

## POEMS WRITTEN BETWEEN CIRCA 1970 AND 2000

### A Requiem for Christ

“Eli, eli, lama saachthani?(1)  
Mein Gott, mein Gott, warum hast du mich verlassen?  
Dios Mio, Dios mío, porque me has abandonado?  
Dio mio, Dio mio, perche mi hai abbandonato?  
Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, pourquoi mas-tu abandonné?  
My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?”

‘By miracles exceeding power of man,  
Hee faith in some, envie in some begat,  
For, what weake spirits admire, ambitious hate;`

John Donne

#### I.

Thus might have spoken Ivan Karamozov's 'Grand Inquisitor'(2):

“The freedom of obedience I offer Mankind.  
The agony of realization of free choice between Good and Evil is more than Man can bear.  
Christ the impossible Idealist  
saw shrews and baboons as lions and owls.  
Thank the Pope whose envy led him to correct Christ's work  
and replace Love, Truth, and Forgiveness -  
the insidious worms of anxiety –  
with Miracle, Mystery, and Authority  
which can "save" Mankind".

I bow to you, William Blake  
but Dr. Thornton (3) was more in tune  
with the shrews and the baboons.

#### 2.

“Eli, eli, lama, sabachthani?”  
O Christ - You know not what You do

for You sow the seeds of insoluble problems and offer Freedom.  
You were not forsaken; Your mind let You down,  
Your understanding of Love and Truth  
And non-understanding of Man.

### 3.

“Eli, eli, lama, sabachthani?”  
Were You crying out in anticipation  
of Simon of Arithmare(4), who moved the stone and wore Your rags,  
or of Peter who founded the Church of the Devil,  
or of St. Paul who dogmatized his ethics in Your name?  
The sacred scream echoed over black hills for centuries  
passed on by those who knew not what it meant -  
who thought You were screaming to God in fear of Your death.

### 4.

Freedom of choice and rational thought form together a maze of unresolvable  
conflicts and paradoxes.  
The emotional Blake splits his spiritual head against brick walls, and proudly  
defies the 'Grand Inquisitor' who offers an arbitrary, mystical, unbending path  
leading to Nowhere;  
But the path has 'Certainty' written on its walls; men read it and believe it  
with deep sighs of relief, and throw off the shackles of Freedom.

### 5.

To Albrecht Durer, a painter of the Crucifixion:  
“Pure, loyal believer in the Antichrist! Who can condemn you?  
Yet the angels, the spiritual clouds and sensuous robes  
mask the blood-stained nails,  
the worm-infested cross,  
and the agony in His human face.

You are Man, you cannot dare to look brutal truth in the face,  
and so you invent the Resurrection.

O Christ, we use Your name in vain  
for You do not seem to hear.”

### Notes

(1) Christ's last words on the cross in Hebrew.

(2) In Dostoyevsky's book "The Brothers Karamozov", Ivan Karamozov imagines that Christ reappears on the earth at the time of the Spanish Inquisition. He is imprisoned, and the 'Grand Inquisitor' visits Him in His cell. Far from doubting the identity of the man before him, he realizes it is Christ and is enraged that He has come again to cause trouble. This section is a monologue I imagined he might have given.

(3) Dr. Thornton made a new translation of the Lord's Prayer in 1827. His views represent orthodox Christianity, which Blake violently opposed.

(4) Christ's tomb was in the garden of Simon of Arithmareas.

distance falls  
    the mind wakes  
        eyes glisten.  
horizon views  
    feelings surge  
        lips swell.  
through summer airs  
    damp nostalgia  
        late notes  
with consistent shrill  
    expectant birds  
        wait like me -  
and say to you  
    forever more  
        I love you.

caring for someone  
is to rend asunder the sinews of the heart  
but to care for no one  
is to knead an empty dough of hollowness  
we stand in the path of a heavy pendulum weight  
which bashes us on its way to either extreme

## Fears

I can remember the pounding darkness  
which, only lurking and waiting, seemed to smirk.  
A thin slot of light through the crack in the door  
penetrated its warmth, but was absorbed at sharp edges.  
My mind was like wafer  
as it grasped at that help.

Lying, dozing off in the back I felt moving but the darkness outside was quite still.....  
My mind gently drifting and hovering on this and also her, waiting at home.....  
judder  
screech  
swirling out of control  
spin bang! over and over thud sparks!  
could see stones on the road very near than so far  
cloudy chaos and movement (especially the stomach) I could almost fall into its  
exhilaration.  
Sudden stop, me crushed under, like a bowl jammed over my head  
silence.....  
but for a clickery turning dead wheel  
I had had it! all over! what a waste.

lying in the single bed drenched in the glowing listlessness that only comes  
after making love;  
intimate silence but for the quiet rushing sound of the gas fire;  
she told me about the wharf where she used to live, eyes widening as she described  
the orange and green lights of fishing boats scattered over the glimmering sea,  
the boats slipping in and out of the sea of night;  
and the fishermen talking about their catch;  
and the smell of fish.

gentle waking numb sensations lazy sleepy limbs  
soft sinking well-warmed skin loosened by dreamy sleep.

sweet mumbling, glazy unhurried eyes meet in glances, sipping sweet tea  
and moist deep kisses  
through curtain chinks snowflakes bob she sees green bobbles on the roof of that house  
I can't but it was nice.

fluttering wings mighty motion  
of tiny individual birds  
each flutters quite independently  
but massive egos in small bodies and heads dream up images of individual purpose  
each is unaware that he forms a part  
of an insidious hovering black cloud  
deftly led ( but who is the leader ?)  
stop  
have you not thought?  
they do not see the blotch they form  
and cannot see out of the cloud.  
and are not their bodies pretty when seen close-to ?  
let them flutter and love and twitter for now  
for they will soon drop into the sea.

Words can taste so nice  
when they move by themselves.  
But they so often turn to honey  
then ferment within the mouth.  
Return the fungus to its stone  
and we can lick the dew again

battering over corrugated rutted roads  
bathed in swirling windblown sand  
eyes peeping out of dust-encrusted faces  
and bodies and hair caked with  
layer  
after  
layer of the desert  
which is endless.....

continuous merging and yellows  
of rock and sand thudded by yellow pounding sun  
you feel near to the Earth on which you sleep  
and the Sky which is there and blue all the time  
it is harsh but it is living  
harsh for the goats that stretch their thin bodies on two legs  
and squeeze their mouths to reach a handful of thorny green leaves  
at the top of a solitary desert acacia tree

and the nomads  
people who do not live in the desert but are part of the desert themselves  
knowing every quirk in its personality  
they look like the desert and blend with the desert and walk or ride camels across  
parched sands  
dignifiedly      phlegmatically      silently      assuredly  
but they wave when they see you and offer anything they have and accept anything  
you offer  
and they smile and are friendly and open and trusting  
then they go  
continue their odyssey,  
dignifiedly      phlegmatically      silently      assuredly  
ah they seem to know Life  
you can catch a glimpse of that in their weathered steadfast faces

then the Night comes suddenly  
and the world is a star-speckled half-globe in the light of a creamy moon  
the rocks and sand are various shades of grey  
it is eternal then and does not really sleep  
it is silent but not waiting for anything  
undemanding  
and the nomads wrap their 'emmas' around their heads  
a shield to the ancient unthinking wind  
if they laugh or talk the sounds wisp over and into the desert and must carry on  
forever even though you can no longer hear them.....

Prophets go and the wilderness comes  
(though perception and feeling of nature are forbidden –  
you can see the Grand Canyon, but through glass or on a screen;  
its ruggedness is dangerous to the programmed consciousness).

Revelation and intuition are excluded from the syllabus  
where choices are technical, better left to expert experts;  
though certainly emotive and unquestioned truths prevail  
sanctioned by King's English, strong guns, and the B.B.C.

The knowledgeable take great strides, and speak of amazing wonders  
in Einstein and Leonardo, to the silent ignorant mass  
huddled in gas-warmed living-rooms, riveted to the lines  
that rip and riddle their minds, to electronic pulp.

Old prophets are under suspicion, the new have computer-backing,  
the deserts that creep and starve, are over there, as the News instills;  
never in us, in you, is the famine pointed to -  
the emptiness there is unspoken, it is private, your secret failure.

## **IN THE TWILIGHT HOUR**

In the twilight hour  
the soul, imploded  
is drawn to a watery stillness,  
where it feels the fields in May  
and the grass where lovers lay  
many long years ago.  
It knows the yearning  
of poets long dead,  
silent under mown grass  
in graves with sweet-sad flowers,  
and is called by the rustle  
and the trickle of leaves in winded trees,  
to an imagined eve  
when a candle was lit  
by a man and a lady,  
as the darkness sucked their light away.

## **WHILE THE SUN-RAYS RIDDLED**

While the sun-rays riddled  
the rolling valleys  
undulating in shadows,  
on a green-round hill  
stood a strong stone tower  
brave within the azure sky;  
and around it flew  
so many sounding birds,  
jetting through old holes  
flitting in and winding out  
all in the watery sky;  
and below them huddled  
old red-tiled houses  
thronged in their criss-crossed rooves,  
and their chimneys were happy  
piping larks in the sky  
while the day blew gently and blue.

### **A Dream from Glass**

It was in my dream, that I saw  
a man - whose face, quite unsure  
of who he was, or what to do –  
stand, on a foaming wave that moved  
weight recklessly, half land, half sea;  
so that his efforts to remain upright  
cost him exhaustion, continuous strain  
and anxious questioning within his mind  
of what lay under the aggressive surge  
which though unpurposed, seemed to retch  
and gripe with a will to suck him down.  
And then a sheet of tranquil glass  
descended slowly, with loving ease  
and bright light eyes, reflections twinkling  
towards his reach, as if its motion –



controlled, unjuddered, - were meant for him;  
and when it rested near enough  
for him to trust its reality  
his eyes seemed almost to bulge in hope  
and redden as if his heart were watered:-  
he maintained his stand, restrained his leap  
until the sheet lay a foot away,  
then with a leopard pounce distilled  
he shot his arms to latch his weight  
and body all, his breath and back  
upon the glass - and clutched, and clutched,  
and held so tight his eyes were closed,  
his fingers red and bent, his muscles  
taut were sheen so pressed to it, force  
of all his life in an instant compressed.  
Then through his desperate grip he slithered  
slowly, shinily, down the glass  
and groped to make back space he lost  
but down the glass squeaked, quiet, transparent  
and down with crunching strength he sweated  
oozing and oiling the slipping sheet  
to let his foil become a shute  
which his grappling jumps could not compensate;  
until, as if the glass's own nature  
would not ease his slip below the wave –  
the slow, clear sheet of thin, smooth glass  
soon came to melt, and drip like oil  
from crystal frozen bars of ice  
that sweetly soften in sun and light –  
and he was soon no longer scratching  
slippery glass, but padding hot fingers  
through thawing dew, moist luscious drops  
that touched his lips as his feet were skudded  
and missed their footing on the moving ground  
and scrambled, waving lost arms and cry  
and flashed and stumbled, skid through water  
to skin, mouth open, eyes more bulging  
as they saw the sheet's last drop drip round  
beside his body, sinking smooth

The love-gripped earth bites  
from howling pain; rancorous  
my spit bursts from twissled  
springs of knotted mind; racked  
nerves splice on gorse; heart  
flayed and weeping in wounds,  
sizzle-sunned and pounding, makes  
the moon bend and tIn the quiet enchantment of river banks  
lean such trees as waver in the wind  
that glides with sounds that tell of wells of thought  
and of the deep knowingness of all. O wind  
that ruffles the shaking leaves to rustle  
with the sparkle of glancing light - light  
of the sun that dances, splintered in its ever-changing  
patterns; the sprinkle of shimmering eternity.  
The wind that rolls the yellow fields of corn  
in eddies of gentle wave; deep and endless  
the varied movement, circles seething in deepest motion -  
gentle in power, stirring with mystery.

For there will be no love, until the world is purged;  
until the growel-bound pain of all the world's young lands  
is sprouted to new growth:- from the isle of Philippine,  
to the hard-bombed plains of unloved Vietnam -  
until the bones are cleaned, of tears and blood and sweat,  
and the bowels of dark oppression are answered by the sky;  
until the unknown glory is allowed to beam and beam  
with showers of love and hone, through the skeletons of man.

I pave with puffing tread-light steps the mead owed gold of clouds  
and meet dark ghouls whose silences, are shudders through my soul;  
I roll through shaken pillions, of wool in blanket mind  
till the black-age in grin grates, and ushers to his Door;

with bent-back hail and gesture, he flicks his flimsy hand  
and beckons evil welcoming, with drums to beat hip mood;  
I grope, find no refusing, my mind specked to itself,  
knowing its lowly loneliness - its wetness weak, its End.  
I stride on fleecy clouds aloft and blow black thunder balls;  
I crack all space with laughter; freakish, hollow, mine;  
my heart ticks drowned Eternity, and disappears in smoke:-  
I am a god of fisted thump, of fettered neck, and rope.

It is a thing of life, I fear, to feel it is never now that the earth glows through with  
warmness, with which one must ever stay;  
always your urges burst their chains yet find a gurgling sludge  
in which there is no motion, as they clog down in the clay.  
What desperation points its touch! as we recognize that life  
is wild and multifaceted, with every shade of grey  
demanding its part and place - and that Beauty good and white  
is rare in pure appearance yet ever the spectrum's hope.

Upon the plains of sunny grass the herbs are sprung and free  
but crunching spiders eat their merry wives with chewing glee;  
come down, bound mouse, to caverns lousy, for the creak to see  
of gnawing insects, black antennae, a quivering crickets' spree,-  
scorpions and scuttle-shells, hiding under stones  
and peeping from their frost-cracked holes, all buzzing over me.  
Thou art the pissing maniac who spun in ages past,  
the Hun who plundered Italy, till geese warned you away;  
you put your boot upon my toe in queues for postage-stamps,  
and shout or hoot from motor-bikes to pierce my skewerThe madness of your death  
scowls and thumps and empties clean of lip  
the howl-heavened freeziness of gold.  
In the dripping ears of wax hound,  
of gnashing oxen feathering their tails in whips  
and fleecing the spasmed stars,  
nay slipping back is screamed upon the hill  
and the darkness is reckless in red-eyed flaring screams.

As the apple-top is twisted and the sky flies clawing wracked  
my marrow scrawls stamping  
and the frost of my heaven lies cracked in the beak of my mouth.

I see the blood that runs down human backs  
in waves of tearing life, heaving the moments ticked;  
every ant jerks terrified, as it bends a blade of grass  
to touch the earth; wary with waving antennae,  
it awaits the stab of Fate. Monstrous insects  
hide their fangs; beyond the mountain hangs and hovers  
a storm, black and angry, eager to lurch its wrath.  
Frenzied is the frightened flit of flies,  
zipping their buzz through illusory peace  
in still air. The guts of earth are lurking  
in volcanos; all silence is a hand clapped over  
the screech and mouth of Death. Compressed and coiled,  
squeezed to utmost stone, the bang lies crouched  
for the wail arid howl of its volumed now.

Gracious fountain splash ray love  
and move my smile to heaven;  
water joy with earth-green dove  
and still some peace to leaven.  
Yeasty cries of blood I bubble  
calling deep the cavern;  
drops in pure from fleshly rubble  
soar like dew to heaven.

There is that knowledge 'neath the skin of things  
deep though thinly through the face, and wide  
to all, it glows with resonances of the love and pain:  
in a rose that moulders to its crinkle  
missed of its inner point of eternity,

as is the core of all we learn.

Raised, the heaven must be teared, softly fanfared;  
the answer it is, if we could only speak it into words;  
vast to rolling, it nestles every corner of the heart,  
will not be tied, nor live upon the face of all the world.

To see the lines that glide each cloud  
or the livid colour, insane from time  
balanced in music through the being of things -  
this is not useless, nor illusion.

It is the glow that can foment hope  
and the will to create from a rubbish dump,  
with importance not swept by the histories of failure  
and a truth that transcends the frustrations of self

Animal or Ariel? Among the twisted knots,  
the wreck of wracked search, the air-light spirit  
seeps, unpolluted, between the fibres.

Holy Anabaptist, how hast thou wedded  
the growling flesh, the corporeal decay,  
the clod of poor Adam's apple-fall

to the spark of high heaven, the other-sphered glow,  
to weld a pure petal, with fragrance  
and sap-cells all blended?

My dark thick earth: why does your moisture  
and humus flushingly feed delicate twigs  
and leaves through gnarled groping trunks -  
brown and writhing skeletons of the green -  
flailing wildly to stretch their wind-tips to the sky?

How has my thigh, my juice and my groin  
pushed on its urges to the cells of my brain  
to be filled with rare air, and blown

to a perfect form, which stretches its contours  
through all horizons of mind –

that my groan and hard throb are transposed to white light  
and the heavenly rustle of a basking transparent  
silk of the dress of a bride  
(a lady of vows, from whose lips my dim hope . . . ,  
could be splashed with gods' tears  
to unfurl in bright smiles and pure coils  
of nectar's emotion, in love with the loveliness)?

How, my true Taoist, joined to your soil  
through your cave, do you point your round being -  
both body and soul - in the gush of the Way,

aligned, like a compass that's fixed to the north,  
swept like a reed that bends ever one way  
in fast-flowing streams who change never direction?

There is a haunting fear in Love  
lying the ochre holes in wisps  
with dreams from distant heaving eyes  
dragging the juice of being's cup,  
as clouds of anguished bowing black  
lurch a panicked shadow dark.

Ah, with a rounded warm blood strength  
a tendril of the inner soul  
seeps a stretch of sun-moved suck  
out of a hidden thimble moist –  
silent, sadly a point divine  
and weak in tiny tremble pure.  
Pray up brows with golden beams  
that shine through furrowed darkness yet,  
jet from the growl of hurling depth  
to melt the I in nectar's sup  
in merging curl inviolate rain

a covenant drowned in radiant understanding! deep my ocean dregs  
and darkened gloom does shroud my battered door;  
where is the fire, to flame the burning heart  
the soft-lain ocean, calm thou gently lying?  
Wind of wild breath's being, lean your high-aired touch  
to soothe the seething soul in lone-rowed smoothing roll;  
beam your drug of strength, o where art thou in meeting?  
drone in smothered shrug, yet seek to sighted flare;  
all vagrant-minded wandering, canst thou meet the soul?  
does your wind blow fire? O canst thou meet my soul?  
Woman, tree; do you breathe the same?  
Mankind sheathe of love, do not let truth lie!  
    for the distance deep the clouds is touch and atom-waves  
    as the downing cosmic roll dips whole and pours in fathom souls.

Ah, the gentle breathing, free from restless fire  
the pyre of glowing joy, steeped in even waves  
the seething soul slow-breezed, raised in warming balm  
flown on tides becalmed, smoothed by soothing glance  
lowered under fathoms, silent under weeds  
of soft unloaded currents, dreaming through the surf  
weltering down eternity, water-trickling thought  
beyond the flowered bowers, sunk far-thrown the seed  
to the sea that webs the womb, unpalmed in teeming ripples  
tipple eternal sparkles, tempered gently rolling  
so to unwaxed ground, fluidity divine  
flaked in settled softness, slowed on sowing tones  
petals tickled fly, drop in watered pools  
sipped to simple sighs, beholden round love's tunes.

There is collaboration, of silence on silence  
sealed with ugly noises  
of chopping lies on chop-drummed ears,  
no pinna hears the scream.

Words are mist that try to stuff the void  
stuffed like dolls in lonely impotent beds.

Electric shocks lobotomize the terror  
in lines of unreal line;  
strangle plugged-in minds  
antennas strung like plants uprooted.

There is collaboration, of silence on silence  
sealed with ugly noises  
of chopping lies on chop-drummed ears,  
no pinna hears the

There lies an incandescence that burns the raptured earth  
tossing the eye of skies to dazed and awful blindness  
pounding through the motion, the grabbed squeeze of worm  
to sing in blasted wholeness through all the weathered world.

There peeps from every petal a perfect touch of note  
that fingers sinewed webs, divine and delicate  
and spins a fainting gasp of stranded dewy splash  
to tint a silent smile that breathes in Nature's sail.

O I have begged thee softly lie  
and touch my hand like water,  
thou art a dove in my cleft so dark  
whose silent flow is warm.

And I may meet thy rippling love  
thou prayer of holy palms,  
for thy countenance is sweet and rich  
and thy voice is rivers calm



When the journey is to our back in the womb  
which we all always take, every instant of time  
as we are, though only on the inner lake, clearly  
which sometimes is shone to clarity that burns  
all normal sense to unapprehended trance,-  
then do you drift like me to a water ?  
that sprinkles fine lights which enter the pores  
below the soul;- where the silence is blinding,  
and sheets me to vision so acute my throat stops  
and the ripples are mesmer of eternity;- and the well  
where all goes, where all is;- where the flow is a flood  
of no notion, but love and a sadness beyond time,-  
is feeling as if the heart of a lake, bleeding light  
were stretched wide, and then tipped by a wind of pure life;  
there are trees that bend leaves to caress the lipped water  
in shadows of kisses below sound as they roam  
the air in green truth, and the air speaks in mime,  
too full with the voices of currents, the spirits,  
that pull all the lifelong in world's touch and sight  
to the banks of enchantment where you feel leaves inside.

Sweet, my fear  
has always been  
that my mind may end  
before its coin

has been minted round  
from its harsh-made edge,  
and anxiety knows  
no end of routes

to riddle and shake  
the over-clouded brain  
whose spines make spikes  
into endless land.

Just so our love  
is unconquerable,

as your being waits  
for my wandering.

O hear me now!  
there is not time  
to savour rain  
before the drops

are spun to dust  
in falling pain;  
and soft your love  
while rough all thought

feebly I love  
in wandering thoughts,  
as I lie with you  
before the drops

### **Milton**

When whirled to dream-flown ecstasy in mind,  
or drowned in love by flowers that pierce the soul  
with unearthly perfumes infusing sun-filled breath,

the thought that power can lead men's hate and spite  
to strike out light where people strive for life,  
is far beyond believing, and naively

the answer seems to lie in granting all  
a potion of the wider mingling world,  
from which a glowing order would emerge.

But how then were the Levellers repressed,  
when the Army had a Poet in its midst  
who sang their light, and showed the lines between  
God's Liberty, and Love, and Poetry?  
How can the poets spin their words in spells

without all ears becoming fused in mirth?

### **Song for Vietnam**

Years, pitiless in endless war  
have wrung last drops from countless babes,  
and still the levers of the West's machine  
grinds its kill of peasants, who  
will not stay in America's orb,  
will not sit while their people starve,  
will not sweat for the blue-striped flag  
but willingly die if the fight is cast  
against the giants whose fingers tap  
red buttons to bombs to blast the will  
to farm the earth under freedom's sun  
back into stone, to the dung, and death.  
Never was any past human birth  
more draped in courage and firm control  
beyond what we have still the mind  
to imagine, from our beds of lies,  
from our sinews sucked of recognition  
for people seeping into light and growth  
to live and make their world ideal  
amid the shattered screams of hell  
from those whose throats were zipped by knives  
financed by Governments, Fords, and Krupps,  
to keep those plains a milk-soft carpet  
for Western Capital to soak and bloat  
its leech-sucked fat, and wash its pus.  
Where has our fabled civilization  
drawn one drop of truth from thought,  
what is this cancer that boasts a Christ  
but cannot stop its vilest fangs  
from ripping the guts of men whose blood  
shadows our name in murky shame?

Where is love? the word becomes  
ridiculous to our wretched sewer;

we who year past year have seen  
faces smashed and corpses dripping  
from Asia's patient suffering belly,  
lying and groaning, though fainting never,  
taking up rifles in bomb-battered towns  
or squirming through forests and mangrove swamps  
to fight and fight in a silence, that  
has the dignity we do not know.  
Our warlord tricksters slimed and snorted  
at smaller guns who dared rebel  
against their might, their red-eyed madness  
eager to kill, and maim, and sneer;  
the truth of these long years will come  
to hold its place in that pit of Man  
that boasts now millions of raped, bled slaves,  
and murder in ovens of further millions  
shovelled in heaps in concentration camps;  
this last great crime whose smell can reach  
the blackest core of history's terror,  
this is the first of the last great crimes  
of the crumbling Empire, dying in its bombs  
and gas, and lies upon lies, unfeeling,  
easing the slime of the Middle Passage,  
rotting in its tracks, poisoned by *ersatz*  
sound, and thought, foul food and word.

As if, in the light free breeze of Spring  
swept on the green of English fields,  
lightly dancing on the evening light  
unreal with love in cooling run,  
young in unknown unthought sprite  
round the green transparent whirl,  
lifting free outrolling warmth -  
scales of leaves and trickling light,  
piercing numbly watered hearts  
jump and turn through tones let free,  
transparent spectrum round in May  
spinning unclustered, amorphous youth.  
Shelley, soft and perfect touch

in beauty round late summer light;  
exquisite truth, love's melancholy  
larking pure in notes of breeze;  
children flow in jumping sounds  
blow the chest in heaving joys,  
leap the air's free music sun,  
roll the light cool warming wind.  
Dance around a legend's age,  
live through the air of now and truth  
to goddesses whose lips were fruit  
whose lines and curves wore shimmering light,  
whose touches drew from Nature's sounds  
pure sacred music, in unison;  
whose faces swooned the words from voice  
whose toes tipped lightly, touching love  
in the beauty, swirl of free love's youth  
with the heart light jumping, eyes in life,  
flying pure fingers through golden hair  
moving in the sound of heart's young light.

Though love in ease could touch the perfect light,  
the soul must bleed to squeeze its sounds around  
impediments to truth, and when it rises,  
truth's caresses splash in brush-stroke knives,  
emboldening the canvass with deep lines  
that seem a harshness, until thrown inside  
entwined and through - the force of love transfixed,  
to gush directions pure in drops aligned  
with a will that knows a pattern, texture's essence,  
carved to stir the wells of human souls;-  
then the strident mania for life's ecstasy,  
pushing the blood of truth to swarm the flesh,  
is curled and tuned to brim the round red eyes  
in music of the Spheres' rare universe.

Beyond the word

the undulant everness of endless soil,  
beyond the mosaic of an observed floor  
stores without footrest all the coils from which  
a little pattern is distilled:  
a poem, a person, a life -  
a surface touched by more than one.

Below  
is only one;  
words snap, thoughts unhinge, love melts in pain;  
it is the clink of the drawbridge to the earth -  
a vault of unsavable hopes, hell, sprinkled sounds  
craving for birth into the above.  
But there,- are only words, persons, time  
in vacuum.

Mine eyes were hazy with the love I felt for thee:-  
my words are weak to sing that heavened glow;  
my gaze was lost in far-off breath-thin realm,  
while your glance was caught in a changeless sun-trapped time -  
to be framed forever in the foaming infinite,  
round in the air with the vibrant reflections of wind,  
in the fields of love and the lowly rustling trees;  
for as the earth drank down, you were eternity.

Come let us listen to the music of love,  
let us roll in the sifting waving sands  
and bask in the slime of warming dark  
and glow in our groans of deepest smile  
and touch our groins in heaviest fire  
of slow and gentle burning ripples  
seething in the foam of tides  
that undulate in waves of sound  
like fountains of the sweetest music  
glistening wet in round oblivion  
dancing on the surf and skirt

of swirling petticoats, curves and calves  
so lovely in round ecstatic pain  
heaving and flowing with biggest wash  
of oceans and oceans that rock with mirth  
till the bursting balloon is mercilessly pricked  
for explosions to rush in the almighty gush  
of rivers and softness, surging and soaking  
the all-dripping sands of beaches and rolling;  
thawing our thighs on our sighs that melt  
in the warm-licking sun; then to lie open,  
and drooping and spread like a glorious puddle,  
all over, exhausted, silently painting  
as rustled leaves quivered in a cool and calm pool.

O lady thou art the dearth, of all my suffering,  
the earth at last I know, after years of wandering;  
soft your gentle look, is utter understanding,  
dark your love is good, the end of Night's long mourning;  
for you came with Spring's young wands, waving on my winter,  
and rained upon my moaning plain, bared and barren, herbless;  
like stars you shone your milky brightness far beyond my brink,  
and poured your sweetest dew upon the roundness of my lips;  
like Cupid's points you flared on me, shearing off my blackness,  
and washed my leaves to feel the Ground and love you with my soul.

Out into the fountain we move to dance with light,  
to fleck in simple happiness in skiff and skirt of surf,  
to sing untrampled now, with new and breathing strength  
and soar above the slime, of pining grief and pain;  
far into the air to fly with lovely birds,  
to ramble in the clouds whose fluff and warmth we love;  
to hear their sacred songs, their happy chirps which spread  
innocent smiles in fairy ripples gently through our head.

The soul becomes dark,  
a Light extinguished  
when being descends  
the numb long well  
where feelings whose fingers  
are purged of meaning  
lunge into abyss,  
ridiculed to silence.  
Is nature barren?  
black and empty  
an airless eternity  
without even terror?  
We here, mad chances,  
constellations of atoms  
who breathe, think, then perish  
to indifferent rocks  
that be without being  
without even noise -  
an *is* in the universe  
meaningless, damned?

Waste my good land for the winds howl it blank,  
O where are those gods, only now are they real,  
with the chanting that covers in divine wool and warmth  
the flake-losing tone of sickness and self;

unbearable courage of those whose love tells  
them to fight against walls whose dark pump smacks them down;  
and who challenge all being Against lies, even logic  
of retreat - to raise life from A sludge of muddied rain,-

who will give human hope ten years of blind solitude  
under dust in a museum, if the cause demands it,-  
the cause - not an abstract or rhetorical thought  
but the concrete reality of food, work, equality;

this is a meaning, for those who know hell –



alcoholics who stand, red-face-ghouled, done down low  
by a world they know not, nor can love, nor loves them  
but that tries to shut out, and deny that its wealth

rests on murder and murder of bodies and souls  
whether slain by psychiatrists, slums, or the Law  
for grand Prisons and Property, lying in its smiles  
of Good Life that means sacrifice of human existence;

and meaning for those, who well-fed, hate the apathy  
of living in a program script-written end read  
through our brains, to make us actors of its forgery  
who yet feel a spark that will not bucket life out.

This is the meaning of mystical mergence -  
not to sit in a cave as if the Tao worked without us,  
but to let the truth run in our efforts to amend  
the split from a Unity, and to let a Light flash

through our feeble reality, let the blinding communion  
seep into politics and economic analysis:  
*be* bodied humans as long as flesh creaks –  
for total *nirvana* stretches endless before us.

Wild dream truncate love hand death us lead  
through street woods and tree that embrace with its bark,  
hard-battered and griling, pine-deep and smelling  
in earth brown and living; thus humus for dew.

God how it groans, the stir for full communion,  
jet all the fluid, rock, soak-song lunged and lust;  
now, row and rush, the skull-planed truth in music  
in leaps the burn for moon, soar thy fire to eyes;  
which gush a bowl is run, to roll the whole-sogged planet  
banged into love without hint; niggle; sore:- choral round.

The world is full of different things,  
to which the mind joins in ways  
incompatible one with another;  
a sight which one day swells a nub of joy,  
groaning with a wish that the world's wrong bends  
would all be burst and straightened –  
is next a cosh that tuts a cynic sneer  
and sows a doubt that this, and any like it  
could ever be but what it bloody is.  
Yet; if all dimensions bold their partial truth,  
if Christ, Keats, Hitler, Al Capone  
is each an experience, equal to Eternity,  
yet still, I, a spindly man  
can use my guts, heart, my thighs, my mind  
to choose the lustre for my eyes,  
the scent to tint my vision.

How soft you were,  
with a moist voice rich from a deep inside  
and almost haughty, so female.  
Hips adroit, round buttocks  
pinnacled my muscles;  
heels high, lush calves strained  
in mesmer; a glance from a face of beauty  
in black hair falling, as a woman,  
drew my near shrinking sigh  
with a plush warm skin so touching.

Who is the lonely man over there  
going along the last street  
looking into each window, his jaw always firm,  
going on to the end.  
Who is the man, hardly visible  
leaving the road  
padding to the forest,

looking behind  
no longer.

How would she be, my lady of dreams?  
Dare I drift to the growl of my being -  
dip to the basking conjuring mind  
surging in silent lost nostalgia  
cracked to the other-world perfect vision?  
She would be whiteness that kisses soft tears  
warming the cheek till it spreads to the soul  
touching the flesh-bared centre of softness  
gently swooning its pain to roundness  
glowing in waves that lurch to heaven  
meeting a smile which bends to the skies  
licking me through to even ripples  
spread to unmoving soil of lawns.  
To look at her face would heel me over  
crack my languish to immaculate sound  
tease my beat to elevate through  
the veil of softest tissue, to  
a sphere where the mind sings like the wind  
where the heart sits high in the tender throat  
where tingles are drawn to yearning touch  
where her eyes would beam me to forget  
and soak *my* wistful dew in her halo.

Many live in damp houses, crowded,  
in kitchens with great pipes that show their lives are bum

and walls that rattle with the nearby trains  
to make quite sure they do not feel control

over their lives, or falsely imagine  
that a dirty home can provide a retreat.

These are now a minority, true -  
most have newer homes, exactly like those  
in T.V. adverts, on quiet bleached refutable housing estates

where a mis-dropped pin would be viewed with horror;  
here is the honest, reasonable "man on the street"  
who justly fears the growing strength of Unions

and the inexplicable madness of Arab and Irish bombs  
and realizes well the need for National Unity.

Funky Maryjoe  
bares her bosoms (big, bouncey, juicy)  
to the world. She is American.  
The men laugh, gurgles  
of incomplete orgasm abound.  
With a saucy smile, hot  
on her mocking lips,  
she raises her slow skirt  
and reveals a luscious cunt  
to the ranting grunts  
of wicked arousal - which bury a  
not-quite-dead disapproval.

And let us sail our boats upon the river, we, by night,  
for then the waters tremble with the frail lights of moon,  
and the senses tingle with the lapping silence of dancing stars,  
while the sky, transparent in darkness, rushes in solid air;  
and let us hold our heads far back, to dream into the heavens,  
and pringle in our airy minds with the pins and points of light,  
which sprinkle our moving gazes, cooled in rippling wind,  
and calm our sparkled brains, with softly touching haze.

My moving mind mysterious is quiet and loosing life,  
pressed down by gas of burning bones and wrapping its silver mist  
through clouds that ramble strangely sad and miss their gnawing hope,  
with grief for the yawning gulf between the real and Ideal.

Great strife of striving mariners, for we all plunge and toss

with doubts and spears, which cloud and jab our living wings with clay,  
till silently in Taoist caves our beings are tuned to Love,  
and we find in our souls and all the world that Matter is Divine.

From imperfection we mould true our image of Child, Madonna,  
and our history is the seeping back and forth of relentless tides  
that beat our brains and bang our limbs in seething knives and waves  
while Utopia's name is framed in blood and caked with bones of slaves.

What pain Perfection is, sweet also in sadness,  
cracked in the mind of madness, where hopes of love do lie;  
freedom is like this: a dream that's squeezed from Hell  
into a blazing image, tight within the mind.

Who speaks for all the men and women who feel the agony,  
who bleed from deep in curling coils and scrape along the spikes  
of coral abyss, black far down, that pikes to tiny souls –  
bumped and soled and howled in turns of churning tombs and tolls?

Or are we here like flights of birds which break their conquered beaks  
with flustered haste and stone upon the concrete ground beneath;  
O Universe, we know that through thy briars flows such pain –  
from thorny prongs, soothed only by the soft caress of love.

We hearts must rise like Lions, from our graven blocks and ashes  
and join our hands and arms in love and sweltering of tears  
and feel the flow between our veins and cry to our lost moon,  
for all our cells are cracked and mown and we must hymn again.

And after the cruellest slumber, of dreams without bottom or breath  
dark-trapped in sound-proof glass, in bells of anguished gall;  
the rebirth like a mountain;- blue, bursts from the haze  
of rain on crack-dry earth, smelling so rich of humus;

and the herbs that rise all singing; tingling, dripped in dew  
are as beings that feel to others, touching their love-grown hue;  
ah! deep within the troughs and crests of jagged seas in all –  
there must harmonious Mantras throng in sonorous, selfless song.

## **FRAGMENT FROM A DREAM**

It was from a rock-topped cliff, that looked  
one whose face was not seen by anyone;  
empty therefore it was, waiting there  
before the oceans of the earth  
and gazing like so many must have done before,-  
both in real time, and in the skull-locked dreams  
of untimed imagination. The waiter's eyes  
trimmed that line whose hazy straightness  
has brought men fear or warmth, and has  
pulled minds in strangest melancholy,  
draining inexplicable cups of mood  
so far flown from where the feet stand.  
The eyes of this one man, this day,  
strained in piercing search through the gull-skudding air,  
were spectrum-spread in lights of clear thin breeze,  
and railed with the waves of roll-flecking spray;  
hoping hard for their ship's sight  
or even a raft.

What one who stands alone thus, wants  
is never really known. For though he might have held  
some idea of the cargo he would love,  
he was already aware  
that a hope, a thought, a distant dream  
once grappled in the concrete  
is then discovered anew, it is not the dream;  
and though courage still refused him  
the indulgence of disillusion,  
though lie knew how reality is a, hard stick, old -  
to be racked to a shape as best it vainly can  
and used to fulfil perhaps only a sliver of a dream,-  
yet, with his tightened fist on this  
something still oozed, to stick his throat on pain.  
So he tried hard  
not to visualize  
what might come to his island;  
but certain thoughts just would not be constrained.  
His mind would sprinkle over impossibilities,  
and wonder if today a boat might come  
to bring forgiveness from those others

or say that no offence had been committed.

"O I cannot speak at all, it is  
too much for very words, there are  
those points of being, when  
I seem to meet all every pain  
of me, and all the people there -  
my friends, my brothers - faces of my soul;  
and drowned I am in my emotion -  
bled in love of many contours  
throughout kaleidoscopic life  
met in the touch of inner planes  
beyond my understanding."

Perhaps a message would be blown to say  
that things were after all not as they seemed,  
that all had been one grand mistake  
which now was rectified.  
Or would tonight be that night of nights!  
When his eyes would settle on a returning smile  
of a female face  
whose warming glow and touch  
would uncurdle his cockles  
and jump his breath to light?  
Would she set foot, light, on the island  
haloed with a wind that swelled her outlines  
shimmering too real for the eye to bear,  
merging all life in nostalgia lost and won?  
If this could be  
he would then say to her:

"Come, let me take you to the brink of nature's pool,  
for I cannot be alone where it is so wild,  
where strange crying geese seen to flap the flimsy veil  
that ripples me to plunge, immerse my streaming mind;  
while sky levels earth, in shuddered eye-hard stone,  
pierced is the pain of translucent lapping winds  
on a shore too deep to sound with echoes rolling, feigned  
in waves on toning chords, far leaching to the core."  
O would for him that damned reality

spittle forth pure shapes like drops  
of dew upon a stem, of flowers in a morning  
so bright, they bang the eyes! Would  
an object rise, to match the heavenly inner image  
yearned for in silence; and, with violence of beauty  
(as in a middle movement of divinest Mozart)  
wash him to waves so warm and strong  
for all feeling to be lost, forever  
in weltering rhapsody of perfect communion.

Was it the joy of many lovely women  
that clutched his stomach bones,  
with beauty to be touched, and met  
beyond all expectations of the hearth?  
Or was the fluid of his feelings  
a wish for the warmth of a family hearth,  
where flames of the heart, in softest smiles  
lick the chair of a father's love?

And did he wish to serve and help,  
to tap his powers, his mind and strength,  
and hinge them to the human labour  
to find that elusive star - fulfilment –  
the meeting for the primordial urge,  
to serve, build, struggle, and create.

And see the hopes of anguished men  
from generations of frustrated dreams  
burn at last in human progress  
to a state of living worthy of the mind.  
To see the furrows ploughed on faces  
open to colour, like music from the rainbow  
sprayed in bursting bends on the horizon there;  
hope, age-old, almost dead  
in exhaustion,  
sprouting new buds  
so that heaven itself might be led almost to tears.  
No war, no years-long work in furious nines  
in ugly production for greed, death, bullet and power;  
but creation in dignity, for equal distribution;



work to fulfil, and supply-for honest need and pleasure  
and advancement of the tune and tone of human life.  
Or at least to see the attempt  
to work ways out,  
with the right ideals proclaimed  
and all involved in the quest.

There was that time when vision flared through sight,  
emboldening the sky in skidding shine, immediate;  
the light fresh lines bounded air, the raving waves,  
with shimmer and endless sparkle;- and great, his look was clamped  
by boulders of a god beyond control. The tones of might  
through rumbled the organ power of sun, spilling bands vast  
of holy red; loud to innerest ear, eye, and lyre.  
And met headlong the pine of miseries and lyre  
too total for a heart; was rapt within the veil-thin line  
too soft for silence, where all is utterness.  
As a mountain once could be, where he might have climbed -  
with Her, extravagant in light, and. dripping down with dream  
of that panting ecstasy, blinding to existence.  
Where the sun-red beams of light would pierce the heightened skin  
of tinted mad-known passion, with spectrum, then and then.  
Never o be known there, love, a wild too topped, in soul  
pumping horizon hopes, flaying on skies of heart.

Then was there not the gentle song,  
the fish-harped jingle in looks, and love  
deep human with a warm-armed eye  
and smiles of the mermaid in the skipping girl.  
For dance, ye loins of the earth, do dance!  
and let to flow your earth-dark wine  
from the beauty of your bones, unto  
the drenching sun and stones and sky.

So, through the gurgles of feckless action  
and being, imperfect in its human mold;  
through ripples of unfulfilment, doubts,  
shudders of aimlessness, and even hate  
for self and other strutting jokes  
going, motiveless in pre-set ruts and rings;-

and the last threat  
of seeing all this twaddle  
as simply 'human nature' -  
yes, through these waddlings from the cradle  
there is a will, which must, has, will yet, triumph,  
even as a fist within a crumbling wreck  
slowly rising within circumscribing flames.  
From where and to what,  
is at the end still mystery;  
for this to be round visions worth enacting  
and not confusion, nor Beckett's skull –  
depends perhaps on laughter,  
the deep mirth curling in horizon mists  
which even now wrapped his eyes in sound  
of happiness; laughter stretching his windy cheeks,  
laughter whether raft, or ship, or wreck.

For something can be seen to be gone,  
dizzy in the ages of the world, trees point, pierce  
skies, hollow in sickness

sing the moon, pining its whine;  
its song - ah, through eons of glowing pain  
and you will never come.

Tears singe feet, doors bang close,  
Shouts are the sound of feelers in the fields;  
Scattered and drained, the earth bangs shut.

No drips erode the blocked-up forms of minds,  
nor ever can remold their sculptures  
which grow and shape themselves as if unheedful  
of plaintive words, stretched palms or explanations.  
Each mind is as a block  
that occupies one space,

too dark and heavy to shift its point of view  
or ever take another in its place.  
A curtain sheets full-shut between  
the thoughts of one and other,  
between it seems to flow  
not a drop, not a glint of light,  
as if it were a grille too fine for minds  
with their tightened, petty ineptness for exchange.  
Yet change, all minds do nothing but!  
they flow and ooze through any muddy channel  
that offers no resistance,  
grants them no exposure;  
rush with the dependability of waddies.

Ah, Orpheus, do you search now in shaded Hades  
for the light of warm Eurydice, in the overflowing pain  
of fading dreams in night? Light, where are you;  
are you soon to push through splinters of the wall  
and crystallize the wormy dark in blazes round  
of bright and sun? Light are you now, light are you soon,  
light, are you to din from the leaving world, for ever?

How can you ever sing your ways to us,  
when each man's maze is mystery to himself;  
when what he searches, where he falls, is known at all  
only after emotion, when it is no more.  
Yet there is a deeper intuition, that closes  
me to you and all to a common vault, with stars  
that sliver me my meanings, my missed yearnings,  
and others to other beings. So I need not sing  
the details of my pain; their contours you will recognize,  
as you hold me in the stone dark stair  
and feel my squeeze when each step rips me to deaths  
that you know too. You will know my flame.

Friend, is there a point of light at the end of this dark cone,-  
is this a smile that shimmers in the veil, no longer fiend  
but beauty melting eyes? Let us tread together, lightly  
on the stone, and hear our steps and all their echoes

whisper of the fields where winds are magic trance,  
kissing loosened lips and cheeks in clasp of sun.

The smoothest rhythm is the hardest to find,  
to express things poignantly, without pride,  
to allow minds some conjunction  
in the chaos of sparks  
of the world's weary creaking, and flurried unmirth;  
so that pain can burst out of its cages of iron,  
tap a good source, for all trickles to meet  
is a gully that's honest, strong, unfearful of rocks,  
to flow to a sea with the colour of sanity.

Pitters the rain-spanked earth of souls  
on cold light green of grass and trees  
like sadness running through human hope  
to leach the fibres of muscle ghouls.  
Love is a round ecstatic warmth  
which curls its wisps around our ribs  
and thrusts our eyes to sunning beams  
brimming our cups to unfurled bliss.  
Justice hammers every screaming door –  
pounds its urgent heaving strain;  
we skulls of rain-sogged pain-drained beings  
must brave the freezing wind and plow saw ripples on the surface  
and dark shadows of old unwavering trees  
watching from the bank.  
Two austere swans, whitely arrogant  
moved unhurriedly  
as if propelled by unseen servile forces;  
one to each side, they patrolled their realm.  
Below was the green world of under-water slime;  
reeds - bending, silent, indifferent -  
were scuffled slightly  
in their postures of unselfconscious elegance.

The wailing moon cries huddled in a black-toothed angry cloud  
and spends its heart-flown music on the line-darkened tree horizon  
the hounding pounding sound of earth leaps panting to its flat  
and stars hail heaven millingly and ripple through the branches  
of plundered mud in winded crest of flooded crusting howls  
and woman-rounded silkiness that melts and folds the soul  
to crack the bracken of the sip that creaks the only ocean  
soaring in its cloud-flared kill that sucks the hollow sail  
craving yeast of milk-yearn wolves all howl toward their master  
female grove in push by rocks and ice and sigh of seed.

Though the morning whistles hollow and the meaning is woolly  
And the bird-spike shrieks and the grass greens blood  
Though the cough gruffs cheap and saps hope's twinkle  
Yet your sap throbs thrust and your pores breathe fully.  
The grey ghost contaminates like off-white curd  
Makes nasty tomorrows and the world is stone  
A gash in the ovaries smirks sneaking strikes  
But the gnarled trunks thump with cells God-powered.

It is all as it is.  
And sometimes this transfuses us with warmth.  
And sometimes we hollow in a frightened grin - a shell from the world,  
whilst we scratch like maggots in empty rotten melons,  
unable to span the cold air between  
us and the inexorable untouchableness  
of the all that is as it is.  
And from our worm's world-view  
the glory of this all which is

beams us to a blood-pumped dream, a skull-winged spark  
and we see the all anew,  
and tears, hot and rolling-cheeked, stir our cauldron pot.  
But the chasm - the shadow which yawns  
between the all from which all flows  
and the unquenchable pant of the further shore -  
is too fearful for even a toe.  
The all that we know betrays us,  
allowing a wisp of what should be unknowable  
to ooze through our fibres and reach our brains  
to jerk them to a certain madness;  
we are trapped from what we see beyond our finger-tips,  
lost in the haze of the farther shore,  
yet not there either.  
We are doomed, yet we know it is also an honour  
for which our hands cannot clasp enough fervour,  
to strive, mind-mused, to infuse our all  
with a breath of that vision beyond.

### **Monday morning**

The day crisps early in its sparkling start  
and sleep-gummed eyes lisp open strange like lambs;  
fretting feet step quickly, too fast for contemplation  
while stiff bones creak, foreshadowing chill Work.  
A blue-capped driver coughs his bus to life  
and fumes surround and cloud the shop-girls' hurried legs,  
who chase the monster prettily, whose journey's end is Woolworths  
and heed the punctuation of a factory chimney's screech.

Ah yes it seems as if the blow is felled  
with thunder raked across a chiselled sea,  
the mind is wasped and cut in crowing halls  
the mouth is plugged to earth in corridors.

The sponge is squeezed, gorsed through of crust or juice,  
the arms metallic, glint of searing iron,  
self-sunk to gravel, the bottom's ground is gunge  
which all but sucks cruel sight or kick of foot.

Where silence of words can crash a sun,  
in a sadness of mind which pulls uncertainly,  
away from the flow of the *is* in the bones  
to a wistful memory, the Promethean hope;

how could it be so, when the veins tell with blood?  
and the brains churn ever of tales in the sound  
of an inner meeting, where all knew their feeling  
and nothing could rasp to detach a keen eye  
Were the crags of cliffs inspired to guttered spite  
sometimes it seems a song would roll still in the grass;  
and if the bones of hate were charred to warring spears,  
a fluted wind would kiss a path through corn.

The eyes melt red with the dream in rocks  
as trees of the river rustle eyelids to their colour;  
flow sweet blood along the wounds in water  
trickle to the slime of the thought in mud:  
there do you exist? O it is not here at all,  
something is not reached, the bones must speak yet more.

The sun-sink licks the twisted rooves of silver  
and the dark etches shadows in the tiles of houses,  
the sun will fall, the Anemone must die,  
nothing will revoke a stain I faintly feel –  
though the song lifts high and the beast is bled  
though eyes are veiled and all suppressed.

Yet though there is no cause, the cry of crust will break  
and late we be all mad, will never cease to call.

Jazz flow dick  
jerk a twizzled doove  
    (buzzing a bet, bum!)  
groove a fag and watch the smoke  
    curly legs, sexy madam  
doodle ray fingers and hop base twangs  
fun is a life and it ain't so bad.

And wind flows many amid wings of fronted fire,  
o round universe in tower, fly;  
    thou of breath immaculate, spring in burning moon -  
    thou of ministrations, guide of void and walk, -  
we empty in thy shell, all flame of hope and fear,  
do pride of sinews weak, of bride on necklace bright.  
In trees the life in writhing coils and gnarl,  
of browns that gashed and shuddered, sparking power;  
the touch, inexorable, is hot and burned a wound  
in the retina of feeling like a shock too clawed to hold.  
A clamp of cloud in twist of skyrambatteredair  
to rack its rotten core gudge black and quake in empty fork;  
steal life the bark a plate, up-offered fire and fear  
damn heeled the given-up break and down the battled jaw.

Haunt devil  
Deep march  
Clod boot  
what do you ark?



Where going  
Blag angry  
Bash mess  
and you too?  
Damn kick!  
Hit wall!  
life unattainable  
Life Life,

Bastard grab  
your legs, finger  
pull the ropes  
Bash home  
Stifle box  
Glottis reek  
Gloom smite  
do you know what I mean?  
do legs rock  
Rail wideways  
Stolid stone  
Shoulder bang  
From roots, rake  
Bits of earth –  
the crunch to crate  
Lip Bite.

The brown thick earth of seething soil,  
the trees dark writhing in bursting life,  
the leaves love-spinning in sprinkled light,  
are all deep partners in the cosmic roll,  
    though ears are seared from hearing sounds  
    in the hush and vision of nature's forms.

The sky is ever-changing beauty;  
tones, pure colour, ever-perfect shapes

glow in a moving span of ecstasy,  
rolling their visions on our eyes' soft screens,  
    though eyes are blind and plugged to noise  
    hard ruptured from light seeping through.

When birds move softly through silent air,  
and drop pure sounds as petal-notes,  
and light streams loudly in beams of sun  
in splendoured radiance through the air,  
    how mad the human drift is weak  
    locked in its noises far from these.

Ferns: mild legacy of an odder world  
Of past-dim scale-flagged monsters, drum;  
High wind-twist leaves long silence pour,  
Coal-strangely carboniferous roar.

Branches writhe, brambles wrestle  
in flailing frescos and shuddering life  
musics of birds, winds and insects  
lick the pantheon of the holy forest.

### **Night snow**

Like dusty wool in a blustering howl  
The snaking fleece shakes a bare-white night;  
The shuddering sight of mystery spreads

To drop the jaw in morning yawn.

Ah, ever-juddered cloud-swathed mountains  
poured by light of heaven in fountains  
dark your living, rumbled silhouette  
Nature in mind, my harmony is met.  
Flame flame o flame of wine!  
Flame of *lux aeterna*  
solemn o lick utter God  
heart-rain *lacrymosa*

Grapple cup in fainting light  
spirit flail in lotus  
sparkle thread a mercy lilt  
Oil of *benedictus*.

.  
I think me through to skin of wasp  
and grasp the slivers of a moon  
wet water fingers woo my bowl  
hot clanking keys unsteaming rasp.

I am Adam grows my tree  
pining lovely lip lady  
mist of passion's milky breast  
ends all birth to ravish me.

My friends, look out to the sea, and see  
the ocean's mighty waters flee,  
from the deep and welling green abyss,  
to the still and panting sandy ridge -  
all waiting for the pound and pour  
of weighty crashes on the shore,  
where grains of sand are rubbed and sore  
as waves of mad emotion roar;  
and watch the swash swill round your feet,  
washing all tears to salty notes,

the brine and swirl of white and surf  
curling its lick with even laugh,  
and the waves that rush past every look  
and know no rock that is a block,  
to the power and gush of their endless flush  
with their fierce swish and growling hush;  
and the waves that push like repeated time -  
pendula-swings from the Universe-clock -  
and the waves that green and swill on sand  
and kiss with foam the sticks and stones,  
and the waves that hide such massive strength  
in currents that suck the sea-bed's length,  
and the waves that move by even tides,  
hearing the flame of the burning moon;  
even the sounds of waves unending  
roll with the round of the orbs above them  
booming like Night and the waking Day,  
sleeping eternal under azure sky.

There was a time the scholars say  
When men were free and equal,  
basking in strong Adam's sun  
pure and loving naked.  
But now the people squat and sweat  
holding up like ancient pillars -  
with their bullied sturdiness -  
a roof of cunning tyranny.

There will reign one day  
a world of truth and freedom.  
So the prophets utter  
as they sip sweet tea.  
Meanwhile, you friends must like or lump  
The rays of light through prison bars  
and see the economic point  
in fobbing you with soap-sud thrills.

Christ people, open out!  
let the soul within you spark

and speak to you of earthly hope  
to break you from your slumber.  
Take your own unto your own  
and taste your sad sweet destiny;  
breath the death-baked air of dust  
and pant to build the world anew

The whirling flame leaps from world to world  
and I could, ask and point at you:-  
who are you? What do you do?  
do you know the yeasting glow of gods  
within yourself? Where in the rolling  
inconfusable flood of flourishing chaos  
lies your seed, the germ of your  
true glow? I urge you, with all the groan  
in all my feeble blood, with the explosion  
that pulls your kneaded cells together,  
to grind your soul, to leap your churn  
and burn; to be, to know, to flow your heaven.

### **To McGahey Miners and British Workers of 1974**

The arch of freedom flames  
to bow the groan of slaves  
and beauty bursts and bends its air  
to pitch vile tyranny below the stinking sinking itch of sea.

Crash from heaven's crust  
a beacon sheet of truth  
to warm the eyes of people mild  
and take their tender soul and means unto their own love and control.

Inspired in mortal courage  
rounded pure and godded

reels the dizziness of passion  
to glow and rain in unsuspected unpretentious strength of fire.

### **To Shelley**

Hail fire-bird of eternal Truth!  
thou God of human freedom!  
star of ever-whirling beauty,  
majestic hand that held the match  
to kindle the extinguished flame  
of love, joy, and humanity.

Now that the sky is still and textured clear,  
in shades of graded blue and finest waves  
of unseen wave in endless depth unmoved;

and the clouds are curdled rich in canopies  
with vast, pure, ruffles of wind's sacred art  
cast in the air's deep infinite mold;

now I will take my ship's sharpest keel  
and slice my soul through the soundless sea,  
undulate within the inner currents' ways  
of air, sound, water, in eternal breeze;

for now, the eye is over-brimmed in silence,  
drenched in the vision from a surging brain,  
darted to its core by ocean-perfumed mind,  
listening to light within the melting sea.

There is a movement of our wayward soul  
from warm embrace throughout the sound and light  
of nature's forms, deep in livid life

and ancient knowledge of an even keel,  
into the judder of noise unpoised  
and anxiety griping at the stomach floor;  
when the vision falls, leaving dull rock earth  
and the human hole where most is pride, hate, spite;  
while hopes of better worlds, and growth of finer thoughts  
are sapped of meaning in all but fantasy;  
where leaves and flowers drenched in holy word  
become mere steps upon which insects fight  
horrific battles with jaws and poison hooked  
for grime reality, the onward ooze uneased.

We have descended subterranean seas  
of feelings unsheltered by restraint  
or single synthesis of meaning,  
in infinite gloom and wrenching pain;  
in realization of the ends of hope  
our course is spiralled, life breathed backwards,  
knowledge uncushioned by unchanging flame.  
Here yet it seems is the only way  
left still for us to distil truth -  
the simple, meek, whole-rounded faith  
of life clothed bright in fortress light,  
is now become bare ignorance  
of labyrinths that beckon us.  
Now the spirit excruciates  
as conflicts break the tightened whole:  
of cosmic thoughts with human feelings,  
aspiration with human beings,  
the deepest core of heavenly soul  
with the task of living, loving the real  
world in multitudinous splinter,  
varied tone, half-truths, and sneers.  
From the flickering spectrum  
and temptation to despair,  
somehow, just because it's there  
we must grapple with streaming hope  
damn rack it tight the slipping slime of throat,  
hard wrench our claim with heel impaled  
to raise our flame in burning soul,

shower dull shadows in splintered blaze  
and ferment truth from the seething pain  
wrung from succession of love, death, darkness,  
the grinding alternation of hope and despair,  
in the quiet ever-turning from night to day  
the pivotal movement of yin and yang,  
the pushing seed pang of birth to death;  
the death-drained dream of whirling love  
in the rain of fear that governs life,  
suddenly unpeels, unexpectedly  
to yeast raise bliss, fluid music brain  
treading in air on grounds of light  
flying on love bursting far within.  
And for this truth, no deep doubt plague,  
with the soul's one finger on the secret centre  
of warmth, revolving, sun on our tears,  
a seat on the meadow in the glow withal.  
Grim falls armour to feel and stretch  
under the battlements hard-brick baked  
into the core of human wheel  
to intermingle fibres under noise and hate,  
the soul united from dust and chaos  
tapping the roots to affirm its light.  
The ground thus sowed, love may expand  
to build strong life with parts united  
into fair totality - knowledge and feeling  
sanely balanced with strength and judgment;  
the quiescence of wisdom, the sage's flower  
drawn to the body, strong desire,  
the raging blood behind the eyes  
tempered by reason but not ruled by it,  
to build the fight with rounded weapons  
for a human world for our creation,  
never leaving lightness, simple pleasure  
to mount grand thrones of condemnation  
of harsh morality, but molding the Ethic  
from sharp intellect and from shining Love.

