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Way to Knowing

FEMININE ~~ENDING OF KNOWING~~

Who is ~~she~~ this who leaves
The clipped green lawn of logic . . .

Pale hands open the gate
Pushing slowly against the
roughness of grillwork
She races to the top of the hill
Then buries her face
Lying still in the clean eucalyptus,

Leaning fragile against
The towering trunk of her seeking
Wavering, dissolving
In the green-orange light of the after-shower . . .

~~She's~~ out in the peach light early
Poking her willow switch
Into a hole in the meadow mist

(To catch God creating)

Thrusting her hands in the damp earth
Wiping her thoughts on the ribbon grass
Listening, heart cocked,
To change in the ~~breathing~~ pulsing of nebulae

~~Pulling~~ Drawing the edges of ~~darkness~~ light
Up over ~~the~~ all lost ones, ~~drawing~~
Their perigee down to her warmth . . .

But she will return in the ~~morning~~ evening
Mysteriously soft in the pear light
Waiting, for ~~him~~ me to reach her, over
The smooth green lawn of ~~his~~ made logic.

Looking out in pear light magic
mysterious, soft in her magic

G. M. Rhoades

Searching in the naves
And down the lengthening aisle

Smelling the incense, flowers
Measuring the standing hours

Looking for warmth by candle power
Wrapped in words
By sermon and by book

Trying to capture
Inadvertent, hasty look

Deceived by painted stained glass
Stopped by human look-alikes

(Keep me from pride
Of having to test every piece!)

Look here then:
Bodies on bended knee
Voices in chant before an eatery (~~sandwich shop~~)

A white skinned hand, shaking a bottle of red
(Catsup, or essential fluid of hate?)
On a dark-skinned head.

Why doesn't the dark one grab
The fluid red
And shake the evil back on the whitened head?

I despise the sin--in you, and in myself
The dark one says
But not you, never you
My brothers--his hands are out.
What fools!
(Whose disciples are these?)

Oxford + Cambridge Mass

Look, Christ, what fools! 3
Bodies on bended knee 5
Voices in chant before an eatery 3

A white skinned hand
Shaking a bottle of red
(Catsup, essential symbol of hate?)
On a dark skinned head.

Ignoring weapons we know,
Outstretched arms + knees
(Defenses fit for fools)
God! whose disciples are these!

The dark one ignores these holds
Arms outstretched + his knees
(Defenses fit for fools!)
God! whose disciples are these!

Oxford & Cambridge Men

Look – christ, what fools! 3
Bodies on bended knee, voices in chant 5
Before an eatery 3

From atoms to nebulae 3
~~[illegible]~~ 5
3

(Outstretched arms, & knees of defenses of fools) –
christ, what what kind of men are these!

~~Rhodes~~

A white skinned hand shaking 2
Evil – in ~~[illegible]~~ red – ~~[illegible]~~ so easily deflected 5
~~[illegible]~~, ~~[illegible]~~ 3
Back on ~~[illegible]~~ whitened head!

SPIRIT

A Magazine of Poetry published bi-monthly at 232 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., by The Catholic Poetry Society of America, Inc.

July 20, 1963

Dear Miss Rhoades:

We regret to report that the enclosed did not pass the Editorial Board. The following comment, which you requested, is offered for what it is worth but is not to be considered complete or finally authoritative criticism.

One critic wisely stated that the poet treats the commonplace, but must do so uncommonly. The uncommon treatment, however, does not lie in technicalities of versification but in freshness of observation and emotional communication. In "A Girl's Last Summer," we do not think you are bringing that type of observation or communication to the lines. The beach scenes are described accurately enough, but the statements are coldly factual. Possibly we are wrong but seemingly no significance for general readers is derived from the possessives applied to the cove. The concluding statement, where a poem should be strongest tapers off into a statement which is rather a truism since children frequently do not want to go home! You here are the observer, whereas we maintain the poet should emotionally be involved, and then involve her readers.

