

# BlazeVOX 11

Spring 2011

Eric Hoffman

I would lie in her tomb  
Should God accept  
This miserable replacement -

Will the beam of her eye  
Ever trace this stained visage  
Whose cheeks are burned  
By sour tears?

Oh no no  
Poor poetry cannot resolve this lone heart  
Which stutters and fails

'It is a luxury to be understood'

A long and wild storm  
Consigned us to darkness and nausea -  
Helpless, we clung to hope  
And memory of a firmer ground -

The sailor, a man of his hands,  
Eye, muscle, finger, a tailor,  
Carpenter, copper, stevedore,  
Clerk and astronomer,  
Guide and savior -

The Captain speaks of the superiority  
Of the American to the European  
Yet the light shines equally in either place,  
It smiles equally on time and space,  
It diminishes and enlarges until both  
Are of equal size. It breathes life  
Into man and man into life.

Wandering the Green Mountains  
& Lake Champlain, June 1831,  
Finding you nowhere and everywhere,  
Translating symbols into sentiments -

*We grow wise.* We search for what is similar  
In ourselves, an equal appreciation  
For byson tea or a walk before breakfast -

What is it in me which cannot say  
*I do not know?* 'The noblest eye  
Is darkened' And Galileo went blind  
1636, died 1642. So the eye of Milton.

What is truth? That proverbial  
Question, that which cannot not be seen.  
Even on the smallest scales  
The strong lens is trained  
On its furthest star  
Or the thin horizon remains fixed  
Even as the world turns its music  
Unperturbed by the massive silence of space.

'29 March. I visited Ellen's tomb  
& opened the coffin'

O wilted apple  
Who can discern your gentle rage  
In his own heart?

A hollowness fades -

At times I think  
The true prerequisite of ministry  
Is the urge for antiquity,  
An altered age  
Where one worships  
Dead forms, concealing  
A secret pursuit  
Of Pagany -

When we read we acquire  
A crystallization of ourselves,  
Those books of science,  
How the mind can achieve communion.

*I do not know.* Teach me,  
I have forgotten.

It is only the body, the blood -  
A sentiment translated into symbol,  
A symbol translated into sentiment.

Is this a new life? Or a new failure?  
*I do not know.*

A prophet warms  
Candles of ignorance,  
Amongst his books  
The dim light  
Renders them illegible