## THE GYROSCOPE

But this is our desire, and of its worth. . . . Power electric-clean, gravitating outward at all points, moving in savage fire, fusing all durable stuff but never itself being fused with any force homing in no hand nor breast nor sex for buried in these lips we rise again, bent over these plans, our faces raise to see. Direct spears are shot outward from the conscience fulfilling what far circuits? Orbit of thought what axis do you lean on, what strictnesses evade impelled to the long curves of the will's ambition? Centrifugal power, expanding universe within expanding universe, what stillnesses lie at your center resting among motion? Study communications, looking inward, find what traffic you may have with your silences : looking outward, survey what you have seen of places : many times this week I seemed to hear you speak my name how you turn the flatnesses of your cheek and will not hear my words then reaching the given latitude and longitude, we searched for the ship and found nothing and, gentlemen, shall we define desire
including every impulse toward psychic progress?
Roads are cut into the earth leading away from our place
at the inevitable hub. All directions are out, all desire turns outward : we, introspective, continuing to find in ourselves the microcosm imaging continents, powers, relations, reflecting all history in a bifurcated Engine.
Here is the gyroscope whirling out pulsing in tides illimitably widening, live force contained
in a sphere of rigid boundary ; concentrate at the locus of all forces, spinning with black speed revolving outward perpetually, turning with its torque all the developments of the secret will. Flaming origins were our fathers in the heat of the earth, pushing to the crust, water and sea-flesh, undulant tentacles ingrown on the ocean's floor,
frondy anemones and scales' armor gave us birth. Bring us to air, ancestors! and we breathed the young flesh wincing against naked December. Masters of fire, fire gave us riches, gave us life. Masters of water, water gave us riches, gave us life, masters of earth, earth gave us riches, gave us life. Air mocks, and desire whirls outward in strict frenzy, leaping, elastic circles widening from the mind, turning constricted to the mind again. The dynamics of desire are explained in terms of action outward and reaction to a core obscured and undefined, except, perhaps, as "God in Heaven," "God in Man," Elohim intermittent with the soul, recurrent as Father and Holy Ghost, Word and responsive Word, merging with contact in continual sunbursts, the promise, the response, the hands laid on, the hammer swung to the anvil, mouth fallen on mouth, the plane nose up into an open sky. Roads are cut, purchase is gained on our wish, the turbines gather momentum, tools are given : whirl in desire, hurry to ambition, return, maintaining the soul's polarity ; be : fly.

## THE LYNCHINGS OF JESUS

> 1 PASSAGE TO GODHEAD
> Passage to godhead, fitfully glared upon by bloody shinings over Calvary this latest effort to revolution stabbed against a bitter crucificial tree, mild thighs split by the spearwound, opening in fierce gestation of immortality.
> Icarus' phoenix-flight fulfils itself, desire's symbol swings full circle here, eternal defeat by power, eternal death of the soul and body in murder or despair to be followed by eternal return, until the thoughtful rebel may triumph everywhere.

Many murdered in war, crucified, starved, loving their lives they are massacred and burned, hating their lives as they have found them, but killed while they look to enjoy what they have earned, dismissed with peremptory words and hasty graves, little calm tributes of the unconcerned.

Bruno, Copernicus, Shelley, Karl Marx : you makers of victory for us : how long? We love our lives, and the crucifixions come, benevolent bugles smother rebellion's song, blowing protection for the acquiescent, and we need many strengths to continue strong.

Tendons bind us to earth, Antaeus-ridden by desperate weakness disallied from ground, bone of our bone; and the sky's plains above us seduce us into powers still unfound, and freedom's eagles scream above our faces, misleading, sly, perverse, and unprofound.

Passage to godhead, shine illuminated by other colors than blood and fire and pride. Given wings, we looked downward on earth, seen uniform from distance; and descended, tied to the much-loved near places, moved to find what numbers of lynched Jesuses have not been deified.

## 2 THE COMMITTEE-ROOM

Let us be introduced to our superiors, the voting men. They are tired ; they are hungry ; from deciding all day around the committee-table.

Is it foggy outside? It must be very foggy
The room is white with it.
The years slope into a series of nights, rocking sea-like, shouting a black rush, enveloping time and kingdom and the flab faces

Those people engendered my blood swarming over the altar to clasp the scrolls and Menorah the black lips, bruised cheeks, eye-reproaches : as the floor burns, singing Shema
Our little writers go about, hurrying the towns along,
running from mine to luncheon, they can't afford to let one note escape their holy jottings:
today the mother died, festering : he shot himself : the bullet entered the roof of the mouth, piercing the brain-pan

How the spears went down in a flurry of blood; how they died howling
how the triumph marched
all day and all night past the beleaguered town blowing trumpets at the fallen towers; how they pulled their shoulders over the hill, crying for the whole regiment to hear The Sea The Sea
Our young men opening the eyes and mouths together, facing the new world with their open mouths gibbering war gibbering conquest
Ha. Will you lead us to discovery?

What did you do in school today, my darling?
Tamburlaine rode over Genghis had a sword holding riot over Henry V Emperor of and the city of Elizabeth the tall sails crowding England into the world and Charles his head falling many times onto a dais how they have been monarchs and Calvin Coolidge who wouldn't say however, America

All day we have been seated around a table
all these many days
One day we voted on whether he was Hamlet or whether he was himself and yesterday I cast the deciding vote to renounce our mouths. Today we sentinel the avenue solemnly warning the passers (who look the other way, and cough) that we speak with the mouths of demons, perhaps the people's, but not our own.