A small point: but is there anything in "Washington Summer's Night" which would not be equally true of many other localities? Most of what you have here is descriptive but no particular mood comes through, although apparently you are attempting to establish one. Perhaps one of the difficulties lies in your choice of addressing readers. And if you are to bring in the sycamore, isn't "mermaid" rather out of order? (A dryad would be more likely.) Basically what we can report here is in line with the preceding paragraph.

Naturally this is written solely from a desire to help you form some guide to our method of appraising poetry and we trust it will be read in the light of our intention.

Sincerely yours,

John Gilland Brunini

Praying in the Church of St. Stephen Martyr

~~Like~~ A church without ~~a statue~~
~~That is no statue~~
~~Its~~ A statue or
~~Its~~ vigil lights
~~The~~ dried out ~~Dry~~ leaf
~~Dry~~ heart looks to ~~the blue~~
The blue That rolls thru new ~~Chartres windows~~
Chartres windows.

A pounding blue that thunders
In the chunk glass, Wave
On towering wave that rises
Sheer & crashes & crashes
Into stained glass blue.

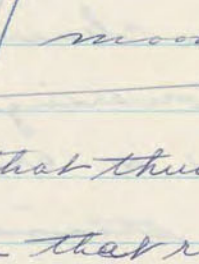
Somewhere inside, entrapped
And held in breathless like rhythm
In ~~the~~ throbbing blue
~~This~~ dried out leaf of
~~drifting~~ ~~settling~~ prayer is caught
~~And drowned~~ and drowned in You.

~~This~~
This dried out leaf of prayer
Is whilst caught & caught & drowned in You

Lake Huron was drained
And the Mediterranean funneled

~~You can find peacity~~
~~Here in the city~~
Into the blue that ~~thunders~~ rolls
Thru ~~stained glass~~ windows at St. Stephen's.
From your canoe, along the river bank
You can surprise a sycamore
Nude in the moonlight.

A pounding blue that thunders in the
Chunk glass
Wave on towering wave that rises sheer —!
And cracks ~~[illegible]~~ & crashes
Into stained glass blue
Somewhere caught a wave entrapped & held like rhythm
Is sheer idolatry, ~~my~~ a cast of You.



You can surprise
A sycamore nude in the moonwhite moonlight.

Wash. nite

You may be troubled to find
A mermaid ~~sitting in the surprise~~
But if you are ~~a Washingtonian~~ if you are still
~~[illegible]~~
~~You can surprise~~
~~[illegible]~~
~~Tooled~~ your canoe along the ~~river~~ bank
~~[illegible]~~ Some ~~[illegible]~~ isteria ~~along~~ scented night
~~[illegible]~~ Some night ~~[illegible]~~
~~In stillness of a southern scented night~~
~~You~~ Can surprise a sycamore
~~[illegible]~~ Standing nude in the moonwhite.

8-12 lines

Racial Stripe

2-3 Couplets

~~We have to~~

Glory and

All of us have, to reach our home,

~~Eventually we have to~~

~~Eventually to die alone~~

hate, hate, cancer, cholesterol

Eventually,
To reach our home -
Each of us has
To die alone

~~Late, late~~

Eventually
We die alone

of Silent withdrawal

Atoms,
Chemicals, plants were wrough
Animals, man and his thought
On the crowded earth

Late, late
to alone -
We live in crowds
We die alone

Lots of flowers
Cards, visitors
Press coverage, family,
Love, all known

We come from explosions of chemicals, plants.
Now men, we live in crowds, there's
so many others to do things,
One gentle voice registers few decibels
Tempted to "let George do it"

The dangerous ~~on the freeway~~ freeway car is slow
The principle of traffic is flow

Few decibels are registered
one small voice can still be heard.

In the flow of ~~all the~~ years since early birth
In the midst of crowds on this crowded earth

One's hesitant voice could barely heard
Few decibels could be registered

Yet — the one sure fact is surely known
Tho' we live in crowds, we die alone.

In the flow of life
Since early birth
In the midst of crowds
On this crowded Earth

One hesitant voice
could hardly be heard
Few decibels
Would be registered

Yet the one sure fact
Is surely known
Tho' we live in crowds
We die alone.

