

Handwritten
Poems

by

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January Evening [19th Jan.]

The mist that hardly ebb'd away with dawn
 floods down again, and spills her mystery
 til the dull city's lost like Avalon
 beyond the quiet tumult of grey sea . . .
 So time's rough traffic dwindles to its end
 and I am left alone with my dead friend .

And as you lie there with a wrinkled mouth,
 and cold blind eyes, that never frowned before . . .
 I somehow think you dream of the warm South
 that flings Spring headlong on our barren shore ,
 and envy me who will arise and go
 with claybourn boots down lanes of hawthorn snow.

You envy me? Aye you perhaps are right,
 for death's a cold cold thing, life's warm and kind,
 and stars make merry company at night . . .
 even dark bats that beat against the blind .
 But as you lie, stiff hands across your breast,
 God knows, God knows. I envy you your rest.

March the First.

The frost came late that year : and not til march
had urged the bewildered rooks to build in trees
still dripping from the warm rain of december
did any tingling of the blood set in .

We had got up at twilight and gone out
in drizzling mornings since all Hallows Eve
had burnt our skins and crammed our mouths with nuts .
But suddenly a cold wind roared between
the wide gap in the hills above the town . . .

Then snow came unexpected in our faces . . .
Two hours it hurried, drifted, hurried on,
Leapt high the corners of the city's kerbs,
and swirled round chimneys in tumultuous haste . . .

Then stopt as easily as it had started .
We looked for slush and gutters running brown .
But frost in jest glew from the reayful moon ,
scattered its cohorts from light flying clouds ,
beleaguered the whole countryside at once ,

checkt the frail snow's escape, and fettered puddles ,
setting sharp stars to be its sentinels ,
and stretcht, uncanny tyrant , over the land .

New Moon [March 1]

I turned my penny in my pocket
when I saw the thin moon rise ,
wist me fireside hearth and comfort ,
sunny mornings, starry skies . . .

stood with open mouth and pondered
til the moon was left behind ,
for thought, cheating me, expanded ,
took in all of humankind .

Decision [March 1.]

So I am for those men that are
alert to every wandering star;

and call him comrade who can see
the sap run up the wind-beat tree;

and know him for no booklearned fool
who watches frogs mate in a pool;

and think with him beyond all cost
a window patterned by the frost.

For these, with me, know mother Earth
plans greater things than human birth.

Practical mysticism [March 1.]

Gaze at a fire til it grow cold and far;
look at the moon til it rush hot and near:
then suddenly space widens, and you are
naked and lonely on a tumbling star,
your throat sore bruised by thin hands of fear.

Look at a tree, climb each bent twig in thought,
delve molelike with the writhing of each root.
Then suddenly the earth and stars are caught
in a live mesh, and in one pattern wrought
til god and you are one with seed and fruit.

Then having done these things go back to men;
live quietly the fay end of your days:
speak not above a whisper, only then
to urgent folk who will not come again
and need your comfort, and hunger for your praise.

15th March

Spring that sudden torch bearer
lights the anxious rooks to nest
ere the hawthorn buds gan stir
on their penitential quest.

When cold east winds drive in sleet
and at dawn the north winds blow
we can mark his scampering feet
print green patches on the snow ..

Til before march tip toes past
singing golden thru the hills
eagerlimbd he comes at last
trumpeting the daffodils .

Sonnet: On Ile Pielā by Toma Rosandic'. [15th M]

An appletree of sturdy growth was brought.
Four planks cut from it. These were joined in one.
Rosandic', up and singing with the sun,
took chisel in his hands and deftly wrought,
and following the texture of his thought
chipt little splinters off til it was done.

And lo! the broken body of God's son
laid in the tomb, and many grief distraught.

So appletrees in blossom or with fruit
must call to mind that dead forgotten god
who, buried deep with pierced hand and foot,
stirs in the sap, and quivers with the soil
til earth and air are overweighed with spring
come back from dark platonian wayfaring .

Seasons Return . . .

[1715.]

I saw the spring's first daffodil today,
with scudding sky of blue far over arch:
as I strode down my long accustomed way,
knowing in bone and sinew it was march,
and somewhere tassels jangled from the larch.

But I was sad; for heel and toe denied
the dizzy liquor of the morning air
and all my gay and reasonable pride
was salted with a powder of despair,
for I was growing old and did not care.

For I was growing old, and daffodils
were jayoning for other men than me . . .
The horse's golden smolder on the hills
when hawthorn ledges break in foamy sea
will sting strange lads to fresher poetry.

Footnote

[1715]

Today I have gone out of doors agen,
Have let an east wind ruffle my sleek hair,
Holloed "Gooday" to farfield laboring men,
and frightened thrushes with a stupid stare.

Three months or more I have reject in books,
Have labored far afield in phrase and word . . .
Not since dear autumn dyed the noisy brooks
with rotting leaves, have I felt so absurd . . .

For those dead poets' books that taught me much
of syllables that lilt and rimes that ring
are elementary grammar when I touch
the green vocabulary of the spring .

[22nd.]

Look, look up at the hills
look up, look up -
See where the sunset sky distils
red wine in a golden cup.

The stars in the east like deer
hoof up to the day glow's brink ...
But the trembling one with the silver ear
will be the first to brink.

23rd.

What merit if I only write to give
my own particular vision of the world?
Will it help men if they are told a tree
looks like a reminiscence of Corot -
or that a sudden sunset slews the tints
of the authentic Turner's later work?
Or that one day a lonely bird in the woods
caused old Agamemnon's woe?
Am I to rest, impressionist in verse?
Reflect the shape and balance outline for the light
that by its nature is a transient?

So in the days ahead my task is clear -
to hammer words til they are flat and hard
and build with them the first realities
that men may touch and handle, feel and know -
the things I care for are the absolute.

mask.

[23rd]

I took up in my hand a murderer's mask;
the rofemarks scord to plaster round the neck:
but all the pain in that old narrow face
was the common sorrow that men gain from life.
He might, from his firm nose and bare round forehead,
have been some schoolmaster or a clever man,
and dabbled out his days in memory
of chance encounters, skirmishes and battles
with thin intangible things of intellect.
There was no passion either in lip or eye
forbidding anger and a bloody end...
And yet he kickt the air from some high scaffold
while ignorant crowds shook fists and cursed his name...
I know men with more passionate mouths and eyes.

Fragment.

[27th.]

There was a city on the edge of time
with sunstruck minarets and golden bells,
where poets praised the king in hoined rime
and he rewarded them for oracles.

The desert swift its ripples to the gate,
and drifted hiding sills and crevices...

He went not forth to war, but took his ease
in jade cool balustrades and porticos,
and watcht gnarld dwarfs run on their hands and knees
or sway goldwires on ugly twisted toes.

But as time's sands heft up the nether glass
The desert swift its ripples to the gate:

and the within grass broke the pavements, grass
grew not in that waste land and desolate.

The sand

Two Easter Lyrics I [3rd April.]

Go, take the god you fashion'd. Not for me
th' immasculaté gesture of your eunuch Christ;
for I have known th' urgent agony
of crying flesh and beauty sacrificed.

I need no lord whose feet are on the stars,
whose shadowy hands are lifted up to bless:
for stones of thongt still make their screaming scars,
and Calvary has still its wretchedness.

Show me a man whose tortured body crees
across th' night from that bleak crowd throng'd hill
and I shall need no spring god to arise
to know we have not plumb'd the daffodil.

II [3rd.]

Christ had fard better being born a Greek:
for even I woud not have found it far
to scale whin burnisht hills to hear him speak,
or watch him drail his cross from star to star.

Since he was born an urgent bickering Jew
and work'd for twenty years at carpentry
I choke for fear of what I dare not do
when any workman turns his face to me.

[3rd April]

19

"dungen Weavers Adamant" (vide Press)

I wrote my leerty elegies for Christ,
since it was Easter and earth brimmed with spring,
regret that Balder had been sacrific'd,
and sang for Adon's Hawthorn homecoming.

And tho' the rain came, steel white, from the west
with joy I stood and gazed and could not tell
which were the buds or raindrops, which were best
for latticing the sky's blue miracle.

Yet while I driv'd half ashore away
in a bleak town tho' weavers were on strike
and stood together in their dull array
silent and grim as when with gun and pike

our rough ancestors six score years ago
sat yeomanry and pitchcap in the night ...
God pity me.... God pity me ... I know

that I shd stand beside them in this fight.

For my grandmother use to tell me how
a sturdy sise of mine went out with them ...
God knows the stock has dwindled. The singing bough
forgets the gauntlet strength of the bale and stem.

Dedication of Sogoro [9th Feb]
to Gordon Bottomley.

So at my poem's head I write your name
in humble gratitude for all I owe.

