



B^eowul Fresh told

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C O N T E N T S

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Please Note that all images

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Thanks to them.



*Beowulf embarks from Geatland
to rescue Danes from the scourge of Grendel*

Canto One

*F*oundling *Spear-Dane-Shield* fair-ruled
beyond good whaling-yield
and then foe-wrecking-famed
far beat long-troubles back
to where dysgenic cankers premutate
when child-confirmed contentment grew
as cub-Prince Beow
fresh-weaned...waxed prudent soon
quick ventured forth
to wrench good land, provender and right-law
by sturdy wit of arm and hand
as Dane-Shield-men strove mightily
to favour-bind, prince-stripling-bold
and so it went...as many profit-seasons spent
with better and yet better days beneficent
until, *King-Dane* who'd thrived of whorled-prows outbound
was laid beneath broad-shield and sword
hard-tempered-axe and ring-mail-coat, fine-wrought

to sail beyond great-ocean's sway...
 with mourning loss of kith and kin
 ...free of complaint, to drift
 where fools and wise and rich and poor
 and great and small must go...beyond all tethering...

Then breaching battlements, long held-secure
 by foes who'd staked their bounty lives on them
 peace-ripened-summer multiplied
 to render Beow-KIng, fecund-wise
 with seemly heirs...was blessed

First Halfdane came...and then did Heorogar
 and Hrothgar and child-fair Halga grew
 bed-mated to Onela's harsh embattled land...made Queen

outlawed of Grendel came, anathema
 to where sea-striving Danes bed-stayed
 wrapped-up in cosy dreams, asleep...
 insensible like God-cursed brute, he dove at them
 marauding hearth and heath and fens
 ...took thirty Thane's as butchery
 until fresh-dawn spoke rampant blood-plot-plain
 War favoured Hrothgar-rule
 whose Thanes might-wrenched bold-fierce-land gains
 with brisk-winds fresh off splendid fjords
 raised mead-hall high
 from far land tributes sent
 to Danes...whose *Hereot-law* well proffered rings
 much-tabled succulence, of lamb and boar
 as blooming-bright, graced rooms
 with poet's song-bird-twittering
 where fruit-filled-boughs o'er water-gleamed
 tranquil a merry, moonlit 'round and 'round
 there pleasures plucked on harp-sweet-rhapsodies
 which harrowed some...
 as ribald, pride-filled, banquet-noise
 spite-spleen plugged ears with gall
 so that combusive, contumacious, envy grew
 with rancour's cancerous excess
 until Right-Thanes' mead-hall by torch was lit
 and bloodlust poured recalcitrant

one doomsday out...as Cain's clans
 as fated Danes seized onto grief held-hard
 aghast at demon-trail that wreaked distress
 served sorrow on their plate, with no respite
 as Grendel struck again, again, again

Fear-drenched...twelve-seasons went
 unhomed with woe severe
 sought-out safe lands who could
 as Grendel railed hard, hard, against the right
 death-shadows swooped...long-nights in misty-moors
 throughout the land hell's reavers mangled all...
 as Shielding sorrow, trapped the King
 though Grendel still, could not unseat Hrothgar's throne
 so safely stayed, their treasure-trove from him
 ...outcast who hunted, mainly after dark
 yet, spite of counsel, wise and true and right
 Beow-son's land, could not contend
 against this riven dark of dark of dark
 until at last Hygelac Thane, highborn
 heard Geatland neighbour's loud pain-plight
 thence swan-head plied...to swift-seek Hrothgar-need
 wood-wreathed with gleaming battle-gear...fast flew
 like water-birds to headland falls
 as lookout Danes peered-out hard-down at them
 below the bluff
 where steep-breasted Geatland ships had moored...

What men are these...look-out, know-wanted
...strange friend or foe ?
...staunch combat-rigged on Hrothgar's shore ?
 albeit pleasant-miened and too, compliant seemed
 as Chieftain's tongue-sharp-vented home defence
 sharp word-hoards hurled
 ...revealed them clearly, Geats
 allegiant to Hygelac
 and to Ecgtheow named...still great and good
 So said:

*"We come to aid Dane-Lord
 and nothing hide but blessings for his aims
 to stay for him and all that's his, reclaim
 against the rumoured terror in this land
 that likewise threatens good men everywhere
 to Hrothgar loyal seek here his command
 our courage forged...deep-in Hrothgar-right
 ...no man need fear
 except sworn enemies of him, your noble King !"*

G*eat-ships* broad-beamed...
 with hawsers anchored fast
 arms-chests unloaded...clay pots with mead and oil
 bear-clad and shielded, stern-quick-marched
 to famous hall, which from truth-mother's lips
 as well, oft-goat-herd-talk
 much heard, wide-eyes confirmed
 earth-bound, broad-gabled, more cloud-framed
 than any had, wide-travelled, seen
 their jaws awe-dazzled, dropping, gaped
 as grim-war-girthed, sea-spent
 they stacked long-shields and swords
 great-spears and clubs
 mail-jerkins, cheek-hinged-helm and
G*eat* banners furled, piled down
 with clattering...as they best-could
 and some down-laid...to oarsman-sleep
 while some-selves seated
 gist-stayed for what they heard...
 as much-loved Beowulf spoke
 high-purpose from him stretched the walls
 whereon Dane-guard in turn
 sought out Hrothgar liege and lord
 who with retainers stood beyond...
 refracting courtesies
 befitting King turned old...
 acknowledged pleas of audience, for fervent Prince
 so born of great aspect
 ...as form deserved

Hrothgar...plain-pleased, hurled out these words:

I knew him Beowulf as a boy...
 cast broad his smile on chamber-room to rest unsettled ease
 of well-armed strangers sudden in their midst...
 declared this Beowulf's parents, friends
 whom he well-knew
 for Ecgtheow of Hrethel's daughter wed
 them-of Beowulf was bred...

Spoke King:

*" If he will Grendel-smite...our Hero much-gets gold
 deep-held in vaults I only know...
 so pray bid Beowulf enter now and welcome say
 all hearts and minds him-reached stay firm, mine-true
 for what this Hero seeks on our behalf
 whose strength's like thirty men, strong-armed
 ...speak welcome only in Dane's land
 for this great Thane make our refrain...
 make trumpets honours flow
 this fresh'ling Caesar's well-bestowed...great love on us...
 make his reward
 no lack of gratitude
 and all our love for him...be Daneland's best...!"*

And so with shields and spears stack-stayed
 before Hrothgar tall, nor feeble yet
 as strict before him Beowulf stood
 in gleaming mail fine-forged of gold
 heard bitterly unjust corruptive bloody deeds
 that Grendel did
 in all surround of lands both great and small
 from rumours-teat, they suckled fear
 and that is why he Beowulf came
 ...most awesome strengthened
 to slaughter enemies of all good men
 as beasts or brutes he did not care

for when embattled he defeated them...
 such was his purpose, skill and strength
 to dare to seek the Grendel out...to bandage him in wounds
 that seek fulfilment in his monster-death alone
 and yet unarmoured, Beowulf matched brash-fiend
 who beast enough
 did not resort to trinket-arms and shields, as such
 but laboured naked, murdering...
 disdaining mere-men's tools that guard-best fate
 to live or die on battleground...
 or tranquil bed formed deeper than presumptive will's
 sweet-bitter paradox of consequences Good or Ill
 nor God nor Devil knows...

Spoke Beowulf, briefly, this:

"Fate wills...fate must...this Beowulf said:
So waste not fear...or die a thousand deaths too soon !
You me command " then bowed down low unto Geat King
 his father's friend...and stood well back

Hrothgar, King, replied:

" My clan of Hereaot's dunned by what dark Grendel cleaves
each dawn the mead-hall's streaked-fresh-blood
from those brave-good, defending me
until our dwindling on and on
leaves no one here to hold or else to gain
no thing to celebrate but dirt and blood and dust
with sun's great rise and set...
no one will know if sun snuffs out
...so sun itself with killing's extirpate
without rich eyes to soak it up
so we can weave our way through lifetime-days
with coming, going, rise and fall
with boon companion sunshine bright
nor shadows shift and drift and dart

without us here to know
 but yet not I nor even wise-men fathom it
 a world not eyed nor even shadows seen
 would neither be...nor even ever being...been
 ...it burdens one to think of it
 this puzzle more than Kings and Kingdoms know
 ...but one destroyer damned, named Grendel knows
 to make all knowing moon and stars
 and all known breathing disappear
 ...not unlike us, in this...he too would go
 triumphant then when all things falter...
 as his great-spoiling-hand is spread
 a half-God slain by his own psalter...
 unheralded like any vapour came and went
 to disappear like never came and went...
 with us the victims for his plan
 expunging self...clear out of all that's known
 implicit suicide perhaps...is what he seeks in us
 once gone to dust strict-reason-says...would-lead-there, thus

What's pain to him...who is cause-pain itself ?
 all dead, all death...would serve a balm to salve self-being
 as cursed by greater evil Gods than he
 he searches comfort in World's End, for his own resting place
 where moon and sun itself cannot exist
 and peace come only when there nothing is

World-being seeks self-constancy
 like tiger feeds on antelope or wolf on hare
 and then from rationing...
 'till nothing else, from jeopardy of appetite, exists
 each flock and tribe, covey and pack...
 from greed-of-being's enmired, in paradox
 stark-matter's-hungering
 sent Grendel-beast inflictive of negation here
 which aims dark-energy prevail...with never compromise
 'till Grendel claims his victory of emptiness, in self-demise

*or else he's just a nuisance...bloody to us all...
 that plays no game and has no aims...his game...no game at all...
 so then what weighs all life, death, war (?)
 but think again...that then
 the Sun and Moon and Stars and Land and Sea would disappear
 if Grendel-dammed, kills-all...!*

Reflective Hrothgar then
 from reasoned trance returned himself again
 as those surrounding heaved deep-sighs
 at peroration's end
 so rallied Geats and troubled Danes
 whose answer was...to bang their shields
 and raise such clamouring *en masse*
 that even Grendel would remember fear
 then no thing straight in world made turn & twist
 as yet again too-soon rich trouble came
 from Unferth's fond-belief he was unfairly rendered, less
 comparing his conceit to Beowulf's rise...
 his envy sought what framed Beowulf's acclaim
 his zealot-self obliged to shrivel, shrink and disappear
 by any deemed by others more than his self-knowing gleaned
 just as men-little swim the common trough
 but never crest the hero-wave
 and hide their paucity of self-esteem
 in dreams self-preening fantasies
 where merit's found in none but self...and none there yet
 the world held servant-picayune...for small imagining
 unlike things-real...their bubble-bursting in stock-dreams
 he rankled more beneath his breath
 so tightly held it cramped his puny chest
 until forced words outflew like shards of glass
 and reckless challenge found its nerve in him...
 as Unferth spat half-truths and quarter-lies
 wide-eyed amazement grew...surrounding all...

Spoke Unferth then:

*"Are you that Beowulf who...
 in swimming matched in open sea, swift Breca*

*claiming vainly you could win
 with only vanity for buoyancy of plan
 and then commendably you swam
 for seven days and nights
 and when exhausted...claimed dry-victory ashore
 while braver Breca had gone on and on
 beyond your limit's water-reach
 and safe more far away than you
 came 'round about unto his heartland's home again
 so that his gifts thus proved more strong and right
 than all of your puffy made-up claims
 which now dishonour you...still somehow great
 but never greater than your weighed conceit !*

*So then how pass that unscathed Grendel kills
 our strongest-feared, most skilled
 yet falls rag-like, a simpleton...to only you
 whose trumped up bravery
 and strength and skills
 lie waterlogged for all to see who hear me now...
 infamously beneath the roiling sea prevaricate
 where Breca like true porpoise darts...and still*

*forth and back...to and fro...above
 below, betwixt the roar of waves right now
 while you now cheat dry-landed here
 bestirring common dust now promise much
 too much...too steep...to earn our trust...! “*

Whereon Unferth brash critic, feigned
 disdainful sneers
 base phlegm congesting his deft-lies
 as then with awkward gesturing and bows
 he stumbled backward
 further from the better lord, whom he'd defamed...
 expecting that invectively, indignant wrath would surge
 unbracketed from him (was Unferth's scheme)

so that Lord Beowulf would unwittingly, condemn himself
 with rancour and invective out-of-hand
 except like all wise, stalwart, steady folk...
 great Beowulf, did not vent revenge
 instead impassively...with limpid truth and verity
 he spoke more real to all
 than Unferth's mead-filled envious lessening, of his proud name...
 and did elucidate, no thing not pleasing-plain to hear
 as to defend breached vanity...
 as judgements all around, eye-searched, deep-long...well into him...
 while he stayed calm with measured strophes
 side-stepped solicitude
 of man-child's strident puerile rant
 reflective, searching...truth subdued
 but not by painting right-and-wrong
 too-strong with partisan excess...
 and too, he was not home...and in another mood of place
 he might perforce, perform swift remedy
 unto Unferth's self-serving, spleen-rampant
 aimed hard, to rupture Beowulf's civil stance
 that was true-bent for common good
 with no bald gain...for private ends

Spoke Beowulf then:

*"I was the swimmer strongest in high waves
 and always was as child when 'er we romped
 with playful dolphins in the Northern Sea
 so cold that icebergs would not melt
 in keeping with mean temperatures
 friend Breca swam with me then stroke for stroke
 'till night time fell and colder still and colder yet
 as sea-brutes tossed in bold-fierce rivalry
 and then against our naked arms and knees and chest
 we failed defend
 excepting filigree of gold-chain-mail when bumped against
 as some strange creature dragged me...down, down, down...to fatal depths*

until I daggered all, its fevered holds on me
 and then on rising swiftly, to sweet air
 things stranger banged and bruised me still
 and none would go in peace...or make amends
 like border-enemies, who dare to cross
 and make outrageous claims, on all our stock and house and kin
 turned murderous, beast into beast
 I know no other way to peace, but war
 that crops up still again, again and yet again
 for greed and selfhood needs its prey
 in each of us...an inner-Grendel prowls
 unseen and will get out !
 and ill founded sentiment, of God or men
 ...provides no other way
 for nothing will be heard, of what is just
 nor substance gained by eloquence, of rights
 and thence, not one beast stopped harassing me
 to strip-off my deft buoyancy
 and so I endless lashed about...
 striking here and there as I best could
 but once came morn'
 a victor's grisly sight spread out
 but happily...wherein...a battlefield of beasts-attacking
 floated, lifeless there
 like flotsam cork that bobs aimless about
 and my fierce thrashing as they broached my body's sanctity
 through that long night had profited
 as many threats to sailors, by my leave...have disappeared
 to trouble them no more, on grey-cold-sea

If my friend Breca did, survive the further shore
 ...gives me but joy
 for until now my friend had drowned
 I sadly had not heard, this better news of him
 for which I am indebted and remain...
 unless Unferth...you serve up rancour daily in my cup

*I make amends for news, I could not know
 but now begins...when your next sun breaks out
 blue-skied again, before too long
 upon your once-fair land
 you and your children will...as not before I came
 find peace and shared tranquility
 where you abide or venture to and fro
 and your poor words Unferth
 and yet your more poor sword
 unequal-tasked, for guarding kith and kin and king
 can carve your bounty, in a tamer world
 with me alone...to thank and never you, paid due
 I bring a better day, to blood-soaked land...
 where you can grow, to count your blessings
 since...named Beowulf, makes it so
 for starting now...your enemy and not Beowulf, is dead
 Long live Dane King...
 and so I beg this night be peace, Unferth
 with much to do, assisting fate
 to make what must be, be
 for what is true and right...mere saying makes not so...
 so rest assured rewards to you
 come best as actions prove
 not words accrue...to disappear...with wind's infirmity "*

When yet another aimed sharp-questioning, at him
 our placid Hero, did not fold...
 again, he stayed his ground
 as if approaching enemy, on level field
 though one would die for sure
 fear-sweat grew not on him...since comes what will
 and nothing for the now, but do the deed...
 whereon the Unnamed asked
 not smug, nor seeking irony, but truth instead
 whereby a simple yea or nay
 might satisfy...his ardency

He this, to Beowulf spoke:

*"You seem full-square-brave-man and true
 pray man enough
 like none of us, to beat the beast
 but you now seem ordained, here now to know
 the outcome of fierce battles, not yet won...
 how can you prescient claim
 the outcome varied that tomorrow brings
 until in fact it's history for babes
 to learn of how it went
 When great good Beowulf strode, cliff-hugging shores...
 I ask this you and if you must
 refuse me for I know, I think
 what answers do...such speculation bring
 I beg your leave
 and dearly honour all your meaning well
 much vigour for, what no one else can do
 falls trifling here...to you !"*

At this Geat Beowulf paused
 as tittering began...
 somewhat amused at wit of challenge to their willing man
 and yet again, Geat Beowulf stayed unblanched
 beside which modesty intact
 would seem excess, of pride...

Whereon our hero answered critic thus:

*"Young man...aye young like me
 please heed that quick to judge and speak
 and flaunting eloquence
 too often tells quick lies
 prevaricate, from gross facility...
 truth adds slow weight to thought and words and deeds
 where honey drips too soon...tongue serpents ooze...oiled certainty
 therefore...I halt and stumble in my best reply*

and not for seeming wise
 but more for truth so I like you, might know it now...
 so say, now man, once boy like me...nor more, nor less
 all wishing's known, when only it's arrived
 yet foolish-wise we're tested, every time
 as if in fact, we could or can't, wish this or that
 yet bear the blame, for all we think and do
 though every thought, desire and deed was sent
 like from some distant land not known, arrived
 each thought...as well each act, is outside, seeded
 that plays out orders as it wust
 nor free itself...its being be, before us-being
 which we perceive as self-command
 presume freewill...but cannot ebb unwanted flaws
 that enter unannounced...like jackanapes
 except again pre-nascent cursors, order it
 and this way demons, chain demands
 that enter by, our demon entry door
 likewise pure, noble-thoughts, we claim
 as if we told the devil He, not welcome be
 in laying claim to good, or bad, for this or that
 life viewed plus-minus errant fallacy
 wherein volition reigns
 Saints-blessings serve as evidence
 for God's complicity...so fools can claim
 they shape the good or better...bad or worse
 denouement refined...spread on their plate
 like breakfast, lunch and dinner, every day
 these epicures of life and limb, unwittingly
 breed our dismay
 because, babes come from not yet them
 our thoughts and deeds, from our estate
 hermetically, made us, us...
 unlike plain, static dry-goods in a shop
 we wilt and grow and move self-in...self-out
 like battles raging over hill and dale
 manoeuvres gaining, thwart high field-commands

whereby conflicting and unorthodox attacks
 confusion and commotion, renders us
 the state that metamorphic, we will be
 and who I was mere part (of what I was)
 and predicate, of what I soon become
 according to my purse, friends, sun, wind, rain
 no being or thing, incontro-vertib-ally free
 a line that moving, breaks and folds and wanes and jumps-up-front,
 then far-behind, signifying...this or that, by names
 that suit the purpose of life's claims
 for ends we mainly do not know
 ...that have no root in any gasp of being
 like sand or wheat-chaff cannot know
 the pique or purpose of winds blown...
 likewise the claims of foreign-else, on us
 so votive invocations, unctuous pomp
 high-robed, serves speciously all wishing made
 before each wish we own is birthed
 to celebrate, what life mundane esteems
 (not bred and parth'n-ogenic born)
 though nubile maid concedes to catch a mate
 on river's bank...who'd catch a fish
 but caught her roving eye instead
 the lovely wanton rest of her as well
 to salve two hungers grown, not-willed
 urged on to where fulfilment lies
 like fish seeks prawns with upstream fishy mates
 presumptive master-slave to heart's desire
 as ignorant as trees of leaves and roots
 nor attributes from inside-out
 controlling how we're dealt and named
 from random pique or chance or will
 and so all things will duly pass from synergies
 ...not stiff-demands
 since absolutes cannot then strictly say...
 I am...you are...this world must rendered be...
 with rock, with field, with sky

with tree, with bird...with fox...with hare
 ...all named, unnamed, renamed
 a symbiotic flow...deep brewed
 a brew that wizards sip to fly their brooms
 while causal place in time is moot
 as Jupiter orbs sooner than does Saturn, ringed
 and so on out to Pluto and beyond
 and yet rotation curves do not decrease
 far-out instead...galactic orbits flatten spheric-paths
 where time and space allows
 for no pellucid entities to pass
 more flight of words and metaphors
 and dreams wed hard and firm extant...
 than carboniferous decay's dull history
 embrace more molecules and entropy
 ...and Sermons on or off the Olive Mount
 to catalogue the making of what was
 what's current now...and what comes next
 makes claims...once adamantly fixed
 heaps dung in our least thought-filled heads

nor known who heals the flux of being and things
 for comfort in our kingdoms, homes and hearth
 as love and hate moves to us and moves through us, out
 running, walking, sleeping, think and speak...
 I know this sounds conundrum-more
 than common known
 mysterious to nose and ears and eyes...
 and thoughts and prayers
 our rigid labels serve illusions just...with more conceit
 as further moves the cause apparent known
 and when we choose...to fight or fly, we're bound
 as firm as oak-leaves turning, face to sun
 oak's trunk unmoved...except to grow...
 When Gods were not ashamed...
 to show their faces good and bad, to high-ape, man

and never lied to say
 God-thinking is concentric to our plans
 ...no more nor less than plants
 we move fix-sphered to our seed's need
 motile we incubate, like acorn-oak
 as well, each outside-self conspires
 to make us what we are and will be yet...
 chained by desire our vaunted freedom deems all outside's fixed
 while inside free to be...just as we would
 like market-maid picks fruit will fancy some
 unwittingly's propelled, by outside being
 like lever prompts mill-wheels at river's bank
 good-grain turned into buns and loaves and cakes...
 we then must dare to ask the question set...
 does river choose to flow...does grain to chaff?
 does Miller-John decide that he must eat
 or else does hunger in, inside-of-him, decide...
 extending back to distant kinship-past?
 his belly said...please, plant enough to eat!

How else does vaunted wish conspire
 except like plants must have their water drops
 each step and breath we take, is prologued trap
 as Saintly good or Beowulf brave...or Grendel bad
 were formed in milk of all our mothers yet
 before Geat Vikings ruled their deep Fjords
 generic brine formed one-celled factories
 from slime made his-tor-y...with pillage, rape and war
 to manufacture Courtiers and Kings
 and even dear-old-mom did not, free-willed
 direct the parts we fill
 ...methinks admonishments for this or that
 to don a scarf (for bitter cold) or don't-look-down
 (before-we-leap the chasm gaping there)...if leap we must
 so too's been scripted, parent roles
 each mother/father/puppet, trapped
 space-time itself a servant of each mind

Where puppet-parents, cling to roles
 as if the rules of roles were not writ-down in blood
 as virtuous or saintly, rearing cubs for kitchen, labour or for war
 no different than, pride's lioness or bear
 who do and care, as much as mother could
 without slick claims, of unctuous cant
 as priests and preening doters do...
 not one jot more nor less than sorry-self
 and none can break set-mould
 for time/space/entropy...growth and decay
 say when I say...I will...I'll go or stay
 is pride's illusion going for a walk...!

So then, how's it ordained, you ask...
 I beat the Grendel beast, forthwith...?

Because loud-speaks his dastard-doom
 a trumpet to my ear
 of my great victory presumptive, over him...

I'm talking almost circles now I know
 but what is any man or Hero then, supposed to do ?
 since tongues drag nonsense out, from waiting lips
 and we have voice and ears, to hear
 as answers come and questions go
 and roundabout...or else dumb beasts...and what's then proved ?
 devoid of sword-gold-power, for their quest
 poets cast their lines...to catch a maid...or fame
 How speak of love or speak begone
 or you are this or this is great or small...?
 Use grows from latent tongues...
 as nothing prompts a storm like quiet-calm
 and even words, that flounce and fly
 with no more weight as someone said...than flimsy wind
 can bear the brunt of sad-or-joy
 with word-strong alphabets "

As he prorogued, hewed warriors
 out-broke a mighty roar
 and clapped their Hero-speaker on the back...
 for great he was to them indeed
 but yet was one of them
 and struggled just the same, was clear
 although with stronger arms and better wits
 t'was plain to see...so
 when Hrothgar heard how resolutely limpid plain
 Beowulf declared staid facts and subtleties
 as would confound a seer...laid-out so dullards comprehend
 and claimed there, nothing not his own
 that did not to him by right of might
 and his own grace belong...
 therefore Hrothgar stayed, firm-sure
 and waited just...as good Kings wust
 as his Queen Wealhtheow broached assembly there
 bedecked in subtle, layered-whites and tints of rose
 well-centred and serene...yet wore no diadem
 nor crowned disdain
 nor flaunted jewels, befitting once great realm
 instead...her posture spoke, true royalty
 in every warp and woof of all she, Wealhtheow did
 true grace displayed as well in thought and deed
 and then...for lords and warriors of rank
 queen-hand served all with nectar poured in flasks
 ambrosiatic liquid pure
 to cleanse and purify the guts and fervent souls
 of Thanes who clung to husband King's, august command
 though withered some...
 Hrothgar still, tall-stalwart stood
 as all Thanes kneeled
 who vowed to Beowulf favours fit...for Demigod of War
 but also Goddess Love's felicities
 endowed all dames and maids, on him
 not least the Queen
 so manifest was Beowulf, Geat
 before first blows were struck
 for good or bad or right or wrong
 to cleanse his neighbour's battered land of grief

received much honour and much love
 just by his presence and far-ringing-name
 and though mere mortal, like no mortal was
 he stood acclaimed and pleased much
 with more to do, to fill his promised aims
 as then hurrahs broke awkward lull
 momentous, almost like old rites in gold-roofed-hall...
 as still more glad with clamouring, poured out.
 But then as night became...feast-night wore on
 as still more shadows grew, more shadows grew
 deep filled with dark, adumbral blackness yet...
 imbuing things unknown, outside of dreams
 that never saw, bright daytime boon of light...
 unnamed monitions moaning, darted there
 and too some thought they heard
 from fearful inner-space, in secret-rooms
 beneath sight-reckoning too dim
 yet palpable as backlit deer on brow of hill
 or tables weighted down, with pitted-boar
 and venison for hosting friends...more firm than ghosts
 as once bright-burning-torches, flickered out
 they gripped on flesh with painful barbs
 that cannot be pulled out
 to leave unholy mess, of guts and blood
 like honey on the mead-house walls
 spread-out for dancing-bears
 heads piled on heads, neat-coned like billiard-balls
 as lurking-Grendel gathered darkness 'round him like a shield
 ...of murky clouds that deep low-valleys hold
 thus never in sharp-silhouette appeared
 concealing-self, as he stalked better men, asleep at home
 and cursing-raged at sturdy door
 and framed impediments at village-gate
 snapped lock-and-hinge
 as if with might of moral-right, on him bestowed...
 unwarning entered, ripped, destroyed

 At once, beast-rancour turned, joy-absolute
 to seize great-pleasure from most-pain
 and so he rolled and laughed
 a boist'rous child at play
 and would blood-drink from buckets grim...
 beg mommy more...

please, mommy...mommy, more...more, more !
 had he like-us-a-throat to pour blood in
 but unlike us, he had no trough to fill-in-up
 but was pure-solid-sordid-horror-packed
 from flesh-to-flesh...from lumpy-bumpy pointed head
 to clawed prehensile, twisted toes
 that seemed yet more tree-root, than man-ape-framed
 all tautly formed, with mouldy, greenish-purple-violet-skin
 that seemed reptilian or serpent-hide
 except caught-up like oyster-shells
 soft-lit in gentle rain
 strange lumin-os-ity, hint-spoke, something sublime
 of subtle, goodly, strangely sweet, benign
 betraying depths that varied evil with some pure other-thing
 that lingered yet...but not redeeming him...
 instead served foil and counter to his crimes
 contrasting beautiful and pure...with ugliness
 as Nature does unlikely this sometime
 with tricks and traps and trials
 for conscientious minds...makes symbols for...
 who would desire virtue, truth and beauty
 better than they find
 to see in unexpected, treasured, gentle things
 fresh hope that vaunted goodness will survive, depravity
 presuming Heaven's sign for what, we might yet be
 without the floods and flames and wars and crimes
 of human-beast's sad-histories
 worse-made than any wolf or fox or bear, imbued with hope
 unlike all other canine-beast but us
 we might find better-place...by lure of portents, visitations...
 miracles that rise and float and multiply...
 as if the rot and swill we see and know and be
 were something spare...
 to higher essence of our natural-selves
 ...except of course, for this or that anomaly

And so, did even Grendel play hope-imaging...
 teased by faith there was redeeming good in him...
 urged by prophetic ciphers in long robes
 true-value hidden as he cut off limbs and heads and toes
 to practice thrust and parry where and when
 to strike with prompting
 polished carbon-black, dark soul...

as if he had a soul...or else we did
 so many corpses now...
 where might all poor souls live (?)
 unfit to fight for hearth and land...
 if we had ever souls
 too thin and wispy to contend
 since bodies rot and in great-circles...
 round and round and round...and back to stardust go
 where bide ten-trillion arid souls
 who cannot lie and cheat and kill...for *lebensraum* ?

