

renewal

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THIRTY CENTS



Summer

in

Midpassage

Articles by:

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THE TIGER CHRIST

. . . a prayer for the watts dead

By ELI WALDRON

The tigers of wrath are wiser than the
horses of instruction—William Blake

*The Tiger Christ is black and full of rage
He burns to live, to spring forth from his cage
and Be*

INIQUITY! INIQUITY!

*His heart is laced with iron and His eye
Is molten glass; He lives to terrify
and Be*

INIQUITY! INIQUITY!

*His four black paws are four chrysanthemums
That spread to knives—His fury-footfall drums
to Be*

INIQUITY! INIQUITY!

*No cage can hold the Tiger Christ awake
From angry sleep—He has a thirst to slake
And Be*

INIQUITY! INIQUITY!

*No levelled gun can touch his levelled will
He wills to leap, He leaps, His scream a shrill
to Be*

INIQUITY! INIQUITY!

*Fall down, white walls, and hide yourself in dust
The living Tiger lives, His Holy Being must
BE*

INIQUITY! INIQUITY!