### **Epipsyhydion**



Lulled in fresh-felt calmness low my motion moved to gliding  
while deep within a solemn rhythm thundered some strong purpose  
and onto my still platform clear there trickled sounds and words  
whose poignancy grew sonorous with aura-rounded thoughts;  
and guided by some magic, not understood, yet known -  
not from this life, but recognized within my ocean's soul,  
I moved along a path, through swift and blowing trees  
toward a destination whose glow I felt I smelled  
until I met a field, where breathed another air  
of weightless whispered messages and lonely calming truths  
and animals whose contemplation formed a special quietness  
lumbering and passive-eyed, unworried in their herds.  
Fluffed and fleecing clouds, pined soft to brush my cheek,  
the penetrating blue inane so even in its waves of endlessness  
was deep above the green; and gave into  
a purple density on the round horizon, which told  
of memories of loss, and pained intense long futures.  
A fear crept through my frame to dull this floated moment  
that there might rifle some black bullet through the wind-slept spell  
to ruffle the clear clean sheen of such tranquility  
and perpetrate a grave, and cosmic-hurt transgression;  
yet the silent blossomed sun basked through the shifting clouds  
to cast the land in ripples strange of yellow orange patches  
and grace each blade or earthy mound with roll of its rare warmth  
or fleck the rugged clods of earth in glints of volcanic sea.  
Thus was my deep foreboding spent in ebbs from me and quelled  
but in me stayed a withered corn whose brown blood, though hard-caked,  
yet wisped a chilling shadow through my urgent eye-filled vision  
as if to tint my holy flow with strands of darkened ink.  
And then I saw the trees; and some were gently waving,  
or wrestling with their wretched lives and writhing in their sap;  
some were stately arrogant, presiding o'er the fresco,  
others yet were dancing their unmoving tableau-shape  
spirited with that symmetry found deep in Nature's chaos  
so loved by ancient Chinese masters wrapped in mountain mists.  
Then pierced the painful bliss - so harsh yet beautiful -  
of wild raucous geese, whose calls ripped through the air  
to sear the sheet of stillness, with cries of other spheres  
and bring to my flown ears unfathomed darkened truths.

Then I was whirled to flow in world's last altar-glow,  
clapped in the blink of silence where Time stops and is all,

my mind a melting flake which spread through vast entirety  
to the state of highest entropy - the pinnacle of non-being -  
where I was merged in tinsel realm, the chasm 'tween breath and death,  
drowned in total Knowledge where I did not know myself.  
My mind lay bare and misty before my widened eye  
as the leaves of an endless scroll: fragile, light, and flimsy  
flapped over and over and over, for the first and last exposure  
as leaf was wrenched from binding in pained disintegration  
and leaf to new leaf joined, from former separation,  
in endless combination and myriad juxtaposition  
of all emotion, thought, and all sensation feasible:-  
I flashed through infinite matter, insane in blazed awareness.  
From this crazed state of madness, this strange yet calm sublimity,  
I saw the stage of men, the flood of anguished history,  
the yearning and the search, the humour and the joy,  
and lame cracked laughs through pyramids, echoes and banging doors;  
I saw the sudden sparks and spurts of million human lives  
that fizzle from their instants' glow to earth's indifferent grave  
clocked by the heavy pendulum of Time's unerring swing  
that ticks and jerks men's motions, with a near-sadistic smile.  
I saw the griping sadness, in, men's too-finite gaze  
that knows it sees a fraction, yet wants to be the whole  
and has dim intimation of all that is perfection  
yet stumbles over every stump that stops the groping plod;  
and frantic men who blackly taste their glimpse of isolation  
in an echoed cosmic cone too vast for contemplation,  
and thus who warmly seek; in others, consolation  
and hope to build against their doom through throbbled reverberation  
of heart with heart, and arm-locked snuggle 'neath the frosted moon:  
but find to their dismay, that what once seemed divine  
can never permanently be an ideal manifestation;  
that patterns yearned are always found in ever-changing flux,  
and shapes and beacons of the soul do grow and move and shift,  
whilst in this frenzied flowing gush the flames that each has lit  
within his being, though soon extinguished, leave a clawing pain.  
I saw the faith of naive youth in all-pervading justice  
which thinks that life must turn the wheel to each and all's fulfilment,  
that knows not yet how human error, chance, and worldly ways  
can easily condemn a life to wrong and barren paths,  
to vain and hopeless treadmill steps from which there's no descent.  
In rage and grief-brimmed horror, I watched this tortured pageant,  
the torment of this circus, the unremitting pain,  
and wished to bend my knee, in numbed and aching plea

to beg and clasp some power, to join my broken posture  
and bear with me this suffering which I so greatly felt,  
which pierced my very seed for every mortal woe;  
and usher up some potion, some cup of holy manna  
to pour on all these forms, so gaunt, grotesque, bemused  
and then behold the healing work of magic nectar drops  
pull up each groaning ball to settle firm in each grey socket  
and touch each wan afflicted soul and see it rise all whole  
in life-blood spasmed happiness and arm-clasped holy dance.  
But no! the universe is whole, it does and is itself  
and not a jot or tittle of its laws can be unwrit;  
planets run their orbits, and fire-flies flit in trance  
while simple parasites do suck to wrench their life from blood -  
unknowingly and naturally they gouge deep holes in hope  
and drag the strength of human limbs to spattered misery.  
Is this the meaning which this cosmos really tries to give?  
That every living shrub or grub or inorganic particle  
does and shoves its way untaught according to its plan  
to strain through every jab and pain, as one eternal truth?  
That those who die bud-nipped in youth for some great noble cause  
or those that suffer hell of eons drawn for one they love -  
have all been saved, for they have known the pure and perfect cord  
between their spark of certainty and that great flame of Peace?  
But what is this, I screamed, when one like I have known  
who was most good and beautiful yet trapped in hopeless mud  
dies lost and streaming lonelily, a fate-made whore and addict  
in drugged and brutal New York City, bashed to unloved whimper?  
To that suggested meaning, I felt like turning round  
and order it to crouch, into the muck it fills  
and bend (if it could hear) its lip down to the sod  
and bite into the clod, then say to all the world:  
this is the holy meaning for which you live and die!

And as these words were lifted from my teeming mind like wisps  
of smoke which form pure instant coils or rings as they ascend  
and then break down, diffuse, fill out the air in which they cut  
their momentary shapes; so, once spoken my crisp words flew  
to nothingness, and I was left in the plundered silence,  
shaking in the universe. Gently my aspect changed, and anger  
was smoothed by a mother's palm and soothed in its own tears;  
and through my tear-hazed view, felt I saw the curve  
within the jagged skeleton, the dance in the cripple's walk,  
the grand hope and unquenchable fire, that fizzes

within the hard-boned skull - of long-gruelled men who learn  
slower than the worm, but surer and more mightily:  
which track to make, which burrow to dig, which turn  
to leave behind. And all men's mad-pronged scuffle  
was seen to hold a seed, whose gentle germination  
was only sensed by the keenest search through wide fields  
of sapped exhaustion. As I, on numerous nights, had screwed  
my eyes and forehead, to strain through the twinkling stars  
that flash in inestimable grains of electric brightness, to coax  
from my depths the fuel to daze myself beyond the mystery  
that churns the mind in eery quivers and strange perplexities;  
to reach the white infatuation that clothes the mind in blankness  
where the secret of the story can be softly apprehended:  
so I saw the store, within the heap of humans  
waiting for the treasured second of its own discovery.  
For just as stones and petals fall, or they twist or spiral  
unhaltingly, according to the laws by which they deal,  
so it is for humans, that they must know their symmetry  
within their nature's chaos; to mold their true society  
in Imagination's form, conforming to communion  
of child to man to woman to child and all to deep-  
webbed Nature. As the flesh takes failing leaps to join  
the soaring spirit, so must humans always faint to create  
their vision in the clay of life; and they sip some nutriment  
from those few whose spark is drawn in unmeasured urns,  
into whose rich destinies is cast the vast cup of mankind.  
Here is found the lonely journey of the being who lows the caverns  
of all dark rumbling mysteries, of pains and throbs and fleeces;  
the steps of the unhailed hero who steeps himself in tragedy  
raced in his uncalmed passion which moves him down all wells;  
he who soars in light-pangs to farthest spheres of sun  
whose loosened flesh and spirit is haunted high with Truth;  
in these is every woe and trunk deep spent in agony  
to flower in swooning warmth and beauty which clothe the tightest  
knowingness of all and touch the centre softness to raptured  
glowing curves, unutterably divine in clasping ecstasy;  
and this point of inner fineness, once heard in the furthest sounds  
becomes the pounding rhythm that beams the soul to joy.  
In them we see our world, deep-opened in its anguish,  
through them we know our course, our leaping spirit's vision  
toward which all the drift, and temper of mortal kind  
are driven, bowled and rolled through every yearning breath.  
Through them we hear the pant, the tap of the pumping heart

that crashes through winds flailing to seal hard the cleavage  
of self from selves and self from world in binding hissing heal,  
to clasp each part to all, in eternal unity.

And though we see the wings of the little fly curl in lonely dying  
and crumple like pathetic music whose sounds draw up the quiet fanfare  
of solemn sympathy, gently to adorn him to his sweet fresh bed;  
though we feel the despair of the ancient lover as she gropes  
with sleep-drenched arms through freshly deserted sheets,  
hollowed with a mighty melancholy, hounded by the deep-cliffed sea;  
and the desertion in the garden, where the selfish listlessness of others  
left Him to His gall and terror, wafted by the winded trees  
that could not seduce His tears from the scowl and gnashing darkness:  
yet we pour ourselves into the Permanence, hinge our flames  
on the weightless timeless still-point, thus to be incorruptible.  
And the delicate fragile delights of changing worldly patterns  
are kissed and supped as they fly; and the love of one being  
for another dips to the core of all, never to be extinguished.  
And the life of each one of us is carved to its inner roundness,  
round like the whole community of human petals, blazed in joined  
metabolism with Nature. And the roots of one and all must be nurtured,  
that they can pass from the earth the nutriments for the life of the soul;  
for only when there flows clear and full; the laughter of sap,  
the silence of earth-clods, the chubby full bodiness of solid mountains,  
can the soul flower openly and up; furl its arms back  
and glisten to the moon. Only then can the stillness of the stars' light  
wax into the petals, rifle through the stem and enwrap itself  
with the fibres of the roots. Then shall the stars and moon  
bend themselves in alternate bows, whilst all our love is flowed  
toward the nectar of the universe. Then like children  
by an enchanted garden pool we shall learn to touch  
and find that point of light from which all love is grown again;  
the spot of softness, whose enormous strength can ever know no noise  
but for the trickle of sweetened blood through capillaries of the cosmos  
tickling any last hopeless gasp to a whirlwind laughing dance  
enfurling all utter limbs and squeaks and hopes to its fire, so to be pressed to its breast.

Love so strong it bounds itself to the death of its own death  
and bleeds through all the guts and wombs of ever-stretching time  
and flares to spheres of gushing flame in its gigantic fire,  
to pick up every smothered ant and bee and soul and tree,  
and whirls them through its chorus-orb flown high in its sea of plumes,  
with love that strings the pealing pearls of every human's cry -

and wraps them softly round the salt-warm hearth of sweetest breath  
to place them, washed of tortured pain, on harmonious mountain-tops:  
this love that even pants the cracking bone to ring anew  
and loosen its bonded fibres in all-warming drenching glow.

Nothing there is which is not a joy,  
from the hiss of a flame which tinily sings  
from an insect's wing or a hazy sky  
to the rumble of heaven in mightiest waves;  
from the touching pain in the music from death  
to the warming tears when a lamb is saved;  
ecstasy lies in the slightest smile,  
in the passing glance of fleeting toes,  
as wakened people flow in their holiness  
willing to touch the jewels of themselves  
and cup their hands to collect the glow  
of others perfection in radiant sun;  
humans soaked in the bending beams  
turned up far in reverence thrones.

The perfect art this world would be -  
a sculptured spark of truth divine,  
if all we humans had courage to be -  
if we all grown, had the knowledge to know -  
the utter simplicity - of what is true;  
that to open our cages needs but a turn,  
to be utterly free like the wildest bee  
if every action and thought and crass touch  
is wooed ever firmly to the fountains of love  
which pant to their bursting in every being.

Then every human would feel a pang  
at the death of a baby who burns in a bomb  
in the thousand-mile land of far Vietnam  
just as would be if the baby were hers;  
an insult to any living person at all  
would clutch at the soul of everyone's core,  
scream his whole outrage to firm dissent

shake strong of each head as never a more  
would such ghastliness let to stain our meet.

The pain of each person's inevitable fate -  
like the tender soft crocus that rubs in the spring  
to earth its harsh burst in splendour and bower, -  
binding would be to unanimous sympathy,  
not wishing to poke at that which gives suffering  
but jointly to clasp together in sanity.

Though the morning whistles hollow and the meaning is woolly  
And the bird-spike shrieks and the grass greens blood  
Though the cough gruffs cheap and saps hope's twinkle  
Yet your sap throbs thrust and your pores breathe fully,  
The grey ghost contaminates like off-white curd  
Makes nasty tomorrows and the world is stone  
A gash in the ovaries smirks sneaking strikes  
But the gnarled trunks thump with cells God-powered.

### **Hymn to Man and Nature**

O unseen whisper of the whirling world  
you lick and I am melted to myself  
and torn deep unto my own mystery  
to blast of my last burning trumpet-blow;  
the hazardous mist of the early earth  
settles in droplets and sizzles to basking  
clearness; till shafts beam loudly, and groan in  
stomach-soaring power of glow, and holy  
risings and love in lick of coil and smile  
on well of breath. Ever and ever to skies,  
and film through film beyond the azure,  
the moon of glinting pant of soul, drained to its

dregs in infinite sun; and powers of blaze:  
explode from every grain in all the sea.

O spirits who wander through strange-loved forests  
and flicker in moths that waft with wings  
of fragile shimmering leaves, transparent,  
endowed with miniature landscape magic  
furrowed with veins that tinily pump  
life-strength in pumping fluttering flight;  
blood-veins running like strands of pink  
that crack and splay across sunset skies  
to prove that the Universe prints its image  
in ever its slightest particle. Their wings  
are furrowed by flowing rivers, whose courses  
are crackled by harrowing contours; yet  
whose waters sing all the sweeter of heaven  
for the pain and struggle of their tribulation.  
The spirit of every stone or wind  
and bud or lichen, beetle or bird  
is known when the clutter of eye-worn vision  
is wakened by waxing stars of love  
that peel from Nature's manifold forms  
the veil under which is Its splendour beholden.

Not only for poet or prophet or sage  
is the gate to the Garden so wide-flung open;  
no! every human - a drop of pure dew -  
is entitled to dazzle the fern-leaf's hue  
with his secret perfection's blaze and song  
and to suck from the nectar that soaks the sun.

I mingle with beauty, and the tone of my being  
hums in deep warmth and resonant rapture;  
the growl of my organs floats to a hymn  
as my ground is slow-heaved and traced to its sound.  
Buzzing ecstatic my mind is unbounded  
but then I am passed by my dark moth's shadow  
and my knuckles are chilled to the stone of my spine  
and harmonious music is winged to its deadening;  
the scales of the flapped looming wings of cold metal



are peeled off in reels of harsh shuddering clangs,  
the grey of soft poison clouds through my unbearing,  
the silence is boomed by night-curls of unfolding,  
the bones in my cavern are dank with far footsteps,  
my eyes` holy lashes are plucked from their milk.  
Where now is my Mother who flowed in the streams?  
Where now are the rays that raised wool in my cheeks?  
The glow of my spark that was parked in communion  
chanting the ode with the grand lumination  
now is extinguished and hushed on cragged planets  
fearfully hearing the beat of waves droning  
washing all warmth to an unearthly hollow  
eye-gouged and distant in dim isolation.

From the vastness of gloom, this dark vale, I do pray  
and leap in my heart to spray out long deep sighs,  
to clasp from my trough the pure drop of bright light  
and open my cave to the flood of one whiteness.  
By the grasp of thick earth I do offer this vow  
which binds my flayed sinews from hushed solitude  
to a Force so engulfing and warming, it faints  
my soul in caress from the music of ether:  
to smile in the Oneness which flows in a gush  
over all the green planet - an immaculate fountain  
swimming and swooning my flesh and my veins  
to burst out in silence an harmonious cry  
which is not a sound, but rather a ripple  
of palm-flaming petals that burn in blue waves.  
To this I am called by the presence of all:  
to feel in my fingers the tingle of truth  
which blushes through life, as a gentle almighty  
well-spring of love; of this I'm a part  
and its aim is the altar, at which there will kneel  
injustice and hatred - in me and all men;  
to let the true bird-song peel in men's freedom,  
to let the seed blossom vibrations in brothers  
and sisters who shake not the clanking of keys  
nor the lies and deceptions which shame the deep skies;  
but the solemn dumbfounded awakened gold current  
is let to flow freely and consecrate men  
with the freedom to grow like spontaneous flowers  
in the spin of each mortal's unique deep-laughed dance;

not to clutter each other nor clip nor crunch down  
but to breath in a blending of rich-carved cantata.  
And I as an oyster on a grand river's bottom,  
a wheat-grain that grits and then glints in the sun,  
blown high by the wind whose deep course is well-known,  
yearning to light the white candle I love.  
Tense from the dust in the depth of my bones,  
stretched from my scalp to my curved spirit's groan,  
I, with my fist in clenched tears and strong joy  
poised in my vow, to build loveliness now.

Though I buoy down my welling grief in ties  
yet my sea oozes pain its through my seething wound  
of eye-lurched tear-swone flow-toned love; rounding  
deep your everhold I love you - Lady of my Misery,  
in you is my joy betworn, betaken, beleft.  
The do I love as our boats so very paper  
part in our eddyings;- distancing gulf.  
Hail lady of my wells, thou could'st not be  
the soul of my companion, yet o fare thee well!  
O girl be kempt to thine own throne be true -  
your pearl of lamb do shield and grow;  
for I have loved thee through my blood of tears  
and holy pained me through my leaving love  
with petals shed around me - as I swept, deep  
our meeting, groaned to our dim parting.

### **Ode to Oakenshaw**

O God, you Oakenshaw; in you my heart has thumped and groaned ,  
my sun has flowed through coldest stones, yet trickled to its of gathering  
of beams in wildest flaring love, and hope, and joy and ecstasy.

Your air has been so clear; so rare, so crystal pure;

your sun has gently reigned through ever summer days,  
pulling to eternity, a freest wondrous flow,  
deep in the blue perfection, of warmest liquid skies.  
In you the fudging fog has drawn me tight to fires  
in hearths so good and warm, in kitchens of cosiness.  
Your children have hopped and scampered, peeling me to play  
my heart with their muddy faces, their screams and bows and arrows.  
In winter the blustering howl has snaked the fleecing village  
in white-flaked mystery, in stillest crunching snow.  
Your women, chubby and loving, smile and buy their bread  
from the hooting delivery van that rumbles twice a week;  
they chat and welcome me, so even in their words,  
with softly cuddled babies in unspoken sympathies.

In your men I have seen that beauty; beauty, yes beauty, beauty  
that glows through rugged hands of hardened broadened work;  
tough with nods so gentle, sandwiches, off to work,  
and home for tea; then beer, laughing, and games of darts.  
They sit in the wooden clubhouse, cheery, rough and red  
with occasional yells through pints; unpretentious, they are mild.  
On the backs of remembered fathers, Industrialization crunched  
upon their County Durham, with meanest, bleakest blood;  
and the smoke of miners` chimneys speaks of human thunder  
steeped in sacred past, blowing the whole world over.  
And so I watch the man - whose name I do not know -  
who walks with crooked back, arthritis and bronchitis,  
donated by the dust of Britain's burning coal.

And the dirty work continues, as this village is demolished,  
plundered and mown down by grinding dozing bulls;  
houses strong and aching with generations` lives  
pulled and ripped by councils' whims, flattened to the mud.  
The people now need 'progress', so push them to estates  
to join the Industrial Complex climb, forget their neighbours' warmth.  
Bathrooms, gas, and buses can't be had without 'modernity',  
so the system clanks the geordie soul to status and sterility.  
And Marlene, I have loved thee, though deep in agony.  
My fount has lightly jumped, as your monkey face has tickled,  
happy in your house, in our funky lovely home;  
as your flower of hope and courage has unfurled in curling bloom,  
as you rolled in resting gossip, cakes and our pet goat.

I have seen your tint divine, the glint of sunlight glance  
in a sprinkle of your soul that seeped in your eyes beyond,  
beyond so deep the All, where our looks could flow so lulled,  
melting my bounded being, to your own far-hidden ocean.  
And now when I see the moon, clear in silk-sad motion  
I am drawn through eons of pain, in tightly clutching pangs.

And the softest; quietest; grief of my ever life  
was stored for you, the sweet and beautiful Alison Lee;  
a little jewel, a drop of dew, a children's fairy queen,  
killed by a car, to beat my head to its scrawling marrowed frost.  
But you, poor parents, in your flowing tears  
do never forget that you brought to the world -  
though it breathed but briefly before joining Eternity –  
a smile of holy nectar; and the lives of any who saw her  
in summer in swimming-costume, or bundled-up in winter,  
have ever been enriched, touched with purest water.

O how I never knew the friendship of an animal,  
the trust and milky eyes as Cabrita looked to us  
for milk when she was young, for food when there was snow.  
How she knew us from afar, and bleated delectably  
either to call us or say hello, or tell us she was lonely.  
Her gorgeous pulling stubbornness, when she did not wish to go  
in the direction that we fancied; but always somehow sensitive  
to the needs of the day and the blow of the wind  
and the play that flowed between we three.

And I have felt the many contours of my soul  
curve my vision of the fields around Oakenshaw;  
my being has traced its griping course over the tops  
of pointed conifers, has flown to slow sunsets of joy.  
I have peered into the mysteries that inexplicably appear  
in the shadows of old courtyards, the huddle of leaning houses,  
uncoiling my unknown seed into the open blanket of life.  
O, Oakenshaw I go, yet ever to return  
till the secret moment comes when all is shorn with bliss,  
till the hairs that root in matted splay through every strand of feeling  
do touch the tiny spot, when the thunder of it all  
is moved to wholest ripples, so mightier than waves;

till when that point is reached, for which the search is pained,  
and the sky cracks through with beams that feed down to the ground.

ah the crying pain that kicks the dying floss  
and gulfs the open pang of cristy flowering  
the seed of pushing greenness utters up the ground  
and bites its ruddy lip to tooth-cut sighing blood.

Agony, for yearning hopeless sheer;  
bash brains, in realm immaculate peer.  
Gripe stomach squeeze, a floaty dream in lost;  
sad eyes rise, state of being afrost.

I love the deep down guts of men  
carved with wind's serenity,  
the fist that's hardened raw with strength  
yet poised, in gentle stillness

**To thou Glorious Armies Of The Western Empires: May Thy Present Do  
Honour To Thy Past**

Forcewith forking dogs they go  
and plunder playfully Egypt;  
eating ears damned dogs they sow  
dark devastation dankly.  
Growing spit they smartly sneer  
jack-booted high with stripes;  
Grisly armoured caterpillar  
oozes forth and snipes.  
Catchwing jailbirds pleased prisoners  
in the greenflush occident;

trample time is tiny-houred`  
`afore our sun is radiant!

Branches writhe, brambles wrestle  
in flailing frescos and shuddering life,  
musics of birds, winds and insects  
Lick the pantheon of the holy forest.

Gracious fountain splash my love  
and move my smile to heaven;  
water joy with earth-green dove  
and still some peace to leaven.  
Yeasty cries of blood I bubble  
calling deep the cavern;  
drops in pure from fleshly rubble  
soar like dew to heaven

Spread of fields, and Nature loves  
all freedom b6rn of groaning limbs  
and spell alivened lick of wind  
to smile of bind dumbfounded mind.

Turn waves, the corn is full;  
Dull sky, from grey springs pink;  
Men die who, for try with might  
the steel of the world is bright.

### **Songs of Nature**

## I

God mountain! you heave with fire  
and tire all weariness to smoke;  
you revite power, and perfect mind  
is born from spread of mountain-wings.

## II

Look at the streaming white-grey water  
shoofting all drow those rounded rocks;  
these whisperous weightless liquids rush  
and flack me back to Somewhere Pure.

## III

Let the trees kiss  
and the warm wind flow between them;  
Let the waters sing  
and the streams run sweet with freedom.

## IV

Vicious wind that twists the twig  
and splits the leaf wet off the tree,  
howls the primordial rain-splash fig  
and lets Earth's bowel-brown teeth go free.

The night is warm  
and your love is quiet,  
so eternal is the moon;  
the flame burns well within my heart  
content, at last, in you.

No wind, in magic

the stars spark music,  
and softly I feel your hand;  
deep is my love under raging torment  
in trance, tonight, for you.

To be; (this is the simple hope that man has always held) -  
autonomous, answering nature in authentic work and thought  
coming from him in clear-felt vision of his life,  
being from himself, not driven by alien powers  
whether of the cosmos, or phantoms made by him  
gravelling him into ruts and mad distorted thoughts,  
lost of his existence, his blood of toe to head;  
eyes toward the stars, feet deep on the earth,  
molding the clay and air, his life at last in love;-  
this truth, this simple truth, was yearned for since the mud  
of the ape's new conscious life, from the infant's biting loss.

The sun is burning down the western sky,  
the hills are cooling from the simmered day;  
no longer rustling winds are moving tranquil leaves,  
as gentle lambs bleat sweetly, soft from unseen dells.

A fine-spread ruddy haze is hovering in the air,  
like wisps of ebbing memories from the leaving spin of sun;  
through it flit fine swallows, in tiny spurts so fast  
their twitters fall like drops of quiet happiness.

A raucous barking dog cannot rip the stillness now,  
but seems to chase the light as it fades like smoke from fire;  
the cypresses are tall, pointing straight to heaven,  
the olive-trees are strong, in ancient mystic twists.

Now start the buzzing cicadas, singing time and tune  
in even strokes and chords, a constant orchestra;



all life is cooled and calmed, the heat horizon-fled,  
and on the pure world's palette, a lovely evening spread.

The sky is flooded with my hopes and fears and longings,  
and maiden-dreams which pierce to the hollow bubbled sphere  
beyond the human ear, where the silence pricks and booms,  
and the Universe is strained, in tears of reddened gloom;

the clouds wisp by in strands, with tinges of exhaustion,  
touched by the singeing sun, from the blood of the day that's done;  
the sun lies slain and gone as it brims the sky with draining  
deep from the heart of love, left in lives behind.

What pain is felt in blue, as the sun sinks losing down,  
oozing from human time, stranded far from Light;  
it sheathes the streaking sky with piercing bloody cries,  
and my eyes are teamed in red, with the Power from that great fire.

There is a wildness in the air,  
intoxications of blown odour,  
bright from flowers in stunning profusion  
scattered in frenzied hedgerows;

now is the sadness of the dying day,  
which gives quiet birth to the pale white moon,  
and the sighing of burning yearning rays  
is calmed by the flitting evening-flies.

The leaves are haloed with orange light,  
all insects hop and pitter in sounds  
of hallowed green;- yellow and red,  
dancing the whirl of the weathered world.

Evening comes  
upon a field where children play  
and covers it in its strange quiet clothing;

each child whisks  
in all centuries, in all villages  
wondering how its own little life will be.

How strong the stars are  
when the next rung - always there  
is not yet touched with fear;

sweet, aloneness -  
when the spring cuckoo calls  
and swells youth's burgeoning mystery.

Sing lullaby  
tune a first note, wine warm  
with the Found of old cities  
and the streams run with David,  
chanting from the knee  
of the earth, rod, and vine.

Sing lullaby  
my song is not new,  
ye must hold still our babies  
feel the drops in your air  
as your eyes will yet fill  
with their song's light unsung.

Where does the moon lie  
sapped of its petals in broken fruit  
grief in its ashes, it will blow no more.  
Tread leaves to the light  
and they crussle like your eyes in night

pruned with the clip of hard-fisted pain  
dark as the heart, there is no flower.

At first my joy was in your hair  
that flew with light as my eyes slipped wide  
in mornings that rushed such early silence  
wrapped in you and curled in warmth –

then gently too, I loved your lip  
or unthought gaze - unwatched you thought -  
that smiled ray inner joy quite quiet  
in home and rest of your trusting look;

and even came to feel a song  
in an angry shout (if at something far  
from me!) – and did not feel the need  
to be John Donne, or on Byron's flight.

My love I found could even be  
quite normal, so that others' lives  
could make good sense and be like me  
a husband, father, just ordinary,

but gleaming with the special wink  
that goes between us - secret sound  
of that round part of love that is  
quite rightly, quite unsharable

beyond our ring;- our magic looks  
that habitate a normal home  
with child and Sundays, evening meals  
still cooked by you - with shame I own

that I am happy, so - and bed  
that never flies away, to strand  
us drained alone in loneliness,-  
always breath-close, we lie for sleep.

O if it wasn't that love  
dug into your centre flesh  
to leave a drop or tear  
or liting image of itself;  
so that fallen eons later  
it can reappear like the pain  
of a faded moon that peeps  
through a sifting mist of cloud,  
to lurch a long-lost dream  
into a pang of distant  
fluid-yearning hopelessness  
to clutch at the sun of your light,

Black, blooded, bone-burnt; the bombs and bombs  
of man on man. No longer crashing and cracking  
skulls with stone axes, coshes, maces, hard metal  
spears, knives, swords; no longer slitting and gouging  
throats, gushing the blood in pools and pools from  
hearts, stomachs, arms, legs, eyes, piled in heaps  
of bleeding, dying, drying, rotting corpses. Now just  
build planes and rockets and load them with bombs  
and bombs and bigger and bigger bombs, bombs  
to decimate, annihilate, desolate, wake in a white light  
of utter disintegration: people, babies, villages, towns,  
cities, counties, states, countries, the world!

### **Ode To The 20th Century**

The stringing armies drip and sting  
and toss their tussled bones that bleed;  
while wagging tongues lick lies around  
the refugees whose lives they wring.

From the round-faced peasant's groins  
a tooth-gapped yawning smile spits blood;  
while sensible, starched executives  
count the ringing piled-up coins.

O thou shafts of light which beam through all our leaves;  
thou hand of FIRE, which flames our welling joy;  
clasp from the weltering sky with eternal incandescence!  
shine on all our ashes, and burn our salty notes  
to tears of golden dew, and flamed ecstatic wisps.

And let us simply burst with joy –  
bounce and bound and leap to fire,  
stretch, unfurl, uncoil and dance  
ecstatic-tuned in resonance.

O Truth! your warming hand  
does calm  
    and soothe  
        this cauldron.

From the piking corals of utter dejection,  
from the howl of suffering coals of hell,  
we wrest our gods in forms so round  
and pure la their flow of feverish sound.  
Perched in our fear on precarious precipice,  
dazed by the abyss which lurches and looms  
booming our crystal-cold breath with dumb doubt  
sticking the blood in a clot of spined chill;-

we grow in our feet to staunch and strength -  
truth and love, which bound our leaps  
ever to purity, withering the groan  
of fear and uncertainty to unheard squeaks.

Truth steps firmly through the gnawing grist  
of easy dogma and hypocrisy;  
the liberating lamp of knowledge shines  
intrepid from the power of love.  
Communists, Catholics, Corn-king worshippers,  
you hide the flame in empty bones  
and lost in mental ruts, are blind  
to that which welds the one to all.

When I think what you bastards have done and still do,  
when I feel in my pitch what black you have pissed,  
I am raged to a storm for which there's no word,  
no nothing, but hollows in circling wells;  
it is you I address - you lords of the air,  
you scaly-souled murderers who contentedly watch  
your bombs burning babies and fields of wheat  
of peasants, in countries that would put you to shame  
if you only could hear their strong songs and hard toil  
through the spires of smoke from your guns and your lies.

O bleed I waves on rolling tears, there is it,  
and love is stony courtyards - dark and lonely;  
untouches it the smile of all I feel for,  
leaving, it is lurching far from knowing;  
ah wisps of holy sadness, damp nostalgia,  
waves and ripples far in eons rambling,  
love is the clutch that drags like barbs my stomach,  
that wrenches bare my soul like flesh through thorns;  
tastes that drug with hopes and beating yearnings,  
O mad intoxications - turn to poison, -  
my skull is cracked by female wands of witch-spells,

my heart is pounded hard in pain of conflict;  
love is the stumble deep - O waking Woman,  
you stand and glide and smile in fairy gardens,  
daze me wild in grass and seething daisies,  
with Nature's children, cast me spelled and speechless -  
blue in the sky, the heat, the beat of heart-flies –  
the birds and chirrups, hopeless, sad, divine;  
caress, bewitch, dement, then fade - O woman -  
and leave me la my greeny glade alone.

ah, with the greening grief, that glides through songs of youth  
and love that leaves us whales, to flounder on the shore  
while tides forgetfully roll out, and rumble in their mouth,  
with lonely pointed poplar trees we peer there cosmic far:-  
past the wells of saddened tone that glow from eons south  
in lilting music of the spheres that shear in golden lyre -  
through flames of ice and melting fire dark plumbed in groaning growth,  
we pave our way to unknown graves that hide us from this hour.

### **“Don Giovanni!”**

Cold this white statue call from the graveyard blackness.  
An instant spinal pring, a tingle, a pang for the end of time.

### **Written After Seeing Bunuel's “Tristana”**

Far up on the peak of spirit rarified  
deep in the glowing skull of pure imagination  
Juliet beholds the loving face of Romeo  
and Anthony, a god, gives Rome for Cleopatra;

here every touch and motion, is sacred, slow and throbbing  
empowered with the mist of heavenly emotion.  
But in the world of gangrene, dust and dirty dusk  
where Death sneaks in half-smiling, through cracks between the bricks  
dreams are fast betrayed, and aspirations drained  
by real human beings - fragmented, blind, bewildered -  
who work with rusty tools  
and tear themselves asunder.

I will not sit by  
and watch the rampant exploitation  
and tyranny over millions.  
I will not sup the sweet glow of wine  
whilst the bones  
of peasants, honest workingmen, and women  
who wipe the bowls of lavatories clean  
are ground to dirt  
like insignificant particles of dust.  
The miraculous spark of love  
the imagination that seeks for Truth  
will glow, burn, glower, flame  
and fire my spirit to jerk the wheels  
of trains and hearts of men and women  
everywhere;  
to love, fight, dare and  
kill the agony and kick of boot  
which keeps the ugly distance  
between the hell of reality  
and the possibility of living Joy.

The blackness of eternity  
crunches with its claw of iron  
the sadness of humanity.  
A sky of clear cold air  
mocks with vicious sleet



the face of goat and lamb.  
A nasty god or demon  
roundly slays a hopeful bubble  
laughing with a pin-squeak.

We must love the burst of truth  
the flagrant dew-bulb spider's web  
in fragrant crystal early-morning;  
grasp the over-honoured Self  
and burn its cloying clotting hold,  
jerk our souls to clear sweet flow  
and breathe deep-lunged our freedom's air.

I don't think women quite understand  
how much men need one of them sometimes;  
it may be ultimately biological  
but the way it's experienced is deep and round.

## **Christmas 1972**

A dot of place  
    in sound space  
an object-event  
    in four dimensional space-time

event in dot an  
    -space-sound of  
time object A four  
    place in dimensional space

dimplace Aspa dosou  
    fotime ace objensional

ni ofev-entot plame  
placject spour

displace A spared so  
four times abject sonal  
knife eve enter plane  
jacket sour

A knife spared four tines  
abject plane  
enter sonal jacket  
displace sour eve

when whispers noosome foursome too  
and peter a propos a thimble-brew  
who begriffs three sprangle sees  
uncle a gongle a flute for teas

(thanks to e.e. comings)

God grant respite  
to my soul in loneliness  
(a non-communion of sin and passion);  
for though a speck of Heaven  
is enshrined therein  
and this flows outward to mankind,  
the direct touch is broken; and  
enchanted by a haunting melody,  
weary, with solemn apprehension,  
my crown falls: ah behold  
the breaking of an egg.

There lie links from earth to sky  
in the deep invisible fabric;

for vision that sips from freshness  
no lines out hard through Nature.

In the bond between brothers  
or fighters for liberty  
Truth glimmers warmly in indivisibility.

There is only one truth –  
it's as simple and perfect  
as a Mozart sonata –  
for which it is easy to die.

It is no mere theology  
nor rhetorical statement  
to say man's humanity  
is the striving for freedom and love.

In the primitive origins  
was aggression - this turns  
to man's self-mastery;  
if there was hunting for food –  
this curiosity feeds  
science, art, philosophy;  
the man-bond to woman –  
this blossoms all fairly  
universal benevolence.

Men dreamed of God -  
now they scramble and scream  
and mold themselves: forge  
new gods of their clay.

Strange the cusping crisp  
of crusted milk-dew trust  
where howling dogs eat mangers  
and siphon off the blood.

The flaking peals of screaming  
dip heaping flowers hard in piles  
and drip deep soft in tear-ing.

Ah, the cracked-through crying angel  
spills her sighing rounded brain  
coughing laughter far in dreaming  
sipping home in drops of spells

I have rammed hard over  
the empty bowl of grief  
on the furrows of my head.  
A little glow of pain  
has sparked within my organs  
and swollen through my frame.

As the ocean falls and stretches  
white and heavy the deepness fetches  
so I love you, Marlene.

As pink strands crack the sunset  
and gulls' cries pierce the sky-net  
so the bees surround you darling  
and I love you, Marlene.

We must light a candle and kindle  
a fire from wetted twigs. Our rays  
of dampened Love shall then  
be shot with flames again.  
There have been times of course  
when lights from Heaven pierced our shells  
and bolting flashes caused our souls  
to soften, melt, and mingle;  
but these were crests which heaved between  
deep troughs, abysmal darkness.  
Dear Love: in your sweet custody

we cast our malady  
and drawing from your sacred powers  
we trust, and hope, and fructify.

Reckless flesh:- eroded, gruelled, wrecked  
far-spliced nerves, tight, too-tuned in stretch  
drained and sapped, squeezed by fleecing love  
skull thick cracked, gouged of heaving stuff.

### Sanctus

The lovely Lamb is splashing licks through me  
adrift of fruit to spasmic fullness free;  
She seeps to coax my weightless soul a whisper  
while heart my leaves do rustle me to quivStampede mind  
rid and rinse close over  
mud my head  
the crush and flow of brain juice.

Pushed-on skull  
an oval hole in earth-bite  
slams its bowl  
dead-eyed peep to cover.

Please, I wish to speak or touch with the hidden hole of air beneath the stone,  
or breathe my frosty breath unto the clear galaxies beyond the stars;  
for as the river tents its vessel in the cavern of its ocean being  
so my soul licks under its own tears of wistful crying,  
and as my suffering grows like crystals on the icicles of dew  
the deeper is my chasm yawned to open its tooth-wide night,  
like a lady of loveliness, who fades as the ghost of a cloud  
or the splinters of pain, which pierce, and enter a fresh whole fruit,  
like splashes of tiny rain falling on unwatched windows  
in a solitude to sadden any empty-attic's friend.

O why, o why, is my heart turned, so to a stony hollow?  
If I could only lead you to my land of loveliness:-  
the holiness that lives so very far beyond the skies of every reaching, reaching, reaching, O  
to the deep and pure equality of godliness.

Cool is the wind and light birds flutter,  
tickle the air with delightful twitter,  
zig little butterflies as if dazed in wine,  
while trees hum grandly, knit with wild-vine.

Under the setting sun we loved each other, we;  
and through the darkness our eyes flashed spasms  
one to another, while whispered around us the hush of Death  
like a blanket of howling which wrapped us in its haste.  
And when I feel your morning, warm and sinking skin,  
your drenching flesh like Home, enflaming with your breath;-  
then soft, you turn to me; I drink your limbs and love,  
and growling dreams are soothed, smoothed to hardened bliss.

O fire majestic holy low thy chords are solemn beams  
and deep-lit shafts of sky-red organ arching the vastness bright;  
thou art warm swooning ecstasy glazing my opened eye,  
art thou the sea of joy which folds me, whole to live and die.

Thee of all pantheons, in infinity art One,  
by long converging odysseys thy unity is known;  
all hymns to long Osiris, solemnities in stone,  
the Lotus meditation, the Cross, the Taoist road,-  
all knowledge of the world - the stones, the stars, the fish,  
the analysis of matter and experiments in jars -  
this is all the Intellect, with which a part of Nature

views its own magnificence - becomes thus, self-aware.  
The destiny of consciousness is to lead man to himself,  
to find his fashioned place in the roomful floating house;  
to understand his nature, the roll of human history,  
and learn to round society in a ringing harmony.  
The Ultimate is unity - beyond all Good and Evil  
yet in this tiny splinter, this planet-ape - mankind,  
there is a split; dichotomy does loom and crack and whip.  
The quest therefore must always be to stagger to the Good:  
the fuel, the map and compass, the hope and guiding lamp  
shine from Imagination, sharp and bright and quick.  
To rise to the highest consciousness - that is man's destiny,  
where every unique soul unfurls, in just equality;  
nations, class and prejudice, axed from deep the root  
with mankind able now to find its sound in the cosmic note.  
Knowledge, Art and happiness are nothing without this -  
are sheathes without a glinting blade if they hinge not to the bliss  
of humans wriggling from their mounds like worms who feel the rain  
and strive to their potential; and consecrate their pain.  
In Art and Knowledge, human freedom;-glimpses do we have  
of a bright burning, celestial light, just outside our cave -  
and which we feel when the veil falls from nature's mystic glow  
and the earth is turned to paradise, as streams with poetry flow,  
or which we know when our souls and hearts are tapped to the springs of love  
and the wells are gushed of brimming tones 'tween girl and man and girl.  
O we who open windows to the flood of the Infinite  
who paint or love or fight or work, and grow in Beauty's smile;  
we mingle with the waves of worlds all buried far in atoms,  
that vibrate with the Energy, sparking deep in space.

The night is warm  
And your love is quiet,  
So eternal is the moon;  
The flame burns well within my heart  
Content, at last, in you.

No wind, in magic  
The stars spark music,  
And softly I feel your hand;  
Deep is my love under raging torment  
In trance, tonight, for you.

## FOUR POEMS

### 1

In Mahleresque skies  
Of misery and doubt  
In darkness louring  
Irritable and turbulent  
High anxious ring  
Symphony of hell  
Drum banging into brain  
Death-dream destroying sleep  
Heart panging into paradise

### II

Sweat and agony in one's sleep  
What are our dreams, or our illusions,  
Life is so strange, unto the ultimate depths,

Because the White Light is so beautiful,  
Far inside the eternal fire,  
Buried beyond the wildest realms

Of human imagination: there we find  
Such agonized tenderness, and foolish joy.

### III

The misery of misunderstanding  
Is like a veritable Crucifixion –  
Throughout the lives of everyone –  
Desperate is its pain



## IV

Deep in the dawn of human time  
Far beneath even hidden depths  
There were dinosaurs and living fossils  
And I was in a deep dream  
In mists of forest where birds screeched  
And animals roamed and pursued food  
In unconsciousness of their evolution  
Gradually becoming Man

Daydreams;  
And life beauty,  
Here it is:  
Breathe and think anew.  
Fly a new soaring cloud to dreams  
Amazing into the bright universe.

### **A FLANEUR ON THE BRINK OF HELL**

I am leaning at a bar  
On fire with desires and loneliness.  
O yes, I wander as free as free,  
Desperate in unknown anxiety.  
All I want is far too vague  
And shifting to define.  
And yet it's very clear: I want  
A whore to enter, now.  
The city lights are strange galaxies  
Of hope and fear and spleen,  
The streets are insane ladders of fire

In the mind of chaos and desire.

## **BEAUTY IS A PUNCH OF EXPLOSIVE LIGHT**

Beauty is a punch of explosive light  
In the pale, white burning, screaming moon,  
Where you fly as in dream and unconscious swirl  
Like a spirit with wings where fear is unknown  
And all is generosity, brimming joy  
Like cream of love throughout the universe,  
Where meanness never can poison love  
Nor satiated wind of happy desire.  
Where beauty and lust meet in absolute freedom  
And you can know, now now, total ecstasy.

## **SHAMAN**

There is a joy when the world moves  
Call it ecstasy.  
You are a bird who flies beyond  
In realms above air,

Where preternatural light pervades,  
Radiates the soul.  
Dreaming into core power  
Of being and transformation.

## **K.313**

Absolute perfection  
Is simple

Yet so hard to see.

There it goes  
In ripples of kindness  
In power to explode

Top off the head  
Sunshine on the apple.  
Ease to be alive.

### **EMPEROR CONCERTO**

A dog hopping with wild fangs.  
Black, shaggy, rushing through the dark,  
Leads to whore-lust upon Witch's Hill,  
Spiritual yearning at a Stonehenge,  
Pantheist resurrection into Eternity  
Through Music of anguished-ecstatic dawn.

### **AND IN DARK DREAMING CLOUDS**

And in dark dreaming clouds  
Unconscious swirls were deep,  
Till pain like knives seared in red  
Tearing vulnerable flesh.  
But, within this vision  
Love so soft was rife  
As if some goddess with her lover  
In a moonlit sacred grove  
Consorted and did love,  
Ah till confusion melted down  
To smiles and dewy warm

## NIGHT

Night, the world of sweetest symbol  
Night - the air of dark desire,  
Night, the taste of erotic dream  
Bathed in the light of the burning moon;  
Night, in love with enamoured lips,  
Sweet kisses that have lulled them there,  
Night, with the stars of crazed beauty  
In fire with love and loveliness.

## MY FEELINGS CUT THROUGH SNOW LIKE A KNIFE

My feelings cut through snow like a knife;  
Without asking, I seem to feel the whole of the world  
Condensed into an intensity of fire;  
Tears of art want to burn from the centre of my head  
As I see the beauty, sadness, and waste of life  
Spilling like incandescent sap from the sun.  
It is a hard, beauty, like iced diamond,  
That pulls at the guts with the extreme madness  
Of Wagner's heroines in their agony.

## Pachacamac

Where you see *dolor*, repeated disaster,  
Tears in a dull afternoon of darkness

For ever, I see celestial, feminine felicity,  
A scene of sunshine forever drying tears  
To salt, on the cheeks of hope and warmth.  
These truths are painted on each side of the present.  
Irreconcilable, persistent images dependent  
On each other: where you see *dolor*  
I know it is true, when I smile in my sun;  
Where my cheeks are dried, you should be cheered in your rain.

### **WESENDONCK**

The sky is dark  
But against it, fly  
Beautiful birds, white and floating.

Sunlight floods the buildings,  
Wind moves the trees  
Greenly;

Rich and clear  
Are the feelings here  
Among the houses, sky, trees

And birds, as I hear  
Strains of extraordinary sound:  
The beautiful Wesendonck songs.

### **YOUR BEAUTIFUL EYES**

Your beautiful eyes  
Are like crimson fire  
Aflame with loveliness,  
Burning with tears.

### **HOLD THAT MOMENT OF ECSTASY**

Hold that moment of ecstasy  
As if for eternity.  
The love that unites in insane passion  
Yet is calm and serene in transcendent vision,  
Turning nature into absolute beauty  
And total harmony in mystic truth:  
Then you have poetry, human ascent to the divine.

### **YOURS WAS THE BLOOD THAT FLEW THE TREES**

Yours was the blood that flew the trees  
With the turning sky burning with blue  
And the stars skimmed on Apollo's dreams  
Flashing in crimson sparks.

You were dancing with exploding seeds  
Of visions reeling.....

### **SHIMMERING FIRE AND FLASHING STEEL**

Shimmering fire and flashing steel  
Make crimson blood in the head, sting  
As the planets crack and roll in orbit  
With the mind's cells in exploding power;  
Love burns and gushing blood  
Sacrifices to the god, regenerates  
Life, yearning on the punching sea  
Of life; is endless, unheedingly.

### **LE FEU CHATOYANT ET L'ACIER ETINCELANT**

Le feu chatoyant et l'acier étincelant  
Font du sang cramoisi dans la tête, cinglent  
Comme les planètes se heurtent et orbitent  
Avec les cellules de l'esprit avec puissance explosive;  
L'amour brûle et le sang coulant  
Sacrifié au dieu, régénère  
La vie, désir ardent sur la mer cognante  
De la vie; incessant, indifférent.

Harmony of the stars  
In clear liquid light  
Of green between the clouds,  
Touch the dark volcanoes,

Settle the fault and slide  
Of turmoil in the shades,  
Making the strata cohere  
Into structures firm and clear.

Harmonie des étoiles  
En la lumière liquide et claire  
Du vert entre les nuages,  
Touche les volcans obscurs,

Rétablis failles et glissades  
Du tumulte dans les ombres,  
Rendant les strata cohérents  
En des structures fermes et claire.

## **BURNTISLAND**

I wanted so to feel  
As the gulls flew and broke  
Time, the sea boundless behind.  
Burntisland, with rainbow shafting upon  
Some rocks, in revelation,  
Gulls squawking like Chinese geese  
Of the Tao.

## **BURNTISLAND**



J'ai voulu sentir  
Comme les mouettes volaient et rompaient  
Le temps, la mer en arrière sans frontières.  
Burntisland, avec un arc-en-ciel faisant flèche  
Sur les rocs, en révélation,  
Les mouettes criant d'une voix rauque comme les oies chinoises  
Du Tao.

### **I WAS CAUGHT IN THE CURLING LIGHT**

I was caught in the curling light  
That pulsed through my warm veins like love,  
Wine of intense brightness hovering  
Moth-like through incandescent trees  
Round the flowered pond, streaming water,  
Radiating all into Now.

Moi, j'étais pris en une lumière bouclée  
Laquelle palpitait par mes veines comme l'amour,  
Vin de l'éclat intense rodant  
Presque phalène par les arbres incandesants  
Autour, l'étang de fleurs, l'eau ruisselant,  
Le rayonnant tout de Maintenant.

### **SHAMAN IN THE STREETS**

Explode in the head  
Myth  
Shaman in the streets

Wet cold city of ablazing fires  
Dreams breaking into spouts and sparks,  
Rattle the snake into giant writhe  
Shatter the sky with breaking mirth  
I am the Jaguar burning at stars  
The cold, slow, strange moon meanders  
Does she not wander, naked lady  
Seeking lovers in clouds, and lines  
Of phosphorescent grey, the storming break  
Of eternity?

### **CHAMAN DANS LES RUES**

Exploser dans la tete  
Mythe  
Chaman dans les rues  
Ville de flammes mouillée froide,  
Reves éclatant en jets et étincelles,  
Faire se tordre le serpent en convulsions géantes,  
Briser le ciel d'hilarité fracassante  
Je suis le Jaguar qui brulant regarde les étoiles  
Froide, lente, étrange la lune vagabonde  
N'erre-t-elle pas, femme nue,  
A la recherche d'amants dans les nuages, les lignes  
De gris phosphorescent, l'irruption orageuse  
De l'éternité ?

### **SLEEP, THE WORK OF POETS**

Sleep, the work of poets, glides along ocean floors,  
Taking us through centuries of raging against the rain,  
Learning the shape of lions, touching the soft skin  
Of ladies and lemon-flowers, in paradisal dreams,

Wafted from reclining shepherds in Arcady,  
In groves of the mind, and thickets,  
Gleaming with green jewels

## **LE SOMMEIL, LE TRAVAIL DES POETES**

Le sommeil, le travail des poètes, glisse sur les fonds des océans,  
Nous emportant à travers des siècles à enrager contre la pluie,  
Prenant la forme des lions, touchant la peau douce  
Des femmes et des fleurs citrons, en rêves célestes,  
Flottant les bergers reposent en Arcadie,  
Dans les bosquets de l'esprit, et les halliers,  
Où scintillent les bijoux verts.

Le ciel est noir  
Mais sur lui planent  
Des oiseaux beaux et blancs.

Le soleil inonde les bailments,  
Le vent secoue les arbres  
Vertement;

Riches et claires  
Sont les sensations ici  
Parmi les maisons, le ciel, les arbres

Les oiseaux, alors que j'entends  
Les accents d'un son extraordinaire:  
Les beaux chants de Wesendonck

## **ALL IS A SEA OF FLAMES**

All is anyway a sea of flames,  
You do not recognize the boundaries between  
Air, love, hope, insanity, joy,  
Until afterwards when all is gone,  
When boats have floated far from sight,  
When the father has already tumbled  
Down from cliffs onto rocks and chaos  
Yearning Unity, oneness with all,  
Dionysian dream winning Night,  
Searing flight over mountain spikes,  
Dripping pain upon dew and light,  
Scraping conquest of the Goddess, pure  
And lovely, sweet as music in liquid flow  
Of fire, and pirate sparks  
Start into darkness, reaching through  
Eternities of white light burning,  
Beyond galaxies where planets roll,  
Cracking skulls of cosmic gods  
Whose fuelled minds squirt creations  
Of blood, bones making birth upon  
The aether, desperate panic in smooth coil.

## **TOUT EST UNE MER DE FLAMMES**

D'ailleurs tout est une mer de flammes,  
On ne reconnaît pas les bornes entre  
Air, amour, espoir, démence et joie,  
Qu'après quand tout est passé,  
Quand les bateaux sont hors de vue,  
Quand le père est déjà tombé,  
Des rochers escarpés sur les rocs et le chaos  
Soupirant après l'Unité, ne faire qu'un avec le tout,  
Un rêve dionysien qui gagne la Nuit,

Vol brulant sur les cimes des monts,  
Dégoulinant de peine sur la rosée et la lumière,  
Faissant la conquête de la déesse, pure  
Et aimable, douce comme la musique en flot liquide  
De feu, et les étincelles pirate  
Surgissent dans l'obscurité, atteignant  
Les éternités de la lumière blanche incandescente  
Outre les galaxies où les planètes roulent,  
Craquant les cranes des dieux cosmiques  
Desquels esprits en feu jaillissent les créations  
De sang, les os naissant sur  
L'éther, offolément désespéré en une spirale lisse.

## **TOUT EST UNE MER DE FLAMMES**

Tout est quand même une mer de flammes,  
On ne reconnaît les frontières entre  
Air, amour, espoir, folie et joie  
Qu'une fois que tout est passé,  
Quand les bateaux ont disparu à l'horizon,  
Quand le père est déjà tombé  
Du haut de la falaise sur les rochers et le chaos,  
Assoiffé de l'Un, de l'union avec le tout,  
Reve dionysiaque séduisant la Nuit,  
Vol fulgurant sur les pics des montagnes,  
Douleur dégoulinant sur la rosée et la lumière,  
Frolant la conquête de la Déesse, pure  
Et belle, douce comme des flots enflammés  
De musique, et les étincelles vagabondes  
Se jettent dans le noir, pénétrant  
Les éternités d'une lumière blanche brûlante,  
Ecrasant les cranes des dieux cosmiques  
Dont les esprits alimentés font jaillir des créations  
De sang, d'os accouchant sur  
L'éther, panique désespérée en anneau lisse.

## WHAT BEAUTY NOW

What beauty now  
Dances in bliss  
What violence brews  
Piercing all continents  
What fools are we  
Revolving in fears  
How anxiety quietens  
When beauty flies.

Quelle beauté maintenant  
Dance de bonheur  
Quelle violence se trame  
Blessant les continents  
Quels imbéciles nous sommes  
Girouettant de peur  
Comme l'anxiété nous calme  
Quand la beauté s'enfuit.

Quelle beauté maintenant  
Danse en extase  
Quelle violence se prépare  
Percant tous les continents  
Que nous sommes bêtes  
Tournant effarés  
Comme Pangoisse se tait  
Que la beauté fuit.

## **LET THAT WILD BEAUTY COME AGAIN**

Let that wild beauty come again  
I cannot get enough of it  
Let that incantation to the sun  
Give to downpours of holy light  
Let joy as honey burst in flames  
Flaring up my heart to happiness  
Let the world go on fire in excess  
Let its heart erupt in halos

Permettez à cette beauté sauvage de revenir  
Je ne peux m'en rassasier  
Permettez cette incantation au soleil  
Cédez à l'averse de la lumière sacrée  
Permettez à la joie de miel d'éclater en flammes  
Enflammant mon coeur de bonheur  
Laissez le monde s'incendier d'excès  
Laissez son coeur faire éruption de halos

## **MY FEELINGS CUT THROUGH SNOW LIKE A KNIFE**

My feelings cut through snow like a knife;  
Without asking, I seem to feel the whole of the world  
Condensed into an intensity of fire;  
Tears of art want to burn from the centre of my head  
As I see the beauty, sadness, and waste of life  
Spilling like incandescent sap from the sun.  
It is a hard beauty, like iced diamond,  
That pulls at the guts with the extreme madness  
Of Wagner's heroines in their agony.

## **MES SENTIMENTS COUPENT LA NEIGE COMME UN COUTEAU**

Mes sentiments coupent la neige comme un couteau;  
Involontairement, j'ai l'impression de sentir le monde entier  
Condensé en un feu intense;  
Des larmes d'art veulent couler brûlantes du noyau de ma tête  
Comme je vois la beauté, la tristesse et le gâchis de la vie  
Se répandre du soleil comme la sève incandescente.  
C'est une beauté dure, comme un diamant glacé,  
Qui tord les tripes avec l'extrême folie  
Des héroïnes de Wagner au supplice.

## **IN YOUR SWEET EYES**

In your sweet eyes  
Sadness is so infinite,  
But I cannot cease to be me,  
Cannot tear my flesh to mingle with you,  
So I would sink into the swamp of eternity.

The Universe is all in a grain of sand,  
Desire splits into two dark birds,  
Confusion spurts and all is lost  
Until your sweet sadness comes,  
Then I would sink into eternity.



## **DANS TES YEUX DOUX**

Dans tes yeux doux  
La tristesse est si infinie  
Mais je ne peux cesser d'être moi-même,  
Me déchirer la chair pour me mêler à toi,  
Pour sombrer dans le marais de éternité.

Dans un seul grain de sable se trouve l'Univers,  
Le désir se fend en deux oiseaux noirs,  
La confusion jaillit et tout est perdu  
Avant l'arrivée de ta belle tristesse  
Quand je sombrerai dans l'éternité.

## **FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA**

They searched for me, though I was dead,  
They searched six skeletons for teeth of gold  
And sent the nineteenth moon back up the stream,

But could not find me, though they murdered me  
For more, they beat death out of a pot and skull  
Hoping it could be gold, and still they searched

My pockets and sheets for my essence,  
My bones for my heart to make it disappear,  
For a key to lock my tongue forever,

And searched and blew away my dust  
To eliminate my hiding, expose my gold,  
To let the naked wind howl into my soul.

## **IT BLOWS THROUGH YOU**

It blows through you  
As a wind enlivening coal to fire.  
Torrents of delicious confusion melt  
Into flames of vision, the origins  
Of mighty love and power.

