

POETRY

**Quantum Gospel:
A Mormon Testimony**

Ronald Wilcox

1

Symmetry exists in exact reflections of Love:
Take a patch of chaos circling beforehand,
Sling it past black stars circling at random,
Create light in rings inside particed sparks,
Glowing in random points and recognitions,
Moving and brewing beneath your own hand.
Respond to Word of God inside your mind:
Call the involvement creation, as the eyes
Of the Gods gaze infinity into finite forms.

2

Had I reckoned further I would have wakened
A dream of being being born inside my mind;
Had I known my urging soul, inviting my eyes,
To behold myself admitting a verge of sky,
Had I been born a babe unto regenerations,
Electric with crackling insights and intuitions,
I would have borne witness to the Holy Soul,
Whipping like lightning the spark embedded,
The rumbling inside, my own seething Vortex.

3

Where did I begin, beside the counsels of God?
The intelligences swarming like flaming bees
About the instigations of the centered glory,
Unfettered, as multicolored gardens explode
In waves of flowers, streaming beaming leaves,
Vanguards of redeeming Impulse, to be living,
The very air alive with incessant buzz of Love,
The desire for good and sheer deep believing,
Redoubted in swarms, informed by beauty alone.

4

Heaven gleaned as home, taken as a given form
Of loving, Father and Mother, intent on feeding
The baby beam, redeemed from an infinite river
Of flashes, flowing by the garden of belonging,
The place of becoming, the seed of my being,
Where I began, uninformed and searching, to see,
My harvest of options returning upward to the sun,
Redeemed, to become one with a hovering spirit:
The beginning of all beginnings, my beginning.

5

The mysteries peak at evening, unquiet shadows,
Bounding a flaming horizon in red inscriptions,
Burnishing in blue the downward fall of time,
Inconstant quest for perfection in a golden ball,
What the sky said as it died alone, ungrieving,
Awaiting deeper meanings than departing stars
Or a storming moon silent in the shivering air,
Reflecting the patterns of man, briefer than ice,
Ages of discontent, scattering flecks of the sea.

6

My flesh is wrapped about schisms of intentions,
Inordinate struggles inside me, woven of dreams,
The bleeding strands, the hollow bones, risen up,
The dust a cough of speculation, burrowing deep,
Created by my God, aware of myself as a mirror
Of feeling and shape and apprehension of him
Who shattered the night sky into edges of light
And thrust my soul into these wavering sounds
And visible flutes of breathing, trilling glories.

7

Who am I to accede to ramparts of knowledge,
Climb the high vistas of separation like cliffs
Calling the clouds to order, parsing the brief
Echoes, stirring evanescence, chips of Phosphor,
White marble crags, crumbling under my view?
Am I all mind when I slide into ivory ravines
And seal with quickening beams a silver sky?
Who made of me a mannered imagining man
To breathe in whispers of mist a sundown sea?

8

Oppositions collide inside my reflecting themes,
Defy the burn of being with sleek considerations:
Imagine the metaphysics underlying a magic ball,
A world gone mad in teeming tones of reasoning,
Undoing itself like flinging patterns of lightwaves
Unweaving, intertwining signs of curving beams,
Unfiltered and bursting, these shrieking atoms split,
Resist this knowledge, insidious as cancer cells,
A gleam of evil inevitable and adversary's glare.

9

Could I tremble a way to understanding I would,
Or speak of him who stood amid the smouldering,
Satan rebuffed and fell with deep inclination down,
To set against the infinite will a personal grudge,
Unhoned and embittered by self-congratulation,
Fierce with withering hatred of all, refurbishing
Good for all among them not him, screening eye
Decrying the holy plan, receiving no good thing,
Seething inside for sake of blank empty hate . . .

10

Expedient with fear I avoid saying more of this,
Nor will I embellish our histories of evil-seeking
In the woof and webs and warping of humankind:
They are there for all to see, this ancient tapestry
Winding about our bones in sheets of winnowing
Oppression, a decaying film of incessant surmise,
Where a faint hint of ending, the same as briefest
Surprise, ignites the final light of dying, dimming,
The shuttered eyes invariably closed forever.

