

Arthur Henry King

## THE RIGHT SIZE

A landscape lies under the open sky . . .  
(Open? The sky's the limit,  
the daylight veil over the illimitable,  
withdrawn for revelation from the darkness  
beyond of Adam's first — and longest — nightmare  
trying to count quastars telstars from pulstars.  
Nth grandson Blaise, a rodent of nocturnal  
habit, was apprehensive of a white  
owl that at times would swoop — but Blaise would hoot —  
in from the eternal silence of those infinite  
spaces on Blaise forlornly nibbling at  
predestination and incomprehensible  
grace. And his terror's now old Adam's *tedium  
sed non laudamus infinitum . . .*)

Grace?

Oh yes, it's day again! All landscapes lie  
under a veiling sky. Each one embraces  
ten views, each view a hundred sights, each sight  
a thousand shapes, each separate shape a million  
discriminations made from inward darkness  
by instrument, and every single one  
some apprehension of infinitude . . .

Leave "lesser fleas," and take a landscape's grace!  
Bigger than bugs, it's not the animal  
a thousand miles in length that Aristotle  
so startlingly invented for rejection.  
How big's the *Ding an Sich?* *Ansicht?* The size  
to have a face that we can see as one?

Tired of the burden of things too large or small  
or many for the eye, let us confine ourselves  
to eyescopes. Take the landscape! *Te Deum*  
*Incarnatum laudamus*, flesh and bone  
standing veiled yet revealed through a column of light  
shafted more candid down amid the shadow —  
smooth boles of ash or beech than this clear morning  
of early spring in this glade in this grove,  
and with Jehovah, Thy beloved Son;  
Who made it all according to Thy Word,  
being Himself the Word by which He made it  
a garden in a landscape in a world  
created to man's measure for his pleasure.

And yet our landscape lies under a sky  
close blue by day but open black at night.

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