

LINES WRITTEN ON READING FATHER TEILHARD DE CHARDIN

Paul S. Frey

And the light became flesh

See them! The shining, eternal interfaces
Sparkling and crackling,
Pleistocene lightning bolts
In the gray, cold glacier clouds.
And down below a silent, fur-clad early mind substrate—
Tongues of fire in his head
Of the far future,—
Stares into the flames and the flashes,
The hot red curlings and spirals leap thru his eyes into his head
Just one spark
And the fire-echoes sweep thru icy charged brain furnaces
Ignition incarnate. Incarnation!
A leap of light into a flesh net,—
Caught, taut, orderly chaos of frozen gases,—
Crystal flames locked and shining in the lower Kelvin
Superconductivity at room temperature,*
The ionized frozen—
New, snow-petaled hexagon flowers locked on the glass
The new interface where reflection supervenes,
Here begin the limitless inner mirrors, polished and cold,—
Here the children of the liquid helium frictionless crawl up the sides
of their natal chamber
Here the mass-quantum invasion* by the mind monads begins its ascent,
Here in a head in the glare of a
Pleistocene lightning bolt campfire.

* slow, orderly (hence Erotic) mass parlor antientropicity

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