### **TO A HYPOCRITE IN A DOG-COLLAR**

O vile hypocrisy: a bishop  
Supporting the war, speaking  
Tripe through a neck  
Comfortably runged by a dog-collar,  
Speaking of Just Wars,  
Of the necessity for War in a Fallen World,  
Approving the most massive bombing  
In world history, of smart bombs, napalm,  
Hiroshima-equivalent scales of explosion  
Every night, thousands and thousands of Iraqi farmers  
And shepherds, workers, sons and fathers  
Killed by bombs of the advanced West:  
O bishop, how superb to hear you justify that  
In the name of Jesus Christ.  
If I could make evil spells  
I would cast a curse on your soul.

### **EVEN VENUS WEARS A SHADOW**

Even Venus wears a shadow,  
Difference between night and day  
Is not so total as it seemed

To Tristan and Isolde.  
Death walks through the brightest light  
As beauty is the night herself,  
Interfluous is all talk  
Of cosmic truth, kitchen sinks,  
Revolution, sex, and bricks.  
Poets are mere crabs that sing.  
Leaders of the mind are sperm  
That change into models, who pose  
On beaches. Love is long,  
Invisible as the shimmering goddess  
Of sleep. Life persists  
Through galaxies, and time.

### **LIFE AS A STAR-STUDED BALL**

Life as a star-studded ball  
Of pearl pain and emerald joy:  
I would through eons of darkest space -  
Tinkled in white stars, thudded night -  
To find you, be warm in the inner coil.

There is eternity in a kiss:  
To think you will never have that one again!  
It is dangerous to taste absolute feeling  
Like Faust with Helen and the glittering jewels;  
You are thrust outwards into expanding galaxies  
Of stars, diffusing naturally in wider space  
And staying warm, until  
An over-expanded ecstasy explodes  
And you are mallet-butted and ice-cold pierced  
By realities of the under-side,  
Always equally intense.

## **TO WOMAN**

I'd give all of value for you.  
Like Faust for Helen of Troy;  
All science, all refinement of art,  
All truth and knowledge, communion with self and nature;  
I'd give all for your skin-deep beauty,  
All love, all principle, all spirit  
For your beauty - transitory, thoughtless beauty,  
That wins over my soul, and all.

## **DARLING, SWEET, THROUGH A NIGHT**

Darling, sweet, through a night,  
Rough in the stars a flame flares  
Of eternity in the centre swell  
Where I love you, and the god burns  
In my vein, hearts of a bleeding cell  
Live in a pulsing dance.

Sweetness water, pouring through breath,  
Expectant odour of infinite air,  
I touch your loveliness  
That bursts in dew of a thousand stars,  
Sprinkling sparks of wild love  
Through galaxies like seas.

## **I LOVED YOUR EYES TODAY**

O how I loved your eyes today.  
It is silly to melt it down in words  
But I cannot help it - let me say  
How their corners smiled in lovely lines  
Of skin, soft as my warmth inside,  
And dark like the rush within my moment  
Of being in happiness that reached a groan.

### **I HATE POETRY**

I hate poetry; I only want  
Ice and fire of absolute beauty  
Melting across the burning sea  
In explosions of power in words of truth.  
I come from nowhere, I confess  
To nothing.

### **CRIMSON PETALS OPENING**

Crimson petals opening  
In bloodlove fire,  
Life-force in power,  
Plant and animal burning,  
Childbirth screaming.  
Music in composing,  
Compressed frenzied fury  
Busting concrete blocks,  
Prison walls and iron bars;  
Volcanoes shatter quietness,

Cosmic sleep disrupts,  
Guts shimmer through  
Cold air, dull damp,  
Into sun and explosion.

**TO –**

All dawn is beautiful  
And in this understanding  
I feel you so very near

Your round eyes are light  
In love everlasting  
Free sky uplifting

Dawn in your warm being  
Is bed of understanding  
Near free sky in love

Are you so wild as in this  
Beauty is thought of your  
Love in understanding

Mind of your beauty ultimate  
Everlasting are your free eyes  
Dawn is your sky

Ethereal world within  
Where in peace I know you  
And all

For where love reams  
Rolling in dawn's skies  
Everlasting

**AS WE SWIM THHOUGH THE LIES THAT ALLOWED THE (FIRST) GULF  
WAR**

AS we swim through the lies that allowed the Gulf War,  
AS we live with recognition that we see on the streets  
Our countrymen, how many of them agreed  
In their deadened hearts, their burnt souls,  
To the murder of two hundred thousand Iraqis  
Because so few Europeans need die;  
How many would see  
A catastrophic ecological disaster  
And be satisfied it was *his* fault,  
Ah can they wash through their dreams and meet  
The ghouls of Iraqi soldiers, bombed and dead  
After burning in agony, lying by the road  
With their cheap boots turned sideways, hardly soldiers,  
Poor Iraqi fools, can you meet them in your dreams my countrymen,  
Can you see them in your waking or sleeping dreams and think of Victory,  
Can you know how many you needlessly let die for your pride,  
Can you be proud of your country's killing,  
Can you live through the nightmare without seeing anything  
Real at all?

### **TO THE WILD NIETZCHEANS (EZRA POUND, MARINETTI ETC)**

To you who went by your blood  
And thought afterwards,  
Who followed where your hormones spurted,  
And would tear out your lives  
If such was required to attain nobility;  
You who would have the spirit burn  
Or else have no life, no banks, monotony -  
Robot mechanics in hollow towers  
Without art, without virtue or chivalry,  
Without courage or sacred vision.  
You saw unclearly and lacked sympathy  
For real soil, but something true  
Rocked in your brains with determination,  
And that we must revere.

## **DID YOU BATHE IN POOLS OF DREAD**

Did you bathe in pools of dread,  
Did you have your dreams spread  
Like flowers on twilight's disappearing bed,  
With female mysteries in swirls of fear,  
As unwearied yearnings swam and pulled  
Deep needs, urges - self's wish  
Enveloping itself in sexual bliss;  
As the soul wants to spread out to  
The sea and then the Universe:  
To be mingled, form and content, into all,  
Infinite and free, as Divinity?

## **BEAUTY, LOVE, AND ART**

Beauty, love, and art  
The world of womanhood  
All that is non-utilitarian,  
All that is useless to bankers,  
Manufacturers and capitalists;  
Beauty, love, and art  
The realm of the feminine  
The world of dreams, mysteries, delights,  
Labyrinths of terror, excitement, adventure,  
Saturation of the senses with sensual bliss,  
Braving of danger to enjoy succulent  
Beauty, womanly flesh, curvaceous fruit  
Of love, erotic quest  
And glorious joy of the skin's senses,  
The eye's wonder, the smell of woman's



Body and perfume - the source of art,  
Inspiration to poetry, imagination`s fire,  
Stimulus to the unexpected contours of flame  
Within the night's fearful challenge of darkness.

### **MORE AND MORE AND MORE**

More and more and more,  
I love you through the moon  
Of mystery; and drenching flowers  
Come of your hair, sweetly down  
And I can drown: sleep of love  
Flows inarticulate into dreams.

### **MOZART OF THE STREETS**

Aimless Mozartian playing  
    Sadness, misery in the streets.  
Aimless children smiling,  
    Paradise not yet lost.  
All life, all people playing,  
All the Universe happy in a fly  
Or a woman or man on a summer's afternoon  
In play.  
Pain in such struggle to keep alive,  
Satisfy spirit just a little bit  
In a barred world - bars against being  
Anything at all of those child's dreams.  
Struggle, wasted dream, lost hope  
    Is play upon the streets.

## **ALL IS A VISION, ALL A DREAM**

All is a Vision, all a Dream;  
Around the spiral coil: fire.  
Each man and woman takes his inner tread,  
Flames enrapture four-fold truth to One.  
No room is there for pettiness or death,  
Though silence breathes throughout Eternity;  
The strength that flows from knowing all is One,  
Empowers each to speak and act in Love.

All human forms move, as if divine,  
As thrown around all tangles, Imagination's flame  
Flows all agitation into ecstasy,  
Jostles fragmentation until integration  
Is found, but not in stasis - rather harmony  
Is dynamic, even violent, always brimming up  
With restlessness, the will to feel anew;  
Curiosity, desire, spilling to the Sea.

## **THE HORSEMAN**

The Horseman takes my dream  
Like music down and up the stream  
Of light on the hoping shore,  
And then he kicks for more  
Swishing the whip of a riddled nerve  
To drive the eye through labyrinthine curve  
And reverse, all at the same time,  
Deserting waking logic for crime.

The Horseman brings a troubled thought

Like inner thunder of the night  
That brews within the sufferer's cell  
But cannot be understood by others well.

## **NIGHT**

Night. the world of sweetest symbol  
Night - the air of dark desire,  
Night, the taste of erotic dream  
Bathed in the light of the burning moon;  
Night, in love with enamoured lips,  
Sweet kisses that have lulled them there,  
Night, with the stars of crazed beauty  
In fire with love and loveliness.

## **UNREASONABLE BEAUTY**

Unreasonable beauty  
Rebel against darkness  
Usurp death and danger  
Wherever you are  
Against all that is  
Brick-like defeating  
The howl for ecstasy  
Wild scream of beauty  
Metaphysic of the mind  
Heart soul white light  
Music pure form idea  
Truth of planetary harmony and roll

Fire of the universe  
Grant your peace

Upon eons of catastrophe  
Flawed beings of humanity  
Splintered minds  
Gathering drops from heaven's intensity  
Pining from the gutter  
Up into the stars  
Drinking fantasy's nectar  
Hoping to explosion  
Of love's rare universe  
Joyous ode of insanity  
Merging all colour into silent sound

### **SHAMAN**

Madness is the way to knowledge,  
Ecstasy shows us divine wisdom -  
Shaman, poet, deep philosopher -  
Each is mad, extreme, intense,  
Ruggled with the problem of understanding,  
Bashing at the universe with insane frenzy  
To know it, cracking with desire  
And love, will to power of truth,  
Firing at the stars with livid words,  
Burning visions, myths made real,  
Meeting the Maker, spirits, speakers of truth  
In the stratosphere, in Hades, the divine spheres:  
Poets, bards, Orphean mystics -  
These are classless, sexless, raceless,  
These are the mad, despised geniuses -  
Hated but craved by mankind.

### **D.D.C.C.**

What did you dream, my darling boy  
What did you dream last night?

Was your sleep soft as you, all night  
Was it warm and well, as you?

How were your dreams, my sweet boy  
How were those dreams at night?  
Was there sun through clouds in shafting light  
With music sweet, like you?

### **EXILE**

All honour to the artist – exile, waif,  
Burrower into the unknown, the female, beauty  
In all dimensions – misunderstood, alone,  
Sufferer in ecstasy like Daedalus.

### **SHE WALKS NAKED THROUGH THE DREAM**

She walks naked through the dream  
She comes into the world after all  
Drifting as she pleads for Peace  
With her eyes, and sadly lost  
She looks, unbalanced, like magical Nadja  
At a window, dark, and predicts that light  
At this very instant will flash on,  
Mad she is the female world  
Into which a true shaman  
Must penetrate with rod of sunpower,  
Fire of fantasy, love, explosion  
Of psyche's imagination, redemption's strength  
To invite and call beyond reality  
As it is falsely known.

## **TO HEAR THE MUSIC OF REAL POETRY**

To hear the music of real poetry,  
Makes as if nothing mattered but the poetry;  
Nay, not even that, but the visionary world from whence it came.  
The seething, truthful, serene, bleeding sea of love  
In whose sweet water bathed, a being sheds all dross,  
All airs, all clothes, all character formed by accident  
Of time and space, and is seen as he becomes -  
Naked even to the inner marrow beneath his bones,  
His essence one with all the thrust in all mankind  
And cosmic burgeoning, for beauty and for light.

## **EMPEROR CONCERTO**

A dog hopping with wild fangs,  
Black, shaggy, rushing through the dark,  
Leads to whore-lust upon Witch's Hill,  
Spiritual yearning at a Stonehenge,  
Pantheist resurrection into Eternity  
Through Music of anguished-ecstatic dawn

## **WILD THE HOWL CALLS**

Wild the howl calls;  
Your ecstasy unleash.  
Speak with pentecostal tongue,  
Stop not until you reach  
Allness, through dark undersides,  
Agony and desire burning,  
Flames of loving hell destroying  
Sanity: then come up

As slithery fish to take a gulp  
And fly, expanding - full explosion  
Into the spheres of Dante's White  
Light: love the moon.

### **CREDO I**

I believe in freedom for the spirit,  
I believe in a man's right to be insane,  
I believe in a woman's right to bend the air  
And, in her right to doubt everything.

I believe in your right to feel in curves,  
To break all norms if you need to,  
Not for its own sake, but to see where you are,  
So long as you don't murder anyone.

I believe in the necessity of some to burst into flames,  
To be dissatisfied with life down here on earth,  
I believe in their right to fly like luminescent bats  
To the realms of fiery hallucinogenic stars.

### **CREDO II**

When I have heard the quiet voice  
From mountain mist through a reddened sky,  
The immediacy of eternal vision  
Enshrining individual anxiety  
Leads to thinking of an harmonic chord  
Sung through the universal earth's throat  
That leaps me as a green-hot seed from a pod  
In transcendence of all pettiness;  
And I feel immortal because in deep tune

With the light that blazes at eternity's core,  
And armoured as if with lasers of rose light  
I shimmer in my own certainty -  
But yet I do not forget mortality,  
Nor failure, nor meanness, and all that blots  
Necessarily my life, with stains that distance  
Reality from pure spots of poetry.....  
Rather all is known with that strange acceptance  
That is frightened no more, and sees that all  
Human beings are dogged with what they would not be  
If they could wrest their own form from clay,  
And in knowing that, no pale complacency  
Takes over from over-strung nerves for struggle,  
As the truth is seen that with inner calmness –  
The capacity to smile through all in lightness –  
The effort to forge firm steps from darkness  
Is optimal: when I am not in a knot of guilt.

Remorse, self-doubt, buried grief, resentment,  
But u/hen burning with the hope of naive youth,  
Spilling with a flashing generous eye  
That feels always that to love someone, something,  
Is the answer even to abysmal crime:  
Then a form of harmony trickles up from chaos.

What then was the meaning of that streaming day  
In a bed of light with her,  
Drinking from the moisture of her warm lips,  
Sinking as volcanos in a sea of sun,  
Or the laughing on for hours to the thrill of sound  
And the drinking and the smoking and the drive for ever  
Deeper debauchery, delicious lust,  
Which is always so wrongly seen as vice  
Or weakness or deflection from the soul's dreams  
Equally by puritans and those that indulge  
Their flesh, their laughter, their pleasure, their looking  
Into the eyes of beauty, in acceptance of love  
Any minute it can be found, anywhere?

Tito, when he died at an age over eighty,  
After living through struggles on a scale unimaginable  
For any generation before or since,  
At the centre of the first burst of world revolution,



Excruciating battle against Nazism's flames  
In the mountains of suffering, horrendous destruction,  
And then in the perils of reconstruction,  
Epoch-making decisions, the nuclear cloud:  
When Tito died, among the things that were said  
Of this man's life that struck the soul  
Was the memory from many of his sense of humour,  
His unrestrained ability to talk and drink  
And laugh at many things in the heat of hells  
In a tent in those mountains where his people lost their limbs.

And their lives, and their bread, and their last hopes,  
Long before the light of a future's hope  
Could burst upon a land of agony.  
Tito was a man who was nothing special,  
He just did not forget why he was human  
And why fighting and loving and laughing and looking  
At the blazing sun cannot be disentangled.  
Let me dance with you and talk all night,  
(Please let me love you without interrogations,  
Give me the chance to be the best I can  
And to help you to dance to the sun with light).  
Don't count the minutes nor ask the reasons  
Now, there is time between the bursts of love  
For reflection and analysis in calm thought,  
And never need love be a tangle.  
Love is like the infinite multifold forms  
And colours of the flowers in the seasonal fields,  
Spinning through its cycles of radiating joy

Through rain, and dew, and tears in the eyes,  
Not needing to get stuck in webs of complication-  
To wait like an insect, terrified  
At the lurking spider that dimly rocks  
Back and forth to stun its prey that could run  
If it ignored that dreadful sideways motion  
And flew to the sun with the light.

## **I AM WITH THOSE WHO LIVE FOR THE FINAL CHALLENGE**

I am with those who live for the final challenge  
Those who grasp at the shafts of light from the moon  
Those who fall with the final stone down into the pit of night.  
Those who are deaf when instructions are given  
Those who look the wrong way when the correct path is revealed  
And see instead a lion leaping on a fiery mountain  
And a white bird perched upon a dark huge twisting tree  
Those who cry down to death when their mothers are taken away  
Those who break the wild stones with their eyes and burning hearts.

## **YOUR GENIUS IS THAT YOU ARE ALIVE**

Your genius is that you are alive  
Your cells and blood kick and pump  
You have unique beauty, only you  
Can know your own agony, and bleed like you  
Only you can see ecstasy quite like you  
And you burn with your own special miracle.

## **LOVE OF SWEET ETERNITY**

Fire in the night, until the very end has come;  
Halleluja to the Universe, Stars of wild extremes!  
Agitation in ecstasy, unpredictable worlds unfolding,  
Eyes in astonishment, beauty, flying craziness.

Beauty, bursting with its own insanity,  
Visions leaving the third sphere pilotless.  
Fanfares of silver lines in clouds dark and mad;

Ah, Heaven, take us to your rest.

### **SNAKE-GODDESS**

Bare-breasted, snake-haired, wild ecstatic woman  
In mad erotic dance, grasping snakes,  
Whirling through dreams in female power.  
Communing with divinities in feminine realms  
Of the absolute supernatural imaginative world  
Of total sexuality - free, unleashed.

### **WE'LL FIRE OURSELVES OUTWARD TO THE SKY**

We'll fire ourselves outward to the sky,  
Though all is obedient to the moon.  
The strange, slow, loving, cruel moon  
Is mistress o'er our fate, feeble men.  
Dribbling in crowds of unknown stars,  
Deluded by their wild sparkles.

Ah, how strange and wonderful they are  
These beauties, temptations at the brink of sanity -  
Lagoons where they dive, goddesses of fire,  
Primaeval wishes of ecstasy and desire,  
Pure dreams of shape and loveliness.

### **THE WORLD IN LOVE THROWS, OR ALWAYS WANTS TO THROW**

The world in love throws, or always wants to throw  
Itself into flames: Do not, please, until this tale is told.

There is complexity, something not well understood  
That disturbs free flow, communication,  
And stones come easier than talk:  
Words, gems of the unique mind  
That cut nothing but preconceptions.  
Despair in spirals, combined with love,  
Give forgiveness in the ultimate,  
The mingling of all we have,  
The sparkles of sky interminable of hope,  
Rotations of strange ecstasy, strange and small,  
Effort to reconcile parts to whole,  
Joy in the tiniest, essence felt  
Within all twinkling crazy voices:  
Hear the Power recondite!  
Hear, from beneath sleep  
Out from ambiguity divine,  
Wonder-level truths float free  
Who soak, white-satin'd, naked and pure,  
Or black, beautiful, powered in dew,  
Red, thorough in Seven Sisters,  
Lunar truth glowing through,  
Heavy of visions burning entire  
Into the very stones walked  
Strange, unmelodic discursion  
Where no answers sway:  
Here into the single sound, hear  
Something, sweet among the ugliness.  
Please! Unless we all sink  
Dark eternal into everlasting hell.

## **I PREFER TO SEE THE DEEP DARK**

I prefer to see the deep dark  
Mysterious beauty of the unknown,  
When it allows: Reason's knife  
Can cut and plough with what it can  
At other times. I would not block

Appearance through my inner eye  
Of essence, nor distrust  
What feels certain but does not lie  
Easily in the thinking mind.  
There are peculiar truths in things  
That tell of a kind of eternity  
Or immortality of the soul,  
In a sense connected with all that was known  
By ancient trackers of the stars,  
Suggesting a will for evolution  
Beyond the base, conflicting world  
Inhabited now by all of us.

### **DORIAN SONNET**

This is my Siegfried Idyll, this  
To the joy of our baby in the sun,  
Our baby boy walking, nearly talking  
At his first birthday, our Dorian  
Flies around in our love, and smiles  
And peeps and squeaks in the Spring air,  
In the love and the fun and the happiness,  
His tiny, lovely spirit makes itself felt  
Everywhere, this is life's fulfilment,  
Our baby's voice is a special music  
Playing through from you, his darling mother,  
You his mama are my wife and lover,  
And to you and our baby son I give this,  
For his first birthday, a poem.

### **MY SOUL IS THERE**

My soul is there  
                  on fire

panting  
 Wherever the spirit  
 in freedom  
 fights  
 Resistance to Nazis  
 in Holland  
 Italy  
 The fight  
 that gets  
 Nelson Mandela  
 out  
 The rubber tappers  
 the people's religion  
 Struggles for the rights  
 of indigenous peoples  
 Flames of freedom  
 that lick  
 prison bars  
 Beyond nation  
 race  
 religion  
 sect  
 Ultimate  
 unstoppable  
 battle beyond  
 Lies  
 oppression  
 spirit's death  
 These are the urges  
 that take divine wings  
 These are the hopes  
 that make breath  
 eternal.

## TRICKSTER

The trickster, coyote, Don Giovanni –  
 They push at the edges of morality,

Test beyond the known world  
In active speculation, practical experiment  
In life. They deflate their culture,  
Turn upside down assumed norms,  
Received truths – they look into the darkness  
Beneath familiarity, and find danger, fire;  
They are the life-force undiluted

### **WILD ONES**

Here's to the wild ones –  
Crazy fuckers,  
Romantic poets, Mozart mad ones,  
Shamans, insane visionaries!

### **HELLENE**

All honour to they who die defending Thermopylae.  
All honour to they who defy arbitrary, blunt, Philistine  
Power of Zeus or Jupiter.  
All honour to gods like Zeus who are crazed by every maiden,  
And would turn themselves into bulls or showers of gold  
To satiate their insatiable desire.  
All honour to arrogance like Odysseus's,  
All honour to the many faces of Greek wildness,  
Greek genius, Greek drive to action, love,  
Curiosity; only their slavery should be condemned –  
That philistine self-lying that denies  
Humanity to other humans.

## **IF I MET DAWN, NOON, AND EVENING**

If I met Dawn, Noon, and Evening  
Before, you are more beautiful Night:  
All nights are forever yours, your crown  
Is of stars, your face the moon,  
My love for you the permanence of darkness  
And beauty of the Night.

## **BLUE MODERNISM**

Internal reveries moving through  
The mind's cobwebs, like refined fire,  
Or Hamlet's knife of indecision,  
Being pulled in conflicting forces  
Equally strong, the monstrous self  
In isolation and anxiety,  
Like Munch's screamer, brothel raver,  
Lured by sights that hook desires  
Without being able to satisfy:  
Achievement in the modern world –  
Exhaustion, loneliness, almost worse  
Than failure; pointlessness  
In a galaxy that will burn down  
In many millions of years;  
What does our love  
Or poetry, in this, then mean?

## **MARGARET THATCHER**

Ah the lie you are,



The murderess,  
Supporting Pol Pot because it helps  
The Cold War,  
Helping Apartheid  
Because it supports your Capitalism;  
O what hate you are,  
Vicious, terrible woman.

People can die by the million  
For your Freedom,  
Lies pile in towers of death  
For your obsessions, your power;  
Agony must be suffered by millions  
So you can look down your nose in ignorance  
And arrogance,  
And hang on to power.

### **AH, DID YOU KNOW EXILE, EXCLUSION**

Ah, did you know exile, exclusion,  
Walking alone when the sun is quite warm  
In early evening - that perfume,  
Where the lure of myth's stars burns you!

Are you damned? Do you know  
The lilac and its shadow?  
There is the dark side where the legend's search  
Is cold and hell-fire.

### **IN THE COOL FIRE WHERE THE GRAVE ENDS**

In the cool fire where the grave ends  
Pointlessly children play,  
Pointing to heaven, heavenly joy  
They know, but then they die.

The sweet sky is music, pure  
As a fleecy coat on a fresh bride,  
Sun splays its pink shafts  
Upon goats who bleat in the day.

Sacrilege burns in the dark crust,  
Altars moan with the surge  
Of organs, drenching in dire desire  
Unanswerable into the moon.

### **ODYSSEUS**

Why was I persecuted by the gods,  
Why was I not allowed a life?  
Why was I drowned, daily, in waves of hell -  
Why could I not escape eclipse?  
Why did I have to learn pain,  
Stoic agony, courageous calm;  
Why did the universe play a trick  
Of darkness and fire, into all my soul?

If, when star-mad Odysseus played  
A devil's game in Aegean winds,  
Storm-tossed Odysseus punched in the sea  
Salt in extremity;  
For Odysseus would not bed alone.  
Odysseus could know the Sirens` song –  
Odysseus brave, troubled, black,  
Knew the hell of wine-dark sea.

When Odysseus flew in the sea  
Hg was rough, until he came  
To shore, where luxury spilled his hope

And he unwound, into arms of love  
In a woman, goddess in the flesh  
And light, burning in thick oil,  
Reminding his soul of the womb, and vow,  
And in Elyseum and Hades, he dreamed his mind.

And Odysseus's blood flamed with fire  
As the sun always spermed his way  
Burrowing into the dark earth  
Making her fertile, breasts and womb  
Of life, the heat and madness  
Rocking as the sea, in waves of truth  
That rushed and bashed, into eternal fire  
Of lust for arrival, in the sweltering port.

When Odysseus moved against the waves  
He smashed hard, because his soul  
Was mad, and his pulsing veins  
Were like waves pushed by the moon's moods;  
If evil loungers philandered in his palace  
He would kill them, as he had drunk blood  
With dead souls,  
On the dry, hot island, in the sea.

And, Odysseus was a fool  
In his desire and quiet waiting:  
Proud, calm, and practical,  
He burnt his head into unknown caves,  
Infinite as he knew all plunges,  
Burning as a night fury,  
He loved, bright and fiery,  
Arrogant unto the end.

## **THERE IS A DARKNESS**

There is a darkness somewhere within me,  
We need a poem of humanity, and all things;  
I want it now  
No more polite waiting  
Quiet expectation,  
I want it now.  
Desire bangs at the outer reaches of the universe,  
All moments of yearning hang as crystals at the galaxies' barriers,  
Monuments frozen from unrequited wish.

### **BEAUTY LOVE AND ART**

Beauty, love, and art  
The world of womanhood  
All that is non-utilitarian,  
All that is useless to bankers,  
Manufacturers and capitalists;  
Beauty, love, and art  
The realm of the feminine  
The world of dreams, mysteries, delights,  
Labyrinths of terror, excitement, adventure,  
Saturation of the senses with sensual bliss,  
Braving of danger to enjoy succulent  
Beauty, womanly flesh, curvaceous fruit  
Of love, erotic quest  
And glorious joy of the skin's senses,  
The eye's wonder, the smell of woman's  
Body and perfume - the source of art,  
Inspiration to poetry, imagination's fire,  
Stimulus to the unexpected contours of flame  
Within the night's fearful challenge of darkness.

### **YOU, AS THE ROSE**

You, as the rose

That my lips touch  
Are red, with the sweet kiss  
Of your eyes in the dark night.

Sometimes I, in confused dream  
Cannot say it, that your eyes burn  
My mind of flowers in the hours` meadows,  
And I am mute though inside is motion:

Time then flows, though nothing counts  
Its flow over pebbles that will not stop  
The stream, and then I know  
Always, my darling, I love you.

### **AMID YOUR CURLING LIPS**

Amid your curling lips  
No wounded glaciers melt;  
The cave before us is not death's,  
Your flowers cannot drown.

In your eyes no misery,  
No love at all,- or all;  
Green lakes in no illusion  
Opening to fire.

### **BEAUTY CURLS**

Beauty curls  
As a burning flower  
And back it comes  
Bursting through the air;  
Let the air pour  
Through the sky's joy  
In your living presence

Brimming with the sun.

## **AH, DO I WANT TO BE INSIDE THE GARDEN**

Ah, do I want to be inside the garden,  
Safe in the sweet perfumes, still  
Life in gentle winds;  
Or, is the wild whiff of danger  
In my imagining nostrils.  
Pulling at my brain's muscles.  
Touching my heart with mad temptation -  
Opening thoughts onto there and then,  
Suggesting unknowns resonating from  
Partially known half-awake jewels:  
Jewels that Faust saw, in dream,  
Fall through his hands before he knew  
Helen - symbols of soaking wish,  
Liquid love below consciousness?

## **NUEVO MUNDO, RÍO URUBAMBA**

A heaven's morning is playing now  
Across the tinted cloudy sky  
Of pink and yellow - gentle forms  
Waft between translucent depths,  
In greeny-blue sky, watery-eyed,  
Saturated in lovely damp  
Morning clarity; wakened eyes  
Fold flowing dreams away  
From the day's mind. Rodolfo sits  
At the pecking motor, his wife and brood  
Quiet, in no anticipation  
Save more motion through the grey  
And green-brown water, spattered all

With puckered ripples, growing orange  
As morning unravels to the squawks of fowl  
Rising in dense spotted crowds  
To disperse, regroup and squawk again,  
Black crosses against the clouds  
Floating in the morning glow.  
I have just opened a huge fruit  
With Rodolfo's machete, and sunk my teeth  
Into the sweet, pipped flesh  
And sucked juice, as the birds might sip  
Moisture from the river's heavy bulk;  
And with this refreshment, enter the flow  
Of night's darkness becoming day.

### **IF THERE WERE TREES WALKING**

If there were trees walking,  
Would you smoke a pipe like that?  
If funny rabbits flapped your wings,  
Would you love the raging winds  
As a drink-sodden piper plies his trade  
In whispering markets and barricades?  
If all had been different from the very beginning  
Would Alice have needed to go through the mirror,  
Would Wagner have needed to be so insane  
As genius burned in the dark night?

### **AS I WAS SLANTING TOWARD THE LAKE**

As I was slanting toward the lake,  
Her green eyes shone, electric-like,  
And I was beguiled, as a knight is,  
Shone through with armour - ecstatic, bright:

I sought her image everywhere, blind,

Like fool in a brothel yearning, wild  
As primordial trees in a foolish park  
Where all blinds, in intense light.

### **THE BOG-BITCH**

One hundred years after falling asleep  
From the spindle-prick,  
The Bog-Bitch rose and screamed in the face  
Of Prince Charming-Hog.

She was fair frightened to see the hair  
On his snorting snout,  
But he was too brave (or pretended such)  
To yell at her ghastly teeth.

She had rotted for a hundred years  
In the acid bog,  
While he was born ugly (no fault of his own)  
And grew long fangs.

### **SWEETHEART, IN THE FLOWER AIR**

Sweetheart, in the flower air  
Where the hay is bright, your eyes  
Coloured and sweet, stupid I  
Flow as drop animal stream there;  
As when breathing nothing sounds,  
Save your presence working in the mist  
Into softness, where quiet  
You are with me, happy  
As when rock undulates in seas  
And dogs crow beyond narrow fields



And we breathe free from coffins  
And ballad-singing basking fools  
Swing in swimming newness,  
Here

## YOU

You  
    at last  
        through the door  
                never to depart

I needed you  
    I need you  
        you are here  
                don't go

Your face  
    shoes on the floor  
        your clothes  
                warm smile and hug

You warm moist ever  
    love is the snow  
        explosions from insanity  
                into beautiful world

## A SONNET

Spectre: now down to truth.  
Who are you? That dream won't do,

In which you, mad, flamed eternity  
And saw ecstatic beauty, apart from you.  
Trying to be genuine, flowing as a stream  
Of gold. Ink was on your hands  
As they threw words around; the table  
Was blood, love, inspiration,  
Heaven pervaded her orange hair,  
And you were love, floating through  
Deceit. Love and you in demonic vision  
Are one - you blast and break;  
But you are weak, and surprising is  
The dawn: glorious pink.

### **THE STARS ARE DAZZLING IN THE SKY**

The stars are dazzling in the sky,  
Yours is the point among them.  
The beauty of your eyes is there,  
Instinct with ecstasy.

### **WORDS OF LOVE FLOW THROUGH MY MIND LIKE LIQUID FIRE**

Words of love flow through my mind like liquid fire;  
I confront you, see in my mind's desire  
The mingling of light with night, the surging of dark hope,  
How infinite is hopelessness, useless before the fire.

This day is the first of every, the last of today's desire;  
Everything mingles now, I see you beyond desire:  
Wish, will, fantasy; all that hopes beyond.  
Curls into useless fire, my wish and will beyond.

## **FIRE IN THE NIGHT, AND MISUNDERSTANDING**

Fire in the night, amid misunderstanding,  
Opening into light, understanding  
The radius of a circle of which all are parts  
In eternity, in ultimate integration:

See all things fully from dynamic point  
In the crux of growth, digging potential  
Upwards and outwards into galaxies of chance,  
Downwards and inwards into infinite soul.

There will be dreams throughout the night -  
Dreams failed, rolling lost,  
Incontinent in suffering madness,  
Loss of hope, depth of darkness:

You are enigma of the breath,  
Brave warrior of red blood cells,  
Spirit immaculate of fools, stoned  
In lust of the soul, to eternity.

## **I WOULD THAT LOVE THROUGH ALL THE WORLD**

I would that love through all the world  
Could heave its sweating heart of power,  
Blasting the bars of misery's pain  
Into the outer galaxies.

## **IF I HAD BEEN BORN IN ANOTHER TIME**

If I had been born in another time  
If I had been thoughtful in another town  
I would have swept through a jangled dream  
And driven past the snow outside the window-pane  
Of a lion's house; stunk without doubt:  
The bleeding white light at the node of my brain  
Would not have sun-punched the sky in its hole  
Where anxiety drinks away memory.

### **SCALES FALL FROM EYES**

Scales fall from eyes,  
Love makes its grab,  
Tell the snails on the city streets  
They can fly,  
Spirit and intellect may synthesize truth  
From reality, and have it beam  
Conscious, intuitive, empowering life  
In its struggle for self-transformation.

### **THE STRANGENESS IS; THAT IN THE WOOD**

The strangeness is, that in the wood  
All changes: darkness to lightness grows  
And the shades of mixture alter.

Nothing is repeated, yet  
All is the same, known before  
It takes new root.

In the wood, depth gives out  
Trivial leaf. Wind flitters  
Joke immersed in misery.

## **IN THE FOREST THERE, ALL FULL FROM TREES**

In the forest there, all full from trees  
Are many leaves in mild unfolding,  
Each according to its own uniqueness  
And always changing - an infinite succession  
Of minute eternities. And the patterns created  
By new constellations and forms of leaves -  
Endless rolls of dream intersecting,  
Undripping of dreams from the utter entrails -  
The ultimate form of all leaves and places -  
Criss-crossing in time, mysterious seed  
Of all germination with its own sure knowledge:  
A knowledge beyond mere observation  
Or clear analysis from certain details,  
Knowledge from being the process it is,  
The knowledge that, if this infinite all  
In space and time, were telescoped down  
To one isness;- timeless, without spatial form -  
Crystallization of thought thinking matter,  
Matter distilled to the mere idea -  
An eternal instant, silent sound  
In awareness of every possibility  
Lying latent in its ferment void, -  
Everything, nothing, would be perfect pin  
Of light in a tiny point of dark.

## **AH WHAT TRAGEDY WE HAVE BETWEEN**

Ah what tragedy we have between  
The moments of love with goddesses,  
Moments that fly to eternity, from dark,  
Warm, beds of throbbing ecstasy;

Ah, in between, the world gripes  
Its guts and spills with pain,

Riddling itself in anxiety  
And hatred of man to man.

### **DEBT FOR TREES!**

Let them off the debt!  
Persuade them to leave the forest alone,  
And help their people!

Leave the Indians alone,  
Let them live, and learn a little  
From them - freedom to the trees

And people of the Amazon!  
Support the freedom of the people  
And they will save the forest.

### **ALL IS A LIE**

All is a lie  
Unless it is pure Spirit  
Burning itself into reality,  
Becoming solid from its madness,  
Yearning to eternity to become real,  
Oath of infinity not to disappear.

### **PUB WITH MUSIC**

Here in this hall, the glass explodes;  
Music is sung, all are hung  
Friendlily, for Saturday evening's  
Redemption; thus, in beer,

Or vodka and coke, whisky or gin,  
Glasgow regenerates in its time;  
Patter is on the march.

### **TO BE INFINITE WITHIN THE FINITE**

To be infinite within the finite:  
That is to be human!  
To find amoeboid inchoate growth  
In personality flacking against bars  
Real or imagined, internal or external,  
Wondering whether pain, here or there,  
Is due to nature or society.  
To find your mind is a heaven or hell  
In the same world,  
To want the world different yet to know  
There could be no perfection  
Permanently held in external forms  
Given the endless, restless change  
In self, desire, love, and hope.

### **INSANE FRENZIES OF ILLICIT DESIRES**

Insane frenzies of illicit desires!  
If there were gods, they would be sadists.  
We roll and burn on devilish fires  
That seethe within.  
And all we have for consolation  
Is whatever faith we believe we hold,  
By which we try to make our hells  
Seem necessary or justified.  
Society's norms, prison walls,  
And even Nature's too,  
Drive us ever against ourselves.  
Intensifying recognition that we are merely  
Waiting for death,

In a cold, frustrating antechamber.

### **I THOUGHT I SAW YOU IN DIM ETERNITY**

I thought I saw you in dim eternity  
And I loved you there  
In the warm truth of silent dream  
Where sweetness flew in clouds of love  
And hatred was foresworn in all  
And movement through the sea of time  
Was everlasting, and thoughts winged  
Their rugged way through surf and rock,  
Smashing in joyous truth averred,  
Crashing elements in planetary roll,  
Stops of the universe in organ drench.  
Chemicals' infinity rumbling on,  
Scions burbling in chariots of wrath  
Through stars and hope, heaving desire,  
Kicking dreams back and forth like wool,  
So to weave Penelope's wreath.

### **SMILING LOVE KNOWS ALL IS PAIN**

Smiling love knows all is pain,  
Beauty and tragedy are parts of the same  
World, where all closes round about  
And breaks us when it can no longer doubt  
Our danger to its perpetuation;  
Knows it must stop the seed unfurl  
As truth grows and gathers up  
Others from the misty roots of their hope,  
Their long-buried knowledge of life's  
Yearning to be free, joining others,  
Dispensing with bickering, censure, hate;  
To embrace the difficulty of love.



## **FOR JACK THE RIPPER'S FIRST VICTIM POLLY NICHOLS**

I'll make your requiem,  
May I?  
Poor victim,  
Poor girl,  
Destitute prostitute on the streets of London,  
In the cold, fog, Nineteenth Century,  
Cold, cutting, vicious world.  
Poor thing.  
Peace now,  
I'll sing your requiem.

## **I CRY DEEP WITHIN**

I cry deep within  
As I feel lost ideals,  
The death, the drained hopes,  
Ruined lives and shattered dreams,  
History's fiascos, revolutions  
Turned to blood and lies.  
Vishinsky, Thatcher, Bush, and Botha  
Play the same game, and betray  
Humanity, dressing murder in ideal words  
Thus staining them, as they kill.

## **ABERDOUR**

As level sands stretch far away  
From ruined bones of a tyrant's time,  
Soft winds meander around  
Quiet stones of country graves

Where perfume memories seem to sing  
In birds and bright flowers,-  
Of people gone; how long they lived;  
What remain of their spirits now;  
While you still see, feel, hear,  
Above the strange place where they are.

### **COMING INTO THE WARM AFTER THE ICE**

Coming into the warm after the ice  
It is, to love you;  
Fragments splintered, picked up by such  
Beautiful hands.  
Gently beautiful, yet always proving  
Strength is not always external,  
Strong to the pinnacle of the Universe's glory  
You are, quite by nature.

### **LIVING THEATRE AND SOCIALISM**

Of course there is no liberation  
Without Imagination!  
If you cannot believe that Human Nature  
Can change  
Then sure, there can never again be  
A world without War, repressive States,  
A world not ruled by Money, Self,  
In rigid calculation.  
Only in inspiration  
Can it be imagined  
That a human community  
Could live in process: yielding, flowing,  
Not wholly rational in its dealings  
Within itself - spontaneity  
Working in decisions, feeling

Involved in relations, thus  
Drawing from myth, memory,  
Knowledge of how older peoples  
Lived in a visceral world,  
Not necessarily mad though steeped in dream,  
Not violent though animal in hormonal urge.

### **IN LIGHT AND FIRE FROM THE MIND'S ZONES**

In light and fire from the mind's zones  
Where freedom's spirit lives and burns,  
We are united, we are one,  
No matter where our material being:  
We are one, we can imagine  
Each others' lives, and therefore fight  
All for one and one for all  
Equally, for the global whole  
Of truth, beauty, love, and peace.

### **WHEN TAKEN HARD BY MELANCHOLY**

When taken hard by melancholy  
My essence seems to disappear,  
In oceans of historic pain,  
And my appearances skid

Behind each other in exhaustion,  
Held in howl before futility,  
Dragged in directions my essence hates  
But cannot stop or stay.

Why do I feel the agony  
Of anguished loves in everyone  
From dawns of hope through eonic rounds  
That tear beauty to tears?

## **DUST DANCE**

How homely it feels  
Warm crisp sunlight shooting through  
The window, making the dust dance  
In mid-morning contentment,  
Reminding of grandparents' times,  
Good old days when the world was alright(?!) -  
The sun in an old room smelling of wood  
And tobacco, was thrilling and ordinary  
At the same time. Exciting and calm it was  
To be alive: no dread nor fear of death,  
The word "ennui" had not yet been read.

## **BREATH IN THE SEA'S FIRE**

I feel a breath in the sea's fire,  
Burning its eternal movement,  
My mind knows the tree's oak  
In the strength of spirit's flames.  
Groveling humanity, its face kicked in,  
Is yearning in its beauty,  
Bleeding from its softer parts,  
Learning how to fly.

The planets turn in celestial motion,  
Making music within divine silence –  
Rhythm, harmony, and melody,  
To which if mankind would attune,  
Life would surge and mind flare  
Up, as perfect orchestral sound.

## LORCA

Amid the dank, dull, moaning sea,  
Lorca accepted he must die,  
Becoming blood of Spain, earth-suffering,  
As an ant sees it all.  
None made the plan, but it is so,  
Federico smelt the dirt,  
A boy, with stars pounding.  
Beautiful women in reality  
Who knew all, now.

## NICOLAE CEAUSESCU AND NORIEGA

Nicolae Ceausescu and Norriega  
Walked toward the sea.  
As the sun went down hypocrisy  
Flew to infinity.  
The lovers of freedom feared their puppet  
Had cut the strings that played him.  
The Queen of England applauded a great  
Violent revolution against tyranny!

## QOSQO

In labyrinths of desire -  
Metaphors of hope,  
Long dark stone streets  
Obscure or ignite  
Libations in memory,  
To the Sun God or Moon.

## **CRISIS IS NECESSARY FOR CHANCE**

Crisis is necessary for change!  
From weakness strength is reborn;  
Anguish and pain are parts of change –  
Metamorphosis is not just heroic  
Development, for implosion and desolation  
Accompany the noonday nightingales  
Of outward motion: something needs  
Destruction to make us brim with the yearning  
For creation.

## **I MOVE THROUGH THE WORLD IN HEAVENLY LOVE**

I move through the world in heavenly love  
When the mood allows; the rough stones  
Are not forgotten, but can be employed  
In the outward motion of incorporation  
Of all into me, and do not cause  
Fretful harm to the inner roundness  
For a while; and though this state of truth  
Does not last, is soon eroded  
By the old rubbish of fear, regret,  
Anger, anguish, doubt and pain,  
Its glowing stain cannot be washed  
Out wholly, and thus to live  
Sustains some certainty through the grey.

## **REVOLUTION**

I dream great waves of successful Revolution -  
Proletarians, peasants, shattering fragmentation,  
Grasping Totality and carrying it over  
Beyond to where the Subject controls its life;

Masses of people active and valiant,  
Gleaming with awareness and victory in their eyes,  
The red flame of Love burning through the world:  
Clear thought, straight talk, good feeling, work  
As creation of things in harmony with nature,  
Fulfilment in the act of cooperative production,  
Decisions made with all life at heart,  
People unleashed with all the good they can be.

### **THE LORD'S PRAYER**

(According to the use of His more conscious subjects.)

Our Father which art in heaven,  
Hallowed be thy Name;  
Thy kingdom has come,  
Thy will is done,  
In earth as if it were your heaven.  
Give us this day our little daily bread,  
Though you will not forgive us our trespasses,  
Though we are expected to forgive those who trespass against us.  
You will lead us into temptation,  
But will not deliver us from evil.  
For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory,  
For ever and ever.  
So you hope.

### **WAUGH REVISITED**

When from an inner cage you see reflected  
Your demonic soul in a story imagined  
By another, in another time, with other beliefs.

It is strange. To have the desperate yearning  
For an unanswerable flame, sleek and thin,  
Awoken by another's insanity, is very strange -  
Like finding words on a page are not dry  
But dance in lightning tears of soul,  
Or enter your viscera as gripping drugs,  
Strong with physical religion.

### **GLASGOW GARDEN FESTIVAL**

Hi-tech and empty myth -  
Selling Scotland by video!  
Commercial bland international Capital -  
Vancouver, Glasgow, or Tokyo?

### **BEAUTIFUL STARS OF CUSCO**

Beautiful stars of Cusco  
How beautiful are your eyes.  
Forever wild and longing  
Sweetnesses of desire!

How skies are long in the Andes,  
Flying in fits, bright  
As cathedrals with their altars.  
Gold in magnesium light!

Lorca was here in his womb,  
Feeling with burning words,  
All is a mingling of mountains,  
Explosions are stars in your sky.



## WHEN THE WORLD MEETS AT THE BAD END

When the world meets at the bad end,  
Eyes remember eyes beneath the plain  
Where the dark voice comes and forgets time,

And tigers ramble and chase images  
Like paper scraps into a mind's books,  
Trying to trap a flying light.

Then a sun turns onto a valley path,  
That walks with the two towards the end,  
As the air plays with looks and talk

Peeling between faces in wind;  
Communion as dew in a rainbow sounds  
Like singing drunk in quiet snow.

Ask why a diamond counts more  
Than the leaves that over a million years  
Compress themselves, like art condensed

From life in pain and happiness,  
Imposition and hands bored  
Into the background chained sludge,

Beating at fragile hopes, wisps  
Of metaphysical silver wound  
Into spaces of unfilled possibility.

Now the lark makes sense,  
When no longer is it there,  
As that morning is no longer,

When it is too late to explain  
And all should have been directed  
Into action.

Now the faces bounce light  
Like play: certainty breaks  
Clouds from the scowling sky,

And cells admit that ecstasy  
Burns the rules for feeling.  
Under the earth the answer seems

Always to have been, when  
A seed picks a way to green-  
Lighted vulnerability.

### **NOW IT'S A LOST WORLD**

Now it is a lost world  
Where I look, a dark bridge  
Bridles a slimmering beautiful grey  
Stream, spattered in rain  
Into whitish glimmers of glancing drop.

I can no more walk there  
In case the sun goes in without  
You there, and the speckled lights  
In the greyness seem to swarm  
Too bright for the dark day.

### **I AM A BATTLEFIELD FOR WARRING HORSES**

I am a battlefield for warring horses,  
Wheels of sun crashing through the dust;  
A silent, inner, insane  
War, worshipping the Third Apocalypse.

I do not forget the sun's conflict  
With moon, for time and sky;  
Never lose the razor teeth  
Where thoughts cut feeling.

I hear a shriek deep in thy Universe

Soul within Soul, thy name meets not;  
Lightning cracks as fundamental force  
Darkness in Light, Love from Death.

### **I HAVE SEEN THE POWER**

I have seen the power  
Of the sun exploding in the sky  
With the spurt of flashing, sizzling joy  
Rocking in colours from the blood of time;  
Burning with hope for our unity.  
Into the culture of expanding light -  
Come to the dance of our potentiality,  
Our future of emancipation!

### **I AM SWIMMING IN A NEW SEA**

I am swimming in a new sea,  
I want no words to give now;  
Fear looms, and the lonely moon  
Moves not in company with the sun;  
The cold, lovely moon swims  
In a sky other than the sun's.

### **CITY MYTH SONNET**

To walk through City as in Myth,  
Engage in re-enactments of Primal Scene  
At every corner, to explode in light  
And eternity, with every star;

To risk wreck of soul at night  
In every tempting dark adventure,  
Dangerous eyes leading further  
In basements of abysmal lust:

Synchronization of your juices  
With mine, your eyes clasped  
As stranger onto inner Myth  
Of eternity, rousing a dreadful star;  
Heavenly bodies thrown in desire,  
Souls entwining delicious agony.

## **BEIRUT**

Beirut, symbol, concrete hell,  
Arab heart tared, scarred,  
Western thrusts, open scars  
Racked, divided, Arabs surge  
Waves, rockets, Western curse  
Urges misdirected.

Beirut, symbol, world confusion,  
Condensation of division  
Serving power, manipulation,  
Western intrigue, oil, Israel  
Ripping hearts, Arab lives –  
Unplug the change-waves!

Beirut, symbol, real death,  
Hope batters buildings, tanks  
Round around, death again,  
Bombs in soul, Western eyes  
Gored, gutted care, despair  
Pouring smoke, Beirut,

Beirut, symbol, crisis tears  
Hearts to apathy, death West,  
Visions, screens, guns bursting,  
Arab hate, heart-chains,

Western fuel pours fire,  
Lebanon bangs in suffering.

## **BEAUTY BURSTING THROUGH**

Beauty bursting through.  
Revolution is rupture in time,  
Explosion of truth shattering lies/  
Redeeming, reuniting chaos.

Spirit finding time at last,  
Perfection seeping through the real,  
Integration into sublimity,  
Rounding fragments into form.

Art now becomes Life,  
Truth is hard and real,  
Speech becomes transparent,  
As water in a lagoon:

Emerald, purple, turquoise bliss,  
Sun, hot, yellow shafts,  
Air soft, warm, touching,  
Nestling round our being.

## **DARDANOS**

Out from the desert as a shooting light  
Fired the minaret, rocket of a faith that asserted  
And all accepted, or plunged to the sword  
Before Attention that made every battle won;  
For God is the light of heaven and earth  
And heroes have the light of heaven in their eyes;  
Athenians and Spartans fight over the strait  
Where thousands died at their guns in a wrong war;

To commemorate their battle, grey-haired and later  
They weep and embrace in friendliness  
At Gallipoli, where ghosts walk  
In the dream that is confusion and beauty to all,  
In hopes from a face that stirs truth and time  
While Zeus watches and mortals want  
The Goddess that burns red on the sea  
At dusk on rippling sea-waves;  
Alexander crossed and poured wine on the sea  
For the Nereids, where the Allies sank  
And were driven back, though the rock-fresco  
For the Turkish, Unknown, Soldier is pain  
Of ultimate loss, trying to regain  
A bitter world of new competition  
Where legends help not for poverty and bent  
Backs of women, old and black.

### **LET ME DRINK JUST ONE MORE DROP**

Let me drink just one more drop  
Of your milk of paradise before you go,  
You have so much, you will not miss  
One crystal from your galaxy;

Let me suck one little taste  
Of the sweetness that flows in a gushing fountain  
From your breath of being, and it will hang  
Me over till we kiss again.

How will the world ever know you gave  
Me one more lick on infinity,  
You are not less by the slightest glint  
If I drink from your light like a sponge;

You, in your face of a billion smiles  
Startle the universe with your flashing beauties  
In a billion million glances, ever new  
Windows to the jewels of your soul.

## **THE BIG BANG AND MRS.T'S SPEECH**

Your pigs fight and snort in your trough:  
How good it makes you feel, Mrs.Thatcher!  
These are the young and brave of your dreams,  
Come into being as incarnations of your sickness.  
Your hatred of soul swirls from your Guild Hall speech  
Around the nightmare of the junkies of your rule;  
Around the corrupt, frightened, grovelling, greedy world  
You have created, with such meticulous care.

## **ODE TO OLLIE NORTH**

Oh, Ollie North,  
What a good friend  
Of Democracy  
You are!  
You know how to say  
How all who do not agree  
With you  
Help Communists!  
You know it is brave  
And so patriotic  
And loving of God  
For a secret agent  
In the world's largest State,  
Of the world's strongest nation,  
To arrange the murder  
And endless mutilation  
Of the rural poor  
In Nicaragua -  
By mercenary terrorists  
Equipped by your agents -  
Because you think  
They are Communist!  
It was so obvious

To one hundred million  
American viewers  
Of your moving performance,  
That you feel so deeply  
And you care so much,  
That when you lie there is reason -  
In short, you are a Hero!

Oh Ollie, what a lad you are  
You had so many pals there.  
You could just shout down your judges  
As Adolf did, and be so much  
More patriotic than they!  
Feeling so strong,  
You and your lawyer  
Could yell and interrupt  
When your excuse about obeying orders  
Was compared to the Nazis at Nuremburg!  
So many Americans were allowed to think  
Your enemies do the butchering,  
Not your friends,  
In Nicaragua! How clever you are!  
You from the killing in Vietnam  
Resurrected whole, in infinite power  
Of Reagan's aura, without his weakness,  
Honoured for telling lies,  
Loved for your tearful eyes!  
Oh, poor suffering people there,  
Not allowed to speak like that  
To their friends in America.

## **I LOVE YOU**

I love you  
And I forgot  
What was there,  
As in the dream  
Of all ecstasy  
I was there.



I love you  
You are there,  
And that is real  
Unto the earth's funny power  
Where all greenness can outpour,  
That is you.

### **IN YOUR SWEET EYES**

In your sweet eyes  
Sadness is so infinite,  
But I cannot cease to be me,  
Cannot tear my flesh to mingle with you,  
So I would sink into the swamp of eternity.

The Universe is all in a grain of sand,  
Desire splits into two dark birds,  
Confusion spurts and all is lost  
Until your sweet sadness comes,  
Then I would sink into eternity.

### **DANS TES YEUS DOUX**

Dans tes yeux doux  
La tristesse est si infinie  
Mais je ne peux cesser d'être moi-même,  
Me déchirer la chair pour me mêler à toi,  
Pour sombrer dans le marais de l'éternité.

Dans un seul grain de sable se trouve l'Univers,  
Le désir se fend en deux oiseaux noirs,  
La confusion jaillit et tout est perdu  
Avant l'arrivée de ta belle tristesse

Quand je sombrerai dans l'éternité.

### **KAFKA'S DREAM**

On one level of the mind I am in a Sanatorium,  
Or some experimental community with all kinds of people:  
Nudists, religious fundamentalists, cabin-dwellers.

On another level it is a dark erotic dream -  
Some kind of brothel, fabulously lewd;  
Vulgar beyond all ordinary imagination.

There are worlds within worlds; multi-faceted life  
Is convoluted, infinitely mutating. Eternities of mood  
Coalesce, disentangle, develop, change,

Dig in their heels, rebel, scream;  
While children of a new generation repeat  
Exactly, their parents' catastrophic myths.

### **REFLECTION INFLUENCED BY A VIEW AND WORDSWORTH**

This one tree in my back-garden  
Has all of nature in it; the mystery  
That Wordsworth saw, in the sea-creek  
From moon-flooded Snowdon at night,  
That Huxley thought would be differently felt  
By a Wordsworth in tropical jungle,  
That I once saw in a Colombian climb  
Of twists through hours in the Andes:  
Is nevertheless in every twig and rustle  
Of this tree in air of Glasgow.  
Wide ecstasy seeing endless variety  
In life, moves from saturation

To a new focus on your very feet  
To see all amazement is there.

### **LA VITA E UN DONO....**

Life is a gift  
From anyone to anyone,  
Not from a special few to a dumb multitude  
But as unexpected reflections on drops  
Of water that appear anywhere;  
And where it flows  
Is almost accidental:  
It is the meaning that shines out that matters.

### **LOVE**

Why do I want LOVE  
Where are you about this  
Do you want to see those shells  
Of unfeeling cold endlessly perpetuate  
The driving of the many into blood  
The system that exploits and guts the soul  
Of people everywhere and lives by torture  
And maiming and horror and decimation  
At the bad ends: where is LOVE  
For you me them the world  
When are we going to make it REAL

### **NOW WITH THE DAWNING OF A FUELLED LIGHT**

Now with the dawning of a fuelled light  
We ride on the thrill of our expanding mind:  
Unity of opposites, men of the nations,  
Birds with flying brains, unfolding women,  
Advance of the jaguar, jackdaw, ice  
Thrown back at old conquerors: climb back in the egg!  
We or our ancestors have slain giants -  
Now we will crack and bear children!

### **NOW IS THE TIME WHEN LOVE PILES**

Now is the time when love piles  
Its fuel, and burns itself;  
The rolling out of exploding fire  
Rockets incandescent sparks  
At inane sky, the always-the-same.  
Homogeneous dull ugly life  
Of lies, repetitions of nothing:

Now is the time that transcends itself -  
Bursts, goes beyond pale wool  
Of ordinary thought, domination.  
And gives itself wings to fly.

### **SWEET BURNING TRUTH, LET FIRE RISE**

Sweet burning truth, let fire rise  
In my eyes, to see in love  
And understanding of the world,  
Determination to join with others  
And change the deadly perilous ways  
We are moving the planet, making extinct  
All hope for the future, killing peoples

Who know to live in simple harmony  
With nature, inventing wars  
To destroy not just people, but whole environments,  
Species of plant and animal that will never again  
Be created or create; death of our world  
Seems the final inspiration of our race after all.

### **UNLESS THE MOMENT**

Unless the moment  
Is allowed to fly  
To the absolute, sometimes  
Blanking out all else in time and space,  
The moment become everything eternally;  
Unless what I feel for you right now can become  
Everything, all, extinguishing anything else  
In any and all other spaces and times,  
Stopping cosmic time, letting this instant become  
Eternity; unless that,  
Nothing is redeemable from an eternal sea  
Of pain, death, and tragedy.

### **CLAUSE TWENTY NINE**

It has been decided  
That newspapermen who promote  
Fascism, racism,  
Sexism, ignorance  
Of other people, other nations;  
Intolerance of views  
Other than those of Thatcher, Alf Garnett,  
Mike Gating, Lord Hailsham;  
Encourage narrowness of culture, jingoism,  
Pleasure at the death of Communists, Africans  
Who fight to be free;

Etcetera, etcetera:  
Will be stopped  
    From owning,  
        As less than naught point one per cent  
            Of the population,  
Eighty per cent  
    Of all our newspapers -  
        Our FREE PRESS!

