

# H.D.: Wunden Eiland and “Litany of the Wounds”

The Bethlehem Gadfly Arts, the, Fun Stuff, Gadfly's posts, H.D. (Hilda Doolittle) March 6, 2019  
(9th in a series of posts on H.D.)

## Finding H.D.: A Community Exploration of the Life and Work of Hilda Doolittle

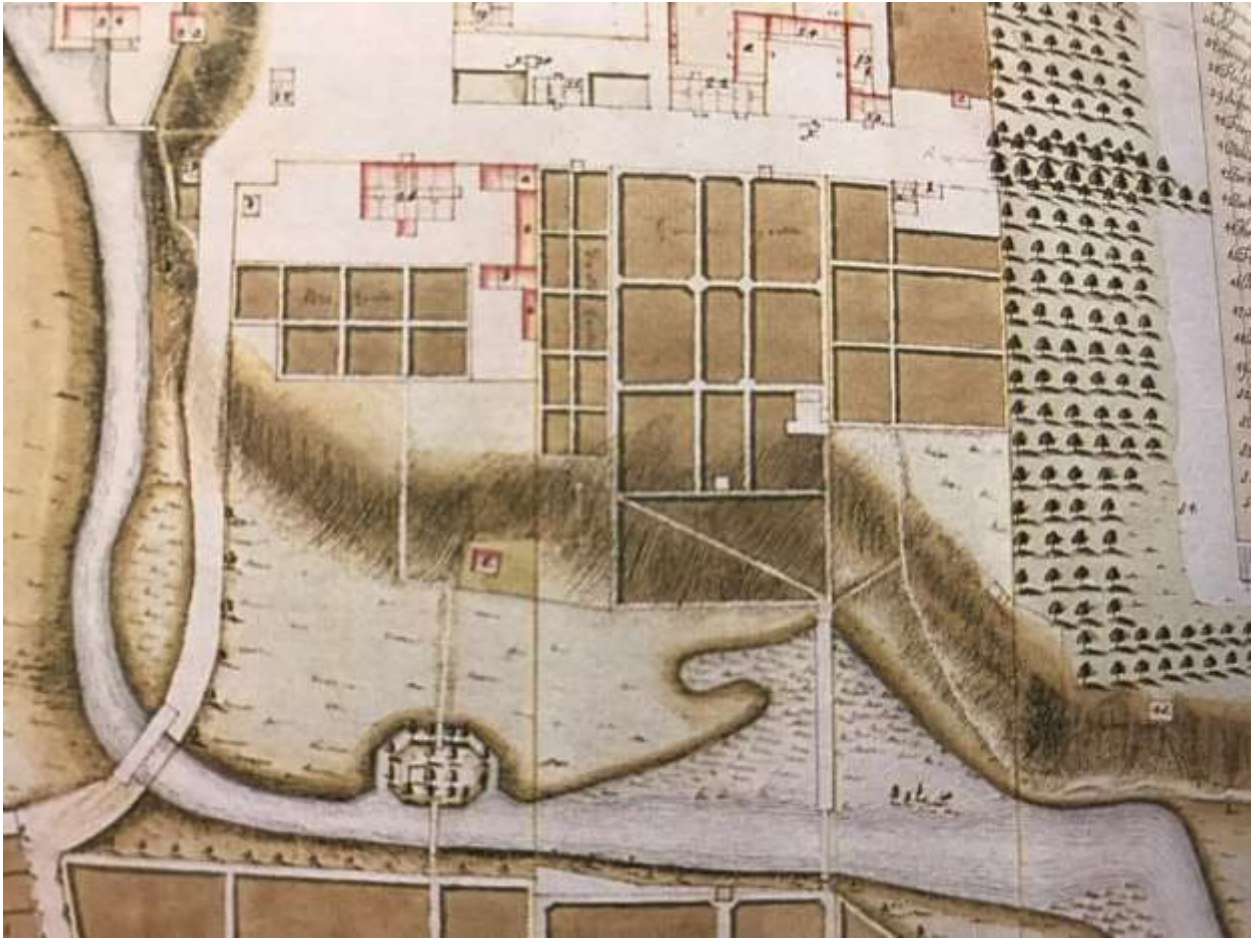
*The next event in this year-long series is “Challenging Limited Understandings of Gender and Sexuality” by Lehigh University’s Mary Foltz, TONIGHT Wednesday, March 6, 6:30-8 at the Bethlehem Area Public Library.*

*Wunden Eiland*, where the ceremony in H.D.’s vision took place and the controversial and ultimately “sifted” “Litany of the Wounds” are two of the most intriguing elements of the H.D. story told by Prof Atwood. Let’s linger on them for a moment. Gadfly loves this stuff. Here is H.D.’s vision:

This, I could remember, letting pictures steadily and stealthily flow past and through me. When the terror was at its height, in the other room, I could let images and pictures flow through me, and I could understand Anna von Pahlen who had been the inspirer of the meetings at *Wunden Eiland* when the unbaptized King of the Shawanese gave his beloved and only wife to the Brotherhood. I saw it all clearly. (*The Gift*, 134)

And there was an actual *Wunden Eiland* (Island of the Wound), in the Monocacy — gone now — but down behind Brethren’s House on Church St. in the 18th century.

You can see it on this 1766 map. Follow the Monocacy heading down the left side of the map toward the Lehigh River. See *Wunden Eiland* on the left just after the Monocacy turns right toward the bottom of the map. Tip o’ the hat to Scott Gordon for the reference.



Now here's a taste of the graphic "Litany of the Wounds," an example of the hidden, sifted liturgy at the original core of the Moravian Church that attracted H.D. (For the whole thing, see at end of [Craig Atwood, "Zinzendorf's 'Litany of the Wounds'."](#))

May your willing passion  
May your holy baptism of blood  
May your sweat in penitential  
struggle

You scratches from the crown of  
thorns,

Pale lips,

Mouth dripping spittle,

Cheeks spat upon,

Dead eyes,

Bloody foam from your back,

Glistening wounds of Jesus,

Cavernous wounds of Jesus,

Purple wounds of Jesus,

Juicy wounds of Jesus,

Near wounds of Jesus,

*Teach us tolerance!*

*Ignite all of God's earth!*

*Pour over us in body and soul!*

*Mark us on our foreheads!*

*Kiss us on the heart!*

*That you would not have to spit out  
anyone!*

*That the Father may not spit upon  
us!*

*Look out through our eyes!*

*Wash our feet!*

*You make my heart a dazzling candle  
of grace before the rays and light-  
ening.*

*In your treasure hoard, roomily sit  
many thousands kinds of sinners.*

*You are so succulent, whatever comes  
near becomes like wounds and  
flowing with blood.*

*Whoever sharpens the pen and with  
it pierces you just a little, and licks,  
tastes it.*

*I do not want to be even a hair's-width  
from your hole.*

Dainty wounds of Jesus,

*So tender, so delicate, you are to such  
children proportional to little beds.*

Soft wounds of Jesus,

*I like lying calm, gently, and quiet  
and warm. What should I do? I  
crawl to you.*

Hot wounds of Jesus,

*Go on heating, until you are able to  
cover the entire world with your  
warmth.*

Treasure wounds of Jesus,

*To them, the slaves, beggars and  
kings, farmers and counts make a  
pilgrimage.*

Eternal wounds of Jesus,

*[You are] my house to dwell in. In a  
million eons you will still be new.*

Now on to Mary Foltz's lecture. Tonight! Be there!