

# ARTFEST:

## Reflections on Passion and Dogma

'Ner kun we strike friggled poets  
with beams ahh pure moonlight  
err write inspired verse without  
feigning the joys ahh life. But  
'er do I muse upon the Virgin's wombe  
singing strippeths ta the glaeries thereof  
because inspaired hearts  
'er worth mure thun welle-roasted doves!

Yes! Whit happens under bed room e sheets  
is more significunt than whit goes on in  
katherdal halles where bishops with marbled lips  
recite dogmas whuse meanings haf bun eclipsed.

Real consecration is reached by passionate lunatics  
whuse need fer formulaic phrises ceases  
when they chant music while a lissening ta angels  
as wine flows from every kiss  
& komunion is achieved  
in sacred moments when this...  
becomes this....



**Ella:** (shaking her head) This pseudo-Christian imagery is counter-productive. Not only is this apt to offend many pious folks, but also provoke feminist sensitivities.

**Shu:** (clapping slowly) The author has succeeded in pissing off many people. I like the way conventional religious imagery is twisted. There's also a strong Dionysian energy running through this poem – it speaks of a mysticism of the flesh in the same way as DH Lawrence.

**Juanita:** I see it as an ongoing battle between the male and female personas.

**Jack:** (laughing) I dunno. Maybe the poet is simply an arse hole. Haf ya considered that?

**- T Newfields**

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