11

I sat in the awesome councils of God and gazed
Over these resplendent faces, seawaves of intent,
Intelligences, fierce splashes of eyes, unendingly
Whirling horizons, specifying attractions, powers
Of electrified combinations, reflecting all and me,
And knew then that I knew my soul being called
Into form would be among their planetary plans,
The galaxies reverberating the beginning word
And solemn enhancements of my perfect Father.

12

I ward off a worm in my bone with memories
Immediate as lusters of stars inside my mind,
Reawakening a precision imagination of body
And soul, flowing illumination inside my brain,
Echoing a far and spherical center of creation,
Breathing the presence of a love I knew then,
The careful hand that bathed me in becoming,
An all invisible view, a parallax of perfection,
Revisiting my source beyond disappearance.

13

I hack at perplexity like sandstorms in my eyes,
I grope at my flesh untied by time and wonder,
I seize ratchets of belief to etch my broken teeth,
I catch an easy passion flown past me like wind,
I try to inhale my darling whose essence lingers,
I misplace pickets of me and stagger over pieces,
I reach to my feet and find them dematerialized,
I coast to sleep into a moonlit sea of memories,
I forget to wake when the town is up and about.

14

If dolphins clarify the sea before them surging,
Inborn with echosystems of seeking shrieks,
If whales levitate with appealing ease in spray
The eyes of wonder under a water-gilded sky,
If seeming vastness remembers each drop flung,
Belying these involvements, blue encroachment,
Who am I to seize upon my own faint designs,
To identify the doming and delving mysteries,
Their translucent cries, their teeming selves?

15

Try to organize inchoate thrusts of perceptions:
See hummingbirds dart in and about tiny points,
Needles of insights telling the bees where to go,
Weaving secret scents at the heart of red roses,
Bedazzling themselves as notes in open throats,
High C's high, white hot sighs, the Holy Ghost,
Creations unfolding in blooming infinite petals,
To see the least of creations like looping strings,
Praise too fine to see, except in righteous eyes.

16

Numberless sparrows and each a quantum digit,
Grackles along wires like strings of calculation,
Insects so many beyond senses, rendering dust,
Variegated skies like charcoal-pastel visions,
Showers of numbers spattering on white sand;
Immaculate seasons' code of frost encompasses
All this, as my own beating heart counts days,
Secures a grief against the empty hand of loss,
And pressured flesh, ensaddened, remembers.

17

Quantify particulars at the risk of consciousness,
Crack each fissure inside a reason reluctantly,
For flocs of particles like irradiant radar blips,
Whirl about screens&circles&locate themselves
Turning inward toward presuppositions known
Only among the amazed, our brief convolutions
Among us walking with solemn considerations,
Simple as Christ our Lord touching a forehead
Unto raising up a deathbound flesh everlasting.

18

Holy Word unspoken, Holy the Spoken Word,
Patterns unveiling in infinite recesses of spirit:
I have seen the briefest eyes becoming glazed,
Wink at what they do not see and recognizing
Me as part of the pattern unfolding in a drop
Of consecrated oil, reflections of Jesus Christ:
Holy, Holy, Holy, the moment of this passing,
The blending of Creation into the shadow end,
The leaven of morning stirring a rising beam.

19

Consider conduits of moving intervals inside us,
Impossibly resolved in shimmers of interference,
Threats of staccato reversals, visible visitations
Radiating flashes of magic disassembling cities,
Blisters forsworn in superheated inducements,
Auroras of radio waves under a rotting swamp,
Electrical currents crackling throughout a rock,
Men miming the sun like dropped cups of red,
Blowing smoke rings to galaxies of black holes.

20

Tell me men ignite no sparks or stir another soul
Inside eyes of women awaiting homeward shade;
Tell me roots of vegetation twist to our invention,
Blind as random slipstreams above us gathering,
Skies inside us emptied of knowing intelligence;
Invent calculations entangled as beads emerging,
Abacus of breath strung among lyres and singing;
Tell me I know no soul inside the body of my bride,
Quietly unwinding her God-intoned escapements.

