

## Maxine Gadd / FOUR POEMS

### "IT CAME IN A DREAM"

it came in a dream:  
time in this world when  
    all minds shattered into six parts  
        medieval static description of intricate and specific  
angels; one with a black face and red eyes  
    and the one with shimmering blue  
        antennae — they don't do  
        anything so they can't  
    be evil, standing there, more than frozen  
as the earth turns  
    they fall  
as the solid sky loses centrifugal force  
the mind splits  
    into twenty four hours, then  
        1440 minutes, then  
86400 seconds, but actually  
    innumerable           Neap's child  
    saw persons shimmering and changing hue.  
    it only amused him  
    there are these faceless  
    kings and queens in people, the flickerings  
are far away, the interiors

have the glow of stone, mine  
a leaden blue, Pluto's humour, the masses  
of people driven thru  
printed drownings  
and beauty contests  
into the mine  
down the tunnels  
as far into darkness as they dare go

5h343

there are whole lists of alliances,  
you enter the lists,  
lie lie lie or  
stand on something,  
maybe some other,  
look  
where the metal of your spear has come from, what  
magnetic planet,  
a stone named, like you are  
looking from  
a name seeking  
the old name nobody gave you

## PICO DELLA MIRANDOLA

command

thy soul to be in India,  
or ocean, as the moon

turns to the sun, ah,

the powers of God Himself, they  
that *affirm*

on the southern gate, the form  
of a lion,

on the northern,  
the form of a dog

and on the rotunda, the colour changed  
each day so that each of the seven days

blind the city

and his prophecy of it passing                  was full of new light  
he had it from the devil

like Isiah,

the thirty six gods, practice of/ repeated practice of  
celestial rites, Hermes

(I revert now

the cosmos

the zodiac

tiny angelic forms

a chain passing upward

from the woman's right arm,  
                     the monkey  
 is Man  
                     imitates nature  
 with simian grace, teacher of Agrippa,  
     cryptography, Cabalist angel magic,  
     Trithemius aims at using this angelic network  
 for messages at a distance, by telepathy  
                     Samael, angle  
 of the first hour, equals 4,440  
  
 it forbids me,  
 it forbids me  
                     to be in  
                     spired  
                     in  
                     side  
                     all wild things I'll call down  
 to possess you, in yellow and white or green  
 i'll throw away  
     every hour of the day  
         as i have always done, the edge  
 of the sea  
 beside me, all that ever was  
 comes over us now

## QUIET

Dick, we say,  
Dick we will invoke  
and more slender people  
    (you don't know of whom I speak, and  
    you should understand  
    that it doesn't matter)

call upon whom  
you will, it  
doesn't matter  
    will come  
    if you are quiet  
        (almost  
        too easy to say)  
        there are  
        differences  
            "Discrimination"  
            is the attribute  
                under the angel  
                flames of green and red  
                leaping from his head  
                above the naked couple  
                everyone  
says it is beautiful

that picture

why  
in pure silence, then  
do words want to come  
regardless  
of what they destroy?

candid  
sphere, another

brighter,  
deeper in things,  
called "lumen"

the flowers on which Dante would walk  
in some heaven of speech

that leads me  
deceitfully,  
deceivingly, I

Hermes Trismegistus,  
tempted by the blood of the dead

## "IT'S TOO MUCH"

it's too much/ language stops here soon because nothing  
runs along it but the opal engine of the final lonely dream  
the manufacturers have gone into the cosmic, the ethical, the  
esthetical, i am walking far behind the heroes who have  
shattered their thighs in the important race and thinkin  
"that's far out that i never did  
learn anything great" but the heroes are beautiful and hang onto  
each other, hooking into the opal engine i am envious and rage  
to my mute friends about building dirigibles

thinking about yrself as a hero is one way of never being lonely but  
what image can i choose?

she sits up weeping on her bed of pictures  
or weary she weaves

can't imagine anything out of the prison of concepts  
but the great striding goddesses  
blazing power  
or the turgid seated figure  
who is our mother  
sifting us, the grain

or there is the play of the laughing lady  
in the woods    i don't dream of the daemonesses  
but i have heard of them

in your  
dreams

this poetry we have learnt is the product of book burnings, of barbarian  
raids, of peevish, knowledge-hungry monks  
we have learnt  
what was fit for the ears of kings  
solely

(see the greasy turd with his paranoid eyes  
and that well-trained whore, his queen)

the splendour of the creature who takes what it wants  
and leaves  
children to be reared  
by any means possible  
in a human-made cave  
where the    wind tortures  
those who can't ride it