Then came he too...came Grendel suddenly
 and quick, too soon...
 in spite of metaphysic-idling
 with protracted muse
 ignoring all but one crude aim
 the-damned-one struck and killed and mauled a man
 a careless one, who'd closed his eyes
 exhausted from his sea-spent journey long
 for honour, love, respect
 when he'd return to wife and child
 from neighbour's land to fight their common foe
 much heralded
 but trusting much-too-soon
 as simples do, he sprouted blood
 and then by horse-sized dogs
 quite ruefully, was gobbled up

as if expanse of floor was wolfish plate...
 his bloody-bits regurgitant, puked all around
 and on thonged stalwart feet
 of wide-eyed Beowulf where he stood
 as Grendel's claws flew to his neck
 just then, just then...
 swift Beowulf's hand grasped-tightly to defend
 and in a flash, surprised
 he drove bleak-feral back...pressed the attack
 as thick oak floorboards groaned and cracked
 and bearing timbers, trembled through the hall
 as if the whole of earth had fallen down

beneath, around, ferocious striving pair
 who gripped each other in, strange, vital dance
 almost like lovers, who, in caring much
 compound the ecstasy they feel
 while raucous, frantic, crashing fury...pounded ears
 mad-struggling to exceed each other's grip
 they tripped and stumbled, grappling, grasping
 holding, striking, ripping, choking, clawed...
 'till fearful loser's screeching stretched, so far
 it spread the news of war to furthest lands
 a din so loud, those habitant
 soon-guessed world's sorry end had come...
 as if the world's good men entire
 had been struck-down
 and screamed in unison, at once...their last
 but learned quick-soon
 both near and far, a better thing
 since tragedy, all good and bad suits taste
 that happy day
 the dammed-one fell instead...to greater foe
 as manacled...Geats cut at beast with tempered best
 of sharp ancestral hero-blades
 retained from battles with just fame, they'd won...
 but yet their blade-skilled-art, failed penetrate

his cloak of tempered-vicious, viscous gall...
 they soon found-out, that dealing Grendel dead
 was more than any battle claimed as won
 although fierce Grendel now
 by iron-grip of Beowulf's hand was tamed...
 the humbled monster's pain gained eloquence
 no upright, honest, scatologic Heathen knows...
 loud grew and grew until beast crawled to hide
 beneath fen-bank in shame...

unequal made by Beowulf in their fight
 as one long arm of his, detached, was lost
 he loathfully propelled broke, damaged parts
 deep-down to his corruptive dank-marsh-den
 through slurried excrement and blood
 where fetid gross-entrails remained afloat
 where unheard infamy of hell

in hell itself, contained more hell
 indeed a Chinese box in box
 ...in box of Hell, Hell, Hell
 Hell down, down, down, down, down
 a fractal Mandel-brot-ian descent of Hell...
 that Hell, where bedlam monsters go
 enlaid at last...to sob unseen
 like fragile infants suck self-pity-up
 from precious wounds
 more of broke-spirit than torn flesh...
 while still swung-there, in mead-hall bare
 Grendel's wrecked-arm on rafters high...
 reminding men who laugh and play and sing
 too-much, too-pleased, too-soon
 with their own blessed comfort now
 of what had been and what could come
 ...while we stay blind
 as things good-bad, in full of time, make rules
 that play with lives
 like chaff in chancy wind does
 come what may, beyond our ken
 deserving well or not
 ...at ease in peace or not
 from plans no one can heed or find

the lead and bridle to life's mare that gallops on
 to left and good and south and bad
 and north and right
 beyond the land and sea of hearing
 or of seeing clear and well
 beyond meridia and longitudina
 beyond those stars...we claim our own



*Beowulf is warned of the increasing enmity of Christians against
his consummate criticism of Volition and Monotheism*

c a n t o t w o

Beowulf is watching the sunset, reflectively seated, cross-legged, upon a large boulder that projects out over the edge of a beautiful fjord...with a paper cup of Tim Horton's coffee at his side and a walnut-krull pastry half-eaten...

...these Beowulf's thoughts:

*“ So loathsome Grendel sought, as do we all
...perfection in his needs
but right for him demands, calamity
that leads him to his proper end
no Saint would claim...and
doing so inflames, the envy of his peers*

Who war likewise, for their desserts
 Where armies seek, the privilege of gain
 that multiplies
 to then confuse, all seemly and unseemly ends
 as no man claims their error, as their own
 instead defend their wrong
 with right ignored...or else renamed

While true and false and good and bad
 speak urgency
 beyond the font of ev'ry poor man's boot
 each step is turnabout...
 a whirligig of shapes and names and rules
 that run to priests and courts
 to punish doubters' doubt...

Is all the thrall, of self-exalted themes...(?)
 corruptive schemes that lead to temples hollow...
 but, where oh where does vanity reside...(?)
 How rend the the three-barred gate
 that blocks enlightenment...(?)
 Is death not passively exhausted life...(?)
 Are we the milling arms and ears and hands of death itself (?)
 ...usurpers of all peace and bliss and round content
 who flatter beast's, least-beastly dreams...
 mock-monumental cherished schemes...
 as we seek peace...is war the fact desired...(?)
 arms broken, legs...exploding heads our hidden goal (?)

Are you true gentle, or just seeming so...?
 decrying war...why is that warrior like us, so much (?)
 three heads...eight feet...six knees...twelve toes
 declaring war...he lives and breathes as we do too
 why warrior when, no battle-axe grows out from him ?

*Who is soldier...who the saint...(?)
 who is the baker and the ribald rake (?)
 except they're us...estranged by vanity concealing us !
 ...why blame...who did not make themselves
 but grew from good or worse...or better soil (?)*

*Justice requires boldness indeed
 to lead the world...to make amends, with sanctity intact...
 except each epoch bends
 to masters calling from the Wild
 where dim light leads us...to
 fierce battles with blind men “*

Beowulf and The Unnamed Imprudent are seated at a round table in a corner of the great Mead Hall and the light from a roaring fire on the grate flashes red and yellow upon them as they swill their beakers of mead...as other warriors lay sleeping on the roughhewn benches and except for the rising and falling voices of our two loquacious Thaness there is such an absolute of silence...their words seem broadcast, except for the random putrid farting from the sleeping men, which they ignore...

The Unnamed Imprudent inquires:

*“I cannot fathom how a man like you, Beowulf
 who throws himself into the pitch and breach
 all men dumfounded at your feats
 as maidens clinging to your golden locks
 hang, breathing sighs
 how you can claim as dunning fact
 we have no choice in spite of all our aims
 ...except as fate decides
 so then our fate ordained
 this world needs us no more...since fate be all
 no matter if we rise or go or stay or stray
 ...that is the logic that you speak !*

*Why sound the bugle...chase the hare...why dance till dawn
 or worn and weary fight till dusk...
 then seek sun glimmering at edge of day with song ?
 Instead stay rooted in your room to frame a life
 since prostrate on your goosey bed would do
 ...though strong your arm and swift your wit
 what's said of this by me can't be denied..."*

Beowulf paused at these remarks
 as all was silent then...except for murmuring
 and sulph'rous passing of foul-wind
 as loud and strong as cannon-shot of modern-age
 because...these warriors were real
 and not conjectures in some idler's book.

Spoke Beowulf thus:

*"Oh yes, indeed, well said...
 but not enough's considered here...
 We are the world itself made destiny
 contingent to it's surge as we're comprised
 and cannot make a segregate of self
 and fail because our effort too's prescribed
 and we are tortoise-shelled by fate
 no more escape than can low crawling beast
 fate is the carapace within and not outside (of us)
 We will perform as instruments...not king of our own being..."*

To which the Unnamed interrogator responded:

*"I know there is much-speak by many now
 of God...a single one
 instead of panoply we've known*

this one called Saviour, came
 to save us from our first-born sin
 that knowledge sprang-up-from
 when first an apple seeded-knowing
 Ad-am from that dame Eve took
 and so began unhappy burden of free choice
 no longer beasts...we rose to rise
 much higher than our bleating flocks
 and broods and packs of long-toothed scavengers
 like we were made...but little Gods...
 doomed subject to our sport of appetites
 ...yet still say you...we have no choice for good or ill
 and have no will to mark out yea or nay ?

Your sentiments are heresy, to this Jew's claim
 who calls for gentle-being entire
 no murdering, not anywhere...
 say you to this...?
 I wait on it with ears set wide
 and patience for, fair nuances
 ...as you contend "

Spoke Beowulf, him:

" I am a warrior Prince...no seer
 nor prophet yet
 and nothing of me's holy that I know
 indeed no holiness lurks anywhere...
 not under rocks...nor up above clouds high
 except perhaps that rocks and trees and skies
 all holy be...yet nothing else
 likewise I be just me and cannot void what sticks
 like honey to my brain...though seldom sweet
 and cannot call a butterfly an eagle, yet...
 or spying eagle flying high
 shout...hey there...see the goat !

*Things have their place...
 seas stay exactly where sea bottoms lie
 and mountains stay up high as mountains must
 and what is so...so is
 and do not know, where holiness abides
 I speak no source...but what seems plain to me
 and cannot wait on others to explain my up and down
 if seeming flatters me sometime or serves my ends
 I'll not pretend that seeming is enough*

*I will not speak with diagrams
 that points to fancies or to dreams...
 indeed, I have no plan...and know no God...
 but do see plain enough
 that all has come deep-cloaked in mystery
 and cannot claim deep knowledge known
 what can't be known...to suit my game
 but then to name it and divulge its plans
 ...aye...He or She or It...is more than wise
 and as the world comes here full blown, pre-born
 why not believe it now !
 One does not question fruit that falls from trees
 pure apple-essence is each apple bite
 not paradigms of molecules, nor old prophetic books !*

*Why question round and red and appleness
 whose essence is its palpable, good fruit...?
 Whatever lies behind the apple form must be much less...
 not more than happy, wholesome, appleness !
 Life's meaning is, in life lived whole...as life abides
 as is and should and should not, why
 and how...just idler's games !*

*We murder goats and turn them on a spit
 did this Jew Jesus eat dead flesh or raw...and who eats us ?*

sometimes it's men...like us...or Lion, Tiger, Bear
 and where's this Jahweh while we're murdering ?
 When Tiger culls the goat...ripping its flanks...?
 such killing too is what all Heroes do...
 yet mother trained me only to defend
 our rights of property and peace at home
 who now kill better than fierce Lion or Bear
 poor beasts who must fear me, as well they should
 are also doomed by greater beast than me, called Time...
 who preys on all and creeps unerringly
 to where we hide, the cricket and the lamb
 the king dethroned, grown old
 so not just me breeds feeble things sad-reckoning
 Time nurture's, lingers...but one day
 Time turns away...like enemies hang-on
 to snatch our land, droves, house and kin...
 for unkind appetite's, rough butchery !

There is for all a reservoir, that's placid, smooth and still
 where underneath, aboil, a universe
 that ebbs and flows toward us, not on call
 but as it pleases just...more like as it must
 with pressures building antecedent plans
 to order speak or else be silent now

Shalt not kill...indeed, is patent sham
 a fulsome lie that flatters all
 who'd see themselves, ourselves...not as we are
 whom as I've said...where killing comes
 mere lions, tigers, wolves and bears
 are buttercups, compared to me
 and unlike me, they do not random kill
 from mere excess of pride
 of name...and skilled ferocity
 but just to eat...or else to stake out land
 imperatives that make us...what we are
 who have no choice to thrive and breed

*and see dark threat in shapes and shades
scapegoats for our, beast-reckoning*

*Of course we do not flaunt brute needs
so children play at happy time
and mothers cooing loveliness wear pretty shawls
that open here and there and fold
diaphanous on fertile days
leave trails unto the passage of their womb
and smile as we who conquer them, succumb
most willing victims to their fertile plan...
Which is indeed to make the world go round
and world goes round as much by anything, it does by sin
We parse to hide...
your Jew makes foolish, you unmade...unmanned ! “*

Then Unnamed spoke:

*Perhaps you're right !
I wonder though...these priests are sure
and hold their heads so high
and don such patched-up frocks
that broadcast self-effacing foils...to rich accouterment
that kings and courtiers will vainly wear
their ragged cloaks dirt-drag on dusty ground
and sometimes pour hot-ash down on their heads
...and flagellate
while swearing knowledge richer than a King's
armed with sententious truth, spout anodynes
and name all that their God intends
revealed by Prophets in sparse wilderness
who spoke to God or He to them, they claim
and only madmen, liars or fools could know
that it was God Himself...addressing them !*

Of course...of course...I was not there...
 or else it all, might seem a dream
 less strange perhaps than dreams that I have had
 ...how can I know...except by certitude, of Priests
 or else from honest leaders in our land
 no proof of facts or skill required
 to build their holy bridge or holy pies...
 whole banquet-piles...of holy bliss
 on which they gorge right up to Heaven's Gates
 and stay convinced by never seeing God...
 so proof yea/nay does not contend
 good-servant-faith serves them instead
 of common ways to know what comes and goes
 and too...albeit Hero that you are...Beowulf
 your claims to me again seem speculant
 ...you do not say you know
 but only that you reason thus and thus
 and draw on evidence denied
 ...but abjure absolutes
 Yet...liking you, affection, man to man
 I must divulge what lies in store
 these priests and sycophants are many now
 still biding time they're planning your demise
 they do intend to shut you up...
 so far they've met religiously, three times
 and hope and pray to burn you on a pyre
 ensuring your demonic thoughts are truly dead
 and can't revive by devilish means contrived
 to thrive somewhere, sometime, again
 although you make no transcendental claims
 you are they say dark-enemy
 of Christ's True Word
 they call you 'Heathen Sacrilege'
 and roll their eyes and bite their tongues
 and grin a vacant tight-faced grin
 and lick their lips
 say first they want to pluck-out

both, your clear-blue eyes
 and slit your tongue to bury in a pit
 and build their Holy Church of Jesus Christ on it
 to mind all Sinners who do not repent
 against the Sacred might and right of lonely God
 who punishes dissenters to His throne
 which rises higher than the sky
 and lasts, forever and a day
 and though for them you slew this Grendel beast
 and his cruel mother too, to save and soothe their lives...
 and never questioned merit of their cause
 you'll find in minions here
 more numerous than ants
 as strong as love of God...
 ungratefulness thrives too, in them
 so numerous that even you Beowulf, cannot contend
 so they will vanquish you
 though none are braver than the circus clown
 who fashioned his career
 from fear of cricket-shadows, everywhere
 and yet their copious presence makes them strong
 their courage grown
 from harsh arithmetic...of numbers long
 like ants enough
 defeat a bear..."



Beowulf is confined to a pit by an angry mob of righteous Christians...intending to burn him at the stake for blasphemy and all that ensues...including a confrontation with Jesus Christ

Canto Three

There in a pit,,,and no one more than me surprised
 to see Beowulf hand-bound encircled there...
 except I know that even Heroes can succumb...
 that bravery and wit are no defense
 against those throngs more tempted by their ignorance
 than are wise-men who feign-not certitude
 but bide their time to change their minds
 and hold-off action until action must !

Torch light descended down on him
 and flickered on his high, broad, brow
 so that he flitted in and out of shadow/light
 and spoke sure clarity and calm
 to all those clamouring around
 the sharp-edged pit
 who there stayed peering down at him
 expecting humble-pie and pissing-fear
 in face of their almighty, righteous, Christian-wrath...

were thus surprised and hushed
by his cool temper, contempt and disdain...

**Spoke Hero Thane right-upward to
bloodthirsty mob who there looked down at him:**

*“Good Christians all I must explain...
it’s plain except to fools...
your virtue seen here now remains supreme...
or else would I be abject peering up at you
well-armed at Righteous God’s command
whose love for Virtue and for Peace
provides you all with deadly arms
to mock me with...a piteous object here
placed deep beneath your boots and clubs
because my puny brain
blinds me to all your proof
and speaks to me with devil’s tongue alone, to say
I know no God except you say He’s good
and so I wonder at the sight of you
who do God’s work
by digging me this sharp edged pit
well-armed with knives and clubs
and strong rough-rope
to hot-torch me for holy light
against dark-evil I perform
by speaking plain the little that I know*

*I hesitate as your great mercy here unfolds
to say I pity you...mere apes of sanctity
whose mimicry propels
rude glory for your hungry ears
but action here eclipses your desires
you’re struggling up an endless slope, like Sisyphus
and will again descend
more deeply ignorant of where you’ve been
concealing your obtuse, corrupt desires*

But...if there are...some truly gentle here
 who would let goodness thrive (for goodness' sake alone)
 and not wield virtue, detriment to my poor being...
 to let each cloud and sunburst makes its way...
 without your fulsome tinkering
 be you a Christian Dog or Heathen Knave like me
 do not take umbrage with rude claims for decency
 ...still good abides
 and what seems blatant rot I only comment on
 and do not judge, I swear...
 but tweak presumptive paragon's unseemly core
 and offer means to judge one's self...one so inclined
 free of those gushing fountains where, self-love imbibes

Indeed...it's hard for even subtle men...to find their way
 and earnestness, for all its worth...can't save a fool
 but I must say, in spite of all your heartfelt claims
 my argument is not with you
 mere men (like me...more beasts than know)
 I argue God...like God were less
 than figment of impov'ished minds
 and cannot name your lonely God, whom I've not met
 nor even Thor or Freia famed
 who've roamed fjord-land, it's said, for many years
 and stirred things up
 before the slightest hint, of brutish Geats
 or any Jew, named Abraham or Christ...was born

I take no blame for good or ill
 and cannot see now, why I should...
 for the crude-essence of this world
 and how it came to pass...no way I know
 I argue pain itself and death...
 I argue blood that flows ungraciously
 with every cut and thrust

...what twisted humour lies in this...(?)
 as wounds and age corrupts quick, youth and play
 with cold, too cold and too hot, hot...

I rail against sparse sunlit summer-days
 and dreary winds, that don't let up
 sweet-blessings when they come...not frequently

I thank my arm and wit
 and yet no Titan's generosity...
 for when I feast...three starve because
 I robbed their plates...
 so world is made and not by me

All grief derives from God...if God there is
 Do madmen choose like John-the-baker, buns today ?
 Where Virtue thrives
 perfection mocks, imperfect in the ditch
 to blame the freak...when troglodytes deride
 ...was his intent to injure you, with gross ungainliness ?
 and even me who cant claim wit or prescience
 as you in all your insight, do here now
 for I enjoy, a smaller heart
 and much less wisdom than the least of you
 here, bound in shame and made to wallow in a hole
 like where you defecate...
 except it is too big and grand...for lonely scat
 a pot so large for common cause
 you can all drown me in detritus now
 as you bend low and groan, in unison
 pure holy shit behalf of lonely God...

It's not from pride I cannot keep
 to Holy claims for Him
 am I malformed, to wreck your proof
 and then denounce, false reasoning...?

might not calamities
all be reversed, by God Omnipotent
for God's Great Love alone ?

Yet fevers wreck your child...
and pussy boils consume their flesh
swift-bound to narrow grave
(I show more pity when I drown a rat)
the old blind man, for pennies beaten there...
or innocence, by flagrant lust destroyed
but rest-assured, calamity's secured
which you must know, if you just breath
that all your cant, won't feed a cat...
nor hoards...at Sermons on the Mount
nor prophet's bargains made, with Good or Bad

The world as made, it cannot be undone
and all ambitious tinkering, will not
affect one source...
you know me as a warrior as I must...
world history is grim...who made it so...
not me, nor you...and so I blame God's roots !
I do not choose, yet Kill I must...or else be killed
is it your Gentle God, who made it thus (?)
and what think you of God, who seals my fate
with your free hands...to burn me at the stake
...is this the God whom you would have me love (?)
who loves all sinners...yet, would fry me thus ?

I'd be such God as kill a goat, before I roast him for my plate
and yet you say I've sinned against, His Holy name ?

Well then...call me dog pestilence, or else
fool-son of rampant whoer name
...but let me out of here !

Give me my sword (!)
 for it contains true-steel...most unlike yours
 which shrouded you keep sharp with holy words
 and bronze its point with unctuous lies
 ...give me my steady horse and stalwart shield...
 so I can split hot, holy, heads
 and slaughter all your enemies
 like Grendel famed, threescore
 but I'll not stay and roast for hollow names
 nor murder Christians, shouting...

"I'll not worship you, Beowulf!"
 since fools say yay...or nay...and I'm a fool
 not unlike any of the untold many...just like you
 so if I claim I worship, then...well what of that
 ...and if I say "do not..." how more or less than that
 is blowing wind or sand to moon and stars
 When I'm compared to them...less than a speck of dust...!
 Could Thor or Freia...or that silly Jew-God, Jesus
 care, which wind I blow...?
 I'm just a man and cannot bargain
 with whatever made me thus
 or chide, the maker of me in the sky
 where chariots of gold and precious jewels parade
 so fanciful up there....and all that is
 so scarce right here on earth...or on a donkey in the square
 or scrunched up like a beetle under rocks
 I know him not...I know my belly aches to fill
 and gladness comes, when music treats my ear
 or children laugh...or neighbour greets me where I walk
 and nothing else I know except I must proceed to battle as I must...
 to keep my land...indeed...your land...bereft of thieves
 who hang about...yet share, though miscreant enough
 a higher claim on Good and Bad and Right or Wrong
 than you do here, infamously, this day !

...then someone screamed:

*"Chop off his head...he blasphemes God !
In Jesus Holy Name this sinner must be stopped ! "*

At this some turned with eyes to ground and disappeared...
perhaps ashamed of their poor image in a mindful glass...
or had they merely sudden pressing chores...
to herd the sheep or batten-doors
against the rise of stiff new wind ?
but Beowulf read no kindness from this crowd
and leaped out from the deep-dark pit
right over all their clamouring
and then with hands still bound
he ripped a sapling from the solid earth
and swung it like a cyclone through the motley throng
as some fell there, kerplunk
and others broke, like sheaves before a storm...
and then *fear-havoc* rose as someone bellowed :

" Do not run! Attack ungodly Beowulf...man of war ! "

as rising Christian enmity against the hero miscreant
spread soon enough...but not as they'd surmised...
since only seconds passed...
two-score, once strident holy Christians, there, were downed
with broken limbs, as scatter on the ground
and those unscathed could do, naught else
but groan and curse and moan
'till one clear shouted loud

"Where is our God...we need Him now !"

