

## Malcolm Guite

### Spell

Summon the summoners, the twenty-six  
enchanters. Spelling silence into sound,  
they bind and loose, they find and are not found.  
Re-call the river-tongues from Alph to Styx,  
summon the summoners, the shaping shapes  
the grounds of sound, the generative gramma  
signs of the Mystery, inscribed arcana  
runes from the root-tree written in the deeps,  
leaves from the tale-tree lifted, swift and free,  
shining, re-combining in their dance  
the genesis of every utterance,  
pattering the pattern of the Tree.  
Summon the summoners, and let them sing.

The summoners will summon Everything.