THREE POEMS
BY
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JOHN MITCHELL
OP. 147 (2005)

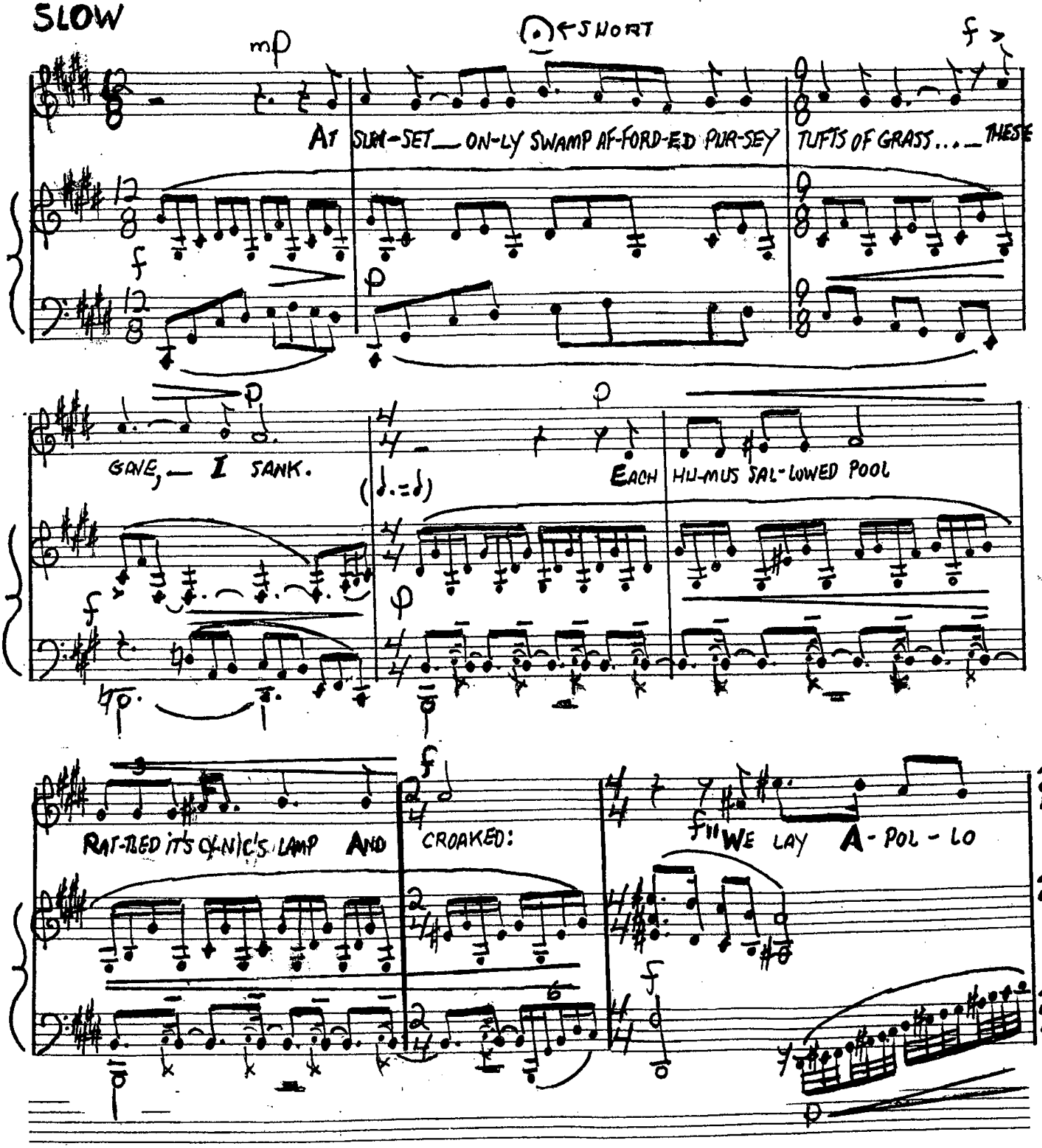
CONTENTS PAGE

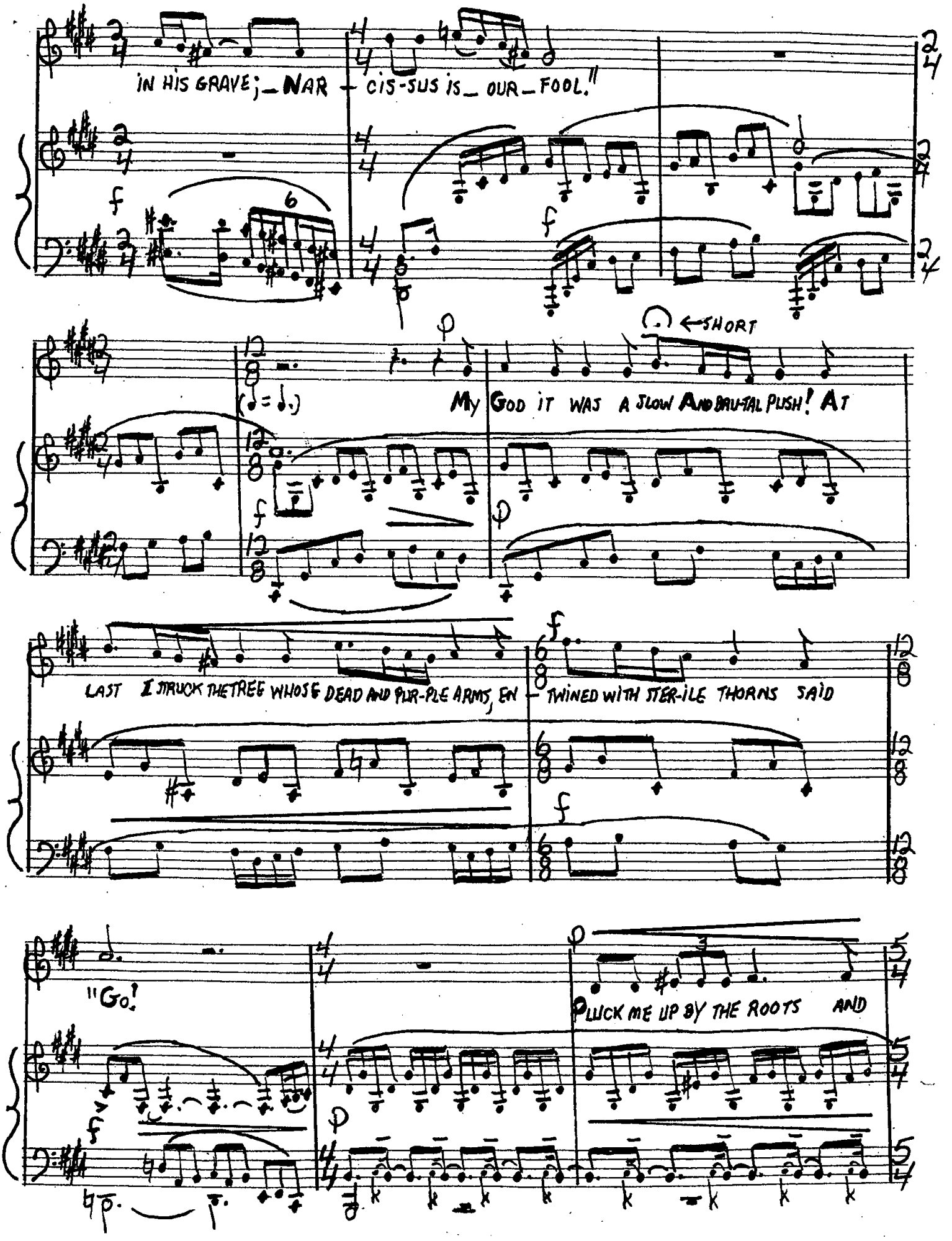
1. THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND 1

