

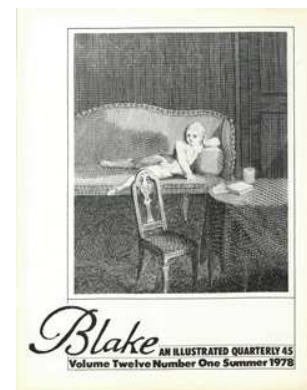
AN ILLUSTRATED QUARTERLY
BLAKE

P O E M

Trickster's Song

Joe Napura

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POETRY

TRICKSTER'S SONG

After reading E. B. Murray's "*Jerusalem Reversed*" in *Blake Studies* vol. 7 no. 1, I opened my copy of Blake--conscious of imitating Blake's use of Bysshe--and began reading "The Voice of the Ancient Bard" as "in a mirror, darkly." The result is not the finest poetry, but note the energy of Blake's words is not destroyed and in some cases is enhanced with new meaning: "Her perplex roots tangled / there!" This is not meant as an example of extending Murray's criticism or of promoting a Cabbalistic dabbling in Blake's good book--just one poet's playful response to England's greatest.

Videmus nunc per speculum in aenigmate. . .
Paul, I Corinthians 13:12

Hither comes delight of youth,
morn opening to see. And
born new truth of Image.

Reason of clouds!
And fled is doubt
teasing artful, and dispute's dark
maze. Endless is folly's
way. Her perplex roots tangled

there! Fallen have many how
dead, the bones over night.
All stumble. They
care but what not know they feel. And
be led, should they? When others lead. Wish.
And

Joe Napora

MR BLAKE'S SPECTACLES

At the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge

Through Mr Blake's spectacles
the ranked Swedenborgian angels
ruffle their wings, as if in an aviary.

Flamingoes shower over Lambeth,
and the horses that draw the constellations
may be seen sparking,
for the tiles of the roof are translucent.

Through Mr Blake's spectacles
intersecting vortices
cannonade
over a strewn sea.
On the orlop deck
the suture moans for its lost friend.

Yet the bridges of London are held up by tawny
young giants the colour of Bath stone,
and the sky balloons like a tent over Primrose Hill.

The poet's work is done; follow him home
into a room contoured like an engraving
where Mr Blake's spectacles
are oriel windows looking over
the architectonics of Jerusalem.

Morton D. Paley

TWO POEMS

I.

SONG OF INNOCENCE

Deeper into September
the rose-hips are little spots of hares' blood.
In the perpetual cardgame
between the rowan and the bramble
the ace of spades has come up
in the shape of a rook
with folded wings.

Deep in there
in the wet grass
he was born, in 1757,
was born directly from the wet grass.
They threw him in the river.
He rode on the waves.
They threw him in the fire.
He rose from it
with eyes of fire.

He is William Blake
with a blue hat and pink cheeks.
Alive, he wandered
on the grass of death.
Dead, he wanders
in a humming cloud of bees
over Hampstead Heath.

II.

AN EVENING AT HOME WITH WILLIAM BLAKE

Even as a child he drew people
the way they look, as houses
with long legs
beginning under the chin. They
grew out of the ground
like grandfather clocks from the floor
like tables and chairs from the parquet. Houses
are built from within, built
from below, by hands
reaching up from the soil. They grow
out of dark basements.

And this house around you
is hell, and this house around you
is the law, is the power over you. In there
they buy you and sell you.