

Time-Space-Technics

Four Sonnets by Alastair M. Taylor

Mythos

I am the flint upon whose cutting edge
Your parents' and your children's life depends –
I am the carcass heaped high on the sledge,
My blood congealing where the holed ice bends.
Because you praised the spear its aim was true,
Because you thanked the spirit of the seal,
Its strength and goodness entered into you,
And you are part of everything you feel.
All storms am I, and the eye of all storms –
The rainbow in a raindrop on the bough –
The twin-shaped helix fashioning new forms –
I am your womb – the ovulating now...
Sing to me, child, stretch your arms to the moon,
I am the lake at dusk, the call of the loon.

Theos

Along the Nile and thence in Yucatan
(Removed vast distances in time and place),
Converging planes point to a cosmic plan
As Atum daily shows his radiant face,
And earthward is his golden semen hurled:
It showers upon each pyramidion, and
Deflecting down the four sides of the world,
Irradiates the river and the land.
Over the ocean he assumes new guise:
The chattering jungle testifies to morn,
Near sacerdotal steps which sharply rise,
Quetzalcoatl dons his plumes of corn.
While to the east he incarnates again –
As Vishnu seeds the Ganges' humid plain.

Logos

From the very beginning was the Word:
Once uttered, primal chaos was dissolved;
When Space and Time with Motion long concurred,
Atoms and spiral galaxies evolved.
The Cosmos which this *logos* has begot
Becomes in miniature our pulsing mind:
Whence we apply our *metron* to allot
A size and shape and force to every kind.
Add to this dyad *aretê*, or worth,
The Sistine's majesty, not measured length,
God touching Adam's finger at his birth –
And vitalizing more than corporal strength ...
For with his "wind-swept thought" and powers to plan,
"Nothing there is more wonderful than man."

Holos

Our universe requires no central source
Round which the galaxies perform pavaues;
Within each atom's nucleus of force
Partnered particles whirl in ceaseless dance.
And so to each map's north, south, east, and west
Add one more cardinal point, our present place,
That centre gives direction to the rest,
And renders relative all boundaried space.
One cosmic fire irradiates the dawn,
The painter's pigments, and inspires his brush,
Panoplies day, and with the sunset gone,
Lifts Venus in the west and stirs a thrush.
The dewdrop slips into the shining sea,
And vast Andromeda dwells deep in me.