

THE CHRIST COLLOQUY Andrew Grattan

BOOK V *Mary*

Our Lady, before the saints and martyrs, surveys the two babies, Andrew and April, in ‘the manger of light’, on the floor of the sanctuary of Heaven. Our Lady unifies ‘the manger of Bethlehem’ with ‘the manger of light’. Andrew and April, ‘the greyhound & Child’ are established as a new, unique, eternal couple, intimately unified with Mary and Joseph, above even Adam and Eve and Dante and Beatrice, and all other couples in World Literature. As innocent babies, they begin to “save” the Roman Catholic Church of 2013 and today, for all eternity, even preparing the way, for Vatican III, with ‘the sixth gospel’ of *The Christ Colloquy*. Andrew, is destined to follow in the footsteps of Mathew, Mark, Luke and John, and Dante; and April, is destined to follow in the footsteps of Mary, Hildegard of Bingen, St. Bernadette Soubirous of Lourdes, and Beatrice. The two babies, will become saints on earth, based on the inter-fruition of their conjoined lives and perfect *curricula vitarum*, creating *The Christ Colloquy*. Our Lady, who refers to Andrew and April, by the private names of Grey and Prila, intimates that it is her private wish, that two new religious orders are to be founded to “save”, renew and revitalize the Church of 2013 and today: Andrew is to form ‘the Order of the Vine’, and April is to form ‘the Order of the Aprilians’.

CANTO VIII

‘O, baby girl; o, baby girl; o baby girl’, and, tears of joy ran down
Softest cheeks of Our Lady, to wash away jealousy, green rage
Of Iago for Othello, undone. ‘It was the will of God the Father,

That my new motherhood, private nursing moments, shattered
By census tax, flight from Herod, in cruellest days, my post-partum,
Those first days, that, in Heaven, there should be some recompense,

Some waxy palm paradise of a Mauritius, balmy Seychelles, or Caribbean,
Or even, impoverished Durrell family, in Corfu, that, at last, there
Should be some simple homespun pleasure for Joseph and I,

That the Holy Family, should know some happiness in Heaven,
Jesuit social justice, rather than fear, subjugation and destitution.
And so, my son, Jesus beseeched his Father, that His earthly family,

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Would have some sweet human moments in Heaven, that
Joseph and I, would know, a tableau of joy, family life, where
A tiny part of Heaven, would be partitioned, reconditioned, part

Of the divine plan revised, a shell, protected microcosm,
Might be reserved for Joseph and I, to play at being young human
Parents, to know, natural matrimonial concerns, such as any

Lateran 'Marriage and the Family' course might teach at Newman
Institute, in Mayo. And so, we were afforded gift of being
Remade flesh and blood in Heaven, newly-weds, new parents,

And, beauteous creation, of 'the manger of light', came to pass.
And when, he heard whisper, that a set of circumstances had been
Set in motion, that a 'sixth gospel', would occur to accompany

Immortality of the four, and Durante's *Commedia*, St. Luke
Intimated, that he would retake up stylus to Theophilus,
Author a new work, to his earlier works, until I assured him,

That the new evangelist had already come, in a crib at my feet,
Eternally in love, with carbon copy of me. And I, was as happy
As Dr. Dolittle, talking to the animals, or Truly Scrumptious,

Picnicking with Caractacus Potts, Jeremy and Jemima, flying away
From that beach, in Chitty Chitty Bang-Bang, *Lycidas*, dismal
Scrannel pipes of straw, at last, become a Moses reed basket

Of *capellini*, angel hair tubes, tubing, More's gold, not rushed
Into Farnborough, no Eugénie tomb, but book of life for
My two poppets. It was the will of Jesus too, that his

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Human parents, would know some domestic happiness
In Heaven and routine of normal family life and gaiety;
No surly republican Milton instructing Deborah in Hebrew, that

She might help to feed the commonplace book and make more
Congenial for him, cottage at Chalfont St. Giles, but just
Some Disney normalcy, when we could be homogeneous parents.

And so, raw sunlight slipped away one Lauds morning, to see
Two sleepy eyes, peeping popping over lip of 'the manger of light',
Before dipping to hide and giggle. And, the baby girl, played

Hide-and-seek and peek-a-boo, with me, flummoxing Aquinas,
And all about him, their hearts melting, and this august intellect,
Quashed, motionless, *Summa Contra Gentiles*, and

Summa Theologica, books, fell lacklustre, from his feelingless,
Slackened hands, while he looked at her and the straw; and
Augustine, smiling at memories of his transgressive

Concubinage, happy delight of a child given, in *Adeodatus*,
Dropped, original manuscripts of *De Civitate Dei* and
Confessiones, from his digits, to smile at her protective paternal,

Bewitched, not by *Macbeth's* three weird sisters, at the cauldron,
But, by my baby girl, on the floor of Heaven, he,
Augustine, momentarily sick, of surveying node antics of *ecclesia*

