THE DUAL ANGEL
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A Meditation on Origin and Choice

Incantation to Lucifer
Angel disarmed, lay down your cunning,
finally tell:
The currents, stops and altitudes between
Heaven and Hell.
Or were the scalding stars too loud
for your celestial velleities,
The everlasting zones of emptiness uncanny
to your imperious hand?
Did you admit the shocks and shuttles
of the circumstance,
And were the eons ever sinister
Or were they just vulgar as a marathon dance?
Did you keep camping all through chaos
Comparing colors of infinity to neon lights?

Forever were you inconsolable during the
downward flight
Spurning the comfort of affinity and rose,
the rest of sunset, clarity.
Avoiding rainbows in that desperate clash
against the stars?
Your tearless wizardry soon caught the rhyme
Of universe, the planetary chimes, atomic quandary.
It took you only a zone or two to riddle
The top-secret density relating Space to Time.

Did once your hurtling senses turn
To paradise that you had robbed and spurned?
Did you once wonder, one time weep?
As earth nears, turn again defaulting eyes to
paradise,

Defaulting eyes, turn once again
With the presentiment of further bliss
Before you shudder with the first and final kiss.
It was the time when the newest star was inchoate
And there were only revolving seas and land still malleable.
There was no garden at that time -- but there was God.
For when the sun burst God chose the minority side of firmament
And settled on earth to study an experiment.

We know nothing of that meeting, nothing at all
Only the protean firelight fearful on the wall.
Since we only know it happened it's anybody's guess
How abdicated angel asked for and found God's rest.

Ecce, the emperor of velocity and glare
The splendor from his awful oddessay, his starlit hair
Landed on a rim of ocean, striding to shore
The radiant grace and arrogance before
The blue-veined instep faltered and slowly dimmed the pirate eyes.
Ecce, the quailing emperor against a violet sea
and the primeval skies.
Behold this homage to a majesty almost
impossible to explain
For after the heavenly hold-up God was
left rather plain.
Deliberate and unadorned, but after all what need
Of sceptor had the hand that hewed the Universe?
And ruler of infinity has little use for speed.
His visage black with wind and sun, almighty hand
vibrant with strife
Feeling in blank mysterious seas the secret
miracle of life.
Imagine the encounter when the polarities chance
When stars of love and sorrow met Satan's jewelled glance.

We are told nothing of conception, really nothing at all.
Only the firelit symbols of an antique nurse scary
and changing on the wall.
We are told nothing:
Of the vibrato of desire remorseless
Until the solar-plexal swinging
Orchestrates to all flesh singing.
Post coitum, omnia tristia sunt.
Sadness, then sleep, the blaze of noon, love's gladness.
There was no witness of this bridal night
Only azoic seascape and interlocking angels might.
So now we speculate with filial wonder,
Fabricate that night of love and ponder
On the quietitude of Satan in our Father's arms:
Velocity stilled, the restful shade,
Satan we can understand -- but what was God's will
That cosmic night before we were made?

The next day he completed his experiment
Found in the seas that atom he willed alive
Nursed in his awesome hand, taught to survive
The shock of creation, watched with his love and care
Astride in ocean and unknowing that Satan's ocean-skipping eye was there
Envisaging end in the beginning, wrestling with God's life,
The eye of guile, had sliced the atom with Satanic knife.
Love and the Rind of Time

What is Time that man should be so mindful
The earth is aged 500 thousand millions of years,
Allowing some hundred thousand millions of margin for error
And man evolving a mere half million years of consciousness, twilight and terror
Only a flicker of eternity divides us from unknowing beast
And how far are we from the fern, the rose, essential yeast?
Indeed in these light eons how far From animal to evening star?

Skip time for now and fix the eye upon eternity
Eye gazing backward or forward it is the same
Whether Mozart or short-order cook with an infirmity
Except the illiminitations alter their shafts
Except we would rather be Mozart, we want to last as long as possible, to radiate, to sing
Although in eternity it may be the same thing.
In God's cosmos according to report
Nothing lapses, no gene is lost
After centuries may bustle in the sport
Which will in time command the line.

Those who find it a little harder to live
And therefore live a little harder,
As struggling gene in oceanic plant
Predestine voluntary cells that give
The evolutionary turn to fish, then beast
With multiplying brain that diminishes earth's feasts.
From weed to dinosaur through the peripheries of stars
From furtherest star imperilled on the rind of time,
How long to core of love in human mind?
The world dazed by Satanic glares
Like country children spangled-eyed at county fairs
Seeing no terror in trapeze, kinetic thrill of zones
above listening,
And the unheeded shrill of the world lost, rocketing
in space,
Despairs of those who are struck down upon Hell's floor
and die — or crawl a while a little more.
The screams are heard by blasted ears within the
radiation zone
And hanging eyes upon a cheek must see the charred
and iridescent craze —
Earth orphaned by atom, each man alone.
The furious intellect relating furtherest space to
beyondest time,
Exalting abstractions, vaulting the 1 2 3,
Defaulting from the simplest kinship, disjoining man from man,
Seeing across oceans, and stumbling on a grain of sand.
Almighty God!
After the half a million years this is the century of decision
Between obscenest suicide and Man's transfigured vision.
Here are the flowering plant, beast and the dual angel,
The living who struggles with the weight of dead and,
Recognizing victory, surmises radiance in lead.
Father, Upon Thy image we are spanned

Why are we split upon our double nature, how are we planned?

Father, upon what image are we spanned?

Turning helpless in the garden of right and wrong
Mocked by the reversibles of good and evil
Heir of the exile, Lucifer, and brother of Thy universal Son

Who said it is finished when Thy synthesis was just begun.

We suffer the sorrow of separation and division
With a heart that blazes with Christ's vision:
That though we be dual-natured, deviously planned
Father, upon Thy image we are spanned.

Ave

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