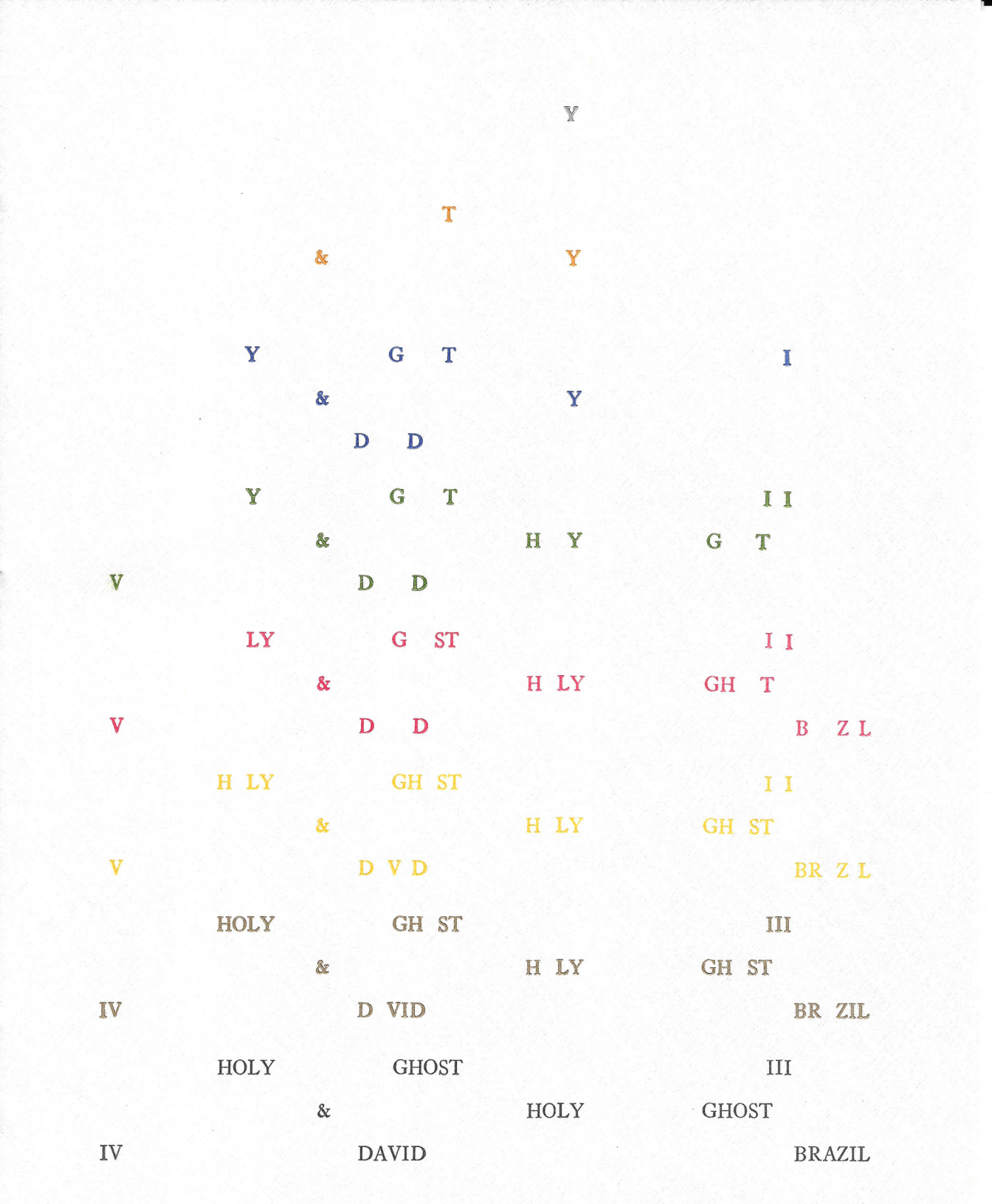
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HOLY GHOST III

& HOLY GHOST IV.

HOLY GHOST III.

The law is ratified in blood on this
parade ground, every anthem pours like a
libation from the cluster where I found you, not a
nation, gulping down the smoke & thus
reiterating sins, but the blister of song grew out of
vowel transforms like a fermentation so
it was not in your power to resist hilaritas, the
joy that comes, the world that comes, ensemble.

HOLY GHOST III.

In my weakness I commemorate thy
passage with adornments, with a
dachshund skin & beryl & with
pavements of sapphire, scattered applause from the
conclave of elders, stranded at a station halfway up,
prepare the veil, glossed breezes for this approbation like
a cliff that gets no rest from sea, like
a natural metaphor to signal the impetuous,
just like tom thumb's blues.

HOLY GHOST III.

