

BRUCE JAMES

My eye from its escarpment gathers in
a worshipping vision from a vista of pain;
gently, that it be whole; slowly that it be true;
privately, that it be mine.
A bead might, so, enfold a gloss of worlds,
but eye - the paraphrasal soul!
Nor be startled, Soul, for that your spread
of monuments is seen: he sees himself who sees.
Therein my body's boy my sex's squire grown,
obsession grown to love, body to an old one.
Jealousy, my curled mammalian born,
atrophy pardoning. And bidding all:
"engage image and history, give what engage!"
What was my raving but a muteness to friends,
my vision but a dog's eye roving in sleep?
Lameness guise up as Tragedy, did She?
Or yet was in my hatchings clumsier form
of Northern cinquecento line, and sonnet
took in fashion from memorable hurt?
Five years will rate unto our life
as one's town's tenure of this idiot Crate.
I'll not deplore when five more be destroyed.