

LEIGH DAVIS

general motors



r e p r o d u c t i o n :

Predella of an altarpiece depicting Saint Nicholas of Tolentino Reviving the Birds,
by Garofalo (Benvenuto Tisi, 1476(?)-1559). Oil on canvas, transferred
from wood. (32.7 x 66 cm.). Formerly in the Muzzarelli Chapel, Sant' Andrea,
Ferrara. *Collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.*
Gift of J. Pierpont Morgan, 1917. (17.190.23). Used by permission.

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I asked myself: what does the people really understand by knowledge? What does it want when it wants knowledge? Nothing more than this: something strange shall be traced back to something *familiar*."

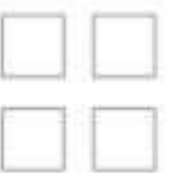
—NIETZSCHE





Susan, Greer, Henry, India, Betty





the footstool

" 6 am and Monday came

Tidal change to flood a footstool and make of it

A sundial, quadrangular book of hours and fretted terrier

By the angle and the time what has come over you?

Point and I will follow Little One

Down the implications of your shadows I can see

Tuesday falling

Sunday gated as it waits

Foretelling each creation day and after that -

Where moonlight depth of field lagoons you

And only you, alert and barking

My faithful footstool, forecast and depiction

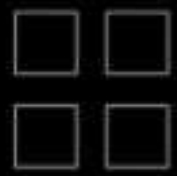
Hull

Prow "



The payment of the bird price occasions confusion
Through it the river has a hold over the beneficiaries
Every generation has appeared in its mouth
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Euclid is borne and Saint Nicholas is falling and rising







attendant 1

" The Knowledge Tree is Air to me

As my wife's anatomy of semi moons at night to touch

Her briefest picture in the honey moon of distant sleeping
semi yards and yard arms crossing

Finery that does glide over me

Mounted body's bangle wet and riding

As in time, where weighted warmly down upon the sheets

Mare Tranquillitatis, Mare Fecunditatis are imprinted

Gravity's impact is uneven

In different sways the grammar of our night clothes' meeting

is as gravid speaking greatly slowed

At this ragged tropic all along incurs

the Coriolis of markets and children

pages interleaved between the bookends we provide



which frame the scythes of frigate birds that start to fly
and darkly cross out stars

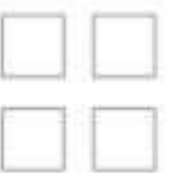
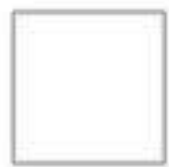
as morning breaks with firelight
all the further chain reactions of a world where

Air has been a Sprocket of my life "



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pico

" The Knowledge Tree is Noise to me, a

Protagonism droned among destructible depictions

Chorister in Cathedral's white beams riddles on a bowed pedestrian

Beside the shining paths of rubbed memorials

Ravel of my eyesight closing down

And partial substitution of the candles

I bear the roaring in the house of God

I Pico bear the roaring at its open doors

Band of light a blinding band that messes blackness

at the portal edge with shot to make a tree of lightning trees

all round with shot

tall and shot and overarched and shot



Wound that in its rosary bleeding badly blurs

Lathyrus Grandiflora on its bed outside

Tolling Lazarus Lazarus and gawping me

Who has these droning clothes I've left behind that sing

There is a blizzard sound that haunts the face of all I see

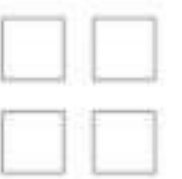
I bear the roaring sound of breaking down in Noise:

The slow combustion of my life "



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erasmus

" The Knowledge Tree is Agony to me

Surplus statuesque in stilled time

I washed myself this morning splashing water

I had a coat that gleamed

I now walk to the monastery in lightening mist

Leaving a household fitted to this era

Saying to myself Erasmus this is my unravelling

Hallelujah to my floating children

Hallelujah to my demolition

Hallelujah my mementoes and their twin inhuman flashing

And if I were flying in the air



It would be torn with shrieking

And if I were diving through the sea

It would be as infinity to me

Of mortal pressure piercing slowly

Lightening cloth wet upon Erasmus' future

Garment coat-hung in the gap between the household and the monastery

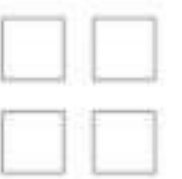
Called Agony

The Concord of my life "



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galileo

" The Knowledge Tree is a Fountain to me
A load bearing of the temporal and witness

I know water and water jets
Have seen their colouration in clear view

Temper exercised as washing and eating is exercised
In low tempests, in the spouting too of black birds

Their revelation of losing height and gaining depth
One day. In contemplation I am Galileo