2. THE HOLY INNOCENTS 6

3. THE DEAD IN EUROPE 10

1. THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND



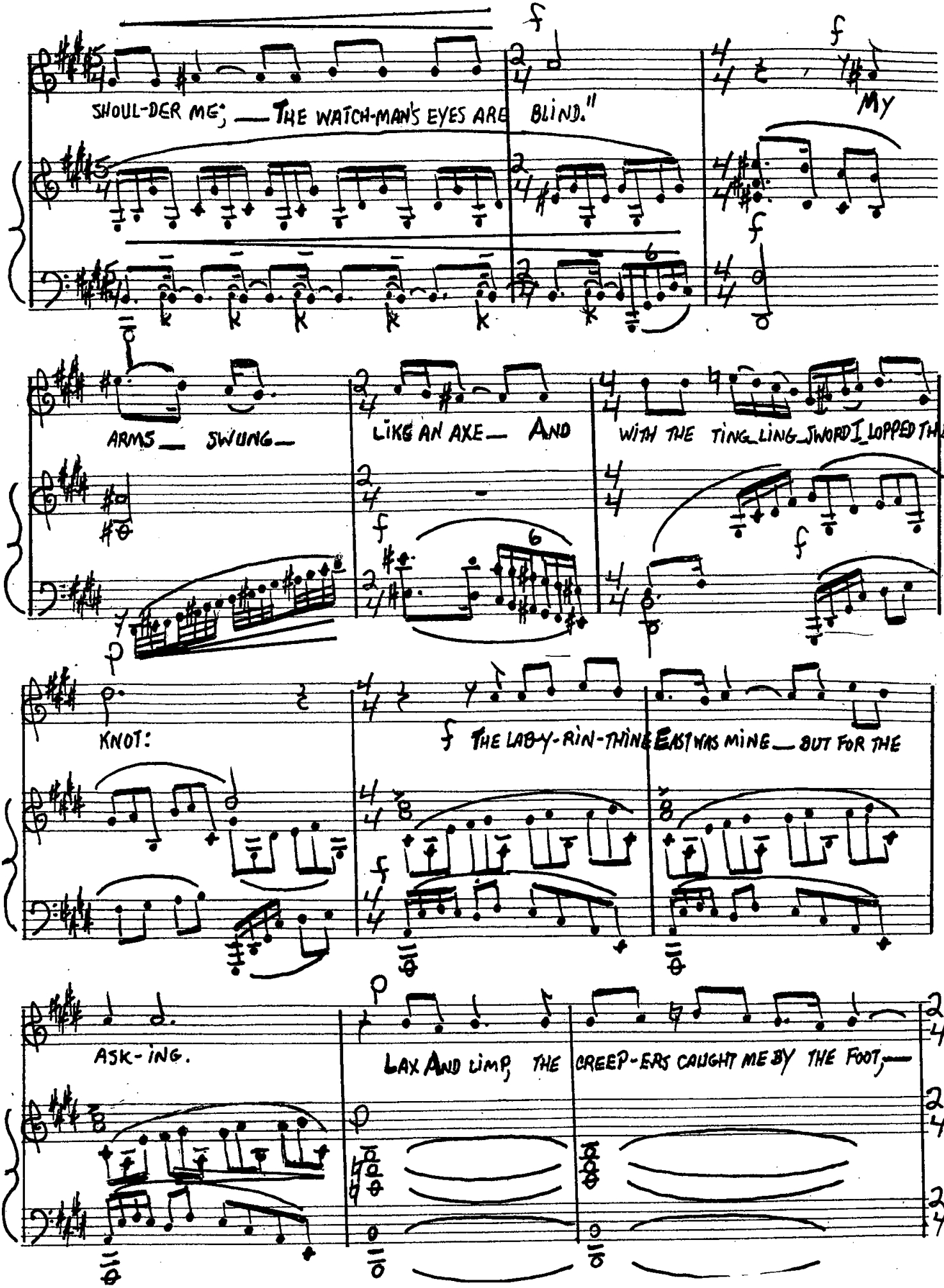

IN HIS GRAVE; _ NAR - CIS-SUS IS _ OUR _ FOOL."

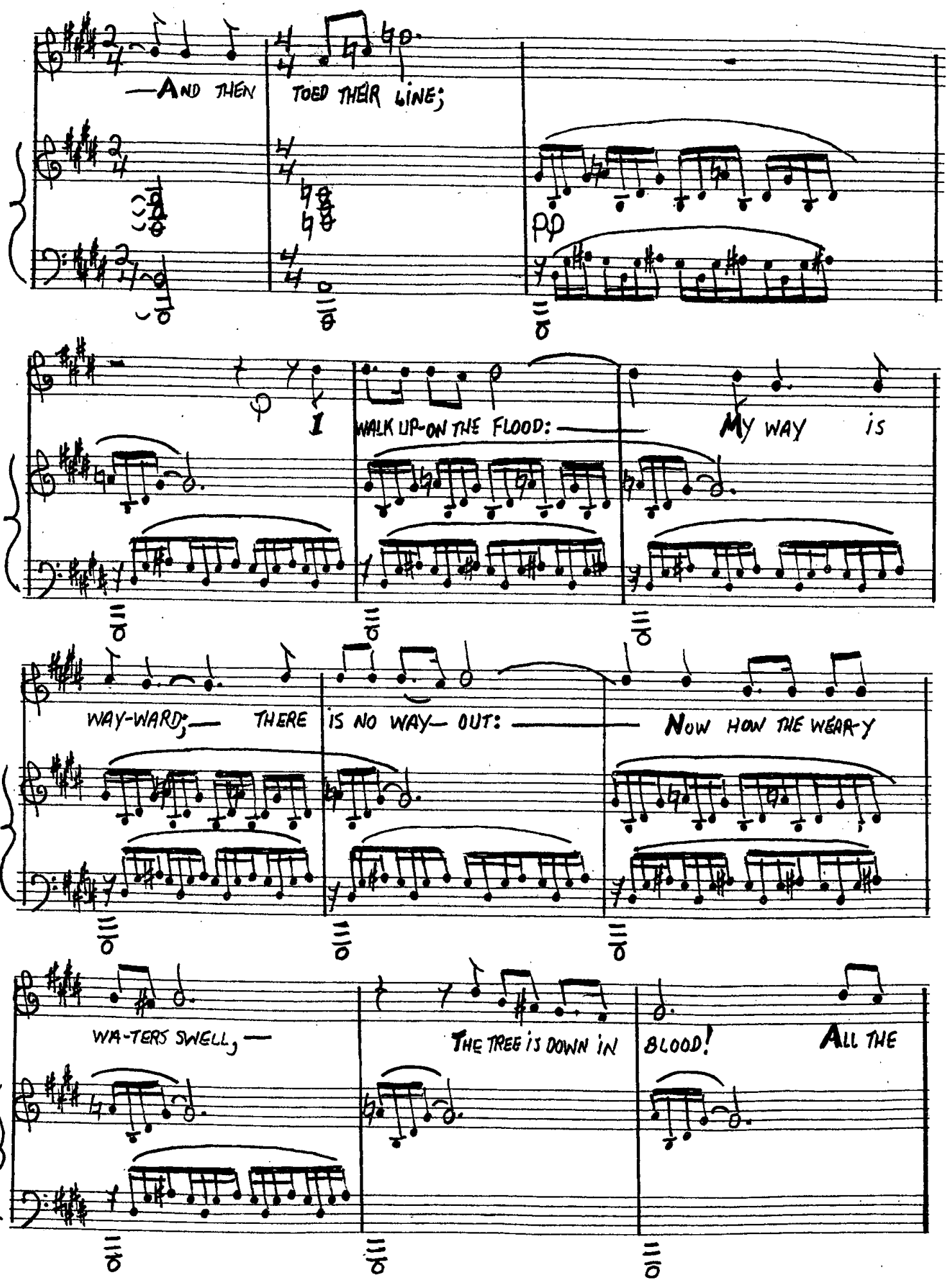
(♩ = ♩.)
MY GOD IT WAS A SLOW AND BRU-TAL PUSH! AT

