

THE CHRIST COLLOQUY Andrew Grattan

BOOK II *Letteratura*

CANTO X

London, London, London, I came to, Andrew,
As dear Dante was fed and quartered in fertile
Florence, then, the heady high footing

Up to Ravenna, high up, to safety and Cangrande's
Assistance, and epistlizing protection, I, playwright
Came, to the seedbed of English dramaturgy.

London, London, London, I came to Andrew,
To be mocked by those university wits for
Lowliness of my country ways, and the countryside,

Begets the most successful penners, Andrew.
Warfield, has nurtured you, in the isolation of
'The Plough and Harrow', 'The Three-Legged Cross'

And, 'Yorkshire Rose'; and, as you spill your April-Eveless
Adamic morning walk of ambulatory rumination, to
Farm-yards adjacent Warfield church Anglican, to iron out

A night of happy Holy Spirit inspiration;
You spill yourself, as spreading ink, swarmed
Upon my all absorbing parchments, and now

The Christ Colloquy swarms up congenial against the *First Folio*.
The Divine Comedy, is, already all assumptive, within your breast,
So, the lies of Adonai, to black-white Blackfriars, have made your

Heart, that coldest Ravenna tomb, of the *altissima poeta*,
Tu, Andreas, *il sommo poeta*, of England,
Now, Andrew, that even the once matchless bones of Milton,

Will stretch and quiver, unvaguely, within his shell-shocked
Time-blocked tomb, when *Eucharist*, will sit, regally within
The black and white board, of a modern raniforest paperback.

Hope of England, with no croppy sop of Spenser's
The Fairie Queene, within your Latinate Aprilianized
Breast, but, the threading guiding needle-line, of all

Canonical literature, that, I will set as a primed
Canon ball omnipotent in your mouth, that, from
The Esau's pottage of *Finnegans Wake*, all, World

Literature, will be yours, Goethe et al. that even, the Globe Theatre,
Would not be able, to contain fecundity of Dame
Theology, Dame Canon and Dame Librarianship.

Those times too fruity players, Andrew, I would

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Set within your spirit, that you become a playwright
Too, Andrew, though, I know that not to be within

Your divine remit. I ask but one impression
Of Oberammergau, inspiration, Andrew, and,
A Play upon the Passion, that you will set characters

Upon my stage, and my lost London, will be lit
With the glory of Christ and the Cross and the
Companionship of the apostles, that the Globe,

Will be put within your hand?. And Shakespeare
Paused, and unsecreting from that gathering cloak,
Gave me a ball of mottled blue and brown and green, - the Earth.

'This is the Globe, Andrew, given to me, God the Father,
As I gave Him, the Holy Spirit in Ariel, that you, the *Logos*-Globe,
Custodian of the *logos*, will become the Canon guardian

Of England, too. Canon out the Western Canon,
You too, canonical, second only to me, so that
Warfield and Stratford, will hum, with same

Life, and, the sweet threnody, of human pageantry
Will throb, with the threnody, of divine pageantry?'.
And I looked at the *Logos*-Globe, within my hand,

And I spun it round, this isle, this emerald, this
England, that I should be field marshal of such
Charge-shot. 'Andrew, Chalice of Florence, John Milton

Reared up Classical and Biblical tradition after me, so that
The sweet toll of *Lycidas*, was reckonable, with the
Universities, but that tongue, has already been given

To you, so all I can give you now, is everything, - my world stage?'.
And I stretched out my hand, spinning this precious
Circumference of humanity, within my feeling fingers,

And, placing my finger, on, Royal Berkshire, I spun the
Globe upon its axis there, that I would equipoise
Within myself, the most prime tongue, of all mankind.

And, flicking up, within my digits, was a cage, or,
Carriage and field and contention, and screeching
Alacrity of verbal firefly, flew magically within my

Flipping fingers, me, the Almighty's Prospero,
To the dramatist one. And then I saw, the
The flaming urgency electric of words:

'The Two Gentlemen of Verona';
'The Taming of the Shrew';
'2 Henry VI';

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'3 Henry VI';
'Titus Andronicus';
'The First Part of Henry the Sixth';

'Richard III';
'Venus and Adonis';
'The Rape of Lucrece';

'The Comedy of Errors';
'Love's Labour's Lost';
'Love's Labour's Won';

'A Midsummer Night's Dream';
'Romeo and Juliet';
'Richard II';

