiful gleam, opening up opaque that reserved area
Of Heaven, that was no debauched knightly bower, but a place

Of serendipity, the manger place, where Lot did ever look back and
Knew no pillar of salt, but the eternity of Aquinas' straw.
And, cool air streamed that midday in Heaven, flowing and

Coursing through that giddiest of atmospheres, an air, even more
Rarefied than that of a priestly seminary because Melchizedek
Himself was present, no Zadok, but dove man and *magister discipulorum*.

Shadow passed, then, over the manger, of a clean-limbed man
Of olive hued skin and brown flowing hair, and the shadow
Of the face of the man from Galilee overpassed the manger

And cast into dark and light reed rushes as Holbein the Younger's
Picture is crossed by a skull in that most illuminative of scenes,
Where garrulousness on the human condition is cemented into

Wallow sadness for the death condition of man, and the
Cross bones that govern the grave of all human aspiration.
An open face swam over that modest basket that morning

And breath slow swarmed over two cute, happy faces,
Of the baby April and the baby Andrew, breath tiding to
A Pentecostal wave of oxygen clean and pure to disperse

The rank breath of Herod inaugurating the slaughter of the
Innocents to claim the scalp of the infant King.
And, the face of Jesus Christ overflowed the interworked

Filaments of that straw composition where wrought architrave
Of tense tender tendrils dry of *opera* of the dumb ox, had been
Reimagined by transubstantiation complete, from dry as

Ditch water, old scholastic Latin, into living tissue of life

And the wavy fronds of green vine Jerusalem, complemented by
Barn blessing of fibrous crop of strong cancelling straw, nexus

Of pertinence and optic tubing, so that even Lear, would at last
Have been able to see clearly. and recognize *rerum natura* rather
Than bunkum and verbiage for new stuff *ad punctum*.

And the man from Galilee spoke up in tersity and plainness:
‘That I should have a pair at last and a gorgeous sister’.
And Jesus breathed on baby Andrew: ‘I elevate you to a dukedom

Of babyhood, and baby boy my own, who did not familiar intimate
Reproduce with a Magdalene, but rather came to heal the hymen
Hurt, as Prospero forbad the breaking of Miranda’s chastity knot,

And as an orchestrating Prospero, weep already that you shall
Know so many base Calibans that will buffet your island spirit.
My revels now are ended and hard yards are to be hectared

In by no gyrovague, but an athlete Olympian questioning,
For, I have had a Hippo surfeit of my old doctors, and
Times are Dylan changing and I would command new Miltonic

Monody and lyre lyric music of the Cross, literary *logos* Chancellor,
And change of course, current and trajectory from Joycean
Filthy streams’. A flicking finger summoned *status quo* of sanctity,

Three of Ignatius, Benedict and Dominic, and the latter
One spoke up hymning like Caedmon rueful, accepting:
‘Ibsenic, I will let in fresh air, that it pour upon Blackfriars,

No, *qui, quae, quod* of often plodding Aquinas, ever broadening his
Self-engrossed and self-referring world of stagnant scholasticism,
Irrelevant today, and these modern times, gross fat, lardy lardons

Ingesting in one end and at times, excreting out the other, until bulbous
Books upheap, so that Johnson lexicon dictionary will be required to
Span the Gilbey *opera* of my timebound, imprisoned Thomas,

Such that the other Thomas had to interlocute with beloved’.
And Jesus: ‘Durante will create the world, and William will create
Renaissance world, and Andrew will create post postmodern world,

Post despairing Eliot, depicting Thomas Becket murdered in a
Cathedral and *Four Quartets* comprise modern Christian poetry in
Slim volume. and soulless state. My *doctor ecclesiae*, he will be that

A *Christ Colloquy* begun in cradle of these Aquinas pasta tubes
And Sicilian plum tomatoes of cherubic cheeks crimson, shall
Forge doctrinal gospel created by the lionheart of John, so

That it shall be acknowledged in Heaven that the time has come

To herald, that two old masters are to be joined by clay apprentice
Master of the guild, that Andrew Wood shall be soft spoken as

Being in radar distance of Da Vinci for original originality of mind,
That depiction of Vitruvian man, legs splayed in Leonardo's ink cartoon;
And, as a cartographer maps the continent of a Columbus expedition,

He will compound the globe into a *logos* ball toy to fling, and flay
His arms and legs splayed about this basket'. And, lifting up the boy
To a high above his head, he set the little chap upon his shoulders,

And tight grasped each foot so that the baby boy was a Dahl Danny
Champion of the world. 'Beckett's awaited Godot and Jean Anouilh,
All existential nihilism and Lear nonsense verse are to be forgotten,

And crumminess quashed for Ribena juice of Dominican new
Wine, but as no unoriginal turgid of an Angelicum friar will he lecture,
But recreate the world again, smashed by Nighttown's Joyce.

For as they drew lots for my cloak, they have like body snatched
Despatched my body into so many modes of lesser literary discourse:
Modernism and postmodernism and a pumpkin poetry prize

In the name of Thomas Stearns, and I am as unhappy as
Sylvia Plath at the mercy of furtive woman hunting Hughes.
No bell jar, but a Virginia Woolf lighthouse shall shine and

The *logos* is to be eternally rebuilt by a new Guttenberg Bible
And blocks of typeface are to be reset and reordered as
A game of scrabble changes all the codes of the middle-ages

Of James Joyce, and C. S. Lewis' dawn treader will play safely
In my nursery until he hides around his mother's Laura Ashley
Skirts in acres of Midgham idyll and begins to Violet Elizabeth lisp

To just William of the grammar school desk in distant Stratford,
As Guido governed development intellectual of the Florentine
Boy entranced to glimpse the May Pole angel of angelic Beatrice.

And, the *summa poeta* will be Concorde supersonic superseded
So that contemporary lazy Florentine builders shall recite no more
Inferno, but throstle up a rainbow seven of unimpeachable

And unbeatable poetry by the new most supreme *somma poeta*,
Leaving lackadaisical Alighieri to languish in the shades,
Kicking his kibed heels, undisturbed by Lear's Fool, but left

Beginner foolish by new master, a Picasso Cubist to far exceed, great early modern artist'.

Canonical Writing: Extracts – Crucifix
The Seven Days of Holy Week in Rome, 2018

PRAESCRIPTIO: PALM SUNDAY Alpha: morning, St. Peter's

*(‘Be with me now, Georgina Masson, now and forever more!’)

The massive, stout groundedness, of the assertive solidity, of St. Peter’s Basilica, and its organized, super-monolithic structure, the mighty organ of its being, and the accretion of all the centuries of Christianity, art and architecture, architects and artists, rendered him puny, he, ‘the eternal pilgrim’, as even he, was set in context, with the City State of the Vatican, all of history, and all of time.

But then, he took up, the *commedia* within his hands, and he felt, for the slim usb flash drive in his zip-up, left-pocket, of his jacket, and imagined, the weight of the *colloquy’s* papers, in his fingers, printed out, fresh and finished, on white paper.

Dante Alighieri, slipped away forever, from the shoulders of Dr. Andreas Christianus, and his being metamorphosed before St. Peter’s, Holy Mother Church, and Beatrice and April.

‘Wood Imagery and the Cross of Christ in the Western Canon’.

‘Now was the acceptable time; now, is the acceptable time.

Nunc est tempus acceptabile’.

In his *colloquy*, the prior-administrator of Florence, in that Divine Utopian Protectorate, would be in city council chambers now, discussing, the business of the city, taxes, trade and industry, imports and exports, and excise duty, without lackeys and kiss-ups, no corrupt, well-fattened abbot, surrounded by fawning underlings, just, just government.

Queen April, the Queen of Florence, would be numbered among the principal Marian handmaidens, with Lucy and Rachel and Beatrice and Catherine, discussing and planning the devotions of the city, the litany of the saints and its martyrs, the dress of the day discussed, and the themes and order of services. The ancient worship of the city, and the Canons of the duomo, would be printing and organizing the services, and the prayer cards and prayer leaflets, would be eagerly snapped up by the Roman Catholic faithful.

Spiritual and temporal rule, had come to Florence.

The Library had married the Librarian.

The Book had wed Book-service.

(That, was *The Christ Colloquy*, though, and now, he had to turn, to more academic matters).

*Dr. Andreas Christianus, looked up briskly, (avidly), to the transforming, cloudless, blue Aprilian sky, her piercing blue, Marian shawl, enwrapping, the mighty, fundamental, sweeping curves of the intermeshed buildings, her foundations, sunk deep beneath, the inter-mixing, run of the streets, the Via dei Cavalieri del S. Sepolcro, her columns, a regularly placed presence, of reassurance, like a faithful guard of honour, the Swiss Guards surrounding the figure of the Pope, as Roman centurions, about their General, around the central focus of the open doors, to the basilica itself, admitting the streaming stream of the faithful laity, the faithful laity, faithfully streaming, streaming, streaming, streaming.

He stepped.

Bernini’s architectural masterpiece, swam over him, as it had done Dante, that year of 1301, as it had done, the procession of Popes and great artists, who had staffed, her buildings, begun under the Chigi Pope, Alexander VII.

He advanced.

Hugely extended, in the sixteen-hundreds, by Carlo Maderno, the architectural masterpiece, designed by Donato Bramante and Michelangelo, thrust her opalescent magnificence upon him. He thought of the olive and grape gardens of dry Sicily, boughs breaking under fruit and victuals, and the oval colonnaded piazza designed by Gianlorenzo Bernini, Baroque architect and scholar.

He strode.

‘Coup de theatre: bronze canopy, baldocchino, over high altar and tomb.

Two, smaller, funnel-shaped piazza either-side: the procession, street-road, from the Tiber, for the faithful of Rome, and, for the faithful of the pilgrims to Rome, to, the centre of Rome.

Then, the Pope, like the great Spiritual Father of the World, extending his hands over the faithful, the shepherds crook waving out, as Moses had parted the Red Sea, and lead the Houses and Tribes of Israel, to the Promised Land.