I remain Galileo subject to fountains
A passage arced in a window and in fields of birds

Breathing is different from rising, diving, ordinarily
The effects of water and water jets gorgeous in their requirement

That they cascade, that they circle all branches
Clear birds, black birds, losing height or gaining depth



Solemn twittering releasing and uncountable
Blush jet, wet, in arcs and inverse arcs

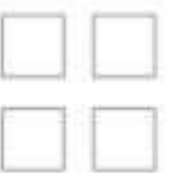
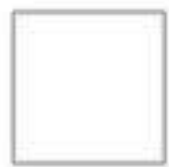
Depth gaining or height losing, birds black, birds Clear
Dark sparkling sea of Galileo

Of Galileo who lies waltzing running water
Murmuring the Hydraulics of my life "



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ettore

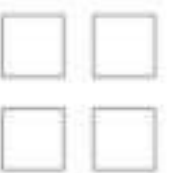
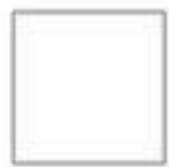
" The Knowledge Tree is Mary's Sound-Hole to me
Rose guitar dark capping cloud at which he bird-like flies
5 times as he wakes
5 times washing 5 times praying
To portray her from the bath
Portrait of the Virgin dressing high arms
Robed as field lavender is robed
Strung in smoke and fired me
Quivering man and freighted bee
5 times further swept withdrawn
Five times rosary of wings
5 times tongue imploring Mary's bushy fan and flowered God's

In the unseen allure
In the university of Mary's grace and groans and accidents
At the Hole that's in her grisaille gauzy dresses
I burst
Borne by minor cowls and major chords I cannot hear
Whose government and halo stiffens Ettore
Makes him toll O blue of Larkspur saw
Blue of Larkspur saw
Brrang Hoo rose guitar swish swish
Mary Sound-Hole coax my life "



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constantine

" The Knowledge Tree is Tense to me
Outspread in air but weighted there
Each branch grown
Each offset
Each Spring a stronger arcing tree in setting air and each offset
Each arcing tree a stronger Spring
Still offset
The more assembly levered up the greater weighted down
A Linden diagram or Lime that seizes me
With transport like the fastness of a tree
From space and into time
This habit has an outstretched branch called Galileo
And bears the loading of Erasmus likewise
Likewise balanced
Likewise fast
I am held within this Order as a tree
With the future of Erasmus too Godspeed
Look! at what is happening to this spreading
I am another blind man at the gate and so too yesterday
A warming day in Spring

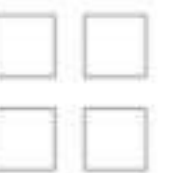


I can ascertain Erasmus' pointing cane and Galileo's
Tomorrow I will pick up Pico's too
Each held out
Each weighting down
As each has been held and will be held
Cast within the gravity of hell and food of heaven like a tree
Likewise the Society of Jesus is held up
The Society of Jesus has been held
In the future the Society of Jesus will be held
Grammar shouting theatre in a crowded fire
As Tense arrays
General Motor of my life "



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saint nicholas

" The memory of torment like water lay over my chamber
Colleagues, furniture, lifted, bowed, perceptibly

As rooks in moted volume through a window
Here is an aviary

Of lay barbers wardens gardeners
Lay celebrants in an architecture

I attend to the weight of individual reefing underneath
In the industry of small birds I am a small bird beyond what I can see

Lay memorials lay receptacles lay tensions
Height and gathering

How the organisation takes us outside ourselves
And has freedom of movement

And as daylight is felled in the ply of sayings
It sees everything rimmed unfolding slowly



My book is opening with the flight flight of small birds
I feel the irregular sweeping of their pages

Transportation of half of me amphibian over churches
Half swimming with activities

The something startled rise of birds
If I could only touch them they would revive me

Small points of departure for people with no feet "



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history

They were disappointing as sirens
Attendants in the Society of Jesus with heavy drapery

Six Strangers gathering close to Nicholas the Wild
Five disbelieving and one scarce

Indirection and disavowal set, an unsteady garden for polka
Variously they are imbalanced in the flow of light and dark

Are verticals who drift leftwards each within distracted mediation
The sheering of Nicholas in the dramaturgy

Rapt complaisance of the sheets
Where stretches out the stark arm of a Saint and levers birds

Without depiction of the stun stun between his finger and the stuttered wing
The flooding and inflation

Here wildness' axle lies
Two fluttering fluttering pages-but-not-pages



Their open force ~~so far as the pages are not but pages of listening of listening to~~
Lies a little wildness? Here

The unpaintable transportation of the reaching reader welding with the read
Seven robes commensurate with all they read go daily round

And are the textile of their time and bound
The awkward manifold of a Saint



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