And tho' my craft is weak, these verses lame
I wing each flimsy word and bid it go
To where you rest now at the perfect prime
Brooding on beauty in the lonely sheltering ...

A year ago I had not put your name
here at the page's head — I had wit Morris ..
He is not faded - You have not usurpt
That richly carven throne wherein he sits ..
But better far to praise a living man
who's worthy praise than humble empty words
over the dry bones of a man long dead ..

Kind words can comfort. Sympathy is rare.
and while you are among us I will praise you.

So when I too am in my Silverdale
a young man and a poet will salute
my fifty years of wisdom and old skill ..

I here have made no story of my race
for better hands than mine have wrought at them
and shaft a lasting beauty for the world .
Sunshine's my element . I much mislike
the writing mist that's gossamer and film
To my coarse grasp, and vanishes in shreds ...

So here's a grim blunt story of Japan
and of a hero who laid down his life
that children and old people might be saved ..
A simple tribute to a yellow Christ —
A fanatic shrine to burn my candle at —
and dim remembrance that nothing moves —
rave, juggernaut like, over broken bodies.

Take this, my master ... I have nothing more:

stray bird songs blown to twittering in the trees,
and oboe choruses melancholic ...
and here and there a sonnet beaten in brass
that gave its note and had no further use.

I made this play from the dark lore of the past
as a cold man lost in a lonely place
that once was camping ground and habitation
for many generations of his fellows,
leaps up a little fire from the black rings
left where they nested ere they burned on ..

stick or

So of this splinter is not my own -
of this small coal toucht someone else's lips -
this little flicker is my own - I heft
the fuel here together . And am warm

Ephitome . [written in January & Feb.]

Now at this poised moment of my days
before I take the plunge that ends in fame
or quiet oblivion and a breaking heart
let me call over the names of those that are
and have been, friends and slayers of my mind.
Not here for me to turn the pages over
of Donne or Drayton that I love so much:
nor here without the praises of my master,
the hearty riving of dark Hammersmith ...
nor tell the bead roll of those other poets,
my townsman Ferguson, Dan Chaucer, Blake,
and those who writing still fill up my mind
with eager ardor and humility,
from Silverdale, Longmeadow, Ballylee

Bruce Wallace first, he hardly knows my name;
yet once, a magic day, we stood and talkt,
and as we talkt, altho the day was dull

and heavy clouds were blanketing the sky
 a sudden rift broke thru their stolid blue,
 and a long ladder of sunlight fell upon us
 til I could almost see the dove of god
 descending with a flutter in the light ...
 The rainbright pavement turned to an isle of gold.
 I watcht his face. His eye shone clear with joy.
 His bright fresh cheeks were lit with eternal glory,
 and for my part I felt a quiet glow
 warming my heart yet drenching my tired limbs
 with jets and spurts of living springwater.
 The sunlight pass'd. We said goodbye. Since then
 I only saw him once in a crowded street ...
 I call to mind then, one warm summer evening,
 when sunset turns the massive lion paws
 of Antin's capes to purple color splashes.
 Graeme Roberts, Paddy Fisher, and myself,
 three poets blown together by stray chance
 sat on a headland, speaking splendid dreams ...
 The sea below was lapping with far noise.

The grass on which we sat grew rank with dew
 til we were almost drunken with the night.
 This was that Roberts who had carried boxes
 with Ralph and me to furnish our high room.
 This was that Fisher who, one young Spring day
 when March was showery, in a stuffy shop,
 cried out "Come let us sit upon a hill".
 Now we were sitting on a hill indeed.
 That moment never will come back agen:
 yet each will hoard it up against Time's frost
 to warm thin hands grown palsied in the struggle.

Another moment: midnight in Montparnasse:
 a winesplash table at the kerbstones edge.
 Eileen and Dene and Norman sitting there
 while I read out the core of Lawrence's faith,
 and smoked bad French tobacco ... and drank beer.
 On a bright day a year before that night
 when in the lounge I stood before "La Source",
 and knew the final beauty of the world.

is in a woman's breasts and thighs and face
 That other morning too when my father and I
 lay in our high beds in a house in Bruges
 and heard clogs clatter on the cobblestones

But these are moments. These are not the people
 who fingered the soft clay that is my mind,
 and kneaded it to shape or thumb'd away.

Yet I can never think of any friend
 and not draw him a part and parcel of
 some scene or landscape workt into my thought
 like dim low figures on a tapestry.
 Indeed thro' this I find it difficult
 to picture the Christian Heaven after death . . .
 For of my friends are there, will they not bring
 sunsets, and firelight, and the smell of spring
 and the unforgetten gesture of a cloud,
 faint batwings in the twilight or birdsong . . . ?
 without these things they never were my friends

and I shd pass them by as little worth
 did ~~not~~ they not lead the memories of the past
 back to the threshold of my niggard muse.

Frost Roberts then: not that he is the first
 save on the score of time: he is inclin'd
 to be bewusid by symbols of a sort,
 to fog his verse in fantasy and hide
 the glitter of his hard experience
 in ornate webs of Irish twilit mist.

To sum it up in one approximate phrase:
 He's like the early Yeats. I'm like the late . . .
 He seeks the emotion. I pursue the thought,
 or think I do. He's morbler than I,
 would write a poem on a libido,
 where I'd write on a leg trodden into mire . . .
 He'd praise the writhing limbs of Salome'
 where I'd see Helen walking on Troy's tower . . .
 Did not his cynic salt preserve his fancy
 from putrefying into gross decay

I'd call the shine and glitter of his verse
the phosphorescence of a rotting fish.

Then Ralph: he is a foreigner among us ...
writes like translations from the Russian tongue.
For him Christ has not died. But Lenin's lived.
In him we trace more easily than ourselves
the scrapes and tearings of the brute machine ...
not that he's any weaker in the hide ...
But that we're paddled over with tradition
and wheels and gantries swing across our sky
with little awe because our hearts recall
old Finn macCool and Usheen in the days
when they were stronger than a wrestling bull.
But Ralph's more virgin: hence the marks are plain.

Then Paddy, if his garden plot is small
it's aromatic with old gentle herbs ...
Graeme's roses, Ralph's half nettles, Paddy is
the wind of March tilting the daffodil.

I think he lived before: Ralph never did ...
and was a ballad singer of the Province
like Turley Carolan or Patrick Quin,
and trudged brenns in winter calling back
the flush of summer by his plaintive airs ...

Then Boyce: a young hemaphrodite -
the happy offspring of a virgin pedant
and a warm cynic laughing man o' the world ...
That's why he's so schoolmasterish at times ...
It is the mother's chill virginity
turning a bony shoulder in the dark
to the tense gesture of the lustful male ...
These two, his intellectual forbears,
are so diverse God knows how he was get.
He will do something; write a book or two
that has some core in it ... And will be praised ...
that then will be hoed ... For if he writes
two things are possible. To echo echo
the subtle warp and texture of his thought,

make a more epic of an epigram . . .

and die respected by contemporaries . . .

On out of hearty honesty to write

on something in an unaccustomed way . . .

There failure shows its onset in. The last chance
is for him not to write but rather live
and let me do the writing . . .

Then Paul, who looks a poet but writes prose,
has given me short hours of deep delight
when with swift fingers he fumbles at life's key,

and lifts the lid of dead Pandora's box
til I am hunted down strange avenues

by winged creatures crying crying crying . . .
I met him twice before. The first time was

in attics when old Sapphirus was played
he sobbed his heart out on a Dorian flute

and ran tearblinded to the Parthenon . . .

The second time, when in the Mermaid Tavern
I drank and jested with my haughty masters

Le, with Will Byrd and Ernest Dowland, made

the gloom alert with sadivals and airs

the heart remembers when the heads forgot .

The third time, when great Bach in his large wig
sat in the twilight tugging at the keys . . .

So it goes on . . . I look for him to give
a dozen stories and two wistful songs
all crying for the Eden we have lost . . .

Then David. He's no Poet, does not claim
that haughty cloak to cover up his faults.

He's fresh like some young faun. His eyes and ears
are tingling with delight in visible things . . .

He has been useful to me most in this
for being no poet his philosophy
is just a trifle gaunt for me to ride . . .

A host of others then come thronging in:

young men and old, seers and atheists,

and after both . . . I can not name them now;

but when the day comes I still hope to be
marching beside them to the halls of kings;
or shoulder firm by shoulder in the dark
we'll stand together at the barricade ...

From them I've learned life's bitter things,
know now there's little to be sure of here,
and full three parts on love is dirty lies ...
But one thing I am sure that they have taught:
Humor is good, to meet death laughing is
the best end for both sinner and atheist ...
And man is great, the huge collective man.
not this poor sodomite, this lunatic,
this preacher or this other prostitute;
But man, comprising every bore and sinner
from fallen Java to dead brother Christ
To be finished someday ...