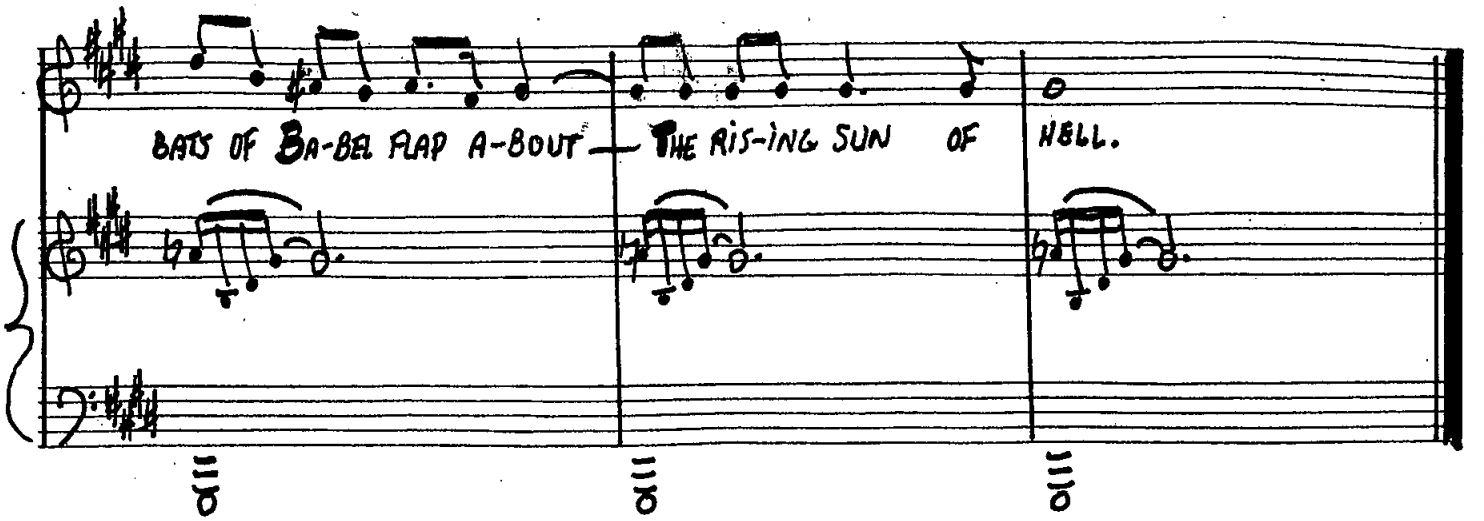
LAST I STRUCK THE TREE WHOSE DEAD AND PUR-PLE ARMS, EN - TWINED WITH STER-ILE THORNS SAID

"GO!

PLUCK ME UP BY THE ROOTS AND

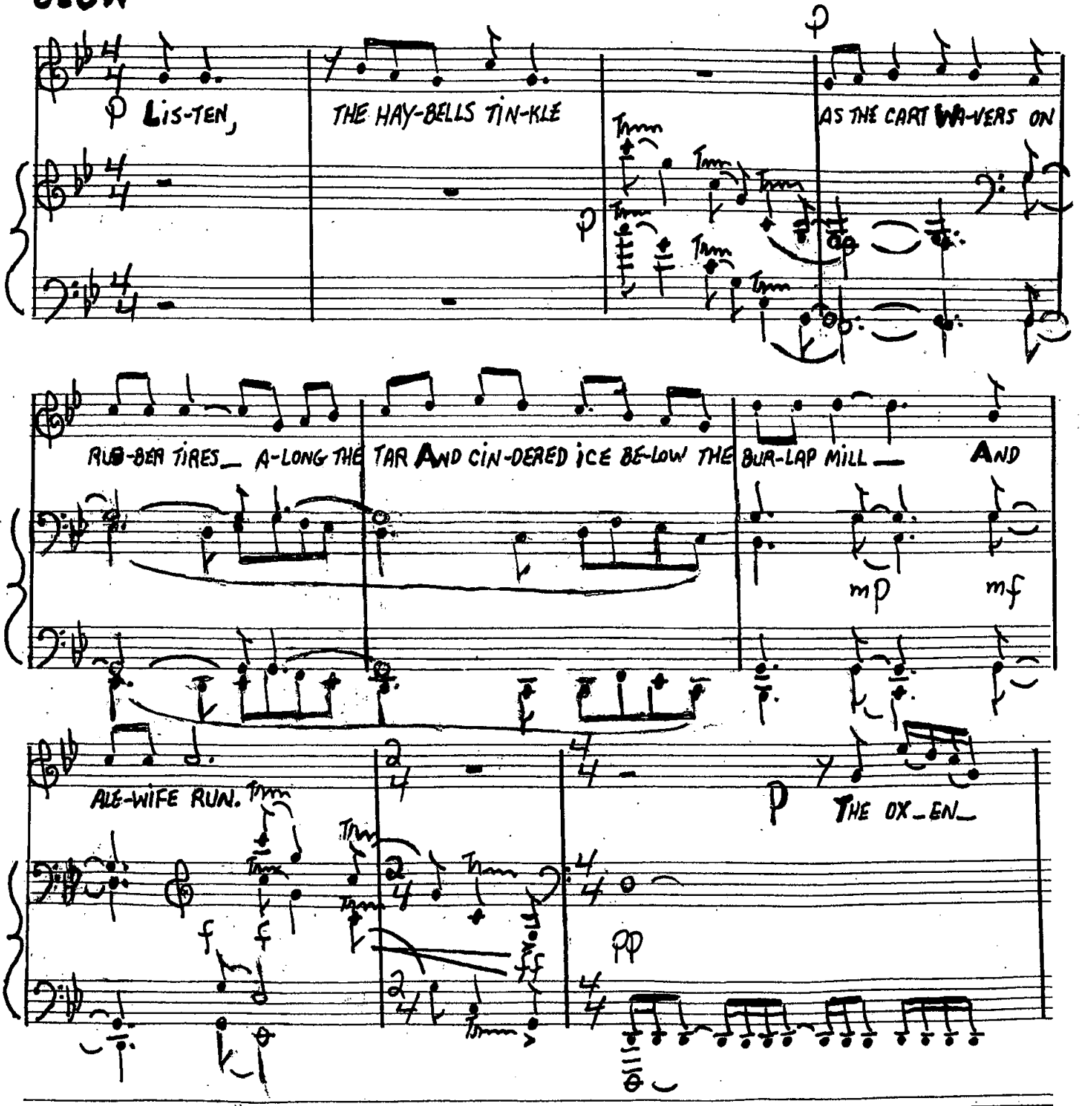

SHOUL-DER ME; — THE WATCH-MAN'S EYES ARE BLIND."
My
ARMS — SWUNG —
LIKE AN AXE — AND
WITH THE TING-LING-SWORD I LOPPED THE
KNOT:
THE LAB-Y-RIN-THINE EAST WAS MINE — BUT FOR THE
ASK-ING.
LAX AND LIMP, THE CREEP-ERS CAUGHT ME BY THE FOOT,—

