of cool tears
till
the Ineffable
cries,
"Open your eyes.
See
wailing ones
he
is beautiful;
he is an archangel
the cross, skull-shod,
Death is the cross of winged moons
where hangs God."

JOHN BROOKS WHEELWRIGHT

LUC

UNPUBLISHED FRAGMENTS

LE DON

THE SUN vibrated upon the vines, clement king, and the red villages scintillated. O honey. Then came to bathe in the lava of the stream. Pyx of azure and of gold, for a god, shining and young, sound of flute and the treacherous welcome of the shadow. The sweet torture of this flame, when one can not be consumed by it and when everything is akindle with oneself . . . Day too pure.

Luc remarked these things. His thoughts, flying away, made a little dust. It is at this moment that he realized in himself the entrance of grace. His heart hesitated a moment. In spite of himself a fruitful fullness spread through him, like water hurled from a floodgate. He no longer felt himself with precise boundaries.

Then Luc was hungry. Hungry, physically hungry. Hungry in all his five senses. And miracle! this hunger was marvellously calm and marvellously surfeited. A slight drunkenness, tender light, burned within him. His body became clearer. An emanation of soul: one would say wings.