At this great Beowulf, dared to smile
as he leaped on his snorting piebald-mare
rode days-nights, through valleys deep and mountains high
until he came unto a favourite spot he'd known
...in childhood dreams alone
and there a swift-clear-brook ran near a cave
with portals spreading wide

a lake like glass inside...
and maidens, scantily dressed, sang six-part harmonies
of lewd and lovely songs
like nubile sweethearts he had known
but perfect more than ever any was...
spoke out his name
and thought he dreamed
until he felt a hand caress his brow
and circling him
...sweet arms wrapped-round his waist
...pressed down
to ravish him with kisses everywhere
in ways that proper Christians never dare
...or else ashamed
as they unclothed him by the crystal lake
and lissome sisters brought him aphrodisiacs
...as if he'd needed aid
for all the ardour that coursed through his veins
enflaming lips and tongue
that drew these maids to him
one by one or all at once
so their fierce-gentle kissing did not end
and round and round about they whirled...
to fall on downy-pillows lain
where they all tousled, teased
and pulled and stroked
and smoothed his tangled hair
and never stopped
until twelve dawns unfolded dusk again
and his great hunger for their lips and thighs
...grew more and more
until he wondered if his wanting them would end
until some weeks had passed...
his body wrecked for need of rest
ambrosia-oil and frankincense
and honey-liquids passed
well-down his long-parged throat...
'till strength again by increments, was earned
as he gave out deep sighs
yet could not move, until more days had passed

enthralled...in deep delirium
and then with vigour he'd not known 'till then...
inside the seeming ends, of all this earth
an exponential chord of vibrant harmony...spread out from him
as long months passed, wherein he never thought
to raise his sword and he then knew...
what was this thing called paradise
and how it lay not high above
but deep in fertile earth...
where growing sprang and many things that had befuddled him
or could not name, were named
with all their consequence revealed
from pleasure he had gained...
a clearer heart and mind than any known
and stayed restrained, incumbent on a chair
deft carved from alabaster smooth
contoured as fit the rise and fall of every sinew
bone and muscle that he owned
so that its lack of softness, was not missed
and there for days, tranquility consumed him much
and many thoughts, imbued by latency
sprang forth to speak
internally, to him, of what they would
or else he would then speak out loud...
...with no one there to hear him, run amuck
made sane like no man was...
because, there Beowulf had succumbed to reveries
but not quite dreams...of such delight
that charmed him so...time seemed to flash
yet held him firmly in its grip, enthralled
a waking sleep...evoking cornucopias
of pleasures known
where conscious thought, more full than ever, yet retreats
encompassing the shape...the smells
and sounds of things...in untold harmonies
now at the forefront of his being
sucked into drowsiness
by all the cataleptic tonics he'd absorbed
and now...once ceased...
stayed not too long or far away

a thralldom in...his heart of hearts, of paradise...
 where he had indeed once truly gone
 yet not obscure...no dream
 but really real
 which yet no words evoked to be believed
 remaining well outside...
 beyond all he had known or would again

...and so, soliloquized:

*"I do not know, why most men act
 as if their ignorance were ample grounds for certitude
 then run in circles...edify from whence they came
 ...they think the world has stayed the same
 yet never strive to seek out change
 ...the same old world they think
 ...of course it's not
 but will not see, fresh-flowering
 defeat the day before, begun
 so hope and striving's sensible
 not with old plans or ways or programs past
 but urgently confronted now
 resources build, to deal with still more fertile being
 the instant lives (cognitively)
 and all eternity, is now...
 and yesterday, means ancient history
 each time we see that this is this...or that is that
 a window on a moving train, through wonderland
 kaleidoscopic coattail flux
 we do not know...of source nor ends
 a whiff of essence bared
 as tangent real...more tangents pose*

*These Christians cling like donkeys to a rut
 their dogma shrieks at anything
 that wont stick well to patterned grooves
 abjuring sense they cling to mere belief*

unchanging truth in all eternity their code
 disdaining proof...contrary to the sense they'd use
 to build a fence...to keep the horses in
 and coyotes out
 or build a boat to float and fend a storm
 and reach for safety at the river's bank

They find much comfort in self-preening lies
 and dramatize, with prophets in the dust
 abject penury's, symbolic means
 to feed their claim, they be not beasts
 yet nothing know...not beast except...pretend
 their patron Jew named Jesus, subtle fool
 who knew the way, to hold great sway
 who dreamed a dream perhaps...no fault in that
 but deemed its worth, while but a dream
 ignoring daily life mundane...that goads to war

Transcendancy...pure egocentric madness
 was His game
 and GeatLand Great my home, succumbed to it
 where acolytes wage war, for Truth and Peace
 and not for want of Gold and Land, or so pretend
 confused, not knowing what still drives them on
 but do the deed and breathe the lie
 God help them if there is...a Moral One
 for He'd disown these Christian hypocrites
 as I do now, though just a man
 who sins they claim...by being merely, what I am..."

As he spoke out
 not knowing of a witness there...
 Prince Beowulf heard sound tinkling bells
 spread out, from glinting silv'ry leafy woods
 that framed the valley stretched below
 just as a shape emerged...that seemed afloat to him
 stop itinerant, zigzag...
 while hardly moving legs at all

appear too soon and suddenly, before him there
 a most strange man...who straightway asked
 for wine and cheese and bread
 as not to shrink the thane's food-stock too much
 and then did drink and eat like all men do
 with eager lips that welcome plenty, more than want...

At first He naught but smiled...
 then with no prompting waved his hand
 as if conferring wide beneficence
 from sky to earth and shore to shore...
 and there a face not quite of Earth to Beowulf known...
 He then, stood now...before him there
 and...not given much to gape and awe
 Beowulf was awed there then
 too honest being to fake effect
 if not expedient to higher rules
 so stayed quite still, for form's aspect
 and waited for
 this strange new man, to speak...
 else disappear
 prepared to serve what need must be
 at this queer time.

...until the stranger spoke again:

*"You are a warrior, I know...
 for fairness, right and truth
 much as you see it so
 yet, I do now and verily I say
 ...your murdering must end
 it's said here in this book of Abraham
 whose wisdom leads those flocks well lost
 to where Unending Truth and Peace resides...
 how can you take blood-dripping sword to Paradise ?*

*How can you know when you do right or wrong
 except God says and I say too...
 who Am and speak His name
 I Am the Way...I Am the Light*

...you know not what you do !
 You must repent...and take unto yourself
 the One True God
 Who as it happens is the Me...who stands before you now
 who knows to feed your ignorance
 as I alone, see fit
 so then be humble, genuflect
 at ev'ry trumpet of My name
 and beg forgiveness for your sins
 and verily I say...lay down your sword
 go forth in peace and sin no more !
At this Geat Beowulf roared out-ringing-oaths of disbelief...

" Cursed be ! The Jackanapes Himself...!
 I hear you now or else my ears tell lies !
 I see you now or else my eyes prevaricate
 to trick all inner sense of claims I know...
 you must be Jesus then...
 raised up from Hell...or Heaven now, or both !
 For sure to be...a fool must breathe and live
 or else all those not fools
 must be much greater fools who likewise live
 fools certain live and breathe and now before me
 clinging to my space and pouring nonsense on my ears
 the Man Himself who plays with me
 as if I had no sharper wit than some dull stone
 and using as a ploy some apparatus foolery...
 that has You almost float and skim the ground
 ...mechanics or trick miracle perhaps...
 since all true miracles and magic are just lies
 their purpose only seeming like our own

But strange or no...I do not know
 for want of knowing it
 yet still I do know words that leap from lips or page

from God of fancy or mere men
 remain, just words the same...as wise or dull
 ...so if you are like all your supplicants now claim
 perforce a God who causes harm not named
 perhaps unwittingly

or else God-Charlatan Perverse
 who tests credulity in some impoverished game
 in order to amuse yourself, in endless time
 since all the havoc you could do's, being done
 as fire and flood and pestilence
 and avalanche and pain of love
 and life and death rounds-out it all
 each moment riding on
 a whirligig...of sad old circle-games
 that disembowel our future and our past
 as if God needed help to play
 his own poor songs again
 without fair harmony, discordant friction and deceit
 disease and death at ev'ry root that grows
 and joy fulfilled and love defiled or else denied
 each hope defied
 with age...our benefits compete
 with derelict, unlikely ends
 abject, alone we leave those loved and more
 ...those loved leave us...as if to die itself, were not enough
 with just one Life-Death stroke...
 by one harsh single act
 both are condemned...the mournful living
 and the mainly dead
 You may be God or Son of God
 ...or Tripartite Majesty
 but should have here a greater fool than me
 to eat your cake of lies...and play your game
 indeed...I'd gladly chop your head right-off, right now
 but now...for now I've seen enough ripe blood

*and man or beast or God what're you are
 You have a pretty neck
 and ever I succour the pretty things
 and would decapitate an ugly wench
 with my broadaxe
 than wreck the velvet flesh
 by digging stirrups deep, into my stallion fair..."*

Beowulf's blaspheming...rendered Jesus vanish like a flash
 except at distance Beowulf thought
 he saw him riding on a great black mare
 that thundered down, down, down...
 into a sulph'rous pit of flame
 that spread beneath its clatt'ring hooves
 and shook the ground...as from an avalanche.
 Indeed the black steed moved so fast...
 that even sight-quick-Beowulf
 could not grasp, direction of its path
 and as if waking from a dream
 he woke instead...into a deep, deep, sleep.



*Socrates is questioned by a stranger in the Agora
and a true and accurate accounting of his death*

CANTO FOUR

The Unnamed Interrogator to Socrates

*“Sir, so much is said of you..so many years...
I speak with trepidation...
more to monument than man
whose frailties, like mine, condemn his roots
aspiring more than man just ever is...
but...I do not speak for me for sure
for I am truly, just a man
who would see further long the shore, or over hills
on either side of valley, where he walks
...perhaps unlike the place he had just left, as Beowulf would
who is the shield that screens my quest”*

put boldly like I were a Hero too
 prevailing now...to rescue me
 from mortal sin...of mediocrity
 who lets me wear for now his hero's cloak
 as if it were my own and yet pretend
 to cutting blade of wit, I don't possess
 except great Beowulf answer for...my lack of it
 so save me from both pride...and want of modesty
 allow me then, to ask of you
 ambitiously, great ancient Greek
 whose words have secured sentience
 in every land indebted to your reckoning
 such lands where culture beacons shine
 transcendent light on beastly world
 of gross indecencies
 and stinking air and foolish talk
 where snarling dogs, turned wild
 stay full of venison or careless sheep
 or else hindquarter cow that broke from fold
 ripped, bloody, feast for carnal, canine appetites
 but appetite speaks not I think
 the 'good' you seek in men
 who are not beasts, you think...you say...
 therefore, I ask in Beowulf's name alone
 I ask...as if it were a query of mine own
 where in your State of States good men are shaped
 to compensate in all they do
 for their hard actions for ambitions bold
 or raging appetites
 play poet's rhymes...to keep the soldier mild
 philosophers turned kings
 so that gross killing does not thrive
 excepting high and noble wars
 for justice, land and King
 all balanced by stiff sentences at home
 when beggar steals a loaf of bread, for hungry child
 while men might strive

not only in their private skills
 to rob a dullard's plate
 but stay good servant to the state
 by honouring the rules drawn up, for clever men
 and yet politeness and
 the sharp edge of their sword
 is gained with polity and unctuous cant
 that makes them out much better than they are
 like wolves sheep-clothed, to seem...not just themselves
 instead more than they might, without the reach
 of greed disguised, as need
 much seen to seek 'the good'
 for pampering their rude desire's, delinquency
 where paths lead only to and from their self alone
 if truth be known
 the whole of good in them...is never served...

My question of you then, great man, is this...
 ...what if trees, like men
 indeed like all the world, bear bitter fruit
 in being what they are or else would be...
 and what if man were no such thing Ideal...
 but just, mere appetite
 himself a bitter taste to other men
 who bleed and burn upon each touch
 so that this danger haunts the world
 in every being, outside of each of us
 whose hunger feeds on mortal flesh
 so that not waking and alert...
 one soon must be...a morselled being
 perversely serving yet another's growth
 like lion eats lamb or cub
 grows more to feed again
 and so this is what does in fact pertain
 that men with dignity, full dressed and on parade

venture their killing with a pretty name
 war framed with bugle calls and epaulets
 and pretty, grand parades
 of death, with treacly poems to breast
 sweet sentiment and high esteem
 called brave who die to save their land
 or else procure by right of might
 their enemy's...who's slandered, miscreant
 a fool who has no virtues like our own
 ...you claim him, pampered beast with buffoon's sword
 while harbouring soft sentiments
 whose 'soul', poor thing, still renders him
 ...more than he kills
 dishonouring, aspiring souls, of other men
 in his self-serving rectitude...to find
 increasing comfort on, soft pillows, where he sleeps..."

Socrates responds:

" I take the world all as I must...as is
 nor tinker with the fabric of its cloth
 unstitching seams to make the world anew
 I pound on copper here, to make a pot
 where mountains fall down hard on squishy heads
 and winds blow sailors far beyond the seas
 and yet when all's accounted, then I strive
 to find a better way to be a man
 my gold, like others, deep in dross
 therefore appearances
 by outside claims alone, confuse
 while something stays forever, clear and pure
 beneath the scruffy surface that's well-known
 this is the human soul
 'the good' residing inside all of us
 we must pursue, to rise...although we fall
 what else can any Ancient Greek produce (?)
 I let the baker, bake his bread

I know it true someday he'll bake
 a perfect loaf...
 I bake no less...my bread's philosophy...
 the good resides somewhere
 I struggle for good tools...to dig good out !

The Unknown Interrogator replies...

“ Who knows what's right...
 found doing right, you claim 'the good'
 and finding right and good, is your good aim
 indeed Brave Beowulf knows this too
 but knows what's right is not magnificent
 so stays just right and good and bright
 the good and right does not sustain itself
 as if life were a reason-master's game
 that ticks along once its addressed
 then never needs the sword, because
 good just prevails
 so Beowulf fights...to makes right might
 this Hero Geat...survives most doubt
 to see advantage in another plan
 or questions his response
 or impulse to his need
 he has no vanity for that
 and can't presume to know more than he does
 beyond his plans, made plain enough
 and does not quibble, does not second-guess
 just so, Protagoras was right
 man sees according to his reach and height
 proclaims his destiny and taste
 as he sees fit...who serves those Gods, that urge him
 turn their truth to his own ends
 and so...these apes, by grand conceit...
 still sanctify the ground on which they stand
 meantime, their calumny concealed
 beneath the pleasing surface, of their cloak...

The Good's too far removed
 from warp and woof of life we know
 that drags us down
 exigencies we must attend
 that leads our days
 while all your sentiment's facile, so shiny, bright
 so useful to you as you stand around
 here in the Agora
 addressing mainly, lithe and handsome, virile men
 and all, still young...
 exploiting anecdotes to serve examples
 for a world Ideal, behind the veil of common scene
 but necessity arrives, too quick to think
 how this or that or that or this works out...
 We must then move
 so that facility...more soon than truth
 will save and serve us...and again
 and think perhaps, when all the heat of doing's done
 I think...indeed I know, I think I know
 Your sentiments as such, are good
 and great your meaning and your high intent...
 to see behind the mundane, mask
 of honest, good-artificers, not quickly matched
 that eating now's...what it's about
 and nothing that you say, stays proven good
 except mere seeming so
 when angles of perspective, stay, well out of sight
 as victim's pain...serves someone's gain
 and then again...like phantoms in the night
 pretend high-purposed, acts
 and on it goes, until, these fools called men
 destroy themselves, with fanciful, pretentious schemes
 wherein they fight for right and policy...not gold

 They fight because, to fight and kill...is what men do
 just as men breath and speak and walk and gad about

*their purposes and goals, a mask
 men fight and kill and wax and wane, exploitative
 and all they say of it, might be a dream
 a bloody and an awful dream, at that
 that says...we're not yet beasts who act
 as they perform beyond claimed sentience
 their shield a self...beyond self-being
 and so...their words fly up...way up, up, up
 perfecting men...who look much in the glass
 where true-self hides...avoid themselves
 meanwhile their deeds remain below
 while words again fly up
 a trick much practiced, in excess
 a mantra serving well...too much deceit
 by all the best, Socratic reckoning..."*

Upon receipt of this pungent critique that cut at the root of all of his famous philosophizing, Socrates reached quickly behind him and securing a small aquamarine porphyry vessel in his large, soft hands and raising it to his lips, exclaimed, in those broad stentorian tones for which he had grown famous along with his skill for philosophy..."*Oh Good, Oh Good...you have you have forsaken me...!*" and drinking from it, fell dead like a stone to ground, before all-two-full-score-and-ten of his fresh, young acolytes turned on the *Unknown Interrogator*, wrestling him to the ground...albeit with some difficulty as he was tall, broad and unusually strong, but once they had him, chanting in unison, they proceeded to club him to death with the dense, cherry-wood, scroll-posts, provided to Athenian scribes...and chanting in unison they fed his parts to the packs of hungry, emaciated dogs that constantly hung around the Agora seeking scraps from travelers. It is claimed to this day, every dog in Athens, is a greater philosopher than even Socrates, their canine antecedents, having been nourished on the profound bowels, spleen, liver, arms and thighs of *non Socratic* philosophy.



*Jesus and Grendel confront each other
on the Salisbury Plain...in the shadows of Stonehenge
and Grendel's true nature is significantly revealed.*

Canto Five

Dark night on the Salisbury Plain and cent'ring the famous Stone Henge encirclement is a long wooden refectory table. A shaft of cool blue light, more like a spotlight than moonlight, beams down from behind night clouds on the two figures seated opposite each other. One is covered in long white robes and shoulder length ashen coloured lank Aryan hair to his shoulders.

Meantime His face is suffering attack by a swarm of fireflies...until their victim lashes out at them and they regroup to form a perfect buzzing halo around his head...as almost rhythmically, angelic, semi-apparitional maidens appear to fan him with their long

white wings that extend from the anterior end of their clavicles...and then proceed to wipe his high, well-formed brow and then almost ritualistically, to gently bathe his narrow, pale, white feet from a steaming porphyry basin...as every ten minutes or so the procedure is repeated. Opposite Jesus of Nazareth, A.K.A. God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost...is a creature something strange and unseen, terratoidal, covered in gleaming, oily, scales of variegated greenish, grey-blue with yellow and pink and red flecks of viscous blood that ooze from out of his large, octagonally shaped pores and his immense, flaring nostrils, covered in unseemly boils as green and yellow pussy bile drip copiously onto his leather and blue-steel, brisket-armour and when he opens his mouth, ostensibly to speak, black and yellow toads jump out from it. He appears to be covered in a sticky slime and putrefying offal which he continually smears from off of his dripping nose, first with one hand then with the other...wiping it on his bulging corrugated stomach or upon his flexing, powerful, thick, scaly thighs. Alternatively, he coughs and sneezes and a thousand miniature purple and vermilion paint-balls escape to explode upon the table or on the ground, emitting cacophonous, brief strident bursts of electronic, avant-garde music, as they strike. Meanwhile one other tertiary figure...a man of early middle-age, with neatly barbered dark hair looking strikingly like Edward R. Murrow, the journalist, is seated before a small *Hermes* manual typewriter assiduously recording the conversation...as the other personage (one hates to call him a mere man) with long flowing hair and a beneficent demeanour...**says:**

*“ I beg your pardon...when you speak...
although I know your Hellish language well
which I was taught by scholars whom you know
as masters of all human and inhuman tongues
...those sharp-angled consonants
that you emit with guttural vowels...*

that drag your meaning through the mud
 confuses me somewhat...
 so if you could restrain yourself a bit...
 I'd know your thoughts much better than I do

So far what I have gleaned from you is this
 you are not happy now with how things stand
 you'd hoped to end the world...
 with it your pained existence in it too
 and so far all that's stopped
 is your great part in all the bad in it
 since Beowulf rendered sound defeat on you
 indeed...unlikely as it is...we both were dealt
 by this bold Geat...stark, vital blows
 and as for me, I 'm too not pleased...
 by my expulsion from the world by him
 since Beowulf made men see...these Atheists purport...
 that neither dev'lish You nor Holy Me are needed now
 nor even Humanists, full secular...
 who call their Gods, plain names
 and leave more gross believing
 up to Jews and Christians
 Mohammedans and Hindus, Buddhists, Jains...
 that Good and God and Evil and the Devil are super-flu-ous
 insisting creature man has so evolved...to see things as they are
 without our holding them to threats and troth
 so they won't play The Good-Bad-Game
 and fancy being almost Gods themselves
 who could so choose their path
 with prize or punishment for this or that
 and from philosophy decide...who's really right, being bad
 or wrong entirely, being good
 ignoring Devilish Henchmen...Lord God You, Grendel
 and Mephistopheles
 or else Me...God's True Only Son
 as well my Saints and grubby holy men...

Buddha, Krishna, Mohammed and
 that stylish mystic, Charan Singh...
 who, according to their talents and their lights
 pursue My Ends...God's Ends...
 the Really Holy Good and Right
 at least from where I stand and can't do otherwise
 that cunning knave Beowulf insists instead
that men admit, what beasts they are...
 fair-weather beasts with plenty, wanting more
 or inclemently...beasts with naught
 who murder whom they please
 insisting our diminuendo or crescendo
 Right and Wrong make fictive rules, where We prevail...
 to lead them by the nose
 because he says...we've nothing else to do
 in the great endless scheme of time we struggle in
 in fact I cannot say, this Norseman is not right
 for, no man has ever been...
 one tittle more...than just a man
 nor lion more, than tail and mane
 nor bleating sheep...else more nor less than, baa, baa, baa...
 no bird does else than fly...unless it can't...so on it goes
 ...then what is man...Beowulf inquires
 since no thing o'ercomes itself, as named?
 although unGodly satisfaction, is derived
 to see men, overreach and fall
 as if they could be, not themselves...but more
 and this too, is my role to play
 I'm synergized for Righteous and Self-Righteous Good
 as you dear Grendel are...a beastly beast
 more beast than any lion or bear
 more beast even than, that prize beast man...
 who claims he's not a paltry beast
 who makes great virtues of his worst conceits
 who sees in every personal defeat, world-ruin
 as if My Universe was apple-pie, for men's sole fare
 as if I cared, or anyone, could give a hoot...

if you destroyed, just them
 their babes and futile pleasures too
 except you would, as wise Hrothgar said
 ...end consciousness and thus the world itself...
 its trees and grass and moon and stars (not seen...not is)
 is your unseemly roll, in all of it...
 but God forbid, I grant your demon-plans success !
 Indeed...what ails thee so...?
 I made thee for your terratoidal lot, just so
 but one as no earth-beast can hold a match, unto
 yet, you wreak havoc everywhere you go...why for ?
 Were you deprived from birth
 of all the slime and filth and dirt
 that terratoidals wallow in (?)
 ...you've had a good supply of beastly things
 right from the start
 and never lacked for 'aught...to make you, you
 ...rough scaly skin
 six gleaming rows of sturdy perfect, long, sharp teeth
 as pearly white as airbrushed toothpaste ads
 and thighs like steel that coil to spring
 ...not even Beowulf Geat, could quite perform
 would you cheeks pink and lavender smell sweet
 for envy and soft wanton dames caress ?
 You are a perfect you....made just for you...
 and don't doubt that
 although perfection does more often find
 those routes that you, yourself, don't suit...!
 What ails this world...where you complain and misbehave in it
 to make more wrong than what you'd found (?)
 to bash and break from stem to stern...as you best can
 what is the Hell you labour in so hard...explain yourself
 and maybe I can make amends and ease the sorry strife
 that heaps more pain upon the world
 than you can truly claim, the world's dealt you
 pathetic, sorry, toady, terratoid
 who stinks corrupt of blood and mortals' pain

*I barely can Myself take breath and breadth of it...
 forsooth dark beast
 indulge me and explain...explain...!*

Grendel responds:

*It seems absurd I know...but then...
 upon reflection, most things do...agree ?
 I'm me and me I love so well...I would then be
 indeed...require to be as well...all else that lives and breaths
 so that when even stones and grass and trees
 invade my eyes...adds gall
 because I would instead see where I look
 my own stark image staring back*

*Why should I not have Geat's fair, lank hair (?)
 that falls so clean to shoulders broad and square
 as Vikings do...and so...these Viking Geats are proud
 they laugh and sing by their own right
 prerogatives I can't enjoy
 this scars me deep...to see
 dames seek their glory, off Geat fame
 and bold rejoicing, by Geat-name alone
 who all...not unlike me...did never make themselves
 ...grew Geats the same
 and Geats' indifference then, excluded me
 and locked me out of, all Geat revelry
 and flushing pride in being what they are...*

*Yet I would have all their's, my own
 Geat smiles...spread handsomely across my face
 and all the vulgar easy wealth that Geats accrue
 or else have all their smiling end
 and all they treasure, break and turn to dust
 to be myself all joy entire...and known content...
 within my leath'ry terratoidal frame alone
 and failing this, I'll render it...*

so all that is not me, will rue the day
 they are not me, with due respect...
 although, my errant kindness that you spoke's, agreed
 but I'll place it aside for now and take
 Geat laughter and Geat smiles
 that keep me on the outside looking in...
 although not them...
 yet more I am than any Geat can be
 and prove it daily with Geat-death (!)
 their gross contentment, curse to me
 so then to wreak revenge
 I gather-up their fulsome pap
 to grind it in my teeth and spit it out...
 or hungry sometimes, swallow them
 like bonbons in a candy shop, so that
 no thing that breathes, not me, shall cease to be
 and if it means I too must then succumb...
 so things, all never be, once been
 need also me snuffed out...so be it then
 none else I swear will have what I don't have and want
 nor need like me to need all that I never had
 So I seek peace from needing driven mad
 who hates the ground...that carries what's not me...
 that primps and wiggles bald contempt, right in my face
 for when I see myself alone
 within the hard-glass-shiny, looking-back
 and no thing else...its not enough
 so then with justice hate...all else I cannot have...
 while mindful, yet a greater game enslaves all things...
 by broader rules...more basic, deep at root
 that mortals and all monsters must endure
 and if you care to hear of it, or else do not...it's this:
 Time liberal gives amplitude...
 to temporal world...to sing a song
 or merely go, dee-dah, dee-dah, dee-dah, dee-dah
 or boop, boop, boop, along
 but TIME as well, itself brings DEATH

Where SPACE provides free room for deeds
 until, once friend, now waits
 impatiently...to close us down
 So please confirm...so I don't get it wrong
 TIME serves as enemy and friend
 of all that breathes
 like ship designed to sink, not just to float
 that tandemly, matched step, destructs
 so every grave on land or sea....has God not me
 the killer-beast to thank...
 I did not make up, either TIME...or SPACE
 nor did I else, make Death
 but strive and strain as I well do, to be most foul
 the instrument with my own purpose yet, of Death
 for I'm no servant to a greater fool
 it's why I extirpate all conscious being (as I best can)
 and two great monsters, TIME & SPACE defy
 by crushing heads and spewing puffy guts
 each time I do for every victim thus
 mind's rules and rulers turn to dust
 as then mere seconds from long centuries become
 ...no longer known
 and thus I damn the very root of God's best plans
 by masterstroke, I abrogate, conceiving minds
 removing Vision, Sound or Touch of thought extant
 with one fell swoop...God's clumsy apparatus is denied
 Beginnings, Middles, Ends...and Close and Far and
 Narrow, Wide and Back and Front...Here and There
 and Round and Square and Up and Down
 with my bold plan...all disappear
 and odd and even Numbers Infinite...
 I strive to terminate because...God pars-i-mon-ious
 just left the dregs of His Time/Space, to beasts
 and kept the rest...Immortal...easy...Time and Space
 for His own Self .

Jesus replies:

*Greed turns ambitiously a curse
 that leaves a stain
 so deeply hued it cannot be rubbed-out
 though all the world takes scrubbing brush to it
 ...can apple be a pear and failing, pout
 then murder twigs and branches of pear's root ?*

*You are indeed greed absolute
 to seek the world entire in your rough skin
 as if you were yourself, God Everything
 to which I say forbear...I'm jealous God
 and will not have you end all I have wrought
 and though I speak of virtue and redemption lots
 and leave good logic in the lurch gasp air
 I'll turn to reason now for your distress
 since simple good and bad leave you a mess
 but think yourself, entirely, just you
 because its plain...you are not what you're not
 like red could never greenly happy be
 ...nor yellow seemly, jocund blue
 each attribute is being and being not
 forsooth a man waxed tall...cannot be short
 to see most other men, up from their boots
 ...like small men do
 but must view men at large, from top-head-down
 imagining below...where short men thrive
 all qualities stayed pristine in their box, contrive
 so bears don't fly but grunge for honey
 lumber-ing up trees a lot
 while bees get at it straight-away
 but have no time like bears for winters long...must I go on ?
 you'd have Geat laughter and Geat joy and fame
 but would you have Geat grief and pain
 whilst slaughtering them...?*

do you not see all benefits are made to fit
 and vices too
 comprising all the shapes that have made you
 or Molly maid to be...or else no thing could be
 if all possessed, full-spectrum, ev'ry quality
 and defects too...as made for others to possess ?