The Bishop of Rome, blessing and receiving homage, as it should be, a nourishing pastor feeding his flock’.

‘Pastores dabo vobis’.

Apostle to the Gentiles came here, with the Petrine Rock:

‘Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram, aedificabo, ecclesiam meam’.

‘Tu est Andreas, et super hanc petram, Evangelium Meum, aedificabo’.

Then, with Lot, he looked back.

The two water fountains, like the three fountains of the Italian language, were behind him now, those of Carlo Maderno and Carlo Fontana, with the tall, still, file of the obelisk, like the spear of *miles Christi*, through the heart of Milton’s Satan, no ‘ammiral wand’, but a spear of light ash, with a needle-sharp point, echoic of a monument of Egypt. Pilgrims buzzed round him, like ambitious monks satelliting around an abbot primate.

The amorphous mass of the peoples condensed and super-condensed, then evaporated and grew disparate about him, as he fought free, to a side-route, apart, from the main throng, to walk, intent on unassuming prayers of petition and penitence. Rigid discipline, utter and total, would be the ramrod-staffing, of his super-straight back, from now on, and for the rest of his time-tolling days, seeded on the blanket of the earth’s bosom. He shot out the shodiness of his heart, like Moses sending out the staff to become a rod before Pharaoh.

He shot a glance back, to the two round slabs of stone, set into the paving: faith and reason, substantiating his journey, and the single and quadruple file of columns, became a confusing blur, of one-and-four and four-and-one.

-So, he sent the candle light of *Vocatio’s* abiding presence, out over him, and sent a gaze up to the heart of St. Peter’s, the roof, where *miles christi*, had sent the spear of light, through the heart of Milton’s demonic Satan. As the mocking of the Cam two, had speared him, he had been speared through too, by the Conciliazione concord sonnet:

X

Stand I, Lord, solid unbridged, at a very nadir of disappointment,
Atop a lolling looming vacuousness, unrainbow’d, my coatless Joseph
Colours, impeached suborned from thrill radiant save, Benedict’s
Mystical of black: Hood and scapular, embalming my treasured
Up forever, was my precious life-blooded, Communion holied:
Spirit, would a comforting Noah had yet gathered me into bridging
Ark, crooked beckoning his waving finger; like a very saving
Chronicle of that blistering Petrine epistle: saved by water? No,
Rock, I would rather have for my bleat preaching of a lambless voice:
City Eternal, the unwithering embrace of your docile Conciliazione,
Marble priming circle, about the burning holy messages tithed above
Great St. Peter’s, implants soft Milton within Art’s almighty image;

I am a little over-weak within myself, stymied dummed by their Deceit and Lie:
Bridge Sistine, forge a forgiving comfort of a Michelangelo, gentle Adam touch.

*Finally, he was under, the magnificent, head-above above-head, bisecting, stone canopy, of the building itself, within the great doors of admit, under the magically high and illuminating great portentous windows, cut into the high soaring stonework above his head, with their curved heads, rounded and curving, the lines and squares of windows, allowing light. The central window, was the window of address, to the faithful: *‘Urbe et Orbe’*; to the city and the world.

The cool, cold, exterior, of the huge basilica, sent chills, down his back, as bracing gusts, slipped their perimeter winds, along the cold, cool, ante-room of the basilica’s entry portico. Frigid, cold, cooling winds, enwrapped him, as Andreas slipped into the basilica, and sought sanctuary and hibernation, before the box of delights of the Holy Week, Easter Triduum and Easter Day Services, that lay before him.

Pausing, Dr. Andreas Christianus, of King’s College, London, smiled broadly.
And, April winds, blew their bleed of wind and wind, across the way.

Canonical Writing: Extracts – Sinai

A Homily of Paul of Tarsus, given by St. Paul,
At St. Paul’s outside-the-walls, Rome,
The Week of Christian Unity, Year of Our Lord, 2015,
Dictated to an amanuensis, Andreas Christianus

FOREWORD, by Saint Paul

Inasmuch, as many have undertaken, to compile a narrative of the things which have been accomplished among us, we who were known as the twelve disciples; and I, the addition of the one, above the Petrine Primacy, I, a servant of God, Paul of Tarsus, claiming the world from the strapping-webbing of the night, by the holy instrument, that is the throbbing, urgent light-pulse, of the life of Jesus Christ; and inasmuch, as many have delivered an account about and regarding me, and the light of my life, has been exclaimed and expounded upon, so that things ascribed to me, are so termed “Pauline”; and the rushes and reeds of the Mosaic basket of my life, have been scattered and insown, in my epistles, so that, gentlest, Roman Catholic Christian Reader, here, at last may be given, a new account, for the faithful of the world, to hereby continue, by the love of the world, for the world, a *Novum Datum*.

Accept, cherish, and behold, this *Novum Instrumentum*, this new instrument of new writing, neither an authentic Pauline or Petrine epistle, to the Colossians or the Galatians; nor possessing the complete authority of a papal encyclical, but a new form of writing, germinated from the logos itself, rebuilt, after its destruction, by an Irish author called Joyce, by an English author called

Grattan; and, dictated to my personal amanuensis, Andreas Christianus, an ‘epi-homily’, a new literary form, to return new order to the world, displacing Vico’s theory of chaos, and eternally realigning the logos, to the centre of the world, both in terms of Canonical Scripture in the Holy Bible and the Western Canon itself. This new genre of writing is a new, authentic, canonical, literary, Pauline homily, given here, at St. Paul’s outside-the-walls, in Rome, this Week of Christian Unity, in the Year of Our Lord, two thousand and fifteen, and so blends the form of the rhetorical homily with canonical literary writing and papal encyclicals, given here, from the See of Saint Peter, in Holy Rome.

Inasmuch, as many have done much, to take away from the Word, the loveliness of the river lakes of the Tigris and Euphrates, swerving a shore to the bend of the bay, so that the Kennet and the Thames and the Tiber and the Po, have re-witnessed their watery mush rendered much de-logosified, accept, gentlest Roman Catholic Christian reader, the plangent reeds and marshes, of my heart, that have Moses seeds of splinters wafting and waving, high, from those Egyptian shores, so that, such as that one woman, who found the reed-basket of the King of the Tribes, holiness and truth and enlightenment, might be found, and writing unbettermen, be found in the fine furniture of my phrases, so that, those who have read in holy heaven of conciliar matters, the Vatican Councils One and Two, might have a reading of this magnum opus, as being itself, the fruit of a New Vatican Council Three, this epi-cylical ‘Sinai’, a Pauline homily, given by me, Paul of Tarsus, to add to the greatest books of the ages, cradled lovingly in the recesses of all the libraries of the world.

I hereby return canonicity to the Western Canon, and reject unchristian, base, wakean, deleterious songless minstrelsy, with the righteous and rightful writings of my earnest intellect, through my Pauline authority, with the assistance of my Christian servant, the earnest and well-meaning scribe of this sacred piece, my amanuensis, as indeed, the blind English poet, John Milton, once dictated to his daughters; and I term forever desecrate, that Esau’s pottage of a book entitled *Finnegans Wake*, and reject it for all eternity, for this golden *vademecum* of a book entitled ‘Sinai’.

I, Paul of Tarsus, struck down by that beseeching, glowering efflorescence of God’s presence on that road to Damascus, asked of Him, God Almighty Jehovah, who saved us by yielding himself upon a tree at Golgotha, me, besought by the plan of God the Father, whose Son, I did once persecute, give in these most late days, a new prompting, and, new faith in a form of a homiletic New Testament, as the old did once compliment the new, this New Homily, to restore order and regularity, to the world of the logos, Jesus Christ, so that those, who have alighted upon the sacred holy leaves of Holy Scripture, might alight upon sacred holy leaves of a new discourse and a new writing and a new life and a new hope, after that wake book of Finnegans was published, to destroy the Word of God, and the Logos himself of my Saviour, my Lord and Master, Jesus Christ of Nazareth.

So, indeed, amanuensis, I him claim, this Andreas Christianus, as John Milton, did once take, his daughters for amanuenses, and take them unto learning even the mysterious language of Biblical Hebrew. He is a brother disciple, he, the witness to the poetic terza rime word, distilled by a co-poet divine with Italy’s Dante Alighieri, author of ‘The Divine Comedy’; he, Christianus, an intellectual friend too, of Andrew Grattan, author of ‘The

Christ Colloquy'; both those two Divine Poets, these second and third centres of the Western Canon, around whom, the immortal playwright, that bard of Avon, England's William Shakespeare, around whom, the Western Canon, is itself centred; he, that mighty oak of England, who authored, the comedies and tragedies of The First Folio, that collection of dramatic works, dating to the august Elizabethan Age in England.

The Avon of this William Shakespeare, and the adopted Tiber of this Grattan, (an Englishman born in the shadow of the Thames), and the Arno of this Dante, canonise these words of mine, given here in your hearing, here at St. Paul's outside-the-walls in Rome, this Week of Christian Unity; and my amanuensis, will take a delicious sickle, to the formulations of my words, and render them into corn-gold sheaves of barley, to sit placatingly, before the altar of God in Heaven, in this homily entitled 'Sinai' to venerate the Word of God itself, for all eternity and make the logos, serene, safe and secure, as it was made too, crystallized into an emerald gem, in that epic poem on the History of Christianity, authored too, by this new divine poet of Warfield's England, Grattan, in an Epic Poem on the History of Christianity, 'Vinum'.

So, let be scattered such narrators and authors, that have since written; let be cast away stories and fairy tales, autobiography, biography, martyrology, even the Lives of the Saints – *vitae sanctorum*, momentarily, for this epi-cyclical.

Let be scattered such histories and epic poems and brief epics; let be scattered haikus and sonnets, and let all be returned to the fund and fundamentum of life, he, who only wrote, with but a strobing finger in the sand.

Let me account then, above all, for the phenomenon of the logos in the world.

Let me write secondly, an account of the Early Church, as the logos impinged upon it.