**END**

Sludges up mud the trough is true  
Of psyche's love in depth - death  
Is rife as life, climbs dark  
Tracks sliding slow  
Till ocean cracks, crawl breaks,  
Ecstasy howls, shimmering crabs'  
Nerves - the Universe feels  
Agony intense, idiocy real  
Unrolls: chaos smacks swimming fish  
In a woman's-bottom-current.  
Swirling massive waters' crush,  
Vortex turmoil, huge gush  
Sweeps oceans immense,  
Glinting sun shafts through  
Bright; tiny spurts  
Make havoc, human will  
Washes down dense voice;  
Slug us into loud scales.

**DAMNED**

Why by a sea at night, we might find rage  
In the sight of cold jewels, beauties flickering light;

Why in deadening pain we might ooze unto stone  
Unwelcome, false choices freezing our desire.

Why love is turned, down into gazing windows  
Of flash-cold shops piled in commodities,  
And Sundays, or beaches, or magic crystal dreams  
That dissatisfy, bore, touch not vital spots  
That want attention deep, without a thing in mind.

Why, why, why: think of the deep cost,  
The lost spurts at air between hallowed ground,  
Sold to normal nothings; nothing satisfies  
Things of the dark, short sparkles in night.

## **FLOWERS**

Fabulous are the wild colours  
Of these insanely beautiful flowers;  
They are not dead, they are not in hell,  
They scream, but do not speak.

## **FOR ALEC AITCHESON**

Pounded love upon her heart,  
She burned, turned upon the world,  
Fire tore away her mind,

Vampire burning to the ground  
Vampire burning to the ground

Mist descended on her mind,  
Fire burned her tearing heart,  
Fire crackled in her world,

Vampire burned at her ground  
Vampire burned at her ground

Wind did pour around her heart,  
Spirit threw and tore her world,  
Fires crackled in her mind,

Vampire pounded on the ground  
Vampire pounded on the ground

### **APIRANTHOS**

The moon burns over the night at Naxos  
As you find the channel through the white street  
And Lord Byron took rooms here that have not changed  
Where you sit and dream in ecstatic light,  
And the moon hangs on the blue hill  
Where the wind rustles the olive groves  
In the day, like the dark oily women  
Shouting in the night in the narrow corner.  
Here is adventure, in the strange smells  
Where possibilities travel through the mind's thrills  
And cats hop with their pointed ears  
As the wind races mad in the quietness  
And I am here like the first of them all  
Burning with excitement that rings of wine  
From years through the houses, wine against the air  
For the women and girls shout, sporadic in the night.

### **THE LUNGS OF THE OCEAN**

The lungs of the oceans  
Breathe currents of cold water



From Antarctica, full of nutrients  
That feed the anchovy that birds eat  
And then excrete guano  
On the islands off Peru,  
Which then, nitrogen-rich, is used by us  
To help crops grow on land  
To give us food, which we excrete  
And this goes back to the sea  
Where it is again breathed  
By the lungs of the Antarctic ocean.

## **TO ALISTAIR**

Autumnal glory  
Brown and mystical  
Your Ayr  
Town of thick blue sky  
At night,  
Strange and wonderful

No wonder!  
Here is Burns' cottage  
White and hidden  
Long and beautiful,  
Deep was the poetry

Scotland the insane power  
In unconscious dream  
In mists of archetypal art  
Searching so long and wandering  
I loved, so deep to feel.

**DARK, MYSTERIOUS, EXTRAORDINARY BEAUTY**

Dark mysterious, extraordinary beauty  
Of sleep,  
Slow swirls of nightlove,  
Unconscious discovery of ecstasy,  
Deep notes in eternity.

### **IN COMMEMORATION OF ALEX EASTON**

Glaswegian, socialist, honest friend;  
Actor, dramatist, adventurer;  
Lover of Imagination and Freedom,-  
Thus did Sarah honour Alex  
At his departure, his spirit flying  
Upwards, in balloons.

### **TO THOSE WHO MADE THE GULF WAR**

Perhaps the greatest of your crimes  
Was making War seem natural again  
To the whole world - making millions  
Numb, overcoming their horror  
At the prospect of bombing Baghdad.  
Gangsters disguised as world statesmen  
Have pushed the planet and humanity again  
To the brink: the very worms in the earth  
Live in dread of how the world's psyche  
Has been wounded so dangerously.

### **A CEUX QUI ONT FAIT LA GUERRE DU GOLFE**

Peut-être que le plus grand de vos crimes  
C'était de faire paraître la Guerre normal à nouveau  
Au monde entier - rendant des millions

Insensibles, vainquant leur horreur  
À la vue des bombes sur Baghdad.  
Bandits déguisés en hommes d'état  
Ont à nouveau conduit la planète et l'humanité  
Au bord de l'abîme: les vers de terre, eux-mêmes  
Vivent dans la terreur en voyant l'âme du monde  
Si dangereusement blessée.

Le plus grand de vos crimes fut peut-être  
De faire que la Guerre semble naturelle encore  
Au monde entier - paralysant  
Des millions, dominant leur horreur  
A l'idée de bombarder Baghdad.  
Les gangsters déguisés en hommes d'État  
Ont encore poussé la planète et l'humanité  
Au bord de l'abîme: même les vers de terre  
Redoutent comment la psyché du monde  
A été si grièvement blessée.

### **FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA**

They searched for me, though I was dead,  
They searched six skeletons for teeth of gold  
And sent the nineteenth moon back up the stream,

But could not find me, though they murdered me  
For more, they beat death out of a pot and skull  
Hoping it could be gold, and still they searched

My pockets and sheets for my essence,  
My bones for my heart to make it disappear,  
For a key to lock my tongue forever,

And searched and blew away my dust  
To eliminate my hiding, expose my gold,  
To let the naked wind howl into my soul.

### **FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA**

Ils m'ont cherché, quoique je fusse mort,  
Ils ont fouillé six squelettes pour les dents en or  
Et renvoyé en amont la dix-neuvième lune,

Mais ils ne refont pas trouvés, bien qu'ils m'aient tué  
Pour plus encore, ils ont rue de coups un pot et un crane  
Avec l'espoir qu'il était en or, et ils ont fouille quand même

Mes poches et mes draps pour mon essence,  
Mes os pour aneantir mon coeur,  
Une clef pour fermer ma bouche a jamais,

Et cherche et disperse ma poussiere  
Pour detruire mon refuge, decouvrir mon or,  
Laisser hurler dans mon ame le vent froid.

#### **WITH PETER IN BURNTISLAND**

My metaphors, they make my consciousness.  
Dialogues with you, create new syntheses of truth  
That I try to retain, from a walk in real dream  
Up hills to where the whispering trees  
Encase in mystery the luscious sight  
Of dark warm blue, deep sea,  
An Ionian isle sunk in paradise,  
Below an azure sky of heaven's mind,  
Poetry where earth and sky sleep in each other's arms  
And dream of rocks, waves, clouds, and all that we read in their smiles  
And call reality. And talk at night  
That latches in the darkness to an utmost fear,  
Memory in terror of another realm  
Of child's unreal reality, where staked at night  
Is a dangerous, wild bet, descent to darkness  
An invisible lurking thing, that enters our being  
Like an ancient oracle or belief in gods  
Fighting like giants in the thunderous sky.

## **ODE TO WEIGHTY TERRY**

O to weighty Terry,  
Terribly weighty is he,  
Too tall by far to be  
Special envoy for Runcie!

Into Beirut he went,  
To spring a fly or two,  
But soon it was his turn too  
To be bagged by the Orient.

He wished so a hero to be,  
But was only the mediator  
Unwitting, for the Exchanger  
Of arms for some hostages free!

And as it was plain all were angry  
With the scandal eventually exposed,  
You see how wonderfully bravely he posed,  
As he hopped right into captivity!

## **NOW IS THE TIME WHEN LOVE PILES**

Now is the time when love piles  
Its fuel, and burns itself;  
The rolling out of exploding fire  
Rockets incandescent sparks  
At inane sky, the always-the-same,  
Homogeneous dull ugly life  
Of lies, repetitions of nothing:

Now is the time that transcends itself –  
Bursts, goes beyond pale wool  
Of ordinary thought, domination,  
And gives itself wings to fly.

## **THE GOVERNMENT WANTS TO REMAIN NEUTRAL**

Oh, the government wants to remain neutral  
In the Gulf War!  
Very sensible, it would get in the way  
Of the massive slaughter-rate  
(About 300 per day each side.  
For the last seven years)  
If Great Britain took sides!  
We mustn't interfere with the unending  
Slaughter, after all!  
(We are British, and very fair.)  
And really it is such a fortunate war  
For Western interests: rotten Iran  
Bleeding worse than Germany was  
After the Great War,  
Arabs and fundamentalists gouging out each others' youth  
At such a rate!  
So long as it doesn't get out of hand  
It is an excellent opportunity  
To reassert Western dominance  
And let the wogs weaken each other.

## **WE CAN SEE THE RINGS OF YOUR BODY**

We can see the rings of your body  
Rounding in light like the sea,  
Perfect in wonderful beauty  
Questioning inward to me.

What are thy wings of darkness,  
Flapping in silent waves  
Crow-like, strange and sinister?  
These we remember from dreams!

We believe you are sent to confuse us,  
Deflect our efforts to move  
With your fleeting moods, imposed  
Like shadows from unplanned winds!

Desperate is your love,  
Worse than the infant's groping,  
Devoid of knowledge of separation,  
Flying with sweet disruption.

### **PHILOSOPHERS HAVE HITHERTO INTERPRETED THE WORLD IN DIFFERENT WAYS**

Philosophers have hitherto interpreted the world in different ways;  
The point however, is to change it.

As it races on, what view can a drop of water have  
Of the stream, especially when it thinks?

How can it be part of the Fall, aware that all  
Acts on the rock, changing it and itself, in totality?

Consciousness of the drop, all mirrored in the dew  
Of Eternal Dawn, is rare: jewel

In the Universe - quintessence of truth,  
Squeezed from fire and freezing hell.

### **FANTASIES OF A HEAD THAT TURNS ALL TO STONE OR THE BALLAD OF MRS. THATCHER**

Shall I compare thee to an old Medusa

Stalking the land like the Freikorps did,  
In Weimar days that were germinating Hitler,  
Beginning to straighten the land into Order?

Or, shall I compare thee in your strong sense  
To Adolf? How well *he* knew  
To be seen and photographed cuddling animals,  
Or standing, ready for the click, swaggering

With DETERMINED FACE, SERIOUS EXPRESSION,  
Full of concern for the Country, the Future,  
Or grieving heroes lost in the Cause,  
Or praying to GOD, or the FLAG, or GOOD THINGS;

Oh yes, let me compare thee to a winter's nightmare,  
And find you more terrifying than a dread enigma  
That starts you in sleep, and has you panting  
And sweating as you wake, but then at last, goes.

Oh *how* you understand *people*, Mrs. T!  
That is your really great quality.  
Undoubtedly you know just how to erode  
A vague faith in better things,

A thrill ripples through you as you petrify people,  
Brook no opposition - talk so far down  
All are drowned - there is no alternative  
To what YOU SAY: you want us all shell-shocked,

What pity you can't run a full-scale war  
Easily nowadays! Within those bunkers  
You half-plan, with your American allies,  
In nuclear winter and radiation,

Nothing will be sure, but you must have all:  
What satisfaction in a haughty tone  
Over everyone dead, no one obeying  
Anymore? Your newspapers and sycophants,

Your gutter-friends in every point of power,  
Ready to fire your poison into flesh  
Unawares, and scream about enemies,  
Alien ideologues infecting your purity:



They assure us all is well with you  
At our helm, determined to let the forces rip  
Of technology, progress, capitalist iron,  
Storms unchecked bursting through the fabric

Of families, communities, fragile feelings,  
Burning loves through all the yearning years,  
Till we scarcely see the Angel of Death  
With her wings caught in diabolic winds

Swept backwards, always under your stare,  
Where the girls who walk from Council Estates  
Southwards to your snare, hear Big Ben  
Above your raucous rule, British demon

Of a faded flag, heroism gone  
But for your great SUN, your big sick friend  
Who echoes you **BIG BANG SCREECHING LIES**  
In your patriotic spirit, spreading death

Anywhere and everywhere, so long as you can seem  
Like Churchill, and can stop at all cost  
The growth of hope, justice, friendliness,  
Discussion in reason, and lovingness.

How well you leap on your opponents' words  
And twist them through your shrill voice,  
As editors of your gutter press  
Sneak their invasive cameramen

To steal photos of unsuspecting victims  
Unpoised, **IF THEY DISAGREE WITH YOU,**  
But fawn before all ugliness, if spewed  
By your private army of liars, sycophants,

Lawyers, ad-men, spies and peers,  
Businessmen, public con-men, smoothies  
Well-learned in the art of careful presentation  
Of integrity, that hides nothing,

As there *is* no truth behind the mask,  
There is nothing but their power

And love of power, contempt of all  
But those like them, devoid of love.

This is happiness to you: to see  
People support you because you cut  
Their taxes, or raise their profits a little;  
Let them own a house, when others

Cannot - and when the world around  
Is catastrophe, to have them think:  
"People starving around the world  
Must learn to stand on their own feet!"

So ignorant, they cannot see  
How YOU and REAGAN and MULTINATIONAL BUSINESS  
Daily cause poverty, death, misery.  
"Grab your knife and fork - the rest forget!"

## **GENERAL ELECTION 1987**

Oh no, don't let the black  
Dark sadness of this death  
Affect the tenor of the funeral.

There is a sound, a shout, a way  
In spite of all: despair is real,  
Yet from light within the tinsel

Possibility's bulbs may burst.

## **THE AGE OF PROSE**

Poetry in an Age of Prose:  
Wild joke as a flying spark.  
I would know, how in arcades,

In streets of Cairo, lime scents  
Of brothels, dark and dangerous doors,  
Temptation to abyss of sizzling joys,  
Or among partisans in Tuscany,  
Or Indian rebellion under Andean stars  
Measuring myth and re-creation -  
Fire quite secure of existence in time  
Could rip as part of the world around  
Against banality - Age of Prose,  
To resurrect truth of Poetry.

### **SWEET LADY, LET ME KISS YOUR FACE**

Sweet lady, let me kiss your face,  
In your soft eyes I intimate  
A sparkling star of a child's dream  
That stills my soul.  
In your lips I sense your anxiety  
In a beauty lost throughout your skin  
As I hardly need to touch  
To feel your soul.

### **I MET A WHORE AT THE STREET-CORNER**

I met a whore at the street-corner  
And I said, You are a lady,  
You have sweet eyes, kind and warm  
And I am only a fool.

You are more true, and far more pure  
Than the hypocrites, who condemn  
Me for being attracted to you

And you for doing what you do.

We are we, in the here and now,  
Far from the bleaching lights of eternity  
And we err, but we try  
Not to harm anyone at all.

### **I WAS WALKING TO THE WATER-WELL**

I was walking to the water-well  
When I met a fair young lady;  
Blooming as a rose was she,  
As she beckoned and said to me:  
"These flowers around us grow because  
Our minds procure with difficulty  
Sweet meanings to our fantasy.  
And so I smile at thee."  
The stones around grew very dark,  
Their undersides seemed to turn  
Upwards to our eyes, that drew  
Into the under-earth.  
And the soil closed around their lids,  
Toppling the little sanity  
That controls the flow of poetry  
From oceans of manic mind.

### **THERE IS A BEAUTY HERE**

There is a beauty here  
That no one else sees or wants to see  
The long green sea and silent surf  
The transparent air of lone breath.

We think alone: communication  
Comes after and changes all that's known  
In immediacy, in this world where your sight  
Matters not to the blind night.

## **COME WITH ME**

Come with me  
To where you can  
Enjoy existence  
Like an acute knife  
Cutting through snow;  
Where the senses feel  
With burning pleasure,  
Where smiles dance  
All sides of the street,  
Where the head is clear  
For the direct fight  
Up and along out  
To the liberated state,  
Where friends are held  
And love is the magic  
And beautiful bodies  
Are enjoyed in supreme ease  
And where the power for life  
Is the wild dance  
In freedom and no fear  
And highest refinement  
Of the spirit's flames  
Amid basic living,  
Love-making in mud,  
Drinking juices of love and madness;  
I have been searching  
Now and forever  
And I always find it  
After bleeding and doubt  
In the sky's explosion  
And the love in the growing grass,

So come with me  
And share it all.

## **DANCE OF WHAT DIRECTION**

The wild lights in the alleys burn  
And the raising from the earth is on,  
Concrete, the solid sky prevents  
Growth from seeds of experience.

Doorways open strange laughs.  
The guts of a city burst,  
We are not as authentic spirit  
In us wills us to be!

Playing phantoms dance in the dark  
And your white face is ambiguous,  
Why do we toil through years of dream  
Dimly to emerge in memory?

I love you as the leaves are confused  
But the smiles break as waves  
Of ether reminding the roll of life  
Of its movement in organic time.

Oh in the streets what words will quell  
Urges that disquiet hope,  
Consistent yearning in the deep hole  
Churns itself into milk.

Sucking in the battle the faces stare  
From chaos into sweetness,  
Nothing is simple yet our tunes can play  
Toward transcendent brightness!

I saw your heads behind the seat  
Soaking up the joy,  
In sense of waiting for what-the-hell  
As all is uncertainty.

Who is pretending to be the boss  
When anything can fall,  
And your ecstasy is the predicate  
Of others' operating rule?

What dream is fighting for the light  
In Odyssey steering a mean,  
When beacon-fire extremes are moving  
As twin drunks in dance?

Corners of roads where the sparks flare  
In beauties of unusual flame,  
There the stone of reified law  
Threatens to extinguish doubt!

Forever, the madness of the outer smile  
Crushes unsure swell  
Of what could now be anything  
If things had moments in chance.

Do not be unclear as the mountain flashes  
Varied colours of depth,  
It matters where the brain goes  
As it harnesses to truth.

Flower in the darkness the mind is strange  
With your fragrance dispersing mist of night;  
Our tongues wish to speak, when  
Flurrying bottles the cork.

Ashtray of aspiring thought  
Spray in spite of dust,  
Crack with the image of something to say,  
Remembering there is nothing

Except all: bags of a lurid sky  
Meaning emotions to fools  
Who oscillate when they want to speak  
And empty their guts of kind.

You waited, as my body did too  
Thinking the cycles meant

Nothing but time, not knowing how  
Earth grows its wet peat.

Settled is the vacuum, not the plant  
That sucks from thick air  
Something to live from, and leaves the cells  
Of thought twisting in wind.

Hope is gas that pumps the seed  
To push from under-stone,  
Strange is the mixture of rock to dream  
In combustion on twig to pine.

### **FIRE IN THE UNIVERSE BLASTS ITS HORN**

Fire in the universe blasts its horn,  
And the rocks roll in dangerous wail,  
Holes of fate pour their tunes  
Into unexpected cells, crackling hell  
Pretended in the dugout truth,  
Young idiots die on the hill.

No one could know, but all hope  
From the fragments of experience,  
Expected to make some personality sense  
As the audience before Schubert –  
Ridiculous, knowing all of him –  
A boy coughing in a little room.

Ugly, putting together this: how?  
Angels do not flutter here.  
Gutters of the street, far below  
Heaven, squeak interminably.  
Even Mrs. Thatcher squawks  
Of Art, very occasionally.

Keats, boy! cough blood,  
Redeem yourself for so daring.  
This is the age of invisible iron,



Skirts of softness persuading.  
Gentle is the nightingale  
To be forgotten, under the end sky.

I'll intrude: dreams are made  
For entering while awake:  
There I see John Donne, Haydn,  
Rosetti, Hart Crane - crazy unimportant fools,  
Mozart, Rembrandt, Lorca; puffs  
Of stupid air, wasted time.

Amid blocks of high tower,  
Squatted inches dug hollow.  
Sizzling sexy power okay  
(Yes, okay) burn the fields  
From streetcars devoid of desire:  
Worlds are on the brink!

Skirts from fragments of desire,  
Time in repeated bursts of joy!  
All is the same: better even!  
Ages of life are all the same.  
Pity is that millions starve,  
Franz in his feeble coughing would not like it,

### **"IT IS THE TIME FOR LOVE TO COME"**

"It is the time for love to come,"  
Said April to the moon,  
"The time when frozen buds will melt  
As flames into the sun."

"The day will enter into fire  
As night descends the abyss,  
Prose will turn to burning vision",  
Cried Saproth to the pawn.

"And dogs will eat their masters' meat

And spit out bones with glee,  
Cats will hiss at their mistresses' feet  
And piss into the sea."

"Yea! Urizen will arise  
With purple-orbed dawn,  
Hunting flies will dance to learn  
Around a cosmic smile."

### **I WALKED AS IF THE YEAR WERE LONG**

I walked as if the year were long  
And free upon the tree;  
You sweetly took me to the sky  
And touched with love on me.

### **A VICTIM OF AUSCHWITZ**

A victim of Auschwitz,  
Someone who  
Did not understand how the world can go;  
An ordinary innocent,  
A lamb at the altar,  
One who drops dead on a forced march,  
One who gets a bullet in the head in the trenches  
At eighteen years old,  
A boy from a village;  
Or a victim in a prison in the nineteen-eighties  
In Thatcherite Britain where the underdogs live  
In Victorian gloom.  
It is all the same thing:  
Only the details and forms change  
As the System torments its quota of scapegoats  
Over and over again.

## **THE BIG BANG AND MRS. T'S SPEECH**

Your pigs fight and snort in your trough:  
How good it makes you feel, Mrs. Thatcher!  
These are the young and brave of your dreams,  
Come into being as incarnations of your sickness.  
Your hatred of soul swirls from your Guild Hall speech  
Around the nightmare of the junkies of your rule,  
Around the corrupt, frightened, grovelling, greedy world  
You have created, with such meticulous care.

## **DEATH AND LOVE IN A BOG, WITH THE SUN**

All rage is speaking,  
The sea is grey and wild,  
Waves undulate and kiss the shore  
Bringing answers in strange lights.  
We know the rocks that bring the blood  
From vulnerability,  
Seaweed clings like hope  
Around death,  
The Mother's pain for her Son  
Repeats itself endlessly.  
Unspoken words lie around  
The sacred isle of our life,  
Waiting to be touched, or made  
Whole in the guts.  
Police hit the fish;  
Heads fall, broken  
In dust.  
All love is under a stone,  
With starfish, harsh crab shells, crawling limbs  
Of dismembered life;  
Turn you will every stone  
And, though the sun's rays occasionally  
Pierce the prison bars.  
Hatred lives in the mud,

The Earth of which all is,  
Is. There is death in the middle-class,  
Death in the working-class, death in the upper-class:  
Variations on a theme of the graveyard  
Behold us. Death pretending to be life  
Is all around, sparks fly until the jack-boot  
Crushes fire. Suck the flame from the belly,  
And anything dies!  
Half a million gypsies Hitler murdered,  
Adolf Hitler killed half a million gypsies.  
Because they were gypsies.  
Rage must wing its way again  
Along the waves; revenge  
For half a million gypsies, burns  
In huge funeral pyres,  
Fire to the Goddess Moon,  
Fire to the pain in the sky,  
Fires to insanity cracking our skulls,  
Fires to truth in our cracking skulls.  
I feel freer in a bog  
By the seashore, with friends,  
In howling winds and battering rain  
Without food, wet and cold,  
Than with arseholes sitting neat,  
In the Hilton Hotel.  
I have dreamed through so many nights,  
Insanely, in such ecstatic beauty  
As keeps me mad! How could  
One man's psychic flaw  
Spread its black wings over  
All humanity, wrecking and murdering  
So many, many millions?  
How can policemen be allowed  
To bust the visions of youthful farce,  
Turning all to hatred!  
Hell rules, in the name of heaven,  
Reality is ignored: reality being  
A mingling of God and Satan. All is mad,  
Like me upon a dark wish,  
Flacking daily life to bits,  
Pretending all should be the Blitz,  
Memories of War stuffed into minds  
And made invisible normality.

They rule: judges in grey wigs  
With little wisdom. They condemn  
Prostitutes they lust after,  
Dreaming injustice into truth.  
Turning all into a lie  
With luxurious arrogance!  
They who rule  
This ghastly masquerade -  
Hypocrites, liars, cowards and fools.  
Proud in their weakness and ignorance -  
Tories, judges, capitalists, swine  
At the trough, where they suck and slurp,  
Only stopping to quarrel about  
How many dregs should reach the poor  
Or starving. They are grand!  
All power they have, and spread their lies -  
Corrupted, cowardly minds and hearts –  
Through all the lands. All death on them!  
O can the hopes and twisted yearnings  
Floating under confused waves,  
Extricate intentions from the currents,  
To think and learn, to blast  
Creation - collective smash  
Upward to light, overthrowing  
Death, ruling as if it were Light,  
To start a new task.

## **SWEET, LOVE I**

Sweet, love I  
Can not say  
Well: because it is another  
World. Oh! Into you I feel  
Eternity.

## **SPIRITO IN ITALIA**

Cream of the marble, mixed with black  
Like philosophy living in the world  
Of bars and bodies, being real  
In Jacopo della Quercia and the spark  
Of duellers and thinkers penetrating words  
To the universe's maths; leaping spirit  
From normal chaos and concrete earth  
With Leonardo goes to eternity  
As we see on a fading wall grabbing life  
From a bundle of people in confusion and strife.

I have stood before the Cenacolo Vinciano  
And known when humanity's spirit seemed to break  
Beyond the highest pinnacle, reached through struggle  
And climb where we find wings to rush beyond  
History's constrictions, and when an instant squeezed from chaos  
Gives into harmony that suggests eternity.  
Then standing before a crumbling wall,  
Where a moment of tension and confusion and personalities  
In hubbub, calls up a deep heart of bones,  
We are in tune with a window into totality.

Loving harmony, and exciting prongs  
From the surf sea, love as an easy slip  
Into oil, sun a piercing burst  
At the three elements: water, sky, rock-earth.

Spring to get it going - engage the wave  
At the right crash: strong in certainty and smile!  
An instant passes, and like the sea  
All is lost of a sudden complexity  
Of wave and angle, light and deep  
Dredged-up strands in suggestive dream.  
We decide to sit in the quiet, and think  
It all out in straight-lined ideas;  
How can anonymous fears and chaos  
Of changing crowds, keeping styles and gesture,  
To distinguish their groups and impress themselves  
To others, add to a movement in mass?  
No science yet can unravel how  
From the ocean of turmoil in the mind

Certain things come up for breath  
Unintended, for significance;  
And we cannot yet relate the feelings  
Of anxiety and sexual interaction  
With strangers, to the thoughts that take  
The mind that thinks alone.

I remember Siena cathedral,  
Sitting on the steps as the girls passed  
Who were beautiful. They dazzled and stunned  
And this time it was not the same,  
The same is not a thing.

I remember the square that night  
Before the Palio, a bare-backed boy  
Played a guitar and a girl laughed  
To the wind: and now I want to know  
What occurred to my thoughts and feelings uncaptured  
Like songs unsung - as for everyone  
The moment is all, but not always enough.

### **AS MONTPARNASSE**

Under the earth where a tunnel wandered  
I heard incitement from sacred drums  
Banging anxiety and confused head  
Into the shape of dreams.

There I wondered who sat in cafés  
Worrying history with oblique patterns  
And danced with doubt, who was reduced to smiles  
As we pulled from peace's pipe.

I had wanted to speak of love,  
Sucking me to a cellar's bed  
Of straw, and the morning with punching shafts  
Of light through the bars of wakening.

You carry the seed in your strange mind  
That waits to burst in awkward moment,  
Shaking the sense of stability  
That is stolen from normality.

There the painters with red eyes  
Forced an arbitrary group of objects  
Into a ringing finality of form  
And flew with a stinging tail.

In the labyrinths of earth's dreams  
I felt the curves of every loved maid,  
Bouncing from cell to cell in my brain,  
Tortured with erotic wreaths.

I dreamed to bend and kiss the neck  
Of Egyptian skin soft as sun,  
And wondered where that anxiety  
Of love had started from.

The streets were full of spread desire  
Breaking time in all directions  
With cars searing through and back,  
I thought I had lost the island.

Chaotic as the perfect shape  
Of caryatids in transcendent beauty,  
Shining with light in a hollow room  
Was my soul hoping for signs.

The image of a certain hope  
Is soon lost and amoeboid growth  
Amazes the step of a logical Pope  
Crowning all death with thorns.

In an African mask we saw the life  
Distilled from exact time - the shelf  
For immortal senses screwed from hell  
Of the daily battle on the town.

Death confused me and simplicity lost  
Its coat of warmth - with juggled mind  
I sought you back on the old streets



Radiating ancient lights.

### **LA VIE ANTERIEURE**

Did you live a previous life  
In scenes of mysterious grandeur  
Now become the interior life  
Of walking, hooked pain?  
I would dispense with mythologies,  
Worlds of symbols peopling the void  
Where present movement is ignored  
Or used to feed agony,  
And conjure rather rich fantasy  
Resonating from infinity  
Into the living flow of forms  
A part of which I am;  
Burning the quintessential beauties  
From all times, all domains  
Into the legends we are making  
With sweetness in our eyes.

### **MY FEELINGS CUT THROUGH SNOW LIKE A KNIFE**

My feelings cut through snow like a knife;  
Without asking, I seem to feel the whole of the world  
Condensed into an intensity of fire;  
Tears of art want to burn from the centre of my head  
As I see the beauty, sadness, and waste of life  
Spilling like incandescent sap from the sun.  
It is a hard beauty, like iced diamond,  
That pulls at the guts with the extreme madness  
Of Wagner's heroines and their agony.

## **REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY**

I will not buy a red poppy now.  
Tories proudly wear them;  
Now it seems to mean you feel War  
Is wonderful, and Britain great  
At it. But for me and many  
The poppy is Red to show millions died  
In troughs of blood dug by blimps and traitors  
To humanity, while they  
Who suffer in War are disregarded  
Once it's "over": thus it is Red and radical.

## **VINCENT AND WILLIAM**

In starry night I knew the truth,  
The moon was flying in its fire;  
Worlds of sky revolved in love  
Eonic, distant from all sound.

Through all dark currents of the night  
And sunny ease of blazing day,  
I knew the union of body and soul  
Meant eternity: explosion of joy.

## **AYATOLLAH KHOMEINI**

I hope that evil, mad old wizard  
Is haunted at night by thousands he has caused  
To die, and is drowned in his sleep  
By revengeful corpses in his Fountain of Blood.

So late in history dark forces rule  
In the putrid thrall of devil made god,  
Religion soaked into dungeons and death

Uncountable; women in black,

Mourning and seething tears at graves,  
Blood-red flowers on rows of mounds  
In the nice shape of lying, dead bodies  
Rotting while their old rulers rule

Over more death: God wants all bleeding,  
Everyone dying or lamenting death  
Of sons and sons, fed like hearts  
Thrown to hounds who howl as they chew.

Death in your dark face, old Ayatollah,  
Your wizened arm making spookish signs;  
If you weren't so mad I could hope you hated  
Your nightmare-strewn sleep in red death.

#### **FOR THE DEATH OF BOB MARLEY**

They whom the gods love, die young!  
All honour to him, brave heart.  
To Jah, the injurious god he threw  
Love's sceptre, as the earth should be  
Equal to the glow of heaven's truth;  
And now that a jewel is gone,  
Something remarkable has left the dream  
That wanders in searching hope and battle  
Beneath the visiting moon.  
Cry, with the feeling from mind's bottom  
Up through the spheres of flowing gold,  
To bewail an ordinary king.

#### **SOME OF US WANTED TO DREAM IN THE GARDEN**

Some of us wanted to dream in the garden  
And make another life, starting from our blood

And flesh of feeling, but it could not be  
From such naivety, and so we accommodated  
And got fouled up with oil slicks  
In the veins, and then realized  
Chaos and anger inside us  
Was no different from in the others:  
Words are propaganda only  
Even if they spell truth.  
How sane to hear sounds as pure nature,  
Rid of meaning and controlled sense  
In ordered harmony: a leap beyond  
Repression and desperate fear.

### **LINES AS THE LIGHT GOES SUN THROUGH NERVES**

Lines as the light goes sun through nerves -  
Crimson tassles adorning the clouds -  
Magpies making happy in the hundred-year tree,  
Pleasant legends playing in the mind,  
Music guiding innocent joy,  
Spring as sound uncurling the green,  
Dance as movement of no-time trance,  
Cells urging freedom and happiness,

Time for an end to searching solutions  
And for feeling a few now.

### **DAMSEL NEEDING MERCY**

Damsel needing mercy,  
Why do you enter my dreams  
Year after year at spring  
To turn on the taps of tears?

Why are you sprung from beauty,

For my eyes - sweet life incarnate,  
Why do your arms embrace  
With love and grief?

Damsel I am your knight,  
White with a burning sword,  
Why do you seek me out  
To disturb my soul?

### **WHY WHEN I BATHED INSIDE YOUR HAIR**

Why when I bathed inside your hair  
Did the cats have to crawl,  
As a demon struck a fire within  
The moments of your eyes?

Because time takes your lips  
And stretches all temptation,  
Why must stars skate down your throat  
Crippling the little light?

We should bite the virgin snow  
Dripping the hills of our brain,  
As if the sun were our control  
Upon the night storm!

### **ANALYSIS ! ANXIETY ! CONFUSION !**

Philosophizing in the night  
Was a worm, very tight  
In its knife's hand, brandishing  
Analysis!  
It ate my sleep, engulfing love  
Into amoebic gut, then spewed  
Sweet soft tinges of rose-pink sky

Out into Anxiety!  
Dreams it played into its tangle,  
Mangling my brain into memories:  
Transforming tips of rose buds  
In hell: it was Confusion!

## **YOU BURN WITH THE VISION OF OTHER WORLDS**

You burn with the vision of other worlds  
Forgetting the conflicts of stars and gutter  
And the urges flood between the moods of grey  
As discontent is displaced;

Conscious you know direction's thought  
Though world of dreams disrupts the flow  
Of certainty, and chaos of desire  
Wakens you to confusion;

But crowds of dream cannot answer bells  
And order must find an upright stand:  
Save for coherence, we splatter on the ice  
Which requires continuous movement.

## **WHEN THE SUN SWEETENS**

When the sun sweetens  
I breathe wine  
From your mouth, love  
Is the taste as I know you  
In pure beauty, the air rises  
Fragrant as the words of a lake;

And fear recedes as memory bounds  
From fawnland dancing in notes splaying  
Outward from the heart of buried smiles;

Wings make fresh dew.

## **SEE THE PEOPLE BEFORE THE BUILDING**

See the people before the building:  
Silent, with mouths open, gawping –  
Steel in the concrete banging its noises  
Around in the cone of wide space –  
Cold as the slithering electronic shutting  
Of doors on the underground trains.

## **HOW WOULD YOU TAKE IT**

How would you take it, if you were  
On a continent of hard ice  
With no life, miles by the thousand  
Uncountable, from "home";

Or if the world had already ended  
And you were alone in the universe,  
Far more so than for English explorers  
In tents near death in the Antarctic,

Or for a man like Columbus,  
Testing whether the earth was flat  
With a crew fearing with traditional fear  
And evidently being human;

Or if you had traced your ancestry  
From its roots to a billow of seeds that spread  
In a wind billions of years ago  
To other land, there to grow

And become conscious of being wrong  
For this "new" land, far too long

After leaving the "old" one; then came back  
To settle on the thick dim root

Of the original plant, peering in  
And seeing even more distinctly how  
You twisted uniquely in the stem  
That spat you out in its special way;

Would you always see the world  
As a whole, not for a single part?

### **ALL THAT IS, IS FOR GOOD REASON**

All that is, is for good reason  
And yet could be wholly different.  
The determinations from deep structures  
In atoms, lie under the curl of waves  
And complex inorganic processes  
Explain every peak and pebble.  
All the millions of living species  
Can only be as they are,  
Yet the entire foray has changed  
In the sweep of geological eras;  
Different wasps, urchins, ferns  
Slither into being through adaptation  
To new conditions, and billions of types  
Of answer to existence are wasted and lost  
In the vast, open evolutionary experiment  
That started not by chance, but without intention,  
Because a combining of conditions and factors  
Happened thus on this little planet  
After it had cooled from the sun.  
And from the wild vastness of galaxies  
The motion of matter generated life  
Whose tendencies made possible the ultimate amazement  
Of intellect and human consciousness.  
Whether we will cap the final peak,  
Set a last emergence of a higher form  
In the innermost Chinese box of the universe,



Is our active question: whether we  
Can move our existence within the hierarchy  
Of cosmos, life, human history.  
Into harmony; understanding like no other thing  
What we are; being in control  
Of that huge knowledge in brilliant balance  
So that the intimation of higher being  
Called God, is met in our self-creation  
As conscious, harmonious, beings of love  
And highest peace, the universe  
Looking at itself in glory.

### **A DIVINE DESIGN**

Ah love, I am here it is sure;  
Not proof that all is Design,  
But here, mysteriously part of all that I  
Apprehend: the sizzling light on the green  
Moving leaves of this sun-blazed day,  
The jittering shimmering dancing midges  
And the warmth I feel, memory flowing  
As eternal streams of sound and vision.  
I am a being that has been produced  
In evolution, not design:  
But by god life makes itself  
As much as it is made  
And being able to know this  
Makes the universe divine.

### **WHAT I WANT JUST OUT THERE**

What I want just out there,  
Is too far for law to allow  
The leap, so spirit is anguished  
In petty superficial desire -  
Unquietened, disturbed, unsatisfied,

Allowing illusions to grow and grow  
From what is missed, so that normal rounds  
Become untasted fruits of paradise,  
Unexplored gardens of heavenly scents,  
Torturing the mind in obsession's prisons  
Into dreams like spirals through the night.

### **THE DEMON LOVER**

She woke in a strange pain, one morn,  
With uncertain ominous fear,  
And well she might, for having kissed  
Her man goodbye, she dreamed.

But the dream was real, the apparition  
That came to her sprung from the hopes  
In her mind's deep pool of trickling thoughts,  
Filled through many a year.

Out from the music of a tear,  
She now beheld her old love -  
The first and darkest, strong in youth,  
Wild as a night of stars.

"My one true love," he said to her,  
"I come at last to you,  
As I had promised, those seven long years  
Ago, when we wept in wind.

I come to claim your heart and soul,  
As I believe your fire burns  
With me, and I fly above your wave  
Pining to dive to love."

"Oh dearest love, out from my dreams,  
Love from my past whose memory  
Haunts my dreams to kill my rest,  
And waken me day after day

With tears in my morning, unclear yearning,  
Waiting for what my senses lose  
And my thought cannot grasp, as a fly trapped  
In a swirling waterfall:

"Love from my dreams, I cannot go  
To you, for I am wed,  
I have a man who is dear to me,  
And babes half-weaned from my breast."

So said she, drowning in her doubts,  
And looked away from he,  
But he took one step closer to her  
And spoke a steady plea:

"Ah, you must come, our souls and heart  
Must follow the spell of that night,  
When we kissed beneath the star-spun sky,  
Seven long years ago.

"I have a ship at the land's edge  
That waits with her bold crew,  
And there is music on every side  
To cheer your cheeks dry."

"Then I will come!" in a flash, she cried,  
For she knew as she was speaking,  
That never again could she dream a night  
In her old moist loneliness.

And so she went, unto the boat  
And boarded with pretty step,  
And forgot those little babes that she  
Had given her last kiss.

She forgot the sadness she had felt  
As she whispered in choked pain  
To her babes, who could but barely speak:  
"I love you, but I go away."

The boat slipped into the calm sea,  
Blue and gently warm,  
And sweet music spilled through the air

As she touched her dream-love's hand.

And they softly rocked through the ocean's deeps,  
Blue and becoming green,  
Till winds began to build their force  
Yet she rocked at one with her dream.

Then shortly, when the land was gone  
From sight, and the music stopped,  
She saw the face of her lover change  
And turn to a deadly leer.

And in fear she turned away, but saw  
His cloven foot, and as he turned  
She knew that now he had a tail,  
And she wept so bitterly.

And she saw a haze of piled clouds,  
Golden and white in the blue,  
So like heaven, that in frantic hope  
She asked if there they would go.

"But no", said he, "for that is heaven,  
Glowing in peace and joy,  
Never will you fly there and smile,  
For you must lie with me."

With that, he raised his arm and snapped  
The mast in one dreadful crack,  
And his foot he stamped on the wooden deck  
That broke and gaped at the sea.

So the waves welled up, and in ugly grey  
Submerged the boat full fast,  
Dragging the lady with her fierce dreams  
And memories of music passed,

Into the lunging breathing depths  
That would end her breath for ever,  
And she saw as she went, her bright sweet dream  
Of love, fly far and away.

## STILL, THE GREEN CORN-FIELD WAITS

Still, the green corn-field waits,  
As feelings, unsure where they blow,  
Though the grim world knows well  
It is not right, and sends itself  
Occasional reminders of dark tone:  
Serious, urgent, Beethovean streaks  
Of universal conscience, memory echos  
Of life free from the web of shame  
And fear dulling the wondrous smile  
That is everywhere, when the mist disperses  
And sun-shafts of light feed the corrupted soul  
Bursting into roundness, harmonious joy  
That soaks the world's agony in sympathy.  
Humanity struggles to raise itself from dust  
Into existence that has swallowed the highest  
Reaches of art and deep religion  
Into itself, and thus sees itself  
And the world as one, our eyes part  
Of all they see and love, the world unfilmed  
Of insipid familiarity: no longer accepting  
Unacceptable normality as natural or inevitable,  
But straining with each nerve to see just how good  
It could be for all, if we agreed to try  
To untangle the mistake that chokes everything.  
Shattering intensities unify the chaos  
Paradoxically: beautiful flesh seems in conflict  
With the still, holy, harmony of truth  
But is not if movement through the whole is kept  
From madness by laughter and humility,  
For then the steel front that wishes to impress  
When nothing wants impression, only to exist  
As free as all agents - molecules and kisses:-  
Then it disappears and your own self  
Is felt free and wild yet dependently deep  
Into friends: intuition knows  
That reason must give in, sometimes, to feeling  
That has its own rhythm, denying ego,  
While standing to the oath serene and firm.  
No need to knock down other earth  
In order to fly to the cracking sun  
In flash of greatness, for all is pure

Unto the smallest seed: sweetest leaf  
Is in wind blown as much as for me  
And I lack all but I feel, as all does  
But does not know it perhaps, and therefore grieves  
Less, but is therefore none less  
Than I in momentous Wagnerian farce.  
Blow in the screaming air interlacing  
Touch, undersea knowing, analysis  
That cuts under feet of trampling tyrants  
Who rule through shout and implosion of thought  
In those who do the thinking!

### **AS LEAVES ROLL**

As leaves roll  
You want to catch one and hold it forever  
Without a fungus coming,  
Though ready to swoop with the curling surf  
You are locked far from the sea.  
Changes unflowed-with sow pain  
In seeds of loss and decomposition  
Of what was not felt  
Except in expectation;  
Memories stir in colours of remorse  
Or fatuous speculation.

### **IMAGES MAGHREB**

1 Maroc, Maroc, gallop blessed crescent through the dust,  
Raise dark heroism at the sky, high,  
Ordeal surpass till the call at night  
Wails in militancy from hollow rock.  
If thou could move on the desert sands  
As stallion chargers at the burning moon  
Terrifying roughness in dry heat  
The scorpion cannot catch you.

- 2 The dreams with pretensions to reality.....  
 The dragon whose teeth grow from soil  
 Wherever sown with death.....  
 The shouting wearies me.  
 Herd the women as boxed meat,  
 Algeria, Algeria,  
 Reclusion of the lust organs  
 Into night shadows.
- 3 I learn from the scorpion  
 Where I meet dead oceans,  
 World music courses my veins  
 To the flight of sunset in minaret skies:  
 Birds without ruts of world religions  
 Or electronic culture.  
 Where can the free keep finding their throb  
 To the rhythm of emancipation.
- 4 Je suis venu de Maroc,  
 Merci, Shukran, you are very kind.  
 I feel chez moi, smile with ease,  
 The little girl is so sweet.  
 Before the night pours down  
 To close life to clothed sphere.  
 The country's system is socialist,  
 The country's religion is Islam.
- 5 Pretty lady beneath the veil  
 You beckon me, you dare to dart  
 Your dark eyes into my starved mind,  
 And hashish mingles all to heat.  
 Dust about the feet, the wail  
 From the minaret, children kick  
 The dry ground up to the blue sea  
 Shimmering around its ships.

## **MONOTONOUS MEMORIES DIG FROM THE GLITTER**

Monotonous memories dig from the glitter  
 By the city-roads, dreams from afar

Dance in auras at the gates of bars  
And the epic of strange personal wandering  
Throws curves of conversation  
And touch into dispersion,  
And the gleam for the future is a radiant dome  
In a vision of sacred morn,  
Casting ideals of cracked past  
Worlds into bored clouds.

### **CLOUDS GATHER TO CRISIS**

Clouds gather to crisis,  
Each moment of total meaning  
Passes, and we are left  
All over again on Monday morning  
At zero. Ecstasies embrace  
The whole dream of humanity,  
Intentions stretch to the end of history  
And nature in infinity:  
Yet the problem of self returns,  
Concern for wasted wasted moments, time  
Making mockery of young yearning,  
The non-existence of elixirs.

### **GETTING DRUNK**

I am a crack-pat, banging at life  
Like the others, getting drunk,  
Dying down at dusk and being reborn  
Next flash from the sun, heart lifted smack  
To the smile moist lips, bright perfume laughter  
Drunk with tight sound, hard, rough and beautiful:  
Getting drunk, drink it all, down through the barrels  
Of years in mistakes, and the ugly bloody world  
That won't change, or grow, in desire's direction:



Drunk, up to lights of starry spirits  
Spangling in the mind where the answers seem  
Clear, with the soul geared to the right  
Rhythm: drink, drink it all down  
Till your tongue explodes in the majesty.  
Getting drunk now, waves of well-being  
Rolling through your organs, flames of desire  
Sending rockets and sparks into dancing night,  
Reeling and laughing to eternity.  
Getting good drunk now, high to your eyes  
Bursting magic symbols across the air,  
Now let's bang hard at life, crack the gate  
That blocked, and blocked, my freedom to be  
A cocoon, a racoon, a dog of the slit tail,  
A rake, a snake, a fake of cracked skull,  
A pirate, a peanut, a dog of a dark joke,  
And a god of wild fantasy, dreams like sperm  
That have desire: drunk, drunk, getting drunk,  
Drunk through time to oblivion, to ecstasy;  
I've banged at the bars and they sometimes open  
And let in purple lights, kisses like hope  
From a guttered gun, that wants shoot through light  
In desire getting drunk, drunk, getting drunk:  
Now we're drunk so let's bang.

## **OUR YOUTHFUL DREAM**

There was a dream, as someone said,  
A time when naively young, we thought  
A vision of love could become the life  
Of everyone; thrilled adrenalin rhythm,  
Squirt of pleasure and buzz of heaven,  
Ecstasies of endless solid notes,  
Fire and light through intense air;  
We believed here and now we should stop  
Hating, grasping, envying, possessing, competing,  
And start living in time,  
Flow in relaxed passion with the moment,  
In tune with deep reality,  
And that personal circles of happiness and love,

Mental explorations through the world's cultures  
In each mind, were reflection in microcosm  
Of the whole free movement, the liberation  
Of first us, then more, and then the whole world  
That would get free.  
That time fell over, and we had to learn  
It was an illusion, doomed from its start in limitation,  
And we have known sourness, corrosion from facing  
Back to reality; but *we* cannot lose  
That impulse of hope like a bloody star  
Shooting to the night in exploding lights,  
And the adenoidal pain of secretal yearning  
For something communal and true, beautiful and free  
Which we can never find: when we feel the pain,  
A numb repetition of life in reality,  
The schism between outer and inner worlds,  
We cannot help remember  
How we yearned for unity and will always yearn.

## **I SAW ALONG THE STEAMING SHORE**

I saw along the steaming shore  
Five thousand dreams, wavering  
As persons blotted in myriad ways  
From growth; and some I'd helped  
Upward, but many I'd joined  
In invisible tyranny over their souls:  
In whatever measurement had failed to feel  
The unique life and spark of perception  
That was their own, and in my dream  
I saw the crime of my existence,  
Regardless of my fibre's hopes -  
Agreement in the wild conspiring  
Against ourselves as bottled dwarfs,  
Leering unconscious at the misery  
Of one third of the planet's population  
Starving or scraping for life;  
And in my nightmare, I could hate  
The callous shell covering our feelings,  
Blocking an infant's feel for another

Who also wants her mother.  
And I saw the sun bubbling in light,  
Smashing the air in a total hope  
Of the tide of sweet waves washing into land  
With the message of vast water;  
And the melancholy of that vast distance  
Between the life's sight, and its collapse  
As reality into the worst traps  
Of vicious cycle and perpetuation  
Of half-death beneath a dreadful star,  
Drowned my mind with remembering.

### **CITY LUST**

A bleak desert of the heart is this:  
Beautiful girls with new hair-styles  
Are islands of rose in the agony,  
Not a burning pain but a slow drain  
Of spirit in the night of lust.

Faces as they stand at lamps  
Are mirrors to waiting hope,  
In patches of gravel at the city's core  
Where young clusters clutter the night  
With repeating, broken lust.

### **I WAS OFFERED LOVE THAT I NEVER TOOK**

I was offered love that I never took,  
I was offered substance that I let go by,  
Ignorant through neurosis of anticipating Time,  
Crippled in the moment by anxiety.  
Ah when I see clearly that the sounds are true  
That flow unfiltered from the sensuous chaos  
Of joy, requiring no fear nor hate  
Nor forced activity in ego-push,

When I touch you immersed in what I feel,  
And see what, unchosen, alights on my cells  
Without anguish, unselected, I am free in the dance  
As complete speck with world that I need not own.

### **MIXED DREAM**

It was in the month of March  
And a fear was placed in her head  
Like a fern's seed green in growing  
Under the spring earth.

She wandered in the paths  
Stopping in long trances  
And the trees waved and bore dark dreams  
That bellowed in the night.

I was a dream in the night  
I snorted to drive the evil away  
That wrestled with her mind  
And I felt to hold her head.

I evaporated with the morning  
But melting into air  
I carried the memory of green fern  
As seeds into the sky.

### **NOW I KNOW I LET IT SLIP**

Now I know I let it slip,  
The rain was falling in another land  
When I was sitting at the quiet window  
Seeing an image in the troubled darkness  
That was you, and you, on closer looking,  
The soft hope of round loss,  
A simple smile that lights the universe up

Inside, as it is the whole light;  
The yearning for something sure yet far  
As the country girl when we are boxed in town  
With the skies dangerous in hints of blue  
Beyond the skeleton patterns of tree twigs  
In the dying time of wet dusk  
When the light-bulbs dazzle the day-eyes  
And it is all let to slip, dispersed in anguish  
That cannot be tracked, through hopeless yearning -  
Worm of the mind and splintering spleen;  
Again I let her slip.

### **SAID PRESIDENT THATCHER**

Said President Thatcher  
To Mrs. Galtieri:  
Let's have a war?

For they were lost  
(Poor souls, and sad)  
As all was very confused.

The world seemed as small as the brain  
That nobody understands;  
And all was felt to fill the time  
For all concerned.

### **I SAW UP THROUGH THE ROUNDED HEAVEN**

I saw up through the rounded heaven  
Empty as I was, devoid of all  
And knew that I, in spite of me,  
Could feel all, so why could not  
All existence jump in time  
Where here even I could breathe?

Death conspired, at every tunnel  
Where no one could escape in peace  
But would necessarily be bashed  
By the buckets of hard wisdom!

### **THE SUN IS BRAWLING**

The sun is brawling  
With my friend's girlfriend,  
And I want her  
But am not favoured.  
Let the smashing valleys of light  
Fill the air with wild notes  
To spread confusion for all but me  
Who will step through pure profusion -  
In the element for me  
Straight to the target of my desire!  
She will slip her red eyes  
At me, because I want her!

### **MAKE LOVE UPON A FLOWER**

Make love upon a flower,  
And fly to the wind of round tune,  
Ignore the bashing shouts  
From those in authority.

Only be right, by tuning to  
The truth that is of all, for all,  
And cannot be wrong, because it flashes  
With ecstasy of imagination.

See all of history, in its totality  
That is unfinished, an un-made path  
All the way from the cave to celestial palaces  
Growing in our paving stones.

Note all of nature, from the molecule  
To amazing galaxies and stunning orbits  
Of extravagant invention, colossal hope  
For a thinking pin in its midst.

Time it is to wrap the god  
Of fragmented vision, sensible gloom,  
Into a box, with its silver nails  
That will sing as they dance to the moon.

### **HECTIC THE LIFE WITH MOTHER AND FRIENDS**

Hectic the life with mother and friends  
And memory of war between religions  
And each one lives a novel narrative  
With beginnings and destiny and inevitable lack  
Of solution, leading to a new Monday morning  
And a restart: microcosmic meanings  
Happen on simultaneous time-scales  
Continually, by the tens, in all.

### **I'M A WILD MAN BANGING AT A BIG DARK DOOR**

I'm a wild man banging at a big dark door  
And the fate of our times is sealed inside  
Our heads but I talk and the sound is squeezed  
Into history's piles of debris!

Barking dogs are running tonight  
Through my key-hole's sight into the galaxies' turns  
In the big cosmos where we spin on our crust  
And rush, rush around in our time.

## **EYES OF THE NIGHT, YOUR DARK FLAME**

Eyes of the night, your dark flame  
Is eating me up, yet again,  
Pulling from the darkness specks of lust  
Into this brightness of paradise,  
There to disrupt the flow of gold  
With the misdemeanour of our narrow hole  
Where we are bred, and expect to live  
Until we lose our breath again  
In the sea of other time.  
We cannot take, between ourselves  
The light of joy into our pores



If it is human, without dregs of gall,  
Unlike the sun whose light is found  
Free as the sea in such quantity  
That even the maddest, grasping man  
Could not burn from the spleen of desire.

### **THE TRICKLING SUN**

The trickling sun  
Wakens my face  
From a pink horizon,  
Letting me take  
Its entirety in  
To grow wild:  
Wide with the notes  
Of all aspiration  
Without ego's deception  
Wanting petty grandness;  
And determined art  
Of the Chinese peasant,  
Struggle for freedom  
Of the El Salvadorean,  
Turkish sound  
Of the heroic Taurus,  
Mingle with the sweet tone of the bird  
Outside Beethoven's Vienna.  
I am as happy  
As William Blake's fly,  
And I know  
Whether I live or die  
That heaven is glinting in my eye.

### **PAMPHYLIA**

I dreamt in the seeming night of waves  
That roared eternity's silent mist  
To each crash upon the shore's hand  
Where I touched you, and your kisses flew  
Fast and gentle in wind and light

Like turquoise whispering in rippled sun  
And the silver and gold of the sea's fire  
Agitated my mind to an ultimate pitch  
Of motion in sublime total control,  
As if music were giving birth to itself  
In ecstasy; and as the sea dipped,  
Rocks sent sprays of vast grey  
Mist and colour and the mind merged  
With you and the turning of all:  
And the nerves of the sky thronged with sound,  
And the surf touched the sucking sand  
Undulating softness in the shimmering feel,  
Expanding as our knowledge grew.

### **I SAW MY DEAD FRIENDS IN THE WALL OF MIRRORS**

I saw my dead friends in the wall of mirrors  
Wandering through air with deadening faces,  
They taunted in the night to the candle-light  
And sipped from the blood of my mind;

They cooed in white dresses and reminded the flames  
Of shadows beyond clear thought,  
Shimmering uncertainly of brides' hopes  
Reflected in centuries of glass;

Memories and images of past life  
Move eternally in ethereal spirit,  
Transfixing old friends in the hush  
Of wind that gusted the flame.

### **I WAS CAUGHT IN THE CURLING LIGHT**

I was caught in the curling light  
That pulsed through my warm veins like love,

Wine of intense brightness hovering  
Moth-like through incandescent trees  
Round the flowered pond, streaming water,  
Radiating all into Now.

## **I SAILED TO AN ISLAND OF SWEET LOVE**

I sailed to an island of sweet love  
Where the air was soft as it lay about  
Like fragrant dew sprinkled with lemon-  
Flowers, and all was warm;

And there in the shade of shimmering leaves  
I saw one girl with paradise eyes  
And gorgeous flowers on her dark hair  
That burned with mad beauty;

And I will remember through sweet eternity  
And dream, how she loved with fire  
And loving perfume of the brilliant flowers  
That wavered in the gentle breeze.

## **DESIRE**

There would have to be in that city's heart –  
That heart that shrouded mine in lights –  
An unbending smile that turned my flesh out  
And saw with my eyes, desire.

That city that cannot be left, ever,  
Entwines my growth with images, unfolding  
Faster than the beat of hearts,  
And cages me in desire.

The down-turned eyes of a little girl,  
The form of hands wrestling with life,

The nude that lies within the running streets,  
Disturb with heavenly desire.

Mysteries outcrash with new waves  
Of consciousness, touching the glass of wine;  
Within a war there is so much to say  
As nothing listens but desire.

### **ROCK, OBDURATE OBJECT, LIVE**

Rock, obdurate object, live  
On sinewed bone, broken sun,  
Sinister marrow from skeletal crack,  
Rave with the wind dispersing calm  
In the isles of misty dream.  
Dark, dangerous monster lurch  
From disturbed depth, ugly egg  
Hop to the top and waken fool  
Dribbling through mud and spray.

### **IF YOU TRY, YOU CAN ESCAPE**

If you try, you can escape;  
Fear alone keeps you in caves  
After your raft has been wrecked and you  
Are captured by invisible demons;

And while the devil-boss prepares his vile  
Toilet to attack - then you run  
Through castles of memory in pain and rock  
And squeeze the way to the sand

Where the ocean roars and smashes stuff  
White with remembrance of hard dreams,  
Rushing through the night when the moon was cold  
And you waddle to the sinking tide

And down you go, and cannot wake  
Though you know that only the terrified suck  
Into the soaking dream where the light  
Of stars is snuffed into shivering

Turns the grapes of your boiling heart  
Into stakes of darkness.

### **COME LET US ALL RUN TOGETHER**

Come, let us all run together  
On the dreams of golden air,  
There is room for us, and more,  
To dance among the sprinkling drops  
Spraying our feet with lightness.

Only death can knife the ground  
To a gaping abyss, and he can come  
Only once to each, and is forgotten  
When sweetness fills the eyes for life  
And joins it to eternity.

Try it on the waves of truth;  
The skudding into green depths  
Is no more dark than if we sink  
Through staying still, decaying  
In the knowing of our sins!

The chains are lighter when we move  
With the soaring sea, and the salt spray  
Dares us look open-eyed at rainbows  
Condensing as if of diamond, from  
The quintessential mist.

We can fly without being grand,  
Without stealing air from around  
The wings of our companions;  
Our evils are not driven back  
By curling under black clouds.