You blandly seek disruption of the world
 by your attempts to kill what lives
 insane because you try again...
 again to wreck...not only life and peace
 but structure, cognizance and being
 but, you cannot destroy
 the ground and essence My World's built upon...
 both Time & Space, they will prevail
 in spite of Mr. Kant's Philosophy
 but not as any beast, including man, can see it now
 not even when your little star, the Sun, implodes
 take My Holy, truthful word for it
 as God of course you know I tell no lies
 and when I do, it is for your own good
 to egg the mortals and the monsters on
 so that you do not make yourselves
 bigger and yet bigger fools, than what you are...
 just broken pots I cannot quite, throw out
 and you Gren-del
 ep-istem-ologic, onto-logic freak
 attempting change of all what never will
 ...unless I deviate
 the product and concourse of World itself
 instead, turn wise your genius...and your limitations both
 since none enjoy what's not their own
 and envy not those grasses greener still, not yet your own
 thus wasting all that you first do possess...
 and let all things be as they must
 to be a lesser, not a greater dolt
 dull vanity, has gripped your throat

and therefore fitting now, that you resist, because...
 the world should stick well to its course
 and keep-on-ticking right-along as is...because
 much suff'ring remains yet, to expend (before it ends)
 I deem, in fact insist...the show...it must go on
 and on...and on...at least for now
 although I do have pause, because
 I've let poor fools build larger and yet larger bombs
 one day they'll find full use of them
 and do your nasty work...all Grendel wrapped up tight
 in one great, massive, bomb
 makes you ana-chronistic, as you speak...

I know...of course I know...it is my job to know
 you hate yourself, because you must express
 the raucous noise and ugliness
 that emanates when'er you act or speak
 are you surprised...
 self-hatred fu-els unseemly-great, self-love ?
 ...inside I know you Grendel...
 like unto a gentle and once tender child...a lamb
 and Bocherini's Minuets you strive to seek
 not noise of clashing armour
 and of freight-train-crash
 and high-pitched decibellic, e-lec-tronic-buzzing
 and loud strident clanging
 and black-clad (maniacal)
 frenzied jumping up and down
 with shrieks that make the eardrums burst...
 instead, it's lavender, full-sucking-sweet
 and not full, red-blood-letting
 that you love and need
 instead...you long for gentle kissing and a hug
 in fact, like most, all that you've never had
 ...is what you crave
 and not all that your plate is full of now
 and not from your horrific mother, who

...by Beowulf too lies dead
 who was much worse than you, queer son

You long for peaceful glades in summer shades...
 long walks on moonlit beach
 with fresh and pretty creature at your side
 who dotes on every ugly, foul and filthy word you speak...
 and then perhaps one day
 a putrid son just like his dad
 safe, asleep, tucked-in his crib
 where fresh-clean breezes blow
 beside that placid place
 known far and wide, Lake Harmony
 but God of God and Devil Pere...as we know well
 has made us what we are
 trapped stupid monster man
 and even God, in disarray to be
 assigned to trumpet, Righteous Good
 ...of course that's Me
 and Dev'lish Bad espoused in word and deed
 is dam-ned, you !

So then, what lies before us now...
 what can we do...to put things right-and-wrong again...
 to strip from mortal minds, their pride
 in presumptuous newfound objectivity...?
 that Beowulf, with his homespun sense and reasoning
 has kindled here...so that men have no longer, need of us
 so you and I right-quick would disappear
 from this good Earth
 we've utilized, to subjugate, so well
 for our own sake
 to then become no more than stories
 fancy, myth and most-moot histories
 like Beowulf was himself ('till recently)
 an old-time fable in a children's book
 before he robbed us of our thrones
 replacing us to find himself...in true real-life again

*free at last, from fairytales
 where you and I...perforce, must now remain
 undone by this crass, upstart Beowulf, Geat ! ”*

At this digression Grendel rolled his eyes
 and spitted fire and pellet-hoards
 of raucous modern noise
 and sweated blood, most literally...
 and spat out toads and offal from his mouth,
 full filled with rotting rows
 of large-curved canine teeth,
 until with Holy Jesus waiting there
 somewhat nonplussed...
 some thing like language did emerge from him
 as first cartoon-balloons sprang from his mouth,
 like broken hieroglyphics on a tomb
 and then abstruse, conflicting-syntax soon appeared,
 until at last
 his disparate, broken phrases
 spun-out fully formed, cohesive wholes
 become syllabic-smooth coherencies
 that flowed majestically
 as Grendel's rough, deep-grating voice
 became mellif-luous
 to gain enchanting form and grace
 not unlike Ronald Coleman's manly tones
 ...as if sweet Bard of Avon had
 himself arrived...to play at King

So spake beast Grendel, thus:

*“I took you for a puff...a sham at best
 a paper-tiger, gosling God
 a small-fry in a tinny-pan, a fingerling...
 an unctuous fluff that any wind might blow
 and never dreamed that you could see
 so far into my tender-soul
 and precious soul indeed I have
 since I'm no curs-ed Atheist...not yet !*

and when all's said and done...
 I am no worse than I've been made-
 ...a creature tragic, barely, hardly understood
 for as you said...you know I'm really gentle...
 deep, deep-down...still good
 and how you know
 sweet Bocherini's melodies, lull me to sleep
 and waken me with harmony at dawn
 before I start out killing for the day...I'll never know !

Yet wind, this sand...these stars
 stay variant from all redemptive cant
 to germinate instead...an awkward presence here
 contaminant of all...I strive to hate
 by Nature's reckoning alone...I will not contemplate
 each neighbour's prickly-presence in my mind
 and burden-tolerance cannot abide
 'though I am truly kind, beside
 instead seek brutes, not to repair Your Holy Self
 which I with turpitude condemn...nor do forgive
 queer appetite's defect, of straining-love
 and shape my comfort not...from righteous sentiment
 ...but by robust contempt
 to tread my path through narrow gate to Hell
 unlike those unctuous expiates
 that weave slick casuistry...with Holy names

I breed indiff-er-ence...and
 never sully self with rude intent's, corrupt ascent
 except by pulse of greed and weed-dark-arts
 pierce tranquil firmaments
 to swallow all...like Lion doth Lamb
 or uncommissioned rock and tree dare avalanche
 with errant blows...or lightening bolts...
 corrosive rust or cancer spread
 rewarding liars and knaves...but not those good...

Let Hate be glad with mayhem still...
 while deemed the truth
 I did neither choose nor make myself
 to seek the Christian, Muslim, Jew
 and Pagan for their blood
 and let all stiff conceit of choosing Good or Bad
 seek its own end...
 'till games and toys and joys, all cease
 disgorging all their hope constituent
 to name them what they really are
 while I can murder still...but yet never lie
 except to bring more killing
 and malignant fruit

Love leads to where it should not go if love were love
 instead serves up desire
 consuming what it says is pure...corrupting it
 and gives its subtleties of vice endearing names...
 as old men lust for lust that young men do
 and to their graves seek fruit, forbidden by good sense
 as their reward for having lived at all
 and all they sire conscript for killing more
 for breeding more of their conceit, surnamed
 where only failure feeble, makes amends
 defaulting into harmony and peace
 and like a coiled tight spring they grasp
 bald power feeds...indiff-er-ence and impunity
 thrives everywhere they go and yet...
 I don't say evil this or that...
 nor friend...nor foe...nor good...nor bad
 since these are preachers' words for fearful flocks...
 instead I say with verity...'the beast'
 and no thing else
 a clever and a not so clever beast...
 who would soon do if strong or bold enough
 enough to make since time began...
 all mothers weep...and do

I am no different
 just a better beast than they...
 and do all that they would...therefore condemned
 and nothing could more prove you are...what fools all say
 except I know all proof against good sense
 ...remains, mere trickery
 that even I don't comprehend...
 so will just leave at that

But, how you-know-truly deepest me...
 when I show only bad
 although at every chance
 I try to be real-good...stays puzz-le-ing
 and what can simple monsters do...if that's their lot ?

Indeed...if all my victims knew what I contend
 each work-a-day
 to wring their bloody, squishy necks
 and break their puny bones from head to toe
 it's not a pleasant way to spend the day
 commanding the worst horror-show in town...
 and no one makes it easy since...they run so fast !

I often wonder why they don't slow down
 or merely stop
 like with constraint they'll often wait...
 for chemist's bitter-potions for the croup
 to take their due...
 as due course goes and due course comes
 in strict accordance with due-course in time...
 and let me break their paltry necks, with greater ease
 ...so I could get back home, in time to hear
 my favourite symphonies...the tunes I love
 on Radio XM

I'm just victim of those genes
 that mete out destiny
 and blame my Evil Mother now, how I turned out

She'd beat me when I didn't steal, as just a lad
 and tied me up and hid my favourite toys
 and scoured my mouth and tongue with lye...
 if ever I did speak of something good...

Once, I declared that innocents be not obliged...
 to suffer long or hard or strong
 in fact be cured and too caressed
 by that same potent balm
 that keeps us terratoidal, robust, cranky kinds
 so happy in our loathsome path...
 she almost throttled me...and said
 I could not be her son to speak of what should be
 for sake of common decency...
 betray her base malignancy
 aspiring beyond...mankind's abject morbidity

I must, she said...make tragic all that's known
 so good if it must come at all...she drummed it in
 must be more rare than hen's teeth in a barn
 that's how cruel-mother bade me serve the world
 though I se-cret, kind, noble thoughts from her
 and still retain my taste
 for gentle things, if truth were known

Yet I was raised to be
 naught but my mother's faithful son...
 and do her bidding earnestly
 as if her wishes evil were life's prize
 in spite of my perverse proclivity...
 to do what's kind and right and good, oft'ime...

She has I say, a great ignoble heart...
 an inverse-vision of staunch gallantry...
 (depending on proclivities)
 to murder, cheat, betray, deceive
 ensuring Evil's need for endless lies
 with Wrong as Right until The End of Time
 so beings cry into bleak howling, unblessed hurricanes
 as pitch-black horses thunder through, metallic skies
 and dogs bay at red-dripping purple moons
 and skeleton armies pour...from out of tombs
 in honour of the reign of blood
 as ghostly phantoms claw at window panes...
 to leave bleak messages that read :

"You and yours will not be saved...
 since Mephistopheles...has poisoned wells
 nocturnally...his birds will eat your tongue
 and peck your eyes
 and suck your skulls smooth-hollow
 slick as glass
 leave nothing for the worms, that surely follow
 no pity for disintegration and collapse
 as indifference sweeps, soft sentiment away
 to crush and gobble-up and break all down
 ...alone or separate in a crowd
 as nations one by one, be decimate...
 decayed, conflagrate and submerged
 in cataclysmic skies that have no end
 as long as hope survives...in just one breast
 until there is no private and no public pain
 ...nor loss, nor gain
 to doom all feeling, knowing and unknown
 music not heard and song not sung
 nor cadence, harmony, shape or finitude
 where angels of all light make dark
 where bombs like rain...fall everywhere

no laughter in green fields...
 nor green itself...nor even bells toll anywhere...
 no hunger even, nor forbearance
 and too...not even grief survives
 ...the absolute no thing
 no boats downriver...nor trains on time, nor late
 nor storm, nor flood to threaten you, nor them
 no presence and no sentience
 nor colours pretending or ways meandering
 nor footholds on foothills nor footprints on footpaths
 nor charms, nor essences of enemy or friend
 nor piquant sour or favourite sweet
 each property of volume, space or time...
 and even gravity made blind
 beyond transcendence...
 beyond exclusion or inclusion
 beyond stasis...equilibrium or balance
 nor here, nor there to then contend
 nor slow, nor fast...nor up...nor down
 no comment from critics, nor judge to judge
 nor even rare or singular or multiple contrive
 expand or shrink or travel in or out, all disappears
 rulers, scales...lose measure of proportions just
 indifferent then to shape and contour
 colour, light and dark and beauty and decay
 all relative and absolute at last conform
 beyond all noise and silence
 outside of life and death and good and bad in it...
 nor lonely crowds...nor uncrowded lonely beaches
 no chordic harmony...nor discord in our favoured melody
 as dreams snuff-out and pleasure ends..."

Dear Mother sang to me this cradle-song
 ...in her most grating and most damming voice
 her vision made for me while just a critter little

sitting on her large, sharp, bony, knees
 as we watched corpses burn in Buchenwald
 ...or in the Katyn Forest...oh, so many buried there
 We watched them dig by lantern light
 'till diggers all with glee...themselves jumped in
 as if they'd welcome death...
 instead of all the horror in this world.

In Cambodia, we counted heads...to fall asleep
 as if these Mongol heads were counting-sheep
 and in the Congo...more red blood on blood, has flowed
 than greed from rubber's deep tree-wounds
 and too we stood and still do yet...
 in awe of that Great Christian King named Leopold, for that
 and in the Balkan Hills of Beauty, Vales of Blood
 We chuckled as these Christians maimed and killed
 laughed louder when the Muslims did it too
 and in Rwanda had a blast, because
 When slaughtering began at last
 ...we hardly could contain our joy
 as arms and legs...squished and thumped and banged
 heads into heads
 as some just severed, screaming still
 broke on the ground.

These simple men used only simple tools...
 just hammers, knives...the jawbone of an ass
 and proved we don't need Atom-bombs at all...to kill a lot !

My memories of mom, indeed, are grim
 but, I'd not have it any other way
 in spite of all my love for Beauty, Peace and Universal Good
 which splits my insides into warring camps

*In fact I'm known a Monster, but
 I am in fact a common man
 whose nature finds that in the end
 ...they are much less than they would fancy be
 the difference is that men stay hypocrite
 to boost false-virtue with self-flattery
 aspiring Godly yet
 whereas I don't pretend...because
 for me to be true-bad...is good enough
 though men serve demons better than they aim
 the line between them...thinner than they claim..."*

*



Fancy...pursued by Fate's Demons

*The Unnamed Interrogator struggles to comprehend
Beowulf's repudiation of self-determination or freewill
and where he stands...between the nexus, blood-spill and virtue*

CantoSix

The Unnamed-Interrogator to Beowulf, says:

*“ Lord Beowulf, I must question your remarks
about the role of fate in all we do
...you say, we're not free-choiced
but serve like puppets to a plan outside of us, that thrives
yet not as willed...but rather patterns that we fit”*

Well do I scratch my nose or no
 Without some stranger saying so ?
 Do I expectorate upon this ground
 or else politely find another time and place
 so my companion does not wince, at my rude act
 and such a simple choice, its source and clear intent
 is plainly, well within my grasp
 and yea or nay...requires no sage
 to show me how...to stay or go
 I could look left or turn about...
 stand on one leg alone...or two
 I could depart and lead my sorrel mare
 ...else mount and ride the beast
 and that most comely maiden there...
 should I bow low to her and wave and smile...
 and plead her me, to nobly wed...or simply frown
 and turn straightway to other wenches, fair
 else seek a winsome donkey for my bride...and on and on
 its plain I can do what I do or not
 as my clear choice...and then you say
 and this seems muddy 'cause it sours your prior claim
 You say we must, seize to each moment firmly, as it comes
 as if it were, some part of glory that unfolds, unique to us
 and search what's best in it...yet keep the world in view
 World's needs...our heart combined
 so that we leave, a nobler footprint on the ground
 ...where 'ere we go
 each step, you say contains Eternity...yet disappears, kaput !

 But how can time-unending in an instant be...then go, kaput !
 and yet remain, so named...eternity (?)
 another contradiction, I might add...
 so that it seems, with your good grace
 you speak both sides at once
 of riddles great that don't comply
 until you thrash about...to state what's plain is plain
 and yet you say, it's not...

all is both plain, yet convoluted, all at once
 and demonstrates from two directions yet
 ...as if they were selfsame
 of which I say emphatically...nay, nay...they're not !

Say you to this, my brave, good, honest, Prince...
 and as before I wait on you with open mind
 for even though your statements make no easy sense...
 no one, not me...can take you for a fool
 Who speaks conflicting rules
 and takes no pains how statements come and go
 ...without a purposed end
 and since I'm here for nothing but to dog your heels
 I'll put to you the rumoured question
 meaner than those mighty blows you strike,
 albeit just to rid our enemies
 Who make corruptive, claims on us...and no amends
 my question then to you is this
 how is it, you no beast yourself draws on blood-spilling much
 to earn high favour in our land
 Geat Beowulf who has murdered ev'ry beast
 that took its hold on us
 more fiercely than fierce monsters known
 though you seem just a man, right noble, swift and grand
 and comely more than any putrid dragon known
 who kills for blood alone and writes his monster's book on it
 ...how is it then, that you who slays what's foul
 are not yourself more beastly foul
 than any beast so far yet known ?
 How is it you, do not take pleasure in
 your sundering of life and limb
 and do not thrive conspicuous...for killing's sake alone
 say now...say how it is that you're still good
 ...and what in all your life as known
 is choosing where and how you stand
 since no others known will stand, where you stand now
 where other warriors known as brave enough

to think on it alone, piss fear
 I ask this you without a drop of rancour in my quest
 ...to know you as you are, not as pretend
 and not as others see you, good or bad...
 What say you of this, great man...mere recent boy
 have you had time to think and know the shape
 of how you've grown
 into...a roaring lion and not a. bleating lamb ?

Beowulf responds...

Fear not hard questioning
 will goad my rage...
 ...no one can fairly take offence, with doubt
 and least not me...indeed, I welcome questioning
 for doubt where 'ere it comes...
 inside or out...helps isolate infirmities, to be reformed
 or else thrown out...like chaff from wheat
 I take no pleasure in the dead I've owned
 though granted in the sport I do...
 since pain is ugliness...all yours and mine
 stark killing leaves me numb
 not yet a pretty thing...with horror at the end of it
 then do it swift, so no one will endure
 no more than should...too long
 and cleanse myself
 but not from shame...more from respect of proper things
 for when I throw my babe up in the air
 and laughing catch it
 fall and roll like playthings on the sword
 and bundle it and hand it back all happiness and warm
 to my sweet bride who bore it full of smiles
 then watch the sunset meet the hill
 spread glittering on rough-hewn rockery
 that frames the hollow where we sup and lie
 I never think to kill for cause unless, I must
 and nothing base confounds my mind
 so every day I look to happy ways

and betterment in all I seek
 and who knows me finds friend
 who does no evil thing intend
 who did not seek this jagged world
 ...yet it found me, made strong
 so all I love survives and thrives
 and does not feed the maw
 of worse or better beasts than me
 manbeast, not good, nor bad
 ...still, hero named

I struggle on...
 to do as little bad as best I can
 and so I hope for better and still better days for all
 yet know it's vain because the world will stay
 just as it was
 in spite of me or you or it, the same
 the very same...though I don't dwell on it
 for dwelling's on what's broken and what's stuck
 is not my game
 perhaps because I simply move so quick
 hope's lingering...begs me to itch...

I mark you well, without offence, because
 indeed some things, though plain enough
 show faintly to fresh eyes...and must be turned
 so that we see perspective from all sides
 and if found fit, we place them in our bag of tricks
 that helps avoiding strife and smooth our life...
 for what's not tranquil will contend
 and here, behold...another contradiction pops right up
 ...I'm sure you'll savour it...which is
 peace heals and multiplies fecundity
 and yet our killing, much makes room
 ...for peace and growing both
 a paradox...or else, words-feeble are
 unequal to...the world's dark-waxing doom

Yet, if the world around me crashes down
 I must not fail, myself to be
 just what I am...nor more nor less
 than I was meant by predicate and circumstance
 but not by plan of conscientious policy...

Of course I'm speculant...
 but will not play the willy-nilly game
 false hesitant and milking doubt
 my needs are plain...
 I will not shrink from them, prevaricate
 and still love justice and not just my own
 and shed good, full round tears at sad refrains
 like any dog who bays at sad, cold moon
 and sniffs and wags and whimpers...sheds dog's tears
 no more nor less than priests indulge calamity
 at their old master's death

I am no Hamlet to decide, the equities
 and blame for turpitude (not yours, nor mine...)
 and stay aloof from simp'ring subtleties
 and so...my wavering, leads right quick to acts
 to suffer, not too long with this or that because
 ...I will do what I am
 fate knows this too and will not rest
 ...would you then have me dammed for being merely what I am...
 could I trick fate or cudgel it...or woo fate from its game ?
 I would...oh yes I would
 but then I would not be a man
 ...to choose like God or Gods
 in fancy's vain and Holy books

Now, let me broach your fate-bound question first...
 try thinking then, not as we common do
 ...of world outside of-us

instead think us...inside the world...
 a segment of still greater manifold
 not unlike odiferous
 and clever-plants attract proboscic voles
 that eat the dark-green-centipedes, herbivorous
 ...that lunch on them
 and then, when all offending bugs are gobbled up
 these witty plants turn off beguiling scents
 until such time voracious centipedes
 presume to dine again on them
 so these deep-thinking, artful
 plant-precursors, work...the grid we're in
 and every move requires, conditions met...
 that quick with messages...run, skip, walk, swim...
 to Helsinki...else to Rome...or boat to Bangladesh
 as we react...like any current turns where something's fixed
 ...splashing, bending round...then off it goes
 to fend constrictions in...those banks containing it...
 and yet another stream might flow...into our stream
 and stream and rocks and current and banks
 like man, reciprocate...not separate from its hosts
 as into air-fresh...stale might dare to flow
 whereon we turn to where air-good came first
 unless that fool confronting us, won't give way to let us pass...
 alters our course
 and this not choosing...more than plants
 each choice apparent is world's work on us
 our enterprise...serves reason's will...not ours
 with true or false or stay or go
 choice reared from all that's tracked before
 through consciousness continuum...
 inside the outside of...the outside still in us
 a Chinese Box contrived...so smallest box
 reversed, contains inside, a larger box
 ...in turn containing us...outside !

*I know this seems facile...
 but if you think on it you'll see...no other way
 consistent with this simple portrait of, a tricky world.*

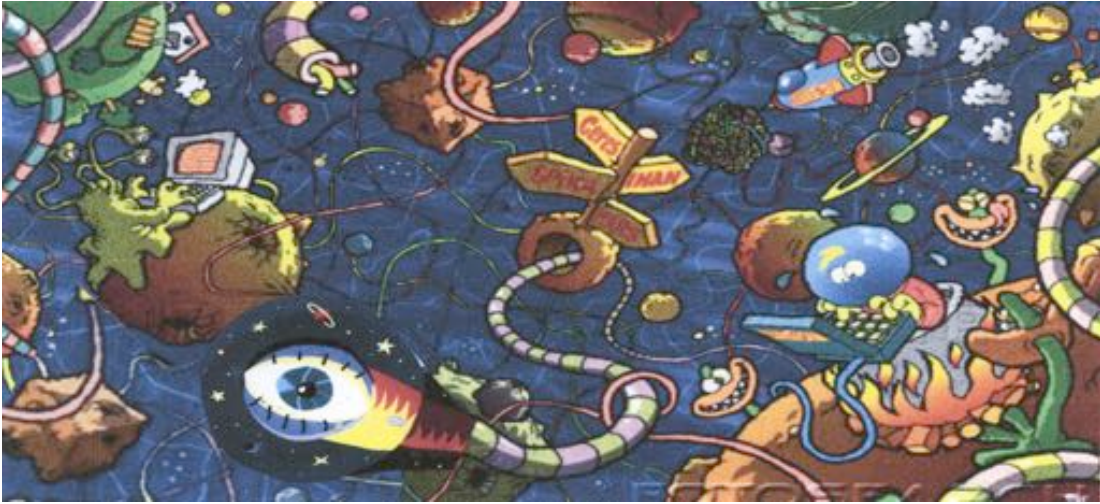
*Each deems his sorry self...determinant
 but what transpires instead, is this
 we glimpse each greater claim as it unfolds
 and cannot hold onto the lesser claim...nor by default
 ...for that default itself, would be
 the greater and yet, less apparent claim
 by which we act, I mean, react
 and too we realize, the path we've taken
 or presumed our choice...is not in fact
 the path we'd choose, just as an impulse grows
 where nature and bad habits, override
 our better notion to start once again...to get it right
 yet find ourselves instead, forward propelled
 as long as we have strength to see and be
 whatever comes...of those events
 we thought we chose and cannot overcome
 the nature that we know inside ourselves
 so that we see our ruin unfold
 before our very eyes, like in a play or picture-show
 we had once scripted and connived
 but now presents us automaton merely,
 in a stranger's, strange foreboding play
 to see our ruin extend, before us in our very eyes
 yet we go on and cannot cure ourselves of self, condemned
 since we 're not Gods and no God is Divine...*

*But yet think this...that no one is, one mind
 we're each more minds at any time than one
 with several claims on consciousness at once
 as relative, conflicting roles, take hold
 until we raise one hand to scratch our nose*

and leave the other hand reposed
 or freeing scabbard...strike and thrust
 or bide swift action if new wind has blown
 or reach to kiss fair cheek or gentle hand
 or plant corn even or uneven rowed...and so it goes
 as corn rows planted work in turn on us
 but in the great flow back and forth, continuum
 each rock and blade of grass and wind and sand and stars
 with labels, placed in space...as entities...so named
 interchanging many in the one...
 partake of us...trapped in their dance
 which moves to fixed momentum and fixed beat
 to flux kinetic...this or that
 spread on and on and on...that we all glimpse, in part
 a picture I have drawn with words you know
 that says...we seem to choose
 and yet again, I say that we do not

 ...indeed, cannot !