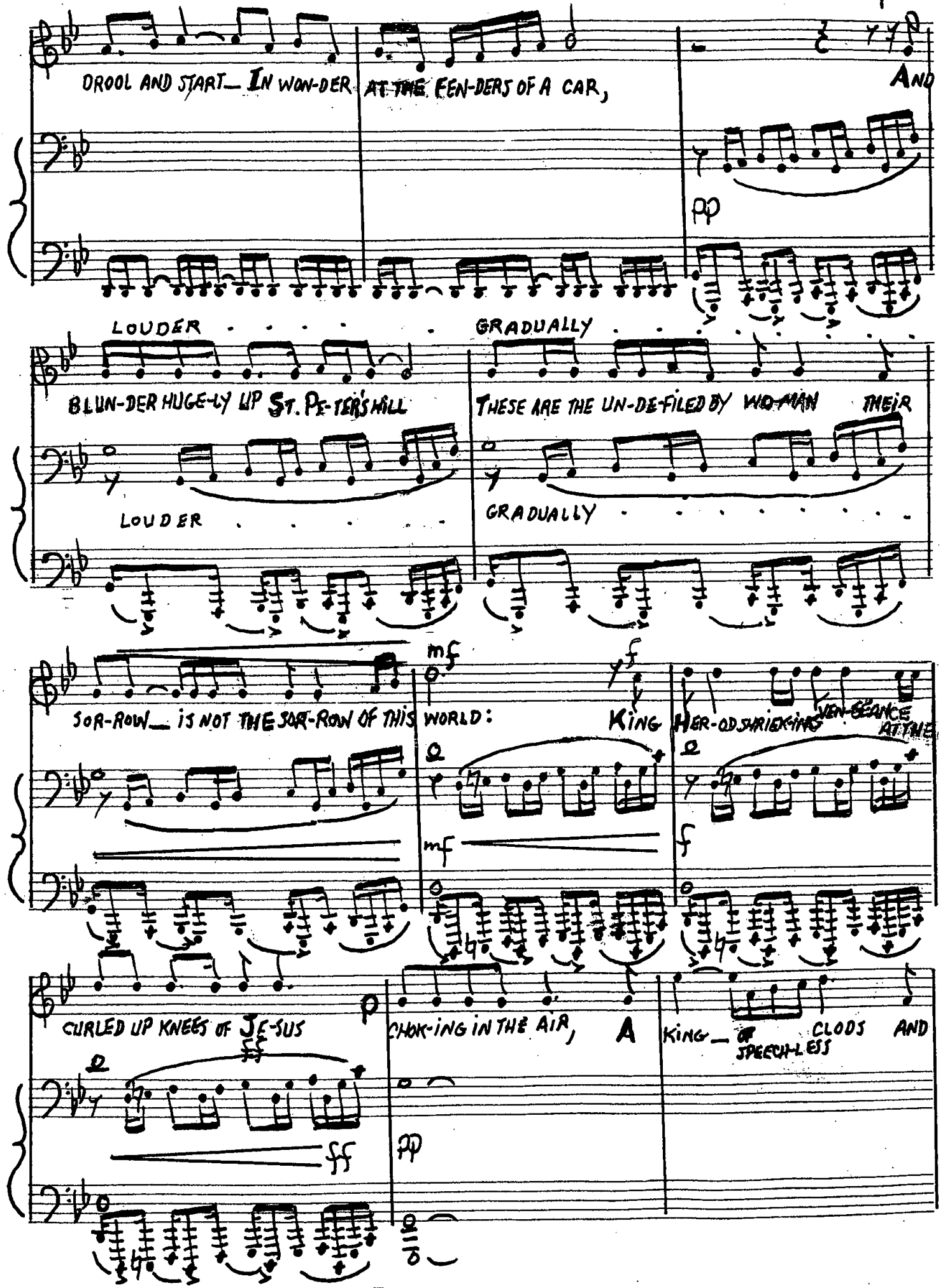

—AND THEN TOED THEIR LINE;
pp
I WALK UP-ON THE FLOOD: —
My WAY is
WAY-WARD; — THERE IS NO WAY— OUT: —
NOW HOW THE WEAR-Y
WA-TERS SWELL, —
THE TREE IS DOWN IN
BLOOD!
ALL THE

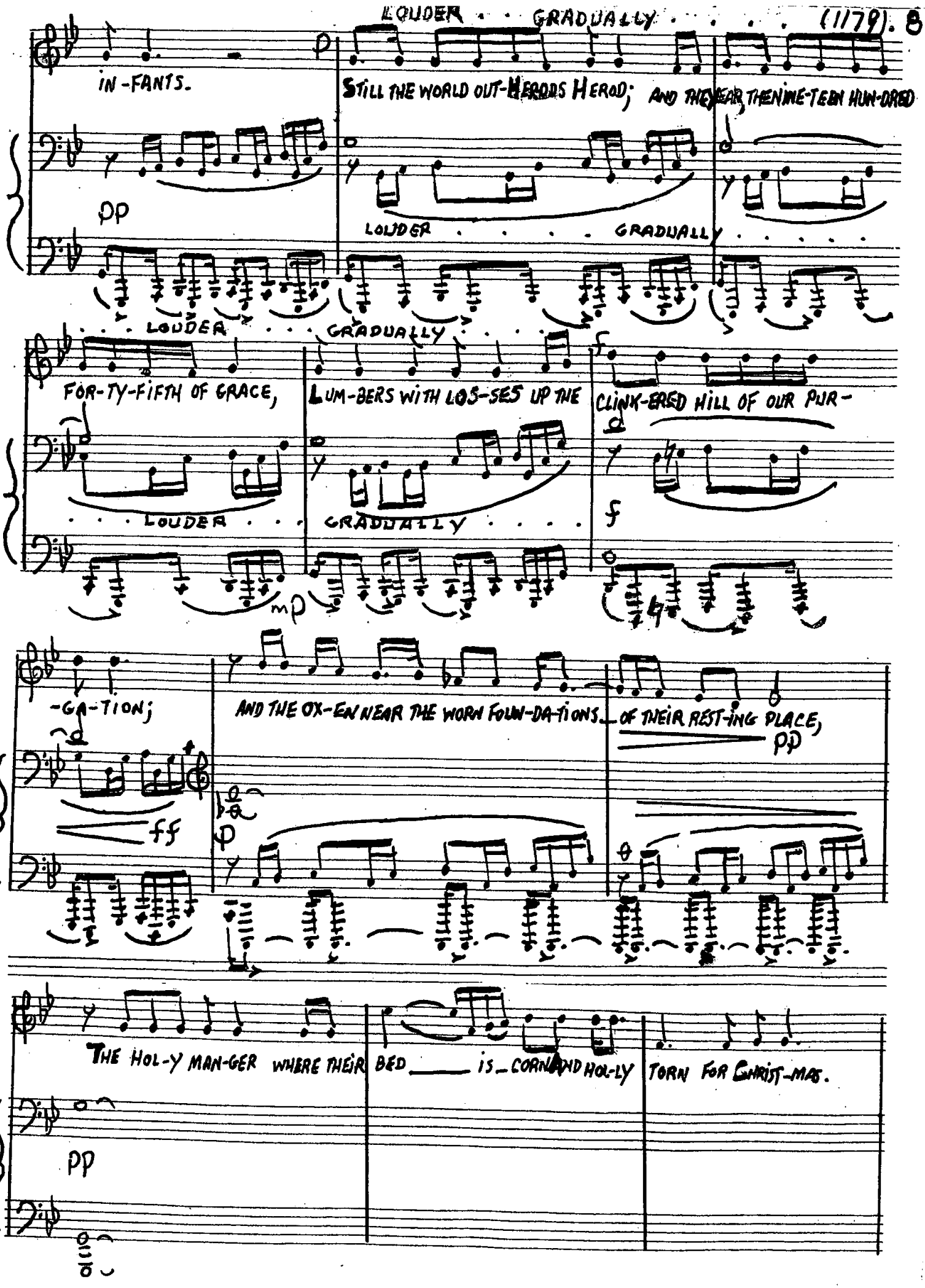

BATS OF BA-BEL FLAP A-BOUT
THE RIS-ING SUN OF HELL.