Let me write thirdly, of the wand of the flame of the logos' light, and how it scattered and flourished over the famished-hungry continents; and over the countries of Asia, and South East Asia, and America, and Europe and, was created in holy love, for the one who was born to redeem the world.

Let me voice then, through the aid of my gracious interpreter, of my 'Sinai' homily, all that pertains to the logos, Jesus Christ, in Holy Scripture; and let me intertwine it too, with the magnificent grandeur of the three crowns of Europe of The Western Canon: Dante and Shakespeare and Grattan; and then, Chaucer and Milton and Goethe; these writers, being the very greatest writers of the Western Canon, others, merely gifted, such as Austen and Wordsworth, but touching upon, the greatness of the nature of the logos, rather than partaking fully in a fresh, individual exploration of it; the lessers, such as Johnson, Tolstoy, Dickens and Proust, all being an outer circle, swimming without that orbit, of the most prime three, as we have the cluster of books of the Holy Bible: the Old Testament and the New Testament and the Apocrypha; and we have the body of Papal Encyclicals, to guide the life of Holy Mother Church. This is the ratified, most lofty and wonderful writing of the world, such as a library of Alexandria, or a Vatican Library, or British Library might hold in her bookshelves. The Arnoan Eagle, laboured in exile in Ravenna, and the swan of Stratford, sang from Henley Street, in Stratford-

upon-Avon, as the wren of Warfield, will sing too, finally as the turtle-dove of the Tiber, an eye on the high-soaring Eagle of John the Evangelist.

Canonical Writing: Extracts – *The Occasional Sonnets*

THE *LOGOS* & the *logos* On The Origin of St. John's Gospel

When I behold you in my hand,
Or taste you in the cup,
Your angels do about me stand,
And I am gathered up;
Translated whole to Calvary,
To see three spikes in ground descending,
And in their midst, upon one Tree,
The Son of God ascending;
Christ, like sail upon a ship, fast
Bolted to its mast, and vibrant, in His chest
Transfixed, a parchment host of vellum;
And, upon it there, upon my look,
There seemed an ancient script, and closed
Eye of the Evangelist, opened, to transcribe it.

Canonical Writing: Extracts – *Jesus: a Life* – an epic poem in five books

BOOK I

I, who once a-while, a-while ago, once, a-while
A-while ago, once, did, sing, of seer '*Eucharist*',
And those lost feats of '*Trae Dies*', of dark foul
Satan and dear '*Miles*', lot, my tiles to enwheat
Of this fulsome wind of *Sing*, - and the ensinger
Of *me*; breathe breath of the Holy of the Trinity,
Of He, who did taste the bitter foul of the hyssop stick,
I Sing, Duteous *Son*, of the *Matthean* good-spell,
Gospel, of, Birth Tree; and He, who tithed
The tith of blessed Old Testament, formation,
Of form Tree; the climb of *Iesu's* holy vine,
From out the birth of vast brooding abyss
Of *Jehovah's* dread dark *Genesis*, when did
Spatulate out birth-gut of the *Holy Spirit*, and, was

Spread out the corporal dial of Christ *Logosity* incorporate...

For, I sing of *Christ Jesus*, and the winger of the
Cross-Tree, the wended winger of transforming
Translucent '*Jesus*', of the sparkling Holy Trinity,
And *Samsonistes* of my agony, now, no, choir-box
No more, eternal quite cut out, neither knowing
No steering of the brother *co,co,-co-operate*,
And the banning of the nativity of me, nascent
In the holy Cross-Trees *genius*, to know
Of the fragrant fragrancy of *Christ's* nativity,
The *punctum* and the halt of *Jesus' ingenium*,
This *vita* Jesuanic bled out in the dry rot
Of my dry bones and, glut of *Vocatio*, temporal
Temporal temporarily terminated; wined, I,
Insing and sung, is the fragrance of the shamed
Shamrock Trinity, nightly to visit these
Warden Warfield walls, and fill me
Satiated with love of the tender shoots of those
Delicate vines and fronds of the fertile Fig-Tree
Of holy *Jesus*; *sing*, sing, sing to me, O *Holy*
Trinity, and blood me to the merchant march
Proclaiming of the carol of that greatest won of '*Life*',
Christ-Jesus prepartate, and never sedulous, let me
Prep this for the Stationers' Register, though no
Doubting *Thomas*, *Ellwood* prompts me to an
Activity glorious eremitic righteous, that great
Blazer trail, -*Pachomius* of Egypt, no
Literate of prompt for me, but the presage
Of the *Holy Trinity*, and *responsum* for those
Delicate fronds, of '*Paradise Regain'd*' and
'*Samson Agonistes*' ; I will have my giddy
Of The Holy Trinity, - enlarged and elided out:
'*Eucharist*', '*Jesus*' and '*Ecclesia*', though
Hidden in those march monosyllables, ambition
Arch and prime. Slink, slunk, within me, is
The debunk of full religiosity all arch out, and
Now flourishes breath of the beauteous *Holy Trinity*.
And I, at this studious summer of quasi-Chalfont,
Muse in upon the once Mews of these willed holy walls,
But some of forty days, tempted by the *Devil*,
To an over-fed of my un-salacious Mews, spun
Unto the spin of carpentry, do question, then
I, at this begin, do sing *I* then of things above me?
This is the holy prompt of due unsingability, but
The tithes of poetic *opera* has been outhived,
And rippled out but mordancy and no
Transcendence. Rings, the rank rolling of century
Of scenery, and tricked is the debunk of ugly
Chaotic *Manley Hopkins*, that mulling Jesuit, full upon
His poetic chair of muse, and spoke the flaky pith of
George Herbert; *Sir Philip Sydney*; *Thomas*
Campion; *John Donne*; *Lancelot Andrews*;

Robert Herrick; Henry Vaughan; Francis
Thompson, and dud dullard T. S. Eliot; For thick is
The poetic legacy, and I may not sing with an
Unclean pipe, but one of a too bought legacy? –
O, Milton pericope cut the centuries, and let me *Sing*
Of one Tree of Roman Trinitarian Catholicity to your dry
Of pleasuring verbal of Puritan!
We sing as Twins of the *Ingenium* Puritan & Catholic).

Let me inroll

The son-ship lease and imagine all the boss dross
Cut to dust and loss, and plangency of
The one and holy wing of revisited of one Song-*Wing*,
Eagleic *John* --- is enhived the Redeemer's Tree
Of Cross-Tree, and this latest pearl of prophecy
And *Holy Trinity*. Re-sing, then, Heavenly Muse,
And resing to me, of *Jesus* and the Gospel Tree!
Flipped down and enroved is this great
Eye, to rove upon treasures *Thesaurus*, is
The glut of '*Jesus*', - and the *Marcan* recondite,
Matthean mull, *Johannine* of cull, and churgeonly
Of *Lucan*; rung up then, '*Acti Apostolorum*',
But the matter, poll and nub of this, is, - *vita* Jesuanic,
This '*The Life of Jesus*'; drop your drowsy dropsy
Jesus, within this Pentecostalised of Spirit,
And *Tovey* tutor me to a dialler of goodest prophecy,
And is the inbeing of mouthing *Ambrose* and unswart
Paraeus to theologize me, prepare for the Patristic
Teach of a Cross-Tree, but scenes and views sweetish
Pastoral elegiac consume me, and babe in the
Swaddling cloth and clothes inhaunt within me!
In the ellipsis of serenity I stand and write, -
I am no sinning glutton, but be banished
Vainglorious all from me, neither, no avarice
For the translucent '*logos*', but Regaler and Interpreter
Of Treeish Wisdom – noonish-monkish frigidity consumes me!
This, is an epic brief of terse brevity, -
It's being is not marginal, but structured to
The taut of a *Job*, that patristic patterner,
And be of a *Strasburgus*' '*Oratio Prima*', pumped
And inprimed within Du Bartas's '*Judith*'; Sing,
Jesus, a little more of your Holy Trinity, while
I, be communicable dialled and inprepare a
Little longer, a little longer, to the rape of this ravishing
Lock, - a *Pope* alexandrine to his '*Dunciad*', or a *Johnson*
To his August undiallatory lexicography, of sweetest
Seer serenity, the quasi-monastic library of
The enbuilding of my holy tomes, a consistent
Quarr to be enquarried and enfielded to the Adonai
Den, enfelixed the chance of these lucky
Swimming volumes, a seed of serendipity;
I would be the Poet of the First begot, but what
Is the trammel of me? ; Travertine salt these Fiesolan

Fairy Lines of sweet marjoram, fantastically dressed
 With letters, and packed as *Erasmus*, to the tight
 Bench of that sweet New Testament, compacted
 Fortitude of enletterment; be me a newish poet-
 Priest cut from the cloth of *Job* and *Melchisedech*;
 I am no empty cymbal of a *Socrates* or *Hercules*-
 Neither I no *Alexander*, *Caesar*, *Pompey* or
Scipio, or King *Davidic* harp of *Christ'd* harp
Davidic concord, or even *Judas Maccabeus*,
 But duteous *Christ-Poet* reinvented.... I, flooding
 To the heart enbetterment of *Christ-juice* enletter-
 Ment. Mint me 'Miles', and coin me to an Emperoric
 Sestercii of doubloon to an unsoppish florin
 Of *Christ*-enhivement – the penny of the giver-
Woman; ethic me to an *Aristotelian* sublime
 Of sublimity and twinned platonically with that
 Magisterial of a would-be most sublime of
 Most sublimity of sister, new Conquistador of
 Mating page of pageantry, this sweet '*Jesus*',
 '*Eucharist*' of sister. This, no rolling toll of
Tasso's '*Del Poema Eroico*', nor no '*Della Virtu*
Eroica', but the *Christ* commixture of a *Jacob* ladder,
 Twirling up to the highest high of sublimity; of
 Him, the most Perfect Hero, of him, heroically, will
I sing. I commend all of my concomitant unpleasurable
 Preparation, blind unbidden reading Horton,
 Too lauded *Cromwell* and over-celebrated *Farifax* –
 You, *Christ-Lord*, have stoicized me Academic
 And peripatetic, and if my sheared mannerisms be
 Too baroque, it be but a shock to present find me
 Poeticized beyond all dream and past berth
 Of girth presentiment; - *He*, fruit and giver of all
 Mankind. *I*, voluptuous, at last, within my poet
 Banquetry, activate myself Parthian and Roman Ravenna
 Wall to this *contemplativa* learning. Infuse, I will, and
 Enflesh the Sacred Figure and this, the one and only
 - *Epic Hero*. Instill, I, this, in these latter days
 Fallen embittered and entrashed with dross, some
 Winning words verbal and dextrous good,
 Writhing out from a '*Studia Neophilologica*',
 The wreath of *Christ*-coronate and prefigurer
 Of '*Ecclesia*', - this goodly '*Jesus*';
 I would sing of the wooded woody *Jesus*,
 But what of this *Man*, may I open out of
 That Augustine contemporary *Ambrose*, late *Paraeus*,
 Or friend *Diodati*, to enflesh the circumcision and
 Superscription of the *Christ*, but then the
 Babyhood of *Christ-Child*; Enchilded, childed,
Christ-Childed; form era of Patristic centuries
 Centuried out – Biblical Canonical recorded and
 Enscripted. Now, in the Middle-Ages of my
 Renaissance, *I* loot the Scripture Holy for the

Loving lowing of the *agnus* lamb, angelic ripe
And, cut-corded.