Of today, bizarre circus, performance, pantomime and show;
Huff-puffing of newly promoted *socius* in Rome, grinding away,

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To destroy spark, very spirit of holy religious life; or networking

Speaker of an order, delivering bread and circuses talks, neither
Capable of definitive secular, Brown or Berkeley academic text,
But bringing to fruition, hanging gardens of Babylon of the Church

Of today, and corruption, cronyism, incompetence and scandal.
April, she stood erect, unsteady on shaking baby toes, and
Lifting up her raised arms, above her head, to be held and carried,

Said, 'Mummy', and my heart wept for her, longing to raise
Her out from the crib and into my arms. And slow, deliberate and
Careful, she pronounced, 'Daddy' to Joseph; and I dropped

To hoist her, and Joseph beside me in a moment, whispering
And canoodling contentment and safety, to the baby girl,
While she jiggled on balls of her feet; and, all of a sudden,

She had spring-boarded, catapulted herself, out from the
Manger, and onto floor of the sanctuary of Heaven.
And, April, sat bolt upright, upon her bottom, upon the

Floor of Heaven, the small nursery, created partitioned,
A curtain of wavy black hair, hanging over her left eye,
Like a baby giant panda, black and white, in Beijing in China,

In Chengdu or Dujiangyan, discovering her new surroundings,
Queen, of all she surveyed. And, as an indolent and sleepy baby
Panda munching on bamboo, she snapped straw twiglets,

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Off 'the manger of light', shoots, and to set to work, like
Boy or girl with a train-set, meccano building with golden reed
Reed pipes, and the branches of 'the manger of light', regrew

Replenished vines. And, like Isambard Kingdom Brunel
Constructing intent, she set to work on building a rectangular
Library shelf on the floor of Heaven, industrious as Noah,

Pensive, measuring out the cubits for the Ark, to bring in the
Animals two by two. And two other eyes, amazed Ferdinand
Admiring Miranda eyes, popped over the manger, until Joseph

Lifted the boy, from out the manger and set him softly upon the
Floor of Heaven, and set two baby giant pandas, to play, together.
And I, her mother, passed Prila her books: More, Carlyle and

Wilde; Hildegard of Bingen, Plato and Aristotle, and she set
Them neatly, like Lego bricks, aligned in the rectangle, to create
A library. And April pronounced softly to herself, 'Library', and

Andrew pronounced softly to himself, 'Librarian'. And crawling over
To sit opposite her, Andrew pushed his left palm to his sternum
And said 'Joseph'; and placing her right hand to her clavicle

April pronounced, 'Mary'. And they sat there, looking at each other.
And, crawling across the sanctuary of Heaven, Andrew tickled her
Feet and toes, with broken, gold wooden straw from the manger

Until she giggled uncontrollably, without licence, abandonedly.
And Andrew, forming a bread basket, of gold twigs, from 'the manger
Of light', formed a crown of twiglets, into betrothal posy, and

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Sweetness of our breath, breath of Mary and Joseph, was received
Upon it, and white chrysanthemums blossomed upon gold straw.
And Andrew, smuggled his right arm around her, as they

Both stretched for sleep and tiredness from Lauds exertions.
And we, Joseph and Mary, lifted them, tightly wrapped,
Wound around each other, and placed them back into the

Manger, smothered in swaddling clothes, and warm blankets.
And, St. Benedict spoke up, eyes washed with tears:
'I cannot approve of sending this Jesus-man, to the land of Adonai;

He will fall in love, with the holy, white choirwood, believing it
To be Milton's wood in *Comus*, the opposite of Dante's dark wood,
When it is but conduit, to awareness of the universal Church, and

Perverts and paedos, morons and monsters, careerists and cronies,
Liars, sycophants and lackeys'. Our lady stated bold, '*Alea iacta est*.
There is no choice. I will never have Andrew, meringue pie

Dominican, all cream, no filling, flounce and self-importance;
Neither mind of Aquinas, nor holiness of de Porres, nothing
Original to say. It is my private wish, before my Son, that as cardinals

Are created *in pectore*, his being will find end, in formation of 'Order
Of the Vine'; and Prila, will never know misery of starch collar, where
Mother Superior, a dinosaur, will suppress her, in her 'Aprilians'.

He will flick lightly, *logos* globe ball, of the earth upon his back, and
With wide-stretched shoulders, Grey will take, full responsibility

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For saving Our Roman Catholic Church of today, alone, as

I chose to forge no one else, with intellect and purity of heart,
To do it. She, is to be, the agency, he, the instrument'. And Abbot
Benedict: 'It is the will of God the Father, that he enter into

Banana republic of Adonai, believing it be Dante's *Paradiso*,
When it is but a dead end, until he, Our greyhound
Descend into Dante's *Inferno*, at chill vespers hour, at forty'.

'So be it', assented the Marian. And Our Lady wept, uncontrollably.