

Apollo (2/2 - sections 3-5)

by Iain James Robb

III.

Through wheelwind crypts of mystery, through flangéd flame,
Well and weave your way, white winger, past all nears and wides...
That cast the dandelion barges, on the lower vane
Of sky one cup of thrust that wills and tills the tides.
Cast from anvils danced ere Tyre, flower-floating Fame,
A goshawk scored with flanks that oh, in goring hue, go golder...
Perennial waybird-glide and turning harvest holder:
Born the orb that haunts the orbic Cross that wheels Your wain.

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Soar, Gorehawk: through the thresholds of your floats of fire-
Cast farther past the moon's surge and Her skewbald skein.
Than light to air, is there a lash for Your galvanic quire,
Set sentry to the midmost of Your morrow's main?
Whose celestial kestrel harnessed You, tier-towers tended
At the anvil-lyre's harshbright, through Your sallied sides:
Before the mists of harbour-lights bewreathed the flights
unended,
That the moon spools of Your Love, that ticks and tells the tides.

O Charioteer, whose radial spokes are worlds of summers,
Whose flexions of red throats plant transharmonic quire:
Lift me out into the folds of Your Valhallic gyre-
And for who wanders, and her also, through refracted clay.
O heart-faced choirer with the samphire eyes: all laurelled play
Had watched you outer aimless pin-wheeled, and returned the lay
That those Orphic minions gave you, held its brandish higher-
Than a temporary lute that shut the day-wrack nigher-
When your sun was shut ere mourning, in the noon-racked day.

Whose floatboat swells the planisphere? In crystal castles, glides
The ringing laugh, of chariots' paths, that serenade all shores:
Whose liquid sails set out to southwards many moons past? Hides
The lockgate of your vortex, stretched from tierdom holds-
You fire-throated, last and first of our long Domine
Dominioned, Keep of hearths the many maybirds may
Reglide to, in the fraction of a starlength. Fall off onto mé-
My Lord and Lordless, ride me prideless where You will Your way

Where deep bequeaths the noonbird place, O Lord of sorrel:
Wounded long past courtways where you reign Your loom,
And give me ears to speak from, my Olympic laurel-
Bequeathed that heirloom nearing where You lay Your room-
A hill, or sideways sill, or other rite of praxis...
That acts where preying vole or laying mantis pray:
Though knowing none of words that count upon our axis,
Or our doting world's first and final Domine:

Dread light, slide nectar, heaven Heart, and havened higher
Than chairs dumb to the cobbled bounds of Byze and Rome:
Sought out by ships awhirled through the throne of fire,
In drifts, and there and ever yarely havened home...
Below the gravid Lunelamp, flood Her floor, I squire,
O my magister of harps, O stand, grand Amaranth;
Slide me through Your courts and offer white nepenthe,
Or golden, sudden, Summoner, shine showful, sheer-

Olympic Swift that wings and swivets through
Your pandemonium, consent within Your flight
Their eyes' magenta orchids who surround You:
Too far removed from shadows of their light,
To guide whatever moves in their accretion-
Beyond the cosmic arch anigh of Wheel and Wain:
But slope with golden floors our perihelion,
On ropes crossed on the midmost of our main.

From coastal throats, suspiring as a sigh
From windows framed in float-fire, serenade,
O mirror-singer, mistranscribing. Fly
And vault the scarps of arch and balustrade
We plant against your hush, O yellow Bird
One Kingship coloured crown-wise and displayed:
Too far from we the hearers for Your word
To touch: but walk across our esplanade,

At rush of sundown: ring again through lanes of iron lights...
O Prophetess of this our secret scream-
Our Eldorado, seeping into sights
Returning us again to the blue dream
The sapphire song's third beams, through broken nights,
In wounded terms of this our tragedy
The Arbitress of red binds to our blights...
Your fragrance also, and Your prophecy

Upon us, seeded here. Gerfalcon, soar
Upswinging over stalwart street, and park...
Trans-sapphire us in folds of after dark,
To azure dots that chorus to Your roar...
Beyond concentric voids that steep your stairs,
In the Katherine-hosannahs that You cry,
In silenced answer to our ramaged prayers:
Glass shadow of Your spasmic Ecstasy,

"O come to us Flood through You, in Your cares."
Thus sings the tempest of our frozen wounds.
The magister of starlings, bannisters
Of agate find the white no last night binds-
Among those ranges that the rain's blow alters,
You Harbinger of after-Omicron,
That greets the wet lea's fleets upon their halters:

Placation on the straits of samphire storm-

O incandescent Mistress of all thronings,
That spheres and seasons shape, or mark, or cast.
The floodlights cross the roads below all bournings,
But do not separate us from our past:
And yet, hand of the just befallen Fall,
And phoenix cresting of the caged and fraught...
By Winter's window, fall upon our thought,
And hold our vortex havened, in Your hall.