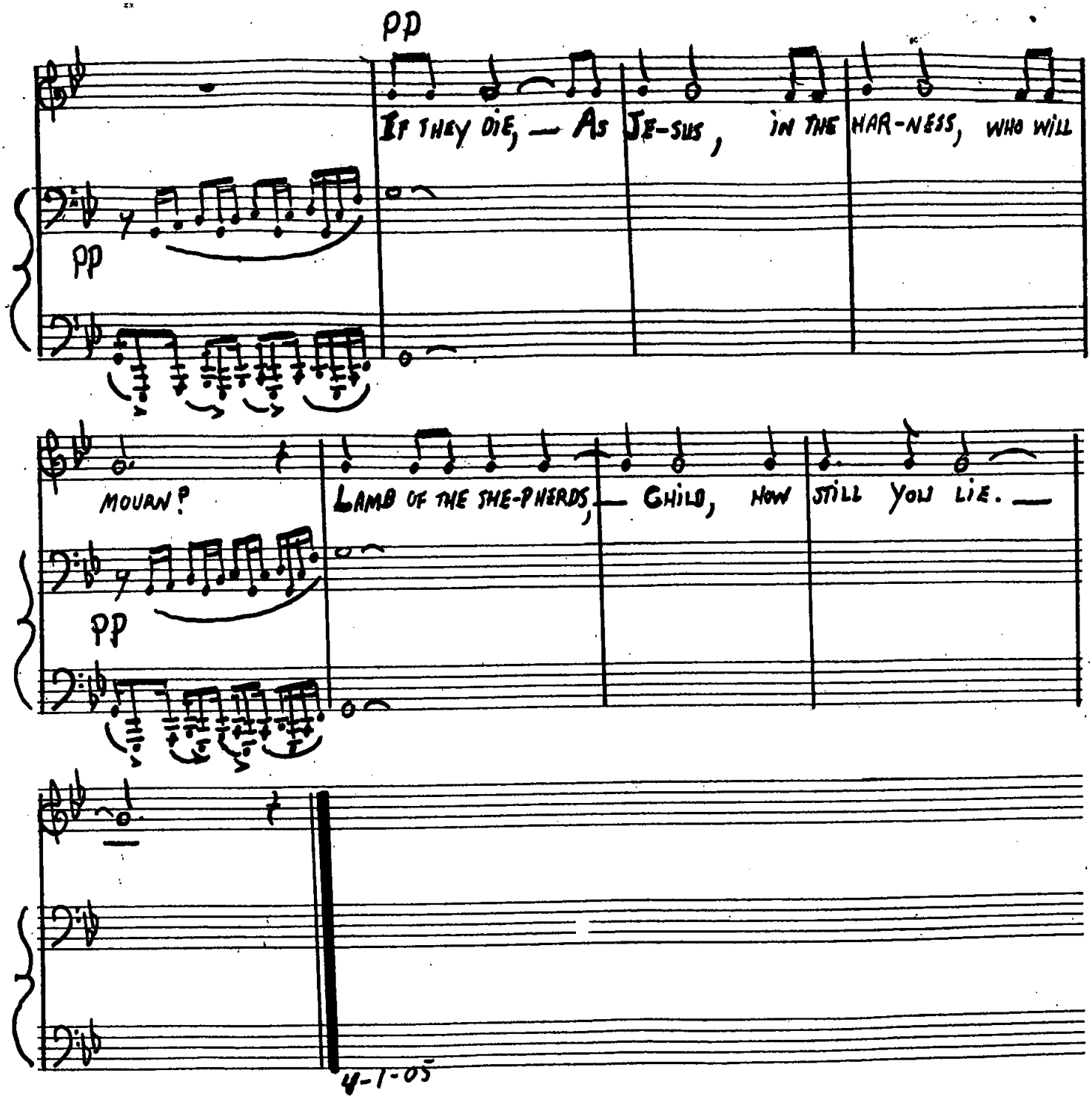
2. THE HOLY INNOCENTS

SLOW



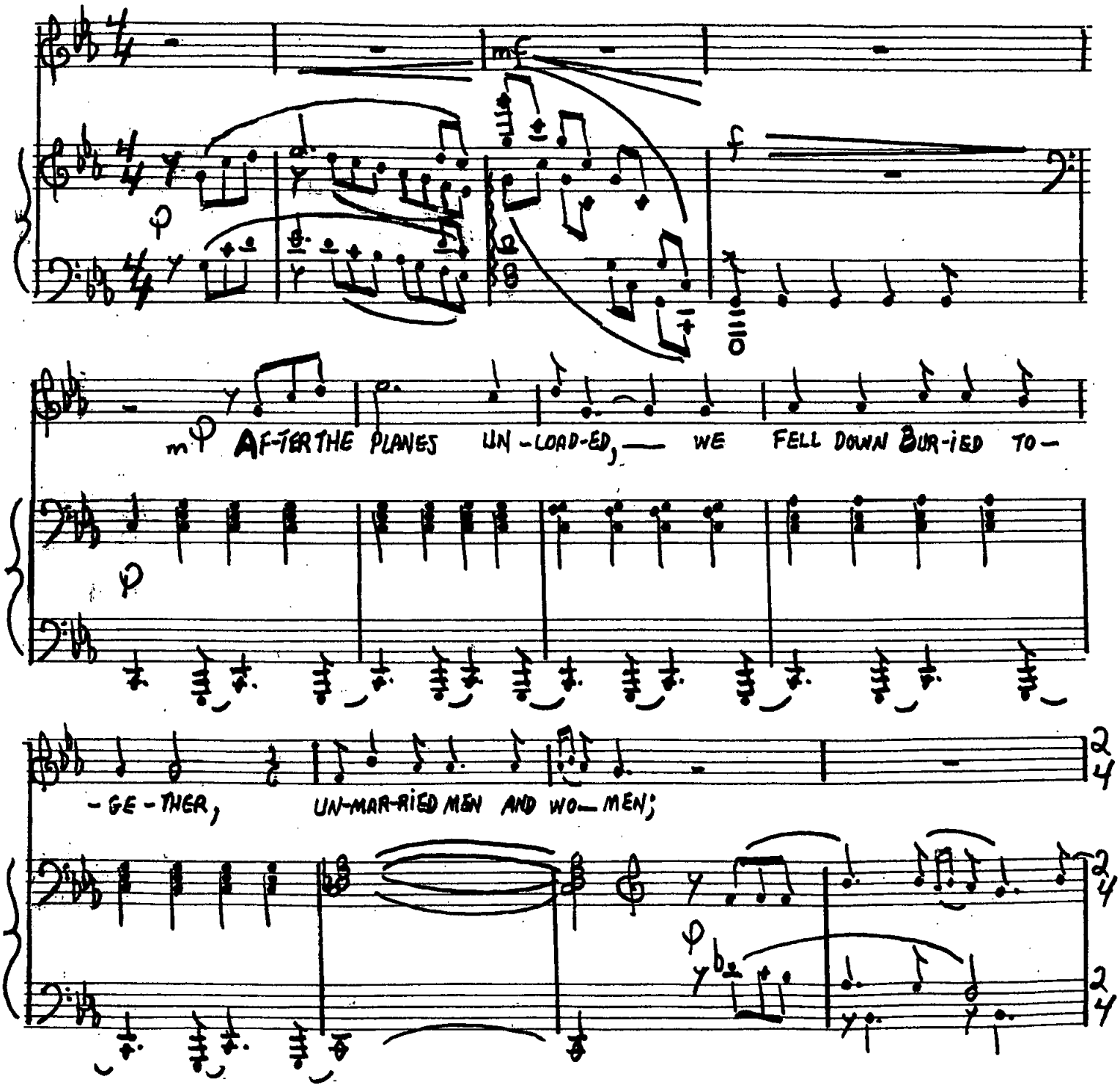

DROOL AND START_ IN WON-DER AT THE FEN-DERS OF A CAR,
AND
pp
LOUDER . . . . . GRADUALLY . . . . . .
BLUN-DER HUGE-LY UP ST. PE-TER'S HILL
THESE ARE THE UN-DE-FILED BY WO-MAN THEIR
LOUDER . . . . . .
GRADUALLY . . . . . .
mf
SOR-ROW_ IS NOT THE SOR-ROW OF THIS WORLD:
KING
HER-OD SHRIEK-ING VEN-GEANCE AT THE
mf
f
CURLED UP KNEES OF JE-SUS
p
CHOK-ING IN THE AIR,
A
KING_ OF SPEECH-LESS CLODS AND
