

THIRTEEN QUINTETS FOR LOIS

Thirteen  
Quintets  
for Lois,  
and the

ἔτι καὶ νῦν  
of Grace

FLOOD EDITIONS, CHICAGO

Jay Wright

Eternity of line, the home  
disguised, the root cut or altered—  
que me voy al triste campo.  
I know myself a child of folded  
wings, an instant performative  
text most carefully inventive.

Think again of that metronome  
of particles, an encountered  
velocity, a monochrome  
ability almost withered.  
Every point will seem destructive,  
every reading an instinctive  
fault, a misguided directive.

Nothing appears settled. Stars foam  
from their moorings, light seems plundered,  
all darkness but a polychrome  
desire thoroughly invented.  
Call upon that once persuasive  
motion of a dry cohesive  
body that remains subversive.

A sheltered mind sits with the gnome  
of absence, resuscitated,  
wary of what the spirit might comb  
from a sacred spark extinguished.  
Nothing here argues a festive  
moment, or a borrowed restive  
temper, wise and at once furtive.

Binu knows the geometry  
of change, the stellar argument  
in an ambiguous body;  
the chronometry and content,  
embodied in the singing bush.  
A presence, savoring the rush  
of attention, lies in ambush.

Let us not call it memory,  
or hide a transformed element.  
Binu has doffed his purity,  
and that repetitive consent  
he found in a field that was flush  
with motion, and now feels the brush  
of symmetry rising and lush.

These bones will lose their crystal fit,  
that imperious clarity  
of tones that ring in the body.  
Stillness finds a proper spirit.

Within that body an hour  
of shadow feels exact, and turns  
upon that self the measured patterns  
of fragile and perfect power.

Keep the heart's vagaries at bay,  
its swiftness unduly attuned  
to death, its movement often pruned  
by a slippered fidelity.

¡Muerte a la mar con nuestros  
tres arpones! Pray to the first  
soeurs de charité, solid, curst,  
engaged in what the soft heart knows.

We will speak in reason's defense,  
find windfall and respite in storm,

and count upon the cruciform  
melody in that music's tense.

6

These bones will transform a lost sound,  
shining beyond its gravity,  
and willing its own chastity,  
faithful note, deep, and underground.