

for Gerrit Lansing

The association of poetic and magical practice by a major poet and a life-long initiate is a rare thing.

That Gerrit's library is at this moment in tact: it is as if Dr. Dee's library were available for our perusal.

One could excerpt formulations in Gerrit's poetry from which to construct a vision of the practice of magic and the practice of poetry appropriate to our times and times to come.

That the consummation of magical practice is preceded by the originary evolution of a magical cosmos: one achieves the higher grades in a magical order by traversing and transcending the modalities offered in it and by it, evolving the system anew at the very center of engagement with it. Thus magic and poetry commute.

That the work is an ark to navigate manifest existence.
"I praise the canyons no bridges span but eagles fly across."

From unknown pole to unknown pole, like a symbol between two everted brackets:] x [. . .

The traces of practice manifest in the work, but the work in its proper eventuality was no trace merely, but the composition of a rite enacted "all life long" -- a phrase that echoes through the life-long extension that is this poetry.

A throw of dice will not abolish chance, Mallarme hazarded. But it is no chance that the hazard to which this work actually rises steps out of the chanciness of apparent being itself.

"The Measure sustaining is never provisional. Majestic it opens on Silence."

"Let Intellect be rampant in the flagrant colors of the indominately so."

Plus this: a poem (of mine) for Gerrit's magically efficacious objects:

Here is a cabinet
of magic rings.

Each ring
one song.

(If you are a finger
better watch it!)

We're not inert,
we little rings.

We sing in the dark
and order the dust.

Charles Stein
September, 2018