



SON OF THE MORNING

JONATHAN BORDEN

TWELVE CONFESSIONS



Son of the Morning



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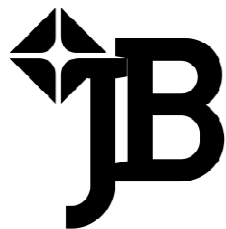
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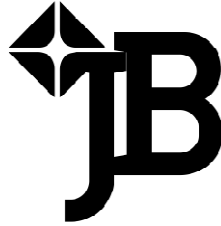
Jonathan
Borden

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Twelve Confessions





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and distributed by Jonathan Borden.

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The names and identifying characteristics of real
people, living or dead, have been changed.

Any similarities to real people or events, other than those specifically cited,
are unintentional and are for purposes of illustration only.

Set in Garamond.

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January 2012

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Satan, really, is the romantic youth of Jesus re-appearing for a moment.
—James Joyce, “Stephen Hero”

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Acknowledgements

Thank-you, Abigail, Sarah, Shannon, Sheena, and Stewart for waking me up from this dream.

**CYCLE I:
THE MORTAL EVENING**

The Bishop

He was known for his fist;
The thick, fleshy blanket
Controlled by his quick wrist,
And he loved to yank it.

He has shown me his grist;
The neck of a turtle
Warming what he wished kissed—
His third leg so fertile.

Bending the Knee

“Inhale and Nurse”, you are my curse.
I spend more time bent down in prayer
Than I do writing ev’ry verse.
Your elixir is what I wear.

Oh, I sup at your font, seeking
A hotter kind of flamed baptism—
I kneel when the font is leaking;
My lips spread wide, my mouth a prism.

Father, if this is sin, if black;
Then call me your “Little Negro”
And hop aboard my mind’s one track.
Tickle my tongue and my ego.

Semenology

I can tell by the way your glance
Searches the crater of my stare
That your touch will declare, ensnare,
And never spare me that thick lance.

I want it. I can tell you've got
Money, too. "What will you do?" You
Say as you want, want, want me, too.
Let's bumble like you're a big shot

Bee or hornet, stinging with your
Clinging fingers across me, boss.
Thing In or Thing Out with its sauce,
At once, I abhor and adore.

Drop me off here. No, I don't care.
"Yeah, I like your hair." Thanks a lot.
Next time you can keep what you bought,
Or, take me shopping, Grizzly Bear.

Don't watch me as I walk, no, no;
Go, go, as I change my face and
Go over my alibi, stand-
Ing six whole blocks from my chateau.

Peter and Paul

Blue anger in a mono palette
Can mix to make all shades start to fight
And I'm feeling a tad blue tonight.

Call me Peter, because when I strike
I hit like a rock with all I've got
And tonight, I know I won't get caught.

—

I am Paul and my pants are so white
Because I am so calm; no shade's done
To me what they've to Peter, for one.

White and right, I've held hands with my fists
And I've hit injustice with white noise
Whenever it's spoken to us boys.

White Ladies

Don't put me off, just push;
Don't justify my need,
Just burn me like the bush.

Send in the White Ladies
As fast as you can, sir;
One is named Mercedes
And that one's my chauffeur.

Together we ride; ride
Across veins, to the brain,
Into the other side.

White Ladies stand in lines
And I inhale and stare
Because they're diamond mines
And I dig them down there.

Don't put me off, just push;
Don't justify my need,
Just push, push, push, push, push...

Obsessional

Forgive me Father for I have sinned
And the eyes of the world are hungry.

I've forgotten my colours again
But I know blue does not describe me.

I accuse myself of the worst thing—
Because I know pain makes me cooler.

Can you absolve it so I can bring
Myself closer to your big ruler?

You see, I get off on being wrong;
Told for telling—bold for selling it.

And I can't stop at blaring lifelong
Secrets, for my words are holy writ.

**CYCLE II:
THE VENIAL DAY**

Gift of Tongues

Reddened by the lick
Of a narrow lane
Traveled by the thick,

I have been lashed—hit—
And torn like coupons
From my own book—slit—

By their moist rumours.
I have been struck at
Dawn by late bloomers.

The Big Dipper

Oh, boy, have I got a bomb—
I've fucked everyone out there
From the mailman to your mom
And I'm so not worse for wear.

I've been a rebel and a
Geek, too; a real swinger, so
Believe the propaganda
And catch me before I go.

Oh, I am the Big Dipper—
I've got hands in every pot,
Because I'm just a stripper
Great at being who I'm not.

Babylonian Captivity

Oh, how you all invoke my name!
So many, not one applauding
But trying to play my own game;
Oh, I will kill this marauding.

It was not a chance meeting, no.
We were once friends, partners in crime;
We crossed paths in the studio.
Each one of you, you watched me climb.

When I got lost in space, you yelled
And shouted that you could handle
It better but your word's handheld
And my pen jots a hot scandal.

Who brought back rhyme? Who stayed in line?
I'm an institution of lit';
Need I remind you of one time
When the Pope said my word's legit?

