

THE CHRIST COLLOQUY Andrew Grattan

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

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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

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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! Beal! 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.

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‘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,
Squirring, 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

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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,

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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 steeped 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

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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'.

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CANTO VII

And, 'Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia', rang out, pealing;

And, 'Wonderful, Counsellor, Prince of Peace';

And, 'Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia', rang out pealing.

'Benedict! Be! 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

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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

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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, an 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

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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;

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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.

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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*'.