

FROM THE HYMNAL

Joy. For Joy. Re: Joy S. Re: Joyce's. Rejoices. Make noise, rejoice.
To the Lord. O, Lord. Ah, Lawd. Lord, Lawd, Lordy. Unbawdy
unboisterous impassioned cloisters, a haven, cloisters' holy muted
noise. Tears of—

not just Sisters and Cenobites rejoicing. Joy is brazen:

noise celebrates the streets, the flow of cars and mustard bus, the
rut and peak of joyous noise, the flow of sinners coming, stop and
go, the blink-blink lights, red-eye then green hazel, amber, lemon
yellow in-between grey stacks of blocks with marbled floors, grey
swirls, grey shimmies smoke, the top of stacks rub stomachs with
the turquoise sky embracing them—grey rising risen echoing a
multitudinous din—some voices full of joy now still reek—when
they are close—of gin. And out and in and on and so, the chang-
ing eyes, the furry traffic flows. Horns and honks and birdsong un-
derneath the sunshine yellow bus parade of progress and decline—
and what is theirs and mine—the coming slowly, rising, cresting
then decline of no, not only sweetness—yes, yes, of course, the
madness, perverts, dirt-nailed empty palms, the loneliness, all the
ids and ides and rusted suicides—then, still. Still, will does not
entirely decline, can't rest—

Not only Sisters and Cenobites rejoice. Joy is brazen,

will try again—model wings to try to fly from bottle tops, rejec-
tion slips, sentence served and prizes missed and lips unknissed, lips
departed, these lips part to whistle hum in the gristly after-math
of their turn not yet come, and blow sound round mouths pursed

lips in hope of freedom won, model wings of broken things, this
that scrimped scrap and pervasive hope, hip hope, the noise of joy
escapes the lips: climbs with grey the turquoise realm, joy reclaims
the face the hips, joy the noise the Broadway hit rising from a grit-
ty infinite of intersections met at many corners with rejection—

Never mind, our Joy replies (the noise inside, swelled gourd of
notes, sitar's taut plucked strings, implies a resurrection);

not empty halls, not spotless halls, not halls at all, not unlike nuns
or monks, our need, in wordless overflowing.