

## **Incrave**

### **"The Head"**

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Only a palace with interior doors  
Well painted well gargoyled with multiple floors  
Two windows let free this projector machine  
And the magical world here appears on the screen  
My servants attend me with tricks of the senses  
The past and the future and similar tenses  
And on platters of air they convey me my measure  
Both gladness and sorrow, I lack not for treasure

The lord and his lady are seated within  
In the court of the mind where the song does begin  
The song is as fine is as fine is as follows  
The song does continue through measureless hollows  
That sink from the level of personal being  
Through caverns of darkness where dragons  
Are dwelling

The mountains above them are raised at my calling  
Where the apples are ripe or the rain is a-falling

In ships of white vision I sail the horizon  
Where three spinners stand beyond the  
Horizon under the tree of the apples of beauty  
I watch them arranging my days and tomorrows  
The song is as fine is as fine as it follows

I stood on the beach where the moon was a-curling  
Laughed on the wings of the sea birds calling  
I loved when sweet Venus a lover did bring me  
I cried when sweet Saturn and Jupiter moved us  
And all of my servants were fighting their brothers  
And the lord and the lady they hated each other  
Till the spinners arose with their work on their fingers  
Commanding the presence of Heavenly singers  
That spoke of the silence so soon to be coming  
When all would be still in the wonderful palace  
The peace is not stillness but peacefully changing  
This hope is the hope of the man on the gallows  
The song is as fine is as fine is as follows

The infant I was in the womb of my mother

White sperm I was in the loins of my father  
Before that I swam in the oceans of nowhere  
Where the fish are as fine as the colour of colours  
Where waves are the message of centuries rolling  
Where wind is the breath of the Holy Creator  
Where no ship sails but only the ocean  
Where all the rivers grow mighty with showing  
And crowned with the gifts of the myriad valleys  
Return with a sigh to the sea of the coming  
Forever and ever and ever and ever be glad O be  
Glad for the song has no ending.

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