

from **BEAM 30: THE GARDEN** (1996)

by Ronald Johnson

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through the twilight's fluoride glare Mercury in perihelion  
(rotating exactly three times  
while circling the sun twice)  
to Pluto foot tilt up the slide at either plane  
and build a Garden of the brain.

Internetted eternities, interspersed  
with cypresses  
ply ringed air about the many spectacted apples there.  
Flamestitch niches orb in swivel orb, The Muses thrush at center  
turning. *Phospheros arborescens* they sing  
sense's

struck crystal clarities  
to knock the knees  
(or scarlet hollyhock, against a near blue sky).  
No end of fountains lost among the shrubberies full eye may bare.  
Fixed stars  
with fireflies jam the lilac.

The Lord is a delicate hammerer.  
Gold hive upon gray matter  
He taps synapse ("carrying to") ("carrying away")  
an immense bronze pinecone moon-knit at the end of a vista  
of sunny *jets d'eau*, silver poplars. All

shivered in a pool.

Literally, a flowing: form-take-hand  
-with-form  
(That Which Fasteneth Us)  
pillar to pillar the great dance arch itself through all that  
is or was or will be, 3/4 time. This will be a glade  
at the head of one stream

and a resonant gnomon before it will stretch regions of signaling  
gnat-like resiliencies in the atmosphere  
of where we are —  
or were.  
Or will be, when the mingled frame of mind  
of man is celebration.

Gates, which separate the wings  
of tiered ilex, open  
in caverns of atoms passing from one into another's zenith  
of periodic movement, vast helicoidal shift:  
a vaulting of arteries  
beating their heads against the dark.

This is the body of light.