

THE
HIT

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This is the failure of an attempt to write a beautiful poem. I would like to have it looked at as the mindless coiling of a protein that has not fully achieved life — but one that is, or might be, a step towards living-being. We live in the visions of highest genius — each day we see through the eyes, brains and physical spirits of Plato, Darwin and Dante. The glories of their visions allow us to see more fully, but too often their seeings are accepted as finalities. We have not even totally assumed the meanings of Marx or Freud, and still make confrontations with their ideas. Why have we not gone beyond what was already known by the older geniuses of mankind and begun to prepare a Paradiso of our own science and genius? Darwin's portrait of life is real and true but it is only 15 degrees of a circle. Let us see all and feel all kinships and meanings, and great unity, in the rushing mass of plasm that has begun to fill the darkness between the stars . . .

IT IS THE SURGE OF LIFE
THE SURGE! THE SURGE! THE SURGE!
I SEEK
TO VIEW . . .

Plato and Darwin are the dead heads of glorious vision.

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OH, HOW I HAVE BEAT MY HEAD AT IT
in male stupidity!

And here . . . here in my hand, is a picture of the living Universe
made by a woman as gift of love in a casual moment!

— A valentine in ball-point ink. It calls all
previous images to abeyance. The dark and radiant
swirlings in my head seem clumsy — tho I trust them too.

It is a tree that is not a tree.

It might be a placenta with thin branches or veins.

The stalk of it narrows to a gasp of life
and stretches downward and spreads into what
might be the earth or the top of another tree.

((Is there a forest?))

(Upon the lower treetop, or earth, lies a creature coiled
and incomplete, with round and staring eyes.)

Intersecting the narrow trunk, or crossing it, in
mysterious geometry, is a palette-shape.

Upon it spins around and round, before ascending
up the stalk into the boughs, a creature that
is a ring of meat divided into the individuals
comprising it. They are hot upon each other's
tails. They stare after one another and outwards
with round eyes. Some beasts of the ring
are dots and blobs or teardrops of primal meat.

And some are more whole creatures. Some contain
within themselves, midway, an extra pair of eyes
to show their division is not complete. (Or
to assert the meaninglessness of all division
that is based on eyes or other organs.) Those eyes
deny that a single head or set of senses divide
lives in a greater sense. *The ring is one!*

The creatures
swell, spring free, and dart up the cincture
to a greater space above.

A long, large, snake-shaped molecule of flesh
coils from the earth
around the palette and caresses the higher branch
in sensuality.

The high part is a heart! Within it a man's head & shoulders
rise from a batwinged heart with thready tail —
and a heart upon the thread-tip. Nearby is a circle
(a vacuole?, a nucleus?) with a shape inside that might
be any living thing from a vulture to a dancing child.

High and low outside are stars that are
living sparks or moths.

Turned upside down the drawing means
not more nor less. It is a gentle
tensile surge,
a woman views.

There is no teleology but
surging freedom.

Inert matters pour in and out of the Surge
and make sound and sight. But neither
they nor the Surge will wait. It is another matter.
Space, Space, Space, is a black lily holding the rosy,
full, flowing, and everspreading and con-
tracting, spilling flash.

The woman's easy sight of it can be bolder than the man's.
She admits that we can never know, and tells
us that the question is useless words.
The Surge can never see itself for the Surge is
its self-sight. And its sight
and being are simultaneous.
There is urge to see or feel — for it *is* sight

and feeling.
Except for the glory

GLORY

GLORY

GLORY

GLORY

GLORY

GLORY

it does not matter.

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But desire to know and feel are not eased!
To feel the caves of body and the separate
physical tug of each desire is insanity. The key
is love

and yearning. The cold sea beasts
and mindless creatures are the holders of vastest
Philosophy.

We can never touch it.

We are blessed.

Praise to the surge of life that there is no answer
— and no question!

Genetics and memory

are the same

they are degrees of one

molecular unity.

We are bulks of revolt and systems of love-structuring
IN A GREATER WHOLE
beginning where the atoms come
to move together and make a coiling string . . .

Beyond the barrier
all things are laid upon a solid

and at rest. . .

Beatrice!

Beatrice!

Paradiso is opening.

WE ARE AT THE GATES OF THE CHERUBIC!



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