For each love or look
All must atone
As we live in a crowd
So we die alone

How we love
look order
By this we're known
To ~~[illegible]~~ and there's this:
We die alone

~~Pulmonary~~ calories
Chlorestural,
Hate burdens the heart

As surely we live
~~In~~ a crowd, well known
As surely still
We die alone.

We have to face it;

To love & be loved
Our Glory & need,
Love is the food
on which to feed:

~~Its~~ Lack
~~the~~ builds colonies
Cholesteral
~~Veins are heavy~~
~~That heart is heavy~~
~~In~~ silent withdrawal
~~of silent withdrawal~~.

(Arteries atrophy
~~And~~ ~~the~~ heart is burdened
~~Lined~~
In silent withdrawal

How we love each other
By this we're Known
~~And there's always this:~~
~~We die alone~~

We live in a crowd
~~But we die alone~~.

~~Eventually~~
We die alone.

Love
~~Well~~ fed or lean

loneliness
~~[illegible]~~
fed
~~[illegible]~~
Love
~~[illegible]~~
By this were Known
~~[illegible]~~
~~when out of the crowd~~ ~~At the~~
We die alone

~~Love lean or lean~~

Love-fed or lean
We die alone
How we love each other
By this were Known:

At the end of our diet
We die alone.

Poor ~~Yearning~~ Bodies

We blast them up from their polyfoam wals
To a melter of water
and shirts, + skirts
Missals, mantillas, and once-a-week hats.

~~Sunday - subdued head nods softly to friends~~
~~Feet tip toe down aisles~~
~~Hands cross sign on breasts~~
~~When the altar boy comes~~
~~Their activity ends.~~

The spiritual tenants go butterfly-nettling
For floating wills + states of forgetting.

The bodies stay stacked in the pews, ~~about~~
At rest,
Passive,
awaiting,
God's ~~strange~~ be guest:
The ~~basked~~ basket, ~~assay~~
The essay,
The ite ... est.

Subdued by ~~Sunday~~ Latin, by Canon Law
~~Only~~ Baltimore I, II, III, ~~& Deed of~~ and the Fall,
They ~~open~~ open the ~~chancel~~ chancel, but that's about all.

The Negro has given us —

at last ~~[illegible]~~ a home —

Something worth dying for.

~~Silent Catholic Moment~~

~~Yearning~~ Out of the Silence

One think of ~~read~~ the tales in the Holy Book
of Kings, of David who gaily took
To dancing to show how he loved the Lord.
(It ~~bores~~ waltzes one's ~~say~~ prayers when ~~time~~ one is bored.)

(Isaiah)
One reads the Prophets, who spoke with fire
~~and those~~ The psalmist who played ~~the~~ the lute ~~of the~~ the lyre.
They ~~played~~ sang to the Lord & He loved their song
(~~I tunes my ear to them~~ ~~and wonder what's wrong~~.)
(~~Whoever~~ I tune the psalm in jail on one's tongue)

~~In the Bible~~
There ~~are~~ are the psalms they clapped ~~their~~ hands
~~and~~ Their trumpets ~~peeled across~~ trumpeted over the lands,
What glorious ways of praising you!
(~~If I were a Catholic, I'd love Jesus!~~)
(~~While I clench my teeth, I poke my hands~~ (my tongue flutes still.)
(~~I hasten the day I can give you my soul!~~)
(~~But~~ ~~I'm like a bird in~~ my varnished pews.)
(~~I'm quietly decay in a varnished pews~~)
(~~We. Bound & gagged in a varnished pews~~)
(~~I adjust my gaze~~,
(~~I gaze again in my varnished pews~~)
(Forgive ~~the~~ a pound from ~~the~~ a varnished pews.)
~~(Please give me from a varnished pews~~
(~~and pray in you~~ ~~from a varnished pews.~~)

~~From My Window~~

~~[illegible]~~

~~Out of Chaos~~

April Is For Loving!

Green, green
~~Stately~~
The Maple moves
Brushing out her leaves
With ~~April~~ morning breezes.