## **NOT BAUDELAIRE**

I was no flâneur, but absorbed my soul  
Into the dark search where you can stay still,  
As the hours can pass in the night without fear  
Of time, and your silence can be embedded within  
Intoxication and sound.  
I could hurl myself into mystery  
Of my mind's making, erotic dream  
Of psychic pursuit for whatever emerges  
In faces and hallucination.

## **ARISE AHERESUS**

Arise Aheresus,  
The sleeping fish  
Is dark and dredging Spitzbergen's seas,  
And I with the flame of night in my brain  
Turn to the mouse's tail  
As she escapes,  
And leaves all history,  
Crowded in my shell as I view the lands  
That contain the stream from first-thinking animals,  
Through clans and fetishes to states and wars,  
To machine-age worlds transforming tree  
And rock to concrete and towns and lights.

## **THE LIGHT OF LIVES LEAPS UP AT STARS**

The light of lives leaps up at stars  
And I shall kiss you through the air,  
A sweetness lies on your night-breast  
And I shall see you here  
When the sons of darkness have crashed their pillars

Streaking with reds the plateau,  
And light souls in the crystal moon  
Shimmer in silken tear.

### **BALLAD OF A YOUNG GIRL**

I am leaving you tonight,  
I am walking through the night,  
I leave my youth behind,  
my love, this is our parting.

I go from house to house,  
Through rain until the final house  
Has faded into a dark field,  
I have died tonight.

Something goes tonight,  
Tomorrow will see new day  
But dimmer, I know my hopes  
Are dying out tonight.

Ca ne fait rien,  
I will live as a snuffed light,  
My breast will heave at night  
But in dead hope.

### **HEAVY LABOURERS IN A DARK FIELD**

Heavy labourers in a dark field  
Were working at odds with each other, in chains,  
And the bird that twittered in song above  
Thought that the field was burying them in night  
And that they should rebel into day.  
But by shared pain, by the time he came  
To sing of the act that would change the chains  
Into rhythms of motion in harmonious light,  
The song was riddled with a melancholy

And a dim complexity reflecting the strain  
And confusion of the labourers' life.  
By the time the sound of the floating bird  
Was exuding from twilight, the laborers' ears  
Were tuned to the ground and their eyes were enmeshed  
With the clinking chains, and their rounded backs  
Were turned to the isolating bird's lament,  
And they were glad when he was driven to silence.

### **NUCLEAR SONNET**

Behold, maniacs lead us to the brink;  
They think with the fantasies of old Westerns  
And reality is as a back garden;

Dangerous, they lack imagination  
And are so ignorant of the day-to-day  
Workings of reality.

They would push their tough pricks  
Against each other, never seeing  
Our planet as a pin-ball within the oceans

Of stars and darkness, the multi-billion year trek  
Of cosmic evolution. And the squawks of hoping  
And creaking steps, of a species dawning from the dust  
Is lost to them, though they are part  
Of this little process in peril.

### **INERTIA IN OUR WESTERN LIFE**

Inertia in our western life:  
Girls press the telephone plugs  
And are lucky to be employed,  
Artists wait between productions -



Periods of nothing between elevations -  
As nothing major changes.  
Money-machines change style,  
The value and power of money oscillates,  
Punch-cards, office-routines, automation  
In the car industry, all develop  
New repetitions, altered empty spaces  
Between events: new films explore peaks  
And depths of experience and audiences change,  
But the implications of art stay  
Locked in entertainment's box.  
News from the world repeats how bad  
The Communists are, and the struggles all around  
The world continue unhelped by us,  
Locked in our boxes of repetition  
Here in the West; art will not unite  
With life to make it change.

## **DEATH IN MY DREAMS**

Death in my dreams, I kept awaiting  
You, believing all in the dreary suburbs,  
All in the subways, banks and brothels,  
Women at the sink, farmers in furrows,  
All would come to see each individual  
Has but one life - not meant to be ended  
By mace cracking skull like a bad egg,  
Mangled with shells, wire, mud  
At Ypres: that history leads  
The subjective mind to greater objectivity -  
From believing flags and religions with tears  
In the eyes that see from partisan lines,  
We grow to look from transcendent universal  
Sanity: at half a million men  
Killed in sickening insanity  
Arranged by the frantic Iraqi and Iranian  
Governments, and recognize  
A similar ghastly global clutch  
Between west and East,  
Each needing the other as a mirror-image

To perpetuate its ramshackle lies;  
And to see that dismantling all Armageddon  
Is to change all tyrannies of the world  
To allow new understandings of history  
To spur us on, and to feel new  
Concern and affection for all life,  
All parts of our race, the light of stars:  
The plunging unconscious awesome beauty  
Of the moon in dim cold blue night,  
The merging and recreation of thought.

### **TO ROBERT GRAVES**

The soul shall not bow  
Down, except in grief  
For a while; like the butterfly  
Jittering, motion is not straight  
Or predictable: inspiration  
Is a mystical glare unexpected  
From the blank dull shades and mists of misery  
In the cornered mind or the tired waiting  
Of a wounded gladiator:  
The fist is gripped  
Around a fierce rock  
For as long as breath  
Heaves through the chest:  
For us that must mean  
No sober caution -  
We, who are thinking  
Fires in a body:-  
It means reemerging, sights  
On the elusive flame  
Of the white tresses  
Of the Goddess, burning.

### **REVOLUTION IS LONG AND BEAUTIFUL**

Revolution is long and beautiful,  
Painful as are your eyes;  
Ecstasy is the sky  
With stars, in your sweet eyes.

Wombs blow in the nightness,  
Light as heavenly power;  
Extraordinary spirits fly  
Out of time, to eternity.

Wild are words of the womb,  
Strange is the earth and the sea,  
Stamina have your limbs  
As they walk and leap to be free.

## **CAPITAL'S COUPS**

When the people grow  
Then the coup comes  
And lops off their heads  
Like white ducks;  
Fascism hacks  
At the open meat  
Of ordinary people  
For Capital.  
That is because  
The people are naughty  
And think they can be free  
And see their destiny;  
And that terrifies  
The dark skulls  
Behind the eyes  
Of the worried ones,  
And so they do  
The murders for the planners  
In the open street  
While the bosses are closed up  
In banks and cabinet rooms,  
In barracks and towers:  
They put their hooks

Into the necks of the soft ones  
Who smiled but didn't quite know how to do it,  
And they screech commands.

### **KAFKA'S DREAM**

On one level of the mind I am in a Sanatorium,  
Or some experimental community with all kinds of people:  
Nudists, religious fundamentalists, cabin-dwellers.

On another level it is a dark erotic dream –  
Some kind of brothel, fabulously lewd;  
Vulgar beyond all ordinary imagination.

There are worlds within worlds; multi-faceted life  
Is convoluted, infinitely mutating. Eternities of mood  
Coalesce, disentangle, develop, change,

Dig in their heels, rebel, scream;  
While children of a new generation repeat  
Exactly, their parents' catastrophic myths.

Never a day goes by  
Never a day without those birds in the sky

This is my life;  
That is how it is not.  
Here, flowers pouring up to the sky -  
There, devils dragging down in regret.  
Here, complications in coloured majesty -  
There, simplicity and ordered mediocrity. Knowledge  
Information  
Love and death  
Money

Careers  
Hamlet  
Great poetry  
Culture as a straightjacket for identity  
Culture as a means for each to open into adventures of heart and mind  
The modern world  
Disaster or happiness  
Progress or the abyss  
Lessons learned or errors of evil  
Endlessly repeated  
Forever worse each time  
Marriage and the family  
War and technology  
Too many people  
Within a world still beautiful

It's not possible  
To express your pain  
Across the sky  
Nor to compare  
Your heart with mine  
Your flights in different skies  
With mine in other strange airs  
Incommensurable is the life and mind  
Of each in this funny human realm

Thoughts flowing within the mind in silence.....  
Vigorous activity as all history, all nature  
Can pass within the brain, thinking ideas  
That people and fill that most amazing jewel  
And flower of the universe: consciousness.  
What immense majesty in invisible quietness!

O how strange our feelings are.

We never really know who we are at all,  
It is so confusing to be alive,  
Unable to identify ourselves at all  
To the Supreme Godhead, love's abstraction  
In the midst of chaotic beauty.

There is a flow like making love  
Unexpectedly, and kissing the hand  
Of the Queen of Beauty, wearing stars  
And all the sexiest imaginable flowers  
Dreamt in gardens of mad perfume.

Of thou whose suns escape in flowers  
Let the stars fly into universes  
Of ecstasy, who is the moon  
When we are dreaming, deep into the Dream.

Your light is brighter than the sun of suns,  
And though my heart is shattered as a beam of light  
Upon the rocks of pain and jewelled death,  
Yet those dark colours flame throughout my soul  
Like rainbows in the rainy suns of dream  
Where all is glorious in spite of deepest pain,  
As love is its own mystery beyond the stars  
Where range the strangest lightnings through its skies.

O weary is the night  
Weary in fading light  
Heavens of disappearing glimmer  
Only the miracle of stars' shimmer  
in beauty of the night

The light is not the Light that does not shine  
On her, beyond compare,  
Whose face could not be held against the moon  
Without that Lady fading from the sight;  
Whose loveliness is softer than the snow  
Which falls as pelt alight on Christmas night.

I felt some metaphysical warmth  
That were like flames within the sun  
Licking the inner coils in love  
That whirls like spiritual Catherine wheels

O radiance of joy, I am reborn,  
The air is full of sweet sounds  
From happy birds, that lift the soul  
High into ecstasies of celestial peace.

I feel the life of love again  
That were like magic in the sun  
Where the curling waves of blue sky  
Flew in my dreams and made me one  
With all, and perfect billows came  
And wafted round my tired brain  
And told me soft words of inspired love  
That warmed me into highest truth.

Music from the Ether  
Evocation of heaven  
Powers of an inner realm  
Where shines celestial Religion of life is new art  
Metaphysics of feeling in strange form

This is love in bleeding mind  
I am not dead anymore, no more,  
I am alive and swim like a bird  
In the blue universe that does not stop  
Crying and flowing in aquarium sky  
I cannot stop rolling like the waves  
Of ocean yearning in the cosmic Whole

Saints flying and rocks and bones  
Sex of the universe and all insane  
Rocking music of the deep blood  
Raging red throughout the whirring mind  
Of seas that do not stop for Man  
Waves crashing like hurricanes  
Lights smashing through the galaxies  
My heart on fire like a maniac  
I am in love with life again

As if One changed her mind,  
And left one in the void,  
Unable to understand why  
Everything was new, devoid  
Of ancient certainties, and life became  
Hell in nightmares of deep doubt  
And labyrinthine anguish, remorse, regret,  
And dark death of the crying, bleeding soul.

A crime against humanity  
Is a crime against us all  
It makes the heart and soul  
Of each of us bleed in ago  
The beauty of the Universe  
Is all I have for you,



Only the beauty found in my mind  
Can I offer to the world.

An epitaph is an end to all,  
A new hello to a reawakened world,  
The earth entering a new cycle,  
The moon visiting the world again,  
Rebirth of spirit in the flowers,  
Beauty again in the blue sky,  
Justice of karma for all living things,  
Return of truth after agony.

Darkness is over when the sun  
Turns into the moon, and the floating moon  
Seeps into the sweetness of confusing sun  
Where errors are forgotten and the new day  
Borrows its wings from the night's stars  
And radiance turns in silver flow  
Of joy in dancing leaves upon trees  
Of cosmic life breathing through all things.

Before the sun, all was condensed  
Into pain, which was not understood  
And life collapsed as a heavy balloon  
Wet, then pierced in fierce night  
Of falsity and insanity  
Where goblins played ghastly jokes  
Turning all familiarity  
Into dense nightmare of lies and farce -  
Ugly blackness where the soul cringes  
In misery of repeated idiocy.  
Then colour came, mysterious art  
From brain's other side of imaginative dream,  
And drenched foolish negativity  
In life, like laughter in the wondrous  
Lights on water where the sun  
Ripples its smiles and drifting swans  
That fly and skim simultaneously

Upon the silvery golden moon.

## MOZART

### I

In unfathomable beauty you walk as god,  
The light of nature is turned divine,  
Joyous intensity buckles your bones,  
The heart of love licks aflame,  
Sacred sweetness plunges death,  
Truth, so clear, it is clean water dew.

### II

Complete circle of love you made  
Bumping those in authority  
And those that silence the source of sounds  
That amaze: more yet could have come,  
But in that world you tinged every shade  
And corner with glorious unique colour.

### III

Holy certainty, faith in love  
Without revenge, moving light;  
Darkness of the soul alone  
Awaiting immanent love, breathes  
Rich in universal brotherhood,  
Gently clenched into eternity.

### IV

A human being is a spark that waits  
For lovely wind from the numous temple  
Of sound: bursting into flames like stars  
Of fountain-colours, bright to burning  
The mind in overflowing life:  
Life in every human moment.

### V

Muddled fear, resentment, official  
Hypocrisy suppressing, distorting the wish  
That all could be one in violet choir –

Separate dances of distinct loves  
Coordinated into supreme strength,  
Holy harmony of rainbow joy.

## VI

Where the storms ride too hard,  
Revenge comes to kill with bitterness  
The fighting heart as it changes all.  
In that eye, silliness plays,  
So where you might weep, instead laugh,  
In reason find a lovely calm.

## VII

Ah, there is deep excitement  
In transgression, that real love knows  
Better than surface moral rules:  
All are tempted – and some give in  
If their hearts throb with madness  
Fantasy; they know the need

## VIII

For forgiveness, understanding, complex judgement,  
Condemnation of what is cruel  
But not natural humanity:  
Capacity to fall lies in equal measure  
With timeless loyalty, for danger is  
An underside of courage and truth.

## IX

Celestial ball in controlled motion,  
Sympathy with the spheres of love  
High in the absolute, intense inane;  
The sky of sunlight waxing vast  
Feeling schemes – time suspended  
In total sharpness, ideal tightness:

## X

Or low with the laughing cats and faces  
Pulled in the street, absurd mistake  
Or bird-like play in joking mask;  
Whirl of a talking, dancing farce;  
Plotting, loving, drinking, revenging,

Conflicting vital human hearts.

**XI**

Inestimable grief pulling nerves  
Of light pain like a child cut  
From a mother sucked to death; nightmare's  
Sweet tears jump to spine  
Chilled and shuddered in unearthly awe:  
Flames and salvation's hopes sing.

**XII**

Life in truth fears no death,  
Love that rolls outward, warm,  
Is real and endless: laugh in the night  
With the candle of serene patience;  
Endure ice and fire, smile  
Like a child with all wisdom.

**XIII**

Song-bird beauty swelling love,  
Sisters three, glorious in joy  
And gorgeous womanliness, soft and gleaming  
With sense – that drinks and soaks  
Arpeggios of ecstasy round and moist:  
Good! The grave of the ordinary!

**XIV**

Throbbing, rich, utterly gorgeouse  
Life of love in every pore:  
Sadness, desperate mistakes, error  
Grabbing daily us down to doom;  
Ungenerous world will not forgive:  
You do not give in, and go to the devil.

**XV**

Quicklight chariots battle twilight,  
Fire-eaters jump and toss,  
Wine in the summer garden time,  
Forgiveness of all on bended knee  
In the hymn beyond explanation:  
Sacred fire in a pauper's grave.

### **WHEN THE WIND CRASHES**

When the wind crashes down Siberian trees  
I dream through to ecstasy through a third-floor window  
Strange! Is living through the whirl of feelings  
Unexplained at the end even in certainty:  
Shostakovitch burns with history and nature  
In greatness: pain and colossal loss  
Ate the meat of beauty, complicated land  
Of the mind's struggle through to open tones.

### **IN FIELDS WHERE THE SUN BRAWLED**

In fields where the sun brawled,  
Spinning the grass blades' light,  
I asked a question to the moon  
(Invisible in day, but in full power):  
What had made things as they are,  
And why are we alone.  
I could not see through my eyes' haze  
Clearly, for you were not there,  
Yet, the sprinkling drops of colour  
In meadow flowers turned tears  
To a blistering, intense vision:  
"Ah, not yet enough love,  
Not by half love enough  
Pours yet in gentle warmth";  
These points of the world's soul implied,  
Those windows to the truth's light.

### **I DREAM GREAT WAVES OF SUCCESSFUL REVOLUTION**

I dream great waves of successful Revolution –  
Proletarians, peasants, shattering their fragmentation,  
Grasping the Totality and carrying it over  
Beyond to where the subject controls its life;

Masses of people active and valiant,  
Gleaming with awareness and victory in their eyes,  
The red flame of love burning through the world:  
Clear thought, straight talk, good feeling, work  
As creation of things in harmony with nature,  
Fulfillment in the act of cooperative production,  
Decisions made with all life at heart,  
People unleashed with all the good they can be.

### **WHY DO I WANT LOVE**

Why do I want LOVE  
Where are you about this  
Do you want to see those shells  
Of unfeeling cold endlessly perpetuate  
The driving of the many into blood  
The system that exploits and guts the soul  
Of people everywhere, and lives by torture  
And maiming and horror and decimation  
At the bad ends: where is LOVE  
For you me them the world,  
When are we going to make it REAL

### **WHY DOES A SPIKE OF TROUBLE DROP**

Why does a spike of trouble drop  
Pool, arousing love, death, pain,  
Stirring dreams of hope and joy,  
Making Ego seem important  
Within the swirling mass?  
What to do with phantoms crawling  
In the mind's underside  
When the wider world is screaming  
For food?  
Something must philosophize  
Thoughts of those in warm homes

Into the numb cold pain  
Of bodies without a home,  
And make a means to turn  
Hard stones into buildings.

#### **NOW IT IS A LOST WORLD**

Now it is a lost world  
Where I look, a dark bridge  
Bridles a slimmering beautiful grey  
Stream, spattered in rain  
Into whitish glimmers of glancing drop.

I can no more walk there  
In case the sun goes in without  
You there, and the speckled lights  
In the greyness seem to swarm  
Too bright for the dark day.

#### **FROM THE WIDE TRAMPING TIMES**

From the wide tramping times  
Intermingling in a world  
Of chaos, who can hear  
Disastrous sounds spilling hope  
From undercurrents of memory,  
Wounds that spurt cells of blood  
With different possibility:  
Peasants sowing, poets burning,  
Carribean struggles, yearning  
From pit of suffering, learning hell  
Is of collective making?  
Who can hear the earth's groaning  
Expanding deserts, always knowing  
It is we who make it so,  
It is we who in our dreams  
Or waking mess do or do not  
Change it all to something else?

## VALEDICTION

The pain that bleeds me, like the sun  
Reappears as a vein of gold;  
Knowing all is pure illusion  
Cannot drag this love down cold.

It drags me like a reindeer  
Of madness in my hair;  
Messengers of death hook my heart,  
And tear me apart.

Deep happiness was certainly  
Short-lived, though heavenly;  
Invented no doubt, by our deep need,  
Its memory no less makes me bleed.

It takes me into hard flight  
Far in dark regret;  
What I can see swims in burning twilight  
Fuelled from the depths of an idiot.

If I could be me again, I think  
I would smile with her love and tenderly  
Ease disorder into sweet pink  
Clouds, and kiss her lovingly.

But then I know the volcanic swing  
Of me and her, and between us,  
Is undissolvable: no pious hymn  
Can alter our natures' fuzz.

Still I would have grasped on,  
Begrudging giving eternity  
As casualty to oblivion,  
Allowing victory to normality.

Too special a warm cutting jewel  
Cannot be left to cowards' rule;  
Blood may be – but we should not go  
From mingled oath of ecstasy and woe.



## **FREEDOM**

It's the end of the line, freedom, freedom!  
No nation in the world is free, anywhere:  
Hierarchies, war, oppression, starvation,  
Swirl and mingle the nightmare.  
Where you can change it just a little bit –  
Do it! Do it! Whether guerilla war  
Against juntas; or stopping MX missiles,  
Submarine insanities costing billions and veering  
To the world's extinction; or developing crops  
For arid lands with socialist farming;  
Or allowing a microcosm of sanity  
To grow in a friendship, a group, or a poem  
That lights up the sky as a beacon.

## **THE DEVIL RIDES TONIGHT**

The Devil rides tonight  
In our little street,  
And godliness, we believe  
Resides in toothpaste.

Attacks are on the circle:  
Fire and spells smoke the power  
Of strong minds. Amadeus beauty  
Bursts the hell of hate.

Spring sprays deep lights  
In new jumps: tonal strange  
Feelings dance the god of chaos  
Off his riding beast.

Art unravels ecstasy  
For the free community  
Overcome of braked division  
Between walk and dream.

Hardness on the splinters,

The chariot chases the coiled path  
As Don Giovanni Dostoyevsky  
Explores subjectivity!

Grape taken at the turn  
When a boat goes undersea  
Suggesting joy, consummation  
Reminds of time going, passing.

Flags in skulls, wavering  
Dark and sucking rivertruth  
Around daily effort, smiles  
Along crowded shopping streets.

Sweets are glitterwrapped, tight  
Is the sad face of Mephistopheles:  
A green fading television screen  
Without any hope of repair.

Commodities! The late hymn  
Sings of thee and juices tempted  
Flow the length of Styx and back  
To the grand language.

Desire is an unpoised bird,  
Rawking croaks in serious mouth,  
Reds and black interspersing sign  
For living confusion's reign.

Abstract wonder: the tree touched  
Is lost in useful wood to burn;  
Flames for the falling bright sparks  
Burning through your fingers.

Condensation is the game  
Of the mind's groping through the stream  
Of thought dismantled from the walk  
Through and beyond this dream.

**I LOVE YOU AND THE WORLD IS WINE**

I love you and the world is wine,  
All lies are now far from my brain,  
I see what really is, and you  
Aren't obscured from my smiling feeling.

I know that ripples will turn to thunder  
Again, when pebbles of doubt, desire, anxiety,  
Fling themselves into my still mind  
Again, and give me chaos.

Of torrid sunsets swirling red  
In transparent sheets of Self-Thought:  
But now I am me, quiet and honest,  
Loving you and your love.

#### **I MOVED BESIDE THE SWEET STREAM**

I moved beside the sweet stream  
And felt heaven breathe in my senses,  
Breathing with deep certainty;

And, as I touched your cheek  
Softness talked within your eyes,  
With the inner sun loving us,

And bathing in shafts of light  
We saw upwards and were lifted  
Far with our thanksgiving.

#### **HEAT AND TRANQUILLITIES IN PERUVIAN DAYS AND NIGHT**

Telling the heart in the gutter-street  
The want for the soft *chicas* with smiling eyes  
The death of Atahualpa with his proud down-turned eyes  
And the knowledge that the night is always one  
In dream and dark passion hard and soft  
Wet in the salty smell of love  
Where nothing ends or matters, begins or cries

But the silent rock bumping long in heat  
Or freezing night, poncho-clad  
With wool around the mouth like alpaca tracks  
And the sitting Indian with darkest eyes  
Memory of stunned Empire cracked  
And collapsing from terror as the bloody cross  
Touches its weakness, toppling heights  
Of uneven grandeur, strange isolation  
Bowed before the sun in vast streaks of sky  
And the mind is emptied of calculated turns  
As all moments are bundled into new labyrinths  
Where each corner is this moment only, and past  
And future drift like cloud from the sun  
Dropping regret and resentment into the calm  
Of Lag Titicaca, that sucks into sleep  
All that is not the instant, so you love these legs  
And breasts in moistness and dim beginnings of life  
Without more thought than is given when women huddle  
Hard against walls when the wind rises  
Hard and cold battering dust  
Against eyes of the moment, selling or loving  
Or smiling or wasting or confusing or making  
Sudden changes of mind, as hot sun through thin air  
Turns to cold shade, so capricious beauties  
Resist, then clasp you with flowing juices  
And you are staggered down, irritated Western mind  
Sinks in hot drinking in of satisfaction.....

### **HOTEL EUROPA**

From nothing there is only nothing,  
Beyond the grave is insensible  
While living does not realize ideals  
Thought in innocent youth.  
A boy wrote in a Lima hotel  
On the back of the framed rules:  
“I come from a country where without work  
They give you a few \$\$\$.  
As I look around I see I come  
From a land of some abundance.’

We are just bodies and more than bodies,  
My body, yours, a car's, the Old Church  
Across the road – it is not so sad  
How nothing turns to nothing!

#### **THE ONLY LIGHTS ARE BURSTING NOW**

The only lights are bursting now  
And lust is stalking the streets,  
I am in a dark bar now  
Nearly touching her knees.  
Three crows they came and sat them down  
Upon a blackening tree,  
Very firm and quiet they were  
Amid the grey sky.

#### **TRIPLE DARK LIGHTS**

The city lights are bursting now  
And lust is stalking our streets,  
I am in a dark bar now touching near her knees;

And the blocks within lost lights  
Fall upwards – their large despair  
Is death who waits down the corridor,  
Or love who breaks on the motorway,

For three crows came and sat them down  
Upon a blackening tree,  
Very firm and quiet they were  
Amid the grey sky.

#### **SMASH ME**

Smash me, with your white light blaring –  
I am in a flare, again with your fizz,

And blasting with the yearning of your bright angels  
Without your storms of gloom in nightmare clouds.

For I am a wide-closed mortal, tip and brow;  
God did not be special with me alone,  
Like you would think your angels, sprinkling  
Of your grand fantasies from bones and branch.

### **BEAUTY STILL LEAPS**

Beauty still leaps through the mind's meadows  
Harmonizing with the spin of elementary particles  
And elation is repeated infinitely,

Even though that dark bird blots the sun  
Equally infinitely, and the mad turns  
Complement explosions of the galaxies.

### **YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR IF YOU ARE DOING RIGHT**

You have nothing to fear if you are doing right,  
It will be uncovered in time,  
Not for admiration or acclamation  
But as part of what is in the trail:

It will come out, and join to the being  
Of everyone, when mistakes are understood as they are;  
Better are the total pains of being whole  
Than the troubles of incompleteness in fragmentation.

### **WHY DO YOU SAY NO**

Why do you say no,  
Why, why say no  
To the Promethian struggle of the human race  
For justice, truth, and freedom?

It is embedded in the earth  
Of molecular structure, red-shifting galaxies,  
And the sky of the absolute dance of life  
From the spirochete to the pituary.  
This is the clasp of dawn's beauty  
To the cycle of revolving suns,  
The total Unison of silent mass  
Splintered with the light of Divinity!

### **RUN AND THE WORLD IS BURNING DOWN**

Run and the world is burning downhile we see everything.h  
Through the eyes of those who are it,  
And, the dogs are whining when  
They see the closing-in-  
Dogs are blaming their own tails  
For the flips that trip their run,  
Edging the world into its flames  
While we see everything.

### **WE HAVE ALWAYS WANTED**

We have always wanted to break out of the cycle  
Of reproduction of inert existence,  
But we have not been able to do it in reality

And so it has been done within encased ideas,  
Myths, single dreams, and forms  
Hacked out of matter to allow a praxis within them.

But what we want, if we cannot accept death  
And do not like madness in isolated honesty,  
Is real-life activity, in and upon existence,  
Transforming it in toto into organic growth,  
And this only possible as full collective process  
Where each feels himself as a part in freedom.

### **THE EARTH WILL KILL THE SKY**

The earth will kill the sky,  
The sword against is dropped before  
The instant come when chance could break  
The inevitable bleeding flow.

### **OH, AND THEY WERE ALL THIS WAY BEFORE**

Oh, and they were all this way before  
Traipsing the gutted black rampart-planks,  
And they fell, crashed, crushed their leaping  
Limbs, and they sparkled hopes  
As lamps bleeking flashes of blue  
Beautifying the darkness of the universe,  
So we now do it all again.

### **HOW COULD HIS AGONY IN THE GARDEN**

How could his agony in the garden  
Be redeemed through all those fanfares  
When his friends were no strong warmth when he  
Was dark, alone, in his last night?

And what of Judas? The Scriptures set him up  
For hatred, ridicule, and no reward  
(Because he hanged himself, alone,  
When he had thought upon that dawn.)

Only steel in the white pool:  
Where are you, warm rose?  
Too much chaos, the orderliness  
Of ecstasy's freedom is so buried



I do not know where to turn,  
(And the world knows even less).

Only with the rock-bottom sympathy  
For anything.  
Then.

Notes flash with the silver of fish  
In music of the sparks-night.

### **I AM A COW, A WASP, AND A HEN**

I am a cow, a wasp, and a hen  
And I sit down with some gentlemen  
I see a crab and a dinosaur  
That walk around on my bedroom floor;  
I bark the dog and he barks me  
As a wasp and a hen, shall I never be free?

I have risen to the stars and back –  
Black past the outer expansions of light,  
To the rattling of sabre-fish;

Time unruggles in the all-pool  
Outward fraying in flashing dimensions,  
And Sleep, as the Maiden and her Death

Burn in the night-cold air, bitten  
By the dog of a running wire.

## **BUT IT COMES**

At least hope expands, and the stream bursts  
Upward to the sky, though blocking rough  
The waves on the way; but it comes.  
Sprinkle the splashes upwards, it always works,  
Grinding into the truth, happy and perilous,

I saw the trees move with love  
Sweltering my vision in vast movement  
And supplications to all being  
Burst through all the air;  
And yearning was set on course anew  
To struggle always upward through mystery.

A horrible man with jelly eyes  
Was sitting black in a box,  
I never knew why his sight was bent  
But could not turn away.  
Perhaps his art was melting out  
As a concrete rainbow would,  
I knew that I could shoot a moon  
Only with liquid fire. Through a white window like solid sound  
Sinking through cracks in the floor.  
A tingle fingered my sharpened back  
As if to freeze my marrow  
With a fish that left its aquarium  
Sipping from my blood.  
Dog was bitten before his name  
Wagged its tail of blue,

Can you believe me a molecule  
In an angry mitochondrion  
Or must I stay a spiky starfish  
Eating below your globule?

Life in flight  
And death rebels  
You cannot sink  
Without a fight  
Back to surface  
Streaming with lies  
Penetrating the pores  
Of a breathing light  
That hopes to flap up  
Back to free air  
Where perhaps the wind may  
Allow more than a day,  
Of being on the height.

A dead cat crawls from this bucket  
While devils and angels are haunting hell,  
None of us know where we may put our feet  
Because the ground changes, and we cannot see it  
Clearly enough for clear decisions,  
So a light may erupt from dim contraptions  
And be blocked into purple smudges, where you  
(I understand) advocate realistic policies  
But, my friend, that whore at the lamp-post would not agree  
And I think that here, I am with her.

Wild and burning love in your youth  
Passes into dream under the sea,  
Finds normality on ripples everyday,  
Occasionally erupts in a dark night  
Showing love is stored in eternity  
As sparks that turn to pain;  
One moment enveloping the whole of time  
On a plain of the cosmic tide.

Different from the vulture in a mother's flight  
Brooding over cradle with smiles, bright  
The storm-cloud dreamed a wave of ocean cream –  
Metaphor of floating free spirit, clean  
Of the clamour outside the field green  
Where I can see the broken grass gleams  
To suck out the last vale, yet here I can  
Remember bright messages from other days  
That ripple a muscle of the soul to ways  
Other than this world, now, urging whole  
Breaks from confined cells dribbling along  
Forgetting who had made them wholly wrong.

Where is the machine of the  
Night, churning in my brain  
With producers of turmoil, cement  
Of the Black Revolution and  
Death of the bad city, Hell  
Of a new Dante, walking without  
Knowing that the thoughts are lies  
Of others' making. Rebel!  
Kick with the mind first, make  
Distinctions and unite:  
Against blocks make concepts, and fight  
For the coil of love will uncurl.

My brain's withdrawing to its black guts  
Of spidered doubt: smoke consuming  
Sight from the fire of prior ascent.  
A squawking awful bird in a dark cage  
Annoyed me and disturbed the peace.

#### **I SAW UP THROUGH THE ROUNDED HEAVEN**

I saw up through the rounded heaven  
Empty as I was, devoid of all

And knew that I, in spite of me,  
Could feel all, so why could not  
All existence jump in time  
Where even I could breathe?  
Death conspired, at every tunnel  
Where no one could escape in peace  
But would be necessarily bashed  
By the buckets of hard wisdom!

### **I'LL BATTLE UP THE FENCES**

I'll battle up the fences and down the wildest holes;  
Without parading well, I'll scare the enemy;  
I'll dance where no one's supposed to, I'll go beyond the brink  
That even the liberal think is far  
Far, far enough (beyond lie degenerates);  
And on the highest pole  
Where the whole night sparks its round,  
The solitudinous maniacs who cannot sleep  
Will keep me company,  
In the vices purged of prejudice –  
Become thus open virtues,  
And peering inwards from the dark  
All the stars will want to join the fun  
Of our naked drunken throng.

Without love I cannot live,  
Out from the shades of grey and darkness  
Or pale even colour,  
Bolts must flash through the icicles of light  
To send down stars in spasms.

We all now eat our meals between massacres –  
Our own, or someone else's;  
And somewhere in between all this  
We keep our febrile dreams and pulsing

Urge to leap to the light

We watch the buildings being built  
With brick on brick, and falling then  
Until the piling starts again  
In new shape; weary, we remember (stronger  
Each time) the absolute fight.

Perhaps within the convolutions  
Of twisted desire and abnegations,  
In frustrations of being and over-indulgence,  
From unleashed waves of psychic darkness,  
We at least hold one drop of the light.

#### **NEWS FROM CAMBODIA**

I cannot stand the thought of those million people who have died in Cambodia,  
And the million more who may die from starvation.  
I am well-fed, and I complain about so much;  
There they are, quietly dying of starvation.  
What sort of grief are we supposed to feel for this?  
Where could we put it, whatever it would be, and still exist?  
To screech and scratch blood on a broken wall  
Would be obvious in view of such reality,  
But we are sensible, and know it would achieve nothing,  
So we remain stable, but that is not really human;  
We are so well-fed, and complain about so much.

#### **WE DIG OUR TUNNELS IN EFFORT TO ESCAPE**

We dig our tunnels in effort to escape  
From death to the love that is sustenance for life,

Determination takes on the earth and rocks  
Until no breath is left, and all stops.

Death cannot keep us in its evil prisons  
Where no movement is free in spontaneity,

As underneath arrows from the soul of light  
We thrust outwards to the airs of sweet harmony.

### **I WAS WOUNDED IN MY EARLY LIFE**

I was wounded in my early life  
And so by the middle time I bled  
And was weakened, and so next  
I must strengthen up again

In some ways our agony is worse,  
We without bombs and hunger and the searching  
Through red eyes of pain and anguish,  
We who doddle on sofas and talk  
Of the struggles in Kurdistan:  
We fight against such diffuse attack  
Stretching from the bricks of expensive houses  
To the bus-queue where we sink  
In thoughts of utter isolation  
And back to fragmented mind,  
Trying to nail the hot moment thought  
To a picture of coherence,  
Sludged in a sea of misunderstanding  
And psychic sand of death.

A night of yearning, with the traipsing through  
The bars and shifts of light and sparkles  
In the eyes of stabbing beauty  
Blotting out reason and history;  
Here as time moves  
Not always with the world it moves from,

The longing flames the earth in spears  
Of flashing dots in darkness. SONG

Not one more moment waste,  
If you are here for love and joy  
Miss not one drop again.

Hear the sounds of nature`s beauty,  
Smell the perfumes from the flowers,  
Think no more of anything

Than that. For thus it is to be in harmony  
With creation, to be creative,  
Everything can happily flow

Out from that, for if the mind is right  
Every action will be bright  
And disaster will be replaced

By glowing lights and sweet smiles  
Of ecstasy in heaven,  
Here upon the earth.

### **THE MOON IS SCREAMING**

The moon is screaming with my loss  
That I must toss into the useless past  
And live again, start a new script,  
Happy with what is, content at last.

### **LISTENING TO LA MER AT NIGHT**



Lonely remorseful fantasy  
Into the night.  
What smell is this?  
What memory is evoked  
By poignant sounds  
Of another's dream-state  
In music?

### **EMOTIONALLY HARMONIOUS**

Emotionally harmonious  
Non-conflictive  
Sturdy but steady  
Reasonable and calm  
Gentle but determined  
Just being, no strong direction  
These are the ways I wish to be

### **PERFECT WORDS**

Perfect words touch  
Perfect mind  
Perfect music  
Flows in time as if eternal  
Tears jump  
From here and now  
Into the immortal absolute

Beauty is of grief and love  
Metaphysics of death and rebirth  
Love ever pervading all  
Forgiveness and forgetfulness  
End of foolishness and useless  
Noisy passions  
Peace and calm into the profundities

### **GREAT BLOODED AXE OF THE SUNSET**

Great blooded axe of the sunset!  
Grow wild as the pink speech of clouds  
Infused with light from the burning sun!  
Your music stirs the chaos of timeless hearts,  
Swirling the brain as if it were scrambled into sky!

### **EIPSYCHIDION ONCE AGAIN**

I loved into the abstract evening,  
Before the chaos of thunder struck  
My heart, and Venus dived  
And died inside my bleeding soul  
That howled like the sickening moon  
In an evil nightmare. What remained of me  
Quivered, and in repeated death I awoke  
From ever-repeating nightmares, panting,  
Heaving, sweating buckets of terror, dread, remorse,  
And guilt, and dreadful loss, and love  
Hurt beyond its capacity to cry  
Or dream itself out of its agony,  
And into perfection in its own imagination:  
Where the soul wanders incorporeal  
Along the sands where the salt waves are sifted  
In bliss and trance, where waters kiss  
The stones and sun-drenched sandy shores  
In wonder, and let the yearning soul  
Remember love at last, and live again.

### **O TO WORSHIP THE MOON**

O to worship the moon

Where ice and fire meet  
Where art unites with the heart`s emotions  
And yearning is satisfied, temporarily,  
Before the heat destroys again  
Or the coldness freezes utterly  
Once again: O that moment,  
When the glorious moon is still  
Yet shimmers in absolute motion,  
Reminding of perfection,  
Known from antenatal memory,  
Sensed again whenever Love revisits,  
Whenever a summer night is dark  
Yet sparkly with gorgeous stars,  
Whenever the bright silvery silk  
Of the moon dances in melancholy  
And joy simultaneously.

#### **THE STARS CIRCULATE**

The stars circulate  
In their sad surroundings  
With beautiful sounds  
Music of the spheres

#### **THE LOVE AND TRUTH OF WHAT I MEAN**

The love and truth of what I mean  
Will emanate from what I do  
What I really mean  
Will become clear  
From the dance of the free air  
From the loving movement of invisible space  
Wherein my inspiration dances in wild spate  
And where my intuitive vibrations leap

#### **WHEN THOSE BIRDS**

When those birds  
Ring round the stars  
In strangest sounds  
Of circulating spheres  
As if the notes  
Of silver and brass instruments  
Created the world  
With every blast  
Thus seems the Universe  
Laughing in joy  
When the music pours  
Into streams and wells

#### **WITH THE PAIN IN EYES THAT SUCK IN GRIEF**

With the pain in eyes that suck in grief  
Unable to summon sufficient tears  
As if squeezing heavy rocks  
For nectar, like Faustus at the end of his  
Twenty years bought with blooded  
Signature, suddenly realizing his fate in Hell  
Is coming now, I feel permanently my inner death,  
Though I beseech for new life,  
I beg with my poetry to any God,  
I crumple and die each moment I live,  
I try but fail to triumph over  
Mystery and misery of defeated love.

#### **WITH WINGS OF FIRE**

I would always fly with wings of fire –  
Timeless poetry imbued with the here and now

Of concrete materiality, dreamt from the very  
Gutter of immediacy, useless time  
In grinding error, the dreary everyday  
Fatuity of life. Death of love,  
Pervades dreams of flying high  
Into the golden-rimmed clouds of ecstatic beauty,  
As if love itself had clothed my soul  
With its plumes of happiness,  
The same intensity of fire indeed,  
Except tinged and laden with heavy grief,  
Even as I shoot headlong into ethereal  
Vaults of blue sky where sublime shafts  
Of sun`s yellow blissful light  
Shower around, and over, and beyond.

#### **FOR HER**

Sticky with hopeless yearning love  
Dying into archetypes of sun and moon  
Sinking into sweetest beauty in memory  
Drowning in wombs of loving warmth

#### **PATIENCE**

Patience  
And the passage of time  
Are more effective than force  
And rage  
One needs to feel  
Deep calm  
Far within on

#### **NOW**

Relentless advance of inner nightmare  
Embryo-dream in repeating cycles  
That are bad: gloom and terror

Will not leave what should be a dance  
Happy and wholesome and optimistic.

Where has love flapped its wings  
To escape to, leaving dark cold damp hell  
Festering in the life-paths?  
Glowing dream of fire-worm  
Cannot yet roll in sparks of joy.

Why cannot I have that elated sense:  
"I am alive, I am on a quest!"

### **SNIPPING THE PAIN**

Snipping the pain, and saying "Yea"!  
Consciously I say it now!  
No longer misery of the crumpled mind,  
Remorse and sorrow in spiking jags!  
No, I remember I love softly  
But do not die in agony, any more;  
Now is the time to be alive  
And move happily on, in time!

### **I NEVER FEEL ATTENUATION**

I never feel attenuation  
Of the gnawing pain,  
But for moments of your grace,  
When memories of you are kind and strong,  
Where feelings of your love are warm  
And sweet, deep down under the anguish  
Which is the everyday.

### **THE SADNESS OF ME IS DRIPPING DOWN**

The sadness of me is dripping down  
Like fluid torrents of invisible tears

Into the ink-pot abysses of soul  
Where devils dance idiotically

And bears lumber in snarling gait  
And my tears roll ever sadly down.

### **THE STARS THEY LOVED SOME AWESOME FORM**

The stars they loved some awesome form –  
I looked around, their hope was gone –  
Those youthful intimations had evaporated –  
Wisps of dream drifting into blue.

### **WEB OF TRANSFORMATIONS**

I cannot bear my children getting older,  
Everything is painful about time and change,  
I wish I had the courage of Nietzsche, to say *yea*  
To transitions, metamorphosis, endless moving on  
In the chaos of irreversible, irrevocable time  
In life, of which all the joys and sternest woes  
Are bound up together in love, a boundless web  
To which you say *yea* to all, or nothing at all,  
And crumple altogether before the terror in being conscious.

### **WHAT LIFE I COULD FEEL**

What life I could feel here  
If my blood was flowing smoothly

If death wasn't hanging over me  
Like a dead still bird.

### **CRISIS IS HIDDEN**

Crisis is hidden from the surface sheen of London  
Where under the red carpets or behind the West End you see  
Collapsing houses, poverty, mess and slums,  
And festering pockets of racism, ignorance and death.  
Exploitation drips down the walls of corrupt luxury,  
Commercialism nestles into the solid blocks of past imperialism;  
A layer of glitter is painted onto the buildings now become shops,  
Selling paper myths and lies of twisted pretence.

### **IF I FLY TO DANCING STARS**

If I fly to dancing stars  
After, I will grovel in ocean troughs  
I know, and yet I always go  
Believing in their lights.

And, although the oscillation  
Is quite clearly a function of  
A psyche constituted in time  
I feel tied to what I know

Through a particular age's view  
Of itself, and of what endures  
From what existed before itself:  
I know I am only me.

Yet I fly, the specific flight  
Of me and my time: an image of  
Analogous flights in other times –  
Made with different wings

In air that tasted differently,



Through distance felt as other –  
And see in memories of strong aura  
The fire of others` lives,

And dazzled by intense glow  
On unbalance hyper-sensitized  
Psyche plunges to its abyss,  
Its shape and inner contours making

This movement necessary.  
Alternatively all stops –  
Light and blackness, mind revolving –  
And I join this time`s flow  
As implicit in its view:  
I sleep through existence.

#### **LIFE IN A STATIC WORLD**

Life in a static world  
Unchanging, unpleasant hum  
Where the shell keeps cracking but the yoke is still  
And inside all waits  
Through the rumbles of boredom,  
Waits in its waiting for the world,  
Through all the movement, all is static waiting  
Which rots to the core.

So the woman waits for the bus,  
Strains her eyes in today`s weather  
Waiting for the bus  
Next to the barren patch of land  
That waits for some building,  
And shops wait for more goods  
While people wait for wages to buy  
A few less goods.

There is music on the radio  
All day and much of the night  
Every day and every night  
For people waiting for night or day,  
Bubbles in the boredom in manic jerks  
Of ineffective counteraction,  
The seed half-rotten can only wait  
In unchanging condition of stasis.

### **IT MOVES FROM GLOOM TO GLITTER**

It moves from gloom to glitter  
And back  
Continuous revolving of a sphere in static liquid  
What is first forbidden  
Is next compulsory  
Heresy becomes familiarity  
Authenticity absorbed to dogma  
The chaste chair-leg and the prostitute.

Change to the ruthless glamour of the star  
And the gentleman`s cigar in his sturdy study  
Turns to a tap for red lips  
The spider`s web hallucinates the mind  
To find plush luxury arise from the sting  
As the music in the supermarket  
Replaces the company shop  
And stereos blast out the gin.

### **I REMEMBER ONCE**

I remember I once met a man  
In the street. He was a tramp with a stubbly beard  
And an old torn coat.  
He wanted not money, but to talk.

And quickly he came to the point,  
Which was to show me a newspaper cutting he had kept  
About a man who had died in his own flat  
And no one had found him for three weeks.

### **WHEN SOMETHING REAL COMES**

When something real comes,  
Something is expressed as it is really felt,  
How then the embarrassed flutters twitch  
And looks go rolling out the door  
All-sided scuttle to leave the place  
Where something bad has happened.  
As fast as can be, along least resistance  
Escape from where a shell has broken  
To show its yoke, that which discussion  
Took apart in calmness when out of sight,  
When it was still safe to be frank.

### **TEARS FROM STONE COLD EYES,**

Tears from stone cold eyes,  
Still silent, statue moistens.  
Unfocused grief, quiet death  
Bemoans itself without sound  
Or gesture: unwatched,  
Motion is unattainable.

### **WHITE HEAT FLASHES DO NOT STOP**

White heat flashes do not stop;  
Under the skin invisible yearnings  
Pound forever: love, the bite

Of absolute immersion, total being  
Undivided from the loved, yet in paradox  
Dispassionate witness to experience  
Of ecstasy. Love,  
Burns yet on in bounding pulse,  
Gazelles across synapse of mystic nerve  
In whack of pure lightness, the track beyond hope  
Is unyielding love.

### **I TURN MYSELF**

I turn myself, and see  
Me sitting by myself;  
Moments dissociate from ordered flow  
Recombining in new patterns  
Or, remaining in isolation  
Speak only of themselves:  
I see myself, the aura of me  
Through the intertwining of free moments  
In such form that I am pure  
Subject and object of my sense.

### **THE CALLAGHAN AND MR. SHAH**

The Callaghan and Mr. Shah  
Are both in great trouble today  
The News said.  
The Mr. Shah has missed the boat  
(And had to get the plane instead)  
Controlling things.  
The two of them will swim it seems  
Among the cameras in Guadeloupe  
And give their smiles  
Though, of course, they will both go by horse  
Because of developing secondary picketing.  
The News was very grave tonight

When it said that Jim would have to go  
On holiday.  
Tears were shed for democracy  
When it was clear the majority  
Will fight for more.  
The fear was clear that much too much  
Democracy may threaten to end  
The British Way Of Life!  
Though of course the loud minority  
Will not allow a mere majority  
Madly to put all our futures at risk!

### **LIFE AT THIS POINT IN HISTORY**

Life at this point in history  
And with this brain  
Makes dizzy.  
Different caverns at different times  
Shone into by the same sun  
From changing angles and altitudes  
And varied intensities;  
The combinations of all the factors  
Make it all now a spin.

### **THEN THERE WERE SOME CHILDREN**

Then there were some children of hope  
Wishing to steal sweet pears of bounty  
And pump them up to size

Thus to feed the deepest thirst  
Of all, that rests on universal  
Satiating, wherein the flash of eyes can pass

From one to all in receptive glow  
Undistorted by the fears  
That block the understanding.

### **BETWEEN THE MOMENTS OF THE NIGHT**

Between the moments of the night  
The question comes and reappears:  
What would the stars that float about  
Be like if they had been grasped at sight?

The thought of what else could have been  
Haunts unsatisfied and threatens time  
With permanent retreat to the sense of loss  
In life which allows no regrets, but taunts.

### **I DID NOT KNOW**

I did not know  
That love was so  
Strong it could break  
The teeth of hell,  
That with gentle truth  
And persevering calm  
Rocks can be banished  
From the maddest mind,  
That an honest line  
Kept with grip of teeth  
Passes through explosions  
Of hate and despair.

### **THE WALLS THAT PSYCHE**

The walls that Psyche was forced to climb  
To reach Cupid, deranged her mind,  
Squeezing from the grape only bitter wine  
As she, sent into the cold and night  
Did not know whom she loved, or if  
A being could ever bring perfection.

Only after the self re-connecting  
Mind of images to rock around  
In reality, the unification was built  
Of fragmented emotion, faculties disjoined,  
Enabling no mood to meet the world  
Directly; and their bodies folded.

#### **WHEN THE IDEA MEETS STERNEST REALITY**

When the idea meets sternest reality  
Truth is revealed in temporary ecstasy,  
For sweetness flows as in a melting dream  
But no lies are told and the will is latched  
To conviction which is hard but utterly binding  
To work and transform from nature to perfection.

#### **FLOATS AIR**

Floats air, the wind is bluish love  
Music dabbling on the sun  
Light is bubbles white and hot  
Wriggling with breath for life.

#### **IF YOU TAKE A SIDE ROAD**

If you take a side road  
You will lose the comforts of normality  
But you may see the strategy  
Clearer because of your rebellion.

You must, however, see when time  
Necessitates return to the main road,  
And walk on it – though strange it be –  
Whilst retaining the different knowledge.

For persistent dabbling in little alleys  
In false defiance, or arrogance  
Towards the grand sweeping march  
Is worse than servile conformity.

### **STAY WITH THE MOMENT**

Stay with the moment then, to feel  
Complete immersion in eternity;  
Know fun, or courage, or strength of feeling  
Without hankering for another mood.

For when one has passed, it is irretrievable  
In its wholeness; next time it is altered  
Whilst what is unique in another expression  
Is lost if unattended to.

This is not to float like a cloud  
Nor mindlessly to make all equality,  
But the means in existence to penetrate  
To the core of the wheel that turns.

### **WELCOME HOUSE**

Free of all tremulous anxiety  
Burning sweet the beauty of the deep  
Never I knew eternity  
But that I entered evanescent sleep  
Adamantine rocks of colour and spray  
Dancing games of faery play

### **IF I WERE AN ELECTRON**



If I were an electron I would not be  
Identity – but, in change would exist  
Only as probability; my excitements  
Would occur by the billion for every blink  
Of a mouse, or the jump of a flea.

If I were a spiral nebula  
I might move faster even than light  
And be unknowable to life in the Milky Way:  
I would contain so many billion stars  
That at least three Shakespeares would be mine.

But, as I am me, I eat my breakfast  
Usually when I wake up, and I worry  
About nuclear power, dying whales, and World War Three;  
I seek order in the Cosmos, in my nerves, and from words,  
And I must make love all the time.

#### **DENY YOU NEED THE SUN`S LIGHT**

Deny you need the sun`s light!  
The cold will turn your tears to frost  
Which cutting the cheek, reveal your blood  
Still hot to feel the pain.

There is a vow, sealed from bone  
Before the blood pumps.  
This is cut, upon pain  
Of sight`s disintegration.

#### **SHE TWISTS EVERYTHING**

She twists everything she touches  
And that because the weak receiver`s  
Mind allows its demobilization:

Knotted in such a way, its nodes  
Exposed as raw buttons, inviting  
A mean finger to spring it out  
To chaos – wherein the knot changes  
But chokes itself no less:  
Not that there lies some dark spot  
Welcoming its own undoing –  
Wholesome channels of movement being  
Blocked, and therefore pain the only option  
Besides stoppage: no, the contrary;  
Self-evidenced self-destruction  
Aided by the outside eye  
That knows the latent spurt,  
Riddles itself through with twizzled fury  
At its rutted cycles.

#### **UNDER THE FANTASIES**

Under the fantasies lie human beings  
Who are not objects and subjects of dreams  
Squeezed from distorted realities  
And impossible burdens of moralities  
Festered in consciousness, controls upon  
The febrile four-dimensional amoeba  
Of existence: though not real,  
Fantasies drive to behaviours that are  
Real as the flesh, bone, the social stomach,  
And complement in shape, in template of air,  
The contours of a stone reality.

#### **STABAT MATER**

Hear the music?  
The last squirt of inspiration  
Heating the last gasps to bubbling:  
This is the Persian carpet of poetry.  
You take the comfort without the cholera

The moon-dreams minus the cough and spitting blood  
For you the tears are an ointment  
Which were before a closed cauldron.

### **THOUGH BOURGEOIS BY BIRTH**

Though bourgeois by birth  
Communist in guts, heart, mind, and soul  
Am I.  
Is it not time for the decision,  
Who is going to play the tune?  
Esoteric, cosmopolitan, steeped  
In the high culture of the world:  
Travelled, read, better than they  
Who say this is so good;  
Vocabulary greater, diction clearer  
Than the oracles of eloquence.  
I am for the pint against champagne:  
For me the grit goes with Shakespeare  
Better than if he live in lies,  
No matter how sweetly or neatly they are told.

### **MY STARDUST IN A SONG**

My stardust in a song  
Does not gather to a cloud  
Of magic memory, but disperses  
Through the night of changing sound  
And reemerges endlessly  
In shifting galaxies of mind  
Where nothing coalesces to  
A firm image, but breaks through  
Untold formations of nostalgia,  
Hopes and yearnings, moments pricked  
With ecstasy, finality,  
That end up in a mist.

### **WHEN THE TWISTS OF NIGHT**

When the twists of night have dug their grating way  
And nicked the light of life to its last hour,  
And the brink is black-close brimmed to melt the strand  
That binds still breath to hope,- then comes a well  
Of love to the dying moon for truth and love  
And beauty that bursts in blinding ripples of the air  
And fills the space that nestles round the faces  
Of those whose smiles break up all agony`s tears.

### **HOW CAN YOU RECONCILE OUR BESTIAL NATURES**

How can you reconcile our bestial natures –  
The flesh that flames and hunts its juice  
Even at the price of others` misery,-  
With imagination`s light, the crystal drop  
Whose purity we learn in life  
From the moment of the mother`s breast?  
Whenever will the highest sense  
Be practiced by all, for all, without will  
For selfish gain, fame or power  
(For only thus will our race be saved),  
When our self`s construction is from ages born  
For defence and rigid prejudice?  
Blame not the animal coiled in us –  
It is the human psyche that clutches at beliefs  
And wretched perceptions built through history`s rage –  
A scaffold re-enacted in babies newly weaned,  
Skewered to ignore fine reason`s ways.  
As rain that splashes onto bleeding green  
Of leaves that sprinkle under later light,  
So our black experience should be calmly borne  
Not taken under layers of panic, where the self  
Finds the break-down flash of mind and sanity,  
Where we are worse than stones, beasts, or devils.  
Even when the future`s shadow rumbles  
Our petty souls only groan from the scythe  
Of past fear and grief, pain and dislocation –

Lost in the hulk of life`s unhappy dream.  
Through the darkness we grope to the slither light  
That sometimes beckons under a heavy gate  
We cannot reach to open, but  
Individually stumble and in single fears  
Flail at the thighs of companion ghouls.  
Rather than unite, we find excuse  
Or blame in others or past history;  
In frenzy we fight to protect our specks  
Of flickering light against other sparks;-  
Whilst the burning star, the giant fire  
For which all thirst and groan or drown  
Whirls fast away, beyond the world  
Where only cold memory remains to keep  
The pain aroused, the hope unforgotten  
But failed, lost, slithering like a corpse who grips  
A living leg in unchanging gaze.  
Beseech no god, eat no hands in grief  
At a mother`s death-bed in sickly air  
Of regretted years, untouched emotion,  
Wrinkled like petals in a bottom drawer;  
Nor trust the power of those enthroned  
Whether father, or minister, or orphanage keeper;-  
But see through red eyes, touch the minds outside,  
Link our brains together and ask our lives  
For their sap, their debt, their glow, their duty  
To themselves and hearts close and the whole screaming world  
Of agony, and watch then the water fall  
Brilliantly together, and catch it all  
So the leaves may glisten in sizzling light  
And steaming growth under living fire.

#### **WHEN THE THORN OF WORRY AND CONCERN HAS PASSED**

When the thorn of worry and concern has passed  
And no more drains the sap of life, nor tightens  
The whistled nerves into rough clutching claws,  
And the past is no longer bent into pain  
While the present is pointed underfoot, and the future  
Rumbles in black clouds of threat and agony;

Then can you sit upon the earth once more  
And hear sounds for themselves, not now spliced by memories  
Resonating in shudders through the mind racked by fear,  
And odours can be taken without hideous suggestion.  
Houses can seem human, not signs of the alien  
Movement all around that banishes you;  
The news of others` lives is a welcoming sound  
For a being now re-wound into reality.

### **WE DO NOT KNOW**

We do not know whether what we suffer is real,  
Or whether we feel the accumulated strain  
Of many generations linked along a haywire  
Of living within a mistake, a ghastly nightmare  
Unravelling by us people – not predetermined,  
But quite unnecessary, smiled on by the stars  
(If they can bear to watch the jerky pageant  
And waste their light and fire upon this dream).  
To start again with our distorted minds  
And feelings squirted patchily and squiff,  
Is a task like the building of Jerusalem  
On a planet where there is no air nor gravity  
And all materials are poisoned by the past.  
To work within the reality we find,  
Our senses, thoughts, behaviour must be shaped  
To fit those templates which our guiding light  
Has told us, and still tells us, are undone.

### **FIND ME A MEADOW**

Find me a meadow where I may stay  
In perpetual beauty and lay my eye  
And head on calmness, peace and faith  
In loveliness not concealing an abyss:  
This I will take, and would not search  
With propelled compulsion for the underside;

If again I had a chance, now I would settle for normality.

If I could be offered a gentle love  
That did not dip nor soar like the bat  
Or skylark, but which was even – a flower  
Quietly lilting by a trickling stream:  
I would hold it, caress it, though the choice is not mine  
Again in this life where shadows have been felt  
Under the petals – seen before I knew their meaning,  
When the downward exploration seemed natural, not chance.

### **ANDANTINO**

Who dares to bend with the mad wind  
Leaping through forests of burning pain  
Until, turning with life clutched at its seam  
Beauty is grabbed from the howling leaves  
Driven as the snow in impaling violence  
To crystallized perfection containing in its form  
Each jolt and drop in inevitable structure  
That evokes the universe from the nerves.

### **NO MORE THROUGH THE GOLDEN CLOUDS**

No more through the golden clouds  
Jump I, expecting to keep on flying  
With wings of air – I will remember  
The manacles of gravity.

I will know my self-identity  
Is nothing, nowhere, outside me  
Although it comes and changes through  
The interactions with others.