‘*Lot* Milton, this Reason of my Church
Governemnt, and let me loose,
To *Sing* the lovely of the Trinity, and The Tree;
You beloved *Lord et magister et non episcopus*
Non et Abbas, but purity of dutiful Prime –
The Holy One of my *Logos Lord Jesus* –this,
At last, and not yet out these darkened thrifless
Thirties, my, Book of *Job*;
This, some late encroachment upon *Robert*
Aylett’s ‘David’ or bride, her ‘*Joseph*’, I see
This resurrection of *Elijah*, and *Moses*, as
I blend a holy wend brief of Old Testament
And classical allusion; fill the enfolding filler full
Of this lush voluptuous, as I kiss the *Logos*
Fruit of the breath of *Jesus*, - - - (less ethic me plain
Bald of Nicomachean bland of *Aristotle* – no
Arthur of a ‘*Fairy Queen*’ Spenserian sing I,
But the *Jesus* Roman Catholic of The Lordly Crucifix;
Toll me *Tully*, to a tith of those ingratiating
‘*Disputations Tuscan*’ and greet me to a readiest
Of augment; for this is my un-yew of
The Paradise within: I am myself the holy Choir-wood
Of the Adonai – swart and sweet and sudden
Upon The Rapture of The Cross,
For the swollen sin of that Council to number me
Without that Book of Numbers and Hymn
Of that most good ‘*Martyrology*’ – I am counted among
The Adonai martyrs – clipped and clubbed anon
Upon The winepress of his deluged Flood Loss,
- *The Laurel nib of the nub of The Cross* –
Remove, *Adonai*, those hirelings out The Church,
And abacus the florin to penny coin embossed.

I am a very *typos* of typology spiritual -
And, they have impressed me to poetic leadership,
And I fight the snubs of Rome and pen a reading
Dragon’s Fight Apocalyptic,
Of this too endarkened heart,
When I would wish myself in Religious Life,
To be the Genius *ingenium* of the genial and
Smiling Lamb; what would you say to me
De Vaux of *Roland*, who would not build the brick-
Bats anymore, and wash the Jerusalem shore with
My anointed feet, and lathe enfreaked pebble shells with
The washing of my gemmed mouth? But, be it gone,
Amen, - *Nema*, - be it so- grot englade me to a terse poetic
Architrave of *Christ*-competent, that I may technique
Out axis of ensanguination; - *Traductio; anaphora;*
Agnomination and *ploce*. The tiles of my wheat
Of Word enforestation, and not the chaff
Of one beard head of wilting corn – abutted

Anadiplosis and *epanalepsis*. I will strophe me
 Out to epistrophe to *vocatio* of noded Roman
 Catholic of epic truncated, and I will tup-milk
 This *Lucan* love of *Jesus*. Zeugma me to a
 Novel of publicity return triumphant of
Joycean destruction of *logos* chrysalis and bambino
 Bounce of foetus of full-formed of *oratio*, these
 The *Abbas* shades and *tenebrae* of '*Jesus*'. Shade
 Me cool to interpose the inter-position of this
 Summer's lease cloud, let me leaven this lowness
 To the *manna* of the Eucharistic bread.
 I am the Pontus of this pontoon bridge
 The blood of my lost life, this *Nuova Vita*,
 To the wash and nail of the blood and water
 Of The Crucifix. This *Warfield* summer hives
 Flora's smells commixed with exotic
 Arabia of my mind, to litter the undetritus
 Of *Christ*-prophet-poet, laureating bind. See,
 Here is my laurel grovel of Academe, my
 Hearth home of *Jesus* and this wren lathe,
 The tutelage but half complete to that *Magister*
 Blind and not yet in his time half coronate to
 Build flourishment ornate of these duteous
 Faithed lines, fluxes out the unflummox of this glide,
 Half-epic posited, with but half the entertain of
 Hubris to their beat and time, this full *evocate* fulmined...
 You, who erewhile, that happy garden sung,
 By one *Adam* Man's disobedience lost,
 I tender resignation to your lines,
 And heap reap ripe notice, of this,
 Unhazarded corn of my outpressed rape-seed prime,
 I am enseamed to the crucible lignum spine,
 And I began the *artist's* putty portraiture of *Jesus*.

You, the Tempter

Temptation foiled, in all your wiles,
 And this sweet Edenic *Jesus* raised,
 In the waste wild of my unchanted
 Gregorian music mouth of *Jesus*...

I will him you him proof, the
 Undoubted *Son of God*, and you
 Inspiring poetic, you will inspire un-
 Vaultingly, O Spirit of the Poet Just
 & Righteous True, of God.

This is the prompted song of *Jesus*,
 '*Regain'd*', - - but sod, upon labarum lawns
 Of heaven, beneath the roving eye, of, God...

Plucked, I take my unwavering flight through
 The canon walls pasty literate flimsy unsound;
 Doric are my columns, and I will
 Substructure further than plummet did ever
 Sound, *Cherubim's* wing to record the Centurion's
 Scroll of sound, Bethlehem's itinerary of Census

Of the *Christ* sound, bellowed as that dumb Ox
Did out the Paris beams of learning did sound,
I the *Aquinas* whittle of the *Abelard* sentence round,
All not in secret done, recorded in that
Fresh *Marcan* age, though never yet
By *Christ-Poet* pure and noble sung...

- I pipe *Pax*.

And wherefore is the need of this
Coronate of *Sing*? You, *Milton*, prime
And greatest of all greatest of all originals,
Whom *Jesus* sent to heal from over glut of too
Rehearsed played *Shakespeare*, and that perfect globe
Of Earth, to marbleize the *logos* in the
Treatise of holy poetic epic - *You*, treated but
Of the desert and not the round of '*Lije*' - I will
Enearth the fabric of that clay within the
Complete of the day and tide of that, - the thin spun
Life, - - - for, I give The Epic of The *Christ*:

And lest this record of recording Heaven
Remain secret to sing of secret *Oreb's* reachiest top,
Stretch I, my lengthening neck, and,

And I will encapsulate those records good
And high, fleet Gospel *papyri*, - though I read
The *Four*, I select *Matthew* for composition
Of my unwatery floor, and the flower blossom
Of this Holy *Jesus Vine*;

Collapse I anew within myself the willow
Branch of my bedecked, bestrewing heart, to
Within '*Bibliorum Sacrorum*' and '*Holy Bible*'
And velvet '*Nestle-Aland*', and tilt so:

'*Let*, me,

Muse Divine, descend to that
Visit temporal *Bethlehem* semi-corporal,
Of that spinning corporality, -semi- of
An angelicity, good Arch, angel *Gabriel* to lowest
Low of Jewish maid, of, serving *Girl*, beneficent *Mary*,
To description of that fair *Annunciation*, flood I,
Enfusion of my *Trinitarian* heart; I wend then,
To The *Annunciation* of the *Child Jesus* to the most
Blessed *Virgin Mary*, and descant I my gaze
A little further up, a fillip it up to those most blessed
Reamy portals of that most sacred space of Heaven,
And that I be *Christ-poet* for a little while longer,
A while, a while longer, a while whiling, yet again
Enthroned, The Great Proclaimer set out with
A voice unmute to set to listen, the unmutinous
Series of seraphic Heaven, (and we populous
In heart within our Faith, know, that
Is the prompting first reparation of that
Adam tied to his Eve, Mary tied to her Joseph,
He all *technikon* of Husband convivial -a
Virgin to conceive, Virgin perpetual to remain;

Called within those holy halls had been he, soft
Whispered out, - *'Mibi Gabriel; Gabriel mihi,*
Emitted *He*, Prime and Foremost of The Trinity,
God Father, Father God, to that *servus* flank
Of 'The Trinity', - goodest *Gabriel*, goosed to
Surrender of his equanimity for that matter flux
And flummox of dispatch, low, lower, lowing
Low to lowest, spread gossamer wings of
Goodest glowing glimmerings, enbowed glowering
Upon those merchant grounds of heaven, among
Groundling *angels* of heaven, and *All* to see
Commission of that Great Archangel - *Arch,*

'Tide, time and penumbra of my

Ejaculation within history has been called
Recalled and in-called, and, registered, is the holy
Phosphorescence of The Trinity; jump the
Juniper leaf and snip the laurel within the
Dove, I will reawake the arc of the rainbow,
And flood those *Josephic* colours within
Gloriousness of your feathery coat, as an *Artist*
Will imprime his palette and mudge the smudge
Of those swirling tartorous, too, inked oils;
I call upon the Incarnation of Our *Jesus*;
Blood consanguine of me and the Noble
Living part of The Holy Trinity –is Man
Born *Redemptor* and *Redeemer* of the Trinity;
Flourish I the pump and panoply of Heaven
Full out, the Incarnation of my mortal bone,
Is annunciate annunciated out full today, *'dies*
Bonitatis'. Kneled *Gabriel* to *magister* of the
Christ Jesus annunciate.