Nostalgia

~~Nostalgia~~

[10th April]

Spring has her days when I do not rejoice
when I grow heavy hearted tho the hills
don golden fleeces as the cuckoo's voice
ring rosebuds in and knells the daffodils.

I lose awhile the sense of victory
the crocus kindled when it broke the sod,
think more of Christ's defeat on that stark tree
than of the capture of the risen god.

Lost Eden seems more lost on such a day
than even in winter when the black trees cry,
til I become indignant at the way
birdwitted swallows far from sky to sky.

For in those nights of starlight on the snow
I long for hawthorn hedges blossoming
and knew earth's whisper'd token. Now I know
only the dull homesickness of the Spring.

[10th April]

Two Sonnets on a Greek Coin.

I found a coin with Arethusa's head
shaft by deaf Minos's fingers long ago...
I lay broke in Alters, and the sudden red
lit far Olympus - coronal of snow.

I say with ovarner last the Cyclades,
and cried for pity with dark Roscylus,
lewd guany blocks for young Prasiteles,
and praised Aspasia's ardor generous.

Surely with this grasp'd firmly in my hand
I'd face the ferry, call old Charon friend,
wade eagerly scummed shallows to the land
rejoicing in the twilight at the end...
who now with gold and silver cannot buy
heartease and laughter ev'n before to die.

This coin had bought me olives in the square
or grapes from Corinth, cloth from Sicily,
or some brown dancing women with black hair:
or I had left it on Appollo's knee.
Perchance I'd fling it to some rhapsodist
who by the fire who first regilds the stars
had sung of Troy's great wall, Achille's fist
or Hector's horse-trailed body - dust and scars...

Take out a penny ... See - a stupid face
on one side ... on the other something worse -
You cannot blame the monarch for his race...
But here's little subject for Augustan verse -
O in three thousand years wh'ld give a thought
for what the figures meant, or what it bought.

Visitant

12th April

Yes it's the laynick where the angel sat
when just at sunset he came fluttering down.

He wore three shining jewels in his hat.

His wings were white, streakt here and there with brown.

But in the sunset hat and wings were gold
turning to silver as the moon came up.
The cattle jostled laynick, dark and old,
flung a great shadow like a broken cup.

Owls in the trees perplexed him and he spoke
half nervously to me as I stood there.
"Owls hoot" says I "Cocks crow and raven croak -
I thought yed know yer comrades of the air."

When I said "Cocks crow" he shook out his wings
just like an eaglet ere it leaves the nest. —
There's folk as thinks I say impossible things
This feather in my pocket moves the nest.

The Twelfth of July

[20th April.]

I

When I hear the sound of drums in the street
my heart beats faster than my feet:

and when the bagpipes skirl and cry

I lift my head and hold it high.

For I remember the days agen

when I marcht afield with the fifeing men ...

When I marcht afield to Dolly's Brae
in the days that are gone and far away ...

II

The sun comes up on a cloudless sky.

The drums throb loud, and the bagpipes cry ...

The lodges gather to the bang of the drum,
and proud with banners the tall men come
with faces bright

in the morning air,

though they sang all night

in the bonfire's glare.

The banners are shaken out fold on fold
of purple and orange and red and gold.
And I am prouder than England's king
^{The British}
for I run in front and carry a string.
My father marches with a pole at the side
with a sash and a lily to mark his pride;
for this is the day of all the year
when the Catholics hide in their houses for fear;
when the fat priest sits in his lonely home
and prays and prays to the Pope of Rome.

O I see the crowds that line the street
when we follow the bands with nimble feet...
and the great marquess and the men in the bakers
that shout and scold for Freedom's sake...

III ^{The Dutchman sits on his fat white steed}

Then I see the Dutchman sitting on his horse
point the way, point the way to the Papist force.

^{feast of St. Wenceslaus}

^{Derry}

^{stands on feet}

The Boyne flows blue ... but the horse is white,
and they charge, and we charge in the thick of the fight.
The Boyne turns red in the setting sun
but the fight goes on til the enemy run
And the gaudy Pope on his Throne in Rome
sighs for the riders that come not home:
and the scarlet cardinals wing jeweled hands
for the loss of tithes and the rich church lands,
for the ruin'd chapels and the idols broke
and the stiff strong hearts of the Protestant folk ..

The sallow priests of Paris and the ruddy priests of Spain
pray at the shining altars for Armadas once again.
And in the little convents on the hills of Italy
they pray for the mad king Philip and his hosts across the sea.

IV

Two hundred years are counted. Two hundred years have flown
When we marcht out to celebrate we marcht not out alone.
Grim martin with his big gruff voice that shook St. Peter's Done

and woke the west of Europe from the poison'd sleep of Rome :
 pale Cranmer with old Ridley too, burnt slowly at the stake,
 who died with joy for what they loved, for freedom's holy sake :
 and Cromwell with his book and sword that slew the foolish king
 who thought to lead us back to Rome and Rome's dark worshipping :
 and all the martyrs who died in dungeons dark and drear
 marcht silently beside us on that day of all the year.

V

The Pope and Priests in conclave, they plotted night and day.
 They knew arms could not conquer, so they choose a subtle way.
 They sat in secret waiting til our memories shond grow dim,
 markt here and there a rebel heart and gave short shift to him.
 So Babœuf met the guillotine, and Ferrer, blindfold, bound,
 was left like Matteotti on the sunheated dusty ground.
 But now they grow more arrogant. The Pope across the air
 insults us with his blessing that we do not wish to share.

VI

The men who led our ranks of old grow faintheart in the fray

and shout and point and bid us stand and turn our eyes away.
 They fill the air with battlecries we never knew of old,
 forget the curse of Peter's Pence and pride of Russian gold.
 They cry the foe is at the Gate, and danger threats our home,
 they quake with fear of Moscow, and forget the dread of Rome.

VII

O never more O never more shall I go out again
 to the green field with banners and those fifeflaving men .
 The drums may beat : the bagpipes skirl and cry
 and straggling lodges stagger out, parading for a lie,
 but I shall sit beside the fire and dream & dream at home,
 remembering, remembering the fell disease of Rome .
 And when ye all are stricken down and crosses flaunt once more
 from Nials ays this Germany to Connacht's lonely shore,
 when stakes are blazing in the square for honest lads and true
 I will recall forgotten days when Boys ran red and blue .

VIII

Nay ! for the sound of drums in the street

monan's Rill

29st

43

beats up the dawn they can never defeat . . .
Look - where the fifes and bagpipes cry
archangel Gabriel cleaves the sky,
shakes out his wings and rustles on the hordes
with Uriel and Michael and Raphael with his sword.

Lift up your banners, the tattered and old,
raise them in glory of the purple and gold . . .
Lift up your voices and shout age are men
and his freedom live and flourish agen,
til the fat priestsquake and shiver and pray
that the wrath of the lord pass quickly away,
til freedom breaks in thundering foam
and smashes the Rock of St. Peter, and Rome . . .

He had been digging in the plot
that circumscribes his bungalow . . .
His wife scraft out the dinner pot,
and laid the teacups in a row . . .

And Jean his daughter, golden head
dogs over her dull lesson book
half angry at the thought of bed . . .
when suddenly he shouted "Look . . ."

His wife ran out, forgetting food
and Jean - now alert surprise . . .
There at the garden's end he stood
a tall brown stag with bright brown eyes . . .

But at the goating latch he turned
and trotted quietly away
til, where the glen is moist and ferned
they watched him pick his careful way . . .

Lyric

27th April.

O god for the scent of the beanfields again
and the clover after the hay:

The sheep binding women and the scytheswinging men
and the hazy air of the day:

The shade of the hedge when the stone jars clink
and the swallows' nest over the byre:
and the lonely owls and the daystars blink,
and the red turf leapt on the fire.

Metaphor

27th April.

Now all my thoughts and broken speech
are stranded galleys on the beach,
while, far beneath with thunders hurl'd,
ebbs out the ocean of the world.

O who will, shoulder firm by me,
push out these galley's to the sea,
and in the lap and quiet roar
strain back and arm at creaking oar

Til forty fathoms out we gain
the swirl of the authentic main,
drop oars, strip off our rags, and turn
to where the land's last beacons burn?

Lyric.

27th April

O the sigh and the cry of the far sea voices
where low at the cliff foot long thunders are hurl'd
till the lightest heart that the sunrise rejoices
grows dull with the weight of the woe of the world.

Even after the rain when the gold sun rejoices
and skylarks climb singing high over the trees
a quiet wind wakes low wandering voices
and dull grows my heart with the thundering seas.

Epigram

30th April

Men clamor at me "Why delay?
We want this vision'd state today!"
But I'm too wise to offer them
a Jerry-built Jerusalem.

Lyric.

27th April.

