THIRTEEN QUINTETS FOR LOIS
Thirteen Quintets for Lois, and the
ἐτι καὶ υῦν
of Grace

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 
sœurs 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.

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