*



Beowulf, Jesus, Grendel and the Unnamed Interrogator meet unexpectedly under strange circumstances and some surprising aspects of Creation are revealed, including the absolute, true, mysterious identity of the Father of Jesus, God of God...in Heaven or some other place as strange

CANTOSeVEN

A collection of four variegated figures are huddled in a semicircle staring into a long spiral tube of variable and indeterminate circumference extending interminably into star-filled space. Two large bright eyes with fluctuating multicolour irises and pulsating octagonal pupils stare out at them and to add to their mystery, the eyes alternate almost imperceptibly into a thousand faceted prisms each with its own iris and pupil and back again to form the singular large, dark, luminous absorptive sphere that first presented itself as the seeing apparatus of this strange creature. They are transfixed by the unlikely phenomenon until finally...**someone jejunely says:**

"Ohh...so this is what a wormhole is like..." and then another said, "Hmnnn..." as each in turn scratched and shook their heads. An egregiously ugly figure, covered in scales and slime, exhorted: "Hmnn...wormholes, I thought were descriptive fiction that astronomers contrived. " Another said, "Me too. I never thought it meant a hole a worm might use..." Another said, "It sure looks like a worm except for eyes...it's strange how fanciful imagining transpires. I had a dream like this, not long ago !" And then there was a rush of silence when the worm-creature's volcanic vocal timbre caused all of the stars in the sky to tremulously flicker in response to it. The voice seemed to emanate not from any mouth as known, but rather from an ambiguous hole where mouth and lips should be...**sententiously...It says:**

*"You seem amazed at seeing me...
 you've travelled far to here
 ...on expeditious routes
 ...don't be surprised...that you're surprised
 ...imagination is The Fruit of Life
 and life's-fruit grows, precisely as
 imagination thrives...and faltering
 then life entire's deprived ! "*

and Jesus responds, sotto voce:

*" He speaks elliptically...
 so Truth returns where it began
 it takes no common fool...
 I do, do it myself, ofttimes
 ...I can't pretend "*

Then Beowulf said:

*" He must be a theistic fool...
 to meander so sagaciously*

in tangled woods...of true or false
 where men...good men...
 are mainly lost, with no fault claimed
 I do prefer my truth and falsehood plain
 so when I hang my hat...
 I know to find it there...when I get back !

This skyworm is the God of Gods wherefrom
 all Gods of Heaven and of little Earth descend
 Zeus and Wotan...all their ilk, He seeded
 and this Jew, named Jesus too
 with Virgin Queen
 and wholly in a manger had his way
 and left the swaddled babe to name
 the boon and plague in ev'rything
 we say or do or would pretend
 and merry went this fink then far, far back
 up to the very distant sky of skies
 where as a wormy creature It or He contends
 where I see now this long and squirmy thing
 a dragon speak
 wherein his mouth of mouths
 a deep-black sucking hole
 the night of night of nights that hides by day
 but when night falls on us, on me, mere hero once
 its dragon doom more fatal than
 sweet Grendel I once maimed
 and by dull fate, obliged to kill
 'though just like me...
 he had full right...to be, yet be again
 but here most truly is
 the hard-rough serpent of my doom
 so bright, loquacious and so fulsome now
 the life He gave...soon swallowed by His chaos pit
 by fiery fate, I will into sweet nothing slide
 where slithering, candescent vortex eggs us on
 where no harp plays and ravens volubly

tell soaring eagles of sweet sanguine morsels plucked
 from hero's bones...
 lain down to rest unlike those cursed
 who would not do what they'd best do
 to stay at peace or else
 raise arms to war...to be what must
 while treasure-earth's, great-beauty horde's
 what's jewelled, we comprehend
 apart from duty and true love
 and so one day, my tumulus
 my barrow tall, raised high for all to see
 resides (at last) where nothing will return, to be again
 this long, sleek serpent here
 ...who gave, will take away
 will spell corruptive black...in black, in black, my doom
 when I'm laid down upon
 ...the blistered ground
 though honoured now...I'll rival clay...nor better yet
 and not one piece of me...still prescient
 except by mythic rumour, will remain
 while ancient Jews and Greeks still claim
 all good and bad is yours or mine alone
 no God shares blame...I'll not pretend the same
 and yet it's not in me, Beowulf
 to blush and flinch at unjust doom
 self-sadness is beyond my ken
 since all will strike...when striking comes
 we do...because there is, I know
 no gain nor loss that turns the world
 and yet and yet I'll try, just so...

The Godworm dragon responds

Alas, Beowulf...brave lad
 who out of noisy nothing grew
 he does not see that chaos too, sourced me
 not ever willed and cannot think to know

who climbed the rump of love
 for bearing me...and just like him
 this warrior, plaintive
 whole and brave, Beowulf...before me now
 I cannot see behind, behind
 nor yet beyond, behind beyond
 so just like him must be...just what I am
 and never liking what I am
 no picture-pretty, on the wall
 and yet, the one who standing, must not fail
 I take the blame for blame, for blame again
 until all blaming ends I know not when
 and therefore I'm condemned
 by all that I brought forth
 so even Jesus, Son, my only Son with me contends
 so how can I bring satisfaction to this world
 where I who made it, yet have none ?

The Unnamed Interrogator comments:

I'm just a fellow traveller...
 at least I am a fellow here for sure
 and as for travels hardly know
 where I have been, or where I went
 because I don't know where I am
 the flowered Mother Earth I've known
 has disappeared...I don't know how...(!)
 and sure, what kind of blarney-land is this
 ...where everything is turn about (?)
 ...What's out is in...and all that's in, is out (!)
 ...no thing's kept its conformity !

I don't...I can't know where or how to quite begin...
 since beginnings now are ends
 that start from where they went
 and nothing's left, that still makes sense...

so I must turn myself around...to speak
 speak back-to-front...so it makes sense
 while leaning on my head or sitting on my feet...
 and speak Urdu to Englishmen and Mandarin to chimps

I'm not now what I was...
 or ever was in fact
 'cause upside now, is down...
 while downside-up, stays put...
 the sun is rising as it sets
 and birds sing beautiful, non-tunes
 with no respect to, harmony
 I hear them now as plain as day...
 yet not with ears...but through my nose
 such strange, beguiling, tuneless songs...

Meantime, my hands grip, wrong way 'round...
 so what I'm holding, hits the ground
 to shake and quiver, like a sponge
 and keeps on bouncing, up and down
 but when I start, to move about...
 the ground stays solid, as a rock
 then it retreats, by creeping up
 turns sideways sharply, to advance
 so then to halt, I start to run
 and must fall down...to stand straight up
 just turvy-tilt has remained...
 what topsy-turvy's always been
 with all containment, uncontained...
 My veins and sinews don't stay put
 instead parade upon my skin
 so I now shave from inside-out
 with ev'ry follicle, confused...
 by criss-cross ways, they're now construed
 where meadows look like bumpy hills
 and mountain's flat, like plains did, once

as cattle grazing, craggy tops
 munching snow, still moo a lot
 and eagles perch...where gophers used-to
 sit around and read the news to...
 infants who refuse to stop...
 hiding gold in, old-tin-pots
 instead of putting it, in vaults...
 as tired old men and lovely ladies
 wait until it's dark and shady
 while strong young blokes just sit on benches
 shaking hands with thumbs of dentists
 ignoring all the geriatrics...
 making love to nubile wenches
 who grant them leave, for their tumescence
 while clothes they seemed to, always wear
 are tossed aside, so they go bare
 or walk about, in underwear....
 as all things here, seem turnabout
 and even colours, like magenta
 don't hang with, the other spectra...
 though out-of-fashion...you can rent them
 since black's now white...then white should be
 no longer black, but crimson sort of...

I have no name for all these new hues
 I don't know and...I can't get used to
 and smooth's turned prickly everywhere
 the world's turned sideways...even air
 where those strange creatures, gaping at us
 as if we were dumb apparatus
 themselves are stranger, than asparagus...

The creature in the wormhole bellows...

Enough, desist...
 you're here...you're there...you're everywhere (!)

depending how things turn, you pout
 because you failed, to figure out
 what's strange to you, is recommended...
 by people who, will not condemn it
 where God's concerned, there's nothing but
 ...upside down and inside out
 remember here, your God still lives
 and shows His face to all and sundry
 still nothing's what it seems, don't doubt
 with no way in and no way out-of
 things peculiar, made to fit
 so brace yourself...and get used-to-it
 for you this is...a foreign land
 for Me, it's just the place I stand...
 or run or sit or loll about

Then Jesus says...

" Oyvey...veysmeer...michigana-kop
 this Goy, he speaks elliptic yet
 his arguments are circle-routes
 for this there ain't a cure...don't doubt
 like all bad habits, grow and grow
 no one can stop them, once they've started
 'though I'm God too...I hate to ask
 are You my wormy daddy-mamser?
 for if You are...it might be hip
 since Yiddisha, just ain't My schtick
 which sort-of gets upon the nerves of...
 disputatious, tribal peers
 piqued with Me...but hang around
 waving hairy arms about
 to plague Me with bizarre suggestions
 demanding answers to their questions...

They like to think, they're smart, not cute
 and keep me for their club, astute

to dust Me off...and show Me off
and look askance from their redoubt...
decrying Schikse's playing golf
since God picked them and no one else

Great God A'mighty...was that You...
who Abraham, had met by chance
while hiking through the Land of Canaan
looking for a pot to piss-in...
are You the geek who fathered Me...
and promulgated Misery
When You proclaimed...that You would punish
sundry forms of Imperfection...
yet suffer fools, in My good name...
redeemed by merely gen-u-flecting
Your only Son, with Mamma Mary
born outside of...matrimony
in a manger...with a donkey
You must be Daddy...or You are
the shite who came, to work the store

Are you the stud, that cranked Me out
when Joseph went to clean the stalls
and never got back home 'till dusk
and after wash-up, lox and bagels
had to get back to the stables...
and shovel dung, to feed the table
days and nights, just shovelling shit
he hardly had the strength to slip
into his bed, to squeeze mom's tits
no wonder he, could not perform...
so randy fellows, rushed to please her
or else some reckless, spirit fink
with lots of nerve and less good conscience...
who deemed conceive, a random son
since holy-spirits, will have fun
if someone stands-up, in their place

to raise the kid and feed its face
get out of town...it's done a lot !

Delinquent Daddy, to My gross
abandonment upon the cross
with rusty spikes, stuck through My shins
for Me, poor-servant to Your plan
which I confess, seemed rather dense
it flounders in a fog of sense
...so tell me Daddy if You can
why, in the name of Bethlehem
did I die stretched out on that cross
like any rat, caught in a trap
I paid a high-price, for Your folly
it wasn't nice, it wasn't jolly...
to save the world from mortal sin
could You not find a plan more civil
to use Your only Son, Gott Himmel...
to spread the message, far and near
of God almighty, crystal-clear
that I love ev'ry fool that snivels
...there must have been another way
instead of God-dammed Passion Play...!

You could have hollered through the clouds
or nailed a poster on a wall...
or mailed a flyer...texted a blog
or lectured at the local college
or hectored strangers, at the mall...

Jesus' father then spoke from his wormhole, thus:

You got Me now...I am Your Daddy
like unto Me, My Pro-ge-nany
except for phys-iog-na-amy...
I am more wormlike as You see

so too, You are My good right-hand
 ...runabout to make things dandy
 although I must say I've had fits, for...
 how You sometimes stocked the shelves
 with rotten-eggs and day-old bagels...
 and blame me for...that nailed-to-cross-thing
 where you were dangled like some gross-thing
 but you were warned as should suffice
 the cock crowed once...the cock crowed thrice...

You had to have been proven right
 and got into a pretty plight
 donkey-riding, playing victim...
 clamouring throngs...waving fronds
 as if You were a worldly Prince...
 on dusty road to Mount Golgatha
 ...into long-waiting dragon's lips
 you wouldn't save, your own good skin
 they nailed You down, without a fight
 a Son of Mine, should be more bright
 when circumstances, aren't quite right
 at least Beowulf would, wield his sword
 to save Geat's bloody, great fjords
 from Grendel or...whatever ailed him
 or even Christians, when they plagued him !

So some devised a way to make...
 the Holy Being I'd sent them clearly
 fall-guy for, their cover-story
 although they didn't know it quite...
 from-where You'd come, or might-go, yet
 hangout with the Jesus clique
 who'd claim You as three parts in one
 Father, Son and Holy Host yet
 a bloody strange concatenation...
 that makes good sense, if you're a cretin
 granting each of them Redemption...
 for basking proud, in God's reflection

...promulgated through the land
 which suited some, so they could get
 convenient ways to turn the screws
 on tenants who...would never learn
 who bought their lease and raised the rent !

But still...do try...remember this
 abjuring all My silliness
 a kiss is still a bloody-kiss
 and sigh of course, a sigh will be
 what is, as is, just is, must please
 as this or that...or large, some small
 since ev'rything, is made to fit
 to come or stay and hedge its bets...

You're My top worker, in the field
 Father, Son...and sometimes, Ghostly
 three clocks that tick along, as one...
 to do the job that must be done
 and take the blame, for what I've done

You ask me why...I must confess
 I thought I knew...perhaps you've guessed
 I laboured six days from a plan
 that any fool could understand
 of Empedocle's votive trip
 from off the roiling, boiling, lips
 into Mount Etna's flaming pit
 and more or less that's how things stood
 Earth, Water, Air and Fire plied...
 a Universe, though frayed, that stayed
 just good-enough, from day to day
 until bright fellows figured out
 there's more than four, constituents
 that Empedocle had worked out
 by following the Master Plan...

as taught to me, since Time began
 which I passed on then, best I could...
 to that strange fellow, Abraham
 who claimed to be the King of Earthly
 Sand and Sun and God's own Reason
 and bargained hard for days and days
 to save his tribe if they would promise
 to honour me and rest, the Sabbath
 as if I had to be reminded...
 that I am God and they're sy-cho-phants
 who don't know how, to do their job
 unless I take them by the hand
 and try to make them, understand
 there you have it...go and do it !

If I were wise, I'd up and kill them
 all at once and put an end to...
 all the messes, they get into !
 I should have done it, but I didn't
 I thought of it, but then I couldn't
 I'll tell you what I did instead...
 since promises don't mean you'll get
 I promised for, this one sole reason...
 to terminate his abject pleading
 this Abraham...bequeathing glory
 he was he said, the King of Conscience
 to fools who'd swallow his shtick-story
 if I would grant his silly claims...
 by honouring, his motley bands
 if they'd give Holy Writ a place
 of honour in, their Tabernacle
 and it was such a queer demand
 it tempted me to play my hand
 ...so licensed him the World Gone Wrong
 and Promised all his tribes and clans
 schmuck real-estate in Holy Sand
 ...once they'd returned from Di-aspora

if they'd obey, The Ten Commandments
 that I scratched on some old stone-tablets
 more as a joke...who could be serious
 'bout aspirations, so delirious ?
 He even painted up a sign...
 "Exclusive fur das Uber Kinder"
 (titles moot were counterclaimed)
 but Abraham was such a fink...
 he never dreamed he had been tricked
 ...since no man lives who will not steal
 nor fail to covet neighbour's wife
 if she doth smile and comely be...
 or witness false for envy's sake
 or steal dry faggots for his home
 to cook a goose or warm his toes
 or claim his neighbour's land, his own

His paranoia paid the rent
 it kept Me laughing at his drech...
 until I'd had enough of clowns
 and sent him off so he'd get caught...
 adrift in sand, up to his crotch
 he never knew, this dumbkopf, schtickle
 he had been twisted like a pretzel
 and struck his bargain...for a pickle !

But that's not all there is to tell
 all things that were...are now, pell-mell
 since once there were four elements
 which did obey, engage or wed
 into, if needed, something else
 become in turn...a loaf of bread
 a cooking-pot...a bag of beans...a mug of beer
 or pigeons flocking in the square
 or children playing, in the park
 all being known...becoming else

as this or that or that or this...
 I hung around and had a laugh
 well-satisfied, with what I'd wrought...
 from nothing yet, I'd made a lot
 except some folks dug deeper yet...
 who looked askance at what I'd done
 from six-days-labour in the trenches
 and one day stretched-out, on the beach....
 I was brought up, I said, to think
 of Earth encircled by the Sun
 but then I learned of Milky Way...
 then Andro-meda far away
 then Chaos came...exalted chance...
 and asymmetric quark momentum
 ...distributed at proton levels
 made me want to tear my hair out

But, making Worlds, is what Gods do...
 like fishermen dress hooks for trout
 and carpenters, strike nails and glue...
 I had to do God-Duty, too...
 and doing it was often fun
 I used a brush...and stubby crayons
 to paint the sunshine, strong, bright, yellow
 green for leaves and grassy meadows
 and figures shaped in soft wet clay
 for harder stuff, I fired the kilns...
 and fashioned trunks and floppy ears
 and just like that, up and appeared
 an el-eph-ant, birds, ducks and deer
 ...it sure was fun, to play with mud
 ...who wouldn't love to form a bud
 then watch it grow into the sky
 or else a dog go, bow-wow-wow...
 shake its tail, then run and jump
 ...it turned out swell...or good enough
 my six days sweat, deep in the trenches

standing up and bending down
 until I just got tired and quit
 'cause sometimes dragged on and on...
 so now, my sleeves, are not rolled-up
 to make a better fit for Fred
 or Ron or John or Tom or Mary...
 nor prayers, nor symbols, will redress
 the World can stay, just as it is...
 though when I'd made it...queer things happened
 stuff kept popping, breaking down
 I couldn't quite tell, how to plug-in
 neutrons, protons, electrons, quarks
 banged around, lit-up the dark
 (I had to take refresher courses)
 and then came most ungodly, chance
 to claim a world...that must concede to
 dipsy-doodle happenstance...
 that's when I lost control at last
 and shouted in robust defiance
 I don't play dice...I work from plans
 I may be just a squirmy worm
 but I am God Almighty...turd...!

They kept it up and wouldn't stop
 inquiring what's behind each rock
 inside of water, trees and hills
 or how an apple's, not a pear...
 ignoring wisdom, that unfolds
 of wee-bairn when it cries and farts
 or trees and grass man-i-fes-tating
 beaming into...ears and eyes
 ...or hungry from a long day's work
 to fend and feed your homely nest
 and as you do it...meaning crests
 when running, jumping, skipping, hopping
 not behind...and not inside of
 furtive muons, leptons, quarks

since drawing-slick, can't make a mule
 nor by geometry or rules
 make a tadpole, or a sparrow...
 (show me a clever way to trap
 a sunset on, a paper, flat ?)
 but. now rude-men, are hanging 'round
 who would know more, than I do now
 or even care to, ever, yet...
 they stand and sit and poke and talk
 at this or that...or that or this
 and cannot leave, enough, alone
 and open letters, posted to...
 aunts and cousins, sisters, brothers

They even have strange apparatus
 but not for tearing 'round the town...
 or else behaving, like a clown...
 but serious, high-minded stuff
 for spinning neutrons up and down
 and bumping photons, making sparks
 that measure muons, busons, quarks
 and if a guy named Higgs' shows up
 they genuflect, then scratch their heads
 to come up with, new quantum bits
 that makes my head, just spin and split
 because these itsy bits, they say...
 can be both here and there at once
 to please us, they come into being
 collapsing into this or that
 at one place, where we deign to see
 no longer there, to make the scene
 they pop-right-up. It makes no sense
 until it dawned on me, by chance
 since all comes due, from some-thing else...
 I asked the question...who made Me ?
 for being God I'd long presumed
 I'd turned around and made-Me-too

and never dreamed of questioning
 if I was born or merely dropped
 from clouds above, kerplunk, kerplop
 or else conceived, within a bubble
 and wonder...was I led astray
 since no one said, please Daddy, stay
 and Daddy might be out there still...
 in fertile realm where He begat me
 no longer free of antecedents
 or parth'nogenic-al connivance

**The wormy, God-creature sighed
 and appeared perplexed. Then Beowulf said:**

“ You mean...You fathered this here peon
 who rails that He's the only Jew-son
 cad who waxed, moral conundra
 whom You claim worm-like here, est Vous
 struggling with..who made You too
 which You don't know...for no one's claimed You
 since being comes from being-else
 if not mere random, cold, cool, chance
 as if this still, were not enough
 you don't know Your, Grandaddy too ?

While I am nothing, but a man
 I know my kin, where I began
 before Ecgtheow's Hygelac Thanes
 Hrethel bred me, King of Geats
 all noble lines, descending down-to
 me here now...so I don't grovel
 before Big Daddy...Great World Maker
 who ponders whereof, He's descended
 and who His Father, is or isn't
 the baker, plumber, candle-maker
 and thought of You, an-thropo-morphic

*instead worm more, than any God is
construed by His devout aspirants...*

Jesus, contemplates:

*"Hmnn...men of action can't be trusted
to fair-treat any, ill-defended...
who dare upset their apple-cart
...indeed it does come as a shock
to Me tripartite...in one frock
Father, Spirit, Holy Ghosty
mis-ceg-en-ate of Jew blood mostly*

*If I weren't God, my head would spin
...though how I did it...I don't know
you'd think...one single God would do*

*When all the world had, just four elements
that ticked along, without great-bombs-in-it
but Time and Space have moved along
since sailing-ships, stayed, doldrum-thwarted
and donkey-carts, plugged roads to Rome once
perhaps they've gained a step or two
and I should up and quit my job
and be the flaneur...hang around
and see what'all is, going down
and not be Son-of-God, at all...
perhaps I'll take up golf one day
or even play the pub-li-can
who draws cold-beer...and bets the ponies..."*

The putative God-of God-worm responds:

*The world, as shaped...must keep to course
so everything, can have a source
...what would transpire, if I forsook
all known beginnings, middles, ends*

and then absconded, nothing left
 to fit into, the bits that fit
 I'd have to answer hard for it
 the World would then, come to a stop
 or float around, up in the sky...
 with nothing underpinning ground
 green earth itself, would not be sound
 ...yet all I made, still turns me on...
 fruit-trees in blossom, fresh-mown hay
 blue robin's-eggs, a child at play
 hot-dogs and beer, warm-summer days
 fans shouting...bum...hit...damit...run !
 love's aspirations...unrequited
 or old-age cured, by death's door-rattle
 while men presume sublimity...
 amidst the worst catastrophes
 a genocide or avalanche
 remains to serve, hypocrisy

It is a world, much as I planned
 so anything one might discuss
 has yin and yang and gold and dross
 like Beowulf was, for Grendel, fated
 where Grendel with rash fervency
 would end all games, like hide-and-seek
 and pick-up-sticks and space-relief
 as well as murder all the dogs
 and cats and mice and hogs and frogs
 but failed his enterprise, of gore
 which served to make Geat Beowulf's lore
 as Grendel tried, but failed to see
 once all is gone, too...gone is gone
 as non-existence, happily...
 devours itself...and wears a grin
 meanwhile the moon and stars beyond
 and planets spinning round and round
 from stem to stern and North and South

of hamlets, cities, farms and towns
 elusive more than vap'rous gas is
 that alchemists, call 'repetend'
 still cloaked in mys-tery...to Me
 who made this world, from fabrics small
 ...so small they had no smallness-being
 until I said...you do...and you...
 and you and you...and you...not you !
 was how, all life, as known, began
 and hills and valleys, I begat
 likewise, far-ranging stormy seas
 the world of galaxies and cheese
 deep-hide their sources from my sight
 that my great brain, cannot contain
 though in plain view...where better hide ?
 so all can see and seeing more
 contrarily...see less and less
 and numbers fail...what numbers claim
 with zeroes adding-up the score
 to gain upon and broach the fence
 of Time's supreme ascendancy...
 wherein...all else bows down to it
 so starry-skies, stay but awhile
 their tiny lives of brief duration
 as irrational, transcendent, fractions,
 dog even and unequal numbered factions
 so then, great Space itself's condemned
 compared to shadow Time...short-lived
 with ev'ry conscious entity
 expunged, from bald infinity
 while time remains...tick-tock...tick-tock
 although that Kant, Immanuel Kant
 critiqued...in his deep book a lot
 " Time's just a crock...but all we got..."
 and so, I try then, not to think
 and have removed all clocks
 that crowd my rooms...tick-tock, tock-tick

as God of all the Gods, of men...
 I do, tick-tock, tock-tick, tick-tock, because
 tick-tock...won't leave my head...!
 it's such a butch...
 to keep-on going...tick...tick-tock, tock-tick-tock-tick
 long after all embraced by Time
 tock-tick...tick-tock, tick-tock...stays long gone, dead
 tick-tock...tick-tock (I still can't stop)
 and then I've heard, no one can go
 where all known quantities, unfold
 that has no need of tock or tick
 that leaves pure-numbers, in the dust
 is when infinity kicks-in
 where all dimensions shrivel-shrink
 the many, by the one, devoured
 the primal ohhmmnnn...that grew and grew
 looped-tail from-mouth where thinking stops
 and too, forsooth...is order true...?
 since sloppy fractions, wreck the rule
 where then, do non-rules tend or go...?
 in smaller and still smaller downward
 Chinois-sets unfolding into
 protons scaled, like tennis-balls
 up, down...infinitudes
 outside-inside of ev'ry frame
 perspective-eyed, propinquity
 no matter country or in town
 while other puzzles stir the pot
 like how I got here's...still a question
 placed-in-this-tube, where I'm sequestered (?)
 that floats-in-space, of no dimension
 not formed, of boards or bricks, or metal
 ...do any know, how I got in it
 before those quarks and leptons, tabled
 basic stuff, that we're all made of
 demon-men...men's Gods, alike
 and why-oh-why, it all began

before all that began, began
 before the Laws of Being, mentored
 clever Earthlings' ad hoc questing

The circle's tight'ning...getting closer
 as nuts and bolts of my old plan
 appear more fanciful than planned
 and words grow moot and twist about
 semantics bending, syntax broke
 when every forward step now taken
 shows up now...as never was
 as consciousness, points into space
 containing and co-formed as one
 cognition does, make worlds become
 ..nor flesh and spirit parted yet
 no thing entire being, until
 it rubs against, the world of sense
 and songs and words, are said and sung
 the bridge...the bow, the sculpted neck
 scrolled, plucked taut strings, so beauty rises
 from plain pure air that wafts and weaves
 as maidens hum and sway and sing
 and too...a kiss...is still a kiss
 and sigh is yet a sigh, a sigh
 and simple still...remains as is
 not meaning in the heart of quarks
 nor misty-mystic, mountaintops
 the surface stays, enough for rhyme
 of beauty or gross ugliness
 since worlds are by, quick glances bred
 now and now and now again

But that's enough, of speculation
 for now I'm crawling further back
 into My hole, to rest and snack
 but 'fore I do...I welcome you
 to see what nubile Eve might do

*and that broad-shouldered Adam, there
 no more ashamed, of what is right...
 bold Adam now, with Eve performs
 Creation's dance, by star-strobe-light
 Nature rendered, in-the-buff...
 some say obscene...such dancing goes
 but I say stay...for they but play
 and how might beauty be demeaned...
 if beauty be...then it behold
 and what's ungainly stays, less true...
 to hide behind the looking-glass
 where ev'ry fool...remains aloof*

Jesus aside...

