

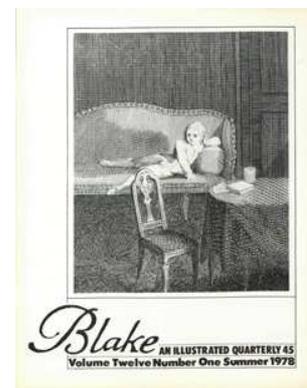
AN ILLUSTRATED QUARTERLY  
**BLAKE**

P O E M

Trickster's Song

Joe Napura

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# POETRY

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## TRICKSTER'S SONG

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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

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## MR BLAKE'S SPECTACLES

At the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge

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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

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## TWO POEMS

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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.