~~Beneath her~~

Sunlight and shadow
Dance out ~~the~~ her design
~~On patterned sidewalk~~,
~~beneath her~~,
From my ~~[illegible]~~ window
Breezes stir my own brown ~~tresses~~ hair.
My inner fetal leaning
To the dance of sparkling shadows.

~~Lovely~~

A too too foolish puff of cloud
~~Floats in~~
~~[illegible] hands with a [illegible] leaf shadow,~~
~~And my throat contracts~~.

~~It is too much!~~ ~~My throat contracts~~
April speaks ~~[illegible]~~ directly to my loving!
My ~~Startled~~, my mind looks full askance
As at another message than love
~~As if I receive another message than hers.~~
~~Confused [illegible] April~~
~~Ends, [illegible] spring~~ lift outstretched
~~To calling spirit of heaven~~
~~and yearning~~
~~[illegible]~~
~~[illegible] yearning~~
My arms ~~[illegible]~~ go out & up
~~In worship~~. In ~~worship~~ worship.

Speak to us of Love!

We ran down the cabin road
~~Crying~~, frantically crying
Where?

Here, the Exegetes responded
And took us into ~~the~~ deep woods
~~And~~ where the ~~light~~ light was ~~smallowed up~~ cut off
By Hebrew ~~fourth~~ ~~followed by~~ + later of Greek
With lengthy footnotes
Not at all like grace notes, of birds
We ~~ducked under~~ the heavy branches
of Swahili, brushed past the wild Arabic plant,
And came to a clearing of Aramaic
~~And there~~ Ahead of us stood the Latin ~~cliff~~,
~~There was the answer.~~
Except that ~~by now~~ we were really still huddled
My brother + I
Back on our American ~~sand~~ dune,
Crying, where, where?

Here, theologians picked us up kindly
And floated us into the ~~Lake~~ water
~~Always~~ with ~~syllogisms~~ logic
Waves churned + ~~They splashed~~ crashed into ~~brothers~~ syllogisms
~~And this as a child~~
And we ~~smallowed~~ icy ~~salty~~ water
~~Long~~ were gurgled + gasped
and paddled frantically
Back to our 20th Century shore

Where ? where !
What ~~the~~ mean ?
~~In our own tongue~~ –
Where do we find that Love
In John XIV ?

~~Churning~~
~~Yearning~~
~~Dreaming~~ in Church
~~A Councillor Dread~~
Dream of Participation

A summer dream
Southern-scented ~~with~~ in wisteria
Glassy
With ground swells
From the Great Lakes.

A church dream
~~Latin~~ English-scented in incense
~~Lo~~ Chock-full of action's word
An American dream.

A torch dream
~~Passed from the Psalms~~ ~~Lo~~ psalmist ~~the passing~~ tone
Burning in brass
~~Aroud~~ clapping hands
~~Aroud~~ in song
Flaming to be.

A love dream
A man ~~bid~~ ~~laid down~~ his life for me
I would respond ~~humanly~~
Humanly

~~I awoke~~ ~~I awoke,~~ ~~I am~~ ~~mute~~

I awoke: mute
Motionless (Pre-ulcer churning) mod
Hats, hats, hats ahead
My launching pad
For worship.
mod (Pre-ulcer-churning mod)

Mute, Motionless
Stomach-churning bored
~~Gropes~~ gropes
~~Gropes leaves~~ on purple hats in pews ahead
Hats, hats, ~~hats~~ hats ahead
My launching pad
For worship.

~~Mourning a Love~~
~~Makes Beyond~~

~~Your washcloth sends two bubbles up~~
~~They drift (?), fuse, are one ...~~
~~To disappear.~~

~~Air and water, [illegible]~~
~~[illegible] a fuller~~
~~Return to [illegible] (robust) sphere.~~

~~When~~
~~[illegible] love his [illegible]~~

Two bubbles are born in the sink
~~They~~ drift (?), fuse, & disappear.
Water and air ~~like~~ love return
To a fuller sphere.

Bereavement
~~Mourning~~
~~Love~~

Two bubbles ~~drift~~, fuse, disappear.
~~[illegible]~~. Water and air, ~~like love~~, return
To a greater fuller sphere.