ff
ff
pp

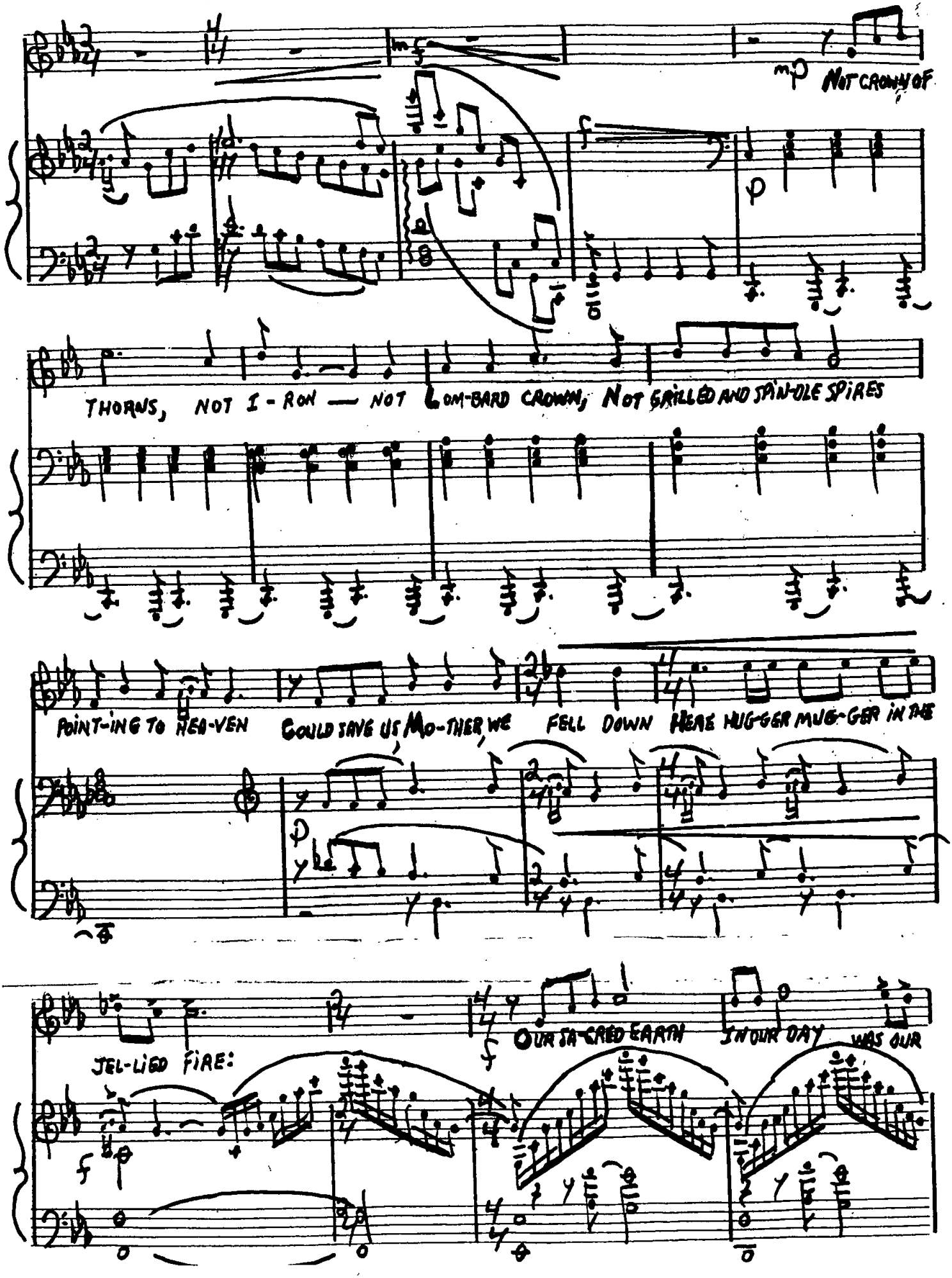

LOUDER . . GRADUALLY . . . .
IN-FANTS.
STILL THE WORLD OUT-HERODS HEROD; AND THE YEAR, THE NINE-TEEN HUN-DRED
LOUDER . . . . GRADUALLY . . . .
. . . LOUDER . . . GRADUALLY . . . .
FOR-TY-FIFTH OF GRACE,
LUM-BERS WITH LOS-SES UP THE
CLINK-ERED HILL OF OUR PUR-
. . . LOUDER . . . GRADUALLY . . . .
-GA-TION;
AND THE OX-EN NEAR THE WORN FOUN-DA-TIONS OF THEIR REST-ING PLACE,
THE HOL-Y MAN-GER WHERE THEIR BED IS CORN AND HOL-LY
TORN FOR CHRIST-MAS.

