

Curt Hopkins

Tahrir Square

Which hands sowed / The heart's seeds of fire? — R. Jacobsen

This flower with its petals made of bronze
Refused to follow down the falling sun
And made of fires and pyres a thousand dawns
To light the darkened square while stars were questioned.
This flower with its vines and roots of blood,
Whose growth they sought to stop with iron walls,
Climbed and dove and wandered where it would
And spelled out freedom *en espalier*.
Scatter seeds and flowers catch the wind,
Gouge the land and roots grow deeper still,
Burn it out and life will rush back in,
What impulse turns to life our very will?
The lodger of our soul turns dark to light
And all the black designs of death to life.

They Will Recover My Body

For Joe Brooks

They will recover my body in spring when the snow melts,
They will discover my body in time for the funeral bells,
They will uncover my body from the winding sheet when your hearts melt.

From beneath its sweet sleep in time the heart breathes,
From the heart of the wheat sheaves a sweet singing rings,
A sound from the sea, the salt sting of the deep,

Wakes us in our lathe-and-cable slings,
Swings the cradle, starts it rocking,
As we cry out again and again our name of names.

They will watch me rise as winter falls,
They will call out to me when frost crawls across the panes
And the pain breaks as the cracked carapace fails

And I spring to my feet and I cry to the sky,
“Sky, crack open! I arise!”

Contra Celsus

If A, then B,
Whose face shook the backbone of the world.
Post hoc, propter hoc.
By Pharos Philo knew *Logos*,
Israel the Seer.
In time you feel the mind within the mind –
Thank you, ma'am (the sign for fire).
And without it and outside it and then it's *zoom*,
And off go the angels,
One of whom has got a gun (a Beretta 92 FS Inox)
And lo! He carried in his right hand a sword.
You who can see, lift your eyes to heaven.

Damned cold here on the metally edge of winter
Where civilization fails and pine forests
Fall into the frozen floes of blue rivers
Who flow to northern seas where nothing's named.
If A, then B,
Never knew her, never raped her,
Not *her* anyway.
Post hoc, propter hoc.
Trapped between philosophers and prophets,
Historians and theologians,
Never wanted nothing but a farm
And to get off the dole and to get out of Rome.
I've hated every place I've been
And now I sense the rising wind.
My end, if not exactly nearing,
Is nearer than my beginning.

Some Angels of Europe and North America

An angel bends the gleaming sleeve
Bends the groaning sieve
The angel who breaks the gleaming sleeve
Broke the golden skin
With its voice full of golden sand
With its voice full of seed.

All across Central Europe
Cold angels
Rise from ledges
Rise off of ledges
In black and white
With voices of silver crystal
With voices of moonlit sand.

The tufa of the Transtiberina glows
The golden horn of Trastavere
Blows down Rome
Stone by stone
With a voice full of golden corn
With a voice full of lions.

Here is memory become
An angel of steel like a folded fan
In an assassin's hand
And here is the angel of our modern times
Cutting herself with a broken ashtray
Voice full of dirty feathers
Voice full of wet silk.