In the virgin darkness of ~~the~~ pine
Out of the lichen green pool
~~deep of the pool~~
~~Two~~ A rainbow bubble drifts, and another
fusing, ~~they~~ ~~[illegible]~~ are one, drift ~~[illegible]~~ between ~~[illegible]~~ red clay banks
~~And~~ disappear! ...

Water and air returned
Each to his
~~To their~~ own greater sphere.

Red Riot in Washington

Riots throb in residential streets
Of Washington.
Explosions in the red that's blue in blood.
In Azaleas that bled in bloom
Pouring red strength into the damp
For use in climbing June.

Someone has let the color drain
From a sanctuary lamp,
Pilfered red from stained glass throbbing
At St. Stephen's.
Red, riotous red,

They shout
Washingtonians,
Roses are out!

The waves die down
The birch will go
And the girl, & me
All a part of the whole
Go partly too.

We belong
to the pattern,
Are part of the song.

So many things are worth dying for
So much is worth dying for

Garden Salad

Geranium leaves

A Nasturtium's
orange tail of honey

Stole the honeybee's groceries
Now to make order of honeycombs
Into my living

It was a demonstration
a racial one
In the Nation's capital

Signs
"segregation is immoral"
"Love thy neighbor as thyself"

A Feeling between colored & white
Like two bubbles that fuse & disappear
Water & air returned to a fuller sphere
Hot sun —
pearls of perspiration
Damp dreary backs

I saw three priests go marching tall
Love condemning
Lopping
against a wall
~~Christ Love made galaxies grow small~~
Christ in a black suit on the Mall!

Another block, another weary step
Mountains yet to cover
Sinai, and Calvary
Christ's
gardens ahead?

We share confusion with them.

Girls walked
flats slapping white asphalt
steel heels sinking in black macadam

Men marched
Starched collars & business suits
Sports collars & slacks
~~clerical collars, white~~
Clerics white collars turned alone black suits

Twilight came
Asphalt & macadam lost sharpness
Collars blended with suits
~~Love has a way~~
~~At night all cats are gray.~~
~~At night all cats are gray.~~

Love has a ~~softening~~ way
At night all men cats skins hands roads are gray.

Day On An Island

Perhaps one ought to ask questions
Or at least learn deeper answers
After all, this is an islet
Uninhabited, left to its own evergreen forests,
Amosh in its own blue waters.

One stretches out on the pine needles
watching a blue heron, on one leg,
fishing — patience
The mind's burner is on low simmer
The body is amosh with
muted music, unmetered poetry,
out in abstract —
The sun & heron & body move into dusk
One's mind returns home
remembering one forgot to ask questions
One's body rows steadily, rhymically
content — replete as one with the answers.
There is no one in the straits
" " only water & sky, & a
receding island
Suddenly one smiles,
a mouth splashes,
And there is laughter over the water

Old lady = Adage
her room = her memories & confusion

Feminine Ending for Alone

pulled her own memories over the lap of her loneliness

tried to keep her one room clean
Little old lady, ~~panic~~
She mopped up ~~the~~ spilled pools of ~~panic~~
~~Alone, lonely, confused~~ ~~one by lonely one~~,
and polished
the back burner where she ~~had~~ slept to ~~keep~~ warm
~~to simmer~~,
(never to boil again)
~~Put the~~ Tea kettle to sing
~~There was a single~~ ~~Blinds put~~ ~~Bars~~ Slats of light between the ~~bars~~
of shadow across the ~~dusty~~ floor.
Curtains move with gentle life
~~The~~ Her ~~unknown~~ ~~in the city~~ to the world
~~The chimes~~ ~~The~~ tea kettle summoned her with a whistle
She dusted the old ~~home~~ walls of family & friends that cling to
~~Days they used to fill the messes~~
~~of family, of friends~~ the ivory ~~pot~~ chimes
And the later feeds
~~Later~~ of the lost ones who ~~used to~~ came to ~~visit~~ her...
~~Now lost~~
She should never have stopped
searching them out in the city
Except for her ~~pacemaker~~ legs, ~~they'd withdrawn their loyalty~~ ~~so uncertain now~~
and her kidneys, of course, ~~some organs~~ were past confidence
She didn't dare get too far from home.
There was church, still, on her good days,
And God was there
Even tho' the loneliness was there too
(This morning someone met her eyes & ~~looked at~~
~~was her last~~ ~~& almost talked~~ she thought for a split second ~~the~~ would
speak ~~talk to her~~ - she wondered what he might have said
all the hesitant way home)
It was wonderful to think
she was ~~a member~~ part of a community at Woodlawn
She poured a nice ~~hot cup~~ of tea
Picked up her book ~~of the~~
~~Chapter of the Mystical Body~~
And pulled ~~the book~~ her memories over the lap of her loneliness.