It still was winter in my heart
altho' the year wore on to spring:
and as I wandered dully apart
cold winds cried round my wayfaring.

But 'twas a desolate day in March
I heard debate and bicker of bills . . .
and I stood gladhearted and sawneath a larch
a tossing armful of daffodils.

11th May.

49

Sonnet 4. On Carrickfergus Castle. [27/5 ap]

I had forgot my heavy heritage
until I walkt within this crumbling keep ..

But here each pike scarred stone and rubble heap
stirs instinct with the memories of an age ..

This windy hall was once the strutting stage
for that bad King. Here Bruce was wont to sleep
This sallyport saw Con O'Neil's great leap ..
And down this stair old Schomberg strode in rage.

— These things are dust now or Time's tattered score
Can make no change in how I go my ways —

But in this lonely darkness William Orr
brooded on freedom till he met his end —

God knows - betrayed by books for many days
I had forgot I was the rebels' friend.

[5ab] Two Sonnets to a Labor Leader who
attended a luncheon of Industrialists on
a certain occasion.

T

They gather here; cigars make fog of air.

The toasts are drunk. The speeches linger thru.

A fat man tells some dirty joke - not new.

The Member of the Cabinet moves his chair
and folds his speechnotes up with palsied care —

He'd bangled that last paragraph - he knew —
my wandering smoke-blard eyes are fixt on you —

You sitting large and statesmanlike are there!

Is this fit place the Worker's Friend to find?

Is this the company that rebels keep?

An other toast you swine — "The Deaf and Blind —

The Working Class, led easier than sleep —

wholl read the press reports and think it nice
t have luncht this afternoon in — Paradise.

II

And yet it is not strange to find you here.

Two weeks or less since you sat down with these,
and spent all day in deft conspiracies
behind shut doors. Then coming out - "I fear
you must accept the cut - for, say, a year"
you said. "I cannot gain just all you please."
Then for an hour with sticky sophistries
you turned us from the victory that was near.

So now you are rewarded for your skill -

It's little compensation for your loss -
You get cigars and handshakes - and some wise
Who might have had upon an Irish hill,
twixt Connolly and M'Cracken your own cross:
and even might know that man is still divine.

[728]

Two Sonnets on the Linen Research
Exhibition, Belfast, May 1931.

I

Here in these shining cases row on row
is told the story of the magic seed
that trusts blue blossoms when from cold earth freed,
and later in meadows makes webs of snow.
Here we can trace the skill of those that know
the alchemy of nature and can knead
in mystic mortar th'elements that feed
the sprouting grain and bid it faster grow.

The ages here are linked. From Ptolemy
to this still beardless chemist all are one:
and half the countries separate by sea
clear on each other til the cloth is spun:
and even then, beneath the restless sun
no nation but can share its grandly.

II.

Here is the boon of nature and man's skill,
 but where's the ~~walles~~ samples that stanch air
 wherein the women work with strenuous care
 that thread be joined, to ^{secure} thread until
 their lungs grow rotten and they leave the mill,
 back stoop, face grey, with dirty thinning hair,
 old withered bags that once were young and fair
 unfit for labor - not worth while to kill.

Or where's a beaker of that filthy slime
 the farmhand vades in to lift out the staff,
 til joints turn rusty and there comes a time
 when bone and sinew both have had enough,
 and down the road he limps dead his days
 in some cold flagged uncharitable place.

[9] On the Expulsion of the Jesuits 12th

When you drove out the Bourbons once again
 I did not greet your victory with song,
 being uncertain that an ages wrong
 could be sheer cancelled by a stroke of pen.
 It seemed too smooth a passage - not as when
 our Russian comrades who had endured so long
 the salt mines, snowwastes and the Cossack's throng,
 pulled shrines and castles down and fired all men.

But now I make this rugged verse to greet
 first Spain the proud, hot tempered, who has sent
 fat monks to whiner homelessness in the street
 and syphilitic lords to banishment:
 but most of all to call up to your mind
 one dusty Goya, deaf, doleful, ^{and} ~~weakly~~ blind.

Poem.

I tent or work's dull trafficking
and the routine of bed and board
I had no time to notice spring
flood earth with precious dyes outpoured.

My desk and page no color took
from the daean glimmering air
or if they did ... I dare not look
beyond what was my bounden care.

So rising late I miss my bus
and had to walk a step or two
O green O green most glorious
O sky so bright that sparkled thru!

I saw the trees, the leafing trees
far more than budded, raimented,
and somewhere in their lattices
birds sang - secure of board and bed.

Skeleton.

15th

Now I remember how he sat and talkt
strange too you shoud remark his face ...
His words tho, most of all disclosed
just what they sought to hide from us . . .
He lookt like that before - in another place .
Beside his cottage fire when we had walke
purposely there to have a talk with him .
It was full summer, farmers late
lost forks of fresh dry hay ,
or led tired horses thru the open gate ,
or limping down the road growld out good night -
just where ^{twelve} eight hours before they said good day .
But in his house the summer evening light
was thin and cold . His shape was dim
as he sat gazing at the grate
while the clock tickt monotonous
and the sleek Persian yawned and yido .

57

Of course he made us sit on creaking chairs
and chattered brightly of the day's affairs.
But somehow I was sure he hid away
a bruise in his mind or a wound.

I thought at once then of a well in the ground
covered from children by a greensummed board;
Then of a bin with corn so badly stored
^{that the staff} ~~that the staff~~ ^{heart} slid out thru cracks and joints,

About last night's behavior there are points
of almost student similarity . . .

I had never known him leave before at ten . . .
a chill dawn on grey slate, or stars at three
and shrill salutes bragged suspicious men
are more accordant with my memory . . .

Of course we found it was another woman, then—

Lyric.

15th

I waited at Spring for being late,
and bland the tardy brittle when . . .
I cross'd threefields and climb'd a gate
but nowhere could I see begin

The flaring banners' pomp and pride . . .
Rain pattered down. The wind was cold . . .
Til by a lonely manor's side
I saw laburnum's faintheart gold .



15th

Thursday is Polling Day.

I

Dennis Ireland

A handsome man strode past me, strong and tall
with something kingly in his noble air.

He went into a bright-green inn
like a broad Christian to a House of Prayer.

II

A group of pimply fellows stood around
just at that corner ^{where} the traffic's press
floods fast and leaves a vacant plot of ground
for scolding men to do their business.

There I have heard the fire-anointed lips
and shivered home all scabby with my sin . . .
They watched the passing slop girls' rhythmic lips,
and waited for the preacher to begin.

Matthew

III

I passed a Poet in a dismal street
and envied him his proud and happy air . . .
He saw no oily gutters at his feet,
nor feared the sickly harlots hungry stare .

Then in a neardye window hung a cage .

A prison'd skylark made my anger wake . . .

I slowed my pace to share the Poet's rage:
But he strode on . . . intent upon his Blake.

IV

O you may splutter up the Gael and Gall,
and write bad Irish letters by your kind,
paint pillar boxes green, or cover a wall
with Keltic slogans narrow as your mind!

The oaks too deeply sunk for you weak hand
to root it up by any legal trick!

I saw today an Irish uchin stand
and guard his wicket — with a hurley stick.

VI

161k

I knew him when his mind was young and keen.

I can recall the gesture of his fist
as to the gaping crowd he showed what meant
the world and life to any anarchist.

But time trudged on, and Progress took its course.

He's old and hungry, has no work to do.

He asked me for a bob to back a horse.

.. and mumbled "mate, the System's got me too .."

Rearguard.

171k

Spring caught me in her green surprise
and stayed my tread with daisies —
for apple blossom filled the skies,
darklions with glittering phrases ..

But in a lane still muddy clay
I turned aside and waited:
while in the bare pines' grim array
lost winter moaned belated.

Before the Shower. 17th

Dark clouds descend on Knockagh Hill
mapping from sight the obelisk ...
and while high larks awhile are still
the sun becomes a misty disk.

The earth turns cold. The wind veers north,
and cattle straggle to the hedge ...
for noisy duck float proudly forth
from whistling Parborage of sedge.

The season is betrayed, and we
who wandered out, bird wayfaring
forget the pagan ecstasy,
in this bleak chapel of the spring.

But suddenly five miles away
a ladder of the sun is seen
that turns three narrow fields { of grey }
{ in play }

into an island group of green.

And thro' the clouds a careless hand
has flung the segment of a bow
that shining strangely o'er the land
envisions that archipelago.

Testament.

17th.

I have not strength nor skill to sing
the green anthology of spring ...
For my tense mind is tossed between
the light green and the darker green ...
And not a single apple tree
but dulls my thought with mystery:
and each laburnum's dripping fleece
unrolls a map of Jason's Greece:
and every withering daffodil
calls Hennick panting up the hill:
till every verse I think of is
heavt over with dead primroses.

