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R E V I E W



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GEOFFREY BABBITT

In James Blake Sr.'s House at the Corner of Broad Street and Marshall

From his top-story bedroom, William walks
up the little wooden staircase to the open roof
skirted by a parapet, where mornings he'd see
the sun rising over St. Paul's, or evenings
the green park nearby swallowing the last light—
*Divine Vision like a silent sun above Albion's rocks,
setting behind the Gardens of Kensington*
—this night, though, back down the wooden stairs
to the four-year-old's bedroom, after the constellations
have crept out of the mundane shell to stand
brightly over London, over
dark London, he looks through his window
upon God, whose face, Catherine
would remind her husband years later, set him “ascreaming.”

Blake saw what Blake saw, yes,
but what? A terrible
human form? A face
out his dark window that did not belong
to the world of little wooden staircases and rooftop parapets
on Broad Street or to the world of Kensington Gardens
or the sun rising over the cathedral's dome and spire,
or the east, the west,
or the sun itself. Out that window,
in looked a world
from out the window's world,
from out the very space and time Blake looked through it.