



INVISIBLE
MARCHES



TAMAS
PANITZ

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Tamas Panitz

preface by Robert Kelly

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PREFACE

Marches are borderlands, danger terrains, full of beasts
or enemies or disappointed friends seeking exile.

Marches are long lines, footsore soldiers stepping
briskly with their minds on something else, thirty miles
a day through the borderlands into conflict zones.

Marches are times of years when once upon a time snow
was rare and lions slept and the Passover lamb nibbled
dandelions, clover, newborn grasses.

In his lucid and articulate dreams, the poet talks us
almost safely, slowly through the never-relenting
parades, lingers in the groves, chatting up the spirits
that appear. Cities are full of spirits, cities in the bor-
derlands especially, not just Detroit or El Paso Catskill
and Boston are by the borderlands too. Because the

border is always close. We feel all night the wind coming across the border, blasting us with terrors and sexual imagery. We live by the border, every dawn a glorious danger we belong to.

But we seldom get to see the border so clearly until now, the invisible made visible, palpable, in Tamas Panitz's structured odes the hidden world suddenly sung into sight.

Robert Kelly



maestoso

1.

A branch raised
in both hands.

Hawthorn. Flowers
fill your lover's room.
Skin mixed with its musk.

So the gods enter. Laughter.
Skin's deceptive porous comfort
through which they rush

to their 7th, Helios
laughter itself.
You and the book share

mud and mud hot mysteries whose confused roots
seven jeweled reins rule deep into pre-existence.

Chaos reined in by planetary whips. Any order makes use of
impoverished purities of form that decay, decay by law
but love preserves each as the bark splits and the trees
are ripped away.

Adore me adore me adore me
images of you dear reader
left in me by the devil's passage.

Hawthorne. Laughter. Solar
branches track through mind's breath

comes back to itself
by the help of elves
fixed to its musk.

Attention breaks
the voice fades
into a native silence.

These are the two suns mud and mud where the hawthorn
in potentia live and where their images dazzle

her admired whips pre-organize the tracks
fleshed musk thrills the doom of my room.

2.

Leave in toads until stirred
by the horns of

someone's moon. The dream waited,
and in a cauldron

I was stirred in
the moon's spiral to find South:

find me what I can't include. The speaker's calf-head
angles for eels like an old king boiling in milk

for molecules to admit fresh chaos, that turns
eels silver to return to their sea. The dead king in boiled

mare's blood stirred with a foreleg dipped in silver
to spring impulse back into form. A young king

jumps from the tub, Bacchus'
firm little tits, the facts

remain in equilibrium, *in that brambled*
void, these berries you must eat.

3.

Green silt of
the river that surrounds.

Silt rushes
from the stagnant water.

Masks fall across my face in a glimmer of scales
faces that salmon the sexual current
a green serpent that dies and dies

a green door,
Oroborosed.

The knot's released heat.

A sun is a storm
of heat that reads.
Weaves me with it.

Green caller where the sands retreat.

4.

A light in the woods
smell of

in your house
corridor through the trees.

Black benzoin,
on lucent stone: smoldering
matrilineal Morgan la Fey orgies shine on your finger

soul's black grease
on the walls your flesh on The Lover's mind
turns and turns.

A house of bone and wind we are,
Jerusalem. Embrace.

5.

Stone reflexive
of tongue

the sun's charge
of stones

in a pile we wonder
at the winds we wrung

in a pack we roam
inferences of houses,

fruit hanging from no branches
beaks eat sans heads.

Who's there?
Familiar shapes

of clouds within. Back to back,
we run our fingers through their silence,

us stones that whistle (sphinx!)
in the wind they call.

A fix for detritus to embark along
itself the sun. Mysterious equilibrium.

6.

Clouds scud the flanks
of a secret heat

that turns within,
draws the curtain
sun draws:

on either side
illusion turns
to illusion

on either side of the eclipse the lie at center
glows in indirect light.

In the freeze of the eclipse that doubles, Black Brothers
build fortresses against dispersion
that a liquidating milk of voices throngs
down reverberant gutters of faces down hanging gardens.

The enduring plant's
forked sinuous lightning
lashes the mind to blossom.

Through sexual elated crowds
the whims of necessity
purr.
Change purposes.

The people of the panther
do not know who they are.

A force
shadowless as crystal
flows between loves.

Across Love's body, enduring passages
of the heart planted within the eclipse exult.

7.

The rose.

A crow's nest.

Bearing stars, shiny holes,
friends return

to the circle
unbroken; crows rise

to return again.
As by their shadows
stars must

in a mist of organs.
The shadows of a rose.
A body beyond body

into which the rhythm's procession lifts
our miniatures;

Branches rise
heavy with figures towards which they flow.

The blinding rose.
A face pressed to the edge of my face reflects.

Along the median
a garden of crows composes
reflections from cars. A language before.
Shadows who organize a single dazzling word.

8.

Starlings are the first
starlings to hop
across the cross

through ear's gates
body is released

free of birds or service or bone.
Coital.

Tradition denies its passing institutions, green limousines slide
easily where our bodies are crowded. Crowds of definitions shadow

the serpents children ride around the maypole, beckoning to us.

