

I SHOUT LOVE

I shout Love in a land muttering slack damnation
as I would in a blizzard's blow,
staggering stung by snowfire in the numbing tongues of cold,
for my heart's a furry sharp-toothed thing
that charges out whimpering
even when pain cries the sign written on it.

I shout Love even tho it might deafen you
and never say that Love's a mild thing
for it's hard, a violation
of all laws for the shrinking of people.
I shout Love, counting on the hope
that you'll sing and not shatter in Love's vibration.

I shout Love . . . Love . . . It's a net
scooping us weltering, fighting for joy
hearts beating out new tempos against each other.

The wild centre life explodes from a seed
recreates me daily in your eyes' innocence
as a small ancient creature, Love's inventor,
listened to a rainbow of whispers.

I shout Love against the proverbs of the damned
which they pause between clubbings and treacheries
to quote with wise communicative nods . . . I know
they're lies, but know too
that if I declared a truce in this war
they'd turn into pronged truths and disembowel me.

By what grim structure in the skull
do you justify unloveliness? I tell you
this machine has masters
who play their contradiction of music on you.
I shout Love against my prison where unconscious joy
like a brown sparrow chirping hoppity zig-zag
seems my keeper . . . In his bright ignorant eye
I live a prisoner while masons plonk stone
to soak up sunlight meant for prisoners
each one a piece of my brain, fragment of my heart's muscle.

And prisoners with hunger aching like a tooth in the belly;
All the robbed ones —
wonderless kids,
strengthless men,
women with no vision for their womb-thoughts.
How'll I escape? Clang shut my own cell door?

I shout Love for all the colors and shapes of men,
all their subtleties
of blood and bone, thought and vision:
imagining for each
a destiny according to his particular beauty.

I shout Love for the womanflower, the manflower,
and don't too carefully tend them.
Inventing themselves moment by moment
out of joy, sorrow
and stark machinery of need,
what do they need of me before my truth?

I shout Love . . . which is just the beginning:
Truth . . . which is just the beginning:
Honor . . . which is just the beginning:
And sometimes turn from the long-fanged enemy
to eat the worm in my own heart.

Louis Riel, that man sad with wisdom
I Love . . . and his hope Canada:
for hopes are the taller parts of men,
my stilts and eyes' loving perspective,
hope my liver pumping the bile that is life.

Does anyone know where the corpse is buried?
Under whose stuffed seat? What dancer's foot?
Louis Riel I Love;
but the hangman drives to a Sunday picnic with his family
and whatever the martyr gained he claims.

Even I shout Love who aged ten thousand years
before my tenth birthday
in shame, wrath, and wickedness;
shout and grow young as cowards grow old:
Shout Love whom this world's paradoxical joy
makes stammer or keep silent between shoutings,
more held each hour by the wonder of it.

I shout You my Love in a springtime instant
when I wince half pain half joy to notes from an oriole
over balls of frost trapped in quickening roots,
and the tick-tock-tickle of warm rain
trickling into buds' eyes, plucking them open.

I shout Love into your pain when times change and you must change:
minutes seeming final as a judge's sentence
when skies crack and fall
like splinters of mirrors
and gauntle'd fingers, blued as a great rake,
pluck the balled yarn of your brain:

For Love's the spine holding me straight,
the eye in back of my shoulderblades
that sees and beats my heart for all thinkers,
and the touch all over and thru me
I've often called God.

The herring with his sperm makes milk of the wide wrinkling
wriggling ocean
where snowy whales jump rolling among whitecaps
as I shout live your Love and the deeds of my words
pollinate the air you're breathing.
Since life's a dream garment hung singing or sighing on a bone tree
why shouldn't it be Love's adventure?

I shout Love between your knees that are my wings my Love,
when I ride like a dragon
blessing you fierce as curses.
Oh take me Love for I'm a storm of light
enwhorled with satanic darkness.

I whisper Love into the ear of a newborn girl,
breathing Love in her name.
May she grow up around her name singing inside her.

I shout Love against Death, that rattling, stinking harvest machine
that loves best the ripest and richest in Love.
I've seen their eyes bright with hunger
gorging on their last light;
and felt Love lurch sidling away
from the small help they wanted.

I shout Love and am no sentimentalist
but I rejoice in the deaths of rogues.

But Love life thrilling roots
like nerves digging and buried corpse,
the old fierce eye rotted and born new,
an enemy lost in a lover.

I shout Love wherever there's loveless silence;
in dumb rocks, in black iron lie oppressed minds
like parsecs of night between the stars,
where suns in tumultuous sleep toss eruptions about them
and I wake with a cry
spinning among the galaxies.

I shout Love to the young whose eyes are clouded with light
as their light clouds my eyes.
Only as beards of wheat swaying at the fingertips may I touch them
for they're born in the centre, are the centre,
and I shout Love, even tho
there's something of me they must destroy.

You to whom honor came so easily
in your darling girl world,
when your joy changed so quickly to defiance
you shocked us but
you made our hearts and brains beat one rhythm
and we followed you.

I shout Love at those grey-lipped men who trim life:
Shout Love into their dim ears, their shaking heads.

I Love the dawn, with a half-risen sun rosy like the head of God's
phallus.

But what if I came shouting Love now
to you shivering in your blanket
unfed for forty-eight hours?
The liberals goggle over their cocktails
to talk patiently of feeding you,
but I shout Love and I mean business.

I shout Love in those four-letter words
contrived to smudge and put it in a harmless place,
for Love today's a curse and defiance.
Listen you money-plated bastards
puffing to blow back the rolling Earth with your propaganda
bellows and oh-so-reasoned negations of Creation:
When I shout Love I mean your destruction.