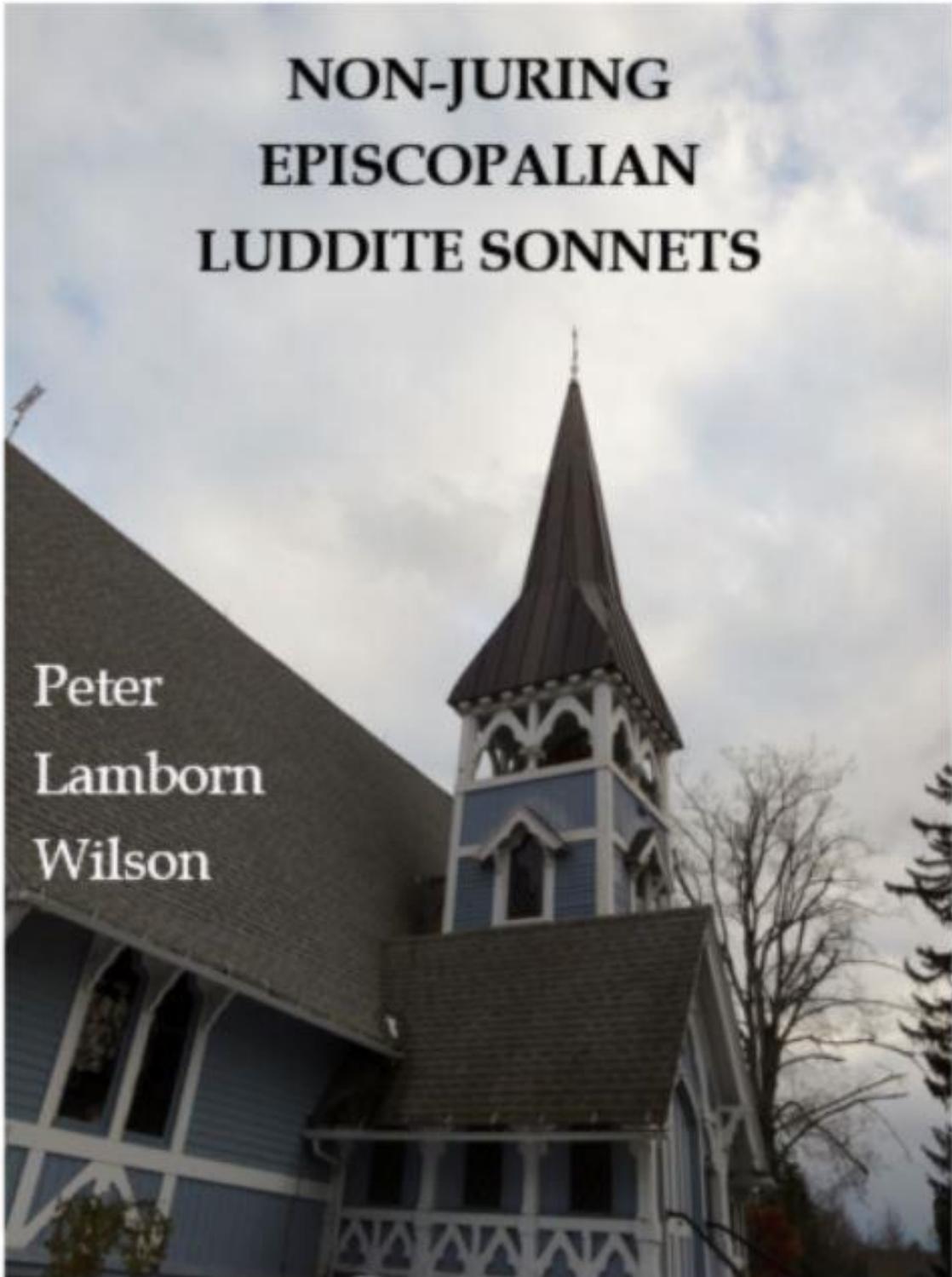


**NON-JURING  
EPISCOPALIAN  
LUDDITE SONNETS**

Peter  
Lamborn  
Wilson



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Peter Lamborn Wilson

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NON-JURING EPISCOPALIAN LUDDITE SONNETS

