

Prolegomenon, from *Gunslinger* Bk 1111 / Ed Dorn (poem)



oddesse, excellently bright,
thou that mak'st a day of night.
You tell us men are numberless
and that Great and Mother
were once synonymous.

“We are bleached in Sound
as it burns by what we desire”

and we give our inwardness
in some degree in all thing
but to fire we give everything.

We are drawn beneath your fieryness
which comes down to us
on the wings Eleusian image,
and although it is truly a small heat
our cold instruments do affirm it.
So saith Denis, the polymath.

We survey the Colorado plateau.
There are no degrees of reality
in this handsome and singular mass,
or in the extravagant geometry
of its cliffs and pinnacles.

This is all water carved
the body thrust into the hydrasphere
and where the green mesas give way
to the vulcan floor, not far
from Farmington and other interferences
with the perfect night
and the glittering trail
of the silent Via Láctea
there is a civil scar
so cosmetic, one can't see it.

A superimposition, drawn up
like the ultimate property
of the ego, an invisible claim
to a scratchy indultum
from which smoke pours forth.

But now, over the endless sagey brush
the moon makes her silvery bid
and in the cool dry air of the niht
the winde wankels across the cattle grid.