Babylonian Captive, no.
Prolific as fuck, I can write;
I tell poets right where to go
And tell the critics to sit tight.



MR. SCRATCH



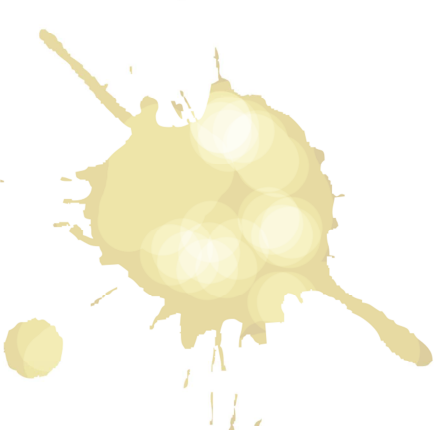
A cloud of ebony
Wept into the room, yeah;
A blast force melody.
The door ripped in time, yeah.
My eyes fired open...

Hearts freeze at half-past three;
Go ask Mr. Scratch, yeah.
Shakin' like a wet tree,
My room, it trembles, yeah.
My sigh's tired boatman...

A six-foot-six-point-six
Dark, dark limb of a mess;
His sandals are from Styx
And he's here to undress.
How can I keep composed?

Nubian, with his tricks,
The darkness of distress;
Animal furs transfix--
Blind form of fancy dress.
Is my worry exposed?

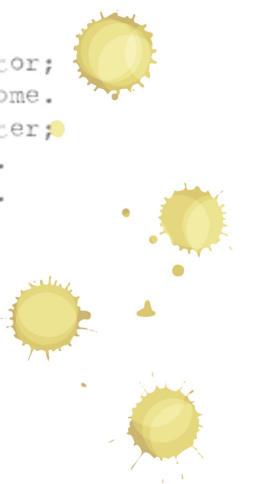
Fallen, oh, but what for?
Wings once of light now dark
With no name to abhor.
No word; a question mark.
There's too many options.



Forty titles he swore;
So many to take hark.
Hebrew's the tongue he wore;
Hebrew was his remark.
I ponder the options.

Voice booming or better;
Voice lower than his home--
Encyclical letter--
"Business" was not in Rome.
This is my conversion.

He's suave, I'm the debtor;
His home the pleasure dome.
Black birds make it better;
He's certainly no gnome.
I like this new version.



On the Rocks (Divorce)

Edible saints in pink wrappers,
 Energy drinks, black cigarettes,
 And Beefeater—spirit rappers
 Who come and knock my silhouette

In the Upper Room on the Up-
 Per East Side; a man, so torn—torn!—
 Alone I dine, holding a cup
 Filled with dry gin and a stillborn.

My marriage is dead.

By the Fiftieth Day I know
 I won't have to pray to Simon
 Or to Jude, baby, no dumb show;
 And I will outgrow my daimon.

I have Cartaphilus legs, no-
 Where to go but down, so I kneel
 And I look around; *quid pro quo*,
 I give myself and you don't feel.

Liquefaction

My blood pumped backwards
When I knew the saint,
Moving like warm paint
As I held back words.

I was free to move
Once I claimed myself
And I crossed myself
And the saint approved.

My blood comforted
And told me to see
’Twas cool to be me—
A wreck of some sort.

I was free and hale
Once I opened my
Mind and my soul cried
And I tore the veil.

מִי כְּאֵל

When I slew my demons, they asked me,
“Who is like God? Tell me, do you know?”
I felt a little big and gutsy.

When I told my tale, oh, they measured,
“Man or angel? Power to let go?”
And I was wet from what I weathered.

My wounds were like coffee stains they sipped,
“Who is like God? He with no regret?”
Some shared, some you (p)refer to in crypt.

With the power within uncluttered;
My heart a nation, my strength my debt,
Clean, clean was my power recovered.

About the Author

Jonathan Borden is a Conformalist poet and freelance graphic artist based in Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada.



THE FIRST DIRECTIVE

The Guiding Principles of Jonathan Borden

Proclaimed February 23, 2011

WHEREAS art has been my salvation, and its practice my vocation, and I am desirous of bringing to my life the stability it has long lacked, I wish to proclaim the following five principles as the official guide of my conduct from this date, in an effort to live an artistic life, just as my heroes have. These guiding principles are thus:

1. Have absolutely no regrets.
2. Never apologize.
3. Reinvent yourself.
4. Be self-referential.
5. Become a work of art.

Signed, witnessed, and proclaimed at Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, this twenty-third day of February, in the year of our Lord, two thousand and eleven.

Jonathan Borden

Marilynn Manson

Sylvia Plath

Bettie Page

Oscar Wilde

Marietta Sabin

Voltaire

Shirley

Jacqueline Kennedy

Mary Pickford

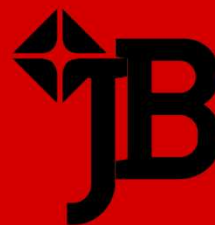
Byron

Chloe

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