

THE CHRIST COLLOQUY Andrew Grattan

Book II *Letteratura*

After having guided Andrew through the whole of *Letteratura Land*, so that he might master canonical World Literature and become a new and third canon center, William Shakespeare then conducts Andrew Wood, to the *telos* of *Letteratura Land*, - St. George's Chapel, New Windsor.

CANTO XCIII 97-145

And, I saw in Heaven, that flaming pointer in
That balling hand of Alfred, that broaching pointer
Lance, as in the hand of Archangel Michael, a

Mighty sword raised aloft, held by St. Andrew, riding
Cavalier on the back of a white unicorn, rearing
High and undisjointed, and, the resurrect simple of

That most simple private Christ of all, a flag of St. George
Spun in high whirl about and above, his lofty features,
These images as summon, of some fantastic thaumaturge,

Or magician's new world, brave new world, sight, till
Collapsing about my shoulders, I bore the *logos* globe, as
If about those tantalising shoulders of Atlas, and, I as if

Sinking down, into those gloomy shades of St. Paul, into that
Central pulpit of grave, where the bones of that first father lie.
And, looking for herald or trumpet or Davidic lute,

I saw one not, till, all I saw, was the consummation
Devoutly to be wished, as a King Duncan beneath
The battlements, he who had croaked himself hoarse in

My instruction, the kneeling Stratford, first and last
Alpha and *omega* of genius English Isle, William
Shakespeare, knelt that sagacious head open bare, until

A sword crossed that shoulder blade of circumference
Before that womanly magnificence unteared of Queen
Elizabeth the First, and I, thinking to see some of John, or

My Matthew, or goodly Luke, or quick apportioning
Mark, unabashed, before the Johannine, I waited
For clouds, and, doffing my cap of peak promontory,

That dearer than eyesight, space or liberty, contentment

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In the Cross, *gnosis* of this Cross journey, I felt tracery
Of that flaming blade as Queen Elizabeth the Second,

Bisecting the centuries that separated us, tilted me, and
I felt welcomed, to the order of the garter of English knightly
Poetry, to divine ilk of Chaucer, and Milton, and other,

Immortal names of reaming silken loquaciousness of loquacity.
I knew, no untimely rip to Heaven would be mine, no ethereal
Translation to the skies as a Marian Heaven assent, no

Plump of choral plentitude, or angelic chorus, but
Before the coronate, that coronation of the choral.
And, holy hymning, spoke she, 'Arise, Shakespeare

Of the wood of Arden; and arise, Andrew of the wood,
Of the wood of Cross'. Before the holy regal of those
Monarchs, our twining, kneeling forms rose, twitched

The mantle scarlet, as did those roses of the divine right of kings.
And those regal monarchs, dark Queen Elizabeth the First,
And sweet, smiling Queen Elizabeth the Second, I, *logos*

Of purist poetry, the word of attribution, attrition and
Completion, rewoven, in modest swaddling bands,
From that ken of wicker basket, to the flaming cradle-sword,

Of those embracing Cross arms, of the Crucified.

Fin.