

*Eric Pankey*

## HOW TO SUSTAIN THE VISIONARY MODE

Wherever possible, avoid predication: *the night sea, the dark river, this rain.*

As in a dream, where the door opens into a cedar grove, and the haze conjures a screen of sorts onto which an ill-spliced film is projected, and the words, poorly dubbed, seem mere trinkets in a magpie's nest, let each object be itself.

Objects a magpie might hoard.

*The blown dusk-smoke of flies above the sacrifice: The flames inlaid and lacquered:  
The horizon, a single graphite line on rice paper.*

Revelation is and will remain the subject: "Behold, I come quickly: hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."

The moment present and full: honey, time-sweetened, a New World of Gold, quick with what made it.

Let distractedness be an isthmus connecting the day to day, dazed with the fume of poppies. Let the daydream, dimmed by slow rain, slip like a shuttle through the loom's scaffolding.

Let the rain rain all day on the slate, a province of rain, gray as the stone no longer quarried in these hills, gray as the pigeons tucked in the eaves, *this rain, this dark river, this night sea.*