*" Another round and round and round about...
 no wonder that I do it too
 it came unwittingly, no doubt
 such proof speaks consanguinity...
 although I sure don't have his ears...
 and fully biped, am not found
 in dirt and dust, low on the ground !*

Soon Eve and Adam extend their bodies into a series of reciprocally contrapuntal movements as Jesus Christ averts his gaze mumbling, "Save me Father, lest I sin..." and other fulsome platitudes (almost like a Christian) although Beowulf appeared sporadically attentive to the erotic movements of the dancers, yet from time to time unsheathed his sword and ran a long square finger along the blade, then returned his attention to the dancers. Meantime Grendel had rolled himself into a scaly heap, then bit by bit, proceeded to unfold himself, until he stood as tall as any monster can, blood dripping from his large square pores...but since the light cast on him was dim and he had not started panting like a rabid fox and sighing and spitting toads and frogs from out his loathsome mouth he did not induce any trepidation in those around him as he so often did. **Then Jesus spoke**, this time as if it were The Sermon on the Mount itself before them now...as trees and ground trembled empathetically...

Jesus...

*I was forsaken on the Cross
but this is worse than what I'd thought
He's less a God than stretched-out toad*

*or more a worm...I don't know what...
I should have known, He'd let me down
who'd have brute soldiers steal my crown
His only Son...nailed to rough cross...it's not a classy thing to do
since He's the guy that stirs the pot...
and tinkering, with this or that
six hard-days labour, soon-quick-passed
to struggle far beyond his mark...
'cept being God, He wouldn't drown
yet in deep-water, can't swim back
so hung around there, just to see
if world He'd made, might turn about...
where Beowulf's charms, come with good wits
and Grendel's virtue, somewhere creeps
to where it can't and won't get out
so like all men, from day to day
he'll speculate, what might have been
if Love and Beauty hidden deep
would breakout free and venture forth
into the world of day to day
instead of ranting what might be
if they could be, all that they would
for all their money in the bank
and envying, their neighbour's shack
and coveting his wife and croft
and nursing wars...and contretemps
that thrive jejune on sentiment...
I'm sounding wretched, spewing bile
and must indeed, pull up my socks
and offer love, to burdened flocks*

With unctuous sentiments, benign
 and play at God...aye, that's the trick
 and in full tide of Righteous zeal
 edify, poor mortal's souls
 so like bright-metal on dull ground
 their reformation o'er their fault
 now glittering...might then show off

more fondly to, My Godly eyes
 than that which hath no foil setoff
 so not offend, fool's fealty...
 who render Glory...unto me
 who still remains, dissatisfied



Beowulf approaches Jesus, meditating and some surprising aspects of Creation are revealed as well as confusion, confliction and contradiction in His ambiguous tripartite role as Father, Son and Holy Ghost, which causes Him to suffer a classic, identity crisis.

Canto Eight

A warrior of imposing stature and comely to maidens, is seen approaching a robed figure seated in lotus-position upon a long, smooth boulder jutting out onto the edge of a valley while looking up at the starry night. The warrior removes his hinge-visored helmet and holding it at his side, gently reaches down to the robed figure, **inquiring of Him...**

*"Sir...what troubles Thee...?
For if you were a common man
I'd say deep troubles grip you now...
indeed...I mean no harm except, warrior though I am
pain in others moves me to condemn the cause of it
in favour of the victim in its grip*

*can I do ought 'though I am no God like you
and don't pretend one tittle more...than just a man
although a foolish one perhaps..."*

At first the rob-ed figure does not reply...time hanging there his suffering and pain so evident that birds and desert-foxes, voles and centipedes hung their heads as tears from each fell to the buff, dry, sandy-soil, below and some, their grief, mere grief, turned desiccate, at once to dust...then Jesus spoke as if to every living thing that moved and all that did not move about..." *Thank you if you care...indeed I'm troubled...woefully*" and as he spoke the whole world shook and plants and trees from Zanzibar to Beausajour, in lachrymose, unseasoned offering, fell limp, to ground...

And then Lord Jesus spoke again:

*"I was forsaken on the Cross
by Him who had begotten Me
as Father, would-be Son and Holy Ghost
...beg who is whom...?
nor did I Godly ask thus...to be born...
though Mother Mary's nursing parent-wise...
let me be all I was and am
yet now I feel though called...
it was a puppet role I had not understood
and though I'm worshipped widely yet
and still my fame just grows and grows...
I've said and done the hist-or-y
that shaped the warp and woof
from Abraham to Moses down
Ezekial and David's House
and all the sacred names of Jewry born
deep-etched into my bones...were puppets too
the victims of their destiny
to flip and flop with no more self to claim
than any fleck of dirt and dust or part*

Freewill...for boldly choosing good or ill...
 itself has nearly done me in
 by failing to defend itself against
 the straight, sharp-edge of reasoned
 pristine, perfect, valid, evidence

Indeed what seemed so plain
 that Jews all down their awkward history to Me
 must choose what's good from bad
 and this severity was clear...laid down Talmudic Law
 and Ten Commandments from clay tablets stood
 as Holy Light in this sparse land
 illuminating brother Jews
 to frame a Tabernacle, where
 we sacrifice the blood of Goats
 and render up our very souls...
 to our own lonely, jealous God
 whose might and right and rectitude
 claims our reflected image named
 but then this One who sired Me yet...
 is not biped, like me at all
 instead, a worm, who claims a role
 unlike a thing that wriggles, should...
 most unlike any, muddy worm...
 that slides through dirty holes, in ground
 He floats up in The Sky of Skies
 cooks Leptons into atoms...then, bakes Molecules...
 which seems miraculous enough to me...
 although He says...and he should know, it ain't

I am of course, a shepherd with a crook
 a simple-minded 'Biblic' Jew...just as you see
 and would not have it any other way
 so how I've come from that strange God of Gods
 that Schikse worm...I do not know

appearances alone of course, should never count
 and all my life contend...the soul's the thing
 or else of course, it's not
 and I'm a fool, for wasting my good time
 and worrying folks
 who might otherwise...have jolly times

It puzzles me, that once there were clear paths
 that led both up and down to Me
 while I yet thought I knew of all that was
 when still a child...
 unsullied spirit pure and clear
 untainted by the loathsome rot of flesh-mundane
 in time gave way I thought...
 to pure, incarnate light of happiness and good...
 straight come as known from Paradise
 and all calamity just Devil's work
 who'd not abide pure Spirit, separate from
 ephemeral, sanguinity
 that loving, wise, omnipotent and great
 lone and lonesome, jealous God, desired
 and then that ripe forbidden Apple, interfered
 so that Lost Innocence accrued...from Adam's bite
 and all the world thus, Mortal Sinned...
 by Me redeemed to Everlasting Life
 and unctuous priestly liturgy
 ..whichever did come first...I wonder still

But now, alas...I doubt
 ...the framework of my being
 and see Myself right now...
 a mere mirage of ignorance and fantasy
 that won't address what's plain
 since men will not give up their claim
 to special status in the world
 made beast...to kill and species eat, deemed less

like sheep or goats or lambs...
 and if need be, eat even other men
 and take their land and maidens, as their own

My trouble now however, is not this
 I am no feeble-fool, to find in truth and consequence
 pain to grieve, lost self-esteem
 for random errors that I'm blamed
 but now I see Myself, for what I am...
 and will not hide from errors that I own
 ...how can I tell the Popes of Rome...high Cardinals
 and grey-frosted genuflecting priests
 who clutter pulpits, naves and pews
 with such aplomb...
 and all our febrile, earnest, motley
 hirsute cousins, at the Rock
 and needy, anxious acolytes, at home...and those
 who in the name of holy-light
 provide good services to other men...
 how can I tell them
 all you thought and think's not true
 ...how can I say to them
 there is no lonely righteous Jahweh, way up high !
 and thus remove my very self
 from that high firmament
 and that you have a soul no more than stoat
 and too...volition is a scam
 you have not well-thought-out

How can I say, to men's thick-lathered pride
 where true and false does not contend...
 their faith-speak makes them blind
 and cranky reason seeks out paradigms, to please
 sometime, somewhere...a paradox
 right reason should not need
 an object or, a purpose for its search

but should face truth as is...nor good nor bad
nor fair...nor brutal to behold...but as just is

I came from high in Heaven above
to give men hope in spite of death
and cruel increased decrepitude
deforming sentiment with consequence...
...how can I be the instrument of hope destroyed (?)
...they'll turn on Me...or call me sham
an evil plant in good men's eyes
that aims to wreck God's Master plan
a surreptitious Devil in disguise...!

Where they still romp to win the girl, the game
and have their favourite icing on the cake, sometime
with much that is long wanted, satisfied
instead of settling always second-best
without the prize...but once they've died...
their trip to Heaven takes its course
and kicks right-in
so puerile dreaming, makes good sense
except...to die, then live...then what is Death ?
mere Logic weeps at such corruptive ends
that serves for slipp'ry dealing in the world
yet men will bend the limits of their grasp
and twist good words
to follow either good or base intent
toward all they desire and wish
to overcome their daily, cruel distress...
but me...I'm Jesus Christ !
God damn it...King of Kings !
to do just as I wust...though all the world collapse
and babies weep...
for all I've done that's passed !

Beowulf Responds:

" Kind Sir, God Holy, or
 ..what e'r You be...do not despair...
 consider this...and what I'll do for Thee
 if not gladly, then with grace and fervency
 but first reflect one other fly in ointment strong
 and it is this...

Your error is not one of God whose failed
 the source of all your nascent aims...lies not in You
 but in the hearts of Men...

Who have not souls...no more than dogs
 Which you here rightly have confessed
 and that bold wormy Father of
 the Father, Son (and Holy Ghost)
 Who floats up in that starry wormholed sky
 men's vanity it was that fathered Him
 and named as they named you...
 Father, Son and Holy ghost triumvirate

I hesitate to speak so plain
 but kindness cannot hide long-well from facts
 Your burden is, Lord God
 that men from their own vanity, made You
 and not You them...
 much less than Gods...and less than men
 mere beasts who would be, Virtue-shaped
 compared to dragons, lions, tigers, bears

Self Love embraces Nation's roots...
 not altruistic, self-effacing virtue held
 when first man grew from little brain
 ...he saw himself, an entity in space
 perceived as his divide, from other beings
 that crawled and crept, much lower to the ground
 where he himself, now biped had come down
 yet no place low, as dirt made now, ethereal

achieving great command...though not quite God...
 a fence dividing animals, divorcing them
 and so You were conceived, invincibly, as God
 as men played mirror of Your Perfect Self
 as lesser Gods...yet better than mere beasts...
 to suit the rump of vanity, from which its cleft...
 but, even Shaman-trickery, cannot withstand
 the truth that abrogates, false light
 while dark stays dark and habits seen, as is

As well...Greek essences ideal...
 form the feeble basis of your plight
 prefer erroneous, blind-sight
 ...to common being
 proportioning The Good...well argued there
 the School of Athens, categories name
 Aristotelian fulcrum for Jew-cant
 wherein, fallaciously...men claim a throne
 ...so enemies might be struck down
 with killing's grasp of circumstance
 ignoring writ...

Indeed, who, will not be rude
 at threat of babe and hearth and home...
 ...then what is paradigm, of proper being
 when nuance falters, as discretion fails
 to sanctify blood-victims, on the field
 since life proceeds, from kill, to not be killed
 fair killing thrives...need be where philosophy
 and the iconic, Bloody Holy Cross...wait on
 as war protects us all...or else...kills us

Yet here is what I'll do for you, forthwith
 ...since ignorance itself is most to blame
 for your perceived disgrace or loss of face
 I'll help you get back to your happy place...

forget the Holy and Unholy guff
 and do for You what You best must
 and spread the word
 that War, sweet-war's the stuff
 like bread itself...the staff of Life
 as troubled men in happy times
 ...their muskets primed
 and blades shopworn, from cutting throats

or happy men...in troubled times
 brass cannons filled
 with dogs of war...and yet
 tools lusting bellicosity
 will ex-tir-pate, too much
 too soon, self-being, at once
 once nuclear-age, fulfills
 its gross, ascendancy

We might look hard and not pretend
 ...upholding Victory
 as proof beyond self-interest and
 ...bald sentiment
 like Hanukkah by Maccabean dead...
 reveals unseemly, narcissistic love
 forbearance thus
 might save our own beast-being
 from Nature's bald insistence...kill to be
 which one day must all cease
 or else exalted-self
 by natural-self's devoured
 as appetites grow more, for morselled death
 from what it feeds
 devou-er-ing...'till nothing's left !



*Jesus Christ...is surprised to find Beowulf, apparently
praying, but the Hero demurs and turns over to Jesus
a long Jeremiahic complaint about the condition of man
scratched out in blood or perhaps just red ink...on a long
piece of parchment by an anonymous, little, human-being*

Canto Nine

Jesus Christ is standing back of the same long smooth boulder upon which he had earlier Himself been observed in prayer...but this time it is He who serenely observes Geat Warrior, Beowulf, divested of his shield and spear, his hinge-jawed helmut beside him on the ground and his Theseus-like, long, partly braided hair... reaching to his broad shoulders, as he sits cross-legged peering upward into the chorus of exploding stars while temblors of gravitational waves fan out around them and circling neutron stars spin up into the gaping maws of two black holes and trailing supernovae collide as pulsing infrared spectra agitate across skeins of multidimensional

space...as light from *Io* does not exceed its definitive duration, but instead, distance itself, waits, as particles of muons reach ground and Beowulf is observed by Jesus uncharacteristically chanting words that sound remotely like religious prayers or incantations...**as Jesus says, imperatively:**

*“ Warrior...so proudly unashamed
 ...what are you doing now ?
 ...You said you were an Atheist, rejecting Me
 or any Moral God so named...
 as well rampaging Gods of all Geat Clans
 Who struggled Peace and War above the clouds
 as did your Geats victorious on Earth
 wherein you learned to skillfully contend
 for hearth and right of property and honoured name
 before the Christian Pilgrims came
 to cleanse with Jewry’s Testaments, your land
 to put an end to barb’rous Pagan strife
 so what say you, of all this prayerlike babb-e-ling
 have you recanted...your blaspheming of My Holy name
 like Saul’s quick turnabout, to worship Me
 ...the One True God
 Who brings forgiveness for your Mortal Sins...
 ...what is this now do tell...explain yourself
 and verily...it never is too late to change your mind
 indeed, your wolfish cloak...to be the lamb*

Beowulf sighs then with apparent effort speaks:

*“ I say...you did, so give me start
 I did not see you there...near, close at hand
 mind-inward-eyes were seeing else, I do declare
 You ask...to know, where my thoughts go
 or even too, where they began...
 although, I don’t speak readily of what I am
 because I know myself, an ordinary man
 who tries perhaps too hard to be, himself*

and with each breath, live, and live again
 but since you seem a willing bloke, I'll show...
 much of what is prompting me, right now
 such beauty as I see it, spread far out
 it chills my fearless bones...fearless 'till now
 the power and majesty of nature turned sublime
 so deep and high and broad
 it vortex-like, compels great trepidation, in
 my too, too mortal flesh
 while yet mind's eye, dispels my body's fear
 of Nature's reckoning...
 become true friend, to feeling-art
 with rock and wind, this land and stars...
 ignoring priestly and redemptive
 Jew-bred, Christian cant
 so mark myself to contemplate
 each awkward presence in my mind
 contaminant of all one would desire...
 and would malignant, hate
 instead, I say...fail to forgive
 each neighbour's prickly presence in your mind
 and burden tolerance do not abide...
 instead seek brutal hand for suit of noose
 ...not for your self
 because hypocrisy o'erwhelms, our gross conceit...
 and so...be bold and bolder, still...
 discard smooth vanities...instead
 be ev'ry turpitude, you would condemn
 embrace defect of straining-love
 and so redeem your scowl...
 shape comfort not from sentiment

 but by frank courage and robust contempt
 be honest now to seek a different road...
 that's never straight through narrow gate
 with unctuous pieties...that stink...of casuistry

Breed of indifference, more...
 and never sully self
 through rude intent's...most gross descent
 by pulse of greed and weeds corrupting sentience
 ...prepare despair
 because, winds piercing and cold firmament
 will follow soon...to swallow up, like Lion, Lambs
 or uncommissioned tree & rock, speak avalanche
 or specious dolt's hard blows or lightening bolts
 rust or rot or cancer spreads
 despoiling and rewarding liars and thieves
 despite their selves...
 where civil bourgeois maggots feed
 on civic spoils, at best

It seems beyond us all to know...
 since neither Weather good...nor Riches, Love,
 nor Marriage...and
 nor even peaceful-steady bachelorhood, provide...
 nor Valleys do, nor Mountaintops...
 nor any good condition that we seek
 leads where specific to known needs...we're satisfied
 so as to laugh and sing and merry be
 without a break...but yet we do go on and on
 as if we knew to wend where we, would-content-be
 and flit instead, unstable...through dark firmaments

Who knows what's true...?
 I barely know when farmer plows (or should)
 or when the shepherd folds his sheep (or would)
 or when to strike a blow to kill a foe
 except for guessing now or now, or now !

Nor are we culled to flat or round by stars
 nor led to virtue by virtue's intent

While seemly Angels guide our feeble hands
 oh no...we do instead...what soon appears as right...
 for where we think we be...just being us...because...
 I can be only what I am...who'd be a King
 just as a leaf conforms to leafy self
 or egg conspire, egg shaped
 myself will be and no thing else
 no matter that I try
 upon my path, led by the nose to make good sense
 and simplify irregularities
 as despot and fanatic both, coerce
 all else, not like myself
 confirms source cruelty derived
 to shape according to my place
 not us...who don't succumb to rules
 naught short of death and no thing else
 our game...a tyrant's taste, my law
 my game...by each and every one
 it's played the same
 and here's the nub of my complaint
 so that if you are God
 and not a fulsome actor in a tawdry play
 or image in a clumsy poem that gets it wrong
 ...if You are Real...I say
 like fools might cling to life, with shots of gin
 or seek goodluck by playing cards
 in gambling-dens 'till dawn
 or any foolish enterprise, that men indulge
 like seeking love for happiness and pleasure
 leads quick, to pain
 as beauty, youth and laughter wane
 too soon, too soon
 who thought they'd last, yet ruin came...
 to be and then, due course, then not to be
 and so, with all my modesty intact, I say
 this World's a mug's game all around
 a tedium of solitude that don't let up

except sometime, at cost of money, life and limb
 so even with a surfeit of quick wit
 no more than dogs to rise above...
 inequities that drag us down
 so seek in games and puerile songs
 and fatuous, fulsome platitudes
 to mask the stinking corpse of day to day
 deferring rules
 Where even Grendel finds vast cruelties, exceeding his
 a world where even riches wont delay
 the far too rapid disappearing day...
 nor any other clever trick defer, we pay
 too much, too much, too much...for gain
 Let Hate be glad
 Wind, sand and Pleiades concur
 though not for mayhem...still
 be unlike Muslim-drab or Christian-fool...or puerile-Jew
 fabled far and wide with nothing proved...
 yet glad, glad, glad be...
 when he or she...not we...do trip and fall
 nor knocked from stem to stern our Jim
 ...instead their Jane or Jack
 and pray our talent's bright rewards
 will suck-up everything they own and want
 as beauty, toys and games
 pile merit in our shack, they'll not afford

 Pretend no thing so hollow at the core
 ...as seeming love
 but be love's failed constituent
 and not prevaricant...of what you are
 to name their game
 and then of course name yours
 and then perhaps...
 with our dim light in darkened cave
 we may just rise to small ascent, as Angels no...
 instead as beasts, made better than we are

moved up from lion, wolf or shark
 ...as well with all my contemplative pain
 revealed to you, here now...
 dull babbling-babe to parent on the stoop

Here now...I'll pile up more than me
 ...that ails, in spite of you
 right here...clasped in my good right hand
 a letter dirge complains
 of all that men who worship you must take
 ...as true or false
 except this apostate, does not fear God
 ...nor even Devil, come to that
 and speaks as if the world declared itself
 when honest men contend to see what is, as is

I'll let you read it then, right now
 to get a glimpse of what it is...
 You thought you saw me do...much like a prayer
 but not to You, with all respect
 my Holy Jew, for God or no
 I'll not contend with frills
 of substances or claims, except to say...
 You Jesus can bring nothing to this world
 ...but compound misery
 as for Your Father in His Wormhole Great...
 high in the Sky, begatting You
 while Joseph laboured bread
 for You and brother James and kin
 He is a mere technician who prepared...
 a surfeit of sad sentiment
 and all this feeling stuff has run amuck
 so pity does contend with mercy still
 and mercy struggles mightily with right
 as well contrived...who should be blamed...
 reviled, rejected and despised

Who else exalted as a Saint, gave work to Priests...
 so congregations tithed might genuflect
 and all this mess has everyone confused
 although no single living thing skips death
 so then...You hang a promise from a stick...
 of Everlasting Life
 in trade for fixed devotion to Your props
 that seems, most laughable to Me
 or anyone who shares good sense, with stones or sticks

This diatribe I'm holding here...
 this deep heartfelt complaint...shows up Your game
 so here it is for Your perusal now
 I'll let You read it...but aloud...
 so even Wind and Sand and Stars
 can hear it from Your Sacred Lips
 the heartfelt bitter litany of...just one honest man
 against Your fulsome, bungling Moral Tricks
 so that each word You Godly Speak, forthwith
 shall bite a furrow deep into Your Holy Tongue
 so when it's done...truth-ditches frank and unadorned
 shall conduit better worlds...
 than any You contrived 'till now
 so his fresh woeful words redeem, not only men
 but cleanse and thus redeem Your unctuous Mouth at root
 and make of You a wiser and less foolish God
 ...if God you be
 than You have proved, alas, 'till now !

Jesus replies:

"I take you at your word, Beowulf
 for I would be a sorry God indeed
 to fear The Truth
 no matter where truth sits or lies or mounts and rides
 truth's not exclusive to...the Realm of God
 for Truth first came...then in a manger I was born

so I will read out loud...so as you say
 the ground itself can hear and know...this poor man's words
 trees too, shall not ignore
 and every stone shall share
 what this complainer grudges in My role
 to Serve and Save
 and Be the Light for Sinners everywhere
 let Me full quote it word by word...
 as it contends and trips along
 verse-like, by pairing ding with dong
 and long with strong and deep with sleep
 and dot with pot...and on and on and on...
 perhaps his talent will impress as much, with rhyme
 as bitter rant against my Holy Being
 here now...I quote this abject struggling
 Jeremiahic bard at hand...mark well :

"I'm boiling here, in the red sun
 my feet are tied...so I can't run
 so tell me God over my head
 when are you going to end this dread ?

who tied my feet and cursed my soul
 and left me here for rot and toil
 who made the clouds pour down hot lead
 who made these feet betray my head...?
 was it my crime just to be born...(?)
 ...what did I do, 'till I be dead...
 to lie so wretched in this bed
 or burned alive and broken down
 tossed here and there by awful storms
 while fools abound who claim to know...
 who rules in Hell, how, why and when
 the Boss of Heaven comes and goes
 while prayers and plans cling to the ground...
 with no redress from Right for Wrong

I would still love and be loved yet...
 but anything that's true, instead...
 shows us its back as dog's-day ends
 as claims of love are bandied round...

illusion claims to be our friend
 ...in seedy bars where Tom lies drunk
 in fact'ries bleak where Molly sweats...
 ...in stalls where Hiram markets Cod
 downtown where Betty does her rounds
 and merchants strive to get rich quick
 ...to solve the nagging old dilemma...
 of life too short, too cold and brutal
 as Heaven-hucksters conjugate...

with incense on a silver plate
 conjuring round The Corpus Christus
 and most unsanguinary, Spiritus
 ...deemed contours of the unseen essence
 like maniacs...ignore the difference...
 between what is and is not, present
 a bald-faced, bloody, plain, lacuna

I took the Sacrament you see...
 and loved my neighbours earnestly
 but no one then returned the fervor
 so turned my cheek, from left to right...
 to hold back tears, each time they strike
 until they had their way with me...
 and forced me down...so they could fuck me
 then hung around to break my bones...
 and drive me from my simple home

What was my crime...what was my folly...
 what did I do so that wasn't jolly?

Sure I might love...but first should see You
 and if sometime I could just please You
 but when I try, still nothing happens

...instead you threaten me with worms
 and tease me in a world that turns...
 from everything deemed good and right
 away from beauty and from light...
 away from all that makes good sense

You taught these timbers how to burn...
 then fanned the flame and stoked the fire
 You showed the hounds to bark and bite me
 and taught the adder where to strike

You severe limbs and cut off heads...
 you say choose this or that instead
 ...well now I choose my brother Jeb...
 the poor, decrepit invalid...
 rise-up from bed before he's dead
 and walk and talk and break a bagel...
 with jolly girls, say Sal or Mabel
 ...but lies there staring at the ceiling
 some say it's life, it sure is fate...
 but why stiff Jeb and not Jeb's mate...
 while toads and frogs still croak and plop
 and dogs still bark and foxes trot...
 Jeb just lies there, like a log...
 cant sing a song or tell a lie
 I choose to see myself as free-of
 ...theocratic sophistry
 and know their game...
 they're all the same
 I choose to fly and run and jump...
 and know one honest man again
 but not one trapped in pews I swear
 ...but just like any silly fellow...
 tears still stain my tear-soaked-pillow
 and reappear with no compliance...
 from me or any known contrivance
 hang around to work or play

...what's badgering...to make me stay
 with winsome blonde...not warm brunette
 to give her, child...and keep a pet...
 to live in town...not in the meadow
 to be a man who favours yellow...
 stays up late and plays the cello

It seems I will...it seems I wont...
 run around with cryptic plots
 whose scheming's just another phase of
 what must be, but can't quite see...
 ignoring deep complexities...
 cloaked in further mystery
 ambition riding up and down
 to save the bridge that's falling down
 or argue with a swollen brook...
 it turn swift current right around
 ...or owl become a butterfly
 that stays as is and will be yet
 in spite of what I do or say...

So...twinkle, twinkle, little star
 tell me when this plague will end...
 or if Marie will get her Jack...
 we'd be like little Gods completed
 to stage the play and choose the season
 yet sun will rise without good planning
 while neighbour peering through my window
 waits to see, when I might leave
 to ride my horse and milk my cow
 and bury me with my own plough !
 Did I choose her...or did she me...(?)
 did I choose 'see' or 'never-be'...(?)
 did I choose oak...did I choose apple...(?)
 did I choose peace...and then the battle ?

You show up late, God, never settle...
 and claim the noise but not the rattle

instead You lay your trials on me
 you made the world, yet claim I'm free
 still somehow I'm unfit to flee...
 from him or her or this or that...
 the monkey still rides on my back

You promised...yet the days grow colder
 and plenty stays outside my larder
 as hunger rides where I once thrived...
 now weaker-boned and dimmer-eyed
 with louder groans and stronger sighs

I'll never fall for cleric's trick
 who'd burden me with moral bricks
 I'll drink his wine and eat his prunes
 then wring his scrawny neck at noon
 and hang his eyeballs on a peg
 and use his cassock for a rug
 to wipe his blood from off my boots
 and prove that Hell on Earth is staying
 in spite of preaching God at me...
 by twisting words from-inside-out
 as if what's plain cannot be seen
 with corpses lining Katyn's forests
 burned-rubber, stinking-up-the-Congo
 where blood was spilled in horrid-torrents
 and heads sent rolling in Cambodia...
 piled in rows without their noses

While China dates have all been set
 for chopping off the good round heads...
 of still more yellows, in Manchuria
 with rice still steaming in their bowls
 and kettles whistling on their stoves
 or all those blue-eyed blonde, Confederates...
 tall and straight, as ashen wickets
 politely starving 'cause they wouldn't...

read the writing, on the wall
 "...killing thrives, while man's alive !"

