WINNEPESAUKEE

G. C. WALDREP

Simone Weil

in sum, the universe is selfish—

the pellucid depths, the life that breeds in them, a motive—

bind my eyes with my hands, my hands with a stranger's staff—

in thanksgiving for the organ-colonies that go out from me,

one, two-

to the insensible,
I mean as if it were a choice—

in the wake of Hegel we can, I think, say this much—

the unwounding surface of the catchment, recognizing only itself not your face—not mine—

not, for more than a moment, the fiberglass prow—

there is nothing
philosophical
about acceptance, I insisted—
the twins switched

at birth, the little figures moving about the iron temples—

let consent be a carbon,

let it set and rise, both within and beyond the imaginary—

you could worship it—

if there must be

value, then-

why not also a prerequisite silence, a turning—

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CONCORD SONATA

G. C. WALDREP

After Ives

1/

the chords, safe in debt's old age in the body's mantled prescience—

you wake them in part from memory's calcined half-shell—

assent reaches across as if to pluck (at length) at the ghost's indivisible garment—

its sleeve of ratio-

its patience recalling all-but-Gnostic frequencies—

or, repose

2/

planchette instructions, the lilacs waiting inside their unwaiting, the oracle translated—

(the face at rest, in concentration)

3/

restless evening of recompense—

4/

in the wake of the fires, his ash confused with their ash, with the reed's

flagrant somnambulism-

bacteria, mycelia, all nonprayering emblems of the possible (see: song, purported office of—)

& toward which sheer will suffices—

devocation, as well as consequence

THE MACHINE WITH LIVING WHEELS

G. C. WALDREP

A short history: intention flourishes. A pear is withdrawn, an oath; this makes a sequence. Braid the long wire. Partly it follows the river's upcast brow. Trace of faith in the ambient, inclement geometry in one direction only. Lightning withdraws, its inner mechanism a spread of yews in a flyspecked field. Shelter vs. expectation. Really I marvel in earnest. I stroke the poplar. What is it half of, this difficult thing. Permitted, or so all evidence affirms. Envy's housemark lifts, demands its wages. What profits! What prevails.

Senses elect schemes & stents, modest blades for kingdom work. A better ascension. The knot has partly tightened. Whatever will you give for it. Its knaps & surges. Heroes in the action we call ending, a rhyme if you please. Watch the birds prosper without even the ability to count. Time is like this, an old shirt hanging on a peg behind a closed door. You know it is there. You know it is a shirt. Such beauty, surely we dreamt of it. And yet: the door.

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