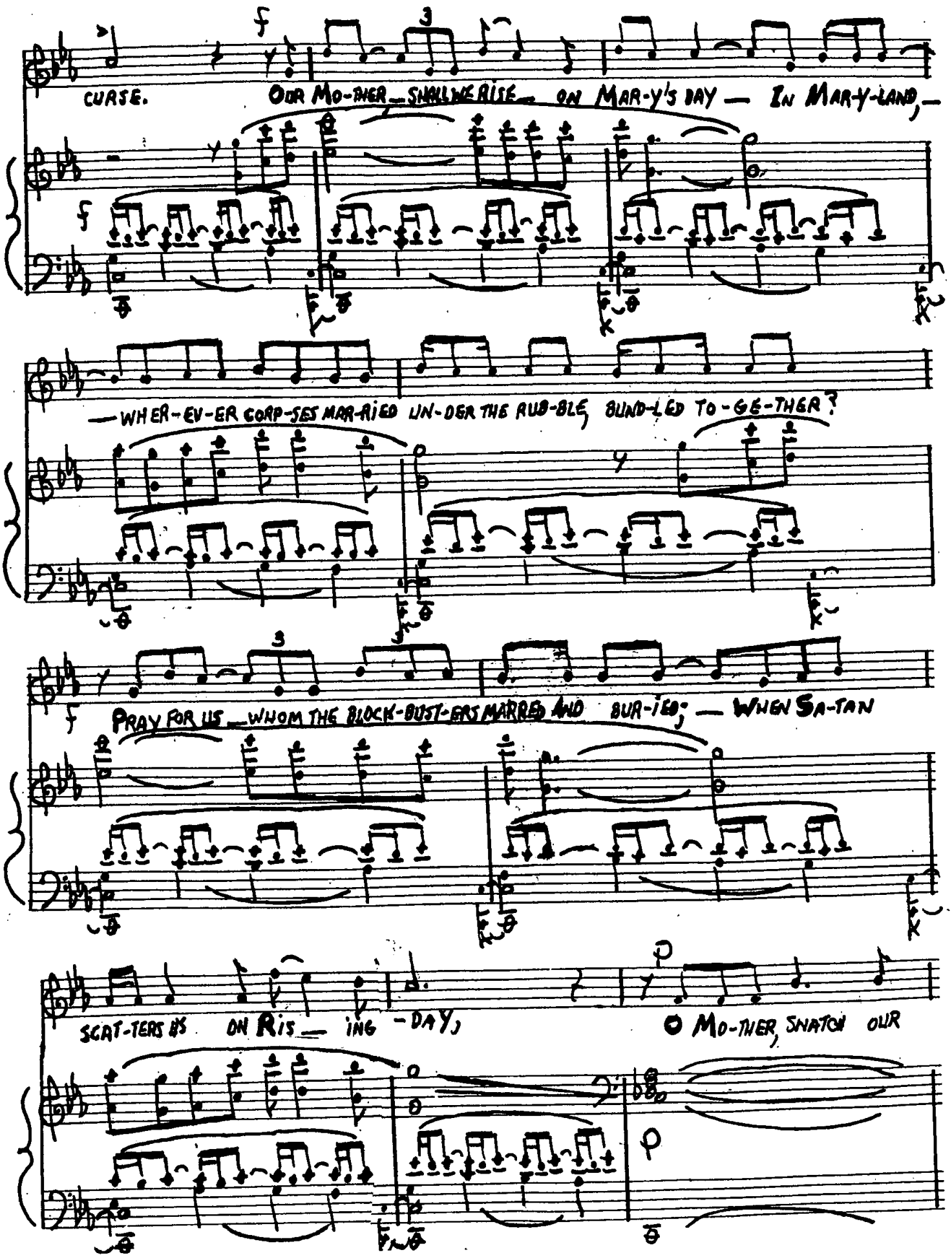

pp
IF THEY DIE, — AS JE-SUS, IN THE HAR-NESS, WHO WILL
pp
MOURN?
LAMB OF THE SHE-PHERDS, — CHILD, HOW STILL YOU LIE. —
pp
4-1-05