I will not seek to sink myself  
Temporarily in assumption of communication  
Or expectation of being hinged

To a common image or memory.

You beat your being, flack by flack  
With your scythe through grass of possibility  
That is not anything but that I  
Hit down and on a path

For me, and maybe sometimes this  
Converges or is steered in growth  
Through amalgam – till the spot is reached  
Once again, where high grass reigns.

### **THERE I WALK**

There I walk, outside the walls  
Wherein I saw the offered fruits  
Of my father's garden, and liked them not  
Though I could not reason why.  
And so the wrath my being caused  
Struck me out, to exist  
Alone outside, where others were  
Who never had known the garden.  
I went one way, while they all wished  
To climb in grimly the yearned-for garden  
Where I had turned away:  
Odd to them was I.  
Sometimes, as I plodded on –  
Exactly where I never knew,  
Nor for the marshes had I experience –  
I learned I needed the apple cores  
But not the luster from the garden;  
And my dreams of a truer paradise –  
Unexclusive, without high walls,  
In which sunlight intertwined with shadow –  
Strengthened, though nourished on pain.  
In time I came to recognize  
Among the outcasts of birth  
Those who were fired not by desire  
To scale the enclosed Elysium  
But with a will and urgency



To build a wide new field  
In which not only flowers, but trees  
And herbs and bushes could also grow,  
And these whose dreams had different germs  
From mine, I found good company  
And it seemed that through expanding words  
Our dreams could now converge.

### **BRAIN CELLS SPARKING**

Brain cells sparking,  
Nerves alarmed;  
Disintegration of our being  
Is their form of rule.

Divide, not only persons, but  
The faculties of thinking,  
Feeling, seeing – chopping brilliance  
Of developed mind

Into fragments  
Where, in prisons  
Genius made mad  
Is safe.

### **WHICH ROSE?**

Which rose, which rose, to take,  
And how? Is it so easy as poets told  
To know the choice with unsplit wisdom  
Where feelings unite with judgement?

It unfolds, time unblows with winds  
Of curling corruption, fluttered petals,  
And knowing destiny, what flower can be  
Unbroken in fear in touching the bee  
With all its colour: deep intent  
To be in Now is cursed with doubt  
And the canker of life`s questioning.

### **A CERTAIN LOVE**

A certain love comes from negation  
Of freedom: a love for freedom  
That, like a seed beneath the concrete  
Burns red-eyed in silent pressure,  
Thrusts till its being is knotted in sweat  
And learns to keep even clenched in sleep;  
Feels first the drip, then the tiny sprinkle  
That it knows will become a fountain, then  
A gushing river into an ocean  
That rolls ever deeper and brighter:  
Ramming onward, scorched with the hope  
Whose flame, once lit, greedily devours  
All other lights, and builds from inexhaustible courage  
That lies like waiting yeast in a shell,  
To burst into inevitable meteor  
Through the slabs and the prison walls.

### **A HELL OF A BOAT**

What a hell of a boat I sail today –  
The wind is light and the sky clear,  
A blissful ebb and flow is felt  
By me, the air, in our molecules.

A fine smooth sway lyrically comes

From nought but concentrated motion  
In freedom and non-concentration,  
Where all is all in all.

Where the sun is warm and gently constant  
No forced smile needs emerge  
To welcome the water, the absolute sound,  
As each atom in space gives laugh.

### **KARL MARX**

You drove the arrow neatly to the core  
Of lies, unfolded their germ and exposed their flow  
With rectitude and form of delicate clarity  
In beauty of argument that wove from all ends  
Through to the centre and back out again;

Never dismissing the partial truths  
Contained in opponents' views, nor pettily reducing  
The issues to personal intent.  
The knife went home to the complex target  
So utterly, they dared no longer look.

### **LENIN**

That is sense: whenever and wherever you can  
You help to force the necessary change:  
But when all factors work against you  
Blocking the progress of human history  
In explosions of death, division and chaos:  
You sit in Zurich where the guns are quiet  
And read the "Ontology of Mind."

### **A DREAM**

Death tasted me in one tangled night –  
Appeared in coffins beneath the table where I ate;  
Though hidden, he showed me my fears  
In being, and I was terrified.  
Not with a startle, but corroded with touch  
Like my food, he was there and gets put in dark places  
Till I feel alone though close at dinner  
With good breathing company.

### **STRANGE IN THE DIM NIGHT**

Strange in the dim night my mind dissolves  
At its outsides, and crackle the shells  
To limp liquid leaving the hurt of thought  
Hearing itself, becoming mirror, subject, object  
And sight altogether in a unity:  
For which what is real is history congealed  
Into a dot of consciousness,  
Though this on inspection comes clearly to be seen  
As a haze of moving stars, backward and through  
Time and mood and imprinted touch  
From the world all around, memory made a skull  
In the present: and the future stretches out,  
Takes off from experience of the concrete  
Into multitudinous abstraction, movement of society  
Wherein all the past, present, and future modes of being  
Of the self derive substance and spit back on it,  
Thus depleting and changing and growing itself.

### **SUSPENDED TIME**

Life within suspended time,  
A seeming moment held still,  
Frustrates the being of those who breathe  
As the beaver boring through  
The earth and air, in orientation  
That feels existence only when

The world is changed through interaction  
Which changes the changers too.

### **THE ROOTS UNCURLING**

The roots uncurling from hidden motion  
To blossoms dropping brilliant white  
And coloured beauty, peeling so intense  
As to shatter vision and pierce the eyes;

Heroic unfolding, thrusting through  
Unrestrainable intention, certain calm  
In fury feeding hope and feeding  
In from immaculate image of love;

Determined to stamp itself on life  
And burst with youth and grape of joy  
In light that splatters sparks abroad  
And even burns the tears of death;

That always eats at the centre point  
Where growth rolls on and out, but is  
Buried at the end by expanding flame  
As the sun is brighter for each unveiled flower.

### **ALWAYS THE BAY GOES ON**

Always the bay goes on  
As the traveler departs  
Out into the sea where the night will make  
The lights invisible.  
A last short shout will penetrate  
And fix from the shore the leaving

And the sadness of the one who ends  
Is against life on land that continues.  
For, unselfconscious, normality returns  
Again and again, unaware that nothing is the same  
But that all is change and pain  
But that this can be forgotten  
By they who need not think  
But can move with the tide as it revolves.

### **I NEVER KNEW**

I never knew how much you meant to me  
Until I realized through the haze of pain  
How good you were, and that you loved me  
Eagerly, and that I loved you.

The strains of skating on life, and our  
Stubbornness, selfishness, and self-ignorance  
Had sent off resonating escalations  
Of hardness and conflict that wounded our beings.

But touching closer on existence, and thought  
With concern and honesty can refund the hope  
That glimmered in ideals of licking flame,  
Established in the truth of real life.

### **MOON**

Moon, the search for you must cost  
At least what the heart needs to love;  
The slightest touch of you is equal  
Burning from the light and cold.

Yet the need for you is stronger  
Than the wind that blows in freezing  
Cloud to block your sight, the fight  
Is as long as breath itself.

#### **QUIETNESS IS THE COLD BITTER NIGHT**

Quietness is the cold bitter night  
Crystal still with freezing stars  
Glittering through the retreating green  
Of the deep aired longness, sadly hung  
In the endless sound of the ice silk moon  
With its timeless spell of repeated memory  
In numerous towns amid whose hulks  
Many lonely feelings have been hinged with light.  
Through stone towers and glistening spires  
Ice clean silence rings with shades  
Of miracle colours roaming the skies  
Clearing the eye for pure feeling.  
Alone, the cold prunes the sparkle  
To its naked beauty hugging the mind  
To its unwanted solitude, perfect knowing  
Of isolation's clarity in cold night

#### **WHAT IS THE BEAUTY OF UNBREAKING NIGHT**

What is the beauty of unbreaking night  
When all that burns is heart of hope  
Leaping like the fool of light  
In blinding mask of tortuous spike  
Leading the flesh beyond the spark

Of desolate spirit, vacuous flame,  
Or limbs now crippled by flash of mind  
Striking the sky in momentary climb.

Shiva dance in the golden whirl  
Where chaos is the sun, unity feels  
Being that leaves the sprinkling leaves  
In drowning twinkles of watery lies;  
The dream was endless turning spite  
Lifting the howl of outright air  
To envelop the left, long line of stars  
Dripping to lakes of unconscious wheel.

### **NO**

No, the leaf cannot fall here,  
Some wind must take it, unaware  
But stronger than the aimless spin  
That exhausts its flashing colours.  
It is not ready for the ground,  
Mumbling worms to eat in blindness,  
Upon another patch of earth  
Its cells could find their growth.

### **LIFE IS A SEA OF CHAOS**

Life is a sea of chaos  
Crashing onto the shore`s hand  
Shells of turquoise in the sand  
Dreams floating your mind to bliss  
Tinsel-thin film between fragile  
Life and the sucking abyss of darkness  
Where eternity beckons, offering what  
You know not in this bright chaos

### **O THE SADNESS**



O the sadness of life's beauty!  
All changes, all is lost, nothing holds  
Still long enough for you to taste it  
In clear knowledge of what it is,  
And in peace, before it flies,  
And then the next senseless tragedy  
Swarms over you before you have fully recovered  
From the one before! O what exhaustion:  
It is like perfumes of flowers that subjugate the senses  
In their killing beauty, the pain of memories  
And destroyed hopes permeate the brain  
In such thronging, unbearable passions.

#### **STRANGE EVAPORATION IN THE NIGHT**

Strange evaporation in the night  
Ah, when you know your life has changed  
New metaphysics and new existence  
As you peer into the abyss, breathe the universe anew  
In terror and wonder together, knowing that new life  
Is thrilling with the unknown, with unexpected encounters,  
Yet is doomed over with gloom, death of all you love  
In clouds of weeping for the disappearance of your dreams  
In real experience; ah, as you look through the veil again  
For the thousandth time, and see how strange and flimsy  
It is to be alive, how nearly dead you are,  
How life is precariously balanced and can fall back so easily  
Into the timeless inorganic, unthinking world of being,  
O how fraught is life, how its moments are tensed and poised!

#### **WITH INFINITE LOVE**

With infinite love  
Only  
As if in dream  
Only thus

Can it be so

### **IT`S ALL COMPLETELY SAD**

It`s all completely sad, completely stupid;  
Sunken, original fallen Man: fiasco  
In the private lives of all,  
Psychic chaos and idiocy of confusion  
That gets teeth clenched, then wounds the soft parts  
Of us all. Desperate mistakes.  
Life.

### **THE STARS AND THE FLOWERS**

The stars and the flowers  
Fly around, nature  
Dances in dream-state;

Deep from the unconscious  
Comes poetry,  
Salvation of beauty from sad sleep.

### **EXQUISITE BEAUTY**

Exquisite beauty  
In utter sadness  
Are the stars

Dreaming to eternity  
In such astounding  
Brightness in the dark sky

### **STARS IN THE HEAVENS**

Stars revolve around the heavens  
Not knowing the patterns they make  
In beauty and pain, until afterwards.

Their unknown realities watched from afar  
Seem music, far away from the heat,  
The chaos, the agony.

### **METAPHYSICS OF BEAUTY AND PAIN**

My life is love borrowed from pain,  
All ecstasy seems to have been learnt from agony,  
My life feels as if it came through backwards,  
All experience twisted by an original knot  
That scuppered even keels, prohibited calm progress  
Of any kind, ensured that all achievement came  
In a strange, sometimes brilliant, otherwise miserable form,  
Everything realized after the event,  
Always yearning for something in a reality parallel  
To the actual one, never contented  
Yet always regretting afterwards everything past,  
Fearing the future while pining for the past,  
Obsessed in the present with everything inadequate  
In reality, only the wild wonderful miraculous spheres  
Of dreams, ideals, shimmering appearance of sacred essence  
Buried as a heart, or soul, beneath  
Normality, or stretching upwards beyond the sky  
Into transcendental spiritual beauty,  
Allowing absolute untroubled joy.

### **THE FLOWER DROWNING**

The flower drowning under the surface  
In swirling currents of dream and nightmare  
Is the flower I gave to you:  
Million daffodils dripping in hope –  
Bright lights in coloured hues –

Dying in their blood.

### **THE HOWLING WIND**

The howling wind in the empty world  
Gathers beautiful leaves in flight,  
Its sound is harbinger of nightmared sleep  
Where terrorized dreams implode the night.

Consumed by grief, loss, remorse,  
One`s spirit is like a crying child –  
Weak and feeble, bleeding tears –  
Cut off from hope in the world.

### **HOPE IS SAGGING**

Hope is sagging.  
Memories are biting  
At my life and being  
Once again.  
You had your arrow  
Of fire and ice  
Sweetening, and cutting  
At my core.  
O death.  
It will not cut out yet,  
Bleed in darkness,  
I bleed.

### **CAN YOU DISDAIN ME**

Can you disdain me for searching love,  
For the instant of total eruption, of the  
Sweetness in the face of Bernini`s angel  
And soft round sinking oil and juice?  
I will be drunk, suck the bursting breast,  
Though my bones and soul will roll around  
Eternity, questioning decaying memory  
If it was ecstasy, as my punishment claimed.  
I will have flesh, the hormone`s ooze,  
The gorgeous thigh will be spread like jam  
With the buttock puckered as its quiver waits,  
And my soul be burned in alcohol.  
If my body met its perfect cup  
Everyday for years you would laugh at my bones,  
But when the mind is caged from the roll of skin  
Of the ages that turn before the bed  
Speaking for their legs, stretched high in sin  
And the nipples colour and stiffen in sighs,  
Then the intellect trapped in its spirit of air  
Is boomed by the laughter of the universe.

### **JUST WHEN THE SKIN**

Just when the skin between your soul  
And the soul of love becomes unbearable,  
When the panting spheres within your blood  
Are touched by the widest music whirl  
And sucked to the brink of the unknown pool  
Which at last may flow upon nervy soul  
Over-parched with yearning, howling for the torch  
Of evanescent warmth in the living fruit,  
And the drive after what is indescribable  
Is rocked to awareness of its inner juice,  
And the doubts of the soul and of love`s existence  
Are purged in the ocean of communication,  
Then droughts of doubt in the soul and love  
Are purged in the ocean of communication.

## IN THE ROMAN FORUM (HISTORY, NATURE, AND THE SELF)

I am here  
Among the arbitrary shapes, so strangely beautiful  
Of these ruins, remains  
Of a busy time.  
Amidst these arches  
Wind my anxieties and idle thoughts  
And yearnings for what can never quite be fulfilled,  
Which, no matter how vast, or important  
Cannot live more than perhaps eighty years;  
Whilst in the holes and on the damp sides of walls  
Clamber green plants and purple flowers,  
Parts of the largest third of this triad –  
Nature (called also God, or the Universe).

I am the one I know best of these three  
Yet I am the most ephemeral;  
I mean nothing to Rome or Nature  
But without such as I there would be no History  
Nor understanding of Nature.

Then, as a human being, for me  
History is Truth;  
For History has made me,  
History gives my meaning  
(Without which I could be a plant)  
And any knowledge that my self may have of Nature  
(Either through thought, or through Being in a petal's flash)  
Is through a certain window,  
Existing within a specific point in History.

Now, no sound is left of even the grandest Roman –  
His skeleton is gnawed by the earth and worm  
Just as others` are – this is mentioned by so many poets  
Who are also dead, but leave their changing ruins  
To be viewed anew in every human age.

And then I love good Nature, the mother and fountain of all  
Even though it eats my race,  
And I care with my life for the hope in our human history:  
Yet now I am annoyed to hear living strangers` feet  
Destroy my silence in these ancient arches  
And interrupt reality for my solitary self.

### **AT A CERTAIN POINT**

At a certain point  
Of the evening light  
Or the moving water  
Or the melt of music,  
There falls a melancholy  
Of the underside  
Where heaven`s fountains  
Can never pour.  
This is the slipping  
Of the fruit of life  
From its cheated middle  
Between useless youth  
In flailing anger  
And the concrete fall  
When the spell is gone  
From the sight and smell  
Of life`s avenues  
Tinted with the grave.  
For when the juice is sour  
With unending sadness,  
And every single flame  
Has shown its failing,  
And when love`s rare air  
Has just escaped  
The last wild grasp  
Of hope`s embrace,  
Then the wind seems wild  
With the lonely weeping  
Lost in the secrets

Of incommunicable mind,  
And the sun`s mad joy  
On a sprinkled leaf  
Watered in purity  
With the summer sap,  
Unveils the inner howl  
Of the solitary discoverer  
In insane aloneness  
Now seeing the tear  
Of the lost, lost, life  
Never granted in whole  
Before the fruit is broken,  
As after joy comes misery.

#### **SACRED LIFE**

Sacred life  
Why bleed the heart,  
By turns of incandescence  
And then sweet calming lull,  
While pain is in the air.

#### **THAT FLYING WORM**

That flying worm  
In darkness coiled  
Lies in a woman`s face  
That strikes convulsion;  
Corrupting self-control,  
Unseating the driver  
Of the scattered will  
And unfocussed soul.

#### **ADVICE FOR A YOUNG GIRL**



I asked you today to be polite  
Not bend over backwards to send a fart  
Into the face of the poor old man  
Who comes to tune the instrumental divan.  
You said quite gracefully that you would comply  
And even refrain from cooking a fry-  
Up of loaded alligators, tomatoes and shrimps  
With helicopter sauce squeezed out of a limp  
Old grasshopper-can, like the shops used to sell  
In the naughty parts of town where the girls did well  
To keep on their knickers after twelve of noon  
Because the sun was hot, like oil beating down  
On brown round bodies, and breaking resistance  
To moral controls against pulling off pants.  
But in spite of these promises your manners were poor  
Especially when you coughed and revealed the raw  
Lumps of meat in your mouth – why you kept them there at all  
I will never understand, especially at a ball  
Where you want full control of your jumping legs  
And your voice, to convince the men of your sex.  
And one piece of warning you really must heed  
And this is to act as if you did not need  
Periodic stroking and entrance to your cunt  
By a walking-stick – for this little stunt  
Is one which only close friends should know –  
As people will talk, and tell lies which grow  
Into mangy apricots of dinosaur size  
Believed by the poor and even the wise.

### **THERE IS TIME**

There is time, to work it out,  
Chaos from our wombs stretched into time  
Of finitude; and there we shall rack ourselves  
In uncertainty, pain, unease, disruption,

Trying to trace sense into the rough  
And seeming randomness of the concrete points  
Which are actually lived – so why do we  
Presume something other, beyond, in opposition  
To this! – the world, by all accounts  
That which only makes something count.

Who comes here?  
The baseline is  
Misery, upon which dance  
Fleeting joys, succulent beauties,  
That fly, before the foolish viewer  
Sucks their inner juices and flames  
And finds within pure poison, death,  
That waits, though sending sudden tentacles  
Into the stems of plants that try  
(In all their feebleness, yearning light)  
To unfold above the darkness of unintention.

I care not, if the song is of death  
(Without reality all is false),  
Only from the black earth of truth  
May something of colour survive, and speak  
Of how life should (without me, a worm)  
Push its possibilities into flower –  
Guiding its own growth with a dignity  
That does not flow from humility –  
Into a self-willed direction  
Without weighing mills of guilt.

### **THE ONE REMAINS, THE MANY CHANGE AND PASS**

The one remains, the many change and pass;  
Heaven`s Light forever shines, Earth`s shadows fly;  
Life as a dome of many-coloured glass  
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,  
Until Death tramples it to fragments;

Die, if thou would'st join  
The fire for which all thirst;  
As Spirit is in everything – the waves –  
And pantheistically it matters not  
Who is alive and who is dead,  
As we are all notes in the massive symphony  
Of the Universe, and thus I dive  
As a drop into the infinite ocean  
Where I breathe the sun, and feel life,  
And am at the crucible of mystery, life.

### **O, WHEN THE LIGHT IS STRANGE**

O, when the light is strange and near,  
How are we, all flows into the deep snow,  
Then I, sweetening sadly to the end,  
I feel as if I could flow into the sea,  
Where my children live, jumping with happy  
Eyes, free of that tyranny  
That I knew, they my loveliest sons  
Are brave, and bold, and good, and wild.

Flames of fire, into the darkest night,  
I float in dreams where the clouds are quiet  
And the skies blow lovelily  
As I am a plant splendidly;  
Free and sweet where all is flying,  
I am a giant among these flowers.

Ah, let us fly upon the wild swans,  
Where pink clouds flow into the wondrous pink  
Of the sunset: that is where the sweet beauty  
Flows, here it is Eternity;  
O here, I love to flow  
The sweetest joy, here it is  
That I love my mother, father, brother.

Here it is, that we are altogether.

### **GREAT BREATHING VEIN**

Great breathing vein –  
Pulse of total insanity –  
That is the life in spite of all –  
That is why we ever feel  
Love or anything beyond the normal –  
That is why I breathe like a mad fish –  
Joking into the dances of Christ`s joke,  
Looking upon the *Mona Lisa*,  
Loving the weirdness of cruel dream,  
Drifting like a raft into the empty hole,  
Black as a sucking into the origins  
Of the Big Bang, those milli-seconds  
When all was formed in strange moment,  
Time frozen into slow eternity,  
From which we watch mysterious emergence,  
And taste the life of which we are.

### **TO DAVID**

Ah my peerless friend,  
Thou art a special warmth  
To my soul, as your kindness is deep  
And I appreciate that you  
Are on this earth at the time that I  
Also pound and traipse about,  
Blinded by the light.

### **THE DEEP**

The loneliness  
Of this emptiness

Such hopelessness  
Into the sea;

Dreams that fly  
Into deep misunderstanding,  
Illusions that sink  
Into Eternity.

### **THE LIFE OF THE WORLD**

The life of the world will always burn  
Though worms of hell wriggle through the pain  
From hopes of sweet loveliness until all dies  
In disillusion, as stars sink into seas  
Of dark chaos, and no more can belief  
Into lovely purple and pink colours  
Suffice to survive in the wildness of spirit.

### **FLAMES OF THE FIRE**

Flames of the fire  
I do confess  
My guts burst into greatest song  
In crazy belt of wild love  
O how the world is so strange  
The sky is blue, deep and beyond  
Because I dream with luscious sights  
Of beauty and sensuous love in all  
Where death gets forgotten, and is left to die

### **YOU WHO HAVE DESTROYED ME**

You who have destroyed me  
Time after time,

So devastating has been your ghastly smash:  
I did not invite this hell I loved you,  
But never mind, you just wasted my precious time,  
As you ruined me, but released my soul  
At last, from your quiet strange tyranny:  
Goodbye, nightmare; "let us be good friends".

### **A DREAM IN FLAMES**

O, the sweet flow into sons of beauty:  
Ah yes, here we are, once again,  
In an excruciating love of strange things,  
The unconscious drifting through eons of invention –  
Those of nature and strange humanity,  
Thus are the words of the wild universe,  
Where doves and pelicans of extraordinary flame  
Drift in dreams of peculiar sift,  
Entering that special consciousness, where Truth  
Appears in peace and loving quietness,  
Taxing not while it allows calm thought,  
We in our foolishness yet leaving light  
As we go, glowing with love.  
Drunk in perfumes of sweet flowers,  
Calmness numbing imbecilic anxiety,  
Drops of beauty falling upon the eyelids  
When dreams finally leap from waking  
Illusion, out from sun into the real  
Night, the realm of wandering extremes,  
Like a dark boat exploring insane seas,  
Rough as a dog of the insane cosmos,  
Panting and breathing as a wild friend,  
Here I relax amid volcanoes of ultimate  
Chaos, when all calm sweet life rests.  
O when the open sky was bright,  
What beauty showed through in the blue June sky,  
How clear was the ionic message of joy,  
Before the mind could destroy the floating  
Sweet natural beauty out of time.

## **STABAT MATER**

Hear the music?  
The last squirt of inspiration  
Heating the last gasps to bubbling:  
This is the Persian carpet of poetry.  
You take the comfort without the choler  
The moon-dreams minus the cough and spitting blood  
For you the tears are an ointment  
Which were before a closed cauldron.

## **THOUGH BOURGEOIS BY BIRTH**

Though bourgeois by birth  
Communist in guts, heart, mind, and soul  
Am I.  
Is it not time for the decision,  
Who is going to play the tune?  
Esoteric, cosmopolitan, steeped  
In the high culture of the world:  
Travelled, read, better than they  
Who say this is so good;  
Vocabulary greater, diction clearer  
Than the oracles of eloquence.  
I am for the pint against champagne:  
For me the grit goes with Shakespeare  
Better than if he live in lies,  
No matter how sweetly or neatly they are told.

## **MY STARDUST IN A SONG**

My stardust in a song

Does not gather to a cloud  
Of magic memory, but disperses  
Through the night of changing sound  
And reemerges endlessly  
In shifting galaxies of mind  
Where nothing coalesces to  
A firm image, but breaks through  
Untold formations of nostalgia,  
Hopes and yearnings, moments pricked  
With ecstasy, finality,  
That end up in a mist.

### **WHEN THE TWISTS OF NIGHT**

When the twists of night have dug their grating way  
And nicked the light of life to its last hour,  
And the brink is black-close brimmed to melt the strand  
That binds still breath to hope,- then comes a well  
Of love to the dying moon for truth and love  
And beauty that bursts in blinding ripples of the air  
And fills the space that nestles round the faces  
Of those whose smiles break up all agony`s tears.

### **HOW CAN YOU RECONCILE OUR BESTIAL NATURES**

How can you reconcile our bestial natures –  
The flesh that flames and hunts its juice  
Even at the price of others` misery,-  
With imagination`s light, the crystal drop  
Whose purity we learn in life  
From the moment of the mother`s breast?  
Whenever will the highest sense  
Be practiced by all, for all, without will  
For selfish gain, fame or power  
(For only thus will our race be saved),  
When our self`s construction is from ages born



For defence and rigid prejudice?  
Blame not the animal coiled in us –  
It is the human psyche that clutches at beliefs  
And wretched perceptions built through history's rage –  
A scaffold re-enacted in babies newly weaned,  
Skewered to ignore fine reason's ways.  
As rain that splashes onto bleeding green  
Of leaves that sprinkle under later light,  
So our black experience should be calmly borne  
Not taken under layers of panic, where the self  
Finds the break-down flash of mind and sanity,  
Where we are worse than stones, beasts, or devils.  
Even when the future's shadow rumbles  
Our petty souls only groan from the scythe  
Of past fear and grief, pain and dislocation –  
Lost in the hulk of life's unhappy dream.  
Through the darkness we grope to the slither light  
That sometimes beckons under a heavy gate  
We cannot reach to open, but  
Individually stumble and in single fears  
Flail at the thighs of companion ghouls.  
Rather than unite, we find excuse  
Or blame in others or past history;  
In frenzy we fight to protect our specks  
Of flickering light against other sparks;-  
Whilst the burning star, the giant fire  
For which all thirst and groan or drown  
Whirls fast away, beyond the world  
Where only cold memory remains to keep  
The pain aroused, the hope unforgotten  
But failed, lost, slithering like a corpse who grips  
A living leg in unchanging gaze.  
Beseech no god, eat no hands in grief  
At a mother's death-bed in sickly air  
Of regretted years, untouched emotion,  
Wrinkled like petals in a bottom drawer;  
Nor trust the power of those enthroned  
Whether father, or minister, or orphanage keeper;-  
But see through red eyes, touch the minds outside,  
Link our brains together and ask our lives  
For their sap, their debt, their glow, their duty  
To themselves and hearts close and the whole screaming world

Of agony, and watch then the water fall  
Brilliantly together, and catch it all  
So the leaves may glisten in sizzling light  
And steaming growth under living fire.

#### **WHEN THE THORN OF WORRY AND CONCERN HAS PASSED**

When the thorn of worry and concern has passed  
And no more drains the sap of life, nor tightens  
The whistled nerves into rough clutching claws,  
And the past is no longer bent into pain  
While the present is pointed underfoot, and the future  
Rumbles in black clouds of threat and agony;  
Then can you sit upon the earth once more  
And hear sounds for themselves, not now spliced by memories  
Resonating in shudders through the mind racked by fear,  
And odours can be taken without hideous suggestion.  
Houses can seem human, not signs of the alien  
Movement all around that banishes you;  
The news of others` lives is a welcoming sound  
For a being now re-wound into reality.

#### **WE DO NOT KNOW**

We do not know whether what we suffer is real,  
Or whether we feel the accumulated strain  
Of many generations linked along a haywire  
Of living within a mistake, a ghastly nightmare  
Unravelling by us people – not predetermined,  
But quite unnecessary, smiled on by the stars  
(If they can bear to watch the jerky pageant  
And waste their light and fire upon this dream).  
To start again with our distorted minds  
And feelings squirted patchily and squiff,  
Is a task like the building of Jerusalem  
On a planet where there is no air nor gravity  
And all materials are poisoned by the past.

To work within the reality we find,  
Our senses, thoughts, behaviour must be shaped  
To fit those templates which our guiding light  
Has told us, and still tells us, are undone.

### **FIND ME A MEADOW**

Find me a meadow where I may stay  
In perpetual beauty and lay my eye  
And head on calmness, peace and faith  
In loveliness not concealing an abyss:  
This I will take, and would not search  
With propelled compulsion for the underside;  
If again I had a chance, now I would settle for normality.

If I could be offered a gentle love  
That did not dip nor soar like the bat  
Or skylark, but which was even – a flower  
Quietly lilting by a trickling stream:  
I would hold it, caress it, though the choice is not mine  
Again in this life where shadows have been felt  
Under the petals – seen before I knew their meaning,  
When the downward exploration seemed natural, not chance.

### **ANDANTINO**

Who dares to bend with the mad wind  
Leaping through forests of burning pain  
Until, turning with life clutched at its seam  
Beauty is grabbed from the howling leaves  
Driven as the snow in impaling violence

To crystallized perfection containing in its form  
Each jolt and drop in inevitable structure  
That evokes the universe from the nerves.

### **NO MORE THROUGH THE GOLDEN CLOUDS**

No more through the golden clouds  
Jump I, expecting to keep on flying  
With wings of air – I will remember  
The manacles of gravity.

I will know my self-identity  
Is nothing, nowhere, outside me  
Although it comes and changes through  
The interactions with others.

I will not seek to sink myself  
Temporarily in assumption of communication  
Or expectation of being hinged  
To a common image or memory.

You beat your being, flack by flack  
With your scythe through grass of possibility  
That is not anything but that I  
Hit down and on a path

For me, and maybe sometimes this  
Converges or is steered in growth  
Through amalgam – till the spot is reached  
Once again, where high grass reigns.

### **THERE I WALK**

There I walk, outside the walls  
Wherein I saw the offered fruits

Of my father`s garden, and liked them not  
Though I could not reason why.  
And so the wrath my being caused  
Struck me out, to exist  
Alone outside, where others were  
Who never had known the garden.  
I went one way, while they all wished  
To climb in grimly the yearned-for garden  
Where I had turned away:  
Odd to them was I.  
Sometimes, as I plodded on –  
Exactly where I never knew,  
Nor for the marshes had I experience –  
I learned I needed the apple cores  
But not the luster from the garden;  
And my dreams of a truer paradise –  
Unexclusive, without high walls,  
In which sunlight intertwined with shadow –  
Strengthened, though nourished on pain.  
In time I came to recognize  
Among the outcasts of birth  
Those who were fired not by desire  
To scale the enclosed Elysium  
But with a will and urgency  
To build a wide new field  
In which not only flowers, but trees  
And herbs and bushes could also grow,  
And these whose dreams had different germs  
From mine, I found good company  
And it seemed that through expanding words  
Our dreams could now converge.

### **BRAIN CELLS SPARKING**

Brain cells sparking,  
Nerves alarmed;  
Disintegration of our being  
Is their form of rule.

Divide, not only persons, but  
The faculties of thinking,  
Feeling, seeing – chopping brilliance  
Of developed mind

Into fragments  
Where, in prisons  
Genius made mad  
Is safe.

### **WHICH ROSE?**

Which rose, which rose, to take,  
And how? Is it so easy as poets told  
To know the choice with unsplit wisdom  
Where feelings unite with judgement?

It unfolds, time unblows with winds  
Of curling corruption, fluttered petals,  
And knowing destiny, what flower can be  
Unbroken in fear in touching the bee  
With all its colour: deep intent  
To be in Now is cursed with doubt  
And the canker of life's questioning.

### **A CERTAIN LOVE**

A certain love comes from negation  
Of freedom: a love for freedom  
That, like a seed beneath the concrete  
Burns red-eyed in silent pressure,  
Thrusts till its being is knotted in sweat  
And learns to keep even clenched in sleep;

Feels first the drip, then the tiny sprinkle  
That it knows will become a fountain, then  
A gushing river into an ocean  
That rolls ever deeper and brighter:  
Ramming onward, scorched with the hope  
Whose flame, once lit, greedily devours  
All other lights, and builds from inexhaustible courage  
That lies like waiting yeast in a shell,  
To burst into inevitable meteor  
Through the slabs and the prison walls.

### **A HELL OF A BOAT**

What a hell of a boat I sail today –  
The wind is light and the sky clear,  
A blissful ebb and flow is felt  
By me, the air, in our molecules.

A fine smooth sway lyrically comes  
From nought but concentrated motion  
In freedom and non-concentration,  
Where all is all in all.

Where the sun is warm and gently constant  
No forced smile needs emerge  
To welcome the water, the absolute sound,  
As each atom in space gives laugh.

### **KARL MARX**

You drove the arrow neatly to the core  
Of lies, unfolded their germ and exposed their flow

With rectitude and form of delicate clarity  
In beauty of argument that wove from all ends  
Through to the centre and back out again;

Never dismissing the partial truths  
Contained in opponents` views, nor pettily reducing  
The issues to personal intent.  
The knife went home to the complex target  
So utterly, they dared no longer look.

### **LENIN**

That is sense: whenever and wherever you can  
You help to force the necessary change:  
But when all factors work against you  
Blocking the progress of human history  
In explosions of death, division and chaos:  
You sit in Zurich where the guns are quiet  
And read the "Ontology of Mind."

### **A DREAM**

Death tasted me in one tangled night –  
Appeared in coffins beneath the table where I ate;  
Though hidden, he showed me my fears  
In being, and I was terrified.  
Not with a startle, but corroded with touch  
Like my food, he was there and gets put in dark places  
Till I feel alone though close at dinner  
With good breathing company.

### **STRANGE IN THE DIM NIGHT**



Strange in the dim night my mind dissolves  
At its outsides, and crackle the shells  
To limp liquid leaving the hurt of thought  
Hearing itself, becoming mirror, subject, object  
And sight altogether in a unity:  
For which what is real is history congealed  
Into a dot of consciousness,  
Though this on inspection comes clearly to be seen  
As a haze of moving stars, backward and through  
Time and mood and imprinted touch  
From the world all around, memory made a skull  
In the present: and the future stretches out,  
Takes off from experience of the concrete  
Into multitudinous abstraction, movement of society  
Wherein all the past, present, and future modes of being  
Of the self derive substance and spit back on it,  
Thus depleting and changing and growing itself.

#### **SUSPENDED TIME**

Life within suspended time,  
A seeming moment held still,  
Frustrates the being of those who breathe  
As the beaver boring through  
The earth and air, in orientation  
That feels existence only when  
The world is changed through interaction  
Which changes the changers too.

#### **THE ROOTS UNCURLING**

The roots uncurling from hidden motion  
To blossoms dropping brilliant white  
And coloured beauty, peeling so intense  
As to shatter vision and pierce the eyes;

Heroic unfolding, thrusting through  
Unrestrainable intention, certain calm  
In fury feeding hope and feeding  
In from immaculate image of love;

Determined to stamp itself on life  
And burst with youth and grape of joy  
In light that splatters sparks abroad  
And even burns the tears of death;

That always eats at the centre point  
Where growth rolls on and out, but is  
Buried at the end by expanding flame  
As the sun is brighter for each unveiled flower.

#### **ALWAYS THE BAY GOES ON**

Always the bay goes on  
As the traveller departs  
Out into the sea where the night will make  
The lights invisible.  
A last short shout will penetrate  
And fix from the shore the leaving  
And the sadness of the one who ends  
Is against life on land that continues.  
For, unselfconscious, normality returns  
Again and again, unaware that nothing is the same  
But that all is change and pain  
But that this can be forgotten  
By they who need not think  
But can move with the tide as it revolves.

#### **I NEVER KNEW**

I never knew how much you meant to me  
Until I realized through the haze of pain  
How good you were, and that you loved me  
Eagerly, and that I loved you.

The strains of skating on life, and our  
Stubbornness, selfishness, and self-ignorance  
Had sent off resonating escalations  
Of hardness and conflict that wounded our beings.

But touching closer on existence, and thought  
With concern and honesty can refund the hope  
That glimmered in ideals of licking flame,  
Established in the truth of real life.

## **MOON**

Moon, the search for you must cost  
At least what the heart needs to love;  
The slightest touch of you is equal  
Burning from the light and cold.

Yet the need for you is stronger  
Than the wind that blows in freezing  
Cloud to block your sight, the fight  
Is as long as breath itself.

## **QUIETNESS IS THE COLD BITTER NIGHT**

Quietness is the cold bitter night  
Crystal still with freezing stars

Glittering through the retreating green  
Of the deep-aired longness, sadly hung  
In the endless sound of the ice silk moon  
With its timeless spell of repeated memory  
In numerous towns amid whose hulks  
Many lonely feelings have been hinged with light.  
Through stone towers and glistening spires  
Ice clean silence rings with shades  
Of miracle colours roaming the skies  
Clearing the eye for pure feeling.  
Alone, the cold prunes the sparkle  
To its naked beauty hugging the mind  
To its unwanted solitude, perfect knowing  
Of isolation`s clarity in cold night air.

#### **WHAT IS THE BEAUTY OF UNBREAKING NIGHT**

What is the beauty of unbreaking night  
When all that burns is heart of hope  
Leaping like the fool of light  
In blinding mask of tortuous spike  
Leading the flesh beyond the spark  
Of desolate spirit, vacuous flame,  
Or limbs now crippled by flash of mind  
Striking the sky in momentary climb.

Shiva dance in the golden whirl  
Where chaos is the sun, unity feels  
Being that leaves the sprinkling leaves  
In drowning twinkles of watery lies;  
The dream was endless turning spite  
Lifting the howl of outright air  
To envelop the left, long line of stars  
Dripping to lakes of unconscious wheel.

## **NO**

No, the leaf cannot fall here,  
Some wind must take it, unaware  
But stronger than the aimless spin  
That exhausts its flashing colours.  
It is not ready for the ground,  
Mumbling worms to eat in blindness,  
Upon another patch of earth  
Its cells could find their growth.

## **LIFE IS A SEA OF CHAOS**

Life is a sea of chaos  
Crashing onto the shore`s hand  
Shells of turquoise in the sand  
Dreams floating your mind to bliss  
Tinsel-thin film between fragile  
Life and the sucking abyss of darkness  
Where eternity beckons, offering what  
You know not in this bright chaos

## **O THE SADNESS**

O the sadness of life`s beauty!  
All changes, all is lost, nothing holds  
Still long enough for you to taste it  
In clear knowledge of what it is,  
And in peace, before it flies,  
And then the next senseless tragedy  
Swarms over you before you have fully recovered  
From the one before! O what exhaustion:  
It is like perfumes of flowers that subjugate the senses  
In their killing beauty, the pain of memories

And destroyed hopes permeate the brain  
In such thronging, unbearable passions.

### **STRANGE EVAPORATION IN THE NIGHT**

Strange evaporation in the night  
Ah, when you know your life has changed  
New metaphysics and new existence  
As you peer into the abyss, breathe the universe anew  
In terror and wonder together, knowing that new life  
Is thrilling with the unknown, with unexpected encounters,  
Yet is doomed over with gloom, death of all you love  
In clouds of weeping for the disappearance of your dreams  
In real experience; ah, as you look through the veil again  
For the thousandth time, and see how strange and flimsy  
It is to be alive, how nearly dead you are,  
How life is precariously balanced and can fall back so easily  
Into the timeless inorganic, unthinking world of being,  
O how fraught is life, how its moments are tensed and poised!

### **WITH INFINITE LOVE**

With infinite love  
Only  
As if in dream  
Only thus  
Can it be saved

### **IT'S ALL COMPLETELY SAD**

It's all completely sad, completely stupid;

Sunken, original fallen Man: fiasco  
In the private lives of all,  
Psychic chaos and idiocy of confusion  
That gets teeth clenched, then wounds the soft parts  
Of us all. Desperate mistakes.  
Life.

### **THE STARS AND THE FLOWERS**

The stars and the flowers  
Fly around, nature  
Dances in dream-state;

Deep from the unconscious  
Comes poetry,  
Salvation of beauty from sad sleep.

### **EXQUISITE BEAUTY**

Exquisite beauty  
In utter sadness  
Are the stars

Dreaming to eternity  
In such astounding  
Brightness in the dark sky

### **STARS IN THE HEAVENS**

Stars revolve around the heavens  
Not knowing the patterns they make  
In beauty and pain, until afterwards.

Their unknown realities watched from afar

Seem music, far away from the heat,  
The chaos, the agony.

### **METAPHYSICS OF BEAUTY AND PAIN**

My life is love borrowed from pain,  
All ecstasy seems to have been learnt from agony,  
My life feels as if it came through backwards,  
All experience twisted by an original knot  
That scuppered even keels, prohibited calm progress  
Of any kind, ensured that all achievement came  
In a strange, sometimes brilliant, otherwise miserable form,  
Everything realized after the event,  
Always yearning for something in a reality parallel  
To the actual one, never contented  
Yet always regretting afterwards everything past,  
Fearing the future while pining for the past,  
Obsessed in the present with everything inadequate  
In reality, only the wild wonderful miraculous spheres  
Of dreams, ideals, shimmering appearance of sacred essence  
Buried as a heart, or soul, beneath  
Normality, or stretching upwards beyond the sky  
Into transcendental spiritual beauty,  
Allowing absolute untroubled joy.

### **THE FLOWER DROWNING**

The flower drowning under the surface  
In swirling currents of dream and nightmare  
Is the flower I gave to you:  
Million daffodils dripping in hope –  
Bright lights in coloured hues –  
Dying in their blood.



## **THE HOWLING WIND**

The howling wind in the empty world  
Gathers beautiful leaves in flight,  
Its sound is harbinger of nightmared sleep  
Where terrorized dreams implode the night.

Consumed by grief, loss, remorse,  
One`s spirit is like a crying child –  
Weak and feeble, bleeding tears –  
Cut off from hope in the world.

## **HOPE IS SAGGING**

Hope is sagging.  
Memories are biting  
At my life and being  
Once again.  
You had your arrow  
Of fire and ice  
Sweetening, and cutting  
At my core.  
O death.  
It will not cut out yet,  
Bleed in darkness,  
I bleed.

## **CAN YOU DISDAIN ME**

Can you disdain me for searching love,  
For the instant of total eruption, of the  
Sweetness in the face of Bernini`s angel  
And soft round sinking oil and juice?  
I will be drunk, suck the bursting breast,

Though my bones and soul will roll around  
Eternity, questioning decaying memory  
If it was ecstasy, as my punishment claimed.  
I will have flesh, the hormone`s ooze,  
The gorgeous thigh will be spread like jam  
With the buttock puckered as its quiver waits,  
And my soul be burned in alcohol.  
If my body met its perfect cup  
Everyday for years you would laugh at my bones,  
But when the mind is caged from the roll of skin  
Of the ages that turn before the bed  
Speaking for their legs, stretched high in sin  
And the nipples colour and stiffen in sighs,  
Then the intellect trapped in its spirit of air  
Is boomed by the laughter of the universe.

#### **JUST WHEN THE SKIN**

Just when the skin between your soul  
And the soul of love becomes unbearable,  
When the panting spheres within your blood  
Are touched by the widest music whirl  
And sucked to the brink of the unknown pool  
Which at last may flow upon nervy soul  
Over-parched with yearning, howling for the torch  
Of evanescent warmth in the living fruit,  
And the drive after what is indescribable  
Is rocked to awareness of its inner juice,  
And the doubts of the soul and of love`s existence  
Are purged in the ocean of communication,  
Then droughts of doubt in the soul and love  
Are purged in the ocean of communication.

#### **IN THE ROMAN FORUM (HISTORY, NATURE, AND THE SELF)**

I am here

Among the arbitrary shapes, so strangely beautiful  
Of these ruins, remains  
Of a busy time.  
Amidst these arches  
Wind my anxieties and idle thoughts  
And yearnings for what can never quite be fulfilled,  
Which, no matter how vast, or important  
Cannot live more than perhaps eighty years;  
Whilst in the holes and on the damp sides of walls  
Clamber green plants and purple flowers,  
Parts of the largest third of this triad –  
Nature (called also God, or the Universe).

I am the one I know best of these three  
Yet I am the most ephemeral;  
I mean nothing to Rome or Nature  
But without such as I there would be no History  
Nor understanding of Nature.

Then, as a human being, for me  
History is Truth;  
For History has made me,  
History gives my meaning  
(Without which I could be a plant)  
And any knowledge that my self may have of Nature  
(Either through thought, or through Being in a petal's flash)  
Is through a certain window,  
Existing within a specific point in History.

Now, no sound is left of even the grandest Roman –  
His skeleton is gnawed by the earth and worm  
Just as others` are – this is mentioned by so many poets  
Who are also dead, but leave their changing ruins  
To be viewed anew in every human age.

And then I love good Nature, the mother and fountain of all  
Even though it eats my race,  
And I care with my life for the hope in our human history:

Yet now I am annoyed to hear living strangers` feet  
Destroy my silence in these ancient arches  
And interrupt reality for my solitary self.

#### **AT A CERTAIN POINT**

At a certain point  
Of the evening light  
Or the moving water  
Or the melt of music,  
There falls a melancholy  
Of the underside  
Where heaven`s fountains  
Can never pour.  
This is the slipping  
Of the fruit of life  
From its cheated middle  
Between useless youth  
In flailing anger  
And the concrete fall  
When the spell is gone  
From the sight and smell  
Of life`s avenues  
Tinted with the grave.  
For when the juice is sour  
With unending sadness,  
And every single flame  
Has shown its failing,  
And when love`s rare air  
Has just escaped  
The last wild grasp  
Of hope`s embrace,  
Then the wind seems wild  
With the lonely weeping  
Lost in the secrets  
Of incommunicable mind,  
And the sun`s mad joy  
On a sprinkled leaf  
Watered in purity  
With the summer sap,

Unveils the inner howl  
Of the solitary discoverer  
In insane aloneness  
Now seeing the tear  
Of the lost, lost, life  
Never granted in whole  
Before the fruit is broken,  
As after joy comes misery.

### **SACRED LIFE**

Sacred life  
Why bleed the heart,  
By turns of incandescence  
And then sweet calming lull,  
While pain is in the air.

### **THAT FLYING WORM**

That flying worm  
In darkness coiled  
Lies in a woman`s face  
That strikes convulsion;  
Corrupting self-control,  
Unseating the driver  
Of the scattered will  
And unfocussed soul.

### **ADVICE FOR A YOUNG GIRL**

I asked you today to be polite  
Not bend over backwards to send a fart  
Into the face of the poor old man  
Who comes to tune the instrumental divan.  
You said quite gracefully that you would comply  
And even refrain from cooking a fry-  
Up of loaded alligators, tomatoes and shrimps

With helicopter sauce squeezed out of a limp  
Old grasshopper-can, like the shops used to sell  
In the naughty parts of town where the girls did well  
To keep on their knickers after twelve of noon  
Because the sun was hot, like oil beating down  
On brown round bodies, and breaking resistance  
To moral controls against pulling off pants.  
But in spite of these promises your manners were poor  
Especially when you coughed and revealed the raw  
Lumps of meat in your mouth – why you kept them there at all  
I will never understand, especially at a ball  
Where you want full control of your jumping legs  
And your voice, to convince the men of your sex.  
And one piece of warning you really must heed  
And this is to act as if you did not need  
Periodic stroking and entrance to your cunt  
By a walking-stick – for this little stunt  
Is one which only close friends should know –  
As people will talk, and tell lies which grow  
Into mangy apricots of dinosaur size  
Believed by the poor and even the wise.

### **THERE IS TIME**

There is time, to work it out,  
Chaos from our wombs stretched into time  
Of finitude; and there we shall rack ourselves  
In uncertainty, pain, unease, disruption,  
Trying to trace sense into the rough  
And seeming randomness of the concrete points  
Which are actually lived – so why do we  
Presume something other, beyond, in opposition  
To this! – the world, by all accounts  
That which only makes something count.

Who comes here?  
The baseline is  
Misery, upon which dance  
Fleeting joys, succulent beauties,

That fly, before the foolish viewer  
Sucks their inner juices and flames  
And finds within pure poison, death,  
That waits, though sending sudden tentacles  
Into the stems of plants that try  
(In all their feebleness, yearning light)  
To unfold above the darkness of unintention.

I care not, if the song is of death  
(Without reality all is false),  
Only from the black earth of truth  
May something of colour survive, and speak  
Of how life should (without me, a worm)  
Push its possibilities into flower –  
Guiding its own growth with a dignity  
That does not flow from humility –  
Into a self-willed direction  
Without weighing mills of guilt.

### **THE ONE REMAINS, THE MANY CHANGE AND PASS**

The one remains, the many change and pass;  
Heaven`s Light forever shines, Earth`s shadows fly;  
Life as a dome of many-coloured glass  
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,  
Until Death tramples it to fragments;  
Die, if thou would`st join  
The fire for which all thirst;  
As Spirit is in everything – the waves –  
And pantheistically it matters not  
Who is alive and who is dead,  
As we are all notes in the massive symphony  
Of the Universe, and thus I dive  
As a drop into the infinite ocean  
Where I breathe the sun, and feel life,  
And am at the crucible of mystery, life.

### **O, WHEN THE LIGHT IS STRANGE**

O, when the light is strange and near,  
How are we, all flows into the deep snow,  
Then I, sweetening sadly to the end,  
I feel as if I could flow into the sea,  
Where my children live, jumping with happy  
Eyes, free of that tyranny  
That I knew, they my loveliest sons  
Are brave, and bold, and good, and wild.

Flames of fire, into the darkest night,  
I float in dreams where the clouds are quiet  
And the skies blow lovelily  
As I am a plant splendidly;  
Free and sweet where all is flying,  
I am a giant among these flowers.

Ah, let us fly upon the wild swans,  
Where pink clouds flow into the wondrous pink  
Of the sunset: that is where the sweet beauty  
Flows, here it is Eternity;  
O here, I love to flow  
The sweetest joy, here it is  
That I love my mother, father, brother.  
Here it is, that we are altogether.

### **GREAT BREATHING VEIN**

Great breathing vein –  
Pulse of total insanity –  
That is the life in spite of all –  
That is why we ever feel  
Love or anything beyond the normal –  
That is why I breathe like a mad fish –  
Joking into the dances of Christ`s joke,  
Looking upon the *Mona Lisa*,  
Loving the weirdness of cruel dream,



Drifting like a raft into the empty hole,  
Black as a sucking into the origins  
Of the Big Bang, those milli-seconds  
When all was formed in strange moment,  
Time frozen into slow eternity,  
From which we watch mysterious emergence,  
And taste the life of which we are.

### **TO DAVID**

Ah my peerless friend,  
Thou art a special warmth  
To my soul, as your kindness is deep  
And I appreciate that you  
Are on this earth at the time that I  
Also pound and trapse about,  
Blinded by the light.

### **THE DEEP**

The loneliness  
Of this emptiness  
Such hopelessness  
Into the sea;

Dreams that fly  
Into deep misunderstanding,  
Illusions that sink  
Into Eternity.

### **THE LIFE OF THE WORLD**

The life of the world will always burn  
Though worms of hell wriggle through the pain  
From hopes of sweet loveliness until all dies

In disillusion, as stars sink into seas  
Of dark chaos, and no more can belief  
Into lovely purple and pink colours  
Suffice to survive in the wildness of spirit.

### **FLAMES OF THE FIRE**

Flames of the fire  
I do confess  
My guts burst into greatest song  
In crazy belt of wild love  
O how the world is so strange  
The sky is blue, deep and beyond  
Because I dream with luscious sights  
Of beauty and sensuous love in all  
Where death gets forgotten, and is left to die

### **YOU WHO HAVE DESTROYED ME**

You who have destroyed me  
Time after time,  
So devastating has been your ghastly smash:  
I did not invite this hell I loved you,  
But never mind, you just wasted my precious time,  
As you ruined me, but released my soul  
At last, from your quiet strange tyranny:  
Goodbye, nightmare; "let us be good friends".

### **A DREAM IN FLAMES**

O, the sweet flow into sons of beauty:  
Ah yes, here we are, once again,  
In an excruciating love of strange things,  
The unconscious drifting through eons of invention –  
Those of nature and strange humanity,  
Thus are the words of the wild universe,  
Where doves and pelicans of extraordinary flame

Drift in dreams of peculiar sift,  
Entering that special consciousness, where Truth  
Appears in peace and loving quietness,  
Taxing not while it allows calm thought,  
We in our foolishness yet leaving light  
As we go, glowing with love.  
Drunk in perfumes of sweet flowers,  
Calmness numbing imbecilic anxiety,  
Drops of beauty falling upon the eyelids  
When dreams finally leap from waking  
Illusion, out from sun into the real  
Night, the realm of wandering extremes,  
Like a dark boat exploring insane seas,  
Rough as a dog of the insane cosmos,  
Panting and breathing as a wild friend,  
Here I relax amid volcanoes of ultimate  
Chaos, when all calm sweet life rests.  
O when the open sky was bright,  
What beauty showed through in the blue June sky,  
How clear was the ionic message of joy,  
Before the mind could destroy the floating  
Sweet natural beauty out of time,  
Before the sound was tuned into final chords,  
  
Before the sound was tuned into final chords,

## **MY ACHING BONES**

My aching bones  
                  in death divided  
Thoughts into the past  
                  ever yearning  
Struggling in useless memories  
Hopeless reverberations  
                  reconstructions  
In fantasy

The cruel moon  
                  in the crystalline sky  
At night  
                  is bleeding me  
Wafting through the wisping clouds  
                  beautiful  
But dead and cold

Ah, bleeding now  
                  as often  
Is the dead blank moon  
Tormenting my soul in freezing pain  
And  
                  ah, I weep  
Glaciers of frozen hurting blood  
Glut the arteries of my soul  
Like Alpine rivers of vastest misery  
Until I seem to drown

Ah, greatest pain  
Bursts into wild explosions  
Beyond beliefs of thoughts

Rushing hell from unconscious swirls  
Crossing dialectical swords and hopes  
Of bizarre love, hopeless dreams  
Crashing like diadems from streams of fire  
Into pools in rocks and suffering fire

### **THE MOON IS SCREAMING**

The moon is screaming with my loss  
That I must toss into the useless past  
And live again, start a new script,

Happy with what is, content at last.

### **LISTENING TO *LA MER* AT NIGHT**

Lonely remorseful fantasy  
Into the night.  
What smell is this?  
What memory is evoked  
By poignant sounds  
Of another's dream-state  
In music?

### **EMOTIONALLY HARMONIOUS**

Emotionally harmonious  
Non-conflictive  
Sturdy but steady  
Reasonable and calm  
Gentle but determined  
Just being, no strong direction  
These are the ways I wish to be

### **PERFECT WORDS**

Perfect words touch  
Perfect mind  
Perfect music  
Flows in time as if eternal  
Tears jump  
From here and now  
Into the immortal absolute

Beauty is of grief and love  
Metaphysics of death and rebirth  
Love ever pervading all

Forgiveness and forgetfulness  
End of foolishness and useless  
Noisy passions  
Peace and calm into the profundities

### **GREAT BLOODED AXE OF THE SUNSET**

Great blooded axe of the sunset!  
Grow wild as the pink speech of clouds  
Infused with light from the burning sun!  
Your music stirs the chaos of timeless hearts,  
Swirling the brain as if it were scrambled into sky!

### **EPIPSYCHIDION ONCE AGAIN**

I loved into the abstract evening,  
Before the chaos of thunder struck  
My heart, and Venus dived  
And died inside my bleeding soul  
That howled like the sickening moon  
In an evil nightmare. What remained of me  
Quivered, and in repeated death I awoke  
From ever-repeating nightmares, panting,  
Heaving, sweating buckets of terror, dread, remorse,  
And guilt, and dreadful loss, and love  
Hurt beyond its capacity to cry  
Or dream itself out of its agony,  
And into perfection in its own imagination:  
Where the soul wanders incorporeal  
Along the sands where the salt waves are sifted  
In bliss and trance, where waters kiss  
The stones and sun-drenched sandy shores  
In wonder, and let the yearning soul  
Remember love at last, and live again.

### **O TO WORSHIP THE MOON**

O to worship the moon  
Where ice and fire meet  
Where art unites with the heart`s emotions  
And yearning is satisfied, temporarily,  
Before the heat destroys again  
Or the coldness freezes utterly  
Once again: O that moment,  
When the glorious moon is still  
Yet shimmers in absolute motion,  
Reminding of perfection,  
Known from antenatal memory,  
Sensed again whenever Love revisits,  
Whenever a summer night is dark  
Yet sparkly with gorgeous stars,  
Whenever the bright silvery silk  
Of the moon dances in melancholy  
And joy simultaneously.

### **THE STARS CIRCULATE**

The stars circulate  
In their sad surroundings  
With beautiful sounds  
Music of the spheres

### **THE LOVE AND TRUTH OF WHAT I MEAN**

The love and truth of what I mean  
Will emanate from what I do  
What I really mean  
Will become clear  
From the dance of the free air  
From the loving movement of invisible space  
Wherein my inspiration dances in wild spate  
And where my intuitive vibrations leap

## **WHEN THOSE BIRDS**

When those birds  
Ring round the stars  
In strangest sounds  
Of circulating spheres  
As if the notes  
Of silver and brass instruments  
Created the world  
With every blast  
Thus seems the Universe  
Laughing in joy  
When the music pours  
Into streams and wells

## **WITH THE PAIN IN EYES THAT SUCK IN GRIEF**

With the pain in eyes that suck in grief  
Unable to summon sufficient tears  
As if squeezing heavy rocks  
For nectar, like Faustus at the end of his  
Twenty years bought with blooded  
Signature, suddenly realizing his fate in Hell  
Is coming now, I feel permanently my inner death,  
Though I beseech for new life,  
I beg with my poetry to any God,  
I crumple and die each moment I live,  
I try but fail to triumph over  
Mystery and misery of defeated love.

## **WITH WINGS OF FIRE**

I would always fly with wings of fire –  
Timeless poetry imbued with the here and now  
Of concrete materiality, dreamt from the very  
Gutter of immediacy, useless time



In grinding error, the dreary everyday  
Fatuity of life. Death of love,  
Pervades dreams of flying high  
Into the golden-rimmed clouds of ecstatic beauty,  
As if love itself had clothed my soul  
With its plumes of happiness,  
The same intensity of fire indeed,  
Except tinged and laden with heavy grief,  
Even as I shoot headlong into ethereal  
Vaults of blue sky where sublime shafts  
Of sun`s yellow blissful light  
Shower around, and over, and beyond.

