

without prejudice.
I have been on my guard
not to condemn the unfamiliar.
For it is easy to miss Him
at the turn of a civilisation.

I have watched the wheels go round in case I might see the living creatures like the appearance of lamps, in case I might see the Living God projected from the Machine. I have said to the perfected steel, be my sister and for the glassy towers I thought I felt some beginnings of His creature, but *A, a, a, Domine Deus*, my hands found the glazed work unrefined and the terrible crystal a stage-paste . . . *Eia, Domine Deus*.

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TWO POEMS / RONALD JOHNSON

Wor(1)ds 20, Jan 1st

“For Orpheus’ lute was strung with poets’ sinews”

METAMORPHOSED ALL SINGING EYES AND EARS

Prophesying Day & Night
being’s

stream,
the sonata-ed

transient.

TRANCE:

A
live.

*Solitude like a fist
in the solar plexus.*

*(the snake
root to the many-colored coils of)*

*(its lidless I
rapt at the spiral nothing-
ness)*

CROSS*SECTION OF THE KANSAS LILAC I SAT IN AT
SEVEN

—The Secret Garden—



transfigured night:

nodal strand of light out of pebble:

The Pleiades off snail's back:

moon behind cloud behind bloom beyond eye, within juxtaposed

black

afterimage:

zig-zag twig, live silver:

a tranquility of minute balances:

“melodies of five octaves apart,” as the wind lifts

leaf:

wrung from the heart

Wor(1)ds 23

& THE RAINBOW COME FULL CIRCLE
IN THE COCK &
BALLS

Henceforth: everything to be real.

From the flow-er *comes* the wor(1)d, its globe-like **flower**

sprout out your eyes.

The head is meadow to The Mover .

and from its multiseeded soil

we copulate the void.

:madness compassed to what we call a rose