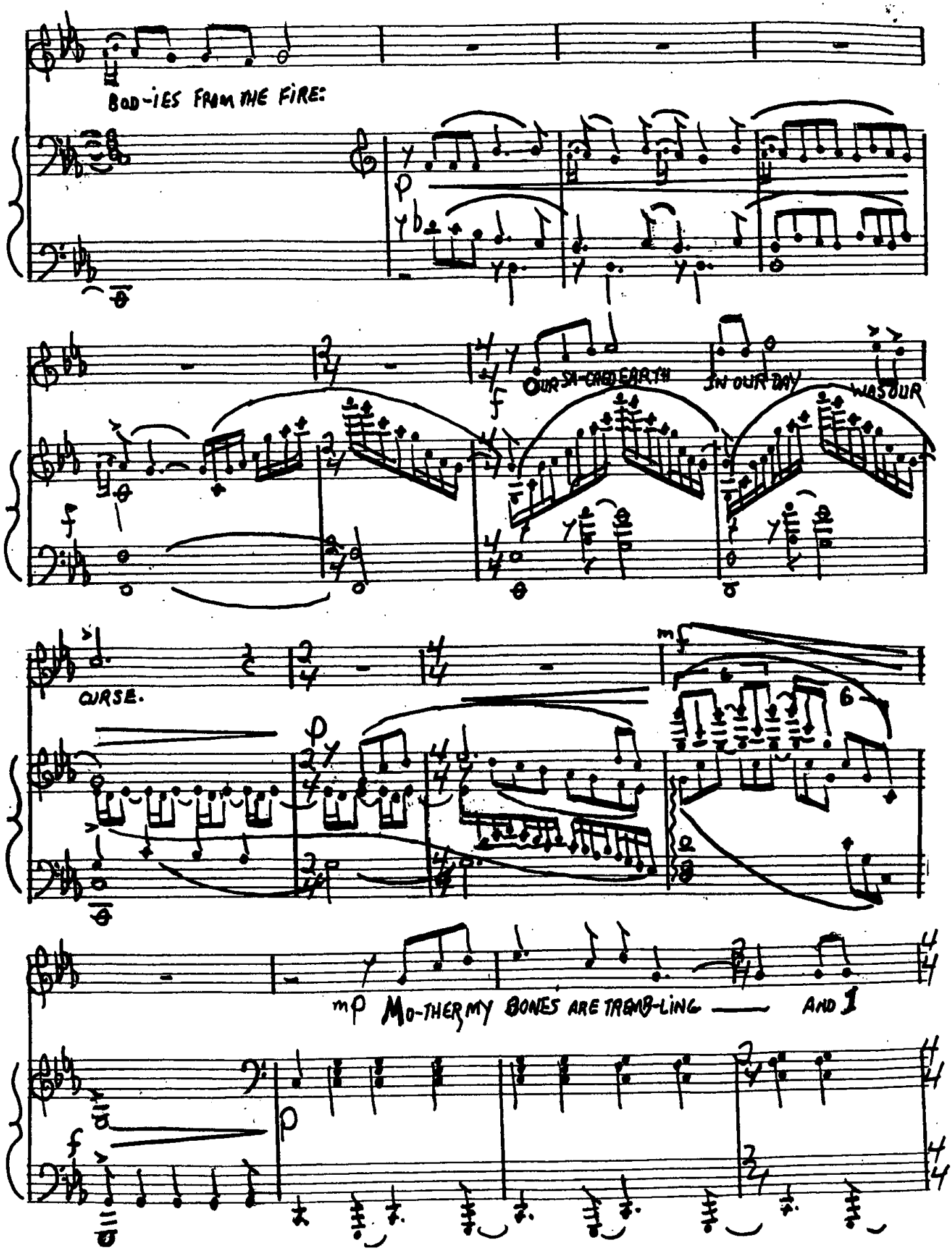
3. THE DEAD IN EUROPE

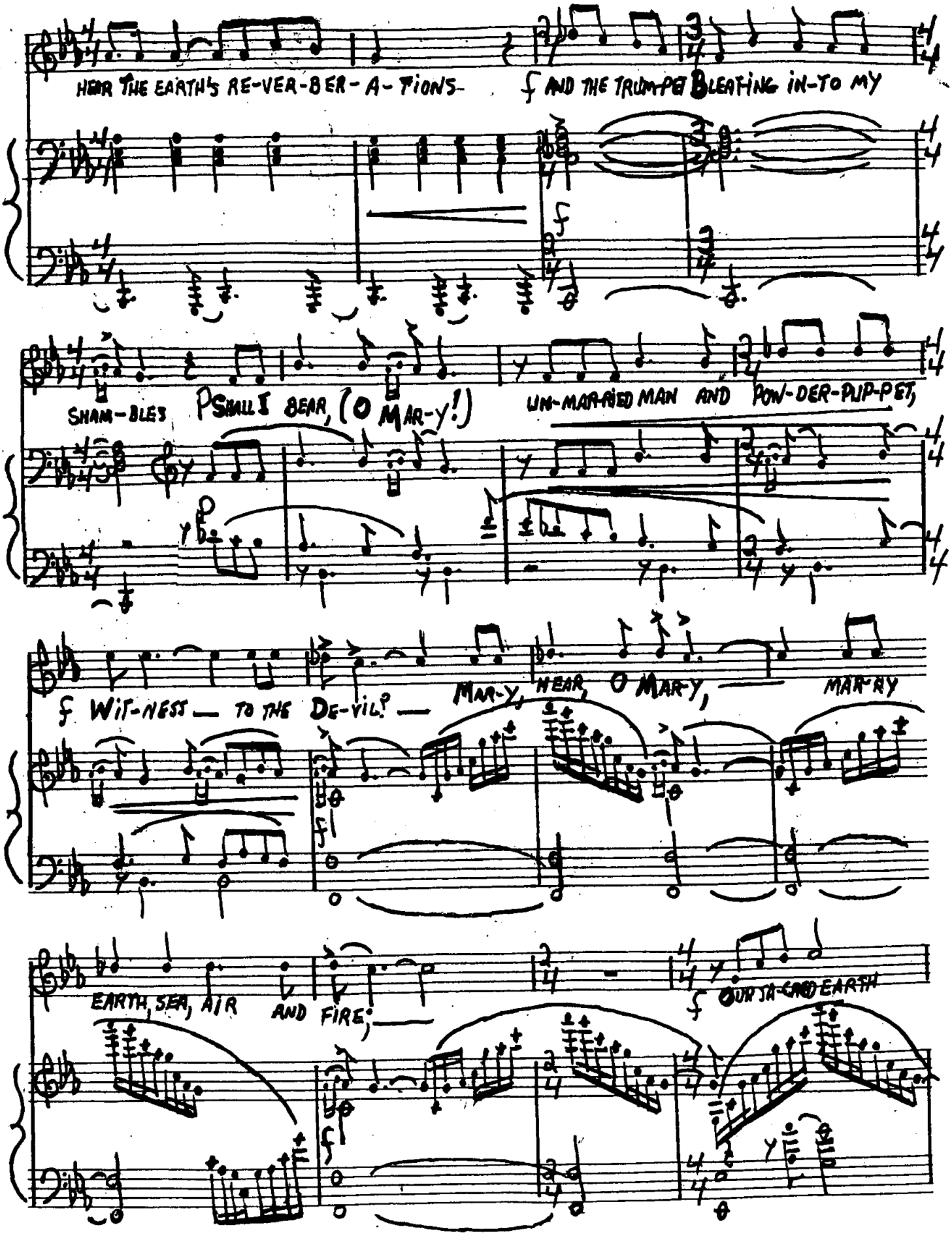
SLOW

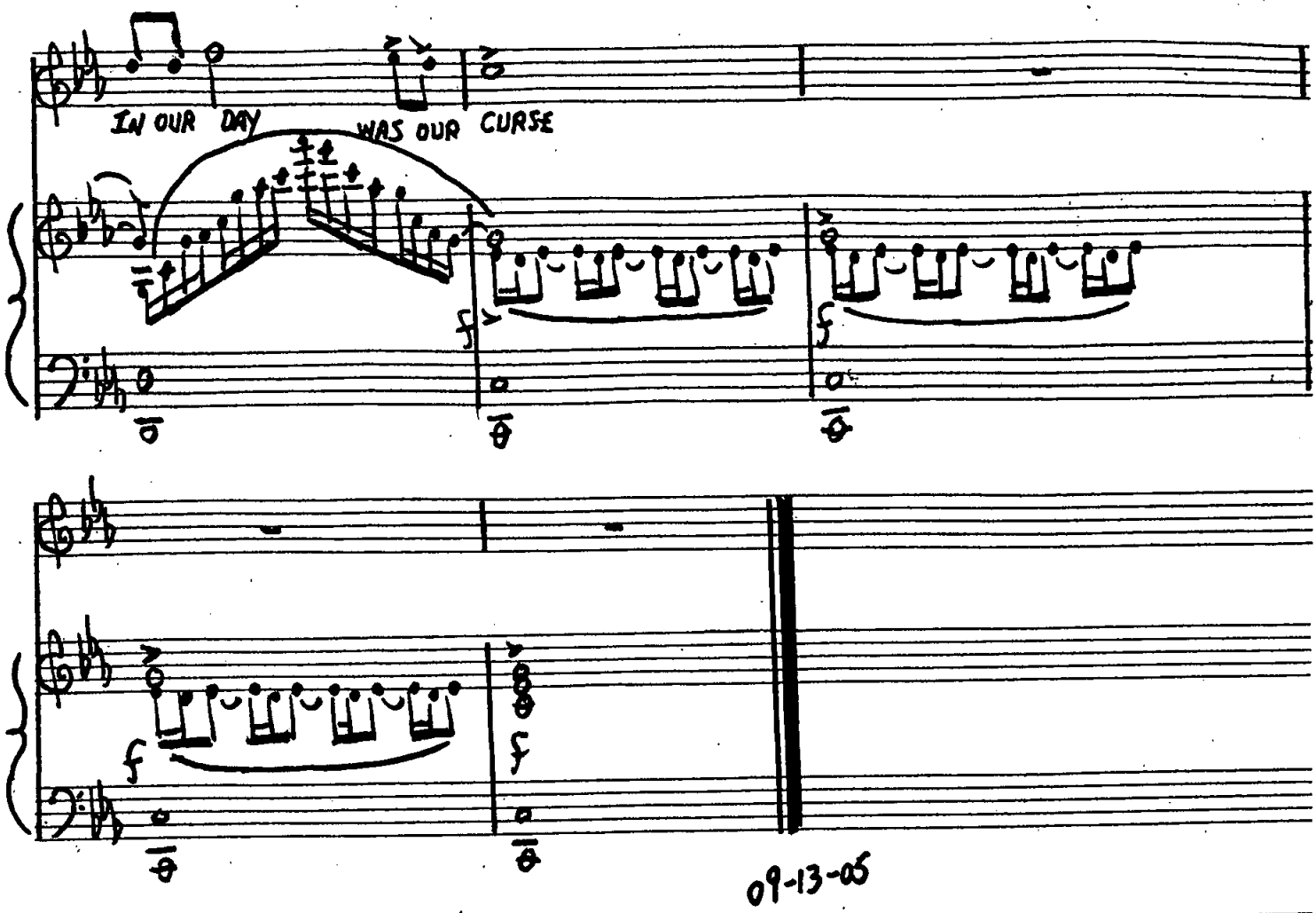



mp NOT CROWN OF
THORNS, NOT I-RON — NOT LOM-BARD CROWN, NOT GRILLED AND SPIN-DLE SPIRES
POINT-ING TO HEA-VEN COULD SAVE US MO-THER, WE FELL DOWN HERE HUG-GER MUG-GER IN THE
JEL-LIED FIRE:
OUR SA-CRED EARTH IN OUR DAY WAS OUR


CURSE. OUR MO-THER SHALL RISE ON MAR-Y'S DAY — IN MAR-Y-LAND,—
—WHER-EV-ER CORP-SES MAR-RIED UN-DER THE RUB-BLE, BUND-LED TO-GE-THER?
PRAY FOR US — WHOM THE BLOCK-BUST-ERS MARRED AND BUR-IED; — WHEN SA-TAN
SCAT-TERS US ON RIS — ING - DAY, O MO-THER, SNATCH OUR


BOD-IES FROM THE FIRE:
OUR SI-CKLE EARTH
IN OUR DAY
WAS OUR
CURSE.
MO-THER, MY BONES ARE TREMB-LING
AND I


HEAR THE EARTH'S RE-VER-BER-A-TIONS-
f AND THE TRUMPET BLEATING IN-TO MY
SHAM-BLES
P SHALL I BEAR, (O MAR-y!)
UN-MAR-RIED MAN AND PON-DER-PUP-PET,
f WIT-NESS — TO THE DE-VIL? —
MAR-Y, HEAR, O MAR-Y,
MAR-RY
EARTH, SEA, AIR AND FIRE;
f OUR SA-CRED EARTH



09-13-05