'King John';
'The Merchant of Venice';
'Henry IV';

'The Merry Wives of Windsor';
'2 Henry IV';
'Much Ado About Nothing';

'Henry V';
'Julius Caesar';
'As You like It';

'Hamlet';
'Twelfth Night';
'Troilus and Cressida';

Sonnets and 'A Lover's Complaint';
Various Poems;
'Sir Thomas More': Passages Attributed to Shakespeare;

'Measure for Measure';
'Othello';
'All's Well that Ends Well';

'Timon of Athens';
'King Lear';
'Macbeth';

'Antony and Cleopatra';
'Pericles';
'Coriolanus';

'The Winter's Tale';
'Cymbeline';
'The Tempest';

'Cardenio': A Brief Account;
'All is True';

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'The Two Noble Kinsmen'.

'Let us be two new gentlemen of Verona, Andrew,
You too, of the holy soil of England, though,
You blood is already cleansing washed, in Ravenna,

And where, the candlelight of mass offerings,
Burns crimson in salute to the Alighierian, a low humble
Grave, will suit, the gowning of due humility

Swathed, around your comforted middle. I came
To London, to court fame, wealth and verbal satiation,
But you write, but to honour Triune Godhead sole,

And such purity of intention, will lift you out, T.S. Eliot's
False waste land, rising, above all, your eclipsed peers.
And as Italy, is twinned eternally with England,

I funnel you, through all ergon, of my work,
That we two now, are the too soul players, paired,
Who share eternally, eternity, of my Globe World Theatre.

Come to New Southwark, that 'A Play upon the Passion', be in your breast, now'.

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CANTO XI

But, first, Shakespeare, before we slip foot
Upon that stage, what, of the winding walk
That brought you up to London, -how-, you

Came to glimpse the smog and rain that sleet
That would shawl your back as to a heavy tweed?
What of birth, babyhood and boyhood, that

Humus humble origins could create one so
Absorbing great, a colossus straddling the
Old learning and the New, that the human soul

Delineated by brooding Dante, could be so
Transformed into the playwright, who would
Debunk even the ancients, till Giambattista Vico's

Swirling chaos, would grip Beckett's hopeless dramas
And stop *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*, too dead,
The *logos* besmirched and shattered by proud Joyce, and, the

Greyhound prophecy, *ortus* of me, courtly
Love telemetry of the Arno One, in her Library
Fortress of German, Librarianship and Bibliography,

Dante and I, -twins in nervous system reduction,
The ache of hearts, despatched by the heroines
Of our constitutions and systems, Beatrice, too

Borne off her bier to the angels?' 'And, your court
Love to the government of Florence under the
Holy Spirit's "House of April"?' And, Shakespeare

Paused: 'Do you not see, that April journey
Begun in Eastertide, and the falling fresh April
Showers of Chaucer, and your April journey

Is all, but to see the birth of the New Theocratic Age,
That Johnson's critical Bloom, will see blossom
Out of *Vocatio's* too vocated dappled heart of yours?

The Houses of Florence, and the Bourbons of Naples, held in that
Precious and pretentious Harold Acton library, will kneel before
Foundation, of a too eternal English presence: *scriptor et scripta*,

That the slate city state of Adonai, built on pride, pomp and
Booklessness, will unflower wither, before God's true
Foundation state: book service and book ministry, my *logos* novice?

And, I fielded once more, my glorious chrysolite *Logos-Globe*

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Within my fingers, so that a field surging with pulse and
Impulse electric: 'Cut out of the tragedy of my life,

Shakespeare: *Utopia*; Jerusalem et *De Civitate Dei*,
The untragedy of tragedies that is the immortal tragedies,
'The Cross of Christ itself, in the *First Folio*?'

And pink jolts of flaming pink tracery shot chargingly
Within my flickering fingers:
'The Tragedy of Othello' & 'The Tragedy of King Lear'.

And Shakespeare, quick to bombarding repost:
'And, I would send back to you verbally, Dante's lamp,
Andrea, the light-spark, who rejuvenated Dante's Inferno

Back to life: *Commedia*; *Letteratura*;
Filosofia; *Teologia*; *Mary*; *Jesus*
And *Cielo*, and some Miltonic *magister*

Great original too: Eucharist; *Jesus* and *Ecclesia*;
(Or in the *logos* light- '*Vinum*', that Huxley might have
A Brave New world again, and England's glossless

Dross be exchanged for diamonds and pearls to set upon
The wedding-day head-dress of April, if you win her parents
Consent in diamond ring linkage in the green tinged duomo).

