

THE CHRIST COLLOQUY Andrew Grattan

BOOK VI *Jesus*

After Rabbi Jesus, has instructed Andrew, on the nature of love, true human love and the purest form of love, - the Wood Love of the Cross, from the books of the Old and New Testaments, on the shores of Galilee, in the presence of the twelve disciples; and, after breaking bread, sharing fish and drinking wine, seated on the sand, in celebration of Andrew's spritual maturity to be received as a thirteenth disciple and new "evangelist", authoring a new, literary "gospel", a silver 'A', - the supreme grace, the greyhound, *il veltro*, receives, is to witness the last days of Jesus on earth. Due to the greyhound's strict adherence to Dante's requisite human qualities of "truth and virtue", Andrew is then transported to Jerusalem, where, in the presence of the living Jesus himself, he witnesses the historical Jesus' trial before Pilate, the *via Crucis*, and the Crucifixion on Mount Calvary, culminating in hearing Jesus' last words from the Cross. This last grace, occurs in the presence of *Vocatio*, Beatrice, April and Ruth, handmaidens of Our Lady, who survey in tears, the historical figure of Mary, at the foot of the Cross. Then, at the conclusion of Book VI, Jesus clarifies and discusses the origin of the greyhound prophecy within Heaven, and the relationship between the three 'grand refusals'. Finally, speaking with the *auctoritas* of the Holy Trinity, Jesus Christ recognizes Andrew, as 'the greyhound' of the divine poet, Dante Alighieri.

CANTO XCIII 49-145

And, Jesus spoke to me in gentleness and meekness:

'For what, my Durante termed, regarding Pope Celestine V

Il gran rifiuto, the great refusal, the white Petrine Pope Benedict,

Will beget the black Jesuit Pope, Francis; and, as there was the

Black and white of the Guelphs and Ghibellines; and, as there was the

Black and white of duteous Sollom's crossword boxes; and, as there were the

Black and white floor tiles of *Il British*, Ariadne mazing to her

Wood-bound features, there will be, black and white of the grey

Man, friend Ambrose's new man, *ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem*.

Thus, formed, will be, lesser hypostases of

White, black and grey, - Pope, Pope and Greyhound,

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By greatest hypostases of Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

And vine man, of fabulous sonnet sequence shall arise, the
Vinian man. And, as Bono da Ferrara's Jerome removed lion's thorn,
So, he, we will strip grains of Cross wood, for runs of rampant

Honeysuckle and English wisteria, proliferating vines, to
Decorate any countrified Carshalton cottage, such that Milton's
Adam and Eve, I would have to beckon to, to sedately lop

The overgrowth of foliage. And, I will call them *logoi* of the
Logos, Gildersleeve lodge of a Greenblatt man in the world, he, no
Cromwell Secretary for Foreign Tongues, but rainbow *officium*

Arc, arch language of Tyndale's testament to English,
Originating from crossed branches of the vine, words profuse,
Plum and date, to that withered, cursed fig tree, outside Bethany,

That held no moist fruit; a whelp, Clongowes Wood, portrait smithy
Forged, within conflux, disassociation of two sensibilities, in
Slipstream of the year of two popes, Grey's true genesis, in *Paradiso*, at

Prime *rifunto* refusal of my Mother, hound, created, by word
Of *Mater Dei* so lachrymose, that she would have to send, up
The line to death, a floppy-eared puppy to black mastiffs,

Gambolling Welsh lamb of *Agnus Dei*, to goats and goatherders,
To learn how to exercise speak, when second Kraków's Pole
Johannine, promulgated *Pastores Dabo Vobis*. Soon, saving flood of

Words will come, wash of the denier of the Babel tower of *Finnegans'*

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Anti-bible; and, as darkness settled upon the earth, when the
Temple cloth was torn in two, my Mother and I, have been