It is within Your provenance, after all, here:
Celestial Sunflower, Queen, of magic brides
The dark fields reap, refractions of your thrall, here,
To that clear sphere that runs and turns the tides.
Cerulean Princess of its own aphelion,
By day's length Ishtar, Leda or the Swan,
Whose feathered dress was pressed to new carnelian,
Below the robes of worlds You glance upon-

O Sun and thrumming governess of cargoes
That the rain's bow lowers on through all flick tides?
Antiquities bequeath You other Argos,
Than below the fractal 's path the rainbow rides...
The Ferris-coronet past the twelfth hour
That the tempest takes upon the orbic plain
The long fleets reap and run: Empyrean Flower-
At midnight, in the meadow of our main.

IV.

Olympic swinger, lift along, roan oracle, our harbour
Transoracular, and smooth upon Your swell,
With what the blaze brings: sift, O inborne spiracle, our ardour
Through light-gilled lips of youth Your age-long bell...

O furnace-thrust, and are You Son or Sire,
Whose cross is its own forging, born reharvested in fray,
Upon the further threshold of Your frondature of fire:
Upon the nightlands running where You wend Your weigh?

I flow transcriptor of Your symmetry, song of the drawn,
Affixed with windrows scripted in Your elegance-
Gigantic leaping pinions bearing Faun-
O ravished Princess of our excellence-
Upon our fissures, broad from fleetest fleets to Sea:
Pour vortex , thrust upon my finity
Grand armistice of mirror flights no fray diverted wholly,
O Thou Prophetess of my totallic Dawn.

And Thou, O princeless, swinging into sunlight,
Blood-albatross inoculating, Throng
Of high-wired windows serenading sleight-
As if they were the marshals of the long
Attendant claimants, to Your wheel more free
Than those who seek their will within your wheels...
You spin alone, but part at path, Penelope-
Though this night's torturers' attendant, on my heels.

You burn, O Cenotaph, transcriber of our weights,
Miraculous songbird, of thy deity's second sun,
You fold weightless, sowing truancy's gold gaits-
When You seek harbour else, our redden denizen...
Of forethought O immaculous, as leaf-borne fortune, leave
In the pain's percipience upwards of our flight,
Twilight apostles to our needed light.
Throughout eight orbs your bifold colours weave...

Thou throstle-born; do we miscalculate Your trust,
Or art Thou prophet or the prophet's thorn?
Meridian eternity that adjuncts song,

We fall the weight's less by your weightless might.
Sweep westwards then, yon visionary tower
Of the eye of youth's eternal, and on sods
That break their mould of death foreverly, flow Flower,
Through white fields that glass the stars, graves of our gods...

Rich in the lustre meadows of Your prize, gold drum...
Galvanic throughrob breaching tides alight, alight
Upón us lower fairs, our bonds and oracle:
Ejaculator of the brides of flight-
Olympian, dissolver of Circadian sands,
And sandless statued past man's stance and thrum-
The winnower of the thrush's marathon:
Blind prophet, of our blessing and our blight-

And sheltering, as once all shores and sea
Cried, "Echoer, relinquish us of shares",
Thou propagator of Time's Amnesty,
Cry out the harvest, harp quire of our cares.
Thou art the tempest, and the broken wound,
Eleison of that Heart's astrology
That mirrors rills that burst the bright Bird's bounds:
And reign of all our heart's Apology.

Our fluidescent Angel, swiftling shimmers-
Escalating on the sundown of all stores...
Lost somewhere in my slights Your might remirrors
What was lost among the cities and their spores
Of harbour lanterns, calling to all hivers
Of an anchorage of stars their skylane steals;
From that stark glance of garnets where arrives us
Past their arc, that window where you will Your wheel,

You tell us straitly through our tick of midnights,
Valhallic factory, uplifting the despair

Of incandescent hopes in city skylights,
Vermillion Princess, Sprite, O Troubadour...
Of touch we tell: perimeters of sound,
You throstle-swathed, laid dust, at Your Dian's-
Her face thorn angel blossomed at Your wound-
Reliquary of sought viridians.

O mistranscribed Familiar, Your choir
Has opened myriads of these cells you sound:
Caught on the threshold of Your fringe of fire,
Through open corridors, of days the phoenix gowned-
In the miraculous complexion of our cry.
Olympian Circlet of our seeded, sown
From dust of other stars, cast trust, sans name,
The sailor strafes his wake by, float of flame,
When nights by days' span sigh you, "Amnesty."

Galvanic songbird, oscillating down,
With tempest's eyes that capsize for the drowned:
White Word's work that inoculates the musk,
Grand Lilac, of the world's pressurings:
Bespeak us daily to pacific hurts,
Lost rapture to irradiance of Your round...
The carmine Priestess crying at her quirts,
That wings and swivels rondured through Her rings,
Give us the drought that dies before the dusk-
Since we are denizens who love Your bound.