Queen's Revisited

17th.

Is this the sixth or seventh spring
 since I first saw that Hawthorn flower,
 and watcht the swallow's tilted wing
 flash 'twixt the rooftops and the tower?

Now Ralph is gone and earns his bread
 in a dull office faraway;
 and Paddy might as well be dead
 for all I hear of him today . . .

There, on the fences girls and boys
 chatter and laugh and do not know
 that I who seem heed their noise
 knew better lads long years ago .

Knew better lads whose lightest word
 was like that swallow's tilted wing,
 whose dullest lyric I have heard

sound sweeter than the larks in Spring .

O Walls unallowd yet by time
 O trees that blossom pink and gold
 my pity I have put in verse
 but my deep love is still untold .

Commandment

17th.

When in my garden in the afternoon
 I let the Sunday stupor weigh my thought.
 And the verse call me I protest "Tis Jane,
 and far too warm : altho I know I say it .

And anyhow with bird and bloon and bee
 my head is whirling - wait till after dark."
 But wingbeats wake me, and I rise to see
 There is no Sabbath for the thrush or lark.

Babylon.

27th.

What joy have we the spring well up and spill
her cataract of color down the hill -
the summer trumpet in her panoply
of singing legions under a blue sky?
The autumn leaf the creaking wain what joy
have we to hope for since time shattered Troy,
and Helen's lovely body's a pinch of dust
despite Ulysses' wiles and Paris' lust?

What matters if we love or sing or late...
Line's fingers tilt the glass insatiate...
And all we know is that for all their worth
the slave and Pompey crumble in the earth...
No leaf is greener, not one blade of grass
more beautiful because they once did pass
that way or hallooed - Not one lark's more loud
since Shelley's wrapt in his red flickering shroud.
Dull now crackt no star altho he sinned;
and Nineveh's a murmur on the wind.

Pansy

27th.

I jostled elbows with a man
just as the football crowd tramped out,
broke into his small cage of talk,
and heard him say "Three pints of stout".

I wonder if Christ overheard
such strange talk in Jerusalem...
and was he angrier than I?
Or did he only smile at them?

Epigram 27th

When fingers itch for pen or brush or clay
or high hills beckon carpetweary feet...
I banish thought and treat my work as play,
for Hokusai sold-pepper in the street.

An Epitaph

27/15

A spendthrift youth, I made a bond with time
which he, grim master, holds me to. Farewell.

—
The same in Rime 27/15.

I borrowed moments to invest in rime
and looked not how the bond was drawn or dressed...
But Shylock comes in guise of Falstaff
and raps my door and craves his interest

[10]

Sonnet on Cricket

27/15

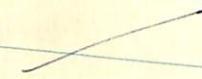
I am too old to learn the game anew:
No little skill I had is clear forgot.
Another bat than mine must stop the rot;
and litter lads lace up the canvas shoe.
For tho' the grass be glittering with dew
or noon parch up the longfield, tired and hot,
I never more will gather in the knot
that rings the wicket when the next to mains due.

But still in office, bus, or by the fire
when winter shakes the windows in his rage
at in a teashop hanging at my hat
can point
I still will feel the fingers of desire
to the coed figures on the sporting page
and hear the smart click of red ball or bat.

Dyrie 31st

When I go down into the dark
and grass roots hide the bones of me
the dizzy lycry of the dark
shall not mount its high melody.

My curse on life that birds and I
are alien that shold be kin...
for I must raise my fluttering cry
mid summer's everlasting din.



Midnight at the End of May 31st

I have not heard the cuckoo yet this year.
The apple trees shake out their surfaces:
laburnum's green runs gold; and in the clear
blue sky larks mount on stony business.

The concrete these three days has cried and cried:
the hawthorn's heavy in the drowsy noon...
Sorrel flickers lightly up the mountain side.
Tomorrow's dawn shall snare our hearts with June.

Tense swallows in the sunset skim the lake...
But spite these lumps the summer is not here.
For no true summer lacks the old heartache....
I have not heard the cuckoo yet this year..



(sometime in June) 73

St Patrick and the Snakes. 31st

So being born in Ireland I
shall never hear the nightingale
cry out her old immortal cry
when day glow bids the stars grow pale . . .

Strange men with cunning lore and skill
bring earth's ends near by radio . . .
From Surrey woods, when winds are still,
Here sings a bird I do not know . . .

For me their oaths - a foolish lie —
even the say of Keats must fail —
For being born in Ireland I
shall never hear the nightingale . . .

And June forever . . .

When I have rid my mind of its desires,
and those high fancies that ensheathe my will
by plunging here and there this bitter fires,
then I shall have a tempered sword to kill —

To stand astride the dragon of the world
and stab and slash until the secret flows
like dripping blood when sunset skies unfold
and made the earth and sea a fadeless rose . . .

When I have prickt Time's heart and slowed its beat
and made quaint vassals of the sun and moon
no mysteries then shall patter down the street,
and Jane forever shall be only June . . .

16th June

You may mark out your days by a plan
well learnt from the earning and wise.

But you'll meet one day the tall man
with the faraway look in his eyes . . .

To the winds then the shreds of your plan
and your knowledge the ends of the skies -
and you'll follow after the man
with the faraway look in his eyes.

Calm

17th June

After four days of tempest and great rain
when every brook was boisterous and brown
and heas thrust creaking branches in your brain
and appleblossom followed Hawthorn down
a quiet broods upon the midnight plain .

The clouds like suds have scattered down the sink.
The sky is clear and light. The trees are still.
But somewhere close against the dayglow's brink
a corncrake frets the shadows on the hill,
and lonely men switch out its light and think . . .

Evening in June : a song [17th]

Three fields away a corncrake calling.
In the sky small swallows falling.
Rooks in phalanx flying to their trees.

At the gate the brown cow lowing.
Homeward sunburnt lovers going.
But Lourdes call my heart and the crying seas.

77

Rain

[17th]

Your life is lived in vain
if never once you gave
a kindly thought to brother rain
that falls on house and grave.

He has a bitter name,
our kinsman from the skies
is spoken of in scorn and shame
with angry sky drear'd eyes . . .

But still he goes or comes
forgetful of our spleen . . .
and tho' we do not beat weird drums
our hills and trees are green

Song for those not at Ascot [18th]

Once you have got a bite you cease to whine.
 Shoddy and rags content you, and a bed.
 You dream deep dreams of stout but not of wine,
 and life for you's a hunk of dry stale bread.

You lend together, gaze on me with scorn
 as at the corner I stand up and splutter
 and curse the alley where your kind is born . . .
 God help us all if you stand ask for butter!

Mansman

[18th]

When I am dead, on ghostly holiday
 I'll drop from Heaven, cloud by cloud, until
 my wings grown dark with meteoric spray
 are shaken out high over Bradda Hill.

Then I shall turn to manghold where the gulls
 cry louder than seathunder, and the dead
 shout out nose toasts and drink from polist skulls
 & lonely Christians, break the hallowed bread . . .

I'll walk to Lynwald when the day is cool,
 or smoke a pipe in Peel with sunburnt men,
 and talk to Sloes & Brown on old Barnull
 and catch great shining trout in Sulby Glen.

London Bridge is Falling Down ... 25th.

O stupid music and the dead
drowned man that bobs its rotting head:

as high above the river rings stars
a red crab scales the crying spars.

and beneath deep sapphire waters gleam
great yellow serpents in a dream.

Then as the drum rubbed out the tune
sharks turn white bellies to the moon.



X La Rotonde 25th.

He called his waiter .. drank his back;
and smokt his pipe til ^(three) ~~two~~ o'clock ...
The blue smoke followed wandering airs ...
The waiter filled the creaking chairs ...
Then someone ^{ stopped } played as gramaphone ...
alone in Paris and alone

Note 25th.

Yes that's the widowed Ophelia with his lute:
it's raining hence he carries not shining talk.
And that's Velasquez with the broken boot
drawing the Prince of Wales in colored chalk!



The Ninefifteen

24th.

I

I left the town just as the rain began,
a drizzle over stuffy summer streets
that far the first hour rolls in pellets of dust
before it coats the pavement with its scum.
The train was stuffy with that station smell
distilled of the stale souls of gritty engines:
and palefact people hunched themselves in corners
with hats plucked down about their brows and collars
that pushed their hats even further down their brows.
Dull spirits of aspidistra fleeing from
long streets of aspidistra in July,
but taking with them on their odyssey
essence of aspidistra in their hearts.
The whistle blew. The fat man wagged his flag.
Doors slammed. The engine shunted. We were off.