Tomorrow
the vote's to be cast on the eyes, and sex, and brain.
Perhaps we will vote to disavow all three.
We are powerful now : we vote
death to Sacco a man's name and Vanzetti a blood-brother; death
to Tom Mooney, or a wall, no matter; poverty to Piers Plowman, shrieking anger to Shelley, a cough and Fanny to Keats; thus to Blake in a garden; thus to Whitman; thus to D. H. Lawrence.

And to all you women, dead and unspoken-for, what sentences, to you dead children, little in the ground all you sweet generous rebels, what sentences

This is the case of one Hilliard, a native of Texas, in the year of our Lord I897, a freeman.
Report . . . Hilliard's power of endurance seems to be the most wonderful thing on record. His lower limbs burned off a while before he became unconscious; and his body looked to be burned to the hollow. Was it decreed (oh coyly coyly) by an avenging God as well as an avenging people that he suffer so?

We have
I6 large views under magnifying glass.
8 views of the trial and the burning.
For place of exhibit watch the street bills.
Don't fail to see this.

Lie down dear, the day was long, the evening is smooth.
The day was long, and you were voting all day
hammering down these heads
tamping the mould about these diamond eyes
filling the mouths with wax
lie down my dear
the bed is soft lie down to kindest dreams
all night they carried leaves
bore songs and garlands up the gradual hill the noise of singing kept the child awake
but they were dead
all Shakespeare's heroes the saints the Jews the rebels
but the noise stirred their graves' grass
and the feet all falling in those places going up the hill with sheaves and tools and all the weapons of ascent together.

## 3 THE TRIAL

The South is green with coming spring ; revival flourishes in the fields of Alabama. Spongy with rain, plantations breathe April : carwheels suck mud in the roads, the town expands warm in the afternoons. At night the black boy teeters no-handed on a bicycle, whistling The St. Louis Blues, blood beating, and hot South. A red brick courthouse is vicious with men inviting death. Array your judges; call your jurors; come, here is your justice, come out of the crazy jail. Grass is green now in Alabama; Birmingham dusks are quiet relaxed and soft in the park, stern at the yards: a hundred boxcars shunted off to sidings, and the hoboes gathering grains of sleep in forbidden corners. In all the yards : Atlanta, Chattanooga, Memphis, and New Orleans, the cars, and no jobs.

Every night the mail-planes burrow the sky, carrying postcards to laughing girls in Texas, passionate letters to the Charleston virgins, words through the South : and no reprieve, no pardon, no release.

A blinded statue attends before the courthouse, bronze and black men lie on the grass, waiting, the khaki dapper National Guard leans on its bayonets.
But the air is populous beyond our vision: all the people's anger finds its vortex here as the mythic lips of justice open, and speak.

Hammers and sickles are carried in a wave of strength, fire-tipped, swinging passionately ninefold to a shore.
Answer the back-thrown Negro face of the lynched, the flat forehead knotted, the eyes showing a wild iris, the mouth a welter of blood, answer the broken shoulders and these twisted arms.
John Brown, Nat Turner, Toussaint stand in this courtroom, Dred Scott wrestles for freedom there in the dark corner, all our celebrated shambles are repeated here : now again Sacco and Vanzetti walk to a chair, to the straps and rivets and the switch spitting death and Massachusetts' will. Wreaths are brought out of history
here are the well-nourished flowers of France, grown strong on blood, Caesar twisting his thin throat toward conquest, turning north from the Roman laurels, the Istrian galleys slide again to sea.
How they waded through bloody Godfrey's Jerusalem !
How the fires broke through Europe, and the rich and the tall jails battened on revolution !
The fastidious Louis', cousins to the sun, stamping those ribboned heels on Calas, on the people; the lynched five thousand of America.
Tom Mooney from San Quentin, Herndon : here is an army for audience all resolved
to a gobbet of tobacco, spat, and the empanelled hundred, a jury of vengeance, the cheap pressed lips, the narrow eyes like hardware;
the judge, his eye-sockets and cheeks dark and immutably secret, the twisting mouth of the prosecuting attorney. Nine dark boys spread their breasts against Alabama, schooled in the cells, fathered by want.

Mother : one writes : they treat us bad. If they send us back to Kilby jail, I think I shall kill myself.
I think I must hang myself by my overalls.

Alabama and the South are soft with spring; in the North, the seasons change, sweet April, December and the air loaded with snow. There is time for meetings during the years, they remaining in prison.

In the Square
a crowd listens, carrying banners.
Overhead, boring through the speaker's voice, a plane circles with a snoring of motors revolving in the sky, drowning the single voice. It does not touch the crowd's silence. It circles. The name stands : Scottsboro
as
Earth, include sky ; air, be stable to our feet, which have need of stone and iron stance; all opposites, affirm your contradictions, lead, all you prophets, our mechanic dance.

Arches over the earth, conform, be still, calm Roman in the evening cool of grace, dramatic Gothic, be finally rounded now pared equal to the clean savannahs of space, grind levels to one plane, unfold the stones that shaped you pointed, return to ground, return, bird be no more a brand upon the sky no more a torch to which earth's bodies burn
fire attracting fire in magnetism too subtle for dissection and proponence, torturing fire, crucifying posture with which dead Jesus quenches his opponents.

Shall we then straddle Jesus in a plane the rigid crucified revived at last the pale lips flattened in a wind a rain of merging conquered blast and counterblast. Shout to us : See ! the wind !
Shout to us :
FLY

## THE TUNNEL

1
NO WORK is master of the mine today tyrant that walks with the feet of murder here under his cracked shoes a grass-blade dusted dingy with coal's smear.

The father's hand is rubbed with dust, his body is witness to coal, black glosses all his skin. Around the pithead they stand and do not talk looking at the obvious sign.

Behind his shoulder stands the black mountain of unbought coal, green-topped with grass growing

