

To Apollon of the Steep Cliffs¹

Kaye Boesme

Apollon who holds the steep cliffs,
unfathomable, whose agalma
is the edge of the event horizon
at which light dissipates out,
known and unknowable, an edge
yet permeable, I pray to you, O beacon,
O rainer of arrows whose bow sings,
O God whose nectar is pulsar-scream gusts
colliding within and without us.
I pray to you, O Apollon of the field,
who sings out the tapestry woven
by Persephone in her hidden cave,
serpentine God ever out of sight,
the omphalos a weight binding all
down against the navel of Ge.
How to hymn you, O God, when place

¹ Originally in Boesme, Kaye, ACTS OF SPEECH. New Haven, Aigletos Press, 2020.

becomes estranged from itself,
unplaced, without creating
sacred topographies of sound and echo,
above all deep silence, lightlessness
yet humming with quantum noise —
as if we have followed Daphne
deep into the thickets of redshift
where the past lies frozen as future,
postcognition an oracle of depth,
the laurel we reach out to touch
dissipating on the river of inky darkness,
the steep cliff of photons beyond it
yet desiring the future, looking back.
If we trace you to the high root,
time collapses into your eternity,
all chords sung in union together,
and beyond that is all hum and note,
your retinue a wave of everything
moving in place, vibrating sweet,
yet unfathomable as bowshock,
this drum of words within my mouth,
this ground beneath my feet falsely still.
I have found the eversmooth cliffs.
I have heard the black hole's hollow
incantations beyond its sharp boundary.

May my words bear flight to you,
touching you with praise, O God.