By, proof of this conversation, you are
Looped within the Dam tulip tips of time, and
The address of *Mary*, twin God-Man, twin,
Man-God dusting clothing alchemy - how, I begin
The inter-link within the time of *'Man'* *'Heaven's*
Ward and privilege of affair. This solemn scroll
Of message, you will relate, to the Virgin
Maid of Galilee. She shall bear a *Son*
Of all high and highest renown, and she shall
Term this Tiller Reed (*Christ*) *'Jesus'*, in
Nobility of *Josephic* family coat - *He* shall be
'The Son of God'.

Over-

Shadow,

Shall the *Holy-Ghost*, and *Mary*
Will be encapsulate within those sheltering wings
To conceive in Virgin-Birth, (*She* must be ex-
Plained how it shall be done, power, of 'The Most
'High, over-shadowing her, in dark verisimilitude
Of inky pulchritude). And, thus,
Descend you will, *O, Gabriel* to that spotty

Blue-green globe, Earth, *Gabriel* to that life teeming
 Earth – the *Noabian* days are gone and that
 First Rainbow Pact despatched. Now is the time
 Of regathering around uncauldron the Samaritan
 Well - reciprocity of *God* with *Man*. And taking
Gabriel to the '*Glass of Disclosure*', - fizzed,
 And fissured up scene goodly of God
 Presentiment – lowest farmyard low scene of Bethlehem;
 'Behold, babish *Goddess*, holy
 Jerusalem Girl, in clothes of dowdy low,
 Minister, administer and plead in tones
 Of plangent low, soul-spirit preparation
 Of '*The Christ-Child Mother*', and the
Theotokos, Scriptural Scriptural of Scriptural
 Authority, tithe and tune of the holy rote
 And Canon busts blasts of Holy Scripture;
 I would you could descend in panoply
 And banners red of flowing billow bunter, but,
 Is not the way of the Holy God, to float announce
 Hither,
 Whither,
 Down,
 '*Annunciation, of, The Birth of God*'
 And I will literate the littering line:
 Now, that this is the lowly -
 Girl of Bethlehem and *Mother of Mankind*;
 Is the Jewish wisdom teach of the *Matthean*
 To line the line and lozenge, path genealogy of *Jesus*;
 Generations generating *Christus* lie outlined:
 All generations from *Abraham* to *David* were
 Fourteen generations, from *David* to deportation
 To Babylon fourteen generations, from that
 Deportation to Christ, fourteen generations;
Mary to *Jesus*,
 (*Abraham* was the father of *Isaac*, and,
Jacob the father of *Joseph*, the husband of *Mary*,
 Of whom *Jesus* was born, who is called *Christ*).
 I untwitching follow the unmud of Matthew-
 The Judaic familial curd, before the Lucan
 Tallow, and the terse Coptic Luke, before
 The drift of that heart host of John;
 Be beheld unto *Mary*, *Gabriel*, and whisper
 In that portal ear, soft whisperings of happiness
 Sublime and daughterous felicity to fecundity
 Of Holy Spirit. From,
 Within those quadrated halls, high portico'd
 Clean lines and pure, (is *Heaven* as a quadrated
 Temple Classical - cool lines and all *pi* triangles
 Equilateral), - dropped, out *Gabriel* from God's
 Good ken, and sight and Spirit; flung,
 Had he out those tendering poles to flung flight,
 And despatched in all holy haste was *Gabriel*

To teeming Earth, and, was sent,
The Emissary of God to the Holy House
Of Bethlehem, and that *Virgin* purest *Maid*.
Sent swerving down, down,

down,
down,
Down, to

Among teem those pulpy rooves, split around
With tar bitumen of stone, and, cuddling within
Pleroma of that village round of Nazareth, a dressy
Circle of families familiar in warming hearths,
Cozened cozening, of, - '*The Domicile of Mary*' -;

So, as transcribes Transcriber and Facilitator
Luke, within those judicious, parting leaves,
Gospel According *Luke*; in Sixth month, to
Virgin, *David* betrothed, - '*Hail*, O favoured One,
The Lord is with you! And behold, you shall
Conceive in your womb and bear a *Son*, and you
Shall call his name *Jesus*, and he will be called
Son of The Most High, and Lord God will give
Him throne of his Father *David*; (So, *I* rescript
Those shattering mellowing leaves, of,

- *The Evangelist*)

And *Mary* to *angelus*, 'How shall this be, since
I have no husband? The power of the Most High
Shall overshadow you, therefore the child to be born
Will be called holy, the Son of God. And behold,
Your kinswoman *Elizabeth* in her old age has also
Conceived a son, and this is the sixth month with
Her who was called barren And, *dixit Mary*:
'Behold, I am the handmaid of the Lord; let it
Be to me according to your word'. And the *angel*

Departed from her;

Did then, A glorious celestial Choir splendid in
Sugar folds outside, fields, outside

Bethlehem sing, outgathering
And heart of *Mary* did zing with tessellations
Of joy to tilt her to utter flutter discomfortment;

And into hill country, she did sift, her
Wheat filed heart to town of *Judah*, to
Husbandry *Zechariah*, and babe did leap in womb
Of *Elizabeth*, for harpy joy, and *Elizabeth*:

'Blessed are *you* among *women*, and blessed
Is fruit of your womb! And did *Mary* surging sing:
(And *I*, *Christ-poet*, will march me a '*Magnifical*', me,

Magnificent to count, me, out syllables,

Elastic didactic unspastic, out, - my mouth,
To, tremble wide bounty of my unsedulous spirit
Pure effusive, to *hymn* as with *Mary*, that Song
Of purple praise, unit tied with *Zechariah*, eulogy
Eulogising, *John the Baptist*, onely precursor
Of The Eucharistic *Christ-Tree*...)

And then, was born *The Baptist John*, on tablet
 Of write his name, *Father* did indite, and babe's
 Tongue was loosed and he spoke, blessing *God*;
 And did reciprocate *Father* in blessing prophecy:
 'Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he has
 Visited and redeemed his people, and has
 Raised up a horn of salvation for us in the house
 Of his servant *David* and you child, shall be
 Called the prophet of The Most High; for you
 Will go before the Lord to prepare his ways...
 To give light to those who sit in darkness and
 In the shadow of death, to guide our feet into
 The way of peace...
 And, will I tith my way to a further peace?...
 Inmarshalled and inmarginalled then the inmarginalled
 Loop breathtaking closure of those heavenly cloakishnesses
 (Wings) of *Gabriel* brought upright in tight of closure,
 And, in reciprocity, *God Father*, consumed within himself
 Communed in himself, silent, in silent sift at the
 Genesitical Genesis of *God Father's* heart flood
 In and within and unto Man, and Action into
 Realm, push into history of Man.
 And residual into calm as that Hall of *Hrothgar*,
 Heaven's wounds of open were closed and inclosed
 Within herself, and Pax Peace reigned. And the Silence
 Of Jesus within womb of Mary held reign. Hail Mary! Hail Mary! Hail Mary!

Canonical Writing: Extracts – Eucharist - an epic poem on Christ's Second Coming & Judgement Day in twelve books

BOOK I

'I am the *Angel of The Holy Trinity*,
Mersome is my name, I, enculturated in
 This spice of my enriching spirit from frank-
 Incense, gold and myrrh, at Nativity Scene,
 To form survey oversee protectorate that did wend
 Above drizzle dew of *Christ Baptism* from
 Blessing tiller hand of *John Baptist*, watering
 Him from the flood font of the Galilean shore, some
 Limpid lily dew, that Euphrates water, I now enbeech
 Upon your sacrosanct head, and you anoint
God's literate of Literature English
Genius - isle England's sole spirit
Roman English grmmar, punctuation, literacy
Catholic help present here and penitent;

Accept this homely libation, attrit of your Soul, and
 As anenpouring of *casa* Bethlehem in your *Adonai*
 Denied heart'. Then, the Holy Dew of Heaven,
Christ's water chrim Christening rain, did flood
 As that upon the barque of *Noah*
 Upon my heart-*wood*. Slow, did draw
 Those en-shipping waters upon my
 Tautening shoulders, till crystal *Christ* dew,
 Did wend and blend en-roping to lithe cotton
 Material white and linen blend did transliterate.
 'This shawl you wear, the white woolen yew
 Of *Christ*-preacher poet, true Son of Saint
Dominic, though present *Lay*, will raise
 To rank un-ordained of the preaching *Lay*,
 Brother as some reenvisioning of those holy
 Glorious days, when the ornate and ornate
 Throats of holiest Dominican brother bands,
 Did Itinerant throughout Europe, did preach.
 'Nosce te ipsum – know that you are the
 Achieve of *patientia-suffer*, and all that I
 As *Angel Guardian*, of *The Holy Trinity*, and you,
 See in all consummate of Earthly purity
 Did ever desire you to be. Accept and
 Embrace unique and uni-vocal commission
 Of this Christ impulsion, *Milton's* swaddling
 Bands without your manly form now, and
 The Poet's Bands Upon Your High Cross-
 Trees of Shoulders, the covering of *Vox-Christus*.
 To the heighth of your *Cross*-argument
 Tilt the Knightly Preacher Order of your holy
 Poetry – '*aliis contemplata tradere*'; as
 Pure-souled Dominican studier sufflicate souled.
 Spool them out and tent them to the ten
 Tenements of the Christ hardship arid cloth desert
 Of your long *suivant* discipleship. Love longest
 And be not silent. Gild the lily of your roseate
 Tongue in your *April Childing* enfleshment, and
 Sue in her woman librarianship honour divine
 Court love flow of holy man-woman English
 Endeavour. Lance the braid of your tonguing
 Speech in your sere *Christ-Child* humanity,
 As the full of enfleshed holy poet-man;
 Pool out the spiritual air of your journey done
 New speak, cleaving to the epic poetic tongue,
 This New Epic Poem treat human Monastic-
 Friaristic peripatetic, peroration oratory blessed
 And Divine'. Then, blew the *Angel*, subtle purity
 Of breath upon me, the week washing flow
 Of an *Angel* tonguing elide, and I did fracture
 Out my pink and limpid organ, until the
 Dry of hers was washed with soft sluicing
 Saliva, and with delicacy drained did speak,

And I began the sense of holy-cruet-wine upon
 Me, and greater delicacy of tiny water spoon
 To be-spatter me with droplets; And began
 I, then would I, the waterscene of *in res media*, describe,
Satan, high placed, upon '*the throne of spite*';
Jehovah, low-place, upon '*the birth stool of delight*'.

