

# NON-JURING EPISCOPALIAN LUDDITE SONNETS

Peter Lamborn Wilson

Metambesen Annandale-on-Hudson 2014

# 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

– 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 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.

(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.

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 poles—brainless 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 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 roggy streamers of all

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. ZZZZZzzzz
(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 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 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.

# 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