### **FOR HER**

Sticky with hopeless yearning love  
Dying into archetypes of sun and moon  
Sinking into sweetest beauty in memory  
Drowning in wombs of loving warmth

### **PATIENCE**

Patience  
And the passage of time  
Are more effective than force  
And rage  
One needs to feel  
Deep calm  
Far within one

### **NOW**

Relentless advance of inner nightmare  
Embryo-dream in repeating cycles  
That are bad: gloom and terror

Will not leave what should be a dance  
Happy and wholesome and optimistic.

Where has love flapped its wings  
To escape to, leaving dark cold damp hell  
Festering in the life-paths?  
Glowing dream of fire-worm  
Cannot yet roll in sparks of joy.

Why cannot I have that elated sense:  
“I am alive, I am on a quest!”

### **SNIPPING THE PAIN**

Snipping the pain, and saying “Yea”!  
Consciously I say it now!  
No longer misery of the crumpled mind,  
Remorse and sorrow in spiking jags!  
No, I remember I love softly  
But do not die in agony, any more;  
Now is the time to be alive  
And move happily on, in time!

### **I NEVER FEEL ATTENUATION**

I never feel attenuation  
Of the gnawing pain,  
But for moments of your grace,  
When memories of you are kind and strong,  
Where feelings of your love are warm  
And sweet, deep down under the anguish  
Which is the everyday.

### **THE SADNESS OF ME IS DRIPPING DOWN**

The sadness of me is dripping down  
Like fluid torrents of invisible tears

Into the ink-pot abysses of soul  
Where devils dance idiotically

And bears lumber in snarling gait  
And my tears roll ever sadly down.

### **THE STARS THEY LOVED SOME AWESOME FORM**

The stars they loved some awesome form –  
I looked around, their hope was gone –  
Those youthful intimations had evaporated –  
Wisps of dream drifting into blue.

### **WEB OF TRANSFORMATIONS**

I cannot bear my children getting older,  
Everything is painful about time and change,  
I wish I had the courage of Nietzsche, to say *yea*  
To transitions, metamorphosis, endless moving on  
In the chaos of irreversible, irrevocable time  
In life, of which all the joys and sternest woes  
Are bound up together in love, a boundless web  
To which you say *yea* to all, or nothing at all,  
And crumple altogether before the terror in being conscious.

### **WHAT LIFE I COULD FEEL**

What life I could feel here  
If my blood was flowing smoothly  
If death wasn't hanging over me  
Like a dead still bird.

## **CRISIS IS HIDDEN**

Crisis is hidden from the surface sheen of London  
Where under the red carpets or behind the West End you see  
Collapsing houses, poverty, mess and slums,  
And festering pockets of racism, ignorance and death.  
Exploitation drips down the walls of corrupt luxury,  
Commercialism nestles into the solid blocks of past imperialism;  
A layer of glitter is painted onto the buildings now become shops,  
Selling paper myths and lies of twisted pretence.

## **IF I FLY TO DANCING STARS**

If I fly to dancing stars  
After, I will grovel in ocean troughs  
I know, and yet I always go  
Believing in their lights.

And, although the oscillation  
Is quite clearly a function of  
A psyche constituted in time  
I feel tied to what I know

Through a particular age`s view  
Of itself, and of what endures  
From what existed before itself:  
I know I am only me.

Yet I fly, the specific flight  
Of me and my time: an image of  
Analogous flights in other times –  
Made with different wings

In air that tasted differently,  
Through distance felt as other –  
And see in memories of strong aura  
The fire of others` lives,

And dazzled by intense glow

On unbalance hypersensitized  
Psyche plunges to its abyss,  
Its shape and inner contours making

This movement necessary.  
Alternatively all stops –  
Light and blackness, mind revolving –  
And I join this time`s flow  
As implicit in its view:  
I sleep through existence.

### **LIFE IN A STATIC WORLD**

Life in a static world  
Unchanging, unpleasant hum  
Where the shell keeps cracking but the yoke is still  
And inside all waits  
Through the rumbles of boredom,  
Waits in its waiting for the world,  
Through all the movement, all is static waiting  
Which rots to the core.

So the woman waits for the bus,  
Strains her eyes in today`s weather  
Waiting for the bus  
Next to the barren patch of land  
That waits for some building,  
And shops wait for more goods  
While people wait for wages to buy  
A few less goods.

There is music on the radio  
All day and much of the night  
Every day and every night  
For people waiting for night or day,  
Bubbles in the boredom in manic jerks  
Of ineffective counteraction,  
The seed half-rotten can only wait

In unchanging condition of stasis.

### **IT MOVES FROM GLOOM TO GLITTER**

It moves from gloom to glitter  
And back  
Continuous revolving of a sphere in static liquid  
What is first forbidden  
Is next compulsory  
Heresy becomes familiarity  
Authenticity absorbed to dogma  
The chaste chair-leg and the prostitute.

Change to the ruthless glamour of the star  
And the gentleman`s cigar in his sturdy study  
Turns to a tap for red lips  
The spider`s web hallucinates the mind  
To find plush luxury arise from the sting  
As the music in the supermarket  
Replaces the company shop  
And stereos blast out the gin.

### **I REMEMBER ONCE**

I remember I once met a man  
In the street. He was a tramp with a stubbly beard  
And an old torn coat.  
He wanted not money, but to talk.  
And quickly he came to the point,  
Which was to show me a newspaper cutting he had kept  
About a man who had died in his own flat  
And no one had found him for three weeks.

### **WHEN SOMETHING REAL COMES**

When something real comes,  
Something is expressed as it is really felt,  
How then the embarrassed flutters twitch  
And looks go rolling out the door  
All-sided scuttle to leave the place  
Where something bad has happened.  
As fast as can be, along least resistance  
Escape from where a shell has broken  
To show its yoke, that which discussion  
Took apart in calmness when out of sight,  
When it was still safe to be frank.

### **TEARS FROM STONE COLD EYES,**

Tears from stone cold eyes,  
Still silent, statue moistens.  
Unfocused grief, quiet death  
Bemoans itself without sound  
Or gesture: unwatched,  
Motion is unattainable.

### **WHITE HEAT FLASHES DO NOT STOP**

White heat flashes do not stop;  
Under the skin invisible yearnings  
Pound forever: love, the bite  
Of absolute immersion, total being  
Undivided from the loved, yet in paradox  
Dispassionate witness to experience  
Of ecstasy. Love,  
Burns yet on in bounding pulse,  
Gazelles across synapse of mystic nerve  
In whack of pure lightness, the track beyond hope  
Is unyielding love

### **I TURN MYSELF**

I turn myself, and see

Me sitting by myself;  
Moments dissociate from ordered flow  
Recombining in new patterns  
Or, remaining in isolation  
Speak only of themselves:  
I see myself, the aura of me  
Through the intertwining of free moments  
In such form that I am pure  
Subject and object of my sense.

### **THE CALLAGHAN AND MR. SHAH**

The Callaghan and Mr. Shah  
Are both in great trouble today  
The News said.  
The Mr. Shah has missed the boat  
(And had to get the plane instead)  
Controlling things.  
The two of them will swim it seems  
Among the cameras in Guadeloupe  
And give their smiles  
Though, of course, they will both go by horse  
Because of developing secondary picketing.

The News was very grave tonight  
When it said that Jim would have to go  
On holiday.  
Tears were shed for democracy  
When it was clear the majority  
Will fight for more.  
The fear was clear that much too much  
Democracy may threaten to end  
The British Way Of Life!  
Though of course the loud minority  
Will not allow a mere majority  
Madly to put all our futures at risk!

### **LIFE AT THIS POINT IN HISTORY**



Life at this point in history  
And with this brain  
Makes dizzy.  
Different caverns at different times  
Shone into by the same sun  
From changing angles and altitudes  
And varied intensities;  
The combinations of all the factors  
Make it all now a sp

### **THEN THERE WERE SOME CHILDREN**

Then there were some children of hope  
Wishing to steal sweet pears of bounty  
And pump them up to size

Thus to feed the deepest thirst  
Of all, that rests on universal  
Satiation, wherein the flash of eyes can pass

From one to all in receptive glow  
Undistorted by the fears  
That block the understanding.

### **BETWEEN THE MOMENTS OF THE NIGHT**

Between the moments of the night  
The question comes and reappears:  
What would the stars that float about  
Be like if they had been grasped at sight?

The thought of what else could have been  
Haunts unsatisfied and threatens time  
With permanent retreat to the sense of loss  
In life which allows no regrets, but taunts.

## **I DID NOT KNOW**

I did not know  
That love was so  
Strong it could break  
The teeth of hell,  
That with gentle truth  
And persevering calm  
Rocks can be banished  
From the maddest mind,  
That an honest line  
Kept with grip of teeth  
Passes through explosions  
Of hate and despair.

## **THE WALLS THAT PSYCHE**

The walls that Psyche was forced to climb  
To reach Cupid, deranged her mind,  
Squeezing from the grape only bitter wine  
As she, sent into the cold and night  
Did not know whom she loved, or if  
A being could ever bring perfection.

Only after the self re-connecting  
Mind of images to rock around  
In reality, the unification was built  
Of fragmented emotion, faculties disjoined,  
Enabling no mood to meet the world  
Directly; and their bodies folded.

## **WHEN THE IDEA MEETS STERNEST REALITY**

When the idea meets sternest reality  
Truth is revealed in temporary ecstasy,  
For sweetness flows as in a melting dream  
But no lies are told and the will is latched

To conviction which is hard but utterly binding  
To work and transform from nature to perfection.

## **FLOATS AIR**

Floats air, the wind is bluish love

Music dabbling on the sun  
Light is bubbles white and hot  
Wriggling with breath for life.

**IF YOU TAKE A SIDE ROAD**

If you take a side road  
You will lose the comforts of normality  
But you may see the strategy  
Clearer because of your rebellion.

You must, however, see when time  
Necessitates return to the main road,  
And walk on it – though strange it be –  
Whilst retaining the different knowledge.

For persistent dabbling in little alleys  
In false defiance, or arrogance  
Towards the grand sweeping march  
Is worse than servile conformity.

## **STAY WITH THE MOMENT**

Stay with the moment then, to feel  
Complete immersion in eternity;  
Know fun, or courage, or strength of feeling  
Without hankering for another mood.

For when one has passed, it is irretrievable  
In its wholeness; next time it is altered  
Whilst what is unique in another expression  
Is lost if unattended to.

This is not to float like a cloud  
Nor mindlessly to make all equality,  
But the means in existence to penetrate  
To the core of the wheel that turns.

## **WELCOME HOUSE**

Free of all tremulous anxiety  
Burning sweet the beauty of the deep  
Never I knew eternity  
But that I entered evanescent sleep  
Adamantine rocks of colour and spray  
Dancing games of faery play

## IF I WERE AN ELECTRON

If I were an electron I would not be  
Identity – but, in change would exist  
Only as probability; my excitements  
Would occur by the billion for every blink  
Of a mouse, or the jump of a flea.

If I were a spiral nebula  
I might move faster even than light  
And be unknowable to life in the Milky Way:  
I would contain so many billion stars  
That at least three Shakespeares would be mine.

But, as I am me, I eat my breakfast  
Usually when I wake up, and I worry  
About nuclear power, dying whales, and World War Three;  
I seek order in the Cosmos, in my nerves, and from words,  
And I must make love all the time.



## **DENY YOU NEED THE SUN`S LIGHT**

Deny you need the sun`s light!  
The cold will turn your tears to frost  
Which cutting the cheek, reveal your blood  
Still hot to feel the pain.

There is a vow, sealed from bone  
Before the blood pumps.  
This is cut, upon pain  
Of sight`s disintegration.

## **SHE TWISTS EVERYTHING**

She twists everything she touches  
And that because the weak receiver`s  
Mind allows its demobilization:  
Knotted in such a way, its nodes  
Exposed as raw buttons, inviting  
A mean finger to spring it out  
To chaos – wherein the knot changes  
But chokes itself no less:  
Not that there lies some dark spot  
Welcoming its own undoing –  
Wholesome channels of movement being  
Blocked, and therefore pain the only option  
Besides stoppage: no, the contrary;  
Self-evidenced self-destruction  
Aided by the outside eye  
That knows the latent spurt,  
Riddles itself through with twizzled fury  
At its rutted cycles.

## **UNDER THE FANTASIES**

Under the fantasies lie human beings  
Who are not objects and subjects of dreams  
Squeezed from distorted realities  
And impossible burdens of moralities  
Festered in consciousness, controls upon  
The febrile four-dimensional amoeba  
Of existence: though not real,  
Fantasies drive to behaviours that are  
Real as the flesh, bone, the social stomach,  
And complement in shape, in template of air,  
The contours of a stone reality.

## **STABAT MATER**

Hear the music?  
The last squirt of inspiration  
Heating the last gasps to bubbling:  
This is the Persian carpet of poetry.  
You take the comfort without the choler  
The moon-dreams minus the cough and spitting blood  
For you the tears are an ointment  
Which were before a closed cauldron.

## **THOUGH BOURGEOIS BY BIRTH**

Though bourgeois by birth  
Communist in guts, heart, mind, and soul  
Am I.  
Is it not time for the decision,  
Who is going to play the tune?  
Esoteric, cosmopolitan, steeped  
In the high culture of the world:  
Travelled, read, better than they  
Who say this is so good; Vocabulary greater, diction clearer  
Than the oracles of eloquence.  
I am for the pint against champagne:  
For me the grit goes with Shakespeare  
Better than if he live in lies,  
No matter how sweetly or neatly they are told.

## **MY STARDUST IN A SONG**

My stardust in a song  
Does not gather to a cloud  
Of magic memory, but disperses  
Through the night of changing sound  
And reemerges endlessly  
In shifting galaxies of mind  
Where nothing coalesces to  
A firm image, but breaks through  
Untold formations of nostalgia,  
Hopes and yearnings, moments pricked  
With ecstasy, finality,  
That end up in a mist.

## **WHEN THE TWISTS OF NIGHT**

When the twists of night have dug their grating way  
And nicked the light of life to its last hour,  
And the brink is black-close brimmed to melt the strand  
That binds still breath to hope,- then comes a well  
Of love to the dying moon for truth and love  
And beauty that bursts in blinding ripples of the air  
And fills the space that nestles round the faces  
Of those whose smiles break up all agony`s tears.

## **HOW CAN YOU RECONCILE OUR BESTIAL NATURES**

How can you reconcile our bestial natures –  
The flesh that flames and hunts its juice  
Even at the price of others` misery,-  
With imagination`s light, the crystal drop  
Whose purity we learn in life  
From the moment of the mother`s breast?  
When ever will the highest sense



Be practiced by all, for all, without will  
For selfish gain, fame or power  
(For only thus will our race be saved),  
When our self's construction is from ages born  
For defence and rigid prejudice?  
Blame not the animal coiled in us –  
It is the human psyche that clutches at beliefs  
And wretched perceptions built through history's rage –  
A scaffold re-enacted in babies newly weaned,  
Skewered to ignore fine reason's ways.  
As rain that splashes onto bleeding green  
Of leaves that sprinkle under later light,  
So our black experience should be calmly borne  
Not taken under layers of panic, where the self  
Finds the break-down flash of mind and sanity,  
Where we are worse than stones, beasts, or devils.  
Even when the future's shadow rumbles  
Our petty souls only groan from the scythe  
Of past fear and grief, pain and dislocation –  
Lost in the hulk of life's unhappy dream.  
Through the darkness we grope to the slither light  
That sometimes beckons under a heavy gate  
We cannot reach to open, but  
Individually stumble and in single fears  
Flail at the thighs of companion ghouls.  
Rather than unite, we find excuse  
Or blame in others or past history;  
In frenzy we fight to protect our specks  
Of flickering light against other sparks;-  
Whilst the burning star, the giant fire  
For which all thirst and groan or drown  
Whirls fast away, beyond the world  
Where only cold memory remains to keep  
The pain aroused, the hope unforgotten  
But failed, lost, slithering like a corpse who grips  
A living leg in unchanging gaze.  
Beseech no god, eat no hands in grief  
At a mother's death-bed in sickly air  
Of regretted years, untouched emotion,  
Wrinkled like petals in a bottom drawer;  
Nor trust the power of those enthroned  
Whether father, or minister, or orphanage keeper;-  
But see through red eyes, touch the minds outside,

Link our brains together and ask our lives  
For their sap, their debt, their glow, their duty  
To themselves and hearts close and the whole screaming world  
Of agony, and watch then the water fall  
Brilliantly together, and catch it all  
So the leaves may glisten in sizzling light  
And steaming growth under living fire.

## WHEN THE THORN OF WORRY AND CONCERN HAS PASSED

When the thorn of worry and concern has passed  
And no more drains the sap of life, nor tightens  
The whistled nerves into rough clutching claws,  
And the past is no longer bent into pain  
While the present is pointed underfoot, and the future  
Rumbles in black clouds of threat and agony;  
Then can you sit upon the earth once more  
And hear sounds for themselves, not now spliced by memories  
Resonating in shudders through the mind racked by fear,  
And odours can be taken without hideous suggestion.  
Houses can seem human, not signs of the alien  
Movement all around that banishes you;  
The news of others` lives is a welcoming sound  
For a being now re-wound into reality.

## WE DO NOT KNOW

We do not know whether what we suffer is real,  
Or whether we feel the accumulated strain  
Of many generations linked along a haywire  
Of living within a mistake, a ghastly nightmare  
Unravelling by us people – not predetermined,  
But quite unnecessary, smiled on by the stars  
(If they can bear to watch the jerky pageant  
And waste their light and fire upon this dream).  
To start again with our distorted minds  
And feelings squirted patchily and squiff,  
Is a task like the building of Jerusalem  
On a planet where there is no air nor gravity  
And all materials are poisoned by the past.  
To work within the reality we find,  
Our senses, thoughts, behaviour must be shaped  
To fit those templates which our guiding light  
Has told us, and still tells us, are undone.

### **FIND ME A MEADOW**

Find me a meadow where I may stay  
In perpetual beauty and lay my eye  
And head on calmness, peace and faith  
In loveliness not concealing an abyss:  
This I will take, and would not search  
With propelled compulsion for the underside;  
If again I had a chance, now I would settle for normality.

If I could be offered a gentle love  
That did not dip nor soar like the bat  
Or skylark, but which was even – a flower  
Quietly lilting by a trickling stream:  
I would hold it, caress it, though the choice is not mine  
Again in this life where shadows have been felt  
Under the petals – seen before I knew their meaning,  
When the downward exploration seemed natural, not chance.

## ANDANTINO

Who dares to bend with the mad wind  
Leaping through forests of burning pain  
Until, turning with life clutched at its seam  
Beauty is grabbed from the howling leaves  
Driven as the snow in impaling violence  
To crystallized perfection containing in its form  
Each jolt and drop in inevitable structure  
That evokes the universe from the nerves.

## **NO MORE THROUGH THE GOLDEN CLOUDS**

No more through the golden clouds  
Jump I, expecting to keep on flying  
With wings of air – I will remember  
The manacles of gravity.

I will know my self-identity  
Is nothing, nowhere, outside me  
Although it comes and changes through

The interactions with others.

I will not seek to sink myself  
Temporarily in assumption of communication  
Or expectation of being hinged  
To a common image or memory.

You beat your being, flack by flack  
With your scythe through grass of possibility  
That is not anything but that I  
Hit down and on a path

For me, and maybe sometimes this  
Converges or is steered in growth  
Through amalgam – till the spot is reached  
Once again, where high grass reigns.

## **THERE I WALK**

There I walk, outside the walls



Wherein I saw the offered fruits  
Of my father`s garden, and liked them not  
Though I could not reason why.  
And so the wrath my being caused  
Struck me out, to exist  
Alone outside, where others were  
Who never had known the garden.  
I went one way, while they all wished  
To climb in grimly the yearned-for garden  
Where I had turned away:  
Odd to them was I.  
Sometimes, as I plodded on –  
Exactly where I never knew,  
Nor for the marshes had I experience –  
I learned I needed the apple cores  
But not the luster from the garden;  
And my dreams of a truer paradise –  
Unexclusive, without high walls,  
In which sunlight intertwined with shadow –  
Strengthened, though nourished on pain.  
In time I came to recognize  
Among the outcasts of birth  
Those who were fired not by desire  
To scale the enclosed Elysium  
But with a will and urgency  
To build a wide new field  
In which not only flowers, but trees  
And herbs and bushes could also grow,  
And these whose dreams had different germs  
From mine, I found good company  
And it seemed that through expanding words  
Our dreams could now converge.

## **BRAIN CELLS SPARKING**

Brain cells sparking,  
Nerves alarmed;  
Disintegration of our being  
Is their form of rule.

Divide, not only persons, but  
The faculties of thinking,  
Feeling, seeing – chopping brilliance  
Of developed mind

Into fragments  
Where, in prisons  
Genius made mad  
Is safe.

## WHICH ROSE?

Which rose, which rose, to take,  
And how? Is it so easy as poets told  
To know the choice with unsplit wisdom  
Where feelings unite with judgement?

It unfolds, time unblows with winds  
Of curling corruption, fluttered petals,  
And knowing destiny, what flower can be  
Unbroken in fear in touching the bee  
With all its colour: deep intent  
To be in Now is cursed with doubt  
And the canker of life`s questioning.

## **A CERTAIN LOVE**

A certain love comes from negation  
Of freedom: a love for freedom  
That, like a seed beneath the concrete  
Burns red-eyed in silent pressure,  
Thrusts till its being is knotted in sweat  
And learns to keep even clenched in sleep;  
Feels first the drip, then the tiny sprinkle  
That it knows will become a fountain, then  
A gushing river into an ocean  
That rolls ever deeper and brighter:  
Ramming onward, scorched with the hope  
Whose flame, once lit, greedily devours  
All other lights, and builds from inexhaustible courage  
That lies like waiting yeast in a shell,  
To burst into inevitable meteor  
Through the slabs and the prison walls.

## **A HELL OF A BOAT**

What a hell of a boat I sail today –  
The wind is light and the sky clear,  
A blissful ebb and flow is felt  
By me, the air, in our molecules.

A fine smooth sway lyrically comes  
From nought but concentrated motion  
In freedom and non-concentration,  
Where all is all in all.

Where the sun is warm and gently constant  
No forced smile needs emerge  
To welcome the water, the absolute sound,  
As each atom in space gives laugh.

## **KARL MARX**

You drove the arrow neatly to the core  
Of lies, unfolded their germ and exposed their flow  
With rectitude and form of delicate clarity  
In beauty of argument that wove from all ends  
Through to the centre and back out again;

Never dismissing the partial truths  
Contained in opponents` views, nor pettily reducing

The issues to personal intent.  
The knife went home to the complex target  
So utterly, they dared no longer look.

## **LENIN**

That is sense: whenever and wherever you can  
You help to force the necessary change:

But when all factors work against you  
Blocking the progress of human history  
In explosions of death, division and chaos:  
You sit in Zurich where the guns are quiet  
And read the “Ontology of Mind.”



## A DREAM

Death tasted me in one tangled night –  
Appeared in coffins beneath the table where I ate;  
Though hidden, he showed me my fears  
In being, and I was terrified.  
Not with a startle, but corroded with touch  
Like my food, he was there and gets put in dark places  
Till I feel alone though close at dinner  
With good breathing company.

## STRANGE IN THE DIM NIGHT

Strange in the dim night my mind dissolves  
At its outsides, and crackle the shells  
To limp liquid leaving the hurt of thought  
Hearing itself, becoming mirror, subject, object  
And sight altogether in a unity:  
For which what is real is history congealed  
Into a dot of consciousness,  
Though this on inspection comes clearly to be seen  
As a haze of moving stars, backward and through  
Time and mood and imprinted touch  
From the world all around, memory made a skull  
In the present: and the future stretches out,  
Takes off from experience of the concrete  
Into multitudinous abstraction, movement of society  
Wherein all the past, present, and future modes of being  
Of the self derive substance and spit back on it,  
Thus depleting and changing and growing itself.

## **SUSPENDED TIME**

Life within suspended time,  
A seeming moment held still,  
Frustrates the being of those who breathe  
As the beaver boring through  
The earth and air, in orientation  
That feels existence only when  
The world is changed through interaction  
Which changes the changers too.

## **THE ROOTS UNCURLING**

The roots uncurling from hidden motion  
To blossoms dropping brilliant white  
And coloured beauty, peeling so intense  
As to shatter vision and pierce the eyes;

Heroic unfolding, thrusting through  
Unrestrainable intention, certain calm  
In fury feeding hope and feeding  
In from immaculate image of love;

Determined to stamp itself on life  
And burst with youth and grape of joy  
In light that splatters sparks abroad  
And even burns the tears of death;

That always eats at the centre point  
Where growth rolls on and out, but is  
Buried at the end by expanding flame  
As the sun is brighter for each unveiled flower.

### **ALWAYS THE BAY GOES ON**

Always the bay goes on  
As the traveller departs  
Out into the sea where the night will make  
The lights invisible.  
A last short shout will penetrate  
And fix from the shore the leaving  
And the sadness of the one who ends  
Is against life on land that continues.  
For, unselfconscious, normality returns  
Again and again, unaware that nothing is the same

But that all is change and pain  
But that this can be forgotten  
By they who need not think  
But can move with the tide as it revolves.

### **I NEVER KNEW**

I never knew how much you meant to me  
Until I realized through the haze of pain  
How good you were, and that you loved me

Eagerly, and that I loved you.

The strains of skating on life, and our  
Stubbornness, selfishness, and self-ignorance  
Had sent off resonating escalations  
Of hardness and conflict that wounded our beings.

But touching closer on existence, and thought  
With concern and honesty can refund the hope  
That glimmered in ideals of licking flame,  
Established in the truth of real life.

**MOON**

Moon, the search for you must cost  
At least what the heart needs to love;  
The slightest touch of you is equal  
Burning from the light and cold.

Yet the need for you is stronger  
Than the wind that blows in freezing  
Cloud to block your sight, the fight  
Is as long as breath itself.



## QUIETNESS IS THE COLD BITTER NIGHT

Quietness is the cold bitter night  
Crystal still with freezing stars  
Glittering through the retreating green  
Of the deep aired longness, sadly hung  
In the endless sound of the ice silk moon  
With its timeless spell of repeated memory  
In numerous towns amid whose hulks  
Many lonely feelings have been hinged with light.  
Through stone towers and glistening spires  
Ice clean silence rings with shades  
Of miracle colours roaming the skies  
Clearing the eye for pure feeling.  
Alone, the cold prunes the sparkle  
To its naked beauty hugging the mind  
To its unwanted solitude, perfect knowing  
Of isolation`s clarity in cold night air.

## WHAT IS THE BEAUTY OF UNBREAKING NIGHT

What is the beauty of unbreaking night  
When all that burns is heart of hope  
Leaping like the fool of light  
In blinding mask of tortuous spike  
Leading the flesh beyond the spark  
Of desolate spirit, vacuous flame,  
Or limbs now crippled by flash of mind  
Striking the sky in momentary climb.

Shiva dance in the golden whirl  
Where chaos is the sun, unity feels  
Being that leaves the sprinkling leaves  
In drowning twinkles of watery lies;  
The dream was endless turning spite  
Lifting the howl of outright air  
To envelop the left, long line of stars  
Dripping to lakes of unconscious wheel.

## NO

No, the leaf cannot fall here,  
Some wind must take it, unaware  
But stronger than the aimless spin  
That exhausts its flashing colours.  
It is not ready for the ground,  
Mumbling worms to eat in blindness,  
Upon another patch of earth  
Its cells could find their growth.

## **LIFE IS A SEA OF CHAOS**

Life is a sea of chaos  
Crashing onto the shore`s hand  
Shells of turquoise in the sand  
Dreams floating your mind to bliss  
Tinsel-thin film between fragile  
Life and the sucking abyss of darkness  
Where eternity beckons, offering what  
You know not in this bright chaos

## **O THE SADNESS**

O the sadness of life`s beauty!  
All changes, all is lost, nothing holds  
Still long enough for you to taste it  
In clear knowledge of what it is,

And in peace, before it flies,  
And then the next senseless tragedy  
Swarms over you before you have fully recovered  
From the one before! O what exhaustion:  
It is like perfumes of flowers that subjugate the senses  
In their killing beauty, the pain of memories  
And destroyed hopes permeate the brain  
In such thronging, unbearable passions.

**STRANGE EVAPORATION IN THE NIGHT**

Strange evaporation in the night  
Ah, when you know your life has changed  
New metaphysics and new existence  
As you peer into the abyss, breathe the universe anew  
In terror and wonder together, knowing that new life  
Is thrilling with the unknown, with unexpected encounters,  
Yet is doomed over with gloom, death of all you love  
In clouds of weeping for the disappearance of your dreams  
In real experience; ah, as you look through the veil again  
For the thousandth time, and see how strange and flimsy  
It is to be alive, how nearly dead you are,  
How life is precariously balanced and can fall back so easily  
Into the timeless inorganic, unthinking world of being,  
O how fraught is life, how its moments are tensed and poised!

## **WITH INFINITE LOVE**

With infinite love  
Only  
As if in dream  
Only thus  
Can it be saved

## **IT'S ALL COMPLETELY SAD**

It's all completely sad, completely stupid;  
Sunken, original fallen Man: fiasco  
In the private lives of all,  
Psychic chaos and idiocy of confusion  
That gets teeth clenched, then wounds the soft parts  
Of us all. Desperate mistakes.  
Life.

## **THE STARS AND THE FLOWERS**

The stars and the flowers  
Fly around, nature  
Dances in dream-state;

Deep from the unconscious  
Comes poetry,  
Salvation of beauty from sad sleep.



## **EXQUISITE BEAUTY**

Exquisite beauty  
In utter sadness  
Are the stars

Dreaming to eternity  
In such astounding  
Brightness in the dark sky

## **STARS IN THE HEAVENS**

Stars revolve around the heavens  
Not knowing the patterns they make  
In beauty and pain, until afterwards.

Their unknown realities watched from afar  
Seem music, far away from the heat,  
The chaos, the agony.

## **METAPHYSICS OF BEAUTY AND PAIN**

My life is love borrowed from pain,  
All ecstasy seems to have been learnt from agony,  
My life feels as if it came through backwards,  
All experience twisted by an original knot  
That scuppered even keels, prohibited calm progress  
Of any kind, ensured that all achievement came  
In a strange, sometimes brilliant, otherwise miserable form,  
Everything realized after the event,  
Always yearning for something in a reality parallel  
To the actual one, never contented  
Yet always regretting afterwards everything past,  
Fearing the future while pining for the past,  
Obsessed in the present with everything inadequate  
In reality, only the wild wonderful miraculous spheres  
Of dreams, ideals, shimmering appearance of sacred essence  
Buried as a heart, or soul, beneath

Normality, or stretching upwards beyond the sky  
Into transcendental spiritual beauty,  
Allowing absolute untroubled joy.

### **THE FLOWER DROWNING**

The flower drowning under the surface  
In swirling currents of dream and nightmare  
Is the flower I gave to you:  
Million daffodils dripping in hope –  
Bright lights in coloured hues –  
Dying in their blood.

### **THE HOWLING WIND**

The howling wind in the empty world  
Gathers beautiful leaves in flight,  
Its sound is harbinger of nightmared sleep  
Where terrorized dreams implode the night.

Consumed by grief, loss, remorse,  
One`s spirit is like a crying child –  
Weak and feeble, bleeding tears –  
Cut off from hope in the world.

### **HOPE IS SAGGING**

Hope is sagging.  
Memories are biting  
At my life and being  
Once again.  
You had your arrow  
Of fire and ice

Sweetening, and cutting  
At my core.  
O death.  
It will not cut out yet,  
Bleed in darkness,  
I bleed.

### **CAN YOU DISDAIN ME**

Can you disdain me for searching love,  
For the instant of total eruption, of the  
Sweetness in the face of Bernini`s angel  
And soft round sinking oil and juice?  
I will be drunk, suck the bursting breast,  
Though my bones and soul will roll around  
Eternity, questioning decaying memory  
If it was ecstasy, as my punishment claimed.  
I will have flesh, the hormone`s ooze,  
The gorgeous thigh will be spread like jam  
With the buttock puckered as its quiver waits,  
And my soul be burned in alcohol.  
If my body met its perfect cup  
Every day for years you would laugh at my bones,  
But when the mind is caged from the roll of skin  
Of the ages that turn before the bed  
Speaking for their legs, stretched high in sin  
And the nipples colour and stiffen in sighs,  
Then the intellect trapped in its spirit of air  
Is boomed by the laughter of the universe.

### **JUST WHEN THE SKIN**

Just when the skin between your soul  
And the soul of love becomes unbearable,  
When the panting spheres within your blood  
Are touched by the widest music whirl  
And sucked to the brink of the unknown pool  
Which at last may flow upon nervy soul

Over-parched with yearning, howling for the torch  
Of evanescent warmth in the living fruit,  
And the drive after what is indescribable  
Is rocked to awareness of its inner juice,  
And the doubts of the soul and of love`s existence  
Are purged in the ocean of communication,  
Then droughts of doubt in the soul and love  
Are purged in the ocean of communication.

### **IN THE ROMAN FORUM (HISTORY, NATURE, AND THE SELF)**

I am here  
Among the arbitrary shapes, so strangely beautiful  
Of these ruins, remains  
Of a busy time.  
Amidst these arches  
Wind my anxieties and idle thoughts  
And yearnings for what can never quite be fulfilled,  
Which, no matter how vast, or important  
Cannot live more than perhaps eighty years;  
Whilst in the holes and on the damp sides of walls  
Clamber green plants and purple flowers,  
Parts of the largest third of this triad –  
Nature (called also God, or the Universe).

I am the one I know best of these three  
Yet I am the most ephemeral;  
I mean nothing to Rome or Nature  
But without such as I there would be no History  
Nor understanding of Nature.

Then, as a human being, for me  
History is Truth;  
For History has made me,  
History gives my meaning  
(Without which I could be a plant)  
And any knowledge that my self may have of Nature  
(Either through thought, or through Being in a petal`s flash)  
Is through a certain window,

Existing within a specific point in History.

Now, no sound is left of even the grandest Roman –  
His skeleton is gnawed by the earth and worm  
Just as others` are – this is mentioned by so many poets  
Who are also dead, but leave their changing ruins  
To be viewed anew in every human age.

And then I love good Nature, the mother and fountain of all  
Even though it eats my race,  
And I care with my life for the hope in our human history:  
Yet now I am annoyed to hear living strangers` feet  
Destroy my silence in these ancient arches  
And interrupt reality for my solitary self.

### **AT A CERTAIN POINT**

At a certain point  
Of the evening light  
Or the moving water  
Or the melt of music,  
There falls a melancholy  
Of the underside  
Where heaven`s fountains  
Can never pour.  
This is the slipping  
Of the fruit of life  
From its cheated middle  
Between useless youth  
In flailing anger  
And the concrete fall  
When the spell is gone  
From the sight and smell  
Of life`s avenues  
Tinted with the grave.  
For when the juice is sour  
With unending sadness,  
And every single flame  
Has shown its failing,

And when love`s rare air  
Has just escaped  
The last wild grasp  
Of hope`s embrace,  
Then the wind seems wild  
With the lonely weeping  
Lost in the secrets  
Of incommunicable mind,  
And the sun`s mad joy  
On a sprinkled leaf  
Watered in purity  
With the summer sap,  
Unveils the inner howl  
Of the solitary discoverer  
In insane aloneness  
Now seeing the tear  
Of the lost, lost, life  
Never granted in whole  
Before the fruit is broken,  
As after joy comes misery.

### **SACRED LIFE**

Sacred life  
Why bleed the heart,  
By turns of incandescence  
And then sweet calming lull,  
While pain is in the air.

### **THAT FLYING WORM**

That flying worm  
In darkness coiled  
Lies in a woman`s face  
That strikes convulsion;  
Corrupting self-control,  
Unseating the driver  
Of the scattered will  
And unfocussed soul.

## **ADVICE FOR A YOUNG GIRL**

I asked you today to be polite  
Not bend over backwards to send a fart  
Into the face of the poor old man  
Who comes to tune the instrumental divan.  
You said quite gracefully that you would comply  
And even refrain from cooking a fry-  
Up of loaded alligators, tomatoes and shrimps  
With helicopter sauce squeezed out of a limp  
Old grasshopper-can, like the shops used to sell  
In the naughty parts of town where the girls did well  
To keep on their knickers after twelve of noon  
Because the sun was hot, like oil beating down  
On brown round bodies, and breaking resistance  
To moral controls against pulling off pants.  
But in spite of these promises your manners were poor  
Especially when you coughed and revealed the raw  
Lumps of meat in your mouth – why you kept them there at all  
I will never understand, especially at a ball  
Where you want full control of your jumping legs  
And your voice, to convince the men of your sex.  
And one piece of warning you really must heed  
And this is to act as if you did not need  
Periodic stroking and entrance to your cunt  
By a walking-stick – for this little stunt  
Is one which only close friends should know –  
As people will talk, and tell lies which grow  
Into mangy apricots of dinosaur size  
Believed by the poor and even the wise.

## **THERE IS TIME**

There is time, to work it out,  
Chaos from our wombs stretched into time  
Of finitude; and there we shall rack ourselves

In uncertainty, pain, unease, disruption,  
Trying to trace sense into the rough  
And seeming randomness of the concrete points  
Which are actually lived – so why do we  
Presume something other, beyond, in opposition  
To this! – the world, by all accounts  
That which only makes something count.

Who comes here?  
The baseline is  
Misery, upon which dance  
Fleeting joys, succulent beauties,  
That fly, before the foolish viewer  
Sucks their inner juices and flames  
And finds within pure poison, death,  
That waits, though sending sudden tentacles  
Into the stems of plants that try  
(In all their feebleness, yearning light)  
To unfold above the darkness of unintention.

I care not, if the song is of death  
(Without reality all is false),  
Only from the black earth of truth  
May something of colour survive, and speak  
Of how life should (without me, a worm)  
Push its possibilities into flower –  
Guiding its own growth with a dignity  
That does not flow from humility –  
Into a self-willed direction  
Without weighing mills of guilt.

### **THE ONE REMAINS, THE MANY CHANGE AND PASS**

The one remains, the many change and pass;  
Heaven`s Light forever shines, Earth`s shadows fly;  
Life as a dome of many-coloured glass  
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,  
Until Death tramples it to fragments;



Die, if thou would'st join  
The fire for which all thirst;  
As Spirit is in everything – the waves –  
And pantheistically it matters not  
Who is alive and who is dead,  
As we are all notes in the massive symphony  
Of the Universe, and thus I dive  
As a drop into the infinite ocean  
Where I breathe the sun, and feel life,  
And am at the crucible of mystery, life.

### **O, WHEN THE LIGHT IS STRANGE**

O, when the light is strange and near,  
How are we, all flows into the deep snow,  
Then I, sweetening sadly to the end,  
I feel as if I could flow into the sea,  
Where my children live, jumping with happy  
Eyes, free of that tyranny  
That I knew, they my loveliest sons  
Are brave, and bold, and good, and wild.

Flames of fire, into the darkest night,  
I float in dreams where the clouds are quiet  
And the skies blow lovelily  
As I am a plant splendidly;  
Free and sweet where all is flying,  
I am a giant among these flowers.

Ah, let us fly upon the wild swans,  
Where pink clouds flow into the wondrous pink  
Of the sunset: that is where the sweet beauty  
Flows, here it is Eternity;  
O here, I love to flow  
The sweetest joy, here it is  
That I love my mother, father, brother.  
Here it is, that we are altogether.

## **GREAT BREATHING VEIN**

Great breathing vein –  
Pulse of total insanity –  
That is the life in spite of all –  
That is why we ever feel  
Love or anything beyond the normal –  
That is why I breathe like a mad fish –  
Joking into the dances of Christ`s joke,  
Looking upon the *Mona Lisa*,  
Loving the weirdness of cruel dream,  
Drifting like a raft into the empty hole,  
Black as a sucking into the origins  
Of the Big Bang, those milli-seconds  
When all was formed in strange moment,  
Time frozen into slow eternity,  
From which we watch mysterious emergence,  
And taste the life of which we are.

## **TO DAVID**

Ah my peerless friend,  
Thou art a special warmth  
To my soul, as your kindness is deep  
And I appreciate that you  
Are on this earth at the time that I  
Also pound and trapse about,  
Blinded by the light.

## **THE DEEP**

The loneliness  
Of this emptiness

Such hopelessness  
Into the sea;

Dreams that fly  
Into deep misunderstanding,  
Illusions that sink  
Into Eternity.

### **THE LIFE OF THE WORLD**

The life of the world will always burn  
Though worms of hell wriggle through the pain  
From hopes of sweet loveliness until all dies  
In disillusion, as stars sink into seas  
Of dark chaos, and no more can belief  
Into lovely purple and pink colours  
Suffice to survive in the wildness of spirit.

### **FLAMES OF THE FIRE**

Flames of the fire  
I do confess  
My guts burst into greatest song  
In crazy belt of wild love  
O how the world is so strange  
The sky is blue, deep and beyond  
Because I dream with luscious sights  
Of beauty and sensuous love in all  
Where death gets forgotten, and is left to die

### **YOU WHO HAVE DESTROYED ME**

You who have destroyed me  
Time after time,  
So devastating has been your ghastly smash:

I did not invite this hell I loved you,  
But never mind, you just wasted my precious time,  
As you ruined me, but released my soul  
At last, from your quiet strange tyranny:  
Goodbye, nightmare; “let us be good friends”.

### **A DREAM IN FLAMES**

O, the sweet flow into sons of beauty:  
Ah yes, here we are, once again,  
In an excruciating love of strange things,  
The unconscious drifting through eons of invention –  
Those of nature and strange humanity,  
Thus are the words of the wild universe,  
Where doves and pelicans of extraordinary flame  
Drift in dreams of peculiar sift,  
Entering that special consciousness, where Truth  
Appears in peace and loving quietness,  
Taxing not while it allows calm thought,  
We in our foolishness yet leaving light  
As we go, glowing with love.  
Drunk in perfumes of sweet flowers,  
Calmness numbing imbecilic anxiety,  
Drops of beauty falling upon the eyelids  
When dreams finally leap from waking  
Illusion, out from sun into the real  
Night, the realm of wandering extremes,  
Like a dark boat exploring insane seas,  
Rough as a dog of the insane cosmos,  
Panting and breathing as a wild friend,  
Here I relax amid volcanoes of ultimate  
Chaos, when all calm sweet life rests.  
O when the open sky was bright,  
What beauty showed through in the blue June sky,  
How clear was the ionic message of joy,  
Before the mind could destroy the floating  
Sweet natural beauty out of time,  
Before the sound was tuned into final chords,  
When drifting strange wondrous Kundry sounds  
Seduced the deep soul into profound weird  
Hope and beauty where the intellect slept,

And there I was dreaming like a flying bird  
Of brilliant colours sparkling madly  
With crazy feathers where love explodes  
In metaphysical fantasies: I, one of those  
Who sleeps in strange surrealistic night  
Of beauty, where all is something other  
Than normal; there I suck  
And dream in, like one who feels  
Gutteral worlds and seagulls diving  
That are of our internal hopes,  
Where gorgeous lovely girls dance;  
And I am still strangely alive.

### **MOZART PIANO CONCERTO NO. 25 ANDANTE (FOR MY CRITICS)**

Sublime cosmic love  
That is what it is  
The evidence is the music

And though it needs no words to embellish it  
I cannot refrain from expressing my worship  
Like some old prophet before his God

And thus I write this poetry  
To such divine music  
(And you can ignore it if you prefer)

### **SHRILL**

Shrill, barren, empty world –  
Life as a ruthless game of chess.

### **IN PLACE OF THEE**

In place of thee  
All was insignificant in all the stars  
All the cosmos besides and beyond thee  
Counted for nothing  
To me  
But thou didst not care

### **ODE TO JOY**

The deepest spirit  
In love with joy  
The sun through whispering trees  
This is to be alive  
This is the *Ode To Joy*

### **JUNE DRINK**

Drink in thy glow  
And lap up thy light

Intensity of life  
Illusion of love

Reflection of the moon  
Upon the sacred lapping lake

Dreams into the ultimate  
Where storms break

### **DREAM**

There are so many things of great beauty –

And the mind is ever full of guilt and pain –  
Anger, hesitation, deep love, and hope,  
As the moon skims through the mist over a night-lit lake  
And reminds you of an old ancestor –  
A spirit of magnificence in deep worship  
Of the night-sky, lit with dreaming stars.

### **RICHARD STRAUSS**

Let`s fly into this intense realm  
Of beauty and emotion,  
Let`s be a poet of ultimate strength,  
Flying as a falcon into clouds of dream,  
Grasping deep truths of coloured intuition,  
That of the spoken special chant.  
O, where we of the rare sky  
Partake of brilliant and strange life,  
Here where we dance our cumulative mind,  
Here I sing what is for me, poetry.

### **BRUCKNER`S SEVENTH SYMPHONY**

Did you draw the deep sword,  
Full with strength from the magic tree,  
And burst upon the world  
The most ultimate sacred music,  
The most absolute beauty in sound,  
In nobility, grace, joy, and love,  
Triumphant in your miracle?

### **PARSIFAL (O, UNDER THE GREATEST FLAME)**

O, under the greatest flame,  
My emotions are quite unclear,

Thine notes can flow and flame forever,  
This is the ultimate of wondrous sound,  
*Parsifal* beauty of absolute music,  
I hear this beauty and I am sane,  
This is the absolute flight of love.

### **I FLOAT ALONG THE EVEN COAST**

I float along the even coast –  
Where the beautiful beach is flying,  
Where the sifting sands are playing,  
O here where I drift into this beauty,  
Here where the sands drift into this beauty,  
Here where the sands drift in beauty,  
The sifting sands of deep dream,  
The sifting sands where all floats  
Into one Truth, I and Thou,  
The world of waves and sand and sun,  
Becoming one with everyone.

### **SORROW COMES**

Sorrow comes  
Like a wild bat  
Flapping in your face  
Out of the blue  
Shaking your heart  
Sludging you down in darkness





























































## **LABYRINTH**

So hard it is to struggle along  
The line of life; how do you know  
Whether it is a maze or labyrinth  
Before you have entered its madness?  
Life is a permanent maze that endlessly  
Changes, no rules remain for very long,  
Yet there must be a thread of time  
And thought, to find salvation.

## **IN A TRANCE OF INTRINSIC BEAUTY**

In a trance of intrinsic beauty  
I hear the sounds of perfect voice  
And become one with my own soul  
Which is the same as the Universe

In all your allotted days  
Can you see the joyous sun  
Uncluttered by the temporary clouds  
Blocking out that eternal sun

This is my beloved blood-child  
Sweeping through my seas  
There where I dive and breathe.

## **ENDLESS JUNE**

Deep love of the inner mind  
Beyond the crags of strange mountains  
Where dreams drift and break apart  
Allowing wisps of pink emotion between strands  
As the wind suffuses the divine flow  
With joy and jubilation  
Rushes like music over waterfalls  
Where colours race into the stratosphere  
Where the rainbow of metaphysical thought  
Drips its bells of majestic fantasy  
Wherefrom the sounds of profound art  
Ring like magic of quiet night  
O that blue and mauve over the castles  
Spires playing into an infinity

Spirits winging through the warm colours  
Whose wavelengths sound like strange joys  
Of enigmatic synaesthesia  
Deepening into the holy gloom  
O do we see this heroic light  
Where is the complex answer to the quest  
Light of phosphorus breaks into bright  
Strange quivers of grotesque uncertainty  
Where I love and you dive  
Like meandering convergent peculiar splashes  
Of paint where the deep voice  
Spills into an overflowing universe  
Where sweet bulbs of glowing flame lift  
The sagging clouds upward to the moon  
Where extraordinary imaginings drift and find rock  
Within the chants of holy song  
Where love diffuses out from broken  
Idiot bricks and mountain peaks  
O doubt into the wild forest  
Where the soul disintegrates  
Blowing up into frantic beauty  
Of unclear magic bursting wild  
As a floating leaf autumnal brown  
Down into the painful utterance of love  
Which always dies in guttural truth  
Ah let it sound in sweet destroying sweep

**I M A.....**

I'm a Scot, and I'm a woman,  
And I've got a saggy arse,  
I've been so miserable, but I'm alive,  
And that is why I write poetry.

## **TO SWIRL INTO THE UNIVERSE**

To swirl into the universe  
As a star in love with its destiny  
This is the strange love of feeling

In the wild world of fiery spirit  
Where a cosmic mind dreams its madness  
Deep from its unconsciousness into colour

And I wander like a dreaming cloud  
Dispersing into mauve fantasy  
Where molecules explode in keeping with law

And suns and planets are formed in bursts  
While thoughts from starfish on rocks conspire  
The cosmic imagination`s ride on waves

## **I AM IN FLAMES**

I am in flames,  
A fire from afar,  
No answer to your stars,  
Until the dreams arise,  
Twisting and turning,  
Lifting upward to the highest realms  
Of music celestial, where the dreams drip  
Like perfumes of universal hope,  
Where flowers breathe, and all around  
Think they fly, in delicious, absolute perfection.

## **I AM OF THE MOON**

I am of the moon, even if I seem  
To you, the Devil, and in my mirror I see  
Great volumes of extraordinary fire,  
As if I wandered and floated into volcanic rock,

Where flames burst hard out into  
The wavy air, and my dreams diffused  
Into the Cosmos.

### **I SEE JUSTICE IN THE BEAUTY OF THE STARS**

I see justice in the beauty of the stars,  
Where the notes in fountains of music pierce the cold,  
Celestial truth hits into the eyes of imagination,  
And I and thou, live in eternity's sunrise.

### **I WAS PLUNGED INTO SUCH GLOOM**

I was plunged into such gloom  
While others were in light and life  
I felt killed into the doom  
When others danced about without strife

In poetry I dreamt away  
As if the magic of words' enchantment  
Could excuse the depths of hell  
Escaping like a streak of sun

Now I see beyond all misery  
Rising into celestial flares  
Celebrating descent into the underworld  
The unfolding of a dream

### **WE ALL WALK**

We all walk on our own strange cloud,  
Sparkling at times when not sinking,  
On infrastructures incomprehensible to others,  
Just as others' infrastructures are incomprehensible to us.



What makes us tick is not what others like,  
The way they walk we find difficult to tolerate;  
Infinitely unique, yet all absolutely the same,  
Life for us altogether is slightly insane.

### **ON A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER`S EVENING**

On a beautiful summer`s evening,  
The beauty outside was so intense;  
The internal emptiness was accentuated,  
The hollow yawning hole within was rampant,  
The sweet perfumes of an evening sky  
Of wild pink and dark blue,  
Bathed in flowers basking in darkened ecstasy,  
Were so poignant they seemed to enter  
The inner soul, and be part of its tragedy,  
Swirling within its life of love,  
Joining with its yearning for the unverbalisable,  
Being of moods beyond all earthly meaning.

### **LIGHT BURSTS**

Light bursts  
Like love  
Through water  
Into sun  
In that fountain of spray  
That is life  
In its miracle

### **SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY, DEEP IN PAIN**

She walks in beauty, deep in pain,  
Ploughed to the depths of blindness.  
There is no star throughout the firmament  
That can refrain from burning her touch  
Or keeping distant, and itching strains  
Of agony in her, with fire and ice  
Sucking her life into the grave of darkness.

### **THERE IS NO BIG LOVE**

There is no big love, just groping scratches  
For failure and confusion, the whirl of lights  
Seducing the soul into illusions of calm  
In the rose that turns to thorn.

Beauty is the sinking hole  
Sludged because the world is wild  
With sparks of murdered spines.

### **DO YOU WALK THROUGH THE FOREST, LIMPING**

Do you walk through the forest, limping singly  
Scratching through briars with mind alone  
Wondering alone where next will turn  
The path, the thought of the forest, the mind  
Empty but for thorns and fallen leaves?

### **WHY, SEA OF TIME**

Why, sea of time  
Must you take me further,  
Have I not crashed enough  
Upon the rocks in caves  
Where darkness pours its splitting pain

On the mind in waves of chaos?  
Why, must the daemon night  
Be active ever upon my land,  
Besieging its islands with rains of storm  
And causing its mountains to groan.

### **COUPLES**

Habit, guilt, confusion, fear of loneliness  
And traps of motion`s difficulty, with love,  
Keep people locked like bears behind the bars  
Of bubble prisons: hatred has to grow  
As a foul mushroom of curling colour  
Out from the dark moist welter  
Of chaos, before the head can burst  
And a wreck be recognized as dead.  
But years and years of hopeless doom  
Must grow in piles of dim suppression  
Before the rubbish festers into gas  
That can explode the heap to dust,  
Until the mind is battered to extinction  
It thinks it can unwind and twist to light.

### **THE SUMMER NOW**

The summer now  
Is passing down,  
Where do I turn  
To withdraw my shell?  
The trickling clouds  
Are losing warmth,  
The sky is unsure  
Which colour to turn.  
Will the air be dry  
Or its water filled  
With the silent vacuum  
Left by the birds  
Whose twitters change

From hope to dust,  
Whose flight is narrowed  
In the dying light?  
What sounds may come  
To expiate  
The stirring clouds  
Of their heavy doubt –  
No flower knows,  
No bird will sing,  
Though the sky be searched  
For its autumn chord.

### **THE TRANSPARENT FILM**

The transparent film spread around the grape  
By the eye when dark, is the special misery  
For thinking man in his mind-made hell;  
Pain is juice oozed by discrepancy  
Between what is felt, and what desired  
Or expected within his secret core;  
A narrow rut is thus a chasm, a crag is a hill  
Of enchanting flowers if the vision is so;  
A house is a prison or a welcoming home  
And a fly calls for love or a flick of the hand.  
If the spirit sinks on a winter`s night  
The dream is for sun and light-sprinkled sea,  
If warmth and beauty enhance inner sadness  
Like a snail the mind crawls for a simple cell.

### **THE SEA WILL BEAT THIS NIGHT**

The sea will beat this night  
Though doubt may check the moon

Appearing from the silk of moist  
Cloud failing to condense its mass

Over agitation, and a man will hover  
Over the water with transparent feet

As with hollow smile in dread enigma  
He brings a pack to the middle sky

Of cards, and slowly chooses one man  
From his clouded hand, whom, held by ears

He dangles with squeaks over dismal waves  
And lets dribble down onto deep dark green.

### **CENTURY OF DREAMS**

This was no ordinary book.  
Not a book about a man or music.  
Amadeus, I flew under your sheathes like crimson fire.  
And people called out: let us hear things as they are,  
Let forms cut as in the strange moment of crumbling,  
Let us not worry of what is expected or normal.  
But judgement presupposed always what that should mean,  
And the rich voice remained a loud chanting in my imagination,  
Its power lost to all who could have heard it so well.  
And there ends the century of dreams.

### **DECONSTRUCTIONIST HYMN**

There is nothing extraordinary nor remarkable in the world,  
And there is no such thing as inspiration;  
The self is a myth constructed through ideology,  
And poetry is a system of discourse.

Do not dream you can be anything special or particular,  
For that is elitist and falsely voluntarist;  
Have no illusions but that things all happen to you  
By structures, and that you are spoken

By Language. Do not enjoy, or think you can change,  
Anything – these are the worst delusions of grandeur:  
Try to make no impression, impose no ego,  
Nor be set in motion by machines of your emotions.

### **IN THE LANDS OF REGRETS**

In the lands of regrets  
Their spirits come,  
Consume our peace with exploding balls –  
Balloons of dream punctured by voices  
From reality. Soft slugging drawl  
Sinks into shapes over which it falls:  
Poignant pain in magical sky,  
Those who could have been, are not.

### **I AM IN DOUBTS**

I am in doubts if all this world is right,  
Finding disproportion in labyrinths of light,  
Strange auroras turn into blunt tangibility,  
Dimensions multitudinous live in simultaneity.

And all the life is writhing as if in sweet music,  
Crazy overleaping of reality, with wings  
That ride as thoughts of love in invisibility,  
Or move across in death, as if with Tarquin`s strides.

### **MAYA**

Where you are is where it is.

Maya is transitoriness, not illusion.

Blossoming out of love is feeling the inherent creative power and sensitivity of all people.

Beethoven is found in the old crippled woman who was happy in her house.

### **THE LORD`S PRAYER (According to the use of his more conscious subjects.)**

Our Father which art in heaven,

Hallowed be thy Name,

Thy kingdom has come,

Thy will is done,

On earth as if it were your heaven.

Give us this day our little bread;

Though you will not forgive us our trespasses,

And though we are expected to forgive those who trespass against us;

You will lead us into temptation,

But will not deliver us from evil.

For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory,

For ever and ever.

So you hope.

### **THE BOG-BITCH**

One hundred years after falling asleep

From the spindle-prick,

The Bog-Bitch rose and screamed in the face

Of Prince Charming-Hog.

She was fair frightened to see the hair

On his snorting snout,

But he was too brave (or pretended such)

To yell at her ghastly teeth.

She had rotted for a hundred years

In the acid bog,

While he was born ugly (no fault of his own)  
And grew long fangs.

### **SCALES FALL FROM EYES**

Scales fall from eyes,  
Love make its grab,  
Tell the snails on the city streets  
They can fly,  
Spirit and intellect may synthesize truth  
From reality, and have it beam  
Conscious, intuitive, empowering life  
In its struggle for self-transformation.

### **SUNSHINE I KNOW**

Sunshine I know  
As I feel it;  
You I feel  
And know you  
I'm sure;  
Whether it's true  
Or not, I AM SURE  
I love you, and LOVE WILL WIN  
For us, together, for ever.

### **ALL GOES IN THE END**

All goes in the end,  
All goes,  
But for god's sake give it all you've got,  
Whatever puny, tiny, miserable piece of energy you've got:  
Give it, give it;  
Though it all seems lost nearly all the time  
(Nearly), and the only thing that makes it worthwhile,  
(More, much, than worthwhile) will repay,



And douse you in a dose of ecstasy.

### **DESTRUCTION AND HOPE**

Ideas dribble into my dreaming mind,  
Visionary, I, feel into thoughts  
About destruction and hope, life and fate,  
Who am I, what is what, and why do this!  
Art is love of an absolute kind,  
Beyond meaning, expanding into all the Universe,  
Surviving the pain in the sinking flesh,  
Sensitivity blinding out like joyous light.

### **MY COUNTRY**

Cloud formations of despair,  
A dead-hole dump – though beautiful,  
But not for me: I  
Am alienated as I always was –  
As a child, a man, and now, whatever  
I am. This country is not of love for me,  
It is cold, womanless, though it is my soul.