BOOK VII

And, *Mary, Our Lady, Virgin Mother*
 Of our Lost *Lord, co-mediatrix*, and *co-*
Redemptrix, did speak Herself summarily, herself
 Summarily, in undue haste, out: '*Summon* him, who,
 Lives in consubstantial bliss with that feminine soul,
 English and soft, -*Librarian*-, whose bookishness does
 Perimeter up, those felicitous acres of that grey-
 Mauve place in Northern green of Tuscany; who, for
 Spiralling out of his innocence of Spirit, *I*,
 Will never henceforth name, - but they of Italy,
Italians, born, men and women, and prime and
 Earthly conjugal lovers, know of him to be as an
Angelus Christi, incapable of that act of human
 Love; is known Her city, as '*The Lady of the North*'-
 And, know that She, who is An Eternal handmaiden
 Of mine, - and whom he has placed, for his tire-
 Less efforts, above well-intentioned *Dante*
Alghier's beloved *Beatrice*, holds the plates
 Of His '*Pater Noster*', before my sight and
 Rests in consanguinity of spirit, dual-spiritual-love,
 With the un-saintly soul of this most super-nature
 Ally's pure of soul, and whose mind has rung
 Rings of Heaven with crescents of *Synoptic* joy
 Ever since, my *Son's Holy Spirit* fractured
 Her Holy in upon his long attending soul in
 This three-and-five of his thrifty thirties' years,
 With holy *Logos-Verbum-Rain*, such as would
 Reunite any undissolute glossy *incubus*
 Of Florentine Language Institute, to undissonance.
 '*Summon* him, who in the '*Christ*' did sing
 Of Chant Gregorian, -*English*-, and of imitate of his
 '*At A Vacation Exercise*', Our beloved blessed
Jobnanes Milton, did re-spine to Our Heaven
 Countenance, -he who in currency of favour at dead
 English university, has sunk so low, but now
 Re-arisen at the efforts of his greatest
 Discipular of Pupil. *Summon* him, who did in
 '*The Christ Sonnets*', did circumscribe about the
 Deleted Host of his Heart; *Summon* him, who,
 For '*The Christ Colloquy*' has blessed the *logos*

With very curve of his existence, and in due
And holy temerity, did read *'Paradise Lost'*
During Benediction at Pontifical Irish
College, of his last inquisitioning saltless roam.

Summon him, who is, and is and ever will be
'The-Christ-Colloquy' indeed, who does and who
Will ever forever, colloquy with my Most Be-
Loved *Son* in all eternity, and, round heaven
In search for the happiness of his soul with
That true *Catherian-Child-Sarabian* will eternal
In un-temerity fruitful pan pipes sing, in *pax*-peace.

Where is the 'Laureate of Heaven', he who
Sings here as *'Christ Laureate'*, and whose
Heart beats with the blood of *Boethius*?
Where is that fellow scribe of the piper of
Binfield, he who is at repose with the wrens
Of *Warfield*, at ease within his *'Christ'*- and
Those tears of those novice martyrs lost to
Christ, those jewel stones - *'The Christ Sonnets'*.

Summon, *'Andrew of the wood'*, from those
Fields of Elysium, where he readily already in-
Walks, to composition of *'Jesus'* and *'Ecclesia'*...

And, went up a walk of *angels* within heaven,
To a chamber such as where *Gibbon* did
Compose upon a lionizing desk, *'On Great Men'*,
Or drippy *Keats* would pen a driftwood *'Ode'*,
A quadrant fair, within a far corner, a corner of
Heaven, in that place of many mansions, and
Was inhered within a whole host, *'of the wood'*.

Such a sight cannot be understood, but I, *Christ-*
Poet can only tell, of the full sphere half-hemisphere
Half-hemisphere of the 'chrysalis of chrysolite',
In which that *April Child* had been in-berthed
And born, afore her first discovery by the 'Sonneteer
Of the Cross', upon the Jacob ladder of the *'belix*
Of Assignation', like a baby mashed within
Swaddling clothes, the *'lyricist of the Eucharist'*,
Breathed the inhalation of the host dust to
Eternal satisfaction of his identity and poetical –
'Vocator' he was 'Vocated' and 'Vocationist'.

'Andrea, floated out an angel prime and good
The *'Mother of the Crucifix'* attends for you to
Further holiness duteous to attend, and inscrolling
Of 'The Dead Sea Scroll' of your blasted heart
To faultlessly vault up heaven with due holiness.

Opened was that sacred crystal,
Fallen away was that whole sphere,
Sheared was the lamb enclosing,
And the pith of poetry, in all duty was carried
To the *Virgin* presence to append his heart to duty.
En-cloaked was he within the sacred wrappings
Of the *Marian* shawl, until she did even soft

Emit. 'As *Eve* was with *Adam* convexed, and
 Converged as that tube of precursing *Galileo* ;
 Is the time to twin 'sacred poesy' with 'manly battle',
 Call him, who stands within the tent of '*Iustum Bellum*'-
 On 'Just War' who contorts himself within the
 Writing of great *Augustine*; Call him, who is The
 Soldier of Christ' And the Order issued out.----- And,
Angels fetched the soft innocence of '*miles Christi*',
 Consubstantial with an holy *angel* transparent,
 And brought him to The Chamber of *the Virgin*
 Blessed to be commissioned into the brown service
 Of the Carmelite scapular.

'I consecrate you, tither of holy verity,
 In all Almighty truth, I hold you to my
 Maternal breast, as my *Miles Christi*, and leader
 Of my *Father's* and my *Son's* armies.
 Judgement is the weight of the *Almighty*,
 To fight-repay is yours. Lead the battalions
 Of the *Holy Host*, and straighten them out, across
 The *Satan-Crossed*, streets of tear-stricken Rome.
 Walk the *via crucis*, of, prepare on Earth, you must,
 Before the barquey boat of Pilot *Jesus* shall
 Roar its way up the imperious Tiber,
 And squash the scoundrels of *Man*,
 Who live not for Goodness and for Truth'. Struck,
 Was '*Miles*' by the inwound charm-less-ness of *Mary*,
 Goodness was wreathed into his ear, and '*Miles*'
 Heart was transfixed by that voice rare, most rare;
 She shone with holy virginity and chastity,
 Wrapped within the robe of Bethlehem, Marian
 Peaceable-ness of cloth ;

And '*miles*', his un-rangy limbs did launch up,
 High and flexed to pumping organicity, the
 Vitality of his body. And '*miles*' face shone like light-
 Ning at the visage of his '*Mediatrice*' et '*Co-Redemptor*';
 (I take respite now, from this scene of succouring

Holiness, to reequip myself as human historian
 Divine, of matters loftiest and holiest to treat,
 I, hold still thirst for knowledge of this scene,
 But fear falter for holiness of it, but stake the
 Stylus in *humus* of heaven, as *Jesus* did within

The sand, and sing awhile still further:)

'Accept within your greeting palm,
 The spear of solitude-contemplation,
 The pen of '*Andrew 'of the wood*', and the Spear
 Of the monk soldier - '*Satan-Assassin*', this un-
 Wilting weapon shall be as an Abbot's Crozier
 In your hand to quelm and calm suffragettes
 To sufferance, those who attend upon the holiness
 Of the truth, and those who rip to riotousness,
 The peace Savoy's of dearest Matthean Beatitudes.
 And, *Andrew 'of the wood*' was subsumed entire

Within the cloth and fabric of the skin of 'Miles
Christ?', -till-, a *nova creatio* was engirded – *homo*
Nova, New Man of newest man of Newman, - full,
'Miles Christ?'.

Canonical Writing: Extracts

Vinum – an epic poem on the History of Christianity in twenty-four books

BOOK I

Of the *radix*-root of Christianity, I, tendering
Sing, of that most un-culpable seed, root, branch,
Twig and leaf, of *radix*-root of Christianity,
The *radix* root, Christ Tree of Christianity, I sing.

And, scudding fulsome high, over reconciled
Redux Conciliazione, San Pietro, Forum and the
Highest Palatine, I labour my panoramic, parabolic
Eye, -all over the high of highest highing Rome,
To take her sights within my illimitable of high
Soaring roam, enfolding within my un-recessive,
Of this unimpeded, Roman Catholic Christ-poet eye.

I, between an *impetus et oestro*;

No *furor poeticus*, that I, in-succouring implant
-*The Holy Spirit*- within my re-blossoming animus,
After Florentine redundant *Adonai* death and impetus,
To gliding soar, above the Seven Hills of Masson's
Rome, and, to return to me, what was gifted-born in me
When but an Edward grammared bud, by, the tiller hand
Of the Blind Chalfont Puritan, *gubernator* of this
No longer floundering prolix barge and ship,

Of the *Adonai* expunged sailing *logos* trip;
That I be the true rectitude of the celestial court
Of the slatternly *Adonai* barque, and take my reed
Moses basket, to dress in fulfilling murmuring surge
Undallying, upon the slew rinsing effluiving Tiber,
Blood and water passion of those Lollard *Adonai*,-

To be the Poet of the Christ. And take me to
The Parnassus top, co-habiting with the Alighierian
And the Miltonic, *et ego*, His, the Holy Spirit's *wren*,
A Holy Trinity of *altissimae poetae*.

