

*from* Symphony No.5  
*(crow songs at dawn)*

Ric Carfagna

Four crows in a sylvan grove  
when the moment was a boundary  
to the lucidity of death  
when the orchid field was drunk  
with hermetic songs of dawn's expanse  
it was then within the ossuary doorway  
three maidens appeared  
to drink the frozen libation of fate  
where words were archetypal scribings  
passing into the tongueless ocean's corporeal void  
where the fragrance of belladonna and wisteria  
died on a Paleolithic celestial shore  
where the gaping existential bloody net formed  
the fog of a morning's firmamental embrace  
where the entangling prosthetic cognitive cleft  
awoke within the bended eyelid's crepuscular shade  
speak then here of the many clouded arias of isolation  
of the many flowering forsythia blooms  
burning on the static mountain's vernal tapestry

of the many detached faces of loss  
cowering in rooms with grey painted sloping eaves  
of the many chastened by a glass-eye blindness  
following the path darkness traces  
through the clotted thistle-wind's forest edge

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Three walls in shadow  
at noon  
the gulls cross  
an eye's horizon  
it cannot be  
a process of calcification  
or theorizing  
that this world is  
removed from existence  
in spite of possessing  
the amber hyaline threads

in the sweating outstretched hand  
in spite of myths  
perpetuating and shaping  
the contorted statuary limbs  
and it is on a page of unwritten irony  
that words emanate  
from above an unbroken cumulus overcast  
and it is in the constancy of starlight receding  
that crows in isolation  
understand the significance  
in a satin gauzy moon-glow's sheen  
and it is on the furrowed road  
to anesthetizing destruction  
that the orchid drapes  
the transparent sepulcher  
and the storm foretold  
by the oracle's gaze  
rages in the onyx horseman's  
attenuated isolation of mind

Now a crow on the ledge  
frozen eyes through granite arches  
a stained wind through window grates  
an arachnid's web across the nettle hedge  
the isolation of a widow  
a widow speaking within the blood  
speaking of a primordial sea  
a sea of foreshortened perspective  
a sea formed within  
the unwound helix  
within the cloistered reptile veins  
within the simian causality of sanity's loss  
yet here speak of evolution  
of nightingales at dawn  
of fleshly millstones  
cast against the current  
of caverns in drifted neutrino dust  
of eyeless vagrant sages

crossing the muted interior threshold  
of rooted lesions in a madman's mind  
growing through the prosthetic membrane  
of the jagged asteroid's transmuting fate  
returning through endless cycles  
cycles  
of death and decay  
cycles  
of swollen embryonic galaxies  
cycles  
of burning effigial firefly gods  
gods hidden in the cellular amoeba's desiccated womb  
hidden  
in the blooded straw dog of mercurial belief  
hidden  
in the primeval ocean's crystallizing marrow  
hidden  
and unconsumed  
as clouds drift  
at mid-day  
a fog appears

Threshold waves wash over  
an ebbing corporeal strand  
a catalyst to a moment's diminished attrition  
a moment of hollow bones  
    ingesting the briny evening air  
a moment of isolated swords  
    cutting through the rusted heart  
the heart left  
    to rot among dust and rafters  
left among empty rooms  
rooms where myths fall from bottomless wells  
where the predacious wolf devours  
    the grizzled hungered wraith of death  
where three crows fly from a slate minaret  
    eclipsing the celluloid hyacinth's glittering evening hue  
where collapsed thrones of time consume  
    the stalking horse of decayed faith

where the pervading ether's quantum breath  
    spills the begging stone deity's restive blood  
where indigent ghosts of anterior eons  
    undulate within the topical frames of benighted dust

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Light off a precipice  
at dawn  
the gabled house is in shadow  
here there is no prescience  
gleaned from hermetic solitary philosophies  
no prescience on pages of catacomb dust  
    masking the traces of an unspoken apocalypse  
and it is here in a windowed corridor  
    that death pulses through the prosthetic veins  
and mirrors are seen  
    as the sulfuric keyhole's unopened eye  
and it is here one must search  
    the ameliorative terrain of sedimentary lament



hidden

within

the

buried

logos

of

desiccated

marrow

and it is here one must search

for the murmuring plainchant's wounded plea

echoing

through

the

ancient

stone

forest's

emasculated

ruin

and it is here one must search

for the empty inward quiescent tear

reflected

through  
the  
marbled  
archway's  
scarlet  
hue

and it is here that one must come  
come without thought  
thought to posses  
this austere penitent intangibility  
or to possess

these abstract eschatological leavings  
breathing in a night of iron roses  
blooming on sodden driftwood plains  
and one must search the conceptual image  
of another life-form's atomized beatitude  
shattered  
in  
a  
glass  
ocean's

metaphysical  
depth

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For want of illumination  
death burrows steel talons  
    into a philosophic rhetoric's fleshly limbs  
for want of a sage's hoary dementia  
crows vanish  
    in a field of ivy eyelid chaff  
crows in the machine-burnished  
    rust of evening's dawn  
crows unlike the black dog  
    inhabiting a mutated skeletal dreamscape  
crows alighting the steel I-beam's  
    shadowy angular grey-sky's embrace  
crows on the gallows tree  
    of an archetypal ontological illusion  
crows

in  
isolated  
meditative  
cloister  
mazes  
crows  
of  
the  
black  
primordial  
amoeba's  
ooze  
crows  
embedded  
in  
the  
jagged  
deboned  
torso's  
rind  
crows

as  
omens  
foretelling  
of  
the  
mangled  
graven  
images  
bleeding  
in  
a  
scarlet  
horizon's  
descent  
of  
night

crows  
reflecting  
the  
ageless  
intoxicated

eidolon  
of  
death's  
embrace

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What can be known  
but this obstinate eye's  
hemorrhaging reality's scab  
what can be gleaned  
from this incinerated straw effigy's  
windblown cognitive ash  
it is a question  
which weighs heavily  
on the psychotic madman's  
lobotomized castrated mind  
it is a question  
which paralyses  
the vacant staring faces  
cowering in the shadowy stone crow's  
outstretched wing

it is a question  
of what is  
immortal  
to the groping eyes  
of crepuscular meditation  
of what is  
this incomprehensible sentience of light  
infusing a molecular broadloom tapestry's blood  
of what is  
this inner-faceted diamond-gauze illumination  
contorting the wintry arthritic limbs  
into a turbulent corporeal acquiescence  
of what is  
this misarticulated veiled theoretical identity  
embedding skeletons of congealed nebula-dust  
in a nascent embryo's grafted fleshly shell  
and what is beyond this apprehension  
is ageless and incalculably distant  
is a vaporous haze  
shrouding an azure sphere  
in transcendent isolationism

is a philosophical absurdity  
of a skinned lion's  
hollow-throated celestial roar  
is a frayed unwound helical thread  
buried within a bloodless gnat's impervious rind  
is the enervated song  
of a crow's shredded glottis  
resonating through the marble palace's  
blackened halls  
is a restless solitude of the bearded iris  
growing unseen  
in the amber-tinted sylvan cavities  
illuminated by a primordial dawn

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