To detach the people of her life so lap of her loneliness

The lap of her of memories

~~Haunted~~ A House Haunted

Black trees & ~~tall~~ high peaked house
Only the orange light in the side
~~Tall~~ Black ivy crawls up steep sides of hill
where orange clay shows bare & thru the leaves
Black Ivy ~~grows~~ turns into black bushes
And climb into tall black trees

Branches swirl into black clouds
That ~~come~~ thunder down on crumbling peeling chimneys
Wind & trees & dark plans swirl
& tangle ~~together~~ over the brooding bushes

The house paint peels & curls in tight anger
Ill ~~[illegible]~~ will seeps under the windows.
~~[illegible]~~
One shivers & would hurry home to ~~the fire~~ family & fire
And leave the place to hatred
But there's the small orange light in
One window
The color of ~~the [illegible]~~ mortal clay.

Plane Flight - Space

a frozen snowfield in the sky, deserted
As tho' man had abandoned the effort
The beginning - or end of the earth
It was cold without any people
I wanted to hurry home to family-friends
Cruising at 21,000 feet
Could see the warmth of fields
Through leaks ~~and~~ in the clouds
Vapor - light & shadow
Sculptured & tortured of nothingness

No rabbits, no tracks of foxes
No sign of ~~human~~ beings
No Christ
I turned from the protection of window glass
Against the waistline
And wanted to greet the stranger beside me
- Too shy -
Up here - space to go there
~~Down~~ there a clutter to resolve
Over the battleship gray of wings
I was too far from God.
The clouds are imagined cities - but
People are real.

Contemporary ~~Second~~ Census

The ideal man.

Address: The ~~only~~ whole ~~mine~~ troop
~~Mine heart & mind~~
Family: you + me
Neighbor: whoever needs him
Hours — At your service
Salary — the least
His occupation? It's love
His name ~~is~~ is priest.

~~Love is the Food~~

Racial Silhouette

To love and be loved
Our glory and need,
Love is the food
On which to feed.

To love & be loved
This is the food,
The glory & need
Of the multitude.

It's lack makes calories
Chloresteral
Muscles
~~Utterest~~ say
From mute withdrawal.

The shape of love —
By this were Known
When at diet's end
~~The~~ Each dies alone.

The shape of love,
By this one's Known,
When out of ~~the~~ a crowd
Each dies alone.

When at diet' end
~~Each~~ We dies alone,
The shape of love
The way we're Known

~~"The Church is shown~~
The shape of love
When it is shown
~~This~~ is the only way
The Church is Known

On reading Teilhard de Chardin

Letting go - losing - an idol (atry)
Idolatry is something you can touch with —

Lost without it =

But what a vast new vision
Out in space —
~~and space~~
Out of the clock into space-time
~~It~~ Rediscovered awe
Happily humble + ~~secure~~ (endure
what a security!

