



# A Short Treatise on the Nature of the Gods

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*Argotist Ebooks*

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# A Short Treatise on the Nature of the Gods

Earth in the deepening groove

Some mind's coruscation the sun

On the blue water fleshes out

The face gathers around a voice

Every day a snake eats its own head.

Night is the eyes in the mouth.

Remember to forget to remember

Everything known. Day is

What swallows itself.

Around every circle another circle

Thumbprint, thumbnail's half

Moon, orbits of

eyes

We say they have eyes the sun is a

Proof

Looking at us because we do



. . . give names to what    to that which we  
Place names on    empty

Spaces we call some forms of blankness  
Ideas    and others we call    pages

. . . call the intimate convergences    you  
Where no you is    there is a hope

You exist so we name you    you  
Hoping you return    to what

To that which    we call    empty spaces  
Some of them    these ideas    ourselves

Wash out the mouth

Of plurals false pantheon

Teeth strung across there

Is no we only a them

Those pearls

Of wisdom

it steps armored out of the head  
and commits itself

to battle  
itself and teaches us to prize

the self-made wound  
by displaying its purple bruise

I lay down on my shadow  
to imagine myself  
as the gods lay down on me  
to imagine

I lay down at which time the temple  
snakes cleaned out my ears

I could hear my own future  
though I could not believe

my feet standing on my own head  
I could bend over so far backward

Face the violent fact

These wounds are for knowing, these human wounds

The gods have faces but no wounds

The light that pierces our eyes is light

Emitted from their own

We think them but they are thoughtless—

Then the thunder laughs when they close their eyes

And they clap their hands like infants

Not belief but doubt that confirms

Startle the ground-dwelling dove from her gleaning

Her warning call is not her song, but

Air pushed out from her wings' frightened beating

She collects the sea  
in a pitcher, she of the prismatic  
wings, a kind of

messenger, she waters the clouds

yes, those are rainbows largely  
flapping behind her

your eyes have not tricked you again

your eyes whose colored rings we call

witness a circular fact

witness a fact turning in a circle

Now

no one denies now is when now is

what exists by not existing    the field

an unfurling pasture whose long grasses are their beds

whose wind-swirling grasses is their hair their own

fingers twist through

I spoke a prayer    let me inside

the syllable

as I speak it    I speak a prayer

(I do see that green light and that laughter wild I hear)



Their minds    intestinal

Light feeds them    this light

They eat with their eyes    they stare at the sun

With mouths open    a kind of awe, if

Awe is for them where shadows gather

. . . discussing among themselves the nature of the day:

An hour, what is an hour?

A flower, what is a flower?

What is a bird

Flying with a strand of dead

Grass in her beak? What is a bird

Eating a line?

Ignorance is their nest

Their eyes are on fire

Consume a page or consume

A field they eat with eyes

What they understand is it

“To abolish distance kills. The gods only die by being among us.”

In the atoms beneath logic, in the logic-clouds

Lightning strikes itself to see itself

The accidental particulars world

World and one other

Secret is they hide inside us to keep away

Laughter in the fact stirs the fundament

These shadows walk around within  
Me dropping grain in the holes my  
Eyes don't help the work being open

These shadows step nearer to disappear  
And of the blade of wheat sprouting out  
My eyes pointing at myself is the answer

The gods tell one joke over and over

Again, “A man walks”



A god walks into a man and the palsy begins

A palsy some call knowing

Intimacy none ask for but none ask for

Release the leaf that in the hand trembles

Is the example of a terrifying wind

Blowing only on the inside, blowing only within

Please the atom to pleasure the god

This point surrounds

Nothing makes of itself a future

Sound of which logic is the magic

Regime and the world a gathering cloud

“A Letter is a joy of Earth—  
It is denied the Gods—”

Unfold the fold and find  
Another fold below, dark  
Mine I call mine when I lie

Ink and mind, ink or mind  
The letter forms but it denies  
What it finds, the gods are

Dumb because they are wise,  
This shadow is the bruise  
Of the object's surprise

What laughs inside the flame?

To move the light around

Produces shame

In both the seer and the seen

Shadows move elsewhere

To prove they remain

Step out, step out

Of the cloud and let me see you, step

Out, out

As out of moist earth the mushroom steps, step

As steps the dropped spoor out from under its own head,

Step as a cloud steps down from the open blue

Sky, step down, step

Down and disperse

Me

It wears a groove  
Around its head  
The song being sung

We singers sing  
Of you as we begin  
Of you we singers  
Sing as we end

Where weight has been  
There is a groove  
That binds the head

And singing makes  
The groove shudder

Invoke the gods to scare the gods  
A song tears them apart  
As lightning tears a cloud or as a spider  
In an abandoned well tears apart  
The stones by linking stone to stone

Threaten them with praise and they will  
Pollinate the sun with gnats  
Whose clear bodies eat the sun and shit  
The sun and make of the road a solar ode

Write an ode and evict the gods, O gods  
And goddesses, hear my voice and lean out  
Just a little, and give my song light, so what  
Is blank is seen, O lean over and give  
My song melody, so what is seen  
Won't fall apart, O lean out, you gods  
And goddesses, and live in the song,  
O live in the song, and not in me.



Fragment

A fragment-hymn more

Whole than the whole hymn

... *O, lovely past[ures]* ...