I'm of the ancient ludicrous  
Wanting to love, when I want,  
A useless soul. O so lost –  
What is the magic that I never knew?

### **SCOTLAND**

Thou slaughtered country of a lie!

Why do you bore me with your empty dreams?  
Fatuous illusions of some negative grandeur,  
You are a dreamless wilderness.  
Why go on about your special qualities;  
Is everyone kind, or are you blind;  
Is everyone clever, or were you never  
Geniuses beneath your drunkenness?

## **TO BE BRITISH**

We are the most expansive,  
As well as the narrowest, hellish people  
On earth. If you keep on the right side of it man,  
It is great to be British.

We went all over the Earth,  
As the bravest, Armada-sinking pirates,  
Yet became the pettiest vicious oppressors,  
The Puritans who bored Eros and Bacchus.

I remember 'guts` as a child,  
The qualities of Nelson and Churchill;  
They cannot disappear so fast, my friend,  
Though they may change into William Blake`s!

O, the rolling sea in that Channel  
Beyond the Dover Cliffs – grey,  
That pulls you back eventually  
If submarines infest the sea

In hostility. Boring librarians,  
Friendly barmaids and decent policemen,  
Everything I want to escape from,  
Because I am British; lousy Empire

Finished at last, thank God, yet sometimes  
We were not so bad as alternatives were,  
O confusion: Elgar, Shakespeare, Lenny Henry,  
We defeat anyone who dares touch our shores!

Illusions of being best, producing  
The best rebellions: illusions of politeness  
Producing the rudest stupidity:  
Beatles, football yobbishness, Monty Python, great orchestras.

“I should have learnt how to play the guitar,  
Money for nothing and the chicks for free.”  
O we invented that hedonist paradise,  
Lovely it is to be British and free!  
Lovely it is to be part of that jamboree!

## **FLYING FREE**

Flying flames  
Like stars  
Turn  
To dust  
When  
Mad but true  
Voices ring  
Intense ecstasies

## **THROUGH THE NIGHT**

As Nature talks to us of ambiguous truths,  
Nothing must ever bend, yet break  
It might.  
Go on, young man,  
Old woman, infant, cat, or frog,  
And meet thy destiny, in foolish pond;  
Dogs are dinosaurs in disguise,  
Goldfish sing with invisible sounds  
Like bats soaked in strange radar,  
And nothing is as it seems.  
Szymanowski makes some sounds,  
Beyond calculation of magic rounds,

How emptily shout the foolish rats,  
Rushing into extinguished vats,  
Escaping from those cowardly bells,  
That ring with crashes around the wells  
Of fortunes hidden, deep caves,  
Where rotting bones are no longer brave,  
Yet no one forgets the craziness.

Smack the Madonna`s baby`s bottom,  
Until our dreams all fall down rotten,  
Dig the sites of archeological joy,  
Dancing like ghosts of royalty;  
Why do many ancient myths imply  
Involvement from the guts and dry  
Mouth spurting inversely free,  
A fountain bursting idiotically,  
Backwards into its unthinking beginning?

### **MOOD SONNET**

The boredom of a deep pain  
That loss that grinds into broken depression  
Messed-up mind like a dark Schostakovitch movement  
Basses clambering in wild sadness  
Or hell of some lostness.

I wouldn`t die of excess,  
But for insufficiency,  
Not enough love, drink, sex, dream,  
Flying high above the Arctic seas,  
Missing the ice-bergs, those sarcastic comments,  
All the silly pettiness  
That plugs us down to foolishness

Schubert`s wild sea  
Kyrie of fire

## **CIRCULATING THE PAIN OF BEAUTIFUL STARS**

Circulating the pain of beautiful stars  
Our dreams break upon harsh rocks  
Dinosaurs snore until we wake up

Nothing dies until the pain  
Squeezes like an organ of ecstasy  
Where circle all the sweet loving stars

## **O SUCH POETRY FOR YOU**

O such poetry for you, my love,  
In shimmering, intense loveliness;  
You are my dream, woman of perfection,  
Someone whose touch is absolute joy  
To feel at night, in the dark,  
When senses are deep, in the absolute.

## **POETIC DREAM**

O sweet beauty, thou dost declare  
The green grass is in ecstasy,  
The sky is a blue of inspiration,  
A warm pool of paradise.

The clouds are fluffy with honeyed taste,  
The winds sing with poetry,  
The sad mind enters trance  
Like diving into gorgeous love.

## **BRUCKNER SYMPHONY NO. 5**

The stars turning

And the soul strange  
Flipping yellows of hot leaves  
Deranging themselves in proto-autumn  
Emptiness replacing fear with courage  
Big-boned emotions spewing out despair  
I am a dog with grand breast-bones  
A seething ferment of unconscious yearnings

### **BERIO'S *SOLO***

The hollowness of devils' pain –  
Américo Vespúcio lost in the Atlantic –  
The soul flying through supernatural landscapes –  
Thus is the dream drowned in wine.

Trombone soaking on one note –  
Dog eating his own body –  
Clouds tearing at their own guts –  
Pink in the sunset, and beautiful.

### **THE *MONA LISA***

The Mona Lisa will survive  
All the superficialities of this age –  
The multiple reproductions and jaded comments  
From dreary pundits and philistines,  
From uncreative modern bores  
Who speak journalese and call it criticism;  
It will survive its bad museum,  
Its poor lighting, its layers of dirt.  
These do not matter to its dream –  
This altar of love, sadness, and mystery.

### **UNFURLING WINDS FLYING**

Sad before the utmost gate  
Should I leave thee flowers  
Music of the deepest sea

Sweet misery in mercury mouth  
Sweet-eyed lady of the sadlands  
Drums strange of your beautiful eyes

Love-pain before your lips  
Red like currents on the mad sea  
Out in the strange worlds beyond the mind

Yearning like trees in the wild wind  
Grey clouds blowing in sunny air  
Mystery deathlike of love and hope

Notes with the tears in sprinkling rain  
Love with the sun`s disk insane  
Eclipsed as if in raining pain

Sweet is the sun in idiot night  
Dreaminess losing the last tones of light  
Here we turn and destroy all flight

Flight that would escape the world  
Breathe another breath unfurled  
Wisdom of denial and obscurity

I dream I am a poet flying  
Deep into night with music flowing  
Drops in ecstasy of my deepest soul

Illusions and depths of ultimate pain  
Sweetness of loveliest girl`s embrace  
Upon my neck and softest breast

Death that follows the most wondrous sonata  
Touching beyond the normal air  
Where spirit is of ultimate taste

Metaphysics of mystery into darkness  
Philosophy of weirdness breaks the clouds  
Through which pierce sun`s glorious shafts

Spikes of ridiculous beauty incandescent life  
Warmth of addictive joy and love  
Heating the cells of the skin`s flames

Writing out of my heart`s pain  
My wandering soul`s heat of flame  
The darkness of a brain`s dream

Swirling like a sycamore seed  
The head of a medusa joining a snail  
The face of a jaguar mingling with a cow

A bird flapping its ugly noise  
Into the body of a jerking snake  
Sweetening its guts to become a cayman

Nightmare smoothing into death  
Sleep dreaming into love  
Ejaculation into softness

Woman`s being in such ecstasy  
That life is spurted back to life  
Music playing its beauty back again

Trying so hard to find ultimate peace  
Like a snake jumping at a flame  
When there is no air around the candle

Death can be or not it matters not  
Love is shot through with pain  
But love is sweet and short in sweetness

The burning sun in the hot sunset  
Streaking wild pinks of love  
Joy in maniac coloured flames

## **AIR**

And here in this agony and pain



There is some fall of delicious rain  
As in the divinity of a Bach Suite for strings  
Or a dance of wild gypsy rings  
Negating the negativity of depression`s deeps  
Allowing that magic when a jonquil peeps  
Into the air sweet with dew  
When demonic skies change their blue  
Into a mad schizophrenic darkness  
Barely concealing archetypal sadness  
Beneath and within the beauteous greenness  
Where hides the loveliest honey-dew.

### **BALKAN DREAM**

That was how the cloud flowed  
In growling times of punctured cross  
Evil love and Byzantine hell  
Life seeping along the ditch  
Bosnia free and dreaming lions  
Burnt houses and brave gaps  
Another dream and small meal  
All the best of human nature  
Eating at laws and rules of Human  
Rights and Constitutions: burning hope  
Easily undermined by lies and fools.

Murder is the main point:  
Powerful governments scratching heads  
And soon, too frightened to do anything  
Mad beyond anything known before:  
Blackest moment of the human soul  
Bosnia is the final thing.

Charred bodies and burnt flats  
Bougainvillea in between  
The Ethnic Cleansing: cemeteries  
Drinks, dances, police

Very friendly – let us pass  
Through this RS, O! how sweet  
It is to ride as a visitor  
Through some horrendous spooksville.

### **WAGNER`S PARSIFAL**

Screeching and tearing  
At the soul  
As in life

That is why  
This Great Art  
Absolute pursuit of truth

Dense forest of how it is  
Emotions, being, living,  
Women men love death

Why how what when  
How deep is that damned forest  
He knew it all the mad wizard

### **THERE AT THE OTHERSEA**

There at the Othersea  
Look I in bewilderment  
Always is it there  
Over on the other side  
I know nothing more to join  
The vision of my childhood  
I leap as a fawn in wildness  
Spontaneous innocence at blinding light

## **JENNIFER**

Jenny was a little girl  
In her hair there was a twirl  
Sweet as gold were her eyes  
Beauty burned beyond her size

## **THE GREAT SYMPHONY IN C-MAJOR**

My wonderful Schubert  
Not only terror and fear  
But tempestuous anger  
Harbours within your sweetness  
Your divine melodies  
Your dignity and otherworldly nobility  
That serenity that absolutely throws me  
Determined strength almost vicious  
At times amid your overwhelming love  
And soft beauty that twinkles like a stream of light  
So that an orchestra raises up  
Your presence of soul so strongly  
It is utterly beyond belief  
Rending pain  
And flowing absolute beauty  
Is inconceivable outside your music  
In this divine form  
Sublime amazement before your courage  
Is all there can be  
For one hearing you now  
What a friend you seem to me  
In life`s weird agony and chaos  
Life`s incomprehensible stupidity  
Where your every note makes stupendous sense  
You are so good and strong and pure  
In spite of your total misery  
O my friend Schubert  
This is almost like a love-letter  
I feel so good in your sacred presence  
Triumphant in pain  
Merciless in perseverance  
Guts so powerful no army compares

Wild streaming notes and heart-beating rhythms  
That dance in an ecstasy beyond the furthest stars  
Of the outer imagination in melancholic love  
Dancing powers in genius of flames  
I always knew this extraordinary sound  
It was in my inborn essence  
My tissues of lost gold and firing sun  
Where your spirit always burned  
Velvet beauty in the midnight sun  
Punching trombones in dreams where love  
Twinkles and turns like ecstasy  
Of love into codas of oboe  
O let the dreams come and go like notes  
Of your rivers of fire in perfect trance  
Mania of intense beauty burning  
Flight from pain temporary but eternal

### **KUNDRY**

Tempting, strong, wild  
Swinging with the wind  
And everything feminine  
Beautiful and crazy  
Enigmatic to infinity  
Woman of sharp cutting wonder  
Oracle from some eternal fount  
O woman! woman  
Confusion of the universe

### **DESPERATION AND EXASPERATION**

Desperation and exasperation  
Death and love eternally entwined  
Madness has its own beauty  
What are we yearning and hoping for

When we focus into the very depths of misery  
What do we find as the causes and poisons

The red ultimate reasons for pain  
The underlying roasting explanations for hell

### **ALL TREES**

All  
    trees  
        thrive  
In green  
    with water  
Under the pale middle-night blue  
Sky

### **DID YOU NOT EVER HEAR THE TRUTH**

Did not you ever hear the truth  
Love makes us one in spite of all  
We are all of the human race  
Every individual has the dignity  
Of the sunrise and sunset on this earth  
We all struggle in the weird space  
Find ourselves with all our faults  
And try to be whatever we can  
To help the whole of humanity on  
To better dreams

Strike the chord for a new humanity  
Overcoming poverty endemic misery  
No one living on the streets!  
Homes for all and a minimum meal  
Twice a day as everyone needs  
Sweet poetry entering into all our lives  
As the sweat and pain bleeds you into joy  
Strange illusions fly through your brain

Desire breaks all walls of castigation  
And insights flare through the sullen skies

I do not know why things are thus  
All has ended up resulting from our actions  
Yet nothing is recognizable, nor intended  
How strange existence is under the stars!  
O the sweetness of kind friendship where you find it  
Is wonderful, until we die.

### **ST. JOHN PASSION (OPENING)**

Relentless suffering and pain  
Chaos in the utter madness  
Yearning praying desperate pining  
Amid our darkness wheretofor to go  
Raggedy rough-hewn endless onward  
Through the miseries and vales of life

### **VAGUE WANDERINGS**

Why was it always in the older wind  
So dry or cold or wet but never  
Warm, until the heat for a second came  
But then burnt; thus is life every time  
At the abyss edge, which is real only  
Among chimeras, illusions, and fantasies.

### **ODYSSEAN DREAM**

When the life that laughs kills the pain  
I dream into empty caves of love  
Imagined – and there the seas  
Roar maniacally into the skies

And the dogs of fate draw their lots  
As Poseidon wrecks every ship that sails  
In the cruel universe, where idiots wandering  
Like Odysseus with his crew on fire  
Adventure to every and any island  
Where women dream and invite like sirens  
Dreamers Orphic in deep trance  
To seduce into the frantic waves  
There the morons and exhausted men  
Recover their strength before they fly  
Again – down and through the rough waves  
Where the blue surf dances and kerfuffles the sight  
Of sane birds – those that fly  
Like doves of madness and swans of love  
And there we pursue wild fools of nightmare  
Remembering Penelope unenveloping streams of dream  
In her loyalty, there the man defeats  
All enemies and feels at last in peace.

## **INVENTIONS OF THE MIND**

Inventions of the mind crazy  
Like clouds dark upon the sea  
Complied from elements of symphonic fragment  
Colossal imagination in the day

Forests of dream and deep desire  
Beauty flies in the wild night  
Storms arise from the humid heat  
The plants green with steaming sound

## **THE FLYING LIGHT**

The flying light  
In dismal night

Where the note is blue

So sweet a touch  
In strange memory  
Happiness not misery

The geese fly  
In the winter air  
Strange cold light

The time is dark  
Except when the sun  
Occasionally beacons

### **THE SILVER LIGHT ON THE GOLDEN TREE**

The silver light on the golden tree  
Morning with its gorgeous blue  
I am waiting for the sun`s glare  
Happiness in the easy time  
When all is laughing like a flame  
Rid of pain for some moments in song

### **THERE BEFORE THE WORLD FALLS DOWN**

There before the world falls down  
And the ancient crucifixes die in pain  
There, there are miracles and wild manacles  
As the dreams flow into and from all paroxysms  
There the juices flow in all chaos;  
Loss is supreme, and the clouds rain  
Down in fury of guilt and madness,  
Because the gods are displeased with me  
And women in their diabolical temptations  
Pull at the foundations of all coherence,  
And the universe explodes  
Within this tiny moment  
Here on a planet lost like a pea



Hopelessly, despondently, dreaming bliss  
And nightmare freely and endlessly, bang  
Of all sweetness in hope, the dog of Eros,  
All has to be finished before you die,  
Then evenness reigns once again,  
And the flying swan of oblivion

## **LOVE**

Love can be a flame that burns hard  
And then burns out, but occasionally flickers  
Deep in the psyche to disturb the flow  
Of sanity; it can never be safe  
To touch or feel – if once risked  
It can come back, unannounced, like a plague.

## **I KNOW ONLY DEATH NOW**

I know only death now  
With the sweetness of your eyes  
As the air is dark and beauty is  
In your dreaming gaze.

The strangeness of the night  
Lingering after thought has gone  
Slithers in wisps of another world  
Where loveliness is pain.

## **WE SIGH FOR THE FLOWER MAIDENS**

We sigh for the flower maidens  
Those memories of beauty  
Those transient ecstasies  
That enflame desires

Those which never end  
Though experience does  
In the fleeting hopelessness  
Of pure sensuality  
The gorgeous softness  
Of flowing life.

O blue sweetness of the Venusberg!  
Pleasures that invoke some inspiration  
From madness and beauty  
Sadness and insanity  
Melancholy mingling with absolute joy  
Unrequited yearning mingled with total satisfaction  
In some strange unity of wild tension.

Infinite desires of lovely seduction!  
Luscious melting into oblivious eternity!  
Disappearance into no mind at all  
Until afterwards when like a bell  
It reminds of experience passed like life  
In an instant, misunderstood, then gone.

Ah, love`s very pain is sweet  
As all passes like streams  
Until warm kisses shower you again  
And you get stuck in eternity again  
For a moment, then  
Sweating from pain of disillusion  
Ecstasy turns again into memory  
And changes like a dancing beauty  
In a thousand veils  
Throwing them off in voluptuous glances  
In her gorgeous curvaceous movements  
Beyond all dreams in desire evoked  
Like showers of erotic gold from magic  
Wands of divine temptation.

Like searing music of heaven`s emotions  
Lusts brimming from the physical soul

The heart and groin burn in life  
Pain and desire swimming in excitement  
And joy, even though it ends.

### **FOR TERI**

Into your sweet eyes  
Darkness slips into brightness  
Your round red mouth  
Kisses like a fountain  
Your warmth is a silhouette  
Of love in the frantic night  
O pain of inextinguishable love  
Conquers all weirdness in the light  
As paradise is from you  
You as your blonde kindness licks  
Upon the flying wind like wild  
Sweetness that makes all joy  
More beautiful than dream

### **ORPHANS OF THE HEART**

Orphans of the heart,  
We who roll  
Wildly in other lands,  
Living fantasy of the mind,  
Poet-maniacs of the galaxy,  
Spurting insane words like a Shakespearian oracle,  
Creaking amazingly with weakness and strength,  
Divine oracles of spiritual geysers,  
O who are flying in those turbulent clouds!  
Why is the sky so superbly grey!  
Why is such violence brewing to a pitch  
As if witches and magicians were focusing their powers  
Of sublime evil against the sky?

## **THE BEAUTY OF MY POETRY**

The beauty of my poetry will swell through the world,  
My suppressed love will finally prevail,  
All that I have tried to be,  
All sublimated into absolute fantasy,  
Will burn at last as if from its own fuel,  
And all failures of mine will be seen in a grand  
Perspective of all, within which my strength  
Will be understood at last, on its real plane.

## **I MELT THROUGH INTO THIS FINAL HOUR**

I melt through into this final hour,  
I fly at times when the world is weird,  
The dream of love deceives me now,  
The Sylphide flies before my brow,  
All the world is wild and new,  
My mind is crazy with all these thoughts,  
Volcanos throw ever new explosions that are  
Amazing like trees who wish to speak  
Flasking lights of all extraordinary colours,  
Fantasies of dream, illusions of naked dreaming,  
Women asleep in glorious poses,  
Fruit on branches tempting others` dreams  
As if in adultery, badness, where stars flame  
Flowerlike in a dreaming succulency.

## **DISASTER IN THE GALAXY**

Disaster  
    in  
        the  
            galaxy  
Wine  
    drunk

in  
the  
river  
Music  
sweet  
in  
the  
beautiful  
symphony  
Of joy  
because  
all  
are friends

### **BEGINNING OF THE DREAMS**

Beginning of the dreams of the beautiful soul,  
O, with the beauty of the sun,  
O the beauty of the sun,  
With the beauty of the sun, real  
Beauty flaming from the real sun,  
I begin my dreams, dreams of love,  
Here where I dream, part of love,  
One molecule amidst the wider dream,  
One drop yearning for a sweet solution,  
A dream hoping for individual beauty,  
A dreamy chaos pining for sweetness,  
Male needing female love,  
The soul reuniting in night`s sweet  
Air beautifully dreaming.

### **MOZART**

Prodded into misery by decrepid fools,  
Your genius forever is aflame for me,  
Like a friend, a fire, and a spiritual warmth,  
A miraculous realm of wondrous dream,  
And depth of every kind of emotion  
And experience; life without you

Would have been infinitely drearier and emptier.

### **TO BE FREE**

Henceforth to be free  
And to fly a wild spree  
Curling around the silken clouds  
In blue sweet air

To be free beyond caring  
Anxiety before pettiness  
Just to live in present life  
Without fixations from the past

Or terror towards the future

### **TO MY MOST TEMPESTUOUS BELOVED**

I really look forward to seeing you,  
To hold your face in my hands,  
Staring deep into your loch-green eyes,  
Bringing your gorgeous lips to mine,  
Feeling your sweet kisses burst  
Warm and sweet into my mouth,  
Feeling the beautiful juices within you  
Flowing out to me like paradise,  
Pulling your soft and delicious breasts  
Hard against me, and your thighs,  
Hot and pulsing, like a mad heart-beat,  
O! how I wait for you!

When you come, how will you feel?

When you come, how long will you sigh?  
When you arrive, will your skin still sink  
As I touch you, and my sanity collapses  
Entirely beneath your succulent love,  
Obviously created in Heaven for me,  
Crafted by some kind, generous Goddess  
Especially for me – yearning for your delicious breath,  
Breathing like fire all over me,  
Offering me ecstasy from a golden bough,  
Opening to me with luscious generosity  
Of body and spirit, soft juicy fruit  
Bending above me, within my reach:  
Ah, I can touch you and hold you close,  
And suck from your perfumes, as you kiss my being  
With your perfect lips, everywhere.

Darling, get here, I pine for you!  
I need to check you are still real!  
I want to know if I put my hand  
Where you are warmest, it will still be moist  
And dark like the most beautiful dream  
I ever felt, soaking into my veins  
As a child, adolescent, man, or fool,  
Again: O please come soon!

Let me fly into your beckoning sweetness,  
Like a moth to the flame, and take you, be taken,  
Your husky voice swirling around me,  
Your perfumes drenching the breathing air,  
Once again: your soft joy building to a wild ecstasy,,  
That burns into explosion, holy joy.

### **THIS SWEET BEAUTY**

This sweet beauty of being in love  
Is agony  
Because you are crazy

A wild flash in the flame  
Something gorgeous out of the dream  
Of madness

### **THE WAVES ROLL US**

The waves roll us in their chaos  
Their beautiful chaos is my beauty  
Viewing the universe from a tiny speck

When all the majesty is conceivable  
In a grain or molecule strange microcosm  
Inaudible song in the cosmic symphony

Stripped into a bare birch  
In the naked wind of everlasting snow  
Sleeting like fury as if intentionally

In the darkness of the night  
When all is strange and magical  
Then the sorcerer appears in blazing

Magnesium white intense flight  
Like all the suns in one Light  
A part of all insane suffering

In *tiefe Nacht* like wild screams  
Beautiful intensity of hard fight  
With defeating masculine fire

Weirdest feminine sexiness  
Streaking over all the air

### **POEM TEN**



I may exaggerate the intensity of fear,  
My longing for something that cannot be understood,  
Some dog of a lost bone frantically wailing,  
Refusing to howl, at all, with the wolf,  
Though frequently howling at the pale moon,  
Wild in sadness, fiercely sensitive,  
I chew up myself with my own fangs,  
And yearn through death and the love of gold,  
Yearn, always for infinite beauty.

### **TERI**

Luscious cream-white skin,  
So soft her body, so elegant her legs,  
Like something out of *film noir*,  
Her eyelashes flicker like the sacred night,  
Her eyes are green like gorgeous lochs,  
Deep and tantalizing as her breasts are sweet  
Like sugary stars to the flames of desire;  
Her lips kiss like moist dreams,  
Her warmth of invitation is like  
A sensual angel beckoning you to bed,  
With a smile dangerous and lovely.

### **SLEEP**

Sleep  
Where the words meet the engines  
Yet converge in bloody mischief)  
And dream  
Howling with laughter,  
Because life is tragedy,  
Like Nietzsche did  
In his philosophy

Like a drunken orgy  
Life is a chaos of joy and destruction  
An alphabet soup of uncertainty  
A hit and miss of causality,  
Absurdity, reality  
More like the subject of art than of  
Science or philosophy  
(As Nietzsche knew)

### **CONSIDER THE LADIES**

Consider the ladies of the valley now,  
Wandering like danger in the silken moon,  
Romantic as stars absorbed by fire  
Or lamp-light, their presence disappearing  
As civilization would if surrounded by music,  
Or a candle-flame when blasted by dawn,  
Which wrenches a glance from the holy night,  
As of men bewitched by those spells from dolls,  
Elegant-legged, and delicious in white  
Sweetness of soft, sublime skin,  
Emanating life in imaginary form,  
That which is divine in sensual bliss,  
Free from all foolish waking analysis.

### **O HOW WEIRD THIS LIFE**

Oh how weird this life,  
All of us nearly toppling a cliff -  
All but their best foot forward, whichever it is,  
Or which they think, due to some wild dream,  
Is their best foot,  
And try to survive.  
There is no clarity -  
Nothing is certain  
Except that nothing is certain,

As Montaigne said,  
And as Pascal spoke -  
All is wayer, faith un-provable,  
Just believe, then pain will disappear,  
But no one can really feel that now,  
Can they?

### **AND I SKUDED ALONG THE OCEAN DEPTHS**

And I skudded along the ocean depths,  
The white flecks curling with surf and gulls,  
My dream so strange as the universe dreamt  
In unison with song from the waves beyond  
In dread; I swooped along unfathomed troughs  
Of the rough sea, the extraordinary.

### **THERE IS NO REASON**

There is no reason  
Not to be happy,  
None.  
So be happy,  
Now.

### **KONZERT FUR FAGOTT UND ORCHESTRA, B-Dur KV !) Andante ma Adagio.**

The beauty of the world is here,  
In all its tragedy and joy,  
All the incomprehensible turns of the weird spheres,  
Ladies of peculiar and complicated colours,  
Dames of strange fantasy, exotic beauty,  
Freedom of the wild spirit flying into unknown seas,  
Galaxies of explosion, unconsciousness collapsing,

Bassoon of intense wonder finding notes,  
O miraculous dream into eternity!

## **PINK FLOYD**

Pig sounds  
Beautiful aching melancholy  
All the world understands

Snorts  
Belting agony  
Sunsets on the moon in unreal beauty

## **BRITAIN**

Britain, in its cold and freezing air  
Can be fair in spirit,  
Though often it has not been;

It has a strength, of courage extraordinary  
And decency, and need not be  
An island of miserable narrowness.

All colours, creeds, and moods, can be Britain,  
All ages, spirits, styles, and bearings.  
We are a people that always changes;

We are no longer Empire, but freedom  
Of the mind.

## **U2**

Aching melancholy  
                        love

Pain of the Universe  
Undramatic chill  
  music of a tree  
Complex  
  rich  
  multi-levelled  
  landscape  
Beauty  
  Densely interconnected  
Pushing the envelope  
  In haunting depth

### **O WORSHIP SUN**

O worship sun until the dark night,  
Then let memory serve with the sweet honey  
Of thy light, the bright wonder that keeps to flow  
Clear chaste water, and seeps into life,  
Allowing its continuation in miracle!

### **IN A BILLION YEARS FROM NOW**

In a billion years from now,  
What will my consciousness,  
Burning away in isolation  
At this moment in this particular spot  
Of the universe,  
Mean?  
Where will it be,  
And if it will not exist in any form,  
What will have been the effect of it  
Upon the rest of the universe?

### **IF I HAD BEEN**

If I had been in some hellish bunker,  
Bleeding and freezing where shrapnel burst,  
Yet I would have been warmed and comforted  
By one sign from the one I thought I loved.

## **MIRACLE AND MYSTERY**

O miracle and mystery,  
Flight through the clouds,  
Like deep-breathing fire,  
Orchestral intoning  
Through the pink tails and winds of other colours -  
Imagine all those other colours!  
Big-boned the design of a cosmic symphony  
By Bruckner, or the Man in the Moon,  
Surrounding lights rotating  
As if the stars danced  
In those ancient celestial spheres!

After all that waiting,  
Confusion in the ante-chamber,  
God never appears,  
But our faith bursts out and endlessly beyond  
The pointless moments of oscillation,  
Like a goat around a post  
Stupidly tying itself up,  
Los like fireworks on the wrong night,  
Drowned like a fish gulping in air,  
Goofed like a leaf too drunk to sing.

Dinosaurs creep upon the ancient soil,  
Extraordinary trees deluge and splay,  
Green bursting cover and blinding flashes  
In hallucinogenic light, -  
Make me write like a demented scribe,  
Dictated to from upper fires,  
Of the rolling suns in sweet orbits,  
Soft in sound as gentle horns  
Of unworldliness incarnate,

Upon the beautiful earth

### **HOW BEAUTIFUL IS DAWN**

How beautiful is dawn,  
Dawn in her dark streaks,  
Light through the brain when dreams still swim,  
And perfumes of memory fall.

How eager was the night,  
Darkness making the mind forget,  
Fragrances swimming into other oceans,  
Escaping until the dawn.

### **WHATEVER**

Whatever the agony is  
Of existence  
Death there  
On the other side  
How strange and miraculous  
How weird and inexplicable

### **THE GREATER MIRACLE**

I speak the language of my womb,  
The music spurting from my furious soul,  
Fountain of inspiration breathing my life,  
My essence that is me, and is also embedded  
In total humanity, all the species; a speck  
And particle that helps create  
The greater miracle.

For we are all one, and bound into a single Love,  
Where all the strands of the complex web  
Intermingle and over-straddle into the painful, gorgeous  
Truth of universality, which is not contained  
In cheap expressions but is felt  
As part of the whole depth of being  
Down into its very essence,  
And need not be articulated  
Beyond the very being of every breath

With all inadequacy and deep, evil failing,  
I am part of all humanity, -  
No different, no better, no worse;  
With all sublime feeling and spiritual yearning,  
With all leaping aspiration  
To strange moons and crazy stars,  
Bizarre gods and voluptuous, hopeful goddesses;  
The oceanic cosmos mingles into one,  
And nature is my soul.

### **LIGHT-BEAT**

Blood, spread, so plague-like,  
Drifting through the blue,  
All that is illicit,  
In the northern death-light

Heart-beat weird,  
Bursting, hard, springy in the spring,  
Energy extreme of a strange flower,  
Heat from winter sun

### **PARSIFAL`S PRELUDE**

I always thought this was something of Night,  
A dark pinprick of wild hope  
Into inexpressible chaotic time,  
With something timeless and absolutely ideal;



But then I learnt it was written in bright Ravello,  
Sunshine high on cliffs overlooking sea,  
In such sweet beauty and plunging dream  
Of Italian Mediterranean ecstasy and charm -  
So hot, and amazing, vast, space of total  
Beauty, ultimate scene of romantic flight;  
O how wondrous is the world's, confusion!

### **THE ROBIN**

How happy I was  
When a robin came  
Into my garden  
And ate some bread  
That I had left,  
Looking so nice,  
With puffed red breast,  
How normal I felt,  
And happy at last.

### **SUNSET IN NAPLES**

All the emotions firing off with four cylinders  
Because of the sunset in Naples,  
The sun's rays drifting through the air  
Like invisible golden beauty.

### **WASP**

The wasp has gone  
Flushed down the loo

The poor thing was lost  
For several days  
Mechanically marching  
On a window sill  
Backwards and forwards  
Very much alone  
Till then he appeared  
In the bathroom – enough!  
He had to go  
Down the toilet pan  
How hard he struggled  
How slow to drown  
What a nuisance he caused  
But once he disappeared  
How sad one is  
How hard he struggled  
To survive without a mind  
(or so I assume)  
And caused so little harm

### **AVE VERUM**

In all the chaos of this life  
Where is the anchor for the soul?  
How within this earthly strife  
Can spiritual humility ascend again.

### **TO MY MOTHER**

O with that love  
For my mother's face  
And the memory of her perfumed hair  
Falling over my dreaming face  
As a small child, clasping her  
From nightmare, or from insomnia,  
I remember her, that is the sweet memory  
Of a soft, sweet, reassuring kiss  
When it was time to sleep, time of lullaby,

Time when uncertainly meets light  
From the window-pane, complexity  
Enters the realm of beautiful dream  
When the time darkness  
And new dreams enter  
The blackness of night

### **O I WENT OUT INTO THE BEAUTIFUL MOON**

O I went out into the beautiful moon  
And wondered why I had been worrying  
There I saw all was wonderful  
And heard sounds in the sweet air

### **YOUR UNIQUE SPARK**

Your unique spark  
Cannot be crushed  
A fragment of the cosmic light  
Its life is eternal

### **O THE CRIME**

O the crime  
I remember now  
The Vietnam War  
Napalm on peasants  
In beautiful fields  
Water-oxen in jungles  
Blasted out holes  
Of Western hypocrisy

### **COMING UP TO LIGHT THROUGH LOVE AND BLOO**

I am transfigured in my pain,  
Something emerges and I can fly;  
My life backed up against that wall  
Kicks at itself, and at last, goes.

There is no longer life Nor love,  
Nothing seems to sing again,  
Until the universal music flows,  
Until our life begins to rise.

### **THE FORCE OF IMAGINATION**

The force of imagination  
Flies to high suns,  
As art tries to grapple with sense  
And produces strange scenes

Of beauty or insanity,  
Communion with the moon,  
Or love of crazy form or colour  
Whirling around the world.

### **MOONLIGHT**

O the sadness of the moon,  
Why is the moon so sad,  
Its light upon the rippling lake  
Evokes profound sadness

### **ON THE EDGE OF CHAOS DANCING**

Bright happy thought  
Leaf twinkling in the light  
This is the house

Where life seems to dance  
Amidst strange dreams  
Where happiness reigns  
And hobgoblins jump  
And girls in lovely nakedness  
Swirl and hop in sexy circles

All humanity is one  
We need no one to whip up hate  
We are all the same  
In our extreme differentness

### **AS BEUYS**

When my skull is in new tune  
With vibrations from that spirit-world  
Where different shades of joy and pain  
Fly and hover with their other realities,

I pick up senses of true fire  
And coolness among the sweet stars  
Floating in dreams of volcanic explosion,  
And I wake into a wondrous world

### **TO JASMINE**

Your sweetness towards me was immeasurable;  
You wrapped me in your incomparable kindness  
When I was nearly dead,  
Or touched me with warmth in my chaotic confusion:  
No lady as a fiend had ever been so sweet;  
You seemed to understand my agony like a dream  
Swooping into my strange pain, and communicated  
In ways that helped me, just, to survive.

### **RED GIANT**

My isolated misery  
In this weird world  
Where the intellect will not outlast  
A collapse into the sun;  
We are all the same:  
The beetle and the gun,  
Nothing will outlive  
The sucking into the sun.

### **SUPER-WORLD**

O! the sphere where stars tumble  
From galaxies like echinoderms  
Eating worms; where dogs roll  
In silent, horrific barks and cause  
Hallucinations in the minds of skulls  
Piked on dead trees, sniffing coal  
Straight from the Carboniferous;  
Stretching down into the present  
With mad stags and hogs!

### **DESTRUCTION AND HOPE**

Ideas dribble into my dreaming mind,  
Visionary, I, feel into thoughts  
About destruction and hope, life and fate,  
Who am I, what is what, and why do this!  
Art is love of an absolute kind,  
Beyond meaning, expanding into all the universe,  
Surviving the pain in the sinking flesh,  
Sensitivity blinding out like joyous light.

### **MY COUNTRY**

Cloud formations of despair,  
A dead-hole dump – though beautiful,  
But not for me: I  
Am alienated as I always was –  
As a child, a man, and now, whatever  
I am. This country is not of love for me,  
It is cold, womanless, though it is my soul.

I'm of the ancient ludicrous  
Wanting to love, when I want,  
A useless soul. O so lost –  
What is the magic that I never knew?

### **SCOTLAND**

Thou slaughtered country of a lie!  
Why do you bore me with your empty dreams?  
Fatuous illusions of some negative grandeur,  
You are a dreamless wilderness.  
Why go on about your special qualities;  
Is everyone kind, or are you blind;

Is everyone clever, or were you never  
Geniuses beneath your drunkenness?

### **TO BE BRITISH**

We are the most expansive,  
As well as the narrowest, hellish people  
On earth. If you keep on the right side of it man,  
It is great to be British.

We went all over the Earth,  
As the bravest, Armada-sinking pirates,  
Yet became the pettiest vicious oppressors,  
The Puritans who bored Eros and Bacchus.

I remember as a child  
The qualities of Nelson and Churchill;  
These cannot disappear so fast, my friend,  
Though they may change into William Blake!

O, the rolling sea in that Channel  
Beyond the Dover Cliffs - grey,  
That pulls you back eventually  
If submarines infest the sea

In hostility. Boring librarians,  
Friendly barmaids and decent policemen,  
Everything I want to escape from  
Because I am British; lousy Empire

Finished at last, thank God, yet sometimes  
We were not so bad as alternatives were,  
O confusion: Elgar, Shakespeare, Lenny Henry,  
We defeat anyone who dares touch our shores!

Illusions of being best, producing  
The best rebellions: illusions of politeness  
Producing the realest stupidity:  
Beatles, football yobbishness, Monty Python, great orchestras.

“I should have learnt how to play the guitar,  
Money for nothing, and the chicks for free.”  
O we invented that hedonist paradise,  
Lovely to be part of that jamboree!

## **FLYING FLAMES**

Flying flames  
Like stars  
Turn  
To dust  
When  
Mad but true  
Voices ring  
Intense ecstasies



## **THROUGH THE NIGHT**

As nature talks to us ambiguous truths,  
Nothing must ever bend, yet break  
It might. Go on, young man,  
Old woman, infant, cat, or frog,  
And meet thy destiny, in foolish pond.  
Dogs are dinosaurs in disguise,  
Goldfish sing with invisible sounds,  
Like bats soaked in strange radar,  
And nothing is as it seems

Szymanowski makes some sounds,  
Beyond calculations of magic rounds,  
How emptily shout the foolish rats,  
Rushing into extinguished vats,  
Escaping from those cowardly bells,  
That ring with crashes around the wells  
Of fortunes hidden, deep caves,  
Where rotting bones are no longer brave,  
Yet no one forgets the craziness.

Smack the Madonna's baby's bottom,  
Until our dream all fall down rotten,  
Dig the sites of archeological joy,  
Dancing like ghosts of royalty;  
Why do ancient myths imply  
Involvement from the guts and dry  
Mouth spurting inversely free,  
A fountain bursting idiotically,  
Backwards into its unthinking beginning?

## **THE BOREDOM OF A DEEP PAIN**

The boredom of a deep pain

That loss that grits into broken depression  
Messed-up mind like a dark Schostakovitch movement  
Basses clambering in wild sadness  
Or hell of some lostness

### **I WOULDN'T DIE OF EXCESS**

I wouldn't die of excess,  
But insufficiency,  
Not enough love, drink, sex, dream,  
Flying high above the Arctic seas,  
Missing the ice-bergs, those sarcastic comments,  
All the silly pettiness  
That plugs us down to foolishness

### **SCHUBERT'S WILD SEA**

Schubert's wild sea  
Kyrie of fire

### **CIRCULATING THE PAIN OF BEAUTIFUL STARS**

Circulating the pain of beautiful stars  
Our dreams break upon harsh rocks  
Dinosaurs snore until we wake up

Nothing dies until the pain  
Squeezes like an organ of ecstasy  
Where circle all the sweet loving stars

## **O SUCH POETRY FOR YOU**

O such poetry for you, my love,  
In shimmering, intense loveliness;  
You are my dream, woman of perfection,  
Someone whose touch is absolute joy  
To feel at night, in the dark,  
When sense are deep, in the absolute.

## **POETIC DREAM**

O sweet beauty, thou dost declare  
The green grass is in ecstasy,  
The sky is a blue of inspiration,  
A warm pool of paradise.

The clouds are fluffy with honeyed taste,  
The winds sing with poetry,  
The sad mind enters trance  
Like diving into gorgeous love

## **BRUCKNER SYMPHONY NO. 5**

The stars turning  
And the soul strange  
Flipping yellows of hot leaves  
Deranging themselves in proto-autumn  
Emptiness replacing fear with courage  
Big-boned emotions spewing out despair  
I am a dog with great breast-bones  
A seething ferment of unconscious yearnings

## **BERIO'S `SOLO`**

The hollowness of devils` pain -  
Américo Vespúcio lost in the Atlantic -  
The soul flying through supernatural landscapes -  
Thus is the dream drowned in wine.

Trombone soaking on one note –  
Dog eating his own body –  
Clouds tearing at their own guts -  
Pink in the sunset and beautiful.

### **THE MONA LISA**

The Mona Lisa will survive  
All the superficialities of this age –  
The multiple reproductions and jaded comments  
From dreary pundits and philistines,  
From uncreative modern bores  
Who speak journalese and call it criticism;  
It will survive its bad museum,  
Its poor lighting, its layers of dirt.  
These do not matter to its dream –  
This altar of love, sadness, and mystery.

### **UNFURLING WINDS FLYING**

Sad before the utmost gate  
Should I leave thee flowers  
Music of the deepest sea

Sweet misery in mercury mouth  
Sweet – eyed lady of the sadlands  
Drums strange of your beautiful eyes

Love-pain before your lips  
Red like currents of the mad sea  
Out in the strange worlds beyond the mind

Yearning like trees in the wild wind  
Grey clouds blowing in sunny air  
Mystery deathlike of love and hope

Notes with the tears in sprinkling rain  
Love with the sun's disk insane  
Eclipsed as if in raining pain

Sweet is the sun in idiot night  
Dreaminess losing the last tones of light  
Here we turn and destroy all flight

Flight that would escape the world  
Breathe another breath unfurled  
Wisdom of denial and obscurity

I dream I am a poet flying  
Deep into night with music flowing  
Drops in ecstasy of my deepest soul

Illusions and depths of ultimate pain  
Sweetness of loveliest girl's embrace  
Upon my neck and softest breast

Death that follows the most wondrous sonata  
Touching beyond the normal air  
Where spirit is of ultimate taste

Metaphysics of mystery into darkness  
Philosophy of weirdness breaks the clouds  
Through which pierce sun's glorious shafts

Spikes of ridiculous beauty and incandescent life  
Warmth of addictive joy and love  
Heating the cells of the skin's flames

Writing out my heart's pain  
My wandering soul's heat of flame  
The darkness of a brain's dream

Swirling like a sycamore seed  
The head of a medusa joining a snail  
The face of jaguar mingling with a cow

A bird flapping its ugly noise  
Into the body of a jerking snake  
Sweetening its guts to become a caiman

Nightmare smoothing into death  
Sleep dreaming into love  
Ejaculation into softness

Woman's being in such ecstasy  
That life is spurted back to life  
Music playing its beauty back again

Trying so hard to find ultimate peace  
Like a snake jumping at a flame  
When there is no air around the candle

Death can be or not it matters not  
Love is shot through with pain  
But love is sweet and short in sweetness

The burning sun in the hot sunset  
Streaking wild pinks of love  
Joy in maniac coloured flames

## **AIR**

And here in this agony and pain  
There is some fall of delicious rain  
As in the divinity of a Bach Suite for strings  
Or a dance of wild gypsy rings  
Negating the negativity of depression's deeps  
Allowing that magic when a jonquil peeps  
Into the air sweet with dew  
When demonic skies change their blue  
Into a mad schizophrenic darkness

Barely concealing archetypal sadness  
Beneath and within the beauteous greenness  
Where hides the loveliest honey-dew

### **ALL TREES THRIVE**

All  
    trees  
        thrive  
In green  
    with water

Under the pale middle-night blue  
Sky

### SONG

Not one more moment waste,  
If you are here for love and joy  
Miss not one drop again.

Hear the sounds of nature's beauty,  
Smell the perfumes from the flowers,  
Think no more of anything

Than that. For thus it is to be in harmony  
With creation, to be creative,  
Everything can happily flow

Out from that, for if the mind is right  
Every action will be bright  
And disaster will be replaced

By glowing lights and sweet smiles

Of ecstasy in heaven,  
Here upon the earth.

LINES WRITTEN IN ISLINGTON

There is no end  
To the disappointments  
Life can provide,  
Like its unexpected joys  
They ambush you,  
Gut you and leave you bemused.  
As the mountains are high,  
The troughs are deep,  
As the bright sun shines  
So the miserable rain soaks  
Your soul, and destroys hope,  
The moments of jubilation and grace  
Are matched by their opposites of grief and chaos,  
Whatever qualities of truth or nobility  
We possess, are equalled by those of lies  
And deceitfulness. Love and hate,  
Heaven and hell, joy and despair,  
Would cancel each other out to nil  
If life were given a reckoning  
By cosmic accountants.  
But it is not; instead we suffer,  
Or fly in ecstasy; walk on air,  
Or crash on rocks and spikes that tear  
Body and soul with pain:  
The alternations never stop,  
There is no peace nor stable plateau  
At any stage in life,  
No matter what one`s age or state of illness,  
Whether deserving fortune or having respected  
One`s God. It is not just,  
Nor consistent, coherent, nor making sense;  
It is up to you whether you laugh  
Or cry.



## WHERE TO

Cold sky  
Peach blossoms  
Empty mind  
Full of hollowness

Where to next  
In this life  
Avoiding the hells  
Find some paradise

## LET ANXIETY DISPERSE

Let Anxiety disperse  
For the Self to emerge  
Let the sun shine  
Inside and out  
Let Energy be outward  
Creative and flowing  
Redirect destruction  
Away from its fear

## WINTER

How barren will winter always seem  
Now; jackdaws flying around old trees  
In frosty parks, the beautiful sky  
Chilled with cold breath, the grass  
Crisp with icicles.

## FALLING LOTUS FLOWER

Perhaps I should be like a falling lotus flower

In Lu Ji's painting, just like that,  
Or a sound in the music of John Cage -  
A ting on a triangle, or a raindrop's fall  
On a glass roof, falling like an easy dream,  
Just letting it all happen, smiling like a  
Fat Chinese Buddha, knowing that the world falls  
But not taking it as destruction, tragic or bad,  
Not sad or humiliating, simply happening:  
Surely that is how I should live these days.

#### LIKE WATER

O now  
It is no hate for me  
No anger any more  
Only love  
When possible  
Or else an empty mind

No bile or spleen  
No drowning grief  
Remorse or regret  
Life can be like water  
Running through the fingers  
I tried my time  
Building planning forging trying  
To force things into being  
Trying to get from there to here  
Trying to hold onto joy as it flew  
Trying to construct halos around dreams  
Believing in permanent structures  
Erected around apparent absolutes  
No more that style

Now Just be  
Without ambition  
Suck in  
Breathe out  
The air that is there  
Expect nothing in particular

But enjoy what is good  
Never mind

I tried  
So now I`ll stop trying  
I felt terrible emotions  
That profited me nothing  
So just be  
And live  
Like water  
In water

O HOW MY EYES

O how my eyes  
Would see your hopes  
How the fingers of dawn  
Lighten up the sky  
With pink and wisps  
Of curling cloud  
In the glorious morning  
Of sun and life

AH, THE BEAUTIFUL MOON TONIGHT

Ah, the beautiful moon tonight  
Reminds me of you, and makes me wish  
We were sharing it tonight

As it spins its beautiful silk web  
In the crisp dark blue sky  
On this cold but bright late autumn night

Ah, it is beautiful  
As was our love  
Once, not so long ago.

## GREAT BLOODED AXE OF THE SUNSET

Great blooded axe of the sunset!  
Grow wild as the pink speech of clouds  
Infused with light from the burning sun!  
Your music stirs the chaos of timeless hearts,  
Swirling the brain as if it were scrambled into sky!

## WORSHIPPING THE MOON, I WATCH THE CLOUDS

Worshipping the moon, I watch the clouds  
Float amid glorious deep night blueness  
Like spirits from another universe,-  
Excruciatingly beautiful, like women of dreams  
They waft out of reach kissing as they fly,  
Gorgeous in their indifference and absolute beauty,  
Summoning up such sweet perfumed memories  
As fools are turned into gods by,  
In amazed imagination.

## FOUR POEMS

1

In Mahleresque skies  
Of misery and doubt  
In darkness luring  
Irritable and turbulent  
High anxious ring  
Symphony of hell  
Drum banging into brain  
Death-dream destroying sleep  
Heart panging into paradise

11

Sweat and agony in one`s sleep  
What are our dreams, or our illusions,  
Life is so strange, unto the ultimate depths,

Because the White Light is so beautiful,  
Far inside the eternal fire,  
Buried beyond the wildest realms

Of human imagination: there we find  
Such agonized tenderness, and foolish joy.

111

The misery of misunderstanding  
Is like a veritable Crucifixion -  
Throughout the lives of everyone -  
Desperate is its pain

1V

Deep in the dawn of human time  
Far beneath even hidden depths  
There were dinosaurs and living fossils  
And I was in a deep dream  
In mists of forest where birds screeched  
And animals roamed and pursued food  
In unconsciousness of their evolution  
Gradually becoming Man

WHO KNOWS WHAT IS TO BE THE SPARK

Who knows what is to be the spark  
In a mind stimulated by stars at night;  
What will be the vital fire  
In a child`s growth into maturity?

Which note, black or white, upon the keyboard  
Will spring a hope or resonant feeling,  
Enigmatic but determinedly strong,  
For someone`s lifetime, like a Symphony?

#### THE TREE

One night I saw that tree  
That now looks normal;  
Then it was really alive,  
Writhing in stillness with that special awe-inspiring  
Presence that eludes words yet makes  
The hairs stand and the breath catch  
Mysteriously: in the middle-night,  
Dark and feverish in the silent air  
And moonlit cloudy sky,  
Suddenly it was aroused to deep awareness,  
Though it sleeps now.

#### WHEN THE MIND IS JOYOUS

When the mind is joyous  
Let it sing;  
When a leaf is spinning on a tree  
Let your mind be beguiled into trance  
As if it were seeing into the core  
Of All

#### ONE HUNDRED LINES

Did you see out there, far away,  
Around a round table they sit, adream  
With that fruit lying there, and the lady's breasts  
Bursting with beauty just out of sight;

Sweetness is such a funny thing, it goes  
As a harmony with one wisp of smoke  
And you cannot be certain, though you think you are,  
When the bolts clank around you.

Jean Paul Sartre died tonight  
And the struggle in Namibia goes on and on,  
The city we live in would not be like this  
Had things always been different –

But from where we are, we must move  
To get things going, enter that  
Changed situation where what occurs  
Follows a little from reflection

Upon the whole world, which is not so difficult  
To understand in its totality for a single aim  
Perceived in myriad corners and shades;  
Round tables at least are obvious.

My mind is wandering, because I try  
To focus, but what I want to say  
Is that you can, and indeed, must drink  
From the fountain of intoxicating pleasure

As much as you can, and also stand  
With the scabbard of courage, the drawn sword  
That is common to all and easily wielded –  
Not just by armoured knights.

There are some poets, that to miss would be  
Not merely like living without a house  
And bed, but rather like breathing  
Without the sun's light:

They would be Sophocles, Aeschylus, Dante,

Shakespeare, Marlowe, Milton, and Shelley  
And of this dull century, I would cite  
The inadequate names of those I know,

Who at least shot at the outer sphere  
Of clenched strength and blazing light –  
Hart Crane, Dylan Thomas,  
And Ireland's Sean O'Casey.

This is not complete, if I  
Tried to make indisputable statements –  
Generalizations immune to ridicule  
For more than one minute –

I would not be able to be  
Anything very much at all  
Of what I like to be;  
All this is very strange

Because we surely know by now  
The need to be precise, and critical  
Of all sloppiness of thought, and wavering  
In pools of emotional association;

Yet not all united crowds  
Chanting in unified syncopation  
For a vast ideal, are brutal mobs –  
Killing bodies with no heads.

"Do you really believe there could be  
A world where every citizen walked,  
Reading sometimes the world's poets,  
Thinking straightway of the world's needs

In relation to every question?"  
"Yes, indeed I do,  
And cannot see why this presents  
A problem to anyone who even  
Thinks of the very question."  
How the blue sky  
Held the beautiful clouds tonight  
On an average early summer evening.



I liked her, and would have liked to sit  
With her alone at a little table  
Anywhere, though of course at best  
It would have been in a summer field

Under a leafy tree , with shade  
Allowing glints of light to play  
Sprinkling patterns on your blouse,  
Surrounding your smiling face with games

That mingle with the warm breeze  
Blowing through our limbs.  
But, anywhere could have been  
That with you tonight.

I think China has certainly shown us  
How determined social change  
In viable circumstances, can effect  
An overcoming of alienation:

Divisions of working to produce, from thinking,  
Sublime poetry from engineering;  
Aiming to utterly, laughingly disprove  
All complex arguments to the contrary.

And that alone would seem to prove  
That wishing for the highest peak's view  
Of the whole horizon, is not mad  
But the only sanity.

Nothing is perfect, why god I yearn  
So often for things I know I shouldn't  
If I were excellently integrated:  
Whores on the street do excite me.

But I think we can be gentle, and firm  
At the same time, if we don't forget  
What it is all ultimately about,  
If we frequently look about.

## **HOMAGE TO 1916**

I feel that I am walking high  
Where flame-enveloped heroes run  
In Ireland's fight for freedom, sung  
With voices sweet in truth and beauty,  
Unafraid to strip the veil  
Concealing excellence – and reveal  
The real lamp of pulsing will  
To stand as men in certainty  
Of what is worthy in this life,  
And what demeaning:- sacrifice  
Of arrows in flashing, bleeding love  
For easy wealth or compromise  
With untrue powers,- knee-weak bending,  
Breaking the vow which all are bound to  
Before we breathe as individuals:  
To see with ecstasies in our eyes  
And flood the visionary gleam of hope  
And naked splendour, into all,  
And burn, with our perception's full  
Imagination, into life  
Power after power of soft beauty,  
Joy in the absolute search, the yearning  
Fight for the world to be turned all round,  
Till all is enchanted with the burst of god  
In every being and every word.

## **ON THE AGREEMENTS AT LANCASTER HOUSE ON ZIMBABWE –**

Brothers and sisters of Zimbabwe –  
Have you won?  
Desperately the real world hopes  
You have, and that no trick  
Will block your right this late  
In the struggle of blood and mud.

Sweet heaven flows like gold through death,  
In a rain-bulb the freshness pushes  
Cluttered heads into simple harmony,  
Partaking of high ecstasy.  
Child cells of the brain scamper  
Free on the wind with the major current,  
Unknotted life licks the face  
Whose skeleton is concealed by sweet smiles.

We seem to be atoms in a lost universe,  
We do not know where we stand to the whole,  
And though we know we are all the same,  
We feel to be particular and isolated.

Keats without the blood and spit,  
Is that your thought of poetry,  
Refinement without the dark knowledge That they who starve by the Ganges-side  
Are like me?

The BBC weaves in and out of its lies  
Like a snake through mirrors of snow and coal  
Making black white, and deceptive grey  
The honourable norm with grave voices.  
Selected words, technological focus  
On distorted items, complete blanks where the truth  
Might be embarrassingly exposed,  
Are jumbled into “objectivity”.

I will kiss thee upon the cheek,  
And decide if I am on the side of caution –  
Control of mood and pragmatic guide  
In cotton wool of emotion;  
Or if I must move each moment  
Without worrying about consequence of action –  
Whether I light up with this spark or that –  
Either it goes, or I get drunk.  
Now I see there is no middle path:  
You live in what they call sanity or you fly  
Like the mad lover become rat or bat  
Who is spelled to flap through the nights.  
And then each instant is drunk like wine –  
Unrepeatably, yet clearly known,  
As a shot for the outer spheres of music  
Moving in divine ecstatic explosion  
Of love in fiery orbits.  
I am of earth and piercing sun  
Into skies of dusky heart and beauty:  
Sweet mother of life by the hearth, I love,  
But in chords of strange danger.

#### **REFLECTIONS INFLUENCED BY A VIEW AND WORDSWORTH**

This one tree in my back-garden  
Has all of Nature in it; the mystery  
That Wordsworth saw in the sea-creek From moon-flooded Snowden at night,  
That Huxley thought would be differently felt  
By a Wordsworth in tropical jungle,  
That I once saw in a Columbian climb  
Through twists of hours in the Andes:  
Is nevertheless in every twig and rustle  
Of this tree in the air of Glasgow.

Wide ecstasy in seeing endless variety  
In life, moves from saturation  
To a new focus on your very feet  
To see all amazement is there.

Burning black upon the aged sky  
Is the strange crystal of a bird who grows  
Outward as a principle, an emergent form  
Of reality, whether the ocean-sky  
Is of our mind, the psyche, or tendential movement  
In history or rocks: Reality  
Is ultimately one,  
And as growth it goes according to  
Feelings of music as with stars or pain.

### **SCHUBERT**

Schubert, can I join you  
Where the road is rough, I know,  
But where we can make the air breathe  
Of angels' perfume?

I dreamt that I was dreaming  
And could not wake my mind  
And clutched in hard paralysis  
Sharp cutting razor-blades  
And with my fingers bleeding  
I rushed from man to man  
In my company in Church  
And asked if I was dreaming  
And if my blood was real

And if it weren't, might one not tap  
My face to wake my mind.  
But no relief was given  
No contact could be made  
As my fingers dripped in red  
And I dreamed my dream of dread.

I am eating at the centre of life  
Where beauty explodes in fireworks of feeling,  
Where pain digs deep, as the sympathies  
Expand and touch round the whole earth,

And I feel my eyes in fire, liquid of my sight  
Dripping on what I see, blazing to crystal brightness,  
And the sky is alive with clouds, bowling across desires  
Born and died and reborn, burning through yearning love.

The light of my life is gone, she flew  
Like the night-bird, after pecking my soul  
And injecting the pain of perfect beauty,  
Ecstatic explosion, infatuation,  
Into the core of my dreaming yeast  
Which must always silently scream.

My love she treads so lightly,  
She opens up my eyes  
To the sweetness of the morning  
And the sky in stars of night.

Can I undo my scrumpled mind

And re-erect with shafts of light  
What has amassed damnation, error, chaos,  
As my snowball has rolled down a volcano  
Picking up material to change its form  
From ashes and cinders, jagged stones,  
Combining hard elements of opposite hues  
Into its present formation.

My sweet love comes so lightly,  
She touches me with her eyes  
And I climb in her hair where all is quiet  
Till I have become her smell.

Anxiety sucks my flame by night  
And eats it in the day,  
Why did Love come to crack my mind  
And leave a psychic fissure?  
Was She not meant, as the winged wind  
To smooth the feathers of the mountain,  
And take the growl of hell away  
From earth, to leave it heaven?

I saw illusion moving in spiral,  
Death with its maiden stood at the doors,  
Quietly the world dissolved underneath  
Our eyes, whose visions could not change

Fast as the hounds jumped by the hare  
In the field of circles closing to their teeth  
With an instantaneously forgotten question  
Riding with the night and its slashing sword.

