Invocation / No Safe Words

John Martin
Wake Forest University

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John Martin

Invocation

If you were here, bright child, I'd take your tongue, and with its small flame burn these words into the air, as if they were my own!

If I could raise you, brother, in the flesh, I'd force your hand across these stones, and forge new language of the mingled blood, as dark and sweet as love.

If I might draw your eyes up by these strings, or twist your dreams and visions to my need, I'd hang them 'round my neck, and let that awful beauty glitter through the living streets again...

John Martin

No Safe Words

(apologies to Emily Dickinson)

Dear Master—it is tragic how you lost your eyes, scorched them in the afterglow of Reason—I wish that you could see how far I'm gone without You...

I have no "safe" words, now, to break my fall, to end this endless descent into remembrance—no tyrant, kind or cruel, to ration out the pain with sharp command, or even to observe the slow humiliation of the Will...

I fear that I am growing careless of the boundaries, the tutored limits of the Soul—I am shorn of grief—and you are not here to chart my progress, or to keep my mind from wandering...

There are no safe words, love, and none to write us home...