

THE PRIME ANNIVERSARY

ὦ καλή ὦ χάρεισσα

Truth: names travel a watery route to heaven,
 so says Concha Méndez, or so she would have said,
 if she had any regard for physics. Seven
 witnesses report that ether surely has failed,
 a small erasure hardly noticed at Quito;
 lines in that atmosphere seem to circle and flow
 tangent to themselves. What does geometry know?

μὲν βάσις ἀγλαΐας ἀρχά a perfect pitch
 and revelation, a neutralino on its
 haunch. Someone has proposed the baptismal limits
 of Sekkaku-an, and has heard the hemistich
 sounding the absolute zero of time. Such cold
 transparent matter sits lightly on the threshold,
 a hermitage of nothing, nothing can withhold.

Alberti knows that essential rhythm, that string
of bound forms he returned to Gádir with his paint,
brushes, and definitive sketches, and his saint-
trammelled Buenos Aires politics, the blue spring
of it matched only by his faith in olive Spain.
Consider him ποιητός a perfect chaplain
at ease with Empedocles in their own domain.

November transfigures all divided cultures.
Bandiagara gardens, faithful to fissures,
gorges, must trust an incontinent calendar,
and solve the puzzle of sandy soil, and that feldspar
of plateau solitude. What can the river say
to the reddish-brown rock as it begins to play
among harmonies it refuses to display?

Concha Méndez confronts a continuous set
of states. What could she have seen in the ragged shape
of lightning, in a solar prominence, the pet
intentions that will appear on every landscape?
Was it Ptolemy who advised us to beware
of a theoretical grasp without a fair
symmetry of practice, most rigorous and spare?

Alison reads Dante's stars, and finds a verbal
shadow midway to Paradise, the truth of it
in imagination, desire, integral
vocation the Carthaginian might permit.
Call this will, or memory, or a gift not quite
the double dance or double journey. Why rewrite
the poet's purple page then draw it out of sight?

Do not be astonished if you hear a drumming,
or meet an unattended leopard in the bush.
The mask—half in shadow, half in sunlight—will bring
you through death; you might think of this as pull and push
of an electron, orbiting its own demise.
We know our scholars speak too often in disguise,
embrace Abakuá, always sit to improvise.

That periodic bouncing between mirror points
might define the note's order in the scale. Custom
could determine all that the spent soul might fathom,
make of it a blue galaxy that disappoints.
Consider a slow dance about an axis, dust
in an elliptical field. Now Emily must
go mad with her math, and take these errors in trust.

Aristoxenus disturbs; he allows no strict
 intention in motion, no voice without its space.
 Cleonides defends himself with commonplace
 notions of a point on a line, a derelict
 argument, given body by fuzzy sequence.
 Call upon Guillén, his radical confidence
 in singing the world's blossoming transience.

Propertius suffers his delightful withdrawal,
 the Greek of it. That Epicurean structure
 turns his head from space to time, brings him an impure
 balance that will not disturb; just there such modal
 properties find no comfort and perch in music.
 Nothing overcomes the radiant iambic;
 no one forgets the geometry of lyric.

Third level (a): $2 \times 5 \times 7 = 70$