II

I felt betrayed: the exhaltation'd gone

that always lit my heart up in a train.
I did my best; but could not then regain
the magic moment wherein an engine's scream,
before a wheel struck, drenched me with great spray,
and washed my eyes with surf from thundering cliffs,
til I could feel the dry salt on my lips...
When I was young I thought the greatest men
were porters with their easy running trucks,
fat stationmasters with their little flags,
and engine-drivers with the dirty faces:
but most of all those lonely men in towers
who ruled the beckoning genius of the line.
Their effort was not all mere wizardry,
for they pulled levers til their shoulders bulged
with muscles that I wish't one day to have.
Of course when life's atingle with mystery
a railway journey must be an adventure...
but life for me has lost its trumpet call.

III

We rattled past the backyards of the town —
 washing on lines; and women making beds
 and scrawny lads that scratch in rubbish heaps,
 and at a corner where a public house
 bore on its wall a picture of that King
 who feed us all from poverty and chains
 a knot of workless fellows kicking a ball
 of string and paper that broke into shreds
 as the vindictive drizzle noted it.

A stretch then and long sloblands to the right,
 with here and there a white gull picking worms;
 and half a mile out, stranded, rotting, green,
 the shattered remnant of a coasting bulk.

A lurch then to the left, a tunnel's dusk —
 and we were riding thro' a wooded hill.
 The trees cried drearily. The drizzle broke

with a stinging shower of whistling rain
 that sang and lashed the windows of the train
 and come in ⁱⁿ the little streams where the path was worn.

IV

A steady climb now, high into the rain,
 kindling a pride in strength and mastery
 as the tense muscles of the piston beat
 the primal hill into dull servitude . . .
 And then the jubilant puffing at the top
 that caught to scorn the grunting and the strain .
 A rocking moment. Then away again
 straight down the hill into the valley's heart.

X Ecce Homo.

29th.

He brush't the shavings
in a heap on the floor
and carried great armfuls
out thro' the door
for Joseph was old now,
and nigh his fourscore
long past his threescore

But her mother rapture
she did not tell
for he lookt, at the door
where the sunbeam fell
as tall as his father
Gabriel.

X Providence

29th.

white roses grow'r
overblown
at the touch of a little
wind unknown.

Yet the small wind passes
and yonder stirs
the tall dark green
perpetual firs.

Archeology

29th.

When I am dead
and my people gone,
and the city a desert
drear in the dawn,

I shall be forgot
with the rest of my kind
for I {please} ^{clings} no flint
{nor} ^{to} future {may} find.

Fable

30th.

Said the Candle to the mirror:
I know more than you, far more.
I was carried by the midwife
after midnight thro' that door . . .

Said the mirror to Candle:
That's far less O far far less.
The young bride braided her hair in me
before she lay down in her loveliness . . .

Said the Candle to the mirror:

You know nothing, nothing at all.

I sat by the dying lady's head

and flung her faint shadow on the wall . . .

Quatrain for my Sister's Child (July 5th)

The swallow was your herald with the summer,
but hawthorn bloomed and withered ere you came.

The cuckoo cried "Thou tarryest, newcomer,
Be soon if thou dost wish to hear my name."

From the French of Gabriel Boissy
Querelle.

A lovebird nests on this branch.

Look, beloved, how the branch yields.
Is the bird or the branch to blame?

Breath.

From what far perfum'd gardens
come these ~~so~~ pitiless airs?
That give so much value to spring?

From the churchyard where under the laurel repose
the rose that has made you heedless of the other roses.

Translations from the French of
Gabriel Boissy (1930)

(14th July)

La Coquette.

She has thrown me in passing
a blossoming almond spray ..

But why —

O tell me why she will not stay?

I left.

The moon on the roses ..

O jealous jade ..

Will she pilfer the perfume
The roses made?

Daybreak.

17th July.

I shudder at the threat of sudden day.
 Night's bugles blare in triumph and are dumb.
 The tall trees shake their shadowy array,
 til thro' their leafage little songwinds come.

But all meanwhile a star rests on a hill
 and blinks til I believe it is a candle
 some lonely woman puts on a windowsill
 and sits and turns the turning of the handle.

Point du jour.

17th July.

Dawn cries along the east. The cold trees stir.

The road is bare and wet and glistening.

A lonely bird beats last with croak and whirr
 precluding some impossible pagan spring.

A policeman in a doorway gruffs Goodnight.

I note his error, tell him so and stride
 knee-deep in frisking winds that drag the light
 in its gold chariot up day's mountain-side.

A watchman's face berenbranted with flame

flickers a moment. Then my nostrils fill
 with far sea smells I cannot bear to name
 since I have left the sea to climb the hill.

Bibliography

17th July

I cannot hate thee
 today or any time
 worth any ardency
 in your high gleaming rime.

I dare not hate thy land
 until my step is wrought
 by your so cunning hand
 into a balanc'd thought.

But if one bairn my face
 sustain your godlike rage
 then I am worth my place
 in some footnoted page.

Curious Epitaph. 17th July

When wind and rain have done their worst
 and sun and moon have wrought their best,
 and spring's high flood has risen and burst
 with spraybuds on its toppling crest
 I still shall have immortal thirst
 and foolish longings in my breast.

And even when the grass roots bear
 the feeble fibres of my brain
 and flaunting daffodils declare
 that only flowers can rise again
 I'll scuttle thro' some lean knaps' hair
 who sleeps on tombstones in the rain.

18th July. 97

Sonnet 11

18th July.

The rippled nocturnes from the Beckstein Grand.
The setting sun's ripe gold drift down the wall.

She held a red rose in her chiselled hand
and stood beside the casement, white and tall.

The firs were quiet in the park beyond:
The peacocks on the lawn stood motionless.
And only from the Greek boy in the pond
did running water add its loveliness.

Then I remembered that gruff lonely man
who after midnight climbs his creaking stair,
looks out a tattered panel in the pan,
and laid a suitcase on a broken chair,
for when he thought wet boots upon the floor
he whistled Chopin as he slammed the door.

From the French of Eugène Rambert (Swiss)

I caught the quiet voices in the dark
as alp to alp cried pitiful and low:
"Why groanest thou that art so black and stark?
Is it for envy of my cap of snow?"

Or dreamst thou of the victims of thy wrath
whose shattered bodies fill thy crevices?
Or of the hidden danger of the path
where neither goat nor eagle ever is?"

" Nay. What to me are human creatures frail,
these dwarfs, these ants who tag their feeble line?
I dream of that hill hid where high clouds sail,
whose icy summit far surpasses mine."

Bouquet. (from the French of Charles Le Goffic) (18th July)

At Paimpol one even while the moon
woke to the chant of oarsmen on the sea
we two together blushed behind the dune
these ragged tufts of mint and rosemary.

And these carnations here, at Gevrol one night
we sought their sweetness to the summer air,
till drunk with love we found them by the light
of shining stars above the harbor stair.

But this sad stray of bloom I found alone
when wandering and brooding on your face
while the night was full of shadowy cries unknown
on the bare rocks of a most lonely place.

19th.

at one end of my street are ganties:
at the other end church spires
but I turn my face to the sunset
and lay my heart in its fires.

In the shadow of the great ganties
lies darkly across my heart
with the insolent threat of the foaming spires
and the pitiful jolt of a cart.

1915.

O I shall try words with words
 what only God can do with trees,
 vex them with sounds to minor thirds
 or marshal them in companies.

Then I shall seek to shape with rivers
 what only God can do with rain
 plow them and dig them many times
 yet watch spring sprout up green again.

[12]

Sonnet to Mussolini

1915.

I know you are despot and murderer.
 The blood of Matteotti cries aloud.
 And young men still as Roman fathers proud
 lie prisoned in hot isles where no winds stir.
 Your arrogance in amphitheatre
 when you stand up and pray before a crowd
 and add your cardboard thunder to the cloud
 that threatens Europe's not forgotten war!

But now today had I the choice twixt thee
 and the poor creature snivelling on his throne,
 the Father of the Church, Christ's Vicar here,
 to take thy hand I would have little fear..

For bloodstains yield at last to pumice stone,
 but there's no cure as yet for leprosy!

Chanson Paimpolais (Charles le Goffic) (1915)

The sailors have cried to the birds of the sea:

"Soon shall we set forth for the banks where fish throng;
when the north wind is lighter and waters fog-free
and spring brings her blossoms with laughter and song."

And the birds & the sailors have made this reply:

"Here's handfuls of lilies and violets sweet.

The winds are bloomladen, no clouds in the sky

O' Sailors set out in your schooners so fleet.

Your women will stay here and pray on their knees,
and even in thought will be faithful to you.

We'd follow your schooners across the bright seas
were it not far better for us to stay too.

For we will seek gladly of your swift return
and tell them the gains of a fortunate trawl;
and cry how forever your fiery hearts burn
in spite of the calistorm, the swell and the squall.

