

# ON THE FLYING CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE

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From the left hand he shall feed the bear seed; in the right the scepter is a stalk of grain.

His crown is the sun, his throne a golden field.

The fool has a club. The pope has a chisel. Between them lies a decapitated head.

The man has removed his crown; the panther with the head of a king has not removed his crown.

He will pin the eagle beneath the silver lily of his sword.

Not Joachim de Flores, hermit and scholar of the Book of Revelation, Pseudo-Joachim was someone else or some persons else who wrote *The Prophecies of the Popes*, an homage in a language I cannot read, with symbological illustrations I cannot interpret. But I try, beginning with this recurring image of the eagle.

He will be plagued by the black rooster, the white dove, and the unrelenting eagle.

When its old eyes dim and its wings become heavy, the eagle flies into the sun, which burns away the mist over its eyes and also those useless old feathers so the bird is light again.

The beak never stops growing. When the eagle can no longer eat, it strikes the thing off against a rock and waits for it to grow back.

Eaglets who cannot stare into the sun are cast out of the nest.

The eagle symbolizes those who lie in ambush for the spirit.

Or earthly power.

Or, like Adam, the eagle descends from the sky to the earth, tempted by what is forbidden.

These meanings are contradictory. Meaning is contradictory.

The eagle has no predators, only this crescent of moon, this rose pinched by the stem between two fingers.

The eagle was almost extinct, but then it wasn't.

When I read how Rabindranath Tagore said "Relationship is the fundamental truth of this world of appearance," I was like "yeah," and also "what?"

Four hands without arms wave in the sky over the walled city.

One man with a crown has a serpent tail and leather wings.  
One man with a crown has a palm leaf and a mitre dripping myrrh.

A woman prays while the bull clamors at her skirts. The crowned heads of two men hover in the sky without bodies.

There is a moth chewing at the edge of the page who also feels the flying center of the universe within himself.