

paradoxology

(for my mother)

my life, for what it is, is yours,
because of you. a gift, not a debt.
debts must be repaid - not gifts,
which beg only to be received.

first-born of first-born, as mercurial
as the fabled seventh son of a seventh
son - ever-changing, but steady. you,
strong of will, as am I, who "gets

it honest" as they say - passionate
debater, opinion offerer, ever a "true
mind" to use Shakespeare's phrase,
between which impediments should

not be admitted. he wrote "love is not
love which alters when it alteration
finds," and in my poetry explication
(I am a trained professional, you see), I

might suggest that the sonneteer is
thinking of his own mother - certainly
no one else can claim such a love, at
least not without having to learn it.

he calls love "an ever-fixed mark
that looks on tempests and is never
shaken" - *looks on* (not ignoring)
the faults - minuet mistakes, anger,

profanities, missed curfews, wrong
girlfriends, rock music played too
loud (can't understand the words),
beery breath and smoky hair (too

long in the first place) - she looks on
these stormy seas, this storm that is
me, and says "peace, be still. I will
not be moved...do your damndest."

"a star to every wand'ring bark" -
and bark I do, moreso than bite.
wandering, too, I've a talent for,
but something (she?) saves me from

disaster ("to lose one's star" as someone pointed out - *dis-*, absence of, plus *astra*, of the stars, which ever guide). I don't believe in angels (or demons)

anymore, but who needs them? what a brilliant little poem William wrote - not about a lover, but about Love itself, divine *mysterion*, its paradox

and there's a word worth dwelling upon, *paradox*: *para-*, beyond, outside, on the edge, plus *doxa*, opinion, thought, but also glory, honor, like

doxology, a word of praise, but in church it means a song, a hymn, even a particular hymn - "praise god from whom all blessings flow" - all life,

with all its blessings, from god, we sing, and yet, my life flows from mom, another tiny name, like god, three wee letters, a pseudonym. (what is god's

proper name?) they use other names, but we call her mom. maybe this explains why I'm ever uneasy with god as (only) my father - life comes first from mom.

a paradox, this tension of being and seeming, that she who is (m)other than myself knows, sees, unconceals all that I, behind thin skin, would hide.

so a doxology to paradox, then. a song of praise for the *para*, for the other-than-me that is also me, the beyond that is the boundary, the border that indicates

both proximity and distance, guarding us each against the absence/presence of the other. we are inter-mingled, you and me, umbilically intertwined. the edge of me is

the edge of you. *para*, the beyond me that yet is me, not the abyss but the alpha, the *arche*, to the greeks, origin, beginning before the beginning. *para*

is not a nothingness that permeates

me, but the force that suspends me
between two poles, home/abroad,
heaven/hell, saint/sinner, you/me.

so this is my doxology, to you, parent,
the essence of *para* - living *para mí*,
for me. please receive, as gift, this,
my para-doxology, *para ti* - for you.

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