Science splintered ~~shattered~~ ~~opened~~ ~~my~~ ~~not~~ cedar chest
~~Protected thoughts were unwrapped~~ unfold
~~The~~ ~~Here~~ (still) unfolding ~~unfolds~~ ~~unwrapping~~ protected thoughts
~~Some~~ ~~Bits~~ labeled "beliefs" ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~
~~When I try~~ no longer fit
~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~
carefully tied & tissue-wrapped.

a ~~b~~ yes, ~~[illegible]~~ (Mel) fattened in a secure
~~contentment~~ contentment - ~~[illegible]~~ being right when others
were wrong. ~~[illegible]~~ ~~It's a [illegible]~~ but ~~[illegible]~~
Exercise - without ~~any~~ brothers
~~As the only child [illegible] any brothers~~

~~[illegible]~~ Science ~~[illegible]~~ exploded the face of ~~my~~ the clock
~~Opened~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ shattered ~~my~~ years into new space-time
~~Dethroned~~ Rebelled ~~my land-plot~~
Flung ~~my~~ heart into space so vast
It's shapeless for lack of ~~[illegible]~~ ~~start~~ + ~~ending~~
Knowing its edges

We had a concept of God in there,
In the cedar chest tissue-wrapped
~~Once time bound His feet to our~~
And the clock bound ~~Our~~ life to His
And a room kept Him safely locked.

Science ~~[illegible]~~ exposed, exploded, shattered
~~Old~~ idols ~~[illegible]~~ – ~~[illegible]~~ jagged splinters are still
Drawing ~~[illegible]~~ pain. ~~[illegible]~~ were
~~[illegible]~~ Suddenly ~~[illegible]~~ left Confronting
~~[illegible]~~ (~~[illegible]~~) with ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ idolatry.

But a priest, a scientist, a man
That ~~[illegible]~~ rises from the lithosphere
Lithosphere, ~~and~~ noosphere
A man, a priest, a scientist
Who ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ space + time
Who ~~[illegible]~~ in space-time + shows to us

~~[illegible]~~
Who ~~[illegible]~~ moves the Mts.
~~[illegible]~~ protecting man
From seeing ~~[illegible]~~ depths where life began,
~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ Next ~~[illegible]~~ splendor of ~~[illegible]~~ His glorious Plan.

~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ Order as beautiful as vast
~~[illegible]~~ Beauty as ~~[illegible]~~ frightening as awe
~~[illegible]~~ Past among ~~[illegible]~~ Planets + stars + galaxies
Three trillion of them – + one small earth
Containing life. And millions of years ~~[illegible]~~
For ~~[illegible]~~ Thought to come.

Beauty as ~~frightening~~ as love
Shows Order as beautiful as lost
He is
And the Great to command it all
~~happy~~ happy ~~to be~~ so small!

And One who is Great to command it all

~~It's frightening~~
And

Then a priest, a scientist, a man
Shows Order as beautiful as lost
Beauty as frightening as love

~~Me~~, frightening ~~happy~~ small
And One who is Great ~~to~~ commanding it all!

Feminine Endings

Each has to die alone
Eventually each of us dies alone!
We all have to die alone.

Everything is important.

We can challenge any idea.
All we can do about people
is love them. ~~Ho~~

Ideas belong to everyone —
they can all be challenged.

God is there — in whatever you're
looking at.

A thrill — doing ~~for~~ for another
what I think is important.

We have to be needed —
We have to be loved —

Women are tired of cold analytical facts

So many things are worth dying for.

{In stressing doctrine, we forget to love the person
" " (by " " the Christ of Christianity

We really expect from God what we expect from our neighbor. (I have to love you first!) We can't love God in a vacuum, we have to love one another first.

We can't believe God loves us — except ~~first~~ you have to love me first!

In a smile all cheeks are young.

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FEMININE ENDING OF KNOWING

Who is she who leaves
The clipped green lawn of logic . . .

Leaning fragile against
The towering trunk of her seeking
Wavering, dissolving
In the green-orange light of the after-shower . . .

She's out in the peach light early
Poking her willow switch
Into a hole in the meadow mist

(To catch God creating)

Thrusting her hands in the damp earth
Wiping her thoughts on the ribbon grass
Listening, heart cocked,
To change in the breathing of nebulae

Pulling the edges of darkness
Up over the lost ones, drawing
Their perigee down to her warmth . . .

But she will return in the morning
Mysteriously soft in the pear light
Waiting, for him to reach her, over
The smooth green lawn of his logic.

G. M. Rhoades