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*Cover Image: The Free Church of St. John the Evangelist in Barrytown, New York, site of the  
first Solemn Vespers in the newly restored Non-Juring Anglican Rite*

*Compiled for the Boredom of the Public  
by a Lover of Boredom*

— J.-G. Hamann

*(For Anne Waldman)*

Erasmus Darwin, not Charles.  
Fuck the smug meanspiritedness  
of orthodox neo-darwinians those middlebrow  
scientolaters of secular inhumanism  
BAD METAPHYSICS – beepbeepbeep – BAD METAPHYSICS  
masquerading as objectivity posing as courage  
in the struggle against a dead horse.  
I receive scroll from eminent Buddhist poetess  
she says what is real? I propose  
a Rough Ontology: everything's as real  
as it needs to be & as real  
as it's going to get.

How local is a breeze?  
Will this June ripple reach  
from here to Connecticut? Did it  
first arise in China? Or  
just across the river in the unborn  
corn? It's the sheer scale of it all  
that's hard to grasp. Our catbird  
for instance: has this raga  
been going on since the Upper Jurassic  
in a family of Bachs that's out-  
lasted Mt. Qaf? In effect  
an immortal catbird? Or  
a breeze that leaves  
no trace.

## NIHIL OBSTAT

let's call the bomb round & black  
w/ sizzling nipple, classical  
Ravachol model devil's egg  
& as for the poem let it be a  
villanelle whatever the hell  
a villanelle is.

However thin you slice it like black  
100-year-old egg down to the phonemes  
or blow it up in blackpowder clouds  
bristling with thunderbolts still the result's  
the same when seen from the winner's  
p.o.v. of the End of History's  
cockadoodledoo, i.e., ho hum  
another lawyer, another lamp-post  
& still the Illuminati call the shots.

The caged bird formulates no hypotheses  
how flowers come into focus when you  
know their names: purple loosestrife or  
joe pye weed or snowdrops like  
spilled moonstone. He  
has machines for his amazement.  
The very bars are woven of music  
down to the bone. He never marvels  
how the air has ceased to tickle  
& caress. Or how the flowers  
sleep like fragments of mirror. Suet  
& seeds arrive & shit is removed  
but how or whence no caged  
bird need ever enquire.





BEAM ME UP

*(for Chuck)*

Among the last few War Babies  
conceived before Nagasaki  
I would insist that any messiah  
or even reincarnated bodhisattva  
have glamor & sex appeal  
however clandestine &  
unspeakable.

Physical beauty is soteriological signage  
there are no ugly prophets & even the  
exceptions seem socratically seductive  
goatish & saturnian to an almost  
(ha ha) supernatural degree.

True saviors wld satiate their devotees  
with blue beams of

lubricious tantra  
now Radha now Krishna according  
to the chela's taste & proclivities.

It's always a "greasy" pack of cards  
as Flaubert would say. And vital  
that the gypsy believe she's scamming  
the client so her subconscious remains free  
to pick up real emanations & forebodings.  
Frankly I'd rather not know.  
If you don't eat the cookie the fortune  
won't happen. Anyway Chinese communists  
used to insert dire prognostications —  
character slurs. Not once was I  
ever promised anything marvelous in the  
surrealist sense. My tantrik guru  
claimed he could pick lottery numbers  
but he died dirt poor.

This is the ghazal of the here & now &  
not pale hands beside the Shalimar

How does it happen that the  
poem of complaint is no longer possible

or that men have ceased in public to  
weep & faint from sheer emotion

perhaps due to dietary deficiency &  
sexual repression under early Capitalism

Opium of love & religion is transformed  
into the Prozac of the Masses

sinks without trace into bathos like  
mastodon in La Brea Tarpit

creepy as funeral jewelry. Only pariahs  
still relish such unsavory seizures.





