

## Robert Duncan / (PASSAGES) EMPEDOKLEAN REVERIES

Dread Love that  
remorseless Aphrodite raises to drive home her offended Pow'r,  
I've been your battlefield  
where lovely Hate alone men call κακαὶ ἔριδες  
defended me

contending there ever with would-be over-powering Adhesion  
severing the Bond dispelling the Word  
Eros demands, keeping the Heart of Things  
at loose ends.

I have tamed the Lion Roar.  
It will no longer use me.

Orlando, felix, my little household relative of the Lion,  
I will remember to pet you;  
Death takes his time with us.

Long the sexual uproar dies away in me.

Lighting a cigarette. Coming to ourselves.  
From long ago ceremonies of burning and smoking.

I have burnd the Lion in his own fire.

The Lioness rages in the hunting field  
far from where we are.

Because of what we love we are increasingly at War.  
That Sphere of all Attractions draws us from what we are —

In this place  
I make my stand  
and a Line appears  
or I have drawn a Line  
where resolute  
or in my fear compounded  
I face  
the rapt Sphere  
of a dissolving Pain.

There is no kindness here, no one I would draw into this.

Love that would dissolve all boundaries,  
so that Blake is outraged by the first dissolve of outline  
and rages out at Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt,  
for the in-mixing of light and dark, the color in turmoil,  
resolving in him an undying Hatred

that would annihilate all kindness,  
not like him I am to be

Being Isolate —

Even wiving must offend.

Don't wife me you arouse  
that animus the wrathful knight who upholds  
the honor of the Lady Anima, her token, that handkerchief  
to be stolen by her handmaiden, her confidence

bridles at the touch in touch music

the wedding ground of Harmony and Discordia

melody ever upon the point of leaving returning  
a turmoil of sound the center and surrounding

begins:

Love ever contending with Hate

Hate ever contending with Love

*"never, I think, shall infinite Time be emptied of these two"*

*Never* being the name of what is infinite.

In bright confusion. White, the interpresence of all colors,  
shining back on us —

Black, taking all back into itself.

They never cease their continuous exchange.

The eye imitates Seeing particular from particular,  
cell from cell, searches

for what it's thought to see —

this week the track of a monopole previous to a field of gravity —

The Sun as if It were an infinite fire, infinitely hot beyond our heat;  
The Earth turning from summer into cold and dark,  
ice widening over the sea's reaches.

But in Wrath they are all different. They dance in differing.

There is a field of random energies from which we come,  
or in such myriad disorganization "*field*" rises as a dream,  
the real this projection of many dreamers,

*daimones*, the Greeks named them, still to be realized Here

this demon comes into Being as a mote

temporarily needs

higher organizations to reveal himself,

Man so organized    the woman seems taken out of him  
returning to his side    admires —

— Darwin comments: “*The deity effect of organization*”

The two  
contending Spheres

(*Il combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda*)

dazzling,    darkening,  
come into  
come in order to  
each other  
sing

[Nothing in the libretto is for the moment  
not embarrassing: enemies in love? ]

“*O tu che porte, correndo si?*”

*Risponde:*

He: “*E guerra e morte*”

Life’s an organization of time to allow  
the suspension of an order out of order,  
longing then ever to come into order  
yet prolonging the exchange

“It is by avoiding the rapid decay into the  
inert state of equilibrium, that an  
organism appears so enigmatic,” Schrödinger writes:  
“so much so, that from the earliest times  
of human thought some special non-physical  
or supernatural force was claimed to be  
operative in the organism, and in some quarters  
is still claimed.”

*“Guerra e morte avrai”*

*disse*

she answers —

thruout the Contest, the Musical Ground  
where they contend

*Colei di gioia* forth in enmity

*transmutossi e rise*

enter Song's opera

a smile

As if in the distance arriving or departing

the dying or arising of a roar —

the Arrival or Departure

animal laughter

advancing

thematic

to all that's gone “before” .