21

We do believe inevitable adversities commingle
In thickets, in clods, in pods, in deeds, in shards,
In stasis, in streak, in twitch, in tears, in creases,
In keep, in sleep, in wake, in call, in cease, in be,
In part, in bleed, in sigh, in sin, in click, in birth,
In pile, in smile, in turn, in join, in break, in fate,
In take, in drop, in raise, in lose, in heart, in fall,
So joy be full in Adam abandoned and ever Eve,
The seek we share, sight of Him again, our God.

22

Meaning dances in mirrors upon a shattered sky,
We see behind the blaze a form in naming Adam,
The Seem involved in bytes of knowledge risen
Suddenly up, foretold, generations resurrected,
As if surprise in our eyes in mysteries unblinking
Were thinking in quantum and redefining reasons
Never told before rolled up in scrolls of scripture:
A plot unfolds in a furrow's day of recompense,
Certain verification of God and our Father's Son.

23

I can only say what I say knowing next to none,
Wedge between an aloneness and Holy Spirit,
Snatching at forgotten understandings in dreams,
Recall in spots the wisps of where I came from,
Report a blur of years like a clear kaleidoscope
Turned inward, perplexity becoming perspective,
Aim a brief arrow at my heart and teletype a word,
Like a click of telegraphy or electric acupuncture,
The slurred underpinning of faith and belief allied.

24

I cannot try to deify entirety of encyclopedias:
I revere immortal Milton with third espoused saint
By his side divining iambics and squeezing apple
Pear shapes into miles of thundering colloquies,
Skipping at hedges of politics and picking fights
In Eden, his masterly knowhow in blinding light,
Explaining man to God with diplomatic relations.
Notwithstanding quickstars in crystalline domes,
My inverted bowl stirs whirlpools of pinpricks.

25

Blinded by reason I devise new ways of seeing,
Emerge in shapes of self-inclination imagining,
Skew perspective's spiral sides and turn two ways,
Be as a bird who knew beforehand up and down,
Repeat the sky like crystal lakes subsume blue,
Resonate each rocky click repeatedly clashing,
Forego foregone conclusions alluding in clouds,
Synthesize ambiguities in razors and measures,
Cut along an edge of pictures carefully and paste.

26

I think I will glue it all upon a butterfly's flutter,
Fork a spotlight sideways by a beam in my eye,
Count backwards from infinity to a firecracker,
Start a falling line of dominoes I have in mind,
Inspect agitations on the other side of the moon,
Redo the blue of daytime with a silver zipper,
Speak secretly into split rocky chips blinking,
Scramble codes in vortices of my inner seeds,
While away singularity as if waiting my turn.

27

The enfolded codes adorning a morning sun
In streams of creation radiate into this boy
Who gathered his questions in sacks of veils,
Kneeling among green energies above him,
Simply asked Father why and who to trust
When all voices he heard combined in din,
When not knowing why before he was told
Is a razor splitting open these closed skies,
Admitting bright answers as from new sun.

28

Joseph looked over a wooden crooked fence,
Constructed by his own hands for his father,
Listened fervently to the meadowlark's echo,
That far cry wherein his God could hear him.
Nearby he knew a sacred grove all his own,
Ringing and enshrining with gleaming leaves
Being melded into shadows of ancient truths,
Where he could tell the sky secrets to glorify
Straightforward uncurving rays of knowledge.

29

They stood still as double suns above the boy,
Smiling down upon his knee-prone amazement,
His simple faith the fiery center unveiling truth
As tangled amid the ebbs of withdrawing tides
Of mankind, confounded by knowing too much.
Centers of affirmation in forms he recognized,
Like as his father and brothers and of himself,
In a moment knowing more than all consigned
Before in sentient convening of human minds.

30

I know I need my Father's love as Joseph did:
How I hold a word sacred as a piece of bread
Between my fingertips, how water is blessed,
How I believe I fit an overview of everything
With no limits on imagination, how I comply
With promises I made as I was ordered with
An emergence: this celestial symmetry breaks,
Organized into miracles of crystalline lattices,
Atoms emerging bright chips in my own form.