With both hands
melt the snow
like camomile, widdershins

a city in the other's touch
where childhood expands
and the children capture us.

Starlings solidify the hill
once your eyes are closed.
Now follow them in

the summit the serpent advances like a building flat

the fallen tree's black
ceremonies

that has already come back to itself.
A shadow is a bridge that lets us pass.

9.

We'd race oiled
round midheaven
hippodrome
our stupid goals,

curves her days
hip into heaven.

A horse sacrifice
is the proper use for a horse:

the sparagmos of Bacchus.

Where desires surge against the law's rigid patience
the lover burns and the half-god is torn apart;

stargrass agrees to hold our weight,

our combustion, and burning
resolution into gold,

a mauve horse
that halts, as touch rages

the color of change.

A heart burns throughout the forest
a star a word a lover

hand on my shoulder

before we parted

I can feel still. What came before
will come again.

A stillness that burns within our skin a structure,
the oils of her mind to which the body bends.



ASIDE

Goethe alerts us to what he calls a common mistake, that, "...man delights more in the idea than the thing, or rather, he only delights in the thing in so far as he presents it to his mind in a idea.[...] [i]t is but an effort to bring a multiplicity of objects into some palpable relation, which is not strictly speaking theirs among themselves. Hence the prevailing tendency to form hypotheses and theories, terminologies and systems, which we cannot even disapprove; they are an outcome of our constitution, of our very nature."¹

So he warns us, but tempts me, to infer that there is a way of proceeding mistakenly and yet with purpose, to regard one's "constitution" by way of imaginative projections of "theories, terminologies and systems, which we cannot even disapprove," and to urge these projections forward. Such would be the unwritten introspection of Faust, that indeed becomes conscious of itself, or at least is made explicit, in Spengler's *Decline of the West*, as our own declining Faustian Civilization. Goethe's work often lacks the self-awareness to comment upon itself- Rudolf Steiner was the man for that job. But in Steiner's own oeuvre we again come against this curious inability of the work to talk about itself, a respectful truce with the ultimate theological questions that remain absent from their work.

Mephistopheles reminds Faust at their first meeting that he has *already* failed to take poison. For a contract with Faust, Mephistopheles requires only a droplet of blood, on any scrap of paper. These are obvious emblems, for Mephistopheles then says, "you will have no limit, no measure." In the boundlessness of his will for infinity, Faust's universe has no limit; but in his quest for infinity, (by the destruction of his "universe"), he fails to remove himself (his blood): to remove the uniqueness of representation. In his quest for the thing itself, Faust works his imagination down to the imaginative faculty, the strange limbo in which he may or may not have killed his guide Mephistopheles. The tragedy of Faust is his struggle for self-awareness, the absence of which affords the permission necessary for his science.

As the Faustian Romantic gains self-awareness, we discover that the false science, the deviant representation, the failure of the desire to see beyond one's

¹ from the essay by Goethe, *Experiment as Mediator Between Object and Subject* (1793) *Readings in Goethean Science*, Wyoming: Bio-Dynamic Literature, 1978 (p.31)

self, is what actually constitutes the science of our selves. In terms of *spiritual science*, it is through the nexus of the self, desire, and the universe, that the self has the opportunity for primal or primary participation. Both what is primary and our means of participation in it are in constant flux, suggesting thereby the Faustian relationship of an evolving forgery of our own manufacture.

Thus *spiritual science* in its self-awareness becomes the science of the beautiful, the missing original that haunts the beloved twist of appearance.

“...It is toward the old poets/we go, to their faltering/ their unaltering wrongness that has style.” –R.D., *A Poem Beginning with a Line by Pindar*

If poetry is the science of the beautiful, it is not the spiritual science, but the science of its description.

“In speaking of primal beginnings we should speak primally, i.e., poetically. Of those things to which our everyday language pertains – experience, understanding, judgement– none is adequate to the task. Upon entering deep into these barren, rocky chasms I felt for the first time that I envied the poets.”²

I think of Liszt, or Chopin, when he writes before his Polonaise in A \flat major, Op. 53:

maestoso

(stately, dignified, majestic, sometimes march-like).

A march is heard in anything that arrives for the worshippers of its rhythm.

For Goethe, archetypes manifest in what is necessarily an aberration of form (one that in turn will influence the archetype itself)– an aberration is where we find beauty, and our own exaltation. This haunted divergence from “primal beginnings” is where beauty reigns.

The beauty of faces remembered from past lives.

² Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Scientific Studies*, New York: Suhrkamp Publishers, 1987 (p. 137)

Implicit in “beauty” is the confusion of interior and exterior, the confusion of one’s existence, thought, and writing with universal processes.

Dressed in the rhythms of the archetype, one may participate the beginnings of life, or life’s further evolution. This puts us at the threshold of another, even further transformation, one that is theological and maybe beyond the context of science or of beauty, but palpable in the silence it posed in Goethe and Steiner.



Tamas Panitz is also the author of *Blue Sun* (Inpatient Press), *Uncreated Mirror* (LCC), *Upper Earth* (Oread Press), and several chapbooks available for free at metambesen.org, most recently *Numbers*, a collaboration with the painter Louise Smith. He helps edit *The Doris* magazine along with Billie Chernicoff. He lives in Catskill, NY.