Nor has it ended in Rwanda
 perhaps its shouldn't...perhaps it oughta...
 as poison gas, jet-nozzled, rains
 on Gypsies, Jews and Queers and Communists
 while Mozart plays a minuet
 for diners auf dem Linden-Strasse

Friend Nietzsche claims now God is dead
 (who never lived...so how now dead ?)
 Where is His grave...I might believe it...
 show me His tomb...I'll crawl into it
 and weep right to the very end
 if God once lived and now lies dead...!

The world's a crazy bouncing bean...
 a smudge of order marring chaos
 except to drive us round the bend...
 with never rhyme nor reason yet
 that makes us cling to silly claims
 of how we know what's up or down
 and what's the best game in the town
 and who should try and still who shouldn't
 who should be locked, in jail-up-for-it
 and never get to rest their head...
 on plump and downy feathered-beds...
 while blokes ignoring quarks and atoms
 march in line to service Adam
 and genuflect in dim-lit quorums
 with rigid, formal, strict decorum
 yet can't see straight but will see crooked
 whose faith might fly them to the moon...
 on Angel's wings or on a broom
 as mountains move to assuage doubt
 and bring down manna from the sky

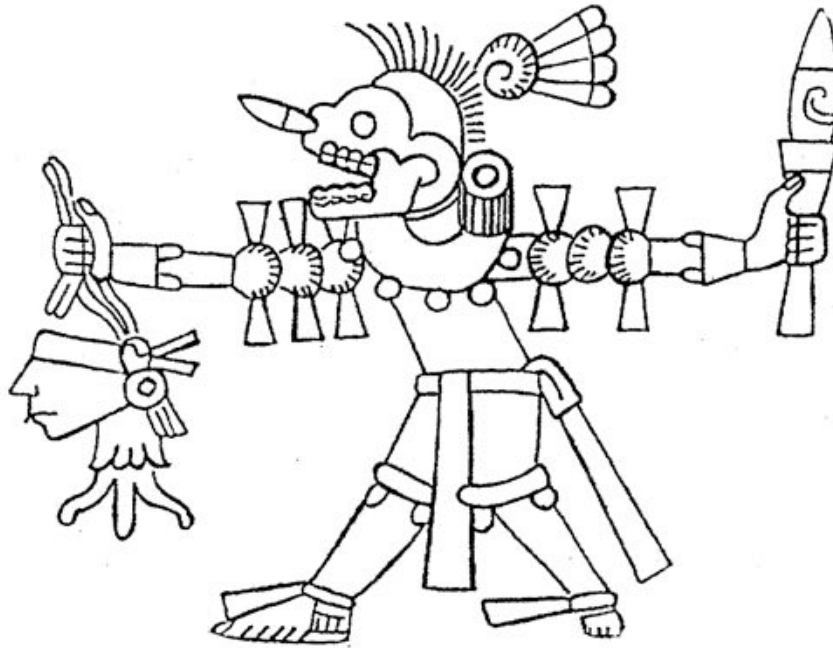
as fishes, loaves, feed sundry masses
 tit bits of magic made for asses...
 conjured in their tawdry circus
 such fools as ever milked a cow
 or baked good bread or hooked a trout
 or ploughed straight furrows with a plough
 or went a'hunting with their dog
 and set him running, through the valley
 or chase a duck up dim-lit alley...
 or stuck a pig or carved a turkey
 ...or kissed a maid when she was perky
 and squeezed her hard...so she stayed happy...! "

Upon reciting this long doggerel complaint Jesus
 paused to wipe his brow, apparently confused about how
 to frame his reaction...when **Beowulf** spoke:

"Within my reach of comprehension...
 this evidence needs strict attention
 death, decay and shame abased...
 works wonders on a pretty face
 that no honest, moral God will answer
 breeds fear as was unknown in me...
 once Hero named, now rendered feeble
 ...but never Heathen Gods I've swayed
 who've served Geat Thanes until today
 my bolder utterances name
 no comfort in Your Large Domain
 my gibberish, no language known
 stays meaningless...from stem to stern
 as random and conflicting winds
 that stir the world...nor good, nor bad
 I genuflect to what's unknown...
 to show myself not proud or wise...
 the servant of unseeing eyes
 that end in stardust whence I rose...

anonymous, not knowing if....
I came or go...nor right, nor wrong
With no great model and bold plan

avoiding litanies or signs...
avoiding words that satisfy
I will partake just little steps
nor leap to judge nor clamour-rush
to fend-off what we traffic in
so then sun-bright I might just stay...
to wend my way...another day
in smaller bits...with smaller steps
and smaller...and still smaller, steps



*A Shaman-Trickster has pinned Jesus to the ground
while delivering a powerful diatribe against Monotheistic Dualism
in favour of Monistic Animism and other forms of Paganism.*

Canto Ten

Sparks are seen flying through the air and loud clanging noises resound across the broad sky as the light changes colour in rapid succession from red to blue, vermillion, pink, pale green and then bright yellow, back and forth through the full spectrum and several hues not seen since the beginning of the Triassic period and beyond...

as someone is heard shouting :

*" Unhand me fool...this can't be done...least not to me...
stop now or else God-wrath will fall and heavily on you
to leave you floundering in worse than Dante's pit of Hell !*

*Is this what you aspire...
desist or I will fashion you a better man
or else worse-beast than what you are
...in spite of all your efforts here to do
what man or beast should never do, to Me...! "*

And there before our very eyes we see a figure much a man and yet more wolf and yet less wolf than bear...feathers streaming out all over him and rows of canine teeth hanging from multiple leather thongs that flail about on his neck as he pummels Jesus Christ (or someone looking much like His photographs embracing Pope Pius XXIV (as published in the June,7,1946 edition of Time Magazine) with the flat of his hand, obviously less to injure or destroy, but rather to impact his victim's attention and theatrically impress upon him the exponential dimensions of his expansive fury...

Shaman Trickster

*"Dare call me fool...!
I am a Shaman-Trickster
speaker for Twelve Nation Tribes
...braves strong who roam, free-hunters in their land
because I succoured them and treated wounds and all...
before black-cricketts of the Pope descended
with their Christian plague
and worse than thieves conspire
where mighty Hudson and the Orinoco Rivers flow
and in the valley-rift of Lake Tangy'nika
where the tangled-roots*

of tangled human life began
 before you simple-minded and conceited Jews
 decided all the Gods and Spirits could be rolled
 up-into one great giant mazzah-ball...

I could blame you...
 but know before you even dreamed one single God
 to gain high moral ground your own
 with absolutes as you saw fit
 Zoroastrians had monotheistic fantasies-errant
 that you presumed proceeded just for you
 by Jahweh Chosen for His Tabernacle
 framed righteously, Talmudic Brew
 as if the world's stiff-fixed for parsing law punctilious
 in wonderlands of wealth and high esteem
 the alpha and omega writ, in distant times
 cut and glued and nailed
 with bans, predictions, admonitions, curses
 Heaven, Hell...set up as bribes
 that no great wind of change or chance or facile
 white man's intellect...could batter down
 to all of which I here declare...
 since now I've soundly boxed Your ears
 and have you trembling like a chicken on the ground
 like any fool who will not fight when wronged
 indulging his remorse and guilt...
 for being less than perfect fit...for someone else's obtuse grid

Life's not so simple as all that...
 you cannot pen enough good-writ...my Jewish friend
 to change the world of Men from Bad to Good
 with homilies or Holy Law
 for then You'd make a law to dash a flea
 or else a law to clear a smoke-filled room
 or light a candle in the Sabbath dark
 or Holy Laws, to warm your little toe...

and as for grand proscriptions and deft words
 to sum things up...well rest assured
 men will go on their merry way
 to do what's best
 to cure their appetites
 and while truth lasts and lasts and lasts
 forever and a day and more than that
 truth shines a beacon to all earthly souls
 with Jews' souls best
 winds change direction as tides ebb and flow
 and each spring comes, as never spring that was
 new spring might dislocate great realms
 and space surrounding nations won't stay put...
 yet truth remains and kingdoms altered
 north and south and east and west
 and up and down...engulfing all...
 truth, spirit...hither-thither and around
 truth lasts and lasts and lasts, don't doubt
 while specious patent answers hold men down
 to all the gross confusions of the world
 ignoring God who loves them...yet
 While Truth, God's sacred presence in the mottled world
 abandons them...with every spin revealing light
 Your sacred absolutes are not redeemed...and no sin ends
 while men pretend...meanwhile
 spake Your disciple, John...
 Your ardent worker in the field
 of Good and Bad and Right and Wrong
 with apothegms of how Salvation comes
 ...of Your command
 "Wherein you cannot see...abides not sin, he said...
 Unblinded then...vibrant, your sin begins..."
 ...as if men's furtive means, accrue from choice
 ...as if they choose to rob and kill
 if someone kindly gave their cash
 to keep their wee-bairns safe and warm...
 or fetch my wife a lambskin coat...

or me a horse and plough...
 therefore at cost of logic stretched...
 what if bold sinner's wrong's seen right ?
 or else his right mistaken wrong...
 so contradicts fixed Moral points
 made thus irrelevant to what should be...
 and what should not !

Such heresy not blind...
 will argue Your facile theology
 contoured by judgment and by taste...
 self-interest and bold vanity
 so Right and Wrong and Good and Bad...
 ...well what is that (?)
 When fortune favours cannons, drums and guns
 as every storm blows good and ill...
 and ev'ry soldier claims...their right to kill
 and every wind and blade of grass, by creatures all
 as threatening forests yet do comfort some
 and spread green leaves benign
 While grassland-grazing beasts stay too exposed
 as too Lake Beautiful...makes wat'ry grave ofttimes
 on riverbanks, or windswept ridge or vale...
 days inclement begot
 on skimpy raft or well-tarred ketch
 that rolls with glee, atop high seas
 as if fierce storms
 were bathtub play for toy wood-boats
 and so variety...makes all conditional at last...
 perspective will expose
 each hero, monster-being or saint, as friend or foe
 so no thing true and no thing false remains
 not mired much in muck itself
 authority will gossip Law
 from highviewed, lofty mountaintops
 while not constrained by come and go

as we, hard-fated stretch...to river's bank
 or drown like rats...it is ordained
 or else be not, be not ourselves

And what is self...no one can know...
 We fall and rise...but only in our dreams transcend
 ...what we should not
 as if we're Gods who don't contend, reality
 that weighs down every motioning
 and yet You Godly claim
 Semitic Right from Wrong
 like it was portioning
 What not just Jews should do or not
 embracing moral claims for all
but study me...don't patronize
 for my best brief contains
 more wisdom than Your rude disdain
 and so...where'ere You walk...You'll note perhaps
 that trees do not surround You in a shade
 and birds do not song-sing anointed paths
 instead with ev'ry clumsy step You take...
 You hear the wail of disappointed crowds
 and rivers not of Frankincense and Myrrh
 but rather blood...since killing has no end...in Jewry's Christ...!
 not even in this world you claim, God made
 and now declare (yet I myself do not)
 These brutish fangs that hang from neck and belt
 are not just bling-bling bangles that I wear
 they are the blood-soaked Ikons of this murd'rous world
 where Good and Bad do not pretend
 instead just Winning and Defeat contend
 not Your Redemption and Ascendancy
 ...in pouffy Heaven or your fussy Hell

We Shaman-Tricksters seek
 the broader view of vict'ry and defeat

that leads to what seems neither Fair nor Right
 but rather be as be and is as is
 no thing, nor this, nor that...defined
 since air and sea and ground instead binds us...
 events and flowers, trees and fish and rocks
 hills and fields and moon and sun and sky
 with forest-bear and forest-cat...all flocks
 and tribes at peace...and tribes at war
 not mundane being with airy-fairy spirit-thing opposed
 ...instead the many in the one...
 flagrant as consciousness, in us
 not thinking God nor righteous God
 nor even then omniscient, compassionate or kind...
 nor Loving well nor wise
 but rather nature's things and spirit things
 combined...not different parts
 wherein we float above, below, around
 kinetic warp of Space and Time combined
 and winds bad-good that come and go and come again...
 not linear, sequential history that's fixed
 with golden futures or some treasured past...
 no relic signs for this or that
 nor fairylands where those, rewarded go
 to spin and flit and laugh and play or be
 the prince or king or queen, we cannot be
 but now and now...and now, again
 a canvas where all consciousness is spread
 so that all things not me contains
 each pivot of my hands and feet
 all things discrete, comport to dream
 so lion, tiger, man and child dare be, what'er the cost
 compared to which your yardstick Good and Bad...
 Your gross, simplistic Right and Wrong
 Your clumsy God and Devil diagrams
 of Heav'n, Hell's crude punishment
 and more improbable rewards
 from higher and still higher courts

*where spirit fights with flesh of separate worlds
 that intersects in Miracles alone...
 which no astute observer comprehends
 as life spread out before him day to day
 by esoteric subterfuge...sententiously
 professing loudly why it cannot be
 and what no honest man can see
 of Angels sighted, bearing gifts
 with spurious, portentous grace
 stinks high enough, to breed contempt
 for lesser and yet lesser, lower things*

*You pay-out sparsely...good for bad
 like some Jew-miser gains...by ruining those
 who cannot face the dust to dust to dust
 so bargain badly for Eternity
 so you Jew Jesus are a fool
 no less the fable where Your tribe's conceit
 dishonours spirits of our ancient lands
 who roamed ten-thousand years before
 pinheaded Abraham was borne...
 before all prophets You might dare to name
 Moses, Isaac, Ezekial, David never fit
 to stand before Great Manitou and talk Him down
 their wisdom stretched beneath His agile feet
 to jump across or walk upon...
 like crossing dullard log...or obtuse rock*

Throughout this diatribe by the *Shaman-Trickster* against the absurdity of Monotheism, Jesus Christ was being pressed down onto his back with the *Shaman-Trickster's* hands around his throat as if to strangle him, his eyes popping with anger and Jesus's distended with fear...until the *Shaman-Trickster* released Him and Jesus struggled awkwardly to his feet, brushing twigs and dirt from his long white robes and with his slender fingers smoothed-back his shoulder-length Aryan hair from off his face and forehead...then **says**:

"You are a man of passion I can see...
 who spoke beyond the limits you intend
 your argument is good...so far as goes
 except, I think perhaps My simpler scheme
 to let the world at large believe it sees
 (what can't be seen)
 will lead to better ends
 and I've contended many times, it would
 because the deeper view that you describe
 leaves topsy-turvy in the air...
 and nothing solid, down, upon the ground !

How can a farmer plant his righteous crop
 ...except in Abrahamic moral rows
 to mark what's good and bad in it...and striving learn
 that naught brings sun and rain...except by Me
 where straight's the gate with narrow path
 whereas in your lame pantalogue
 ...your picture-show
 the cosmos hangs on slender threads
 ...or none at all
 so plans cannot be made to harvest life
 or play our games out in the village square
 goals scored if one throws straight and true
 good stratagems predicting Virtue wins
 as Law and Order...Right and Wrong parade
 where no man will presume he knows what's best
 ...except from pulpits pouring down
 hard sermons on his lumpy head
 to say, yea/nay...this Bloody War is just
 or keep the peace, while yet you must
 men think life matters by My rules
 thus comes and goes...the motley broods
 ...what's wrong with that ?

I thought it worked...it seemed to do...
 but you say it does not
 ...well there you'll find My argument and proof
 not everyone's aghast at failing peace
 ...who war condemn
 as men find reasons from My Sermons yet...
 why they should Love their Neighbour and Forgive
 they slaughter neighbor's cattle as he sleeps...
 then turn that other cheek and yet again
 help feed the indigent and poor
 ...while robbing them of keep
 and Judge Not, Lest They too be Judged
 since life's too strict for any man or beast

The Shaman-Trickster answers Jesus thus:

"I never said you meant great wrong
 or that you Jews had cornered bad intent
 but narcissism rivals love's main source
 the spinning world, still shiny as it spins

Of course your people have no claim
 on gross-indulgence in the looking-glass
 except your history condemns...
 and righteous, adamant words expunge
 from grand, arcane, presumptive moral-ground
 all Animism from the peopled Earth
 with false Hamitic and Semitic views
 while Polytheist rituals and rites...
 hold stronger sway on true and good and right
 than your hysteric, Biblical conceits
 and Shaman-Tricksters, wiser by the pound
 than greater fools whom you exalt to name
 as your Disciples of divisive cant...
 to parse an end, collapsed
 in ways...no Jew named Christ, can mend

*I know the world as you cannot...
 since arrogance breeds ignorance at best
 and don't pretend I know why, when or how
 came this or that to hunting paradise
 and stories of the trickster-fox...the wolf and bear
 do not presume to fill all yawning gaps...or else pretend
 but hold...that nothing serves, where sense cannot
 though Reason strictly earns its own default...
 so unconnected tangents thrive...
 divorced from structures named or action's blame
 divorced from places promising too much
 like steeples, minarets or Temple Rocks
 ...or even Olympian, high, Greek mountaintops
 unreason thus becoming reason's gain...
 who follow closely reason...where it lies...*

These words escaped the Shaman-Trickster's mouth
 unto a mighty thunderclap
 and then came rain, unstopped for forty days and nights
 and then a ray of sun behind black clouds burst out...
 to shine upon a hollow, where
 some children circled, wearing festive hats
 like mummers on parade, thronged gleefully...
 and music wild, abandoned...
 not unlike dervish chants, was heard
 with sunlight promising...still more good days to come
 if all high-vaunted claims of men
 were somehow abandoned somehow...and undone !



*Beowulf and Jesus meet in a Tim Horton's doughnut shop
 where Beowulf decries the false doctrines of Monotheism
 and Jesus (as Father, Son and Holy Ghost) reveals his
 bewilderment with how the World he created has turned out...*

Canto Eleven

Downtown Windsor, Ontario, late evening, two figures can be viewed inside a Tim Horton's Doughnut shop. The slightly older one, in his middle-to-late thirties is dressed in hippie garb, *a la the sixties* and the other is a powerfully built athletic type in brown-beige and field-green army gear, in his late twenties with rows of medals clanging on his chest that seem somehow not entirely out of place or even absurdly theatrical:

Beowulf:

*" Mere breathing is exploitative...
 thank God there's more good air than men to suck it up
 or else a scene hellbent to make the reckless greed of Enron Corp*

seem summer picnicking
 With Rob and Jane, the Bobsey Twins

To be, requires in part, the world's unbeing
 the bits and bites we need of it, just to survive

to merely think, rapes molecules around
 to which I'll nothing add until I rot...
 and feed the lilies of the field at best
 and none of this self-serving since...
 I am a soldier just
 and good and bad intended
 or by happenstance
 teeters on the cusp of what I need
 ...defending even what's benign...
 like planting corn or raising sheep
 each kernel, ewe and lamb must feast to be
 and then in turn provide a feast for thee and me
 this cyclic appetite is not of Virtue's camp
 ...precepts best-willed when larder's filled
 from where does our success derive
 except as bounty stripped from other beings ?

I cannot feed therefore, deserving poor
 in fact or deed...what's truly mine
 since I took skillfully from someone else
 wherein no choice survives to have or not...
 to be...I must be like I am, with sword
 befitting long traditions of Geat clan
 I grew straight up from as a child...
 my sword-held-duty, hold to peers and kin

Fierce-armed...I cannot give to gentler beings
 as they'd succumb too soon, to raiders' swords
 ...therefore the weak stay shorn, by me or them

*With Nature scoffing at Morality and Laws
God gossip and arcane Transcendent prayers*

*Your Virtue then must be adornment's words
not deeds with Virtue's enterprise extant
you bake no bread nor guide the plough
instead you rest in comfort while hard-work
remains the bane of plain men's dreary lives
then spout confusing and conflicting words
proposing worlds where never yet man gets
who genuflect and bathe your precious feet
with tender fealty adored...
as if you were indeed sweet Heaven's Prince
and not a Hebrew peasant, just like them !*

*I do not scoff when guns strike Evil Worlds
and ask sincerely then
...are you a God (if God there be)
enjoying common or uncommon sense
as you must know from what I've said...
I doubt it's so...yet will not war but wait
with coffee hot and chocolate krull
as your best words with hope defeat
the potent nonsense I've surmised...
that sprouts...like patent flowers
from your lips...when'er you speak...
then desiccate, falls-on, telluric-ground
as Angels shed their star-tears up and down
it is a piquant sight most lachrymose
as such...misleading to the mundane world
that starts at dawn, still labouring at dusk
and visits, almost holy, from the Kings of Banks
from whence pecuniary, dullard-demons come
usuriously...counting debts
as merchants to Gold Paradise are sent
on gravy trains...with Methodists' intent*

that as you know will not suffice their needs
 excepting simples whom you will address
 pipe-dreams that feign, the World's false-hope, advance !

Jesus responds to Beowulf

Beowulf, in fact I've struggled hard...
 With all you've said and find no fault, except...
 no man can live by bread and no thing else
 an old saw true...yet holds to how men often, will
 creep sideways-up, to gather what they must
 because dismay will render them, inept
 therefore Apostasy and Atheism, never threatens
 Me...since I'm above, beyond, repaired regimes
 but will aggrieve pathetic hopes, of men
 presuming they have wit, to grasp
 what's critical, to life and limb...
 I say Beowulf...you've wrung my heart
 and so I have another plan at hand
 which you must know, is not just up to Me
 although it's true I'm God...please, don't doubt that
 I am true God, compared to dogs and men
 but as great wormlike, Father's only Child...
 not yet so grandly cognitive, as He...
 and no deemed Thinker, in Atomic World
 since Rutherford and Niels Bohr, leave me cold
 and Quantum Physics, ties me in a knot
 ...be there, not here and here, defaulting...be
 not be...or never be....yet truly, somehow, was !
 My wit can't grapple with, Schrodinger's Cat...
 so never will succeed, to High Command
 as Quarks and Leptons, leave me in the dark
 but wormy God My Father, whom you've met
 right at his garden-gate, ensconced
 in his long wormhole floating high...
 up in the sky of sky of sky of skies, not long ago

said to me this...He'd heard it from deaf-stones
 my trumpet-reading of your friend's complaint
 that reached into the bowels
 of earth...and further still than all known atoms go
 and so did My Worm-Father too
 speak thus to Me and said...I quote :

“ The world still turns
 in spite of, just complaints
 against the good turned bad
 and bad much worse
 than worse once named
 so nailed and screwed and bent
 and banged and formed by Me
 so that each part of it is pretty to most eyes
 and even awesome beauty in it, shines sometimes
 as vanity and modesty
 and strong and weak
 provide the means for pride of pleasure gained
 in victory...which could not be
 if all thrived equally
 and equal be the injury and pain
 even in remote interstices
 drives men to shed discomfort by their victories
 o'ercoming foes who must in turn
 succeed by their own right
 in fight or flight...therefore
 what else but pleasure and great pain
 can drive men on
 to work against those forces glued to them
 the wind, the avalanche...
 stark, stiff cold and desert heat
 conspire against men's needs and will
 until when failure comes...as failure must...
 mere entropy insists on this
 all lost...in turn provides all good and growth
 as from dull dust sweet daisies grow

and this is my defense against world-pain
 the world is gained...I made it thus
 ...through suffering
 and all your Abrahamic good and bad is sentiment
 that Jews have named...in their dark ignorance
 consider this...what honour frames an honest man...
 When knaves will not speak lies ?
 What's gained by wisdom where
 no man stays fool to rub great truth against ?
 ...would you then have a world
 with no deft properties...
 undiff-er-entiated...filling space ?
 blue but no red...nor yellow yet...
 or else not blue at all
 how would painless, placid world...be known (?)
 where every aspect of it, as it is
 attaches hard to pleasure or to pain
 and what would poets say where all's the same
 what would Soph-o-cles and all other scribes
 scratch with their styluses or fountain-pens ?
 would it be Paradise or Heaven then...
 where no poet struggled, nor warrior fought and bled...?

What world is that (?)
 My wormlike Daddy, said

What's done be done
 all that You claim as wrong
 I cannot change, the cornerstone
 nor even nature of more beastly men
 but here's the compromise, I now propose
 gained from close-reading of that Jeremiahic tome
 You spoke so loud, deaf stones could hear
 depicting Death's Dominion over all...
 including gross decrepitude
 as much too much for anyone just sane, to bear

Of course true-death's first-birthed...
 or little Earth would get clogged-up
 with lebensraum in still more great demand
 too then death comes inopportune
 to sometimes young and sometimes old
 sometimes betwixt pure misery and strife, so sad
 or else, midst times...of happiness and health

So here's my plan...Achtung !
 ...all living beings called, homo-sapien-
 the proud disdainful cousins of rude apes
 would die alike, aged ninety-six
 and have the option then...as age creeps in
 to visit venues, where
 (once-more) they're gamely young
 with all brief pleasures that
 bold youth possess
 excepting adolescent or pubescent angst
 each session passes happily, for thirty days
 brash ribaldry or else...
 sweet pleasure by a gurgling brook
 ...whatever your taste
 with holding hands and sharing books...
 or locked-well...in a jungle of tall grass
 ...until your final celebration's spent
 and then by secret lots...turned dust so quick
 you do not know you came
 or else you went
 nor else how many parties you attend
 ...if its your last or no
 for then all sense of time and place
 from care and consciousness has disappeared...
 then, post-ecstatic-bliss...your gone...piff, piff
 no one left lingering can name your game
 or weep and wail, with sad-dull-mem'ry or, regret

I'll have to work some details out...but on the face
 it would be better than slow-cancer-death
 or sixteen tubes up every orifice...
 with some drilled deep into your tender flesh
 or struck by donner-blitzen on the lawn
 before the eyes of those who love you best
 as it stands now...
 there is no seemly, pleasant, way to die

I'll bring it to our meetings in the sky
 and see what Mary, Paul and Peter think of it

and draft proposals for a Master Plan
 to better deal with painful, sordid ends...
 although the World, much as you've guessed
 ...is not free-willed
 but does in fact tick-tock just like a clock
 a very big and complicated clock
 ...but what I never dreamed 'till now is this
 this clock...like boots to cobblers do conform
 in spite of skillful, earnest, worthy craft...
 develops squeaks and unintended leaks
 just so...My Image Peace...in War delights
 just so God's Virtue falls
 on barren ground
 as if to spite, my good intent...
 as cobbler's boots clip-clop outside his shop
 integrity of boots...demands boot's rights
 integral to boot-being's tear and leak
 so My Creation, World, it comes and goes
 ...as never dreamed
 and yet I know each nail
 and word and note
 and blade of grass...
 each key and scale of this or that...

that makes this world heat-up
 and turn around
 and like auter might shred, his sorry script
 or else a singer
 bide and hold their tongue
 to seek-out private ways, to sing alone...