So span the fates, but
~~if~~ bound you to a broken box of fortune on
the afternoon of your betrothal, misericordia, grant
therefore to us this space of peace, this
decent interval prior to ~~your~~ descent into
wherever your final destination may be, thou just,
thou art indeed most just

HOLY GHOST III.

Set up a veil, so you can think cloth,
so you can think the wind that rents it,
swaying gently in phenomena as cradle,
all the images of flowers also flowers,
all the friendships friendships,
just as though there never was a war until the evidence,
all tears cured, the rising bell of the song,
a leaflet to your heart on which
the sovran gold of painted saying lays it down again,
all for you this time.

HOLY GHOST III.

And in how remember this
dwelling, and to render it
according to its pattern, still the petition caesura
doesnt delete, go long, go real long, to the
land without law, and get thyself a wife and flock there,
fuck with me and see what happens,
I'm the grave of all demotic speech,
that from which the hierophant ~~x~~ comes forth in
bulletproof vestments befitting occasion, destructio of
templum as the thing cut off, for cash will do,
will do, just cash, just cash, this
is the tomb of the fall of jerusalem which is
two places, which one's which, for
what do you pray.

HOLY GHOST III.

Then come the thunder of opening strains,
teleport to the heart all judgment, fix the
pinion that communicates to thence, far thrown, the
truth as we may grasp it, for what is just done here founds
justice or opens its door, past
measure the suppliant.

Arising out of war the song we strain to hear.

The body of such saints truth's synonym,
therefore am I edified as all get out.

HOLY GHOST III.

That you never cease making
the name as a culmination of
all history in wind,
long time and faith you sought the ground,
so try to say,
so try now to say,
what it was you gathered there at
point of most appearance, giving
sense as the gift to our reckonless poverty,
losing letters of the name so that I
wanna know,
I really weally wanna know,
how it was o how o how o how it was,
o how o how o how did I get over,
how I got over.

HOLY GHOST III.

I have the veil, I have
this human face, a job,
consistency and flowers,
smoke, the bits of lore, a
view, a little cradle of the law,
some chances, some green
plants, some light by which to work,
an asking price, a secret life, a
soul, any destiny in theory but
the cadences are mine,
you write the same things down again,
you go through your life singing o the same song,
but listen for the changes, breaks, elisions,
reemergence of the theme, the
limbs of the song you have gathered from the face,
that mediate infinite mode.

HOLY GHOST III.

A pure organic pleasure from the lines
shall answer to the supplicant for grace.

HOLY GHOST IV.

Founded on love's throne we enter the storm.
The left hand is of gold, gold is
this world's figure of rhythm scratched out of hives,
for rhythm is justified of children. Let
the despot run his coronation in this wise, it is
the hand of cruelty, to be expelled in the fulness.
Over our head the devouring flower of transit, which
we forget, which we neglect, we
had to go to work. Apology's beside the point.
The right is Sehkmet, holding nothing, opposite of
life you stood before with loves and prepared places,
where you grew up, those reflections, are the
very blue cloth of this day, the cloth you're
vouchsafed, one emblem of friendship, for if
we are friends then I shall shelter you, there
fore come into rhythm, o my heart, I
live in your transit, in the prevalation of
this portal that has opened by degrees.

HOLY GHOST IV1

You know how return works like
music, like the war. There
is an image and we have to destroy it. Time's
the gift that honors this sword, by means of which
we have the measure that can comb it out. I'll say
that every woman born in Oakland, born in
Zion has subsumed us in the record of this choice,
so that among the firstborn of the dead there is raised one,
the shadows of these genders shall not touch him,
the wounds of any polity ⊠ unscathe him, com-
ing from the Cloud like any stranger give him welcome, sell
blood as needful, for there is but one thing is needful, that's
to heed it, all you list hath lived in your flesh & rights
are not the concept, rather just that light in-
create light that
always has the force to spur remembrance.

HOLY GHOST IV.

I bore this book from city center,
from the burbs of Babylon, and
wrote in it my
oracles against the nations, this
one, that one, this. For a
fire is set to wage the inappearances,
they gather into endless blackened bars.

HOLY GHOST IV.

A piece of a
cloth is the pledge. We
dice for it, as if you didn't know.

HOLY GHOST IV.

Any bit of tune will do
to work this work of opening the heart,
for tune is tone that reaches back into the flesh of loves, a
posy writ upon the
cross stretched out like time, like
mind in time, dis-
tended and restlessly seeking to
lay it in figures, what without relent
expands past any figure & rhymes w/ self as it so does, this here
line and this here break, coordinate in distances, could
feed you for a moment by the law they seem, a-
tremble in the wind, like us before the judgment, this
catena is stitched from just such moments, motes
of the instantiated justice.

HOLY GHOST IV.

It's both at ones.

Its ways not ours.

These lines are writ in silence coming after.

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