

# THE CHRIST COLLOQUY Andrew Grattan

## 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, rerecalling,  
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*,

# THE CHRIST COLLOQUY Andrew Grattan

## BOOK V *Mary*

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 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,

# THE CHRIST COLLOQUY Andrew Grattan

## BOOK V *Mary*

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,  
Till, 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

# THE CHRIST COLLOQUY Andrew Grattan

## BOOK V *Mary*

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 Champion 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,

# THE CHRIST COLLOQUY Andrew Grattan

## BOOK V *Mary*

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'.

# THE CHRIST COLLOQUY Andrew Grattan

## BOOK V *Mary*

### 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 redelight  
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 lachrymosal, for a second manger, woven, by the lower angels,

# THE CHRIST COLLOQUY Andrew Grattan

## BOOK V *Mary*

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 exstensible,

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

# THE CHRIST COLLOQUY Andrew Grattan

## BOOK V *Mary*

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.



# THE CHRIST COLLOQUY Andrew Grattan

## BOOK V *Mary*

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 applausive 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.