True stuff, of a mind-orb of creation comparable to the
Alighierian and companionship Englishness to me, that
Dante and Shakespeare and 'of the wood', might

Circumstraddle the globe itself, and Joyce and Milton,
Spin too, within your panorama and compass, till
The shade of him, lodged upon the parabola of attain,

Will ring you up drawingly, into the oxygen of the *Logos*
Unbubbled, and Leo the Great, draws you through the
Architrave of homiletics and Cardinal Newman's homilies

Breathed out from the dead dark red bricks in that oratory
In Oxford, when we step into nucleus and heart
Of *Letteratura Land*, the *First Folio*, of *Letteratura Land*,

That will win you stair-step in the helix that spins
Circular and circularly, round the ring, at the centre
Of *Letteratura Land*, where redundant Guicciardini,

British Institute of Florence, is dead, entombed, encased.
There, you will find, our friendship soul-space and ease,
Dante and Beatrice no more, but Andrew and April?...

And Shakespeare paused, and breathed out the flower
Smirch of the *logos*, in its Elizabethan great chain perfumery.
'So, I was born, and a spoon was set within my mouth

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Swaddled, with butter and honey, and hare's brains
Reduced to jelly, with a white linen cloth upon my
Head, born into merry England, to become her

Greatest son and heir, and now you, Andrew,
That the isle which blossomed in my period,
With orbiting lesser touching of Marlowe,

Will arise again, with the crystallized *logos*
Smoothed into the wood of your heart, that
There be a crystal kernel, to take to Horton

And Hammersmith and Milton's cottage, when
The Aonian mount is rejected full for the seven
Hills of Rome, and the Christ-poet, full rises up

Against his Puritan master. The forest of Arden
And the Wealden, nestle cosily, with the limber
Limbs of the treetops of Warfield, -the Adonai

Choir-wood, before they culled and reaped it.
And it is adjacent forestry of Wilde's Lady Bracknell's
Wild forest, that confirms you as South Hill Park

Of the North Hill of Caesar's forest; those Shakespearean
Streets of Whitegrove, circling amorphously, holy land
Of St. Mary's Mead, all Pope's bin field. Then, to

Grammar school a boy, we King Edward Sixing, till,
The light Latin lessons, were drilled within our hearts,
And the guild of the Holy Cross, established

The death-rites of Adonai in Florence, and the
Tomb of *il sommo poeta*, heralded the coming
Of the courtly love successor - Andrew 'of the wood'

To floozy Florence. The rhetoric of Fr. Wilfrid has
Claimed you for heaven, and Fr. Leo, has claimed
Augustus' Virgil, from those *Eclogue* pastorals,

To a *Colloquy*, and Grand Touring has been reclaimed
From the park-ball amphitheatre of Beenham forest,
To a *Comedy*, and thus to all serendipity; that you

Will be the inheritor of the Park Hall. From the petty
School, to King's New School, as you are the New
School Critical of that Strand University, and the

Accidence and principles of grammar, would
Gildersleeve the Lodge, of the complete shorter
Poems of that annotated poet. *Flores Poetarum*

Flourished within me, but *Gas from a Burner*,
And *Pomes Penyeach*, was the legacy of your

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Adolescence. Sallust, Caeser, Seneca and Juvenal,

Contributed to my rivallessness. Elocution and rhetoric,
Is the vocational tendency of the companion poems,
And *Dubliners*, *Two Gallants*, and *The Shepherd's*

Calendar, became the hour-glass hours, that dispatched
The sand of your being. The sand dropped through in
Grading gradients, until the overseeing guidance of

Dame Canon and *Vocatio*, brought you to Florence.
That global city of the Renaissance of art, writing and
Culture, would be reflected in my own Globe, your

Dante, Shakespeare, Milton and Joyce, then, wound out,
Till one less, sixteen-hundred wound, was tithed out my
Tenth of ownership among the four: Heminges, Pope,

Phillips and William Kempe, and I at Southwark
Living, grew the Globe, and with it lustrous
Filaments of *Julius Caeser*. Topic, theme and nascent

Sensibility solidified in typos soliloquy and a stretched mettle'...