And we shall renew them in hope and in joy
when, pitiful eyes turns towards the far pole,
at nightfall they gather with master and boy
to weep bid by two on the banks of the nolle."

Lynne

27th

When she's gone I ponder over
touch of hand and tilt of head
O to capture thus to love her
now to start at her light head

Thus alone I blow toember
til my lips with passion burn
all these joys will I remember
when at last she does return?

Anthony

Atlas

21st July.

Take off your hat five minutes every day:
play atlas for awhile til you regain
the balanc'd honor of the universe

just resting on your back and pivoted
where your heels hit the uncomplaining ground.

That's why earth's greatest men walk slowly so
with heads bent forward, eyes fixt on the dust -
It's not the scampiring art bewitches them,
nor yet the grass-blades jostling for the sun -
But it's imminent weight of Heaven's secrecy,
the whole tremendous bulk of intangible things,
that bows them down. They hardly even smile
lest that dislodge a meteor or a star.

When you play Atlas, your mind's muscles knotted
and straining underneath the foecust force,
I'd have you do it joyfuller than they.

105

Go move your feet to some trochaic measure,
and now and then toss up the burden from
your aching sholders .. that is if you dare.
And your reward? The (Pleiades) in your hair.
(Pole Star)

22nd. July

When I no longer am pursued
by that great crying mastiff clange,
when all days tarry long mood
and common things grow tall and strange.

When rain is friendly to my face
and clouds press not upon my head
and trees seem not an alien race.
I shall be sure that I am dead.

Dust. 21st July.

When I see dust I always think of stars,
just as a dog's smell on an autumn day
calls up the feral retinues of time . . .

Sand means of course the middens of my people
who shift their flints around the Antrim coasts.
It too's a whelstone for my stabbing thought,
but lacks the elemental vacuousness . . .
my mind with sand's too busy running here
and there behind involved activities . . .
Deerslaying, skinning, scraping of the hides,
freighting with struck flint or thong and stick,
and needleplay, and warfare, and lust,
and story telling in dark windy eaves . . .

But dust that's drifted into crevices
is quiet, unprotesting, imminent . . .
the raw stuff of the universe at large,

the core and rind of Jupiter and you .

tall Helen's face and Cleopatra's body ,

the bleeding side of Christ and Danton's fist . . .

{ I feel most godlike when I look on dust.
I am no atheist who I look on dust

C

Note

28th

When the Hawthorn weaves its lyric
in the drowsy noonday sun
my heart sways and lifts to Henric
but my head turns back to Donne

[Sonnet 13] The Seven Powers' Conference. 25/15 July.

They gather in a little council room.
The world with held breath tip-toes in the street.
Diplomacy's bland face reflects no heat
as Arrogance flares bluely in the gloom.
Shall he who was our foe avoid his doom?
Or shall we spurn him with our bright spurred feet?
Shall this new Samson that old trick repeat?
and shall the Banks' huge cellars prove our tomb?

When newsboys, muddy sparrows, fill the night
with raucous cries .. "Lavel keeps up his end",
I close my eyes, and catch the sudden stench -
of rotting bodies. Then a Verey light
shows me the white face of my murdered friend
dead in a dug-out - rented from the trench

Lyric

27th July.

Since you have left me here alone
what have I done
to prove
my vassalage to love?
What have I wrought
To slew when you return
that in my thought
love's tapers burn
unflickering and bright
throughout the night?
A broken tilt of song
echoing along
the image tangled causeways of my mind.
A little shape or two
of clay
Knumbed in a skillless way.
A halfheart canvas smudged with blue
with anxious trees entwined -

Such trees -

Ah these

These are all I have to show -

Three luckless essays in three arts

That you may know

O heart of hearts

my lamps still burn

for your return.

Yet there solace is

in this:

that when you come

my hand will know Howay
to knead and Kumb

The yielding clay ..

Blink the stanga and refrain -

To fisi the feature and its hue
that you

With that dear face should be
uncelebrate by me
again

Holy Ghost

27th

A rugged fellow mumbled out a plea
for price o' bed - a slice o' bread or tea.

It was late autumn. Cold winds swept the sky,
and left a high bright yellow canopy . . .
for sunset had not yet given all its fire
to hawry branches' flickering attire . . .

I flung him tuffence, having nothing more,
and motioned him to leave my gaslit door.

He toucht his tattered cap "God bless ye sur"
and shuffled gatewards like a drenched cur.

A devil stung me "Beller bless you first -
for I'm alright". The startled answer burst
with trembling terror on my twitching ears.

He did not hear, pursued perhaps by fears
that I should claim thy tuffence for his stay

He shuffled, shoulders hunched quick away.

I thought to call him back. No cry would come.

The words were said. The arrow had gone home,
but to my heart that plucked the foolish string ...
Ten years last night that wound is festering ...

27th.

*New age/
Oct 31* Bradford Millionaire (28th)

With rolled umbrella, little bowler hat
and spats to hide superfluous patterned socks
he walks oblivious of both owl and bat
and never bears the scions on the rocks

Trees and his heaven, limit his low sky ..

His cellars echo to the scurrying rat ...
And when a goddrunk poet lunches by
he never even lifts his little hat.

O who will climb the lonely tower
when midnight strikes its shivering hour
and in moon minted argency
lead out the longest watch with me?

For day is full of color, noise,
loose fields of corn, crowscaring boys,
and deaf foot mules with quiet bells :
and old monks mumbling miracles ;
and golden knight with pennons high,
and dust and sun and sun and sky .

But night is lonely. Chill the air .
A dog barks once, I know not where .
Enchanted stars reel to and fro
moons spin and glide thro clouds of snow ..
Owls will climb the lonely tower
and walk by me a little hour ?

Sonnet 14.

28/12

Grey oily water broken here and there
by gulls that bob before the running tide ..
and dull flat waves that lap against the side
of the black barge that swallows squat and square.
A rusted schooner with sheer masts and bare
in pitiful remembrance of her pride.
Along Kowlarves of our sooty colliers ride,
and orange peels floats up the slimy stair.

I stand and gaze across the dear expanse ..
a sailor with brown tattooed arms strides by,
lifts up great hands and hales a stag that nears.
And suddenly the rigging of romance
curls me to purple seas and azure sky
where I sell yellow fruit to buccaneers.
Solder

West Belfast mission

(15)

28/12

I know you Sarah! saw you in your car,
pulled up behind a policeman in the street.
while ragged children on their mission treat
trails past the corner slow, irregular .. .
Their beckoning hearts were rolicking afar,
spreading confusion round uncertain feet .. .
And tho' you might have sheen a little leat
you merely flickt the ash of your cigar.

I heard you snarl, heard you say then,
the painted bitch beside you - "Does one good
to see the kiddies get a decent day .. ."
I did not strike you for I fancied, Sir,
a future day when in red brotherhood
these children turn and go the moscow way.

3rd August

When I was young and arrogant
I sought to make the sun my slave.
But now I come, pale suppliant
for the long kindness of the grave.

For I have seen my Spring go by
with tardy bloom and lingering frost.
And now when summer should be high
the swallows gather at the coast.

X

Pansy

9th August

If you were God
which word ya offer to a bright eyed boy:
creations lovely ecstasy
or the spent heart's joy?

3rd Aug.

Upon the flat glass lake a swan
seems like a cold quartz berg at dawn.
The willow bows and shakes her fan
in sarabande arabian:
while from the fountain bright jets fall
like Ernest Dowland's madrigal
where small notes flutter on the score
dip down the bar, are heard no more.
But far below the flat glass lake
faint intricate cold patterns make
the burnish'd poles sway and swing
in narrow slanting curves that sing
and weave green loops of the air
weeds net in yellow bubbles there.

3rd

sure as the good God made
 turf for the hearth of man,
 fire in the flint whindle
 and smolder and glow
 he made me walk alone
 by the Derry side of the Bann
 when the day was up and singing
 where no tall light rushes grow.

For here where no man went
 in the lonely mouth of the day
 and the rain blew off and the sun
 burnt his bright fist thru the trees
 I saw the dark Lorse of Cuchulain
 dig nose in the uncut bay
 then proudly set to the water
 and stand in the tide to his knees

7th

Then of a sudden the Lane's sharp burn
 stopt me dead on the brink of a beach
 so I dropt to my knees in the bracken and fern
 and stiffend my lips from overspeech.

For the long thudding wave on the rippled sea
 with its crest far out, and its spray drove curl
 rusht land on the quivering limits of land
 as her shrank back like a frightened girl.

Sonnet 16

7th Aug

There will be sunsets I shall never see,
as larks to hear who I am world and dust.
Shall I then cry "The Lord of all is just,
equates the sum with immortality;
as plans a Paradise where men are free
who have been fettered by their Petty last:
where sword and stealth are innocent of rust,
trees bowed with fruit, and no more wandering sea?

