

THE CHRIST COLLOQUY Andrew Grattan

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, prinedoms, 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 *ossa* bones, citizens of Florence call regular in clamour,

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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, Ciacco, 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 *ruab* ruminations.

The longing for Beatrice, was matched for Alighieri, only
By the longing, for the coming of the greyhound, second only

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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, Larian 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.

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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

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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, re-found 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 re-found 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

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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 more dark 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,

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Forged between abuse and abuse, psychological abuse and child abuse,
Two sins, that will eat to sawdust, gnarled 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'.

CANTO V 3-15

'Crushed, juiced and pulped, he will be, until he become the singer
Of the Cross tree, very anti-type choirwood of Adonai himself,
And sing stuff, of all the world's monastic choirwoods, good news,

This renaissance self-fashioned new David, to take not pebble, but
Snowflake *logos creatio* from his pouch, and with no sling-shot, but
Tongue elastic, hurl clouds of *logoi* into ether and atmosphere,

That Babel would be reconfigured, by one, who cherishes Q sayings,
And has made them all his new language, new *dolce stil nuovo*,
The language of the new supreme poet, the greyhound, who will

Spenserian practice, the art of poetry, free of Pauline chains of his
'Great original', he, who shall chase her, the she wolf, to extinction,
All of them, back to Hell, under clouds of grey, back from

Rome to Florence, and save the Church from all her sins, with
A new gospel, that will be the wonder of two Benedicts in Heaven,
Founder of monasticism and Europe, and elevator of the Alighierian'.