Shredded in two, by dogs disguised in white collars and
Black tailoring'. And Jesus stopped, as he did instruct us to
Rest on the seventh day. 'Handful of years hence, verbosity

Will transpire, be much discussed, critics read seven types of
Empsonian ambiguity, into encyclical discussing joy of love, and
A *correctio filialis*, shall contemporize itself, and then, an *instrumentum laboris*

Will remit talk of many trees, jungle forest, and not the old rugged
Cross of Calvary. *Locutor*, not of foliage verbiage, but of tersity,
I command *magnum silentium* monastic from you, upon this

King's great matters, and commonwealth chain yourself, to
Hugh Carthusian vow of silence upon plain and ordinary,
Silent, More's gold metal precious, struck among John's scan

Of whitest disc parchment fibres, of red pulmonary sacredness.
For, as Samson did quit himself like Samson,
Greyhound, has quit himself, like Greyhound.

And I, the *Logos*, recognize the *logos* of a silver 'A',
An Egyptian Joseph coat of many colours, in many coloured
Seven books of *Colloquium Christus*, in a Sir John Vanbrugh, uncomedic

Restoration of present chipboard Chippendale Chair of Peter;
And draughtsman, midshipman re-keeling barque of Peter, unspring rhythm,
This abject wreck of my Deutschland, where all about you, is saltless sea,

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Defunct corpse orders base, in atrophy, - politics, and pursuit of but
Power, status and influence, ineffable triteness of my modern, talentless,
Senior, pip-squeak churchmen, - you, happy helpmeet of good and

Faithful servant of parable of the talents, no wastrel, prodigal son, Kinch
Sharp before Mulligans, Deasy easy, Telemachus inner monologued,
But ever silent, while Benedict, Dominic, and Ignatius, too fondly weep.

For, as I said to Peter, '*Tu es Petrus*', and upon this rock,
I shall build my Church, '*tu es Veltro*', and upon this pebble,
I shall save my Church, with flexed *instrumentum laboris* of words

Of the *Logos* lover, who gave a great joy of *Amoris Laetitia*
Love to me, when a Marian vision in triangular white wedding dress,
Floated transparent airily, in a dream, at foot of your Firenze Newman

Oratory bed, and did smile at you, that time in coldest Tuscan Advent.
The white Pope and the black pope, have merged with the grey vinian,
Bloodline of the papacy, corpuscles physician clamped, Patrick

Breastplate bound, to bloodstreams of the two courtly poets,
While Church, lumbers on, in such chaos and confusion, due to
Too many sins of priests and religious, who have warped grain,

Integrity of the wood of the Chair of Peter. But, as Paul VI
Asserted, that "Dante is ours, ours, the meaning of the Catholic faith";
And, as Dante was intimately "unified" with the Chair of Peter, by

Pope Benedict XV, We, God Father, God Son, and God Holy Spirit,
Recognize year of a new *tre corone*; and, as Michelangelo, one of
Another three, created glory of electing chapel, We have created the

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Written word and world, I, who only wrote with my finger on the sand.
And, in Dante, William and “third”, the year of black and white,
Will be year of grey, too, for no man has given me a saving gospel since

Gospel of the man, whom Sistine fellow author of sonnets so revered.
For falling in courtly love, with the English image of my most
Beloved mother, in Florence, at the pilgrim age of thirty-five,

I account you, to be the most highly favoured of men.
I, Jesus of Nazareth, am the way, the truth and the life, and
No one can come to the Father, except through me.

I, Jesus of Nazareth, am the eternal Pope, I am the Papacy.
I am the eternal Shepherd. I am the Bishop of Rome.
I am the gold and the silver keys. And I, Jesus of Nazareth,

Recognize the black key and the black key upon white.
You, Andrew, are the greyhound of Dante Alighieri, and I,
Salvator Mundi, tell you solemnly, on the authority of the Holy Trinity, you, have
Saved the holy Roman Catholic Church, until I come again’. And, Jesus smiled.