Formerly  
one stood in a beam of sun  
under the banner

                  WAS THERE THEN  
a bumpersticker of impeccable dignitas  
like a cosmic tent peg, round  
                  in a round hole.

But now  
it's like Nietzsche's beggar  
                  – you're annoyed  
at yourself if you give baksheesh & equally  
annoyed if you don't.

                  These rays  
are statistically reliable but somehow  
one has become subtly displaced  
or square  
                  or intermittent as a lighthouse  
                  in distress.

And into the microgap between (a) and (b)  
seeps an unfocussed susurrus of remorse.

The dead mailman  
from the Dead Letter Office  
steams open my envelopes &  
steals my dead letters  
lifting heavy wax seals with  
razor blade & then replacing them  
intact.

How to prove that I knew you then  
when artifacts lack all trace?  
no lingering scent no silk ribbon?  
not even amnesia?

Outer Space Aliens  
would at least leave memory lesions  
behind them like dogs that don't bark  
or brainwashed assassins waiting unknowingly  
for letters of intent  
that were never sent.



Cults that last for a very long time  
accrete veridical patinas of barnacles  
dendrochronologically. Like the yew they  
immortalize themselves by sucker roots, air roots,  
even when the original trunk long dead  
rots away leaving a hollow column for owls or bats.  
Old churchgrounds were not planted with yews just  
because yews symbolize rebirth & immortality –  
churchyards were planted *around* already-ancient yews  
because yews ARE immortal, & continually reborn  
some in England & Ireland said to be at least 6000 years old  
evergreen with red berries said to be psychotropic  
or poisonous (often the same thing). What psychonaut  
will return with news from that druidic fane?



I Had Sex In Atlantis  
rapt by aliens from  
    inner space  
amphibian race adept at  
miscegenation irrumation undinism  
underwater weightless & gilled  
we spilled albino caviar  
    opal spelt  
in froggy streamers of albumenesque  
slime. We fear no Noachite tide  
bring on the antarctic meltdown  
devastating to batrachiophiles like us  
    ophiolatrists  
dating back to dear dead Blavatskian days.  
Let the dam bust just so long as we've  
drained the glands of Neptune &  
satiated our reptilian lusts.

Guesstimate an estivation rate  
of three months on the dole &/or  
recourse to the fishing pole. But  
why no terms to denote we  
who devote (as well as Winter)  
                    Spring & Fall  
to sweet fuck-all?  
Marduk & his quacking minions  
disturb our gynandric sloth with their  
arbeit macht frei & other  
molochian drivel. *ZZZZZzzzzz*  
(our bija-mantra) we're  
dreaming in tandem on telepathine  
tucked in & bursting with  
secrets like a pomegranate.

## ULYSSES

U. goes away for twenty years  
maybe to Troy maybe to Sing Sing.  
U. makes his homecoming – dog  
suitors wife etc. Is it credible  
U. would set sail once again  
into the Atlantic? Only a Christian  
    could be so discontented.  
Life is elsewhere  
    is not a pagan sentiment.  
Nor am I U. U.'s map  
is crosshatched with Classical references  
Ithaca – Athens – Plutarch Swamp –  
real bodies with imaginary names.  
Write when U. get work we say.  
The profit in a house U. can't bear to sell  
& a place U. can't bear to leave is zilch.

You need a lot of poison just  
to get off the ground  
but even more  
to take root in the cellar  
like a mushroom in Pennsylvania  
most of you underground & bigger  
than a whale with an  
agenda. Sometimes you storm the castle  
with pitchforks & torches & sometimes you're  
the stormee. Agent of the Spore.  
Who riots for Jesus?  
or bread? or the lost  
eleven days? Nobody has such  
density anymore.

Only an Episcopalian could understand  
this leaden pewterish sky  
so 17<sup>th</sup>-century-aetherial yet dense  
with fractal crust

but no one  
answers the phone at the parish hall  
leaving us still in schism.

Gray  
however is the last refuge of those who  
see words rather than colors – gray  
as statistical numbness blurred  
unmusical deaf to the angelic lusts  
of Taverner or Tallis.