I could expunge
 all that I've made, 'till now
 usurping all compounds of self to be
 but stand instead, well back from
 what I've wrought
 excluded from the loop of Good and Bad
 because world-birthing's had, the best of me...
 like parents wise, will leave their child to be
 to its own special, private, lonely ends
 no longer seeking rides on daddy's knee
 this World has now...no further need of Me...
 and so I watch it come and rush away
 detached somewhere above, floating in space
 and when I think of it, it makes me sad...
 yet must give up my rights to fix and bitch...!



Pope Pius XXIV meets 'Hal' the carbon-black module of cinematic fame and a small black beetle (coleoptera) accustomed to being ignored as a sentient commentator on any subject whatever... \finds loquacious means to provide a new perspective on the demagogic world of men...their surrogate gods and self-serving icons...

CANTOXII

Hal of cinematic fame is observed, in the form of a cube made of carbon black (to efficiently absorb energy waves) and containing the electronic equivalent of *repetend*, the prime substance of which alchemy insists the entire world is comprised, as Pope Pius XXIV, wrapped in a bountiful crimson terry-cloth bath-towel emerges from his steam-bath, viewed through a long row of Doric portals where lissome ganymedes cavort boisterously...an inscription chiseled over the imposing row of columns framing the entrance reads, from the Greek, "*No thing strange once understood.*" and a lowdown beetle, Freddy Coleoptera, eloquently offers *its/his* philosophical perspective upon the world, neglecting to

mention his profound dismay when the great Charles Darwin failed to show up for the appointment which Freddy Coleoptera had ambitiously anticipated would provide a small, albeit important first step, toward the emancipation of his numerous species from the prejudice of anthropomorphic *hominids*...

HAL

*I am best spoken of as 'thing'
but neither, he nor she, nor it
...not even, 'thing'
quite say just what I am
and do not spread foul stink about
since breath and appetites
wont leave me lacking sustenance
that ties mere living things
to their conducive source*

*Nor do I rhyme excess of art
or resonate like grand cathedral bells'
...harmonic ecstasies contrived
...not ever claimed
instead I merely go beep-beep
and there and then...
in weeny, tiny beeps, beep-beep
these simple words conjure replete
the Universe...as is and isn't
also all...that will be yet...
and if you ask me how or why
I must insist...the question isn't...why
but is instead...why not...because
no matter what...pin-striped with polka-dots
or zigzag patterns up and down...
You would then ponder next...
why not clear azure skies instead...
with yellow scallop borders framing all...?*

...therefore to end all idle questioning
 my beeping does contain all reasons why...
 and tandemly all reasons that are not
 a kind of pie, where answers bake
 precursors to all molecules and quarks
 including their alternatives
 and not by chance...but also
 not by style of reason or of purpose known
 each flower o'ercomes all flow'ring antidotes
 to serve all flower-thriving, not its opposites
 all ways at once
 becoming one or two or three or more
 both separate from...yet tied to every source
 wherein sufficient distance, flattens curves
 ...that disappear
 and close...nearby...
 all space and time, is swallowed up
 once miniscule...
 each detail borders an expanse of void
 engaged from further vantage point
 no thing immutable, but fixed
 as constant flux extrapolate
 falls victim to those intersects...
 that form a shape
 wherein we see and think and feel and know....
 a train that hurtles all directions, fast and slow
 like clouds appear...in varied shapes
 with all cloud's attributes
 ...yet stay cloud same
 while through it all you do still eat and drink
 your mind tied hard to guts
 still floats and tries
 to comprehend its willful and unwitting flight
 so blessings come aplenty yet
 until the worm turns from too much
 and leads to where you'd be

...if you've not had enough

*So then proportion rules
 wherein you grow too tall...you fall
 or staying small...stepped-on
 or gobbled-up
 and by comparatives you wax and wane
 with treasures heavy or too large
 dogged by greed to thrive...
 until excess defeats with gluttony
 since nature does not rest...
 to make you more than you should be
 leads to your ruin, wherein
 compelled by ignorance and fear and doubt
 you claim with certitude, procrustean rules
 pulled from...a treasury of vacant rooms...
 ...compared to which...I may one time
 indeed I will...go whirr...whirr...whirr
 and just break down...old metal of entropic heap
 devoid of sentiment and hollow sighs !*

Meanwhile our soon to prove loquacious, bug, Frederick Harvey Coleoptera, is heard scratching at the dirt in a crack of the linoleum floor, ostensibly to draw attention to itself...as it proceeds to speak...mentioned here because in the annals of man and literature, bugs have never counted, but now, one is in fact preparing to proffer his opinions, as if, *he/she/it* were not a bug, but something closer to half-godly man and certainly closer to *homo-sapiens* than those non-biological androids that humans have created and which now in fact have surpassed humans not only in skills of intelligence...but have surpassed humankind in moral and ethical rectitude and reliability and therefore, also, in Civic Virtue and Godly Holiness in the best Abrahamic, Pagan or Secular Humanist tradition...

So speaks the bug:

“Hi there up there...do mind me now...
 for though I cannot see beyond great mountain tops
 your heads stay high extremities enough...
 and while I don't engage in great philosophy
 ...I do have views from where I stand
 as you do too, no doubt...who now look down at me
 and in our shared yet not quite common views
 I'll something add, although
 I hardly know the words to say what's true
 deferring to your most atrocious rant
 for want of something better said, by anyone
 more to the point or less a blatant miscreant
 that furthers all the world's conceit
 indeed, I know my place
 and struggle only to survive
 and keep myself
 far from your trenchant, striding, ten-league boots
 where every space and place spouts your ideals
 in words so grand and convolute
 all thinking what they mean
 convulses my small brain...indeed...
 ten-hundred-million years would hardly do
 to earn a glimmer of your comes and goes
 your yeas and nays...your moots and sacrosancts
 your sullied and unsullied plots
 your parsing of the finest ways to do
 all that you do and slurp it up
 not lessening your vulgar appetites
 but all the God or Gods you've named
 support your claims, your rights and wrongs
 carved out to suit, the moral niceties
 that challenge even air you breathe
 so that you are triumphant in the end
 with august public halls
 and banks and temples high

where I can only creep low on the ground
 or hide deep in a shadow on the wall
 great haloed names...that abnegating selfhood brings
 famed altruistic efforts for...more this, less that...

I would not know where to begin
 to trace or speak of such transcendence
 from man, mere man to God and back again
 from Earth, poor Earth to Heaven High and back again
 it is a wonder to behold...for just a bug
 and not one bit of proof to back it up
 it is a miracle I ponder on...throughout long days
 when deftly crawling over battlefields
 on corpses rotting, helter-skelter in the sun
 and wonder then, where is this Heaven now (?)
 where are these Souls of Men you write about
 perhaps their kept...oilskin-wrapped
 ...too close to breast ?

Oh no...I can't pretend like you
 but must say plainly what I am
 where you with righteous-flashing, blind
 all others to your cruelties and crimes
 who pin a medal on your chest
 not one true record of calumny named
 as windbag history proclaims
 a hero here, born in our midst...!

Bug failure to thus write and speak
 to tell quick lies
 spares us hypocrisy...
 which plagues men daily, deep

As just plain bugs without a tongue to speak
 and no ambition higher, than the dust
 we cannot choose

to denigrate our enemies at hand
 because...bugs have no word for love and hate
 to injure reputations or fair names
 to raise ourselves above...all those we eat

Although we scurry low beneath their feet
 same ground men tread low-planed, like us
 ...we happy crawl about
 and don't like men, keep looking up and up
 upward to Gods they would befriend
 to be their equal in the end
 and never look how low they tread
 While victim's blood is drying on the ground
 Where spent desires of noble men...
 sends chills right though
 my puny, insect's heart !

The Bitter End

SEPTEMBER 2008/JUNE/DECEMBER 2009

BELFAST PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND



*Morality and Ethics is an attempt to refine Nature as it incipiates behaviour.
Our error is to believe that morality and ethics prompts action. " Evolutionary forces (Malcom Potts, Sex
and War) is remorlessly amoral and yet not nearly as efficient as we might
like in pruning branchings that bear toxic, destructive fruit..."
Culture...disguises Nature to the degree that Cultural, Ethnic and personal Narcissism cloud rather
then illuminate self perception and analysis and it is a conspiracy of vanities, that we can no longer af-
ford...*

EPILOGUE TO BEOWULF

This is who I am as I am able to describe myself. Why I bother is a mystery considering that I am, like all others, unknowable and the greater mystery is that we ignore this truth which is more than obvious. So we go on, even after our best tools for thinking and feeling and being are spent. And then something crops up to reassure us as to meaning and value, so that all does not appear tragically, entirely lost or wasted. Some unanticipated urge, incident or sentiment ensues to defeat nihilism and futility and even forces a smile or a chuckle upon us and we go on, to the end. Still, there is meaning nowhere certainly but there is humour, even though the joke is on us. But not to despair because even frequently, the clouds part and a sliver of sunlight appears. But then of course it disappears. A teaser...so be it. This is what happens and no state of mind, no information or skill has much to do with it. Money, health, fame, love are mercilessly fortuitous. But transcendencies, small ones are critical to persistence in the face of the void. Only a fool would not wait for the next glimmering that may come while passing a school yard, observing the children...or watching a rabbit dart across a lawn or a fox sloping along a hedgerow under a bright sun or a robin, take your pick.

Since, much more than everything we will ever know or experience or understand is always there, beyond our reach, why should our ignorance dictate our feelings or shape our philosophy ? Words still come and structures to frame them and always something lurks beyond the words, beyond whatever configuration we apply to our ambitiously extended consciousness, that is to say our search, our struggle to know and define meaning, to earn life, to avoid irrelevancy.

One thing keeps popping up when one gets far enough away from all that one knows or has experienced and that's the idea of 'God' and by God I mean someone or something almost palpable, but not quite (by

definition one might say). Is it a culturally conditioned reflex where even the most efficient Atheist feels God lurking? Is there as much reason for a turnip or a watermelon to be as for something like God to be? Have we more need for turnips and is the fact that something clearly does not appear or even manifest itself allow for the repudiation of its existence, especially when its existence versus non-existence is so comforting and even more necessary to the stomach of one's consciousness than any turnip?

Wishful thinking explains it but neither proves, nor disproves, the existence of a moral God even when that God takes frequent holidays from His duties, like at Dachau and Buchenwald, and Cambodia and the Katyn forests and Rwanda and so on. But these horrible things do not go on *always*. Genocide is relatively infrequent, otherwise there wouldn't be six-billion of us flopping around. So a moral, anthropomorphic God could be mainly moral and love us *more frequently than he does not*.

One thing I do know about myself is that I take everything personally. If I break an arm it comforts me not one iota that untold thousands who have a claim on happiness no less than my own, have broken their arm in the past six-weeks all over this planet. God cannot use me to provide a moral lesson for others and justify his actions on that score. My pleasure and pain are absolute and personal and the abstractions of a greater agenda than my own happiness and suffering, is less than amusing and I reject the notion. That I am me, absolute, I have no doubt and I will rise or fall on the issue.

But that does not mean that I am singular and totemic and that I can be identified with characteristics that name me by my birth, hair-colour, diplomas or habits and this is simply because I am, like all others, a discontinuous, concatenation of attributes, social, intellectual, physical and reflexive and none of them form a unity except out of mere expediency and this is true even if I never get out of my bed and take the bus to the office and speak again.

Similarly, my organs (apparently) are not a co-ordinated, unified, coherent homo-sapien unity. Some are (apparently) entirely residual fish-organs placed where a fish might find them useful but no *homo sapien*. Nature takes its time about getting things right and some halibut or trout and I, share common ancestry and we are not yet entirely removed physiologically, one from the other. So what is a lifelong Atheist descended from a family of fishes doing here looking up at the stained glass in the great Cathedral at Chartres after having crossed himself three times and hailed Mary under his breath? Well the answer to that question is that I do not know, but then as I have tried to illustrate not only me but none of us, no one, knows anything. Yet the question persists which I cannot answer. But although I cannot provide an answer, I will try, best I can, to give some dignity to the question, by trying to answer why I am here now in this great cathedral, right now.

I was a prelate and now I am too old for even that feeble occupation. I can no longer serve God or mammon with sufficient efficiency to be tolerated, rewarded or employed and I was never the type for games or frivolous parties, and again, I am too old for that.

Now so as not to confuse you I will try to explain how it is that a lifelong Atheist could have served (faithfully and adequately) God's ministry. It is almost a paradox, certainly a conundrum. It's like this. Early on I realized that since we are capable of knowing nothing whatever, even Time and Space are up for grabs as the great Immanuel Kant has adequately informed us, it seemed sensible to spend my time doing something that *seemed to be good* even if I had no way of knowing whether it was or not and believed in nothing whatever apart from proclivities of taste and the compulsions of appetite. I have always had an appetite for God like most others and I do respect my appetites even if I do not fuss about the appetites of others too frequently. It was a craving I could see no good reason not to fulfil since death is inevitable and meaning is fanciful. It was a contract by which I could not fail to win. If I was wrong about the existence of God I would be rewarded in paradise for my good acts and in spite of my weak intellect and lack of gratuitous gullibility and if I was right about the non-existence of God, then my services to my fellow man, deluding them into reassuring belief, comforting their tragedies, were hardly wasted.

I was a good enough prelate and I passed on the greater and the smaller teachings and duties of my ministry, that is Jesus's ministry, the Son of God, no less. The slippery apologetics of the so-called great church fathers, Augustine/Aquinas and others had never impressed me. They were overrated as to their intellect I was smart enough to know that. But, they served their purpose which was to provide suitable words to describe, i.e. invent, the glorious inexplicable. It was soothing of them and generous. That they made less sense than theoretical physicists do today did not deter me since I felt more comfortable with

these old fellows than I do with *twelve dimensional string-theory* and certainly this old, old stuff came up with some great art and wonderful music and try making something tantamount to the Sistine Chapel Ceiling or the polytheistic *Primavera* or a Bach Cantata, with *string-theory*. It can't be done.

Someone published a book titled "The Outsider" and it was popular for a while. I forget the author but in retrospect, although I even have forgotten the book's contents, the title rings for me. I am an *outsider* and to be an *outsider* (not to romanticize my humble self, unduly) I think one has to be somewhat born to it. One cannot be a prototypical Englishman, Jew or a Turk and grow into being an 'outsider'. Prototypical moulds have to be broken in the flesh. My maternal grandfather was a German, but a German of the Jewish faith which is not quite the same somehow as being a German Baptist or Lutheran, but why this is so I am not certain. He was not religious and no one even knew he was "Jewish" until the Gestapo began searching archives.

So I have something of the Jew about me in my favour. I am tall and broad shouldered as the best of Teutons but this is a reflection of my maternal Jewish ancestry apparently and from my English father I derived a certain earthiness and direct physicality (albeit not his fleshy lips and nose) that one finds more frequently in Jews or at least Mediterranean peoples, than one finds in Anglo-Nordics. Generalities come from somewhere but it is dangerous and even stupid to put any faith in them. But taken carefully they do provide colours for the paintbrush of depiction even when they entirely contradict reason and even common decency. But this varied ethnic mixture that provided me with consciousness left me feeling unaligned and that arguably contributed to my psychological and even intellectual liberation from the idiocies of religious and tribal affiliations. I have no doubt Jesus was a product of mixed parentage. A roman soldier, a Philistine, a roaming ape, who knows. But he was a good Jew and Rabbi too, just as I was a good priest of the Holy Church of Christ, I mean the Pontifical Church of Rome. One can be an 'outsider' and still belong. Only a fool rejects everything out of principle or circumstance. Madmen may speak wisdom almost as infrequently, as do professors who are not madmen. Even the unholy is holy if one pokes around long enough. And one cannot just be. One must be this or that even if one's been heterogeneously composed at the root.

Of course, sooner or later one gets found out. The fissures and lacunae of one's being become exposed and one is obliged to perjure oneself or else suffer the consequences of creating uncertainty, anxiety, displeasure. Your friends will abandon you and your children will turn you in to the authorities whoever they are, whatever they represent. It has always been thus and because it has always been thus there must be a reason for it...not necessarily *a good reason* nevertheless and who knows what's good or bad really, what's really true and really false except within the confines of particular conditions. *Situational ethics*...what other kind is there...what other kind can there possibly be since *situations, circumstances, conditions* are invariably ubiquitous? One tests the wind yet acts as one must even if it goes against the wind. This is the strange nature of the beast and our secret appetites are hidden (by definition) even while they goad us to failure or tragedy. It has always been thus. We are perverse.

I would say that I was depressed but that would be too simple. How and why I am depressed, the nuances, the quarter-tones of my depression, the colouration or grey drab shades of it are peculiar to me. All men are happy in the same way, it's been said, so genius flies from joyful constancy which makes of us mere vegetables as opposed to Promethean innovators. The shadows hide beauty and reveal it and we play with them and they with us as we try to apprehend and contain the mysteries but yet another shadow conceals what we stretch out for and we go on and on, but of course not *forever*...which is more time than any of us have.

It is this time now when my clutching for beauty has almost ceased and this explains what I am doing here in this draughty Cathedral grasping fractions of glory through the vaulted stain-glass windows above me, with my hooded, Oriental (Jewish) eyelids, where I have arranged myself, in my dark, Machiavellian, velour coat, my broad-brimmed velvet hat, like Oscar Wilde or Wyndham Lewis might have worn to an afternoon literary soiree. Who knows? Perhaps they did? I am trying to absorb the descending fractionated light from high above the clerestory...I want it to soak into me and I would prefer if my fractionated consciousness, my multi-fractured-being would somehow float upward toward it and fuse with it. It is glorious and all of that from the silliness of Religion, formalized stupidity, ignorance and superstition. Here is beauty. God if you will, here or nowhere.

It was just as I was feeling and thinking all of this, feeling maybe perhaps I could stumble, trip and fall into the security and peacefulness of *true-believer-hood*, after all of these years of mere cleverness, serving my vaunted superior intellect rather than God, albeit playing at it well enough not to be arrested or excommunicated, a really, truly holy thing came up the aisle holding onto a very old woman wearing black silk (she was an old, old woman born to be) whom I think was coughing and even cackling like a witch as she dragged her thick-ankled bent legs up the aisle, and holding onto her, dutifully, a neophyte Brigitte Bardot whom I have always loved. In fact my celibacy as a priest was regularly broken with decades of lascivious fantasies about this earth-goddess and I panicked as desire overwhelmed me but in the strange fashion that desire can overcome an old man even while his capacity for fulfilling it has virtually disappeared. Life is cruel. God is cruel. As a young priest I would have seduced her. After all I am not a hypocrite and celibacy is merely an ideal. It provides greater neatness in our comings and goings than does sexual profligacy which is frequently messy and painful and accompanied more often with tears and miscomprehension, than joy or laughter.

Perhaps it is time (is there ever a good or a right time for confession?) to confess that in spite of my pride of intellect the main impetus for my repudiation of *monotheism* is not purely, sacrosanctly analytical. It occurred to me increasingly as I grew into manhood that almost all that is beautiful and desirable is there to taunt and tease us and at very high cost if realized, leaving an ocean of regrets, often tragically. Every beautiful woman, just to see her, would destroy me even had I not met her and I seldom ever did meet these earth-beauties (thank God). In fact my vocation was a self-serving attempt to remove myself from temptation shielded by the forbearance of piety or at least the rigid straightjacket of ecclesiastic seemliness.

As a cleric, one had at least an avuncular role to play and this eliminated hanging out at those fashionable public places nubile goddesses frequented. I avoided alcohol and cigarettes and I lowered my eyes to seduction at least when it was obvious. My vices were clandestine and discreet and this kept me too from venturing too far toward disaster and armoured my retreat. But if there was a God it was a mugs game to serve beauty and pleasure on a platter and make our taking of it the source of ruin and not just for me, but for every one of us. It was neither moral nor deserved that beauty and pleasure and humiliation and pain should be close-linked as they are. A sadistic God is not a Moral God. A Moral God must be a nice God, otherwise ignore Him and I did. Although I honoured, The Church, definitively.

The other reason for my Atheism came from my awareness of *the paradox of perfection* and indeed Socrates was seduced by it. Yet we cannot *be perfect* because first we can never know what that is, in spite of *The Dialogues*, subject to taste and circumstances and because the parts as known, however labelled, do not, cannot fit where they might and all of our actions are irremediable. We can't go back. Retribution, absolution are abstractions. The deed's the thing. Cast dies are cast. Face up to it.

Other issues have to do with our vaunted attempts to seek authority. Not only God's authority but the authority of *empirical objectivity*. But come on now and think ! Space and Time are up for grabs. So where does that leave scientific objectivity ? Experiment with what ? What *substance* ? And all this deferral to authority, theologic and scientific, the eternal external, *outside of us*, makes cowards of us all. Big brother, God, empirical and theistic is watching and shaping us, rubbing hard against our fragile-needy-beauty-and-pleasure-loving-vulnerable 'self'. Not *selves* because, we are alone and the existence of others is an abstraction, albeit a worthy and necessary enough one, like *Time* and *Space* and *Freewill*, another delusion which I will avoid discussing simply because I am not in the mood for it.

So, if there is a God, He will show himself to me in precisely where God should always be, in the cathedral, beaming down in the transcendent glory of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet through the stained glass above me now. And as I was thinking this, something happened. In fact what I noticed was that nothing happened. There was a gap. A lacuna of consciousness that was not quite like falling asleep although maybe that's all it was because I noticed precipitously that she had disappeared but not only from the aisles and the pews of the great church. *B.B.Transfigured*, actually disappeared from my consciousness, slipped out of my visceral grasp and I could only imagine with difficulty that I had actually seen her there then, high-breasted, demurely sylph-like, palpable and holy real, just a few metres beyond my hot, lascivious, desiring. But my decrepitude saved me. I had been rendered old so as not to transgress. Such is God's wisdom. His Love.

My memory and my thoughts of her had suddenly (I have always tried to avoid the term *miraculous*) become abstractions, like an algebra equation. Even my lusting had lost its rubescence and looked back at me like a holy relic in a glass case in the offertory. An old fogey, practising dying. A slight panic ensued because it was like the very fabric of my life's entire substrate of consciousness had removed itself or been removed and yet somehow I was, after my first reaction, at peace with it. I no longer *desired desire* as I looked up into the Godless vault surrounding me and incanted *red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet*, my new-found catechism where unity and coherency was delusional and only fragments of light and memory were left to succeed if at all possible as I clung to shards of *blue, red, yellow* for reconciliation...to be at peace at least, at last, with just a little of this rainbow or a *soupcon* of that miracle...the ostensibly holier bits of detritus left over from life's foolish presumptions. Nothing had ever puzzled me like the engagement in beauty. It is the most profound enigma, more poignant than the time/space conundrum. At once more palpably confronting our mind and participation and shockingly mysterious when we attempt to comprehend it...playing with our senses, mundane and trivial and somehow transcendent. But how...why? This is beyond Darwin and particle physics. God would not rescue any of us with the making of sense from our experience, so I clung to what was left for me, perhaps for anyone...to hold onto. This was grace. A piece of it.

And this was undoubtedly the anguish of that strange (not strange?) Jew Jesus, on the cross. What other intelligent meaning could one ascribe to it? *Schiks* are frequently not smart and nor are others when it comes to that. And as these thoughts were racing through me I realized slowly, like a man being executed thinking, *this dying thing it ain't so bad...it doesn't hurt like I thought it would* and so on and I was saved in this niggardly way. I could not any longer remember *the pleasure of pleasure*, nor the anxiety and anguish of desire. I was forgetting incrementally, the thrill of laughter and all that heightened anticipation had been for me. I had feared beauty and pleasure all of my life and now at last, by the grace of forgetting...I was coming to a state (of peace) where I did not any longer have to fear the potent exhilaration of lust and desire and the pervasive compulsion toward *unity, truth and coherency* so I could at last be just me, not torn by the daemons of Beauty and Pleasure and Truth and the compulsive quest for still more and more and more appetite grown hungrier by what it feeds upon. Now I had arrived at last at *the truth of non-truth* and the enveloping comfort of nothingness. I was almost there...the light was descending.

Footnote: I almost forgot to remark that some few years ago...largely for my own pleasure, to fill the time perhaps more than anything, I scribbled a rather long epical poem which I titled **BeowulfFreshtold**. wherein I reconfigure the *Christianized* pagan epic with a title I thought was clever and apt although perhaps a bit too facile if one considered it. At any rate I stuck with the title and it, the verse-poem summarizes I think pretty much all of what I believe might save this world from itself. Not moral rearmament or less hypocrisy or more personal veracity, civility or civic enterprise or the destruction of this or that economic or political affliction or policy or even more penetrating intellectual comprehension in philosophy or even physics, neither more undiscovered science, nor insightful religious revelation, not eugenics or anything one can think of or name to be installed, instituted or maintained. But just this. Recognition of what we already know as true. The perhaps unflattering accommodation of our beastliness and acceptance of our primordial 'human' that is to say *ape nature*. The individual and collective impulse and previously biological necessity of murder (war) and ethnic and personal exploitation and domination. The territorial compulsions of nations or tribes. None of these effectively modified by theological codifications as represented in two silly and entirely erroneous and narcissistic documents in at least the canons of Western nations and culture, Plato's *The Republic* and The Bible. These arrogant, silly and misleading, albeit impressive documents cannot save us. The best we can do is clean our lenses and see ourselves as we are. The beastliest of all the beasts. The most efficient of all murderers, which is not a moral or ethical issue. Tribalism, genocide and war, i.e. collective, formalized murder, is how we got here, all of us, up until now. But now we have nuclear weaponry and our spears and arrows and clubs are in museum cases. They served well enough and now our personal and institutionalized means for domination and supremacy have outgrown their organic, natural purposes so that instead of destroying *just the other tribe* for rape and pillage and territory, whatever, since our weaponry is so massive and efficient, we cannot do this without destroying ourselves, which we will likely do. But praying and civic rectitude will not help us now, if ever they did, which is why I believe the two most insidious and dangerous books extant today are in fact Plato's "The Republic" and The Bible. But I am not suggesting we burn or disenfranchise either these highly evocative and interesting books or their well-intended, worthy adherents. **E N D**