

To Be the Son of a Poet Is to Lust in a Great Circle

James E. Allman, Jr.

after G. C. Waldrep

To be the son of a poet is to be the poet's
son is to be the son of a poet but the mother's son also
but not hers alone / hers alone
is begotten immaculately / no
to be the son of a poet is to carry trifles like bouquets
Maglites and toadstools like tulips not like hers alone
hers alone turning toadstools into actual tulips petals
flung in matrimonial procession and wild / as a child's hand reaches in before a feast
the son in a courtyard and a wedding feast at Cana
in Cana of Galilee before his hour / is not yet come before
water flowed out poured forth per his reaching do as he says she says
saith unto him they have no wine and from amphorae festal / wine
flows like water flows like wine
to be the son of a poet is to be other he says *what have I to do with thee*
though not wholly other as the Logos is holy
and other and there at the *beginning* he says *Behold thy son /*
the beginning is for her son alone and long before
flashlights were invented for poets' sons for drawing circles on ceilings
when *on* was a little moon cast before
off an absence uncast as before there was oblivion
nothing at all naught and nothing on the ceiling / and the pitch-darkness an absence
of ceiling there was no word for / yet
became the *word* *ex nihilo* becoming other than the word and void / alone

and without him was not anything made that was made

drawing circles about the liminal / pitch of their dark firmament

we call a ceiling drew / Sun Moon

astral light and yolk / luminous and yes mural-

like and yes miracles for our ceiling behold and *dwelt among us*

to be the son of a poet is to draw great circles on the ceiling