Reich spoke true  
you can SEE orgone in the air  
everywhere you stare thru such spec's  
just as all music – ultimately –  
is blue.

## ON THE INDEX

Without censorship the heart blurts  
secrets for nothing, birthrights  
for pottage – too much yawp too much wattage  
no finesse no english no backspin.  
Use true names of things & they may  
possess betray & leave you in lurches.  
They may show teeth.  
They may be part wolf. Only  
the Nihil Obstat stands between me &  
the abyss of clarity. Irony  
is my Imprimatur. Doublespeak alone  
allows this stance oblique to  
all other angles. Silence is loquacious  
if not eloquent. Stealth  
cracks the Acme Safe of language.

## GHAZAL

Fermentation?  
What's NOT in ferment?

Every quark is a yoghurt-producing bacterium  
all atoms are yeast. Living bubbles

are oozing out of the interstices of  
dry sepulchral dust  
                    every moment

another last trump.  
                    Siduri  
"Bar Maid to the Gods" advises

Gilgamesh that beer is the lost  
herb of immortality.  
                    Raven

is the source of all champagne  
as well as bread & thus

we picture him in a silk  
smoking jacket &  
                    red fez.

Opal is an unlucky stone unless  
you happen to be born in October or  
with two cauls. Under the South Pole Star  
it bundles aboriginal rays baleful  
as Balor's Single Eye – opalescent steam  
wreathes your mossy head in  
strange attractors as it rises from  
cauldron in Paracelsan curlicues  
till the Eye becomes a gumball  
for godlings to suck – an aggie  
iridescent (\*) with alien harmonics –  
an egg of Horus, poached, jackal & moon  
in a single globe & fit  
for a devil's pinkie.

(\*) This word was coined by  
Erasmus Darwin

## NON-JURING SONNET

Somebody in the book trade, maybe printer.  
Scurrilous journalism against the Hanoverian  
clods, veiled appeals to recusant terrorists  
leftwing Jacobite agitprop. Treatises  
on spiritual alchemy perhaps. I could  
even identify former self. I wasn't  
Bishop Booth (d. 1806) but possibly  
an abbé or archdeacon. Minor  
poet? translator from Greek?  
Note: research vestments of the period.  
Names of coffeehouses & apothecaries.  
Must handle original editions in  
trance state. Rain sounds.  
Laudanum. Initiation on astral plane.

## ODIOUS/ODOROUS

Four or five times  
it's blossomed here in as many years  
but it's a long stretch between  
re(in)carnations. Such rare aromas  
cause more pain & surprise than  
satisfaction. Odor of sanctity's  
avid to awaken senses atrophied  
in secular blossoms. Dry seasons  
separate brief ambrosial nights  
from mirages of deodorized  
mountains. A bee starved  
by decades of nectarlessness  
subsisting on Nutra-sweet in a room  
wallpapered with roses flings itself again  
    & again against the glass.

A PRIORY, *a priori*  
or, SIGHIN' FOR SION

We like to believe ourselves in the grip  
of conspiracy

                  noctambules absolved  
of all instrumentality

                  free  
to complain & explain complain & explain  
till the cows come home or rather  
more likely fall prey to brain-eating cows  
or cattle mutilators & don't —  
don't come home —

                  home which is where  
they can't take you in if there's  
no there there.

                  Give us a web  
of tunnels beneath the Vatican &  
we clam up like clams, lock  
ourselves in the cellar for 100 years  
studying Paracelsus.



What!? Trade one hour with you for  
  the Freemasons Word  
or to be Flaubert in Egypt? Can't you  
  sweeten the pot?  
It's not ingratitude for favors past  
  that makes me ask  
but sheer sweet-tooth'd greed.  
  A week-end? map  
of Lost Dutchman's Mine? vow  
  of silence? sonnet sequence?  
You name it. You be Orpheus & I'll  
  be the lions & lambs  
or vice versa. All I want is one more chance  
  to be genuinely unhappy.

