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Visions

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VISIONS

Art and magic meet in visions, and part.
 Magicians in the Middle Ages stared
 Into the brightest rays of the sun and saw
 Angels and Devils falling as thick as snowflakes;
 And there were specific conjurers like Cardan,
 Who, from the thin white air of August, 1491,
 Conjured up seven smoky Devils in Greek attire,
 About forty years of age, some ruddy, some pale.
 But magic sets no precedent for art;
 Late Eighteenth Century Angels
 Leaned from tree-tops at high gold noon
 To kiss Blake, freely and uninvited,
 And one day God Himself put His face to the window,
 Not that Blake looked out — God looked in.

PHILIP MURRAY

THE VENTRILOQUIST

Like a long-suffering and impatient mother,
 Professionally tender and cruel,
 Who perpetuates her childhood playing house with dolls,
 He also manipulates his children behind their backs
 And dandles them forever on protective knees.
 Publicly he ignores their weeping for lives of their own,
 Attempts to exorcise their tears with jokes;
 Secretly he tells them he understands,
 Having been once himself an unhappy child,
 And further explaining what a sorrow it is
 To be a man afflicted with many voices.

PHILIP MURRAY

BUDDHA

Buddha sits and smiles to see
 smiling back, the likes of me.

WALTER LEUBA