## NON-JURING EPISCOPALIAN LUDDITE SONNETS

Peter
Lamborn
Wilson

# NON-JURING EPISCOPALIAN LUDDITE SONNETS 

## Peter Lamborn Wilson

Metambesen

Annandale-on-Hudson

# NON-JURING EPISCOPALIAN LUDDITE SONNETS 

is the twenty-second in a series of texts and chapbooks published by

Metambesen.
The reader is free to download and print it without charge or permission.
Copyright © 2014 by Peter Lamborn Wilson.
Cover image © 2014 by Charlotte Mandell.

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

\author{

- 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 outlasted Mt. Qaf? In effect an immortal catbird? Or a breeze that leaves no trace.

## NIHIL OBSTAT

let's call the bomb round \& black
$\mathrm{w} /$ 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.

Schizophrenically unsatiated with just one name we accrete cognomens, a.k.a.'s previous incarnations, unborn evil twins noms de plume, angelic booming titles. Brain as fairy bride.

Round
\& around the Palace of Memory we drift like decaying gentry in Turgeniev. Brain as gas bubble decayed fishhead phosphorescent enough to read the face of a pocketwatch at midnight by. We is several others - but I am ambulatory - thanx to our episcopalian guile \& catholicity of fetishes - an amusing hell of devils with good taste in wine.

Ah the inflation of ego - streaming oceanic sensations - pseudo-shamanistic hydrocarbons, nothing can compare with the blimp of self expanding like a frog's throat
the size of Ulster County: croak swollen membrane bubble moon gaseous \& warmly ecumenical, spherical miracle Ponzi scheme far-reaching as Saturn's rings, tenuous, puffed taut by bellows-pump or boreal cheek to a stretched soapy conceptual blow-fish huger than the whole solar system and so on till POP
then for some
uncountable time, silence but finally
re-assembles back in the kitchen still surrounded by unpaid bills.

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.

What with crow, ice, snow \& sun a collage of heraldry chartered according to the doctrine of forged signatures at two minutes per diem from now till St. John's Eve cooks up occidental haikus raucous with lumpenprole impedimenta from the telephone polesbrainless proclamations by raven as barbarian harbinger of just another day in the village but suddenly naked - like those anxiety dreams
about highschool-but since one is invisible there's no shame. It's bracing as striding across some himalayan glacier generating yogic heat \& scattering trolls with imperious gestures of shiny black wing.

Deep in the subbasement our ideologue not the royal nor editorial but the schizo "we" remains sourly dour on the subject of novels written without certain vowels while everready hordes of huddled \& teeming etceteras are being flung down pyramid steps to finance our debauch. It's cool to be cruel $\mathrm{w} /$ hummingbirds torn-out hearts hallucinogens \& flowers
a bomb in a café is worth a Mallarmé maybe. Kill them all \& let God sort 'em out is at least a theory. If we speak in multiple tongues not to while away the tedium w/ a te deum but as agitprop then one of us must weep for the death of urgency.

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.

Have you noticed certain fruit trees on the 2 or 3 days they blossom w / insistent bees shimmering in place even without a breeze
Van Goghish halo's in arborial throes
of vegetal orgasm or considered thunderstorms as actual rather than merely allegorical you-know-what stroking earth with wet fingers till bolts spark up \& down from primal soup to nuts
like a panorama in the Hall of Dinosaurs: Gaia in unspeakable infantile arousal so primal as to symbolize only itself.

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?

Of course there was nothing supernatural about Houdini's routines simply the opposite of burglary ideology seductive as alien abduction or mental orgasm. You have something against mental orgasm? Are you bothered
by the idea of sex with the invisible world?
What about revenge for instance
against the cabal that immured you
in this faux Chateau d'If?
Chains fall away
casket bursts open
you swim up toward that
hole in the ice
that sun's eye to be reborn.

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<br>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 $17^{\text {th }}$-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<br>for pottage - too much yawp too much wattage<br>no finesse no english no backspin.<br>Use true names of things \& they may possess betray \& leave you in lurches.<br>They may show teeth.<br>They may be part wolf. Only<br>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 blossons. 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 SIONWe 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.

## PEAR CIDER

Nothing compares to watching a slice of the cusp between August \& September drift by w/ wilted \& riverine in-betweenness
algae on the marsh \& herons on the march fallen black walnuts smelling of expensive soap
drinking pear cider in some sylvan reserve "nestled", as realestatists say, beyond the reach of weed-whackers.

> Ancient civilizations come
to value these evanescent
untransmissible
little epiphanies over the grander grimmer
peaks of history \& passion. But ours is an age grown old too quickly that learned these lessons a bit too late.

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.


