

Poem Beginning with a Line by Christopher Smart

“Rejoice with Pegasus The Flying Horse – there be millions of them in the air”

Rejoice with Icarus The Foolish Falling Child – there be a million pulsing sunbeams of him, bathing us, anointing us – that we be filled with derring-do and dreams

Rejoice with Magic Carpet, Tour Guide, Barker, Tout and Train – there be millions waiting in the alleyways, hanging out at bus stops, right outside our door – that we may learn to locate joy

Rejoice with Pineapple Orange Grapefruit Lemon Lime – there be citrus magnifications of millions on all the tables of the sky – that we may lick and sip them as we please – that we may gorge ourselves with beauty

Rejoice with Pastry Shop and Soda Shop and Chop House – there be a million cities filled with them eternal everywhere right here – that we may dine on good red meat and all the ice cream we can eat

Rejoice with all the Slapstick Comic Angels Vulva Penis Boobs and Butt – there be a million of them, troupers all and free of charge, in vaudeville burlesque music hall temples churches tabernacles – that we may live and die in sexual joy and laughter, top banana, open zipper, pie in the face

Rejoice with Charlatan, Snake Oil Scamp, and Yellow Brick – there be millions of adventurers in skyfield, townfield, worldfield Edens – that we may walk down golden roads

and dream

Rejoice with Roughhouse Gibraltar Ape our pal and body-guard – there be a million poses of him, playing and wrestling, tickling us in our back yards – that we may live our lives with trust

Rejoice with Spider Web and Silver Dew for artistry and longevity – there be a million galleries filled with them in the galleries and attics of the sky – that we overflow with beauty, ceremony, creativity

Rejoice with Quasimodo and his telescope – he be multitudes, looking after us from a million cloudy steeples – that we become companion to invisibility

Rejoice with Bach the organist and family man – there be a million choirs and combos of him, a million minyans of him in the morning air – that we may wake up blissfully

Rejoice with crazy old Kit Smart – he be a million children singing love and joy to us in wacky and naïve, prophetic voices; calling out to us from a phone booth in a loony bin in Paradise – that we may walk courageously through life

Rejoice with Roget, Webster, Samuel Johnson – they be an endless stream of drowsing lexicographers in a million heavenly lecture halls and classrooms, dreaming into our dreams a stereopticon of words and histories and visions – that we may speak together ceaselessly with fondness

Rejoice with Gandhi, Isaiah, Mary the Madonna, Martin Luther King and Rodney King, rejoice with all the Peacemakers – for they be our friends and family, and they climb stairways, mountains, ladders, and return multiplied in millions like the rain, and bring us into light – that we be blessed and we endure