Catherine Daly: In Medias Res

five poems, freely adapted from

Marguerite Porete / Porette of Hainault / de Hannonia

Blind Invocation

Readers, if you want to understand this book, think about what you will write.

As my senses fail, I am emptied, sight and insight gone
scents and sense, touch and taste, contact and context.
    They burned
my books.

I am wayward, I wander. I am absent, and chased. Empty, I
    I am leaving.

Readers, think before speaking about this book.

scents and sense, touch and taste, contact and context
    They burned
my books.

    I am leaving.

scents and sense, touch and taste, contact and context
Cover Right

Two meanings of love — whoever intends to gloss this —
1) speed, 2) sound.

She freed me,
sent me to school, where thought, work, speech, isn’t worth.

Humility births virtues, not works birth humbleness. Integral, integrates.
Humility, I say sister. It is a greater thing to be a mother than a child,
even a much greater thing, can you see this?

Who is Holiness’ grandmother? Does no one know how to say whence lineage
derives?

∫∫

Humility
Humility, I say sister.

Who is Holiness’
derives?

∫∫

Who is Holiness’

∫∫

Box Out

Humility, Queen of the virtues,
mathematics, Queen of the sciences. When I draw a family,
Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle, Marcellina,
all wear five point crowns
five digits in each hand and
e can flowers without time’s thorns, defused and I crown us all,
regle

O emerald, diamond, Queen, Empress, knowledge no riches but pleasure not awe.

And now a word from our sponsor ...

o, Aristotle, Marcellina
e point crowns
digits in each hand and
crowns
Wipe

O Sammy, what will Beguines say when they hear you sing?

Truth declares
I am loved by one.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A</th>
<th>B</th>
<th>A XOR B</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

This is true, but I would lie as soon as say something.

Love talks. She walks in me. I am still. The earth is motionless. Humming ceases.

Humming ceases.

Transition / Translation

Goodness is rewarded with annihilation; it isn't this I found.
heart = gift, gift = text, text = object, object = gift
I can't complete; completion is more like lying than speaking.