

CLINTON F. LARSON

# THE PRINCES OF GOD

## I

The darkness said tyranny!  
And poured inward, defining  
The breeding swirl of chaos  
For the scarabaeidae of time.

The absence of light became  
My prayer of darkness, skeining  
And reining:

I am that I am,  
Not He!

I slip the ravines  
Of eternity, sundering them  
With night. What dies becomes  
My Lord of Love, lost to honor.

Causa, can you affirm  
The touch of My velvet mind?

You are the fulness of light  
Striking the azure caverns  
Leading to me, I the bier  
Of darkness inward, the failing  
Sail, the wondrous torpor before  
The eye:

my fulness, behold!  
Dullness in the sun, white  
Shade! Wind of my being,  
Infinity obscene as life!

I am the perceptible joy  
Of death, and you the irruption  
Of pain. Your billowing hosannas  
Die here, and through my probity  
You will see the dun pool  
Where I lie, in the failing light  
Of the sun.

For now I name  
Perdition its antithesis,  
O golden excrement!

O Adonai,  
My nebula, I acknowledge you!

My pleasure is the trap  
Of light, ingenious  
And small. If this offends,  
I have become the negative,  
Our second death!

So why rise  
To Grace?

Now in the tyranny  
Of your being you dangle me  
Over Eden, as explicit  
As upper heaven!

Your testament  
Burns like canker over me  
As your dogma bloats itself  
Like the god you must become,  
Now like a kite resting  
In the bosom of some primal prayer!

I am the fist closed, rancor,  
And you the squandering light,  
Joyous and clean.

O hateful  
Crystal, you flickered out  
Of Him, who possesses Himself  
Like a gift forevermore!

Look, now, the planes of the Garden  
Darken in twilight, and the fens  
Reek with my delicate spume!

Go! Go and let me nip  
This Adam, and render him  
One of us, of earth, and working  
Into darkness, sullen  
From the heaven over him.

I deny you, Mighty One!  
My brotherhood is my hate,  
Even for the saint obscene  
With my intent. I deny you  
In the pen of my rooting malice,  
That you parade your glory  
In the weary regimen  
Of good, as in a charity.

Keep your trinkets of glory,  
Actor!

Your haloed head,  
Glittering blue and gold,  
The lispng tongue offering  
The Word, your hearty bosom,  
Your fair complexion, changing  
Adam's mood for some pavane  
Of Awe that makes me diffident:

You are the Christ, and the life  
You bring trembles in eternity  
As my denial, the harsh  
Light that overwhelms even  
The thorough inquiry of death.

Go as you are, eternally!

Adam is my change of soul,  
For you must thrust me  
Into him, so simple and alone  
Before me, and surely slipping  
Him, through Eve, to die  
Savoring my mortality.

Oh, keep the reason lost  
To my subtle power and feign  
My worthiness in earth  
That timbrel good must seem  
The trait of Adam's soul,

So go! The golden apex  
That stands above is your ego  
Glossing in your spite!

And should you live on it  
You might enhance the firmament  
Above my vacancy like that  
Chancre sun: whatever, Brother,  
Go before my hate!

#### The Gospel

Is your venom or inoculum  
Denying me, your brother!  
That foetal Word, spent  
With Love, glistening in your hand  
And smirking with life,  
That you confirm:

before

You die, die in my esteem!

## II

The Light said Freedom!  
And danced outward, signing  
The circle of creation  
With the corona of eternity.

The presence of flame became  
Aware of the darkness, wisping  
And reigning:

I am that I am,

For I am He!

I held the vales  
Of time and laved them with fusions  
Of air, and what began kept  
My satan for honor, not love.

Brother, can you deny  
The integer of His light?

You are the slowing mists  
Tumbling in the drafts  
Of meaning, I the spikes  
Of light outward, the turning  
Helm, and quickness before  
My eye:

My irony, behold!  
Clarity in indigo, an azure  
Spirit!

See, vane of my meaning,  
Zero tilting into pleasure!

I am the imperceptible pain  
Of becoming, and you the down  
Of your ease. Ease and lilt  
Where you will, and through deceit  
You will see the blue star  
Trembling, and trying vales  
Of the heavens.

For now I name  
Them in the swirl of the power  
Sustaining them.

Ellipse,  
Oval, I acknowledge you!

My laughter is the prism  
Of my light, ingenuous  
And open.

If this commends,  
I have become the integer  
Of being.

Why *didn't* you aspire  
To grace?

Now in the freedom  
Of a vacancy you ripple  
Through Eden, implicit  
In the earth. Your question  
Hovers like a tongue of moss  
As your lips secrete the line  
Of the other prince you were,  
Now with a subtlety that lies  
In the slip of alter prayer.

I am the hand open, yielding,  
And you the fast darkness,  
Brooding and viral.

Ecstasy  
Of amber, you strode where  
The Ghost is, who was made  
The triumvir you might have been!

Look, now, the shades of the Garden  
Darken from mauve, and the lush  
Fens lend the softening air!

Stay! Stay and challenge  
Even Him, and render Adam  
One of you, of earth, and working  
Out of darkness, trenchant  
From the heaven over him!

I would keep you, fallen one!  
My brotherhood is my kindness,  
Even to the cobra yielding  
His slit intent.

I keep you  
In an urgency of formal love,  
Though you mimic glory  
In the sequestering taste  
For evil, as in a lechery.

Keep your trinkets of glory,  
Actor! Your ruffed head,  
Glistering green and amber,  
The ticking tongue to foil  
The Word, as if to keep it  
Silken like your diamond back  
And lissome skin, as the changeling  
Vestment of your whim:

You are Lucifer, and the earth  
You bring trembles in eternity  
As all denial, the soft  
Oblivion that vanishes even  
In the memory of myth.

Stay as tempter, for a time!

Adam is my change of soul  
That you might thrust him  
Free of me and you, wise  
And alone before me, testing  
God and our spectral unity  
That cannot surely fail, —

Or keep the power lost  
To reason and so stain  
Corruption into earth  
That virile sin must seem  
The trait of Adam's soul.

But stay! That ebon depth  
That lies beyond is the smoothing  
Velvet of a vacancy,  
And should you die in it  
You will sift as dust before  
The winds that rise behind  
Your mind:

                    Whatever, brother,  
Stay, and I forgive!

                    Silence,  
Though you glow as fire,  
Thriding in the streaming,  
Sullen epithets, inviting  
Ebony, glistening in my hand  
And smirking for the second death,  
But you will surely live  
If I am never slain!