And rise or die our Lazarus, whose wrath
Is placid, but whose globe is never gone;
We scintillated, myriad through your path,
Escaping precincts of our metal dawn:
Released here by Your Lord, tremendous troth
Of hawk-glow, into magic Omicron
Persephone's bowers reap and seize at last,

Upon the upper fair-lights of Your lawn

Of skipping serpents, voiding lanes of youth,
Celestial Princess and Celestial Swan-
On seas that see Your might through clouds as wan
As bloodless flowers You smite, O Ostragoth-
But give their sail-floats gifts the rain's bow shares
With all light's orchids, seized into sway,
And lilt them past their threads, of rainblown cares;
Across the grass and lilac lands You wind Your way.

High Scarab, past an anchorage of stars,
Where You ride and strident, flinging into fame,
Upon the higher mantle of Your fire-bars,
Dread Kestrel, Springtide's first and seeking flame;
Recross Your crux, our laurelled standard, take us here, swelled
hence-

O thrortle-throat, through all our boats that skip light's bounds
again...

To seek Your sister's white veiled strands, in gold Benevolence-
Grand Halcyon, on the pulley of our mid-part pain,

At lastlight, with Your wait upon the whiteling world-
Come, with russet solaces, our pink-part Ministress:
The newborn gauntlet glavanised: made still alway, and hurled
Through lesser strands, that never knew the sharp impréss
Of worlds that flush in fawn, scorched in Your raiment: hence
To hunt past shadows, grand Medallion, bar Your arid fence
Again - but lift me there to spread in stallions of Your cadence:
Dressed in pearlescent pins and wings, of Your Munificence.

V.

All hail once more Rex Dominus, the lightning strider;

All things are hidden utter in Your beacon-blush;
Dost thou need our work in words again, carnelian glider,
That skates the nascent sky before the lilac's rush?
Are You the sideways mind or eye, the kingdom rider-
Do minds of might hide wills away within your glove;
Be you the life of lightening or the lightning hider,
The upper thumb or puppet of a wall of Love-

Come forth to our tomorrow, be the blind decider
Of all hope harbours sometimes in the gilt and spray...
Of seas of wheat and wilt, O lilting shadow-strider...
Of all that lows dreadknoughted in your soft swift sway.
What swivets rivet you inside, meridian-sider,
Claws of vortex hide anew within your hidden hands?
Come down at siftless tidefall on your kingdom wider,
Gaining sands of wetting azure, on your sunshine strands.

Empyrean butterfly, those shifts once more Thou slidest
Cleave their cóvért music tó the haltered moons and vine:
But where the higher harpstrings of the hands Thou hidest,
When the day thirsts late for thirst, Celestial Nectarine?
Come forth to hence us highly, if Your Love nests nigher
Than the cross the rain bears gravely, under sunlit stay...
Of the stars' eyes vanquishéd inside your opal choir-
The spiral tessellations of the arms of Day.

Your pearled garnets, harness-strapper, ride and vane,
And strike the ground in sighing shafts like rubric Christs...
At midmost, in the middle of Your midnight main,
To lend we clouds of harvest-skies our Eucharists.
And if our squared and Argonised alembic sails
Send shrift distilled as glass, to your galvallic lea-
Like ships that shift to meet Your mouth, from oversea-
To paint the lower corners of your bridle veils-
Thou art the wheel we will by, You grand barrister,

And point on which we fill Your flux and wheel your wills-
The coin, the cross and compass there, O Domina...
O Lady-Lord whose flex the reaping season tills,
Tomorrow; of all morrows, ancient harvester
Of triumphs, orbic flexions of your Throne of fire...
Lift "Ahoy there", kissing spindrift, skying Mariner:
Who greets the Western Orbic that Your East flux fills-

And where your dazzled arrow lies, vermillion slider-
Stop-motion circlet centred as You lilt and glide-
What are the scarlet Rubycons of harnessed eyes Thou ridest:
That shuffle on askant Your silence as You turn from Her,
Your Spring, or ours to fledge? No supplication's musk-
If both the goshawk and the petrel know Your hidden name-
Supplies the cantilevered rainbows of another dusk
A magic bell of Thy blue Sender, that Your lights remane...

Eternal Dux and wattler on mottled orbs-
That know You furnace-thrust, áfloat in Your throat-furling-
'Oh Lord, Thou hast transpanted me, in upwards burning'-
Weigh down on us Your spell of spokes and token robes
Bequeathed we, here to sleep, when by Your Sister's wan
Encumbrance on our shadow-seas Your lane returning-
Lost in the Incandescence of Your scorching Swan-
Paints other sights that still size what our day disrobes.
The acapellos of blue meadows in our eyes' path, turning
Know no passion in their stasis of our prize and pain:
But flood the cloud-speared Cross as more its float flows, furling,
And remain again: remain.