For, of the *radix*-root of Christianity, I sing.
Then, assume I, all those Elysium, past poetic
Paradises, too over-vested, lost concelebrating, past
Poetic masses, mantle, coping ermine en-covering
Fur, to accrete about my spherical singing structure.

Nor, do I sing of things above me; so, I do un-
Select myself, from, weakest evangelical Wonersh progeny

-To the wash of the chalice celestial, that was
 The Colloquy Arno birth of me, to fit me for the
 Greatest theme that is not so beyond me: "The Tree
 Of Christianity". But was his not yet, still a most
 Selective pageantry? *'Paradise Lost'*,
'Paradise Regain'd' and *'Samson Agonistes'*;
 A conditioning triumvirate, that will curl away
 The tell of me, New Testament, to that done old
 Testimony? No, I do not sing of things above
 Me, having to take the take
 Of things that will flow the full fly of me;
The Holy Spirit is the tiller of my verse Tree.
 The Tree of Christianity, the leaf
 Of all Epic Poetry, and so, I deselect the leaf
 And papyri of those apportioning papers, for, guiding
 "The See of Peter", to be final, the barque of, all, poetry.

Last, globular sharded away violent, disinterred, un-
 Coffined and unconfined, and, de-victualled and un-
 Bound, un-bound from servitude to my Miltonic
 Puritan Genesitical twin, his paradise forever lost, *I*
 His, Roman Catholic, Greek-Latin Catholic
 Poetic son, of the universe poetic universal, *I*,
 Their's alone, ---*The Holy Spirit's*--- prow, now.

Now, I break away from all the gaudy day
 Of 'L' Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso', and, that un-
 Dun musical note of the London Donne un-done,
 To twist away from that caustic of those soda
 Metaphysicals, animus, physic and psyche,
 I set the ivy laurel crown of Christ upon my brow,
 And sing further of the Galleon of Galilee
 And the birth of His Tree Tragedy. Not of Lear,
 Othello, Macbeth, or Hamlet; but, he true
 Tragedian, tragedy, tragedian-wine-press
 Of Pilate's eye of pummelling gimlet.

Not tertiary, nor secondary of epic, but beyond
 All primest prime of *The Holy Spirit*, is the
 Waft which renders point, bricks and mortar
 This verse of mine; Landino or Spenser -
 Quit, for the full summary of my latter day of wit;
 Sail, rig, decking of *naufragium*, - my
 Prime impulse – the son of God of Bethlehem,
 Whose ravishing clothes I wear
 In happy state, the Lamb of God,
 At last, within me satiate.

Hovering, encapturing, brooding vistas without,
 Then, all time, tender I tinder, to these most de-
 Liberating of vexatious late, these derisory cusp
 Hollow days, this, most modern doming *mundum*
 Doming un-Xanadu Coleridge world, and, the
 Nascent Tree of Christianity, do I, his Christ-poet,
 Final, settling upon true treatment trans-temporal, sing.

Sing I, of the holy liberating lignum tree, harshest
 Settled, scored upon fixing firm, dragging
 Carpenter's Galilean back, from without boon
 Riotous, Jericho halls of Palestinian Jerusalem.
 From farmyard stable of Bethlehem, to water-Roman

Rites of palliative Crucifixion, and, delicate arbor
Struck upon that straightening skeleton of the Lord.

In the hallowed hollow of my four-and-o,
Brought by Saint Benedict's own unholy *Adonai*, so,
Low, but, -raised-, by the righteous *Cross Tree of Jesus*,
Now, so high, that I bid good-bye to learning-less *Adonai*;
I, again, those licensing past poetic
Paradises, too, over-vested lost concelebrating,
My spherical singing structure at last, sharded away, *I*
-The Logos Globe-, within me brought to all, within me play,
I, a, rhadamanthus of the world's wide rind, do *I*
Final supplant out and away, the once sublime
Puritan blind, to sing as the Christ-poet, a-while, later,
A-while, a-while later, a-while later yet again...

And hand-in-hand, with the Stratford Swan,
Do I transfiguring take, to sing of me, end node
Of literature temporal, and, Warfield wren
Of the true *Adonai* note, to cut the mote out
Of my past transgressing eye, to turn myself
To the marvellous marbles of Jerusalem, and,
Jesus-genesis line of mighty, Roman Catholic Rome.

I leave you, final forever, happy Chalfont, and take to hand
With the Carpenter of Galilee, to sing the highest,
Sweetest note of all, of the barley bread of Bethlehem
And the Son, and, of, the Tree of Christianity
That was circumscribed by the circumcised,
And the redeeming Tree that he took in all undignity,
And was given, -the taken deathing of the un-apple Tree.

What other theme would be fit for me,
All other themes considered now below me?
To what other theme amiable, would I take
My wounded wing -all oblates and parishioners
Knowing me not to Sycorax myself within the holy
Adonai Tree of Sollom and Arkwright, - their *servus et vox*,
At *Adonai*, to serve and sing, in holy sweet serenity;
But now at *Abbas* Jesus' bidding, I will to the world,
An Epic Poem on the History of Christianity, thus, then sing.
I take my papyrus and pericope to the New Hall
Of me, and tie me to the Stratford's satchel, a Mayfield
Green, as, the blast leaves of this new Aquinas theological
Ox bellowing Vallombrossa leaves wilt and curl, about me...

The prime, stock tree trunk of that Tree,
Descending Jacob ladder of that flower,
Flowers, and so, I invoke, regular and regula,
Of the Rule, - (the more kingly one),
Of the Father, Son and Spirit, trans-temporal
To put in a pith, principium, principal, the principle,
Of the Golgotha pinnacle. Engender, heavenliest Muse,
The breath, that was breathed out at Pentecost, (in that
Blinded room). *I*, the disciple, most discipluar
Of the *via* poetic way, you, the stumble
Of the *via* crucis pay; that I should have the
Wine-less logos of the colloquy, is the spirit
Of the newest colloquy of me. And the willing winter
Winds of Warfield, put impetus within my heart,
To tart the trifle of the *Adonai* part, and grant me

The chestnut yoke new collar and the hood
 Of the Sinai's ark coverlet, that sheltered
 Noah and his brood, before we knew that wood,
 For you, the, you-yew of the rood. Let my
 Selected eye, be the orb through which optic glass,
 The far fielding Dantean poet Tuscan first viewed.
 Let my heart and wearied over animus, be the
 Feet, that took their wandering way...Adam and Eve,
 My heart and faith, that took the Woolhampton way,
 For Hume honour and truth; and the Jerusalem winnow-
 Fork, to be his, Benedict's gentleman academic monk-
 Deacon of the Cross, but that is not their proud, fallow
 Un-seeded, fallacious way, so, I have sung, as,
 The poet of the Cross, and now, of the Christ Tree.
 Christ and I, hand in hand, to sing,
 Of the glorious land of un-dry Palestine,
 Journeying in holy modesty;
 I am the faltering steps...
 Blown by the viaticum *Acti Apostolorum*,
 Branched out by the holy brand of that
 Branch of grate...to Francis' Assisi, and the bird
 Hand of Monstrance, to relate, collegio orangery
 The first blew the spirit of God within me. So,
 Of the truer Ample Way? Their monastery, the
 True Benedictine heart Tree of England, but now,
 I am the labour boy of reading's Reading; and,
 The washing Arno, revivifying rolls within me,
 To un-take with poetic modesty, the Holy Cross Tree
 Of Christianity: so, I do not sing of things above me,
 Because the Holy Cross is final, assumptive all about
 Me: hail most marvellous, en-hailed Mary!
 Let his sliding chariot sty,
 Agate, the narrow gate, for leaping lambs, -azure
 Sheen, -the Bucklebury dream;
 Blue and green, -the Kennet ship
 Of trip, to float my vessel to gelling Rome;
 Let my channel stay, not just Alpahaesus, but
 Too, Arethuse, the reeds of| Mincius sunk,
 Beneath the sledge and reeds, and rivers', dunk;
 I am the humble barge of the Woolhampton way, to lead
 Me to Rome and take the dredge of Dante's Arno
 With me, and, the holy Cross Tree of the Tiberous
 Issuing Thames. Pupilldom past, me a Florence House
 Of Renaissance resurgence, House of Este, epics best,
 Boaido, Arisoto, Tasso; '*Orland Innamorato*',
 '*Orland Furioso*', '*Gerusalemme Liberata*'; from
 That genesitical mass; mass me to a Sala dei Mei,
 Desdemona's crumpled handkerchief, once, now
 A Palace of Schifanoia, to make of me, Pyrmaus
 And Thisbe's mulberry tree, that I might sluicing sing
 Of the Holy Tree of Christianity: Hail God Father;
 Hail God Son; Hail Holy Spirit;
 Hail God the Holy Trinity.
 And Milton, and Dante, I plight join you, in my
 '*Christ Colloquy*', your most august company;
 But when I sing of the Tree of Christianity, will

Upon me, cradle of Roman Catholic Christianity,
 Fulcrum of my assess; but prior, must I sing,
 Of the lesser of the dresser, and, cut
 That bough all back to the Jerusalem pack
 Before Augustine, and the *filioatque*,
 Let me turn to the Bethlehem cradle-bed,
 When Jesus did lift his babish head, and now,
 Prepare, sing, of the entire frond Tree of Christianity.
 So, of the Christ, I have well sung, and now,
 I will sing of the pleroma mystery of Christianity,
 But what, is the passion of me: O, *Adonai*,
 Did lie, my heart within the Choir-Wood Tree;
 But now, O Holy Spirit, you have raised me up
 To the, mystery of the Sinai Hill, that with
 Dante and Milton, we three be, a blessed poetic
 Mystery; and, I have left behind all that mediocrity,
 That, I am part the singing tree of poetry, beyond too
 Seedy Catholic cleric dross, and,
 I am no more, within a loss of me.

Hail O Holy of holiest Trinity! I am de-jinked from the
 Aonian Mount, that, did so pleasure my Puritan Master
 Before me, and I do not skirt that poet's roam,
 But I plant my love within the Rome of Sacerdos,
 No more Bunburying, but Ulysses of the Crucifix,
 Is the song of my novel tree, and that, is the loss
 That lifts my heart within me.

Hail O Holy of holiest Trinity! The classical
 And biblical strain, that did prefix of my suffix,
 Is part of the Seven Hills of Rome, that rising
 With divine afflatus soars, within me,
 And that, is the wind breath of the Holy Trinity.
 For sump departed is the Aonian Mount,
 That was the Bread Street Eagle's mount, by, the poet
 Of the logos heart and fount:

-Calgary, my Aonian Mount,
 And Jesus is now within my heart,
 When I was once plain chant
 En-hearted within the choir-wood tree;

Hail O Holy of holiest Trinity! I have left the delimit
 Of that curtailed monastic commonwealth,
 To find the Empire of Rome, and,
 The Empire of Christianity, that, consanguine
 At the baptismal font, with Milton, I am re-christened
 In Saint Joseph's blessed Bracknell water Rites,
 And His Tree does climb risingly within me,
 And the poplars of Palestine people me.

I lip within no cloister pedantry;
 Nor, are my wings clipped by a banning Pauline Palm Tree,
 -To see the lazy fronds of that embalming oil, His
 Sebum is upon me, and the Crucifix, has subsumed
 That city constellation of blessed choir-land and nave see;
 For the barque of Rome, has left the dreadnought barge
 Of *Adonai*, all behind me, and the poet's
 Laurel crown floats intoxicating before, me;
 Neither between two uncloud tower pillar powers abbacy
 I, God's ingenium of the Christ Tree;

But exultant pedagogy of intellectual sublimity:
Dante and Milton: genius; no median: build and haunt;
And, those glassy shades of Saint Paul's no longer swim
About me, but the coral moral clove of sedentary;
To lip an ear to Warfield's wren, who sends
The Holy Spirit Roman Catholic nightly to me...

Milton, you are gone, and Dante,
Your Florence is no longer of me;
For I am of Rome, and, a straining Eagle pulpit
Song of Christianity.

Is the choir-berth herth *humus*
Of my Warfield home and mystery,
So that I must send out to Rome,
Anglicised, my Italianized ingenium, beyond me.

Hail O holiest of Holiest Trinity!
But, I must first descaling leaf all poets' leaves
Of Epic Poetry, that no scrape reed voice,
Will be above me. What was the adolescent's fruit
Of that preparate Grand Tour, but,
Enreadiment, for, my courtly love of Arno passagery?

Most felicitous studied grace of Milton's lines,
Won him entry to learned scholarly Florentine society,
But, my cull companion, colt of dark humility;
Stealth, of the greyhound was rife within my *Colloquy*;
But now, I do seek twinning with the dove of Galilee,
That true archived is my Woolhampton death,
Straw see-saw hee-haw song, exchanged, for,
Jesus' Cross breath and the highest choir-song
Of Holy Christianity: no affected mediocrity:
No obese repose in a song-less sea, but
High throstle note and tune of Jesus novicery...

So, I will survey all the tales of Epic Poetry,
And place them before that Holy Tree, that, no
Poet epic will ever be above me.
Homer of 'The Odyssey', held no interest for me;
Greek authors, field no Palladium of Latinity,
And 'Paradise Lost', is quite gone from
Very choir bones of me. And now, I, the most
Supreme Poet of the Heavenly Muse of The Holy Trinity.

Hail O Holiest of Holy Trinity!
That, the once choir-song of Christ,
Is now the poetry of eternity, -John, washed
In Andrean love for the Tree, -staffed, in the ram-rod
Straight back of me, the New Supreme Poet, who has
Left the Epic Song of history, for the Song of all Eternity;
I sing no San Anselmo hymns liturgy, no vain homiletics
Reed abbacy, (church stricture confines dead to me),
And Saint Sebastian Christian songs of the catacombs
Are but the blood of me; your glory is my song
O Lord, and, no vain glory of my own, will be the
Seed of me, but, dutiful tend of, your Holy Vine Tree.
No descending cathedrals will I ruin, to build classical mirrors
Of ascendancy; I will spade-build no self-image library,
But, return to you, your own, Library Tree of Christianity;
For vanity, world legacy, holds no interest for me;
Just the sweetest song of all Epic Poetry: *seruus*,

Of the dove, might demark a claiming note
Of singing voice to me, that though, a decalogue has
Drowned me out, the Tiber's roar will issue out, to flood
Thames, with glorious melodious sylvan transparency.
Is gone all my melancholy, that the habit and forked
Hood is but church history for my Church Tree.

Aye *Adonai*, be blessed and grow in wood fecundity;
And return your too diverging steps, wavering,
To that tartar choir-land and home, those cowl tyrants:
Service and humility, (no bishops and high glory).
Stopped-parched every angel's heaven choir-berth;
The glory of your choir-wood, His Tree,
(And me, all low modesty); and I will sing not,
Your labial stroke office, but the song of Christianity...
O hirelings, the silvered fee is too often exchanged
And the flute glides out that glide so even Arbuthnot
Would quit the letters of his eventide, to return
To rank discipline and service trajectory;

And I step within that warping willow bed,
To bless my tongue, and serpent's head of Eve
Dis-wed; and all, is the Aprilian circumference
Of June's mid-day heat, when, the Boston ivy
Wilts to me and off those open pricking pads,
I pick the red-berried seeds of His Christianity;
High, aye, God's Word does climb swarmingly
Within me: God I am absorbed, that I,
Who did cherish the doric quill of the Hammersmith boy...
Script out, the Shakespeare letters of the grammar-school boy;

What was the preparate, but to turn within
A Gregorian Latin desk, so, tiller of self-belief before me;
Neither a magister, but the late feel and discovery
Of Satan and disobedency. High Hugh
Sent me to Florence, Verona and Rome;
Would I dine at Il Venerabile, when I myself am popery?
The glories of that college too gone, and, no letters
Disprove, but the angelic music of Pinsent's Thomism
Remartials a rear of magnificence for Sunningdale's son,
Though, crest-spears of the English mission, wail,
For the forty martyrs of England and Wales. The
Adonai Bible is done, by the Bishop's Bible of the Holy Son.

No Salmasius, nor turnstile Cromwell has
Augmented me; I whet myself to the grind-stone
Of mind mediocrity, to turn from pastoral
Lands and money, when I quit the Blade Bone hostelry,
Of arrowey out and over the box courtyard of the nave sea;
Aye me; I will not turn to times within me,
But set that full sail—cloth within my chest
To take me from Latin Mass to honest Iago
Of the Hail Mary. There will be no song above me;
Aye, upon the crest of the Iliad and the Odyssey,
That spurned whale of dorsal prime antiquity,
I have disowned, for the Limbo Castle, put too much
Castellation greatness within me: Ovid and Lucan,
You have greeted me, and though no Horation ode
Orates from me, the years have snuffed out all
Eagerness for Latinity, and, the Preston prison dulled

The flame but to a candle: high academic towers gone,
For the low pedantry of sifting Dominican yawn papers
Into pods and parcels of favour and order-order palm-greasery.

O Benedict, what did you do to me! I was an eject
From Blum's bosom, and innocent oblates, do wet tears
That slide from Milan's lake, that all is a watch
For chink and chime: no labours of a good choir-boy,
Could return such a land to the muse of men, that is now
But a nuncio's lair of spider-walking amoeba...

And the cypress leylandii of Lake Como, swell
Within my heart again, that I am full well returned
To the portraits of Pater and Vasari's artists gleam
Within the Dostoevsky Idiot. It is but a double
Decalogue, that, I should be the one to build up log
And the strange Beda years are bid away, and
Plastic sensations are dis-planted out my elephant ears,
That I am the form of the Holy Choir-Wood, and,
The Holy Choir Wood is the monastic mission
Of my pen: Gospel of Epic Poetry, unto the heart of men.

Say, O Holy Spirit, that I, who seek
No glory, -will you sluice wood grooves
Off my tongue to glorify you?
The transcendent mount was white and glorified
And Moses would have bid again that booths
Be built and gem-encrusted wood be belayed, by
This new singer, parted from the Abyssinian maid.

At last, I have the novice pair of history:
Dante and Milton to set a 'Vita Nuova' book,
And a 'Samson Agonistes' column look; that, though
De-graped from the cabernet vine, I tup
The leaf of the eglantine: at last, learning and civility
About me, and no dread-anvil, to turn away the key:
Utopia about me: the mute ledge resounds
To a different note, and no north or coarse, uncouth
My throat, that branding Paraclete, is
Evangelistic, and, a bishop's talk could be tithed
For nought, by this black white ram, who has slipped
Out the barrow pen, to grant a Gospel unto men.

Is bridged the Hellespont of Byron's swim to
Take me to the Tiber's nave sea; mad Shelley,
Such romanticism, nor, the yards of Wordsworth's Prelude
Do you aid me: my sole aid the body laid, and now
Sweet blind Puritan, I have eclipsed even you,
To turn the yew unto true. O Gospel; O Christianity;
The plough is forsakne, and the wade unto the Beenham
Wood, has at last, been, turned unto all good:
The lathe is turned, and spindle dis-hearsed,
By the money-lenders, whom God's one, did disburse,
And the pompous note of porridge oats, arises from
Their habit's coats; and though the uncoarse one
Is mute, selected is a pontiff's flute; though
Though the glide and gleam is got, I have been
Quartered in another's Lot. She did look back
And the curtained hair has set me unto Paula's lair;
The Vulgate heart is made anoint with Jeremiah's Tobit
Prophetic punt; the holy wood is now the Cross,

And to the Crucifix, and Pilate's plot; the
Hands are washed and the pole is gleaming, for
The one of Sanhedrin's blistering scheming.
Jesus, fruit of the holy tree, I am prime
Highest plant, your mother's knee;
My land is as grass anemone, and the tendrils
Do climb to an ivy ceiling; grant me, Lord,
Lease to sing, heraldry, of the Holy King.