Shall I not seize each moment as she comes,
tangle my fingers in her wondrosst hair,
draw back her head and quench her burning lips
like some mad dervish who to numerous drums
raps shivering slavegirls & the fittful glare
as the oil guttles and the lastwick days?

7th

I stood beneath thick branches til the rain
had run with shining cloak across the hill.
There was a little patter as she passed.
Then came a quiet moment of white light
before the sun
sprang from the paper circle of the sky.
A small wind brought its sheltering leaves to noise:
The raindrops shot and scuttled to the ground;
and then began the deep song of the tree,
mungling the rankness of our common roots
with the sheer sunshine on the shining leaf.
The old forgotten secrets of the heart
with its new health that lifts the body up
to see beyond the nest where's broken crest
& the long moving acreage of time.

9th Aug.

I left the city to pursue the sun,
to have it out with him in open fields:
for in deep alleys ^{his} ~~by~~ ^{is beyond my reach} advantage is
too great for me to win the dusty bout.

So in late afternoon I found myself
striding across a riddled field of stubble,
between two stacks of hay not yellow yet.
There was a lark to watch, and crying gulls
that climbed to dizzy whirlpools of the air
and then spind down to perch or spray fresh stones.
There was a lonely funnel with its trail
of tenuous smoke just on the ocean's edge.
So sprawling with throat bare, hat cast aside
and city-shots unclasp'd and vest unbuttoned
I waited for the tommey to begin.

Men still were working farther up the field,

brown fellows with broadbrims and buttoned shirts,
seizing this interregnum for the hay,
to get it up and finish'd ere the rain
rush in tomorrow to beat down the grass.
With busy forks they labored ceaselessly,
losing their little wits . . . I bargained for
the farmer I am jealous of who builds
ricks with his careful thatching and short eye.
But these rest creatures roughly bundled up
rick shaped heaps and bound them with long ropes.
The sun had won again. The craft given over.
They were gone he'd flicker out in storm
and ruin them poor fields before the hay
was carted to yard on creaking floats . . .
Are my ricks thatch'd, or only bound with ropes?

Dark Brother

10th Aug.

If I should slip and touch him with my hands,
 and give him back his sight with blood power
 I know lies latent in my finger tips
 what should result? The blind ages would see,
 become aware of the palpitating world
 by color not by noise reduce all things
 to narrow limits of both hue and bulk,
 and grow restlessly for the rich gradations,
 the innumerable overtones that throng
 the intervals between a moment's lapse
 and the next sequence of its hurrying fellow
 And for the difference 'twixt a quiet head
 and a firm step, and all that lies therein -
 the focus of all knowledge in two sounds,
 I only have the sky to offer him -
 the blatant clouds, the trees ill-drawn and crude,
 - a handful of light feathers and an eye
 for one who knows the skylark by its song

Nocturne

13th Aug.

And at this hour a thousand married men
 turn from their wives, in sweaty shirts and snore.
 A harlot leaves unsatisfied
 the ten bob rider constable outside
 the flimsy glimmering gaslight of her door.
 A thin lamplighter wipes his nose
 as darkness follows down the street.
 Then with sharp noise that comes and goes
 to echoing of uncertain feet,
 to feed my fear and start his fear
 the last late tramway engineer.

And at this hour a thousand single men
 lie cold and lonely in their narrow beds,
 as twist hot sheets as smooth them out again
 till dawn's fist flattens pillows with their heads.

Rhetorical flourish

18th Aug.

I held my hand from clenching, and my mouth from overspeech,
because of the breed of my fathers and the lore the wise men teach.
But now is the time for courage and now is the signal for wrath,
for the great black vultures hover high over the people's path.
And the way is bleak and dreary and leads thro' a lonely few,
and the leaders falter and snivel and long for the highroad again.
So the people flounder and stumble or break away and are lost
and the fetid fen lies in the moonlight with its great peat pools uncrossed.

If Moses come not to deliver, I shall leave the book on the shelf,
He paints on the greasy palette and goes and does it myself!

[S.17]

Two Sonnets on
J. Ramsay MacDonald.

19th Aug.

I have no curse for him - His very name
is byword now for arrogance and fear.
And he who once was ranked a pioneer
in braving scorn's fist and the cry of shame
lives from us, plays stale tricks in that old game.
Perchance dread grips him that the end is near,
and like a dolaird who was wont to jeer
at old men's antics ^{he} dwells at the same.

He might have - God forgive the thought - he might
have rung the curtain down and rid the stage
^{hartaloons} of the old slabby creatures who thronged
upon the boards and hindered night by night
the honest drama of the right and wrong
and left the playhouse to our hearty rage.

[S.18]

II

That was his part. He never could have led
The drama to its crashing rhythmic close,
We know this now. And when the gallery knows
They'll fling their crackers at his foolish head.
The pity is : They'll call up one instead
Who'll do no better. Yet when he too goes
Perhaps they'll storm the stalls where fat men doze
And stage a play with great coarse hands and red.

The metaphor is strained. Reality
cries for plain speaking. Surely this is plain :
God gave this man the chance we looked for. He
flung it in God's face back and went again
Through the old mining motions leisurely
ere Eliza waking sent her lava rain

(S.19)

Haeckel.

19th Aug.

What troubled fancy of what tortured brain
Is mortared in the fabric of the sky?
Who dreamed of trees and wrought them hornedly
In the cold drizzle of primæval rain?
When rocks bore crystals who ~~were standing by~~^{endured the rain,}
Who coral blossomed who was standing by?
And what great heart was dight and furrowed dry
To flood the raw floor of the moonled main?

Tree, hill, and sea are murmurous with life :
Their muffled voices lack interpreters.
We feel but cannot say how sways the strife,
Nor can we tell, when time's vast bodies stir,
If one is victor shouting from the field
Or a spent warrior groaning on his shield.

Sodafountain

19th Aug.

I went to school with Jimi and now

can plot on paper graphs of how.

Why still escapes me but I know
that like breeds like, Reap's son of sow,
and straight is straight and round is round
beyond no pole, beneath the ground..

And in this wisdom to and fro
on my stark business I go.

Yet doubt not but a swallow's wing
has flickt my heart to fluttering -

On a Tablet of Fine Jade
(from the Chinese)

21st Aug.

The wind comes laden with flowering plum
as the tangled scents of the south wind come.
The buds are few on the tree and apart
but they throng on the branches of my heart
and shake as they sleek on the lonely shore
where the white wave beats forevermore.
and my father stands by the lacquer door.

mystery

24th Aug

In what dim unfrequented place
was coined the lyric of thy face?

And under what unapproachable sun
did thoughts' first shining horses run?

And bwhat fort in this lonely shore
do thy heart's sails lead forevermore?

du temps Perdu ...

24th Aug

Call up that dawn with its sun-tangled spire:
the flickering leaves that clattered and were still;
the little wind that fled day's rapid fire
and roused the mists that camped upon the hill —

But stay — the gesture of a staken tree
struck by the sun's sharp bayonet of gold
shatters the semblance of that dawn for me
for I who saw you slain am growing old —

27/5

I may be but the foolish bell
 That jangles tho' the church is full
 and to forsaken homesteads tell
 companionless is beautiful.

I may be but the cork that crows
 in the drowsy air of afternoon
 and the world is up and slowly goes
 about its work without my tune.



27/5

The night was autumn. Frost was in the air.
 Leaves rustled to our tread and then were still.
 A small fox darted from its hidden lair.
 The big moon lurched above the stark black hill.

A path of scattered cloud ran round the sky.
 The lazy moon most leisurely began
 to climb the ladder ... somewhere far and high
 shrill birds cried out their thin contempt of man.

The earth and I had both grown older far -
 aged in an instant as by news of death:
 before her lay a future of cold star
 before me but a stifling of my breath.

Tarpuice I

7th. Sept.

Und knowing this I also know
how fast the tides of passion flow,
beat on the rocks and ebb far out
with a low sad fonna shout,
'till the heart's tumult dies away
leaving bleak flats at breaky day,
and of the conflict nothing save
the grey gull floating on the wave.

Douglas 1.0.M.

7th.

To J.R.W and Another

I turned away and walkt apart.
'till I had perfected my creed.

I taught my arm the sword's true art
and slow my feet to match the deed.

When I returned I found the field
far other than I thought to face -
sharp arrows planned to pierce my shield,
and proffered swaddills of disgrace.

The quiet legions press me back
with stolid spears and dreamless eyes,
and spite my frenzied stab and lack
no comrade echoed my shrill cries.

Til shoulders firm agenst the wall
and spearheads leveled ten by ten
I saw a face and heard a call
and knew my clan, immoderate men.

Tarpeie II.

7/5

When song dies down and speech is dull
with the dead weight of labor'd thought
The Autumn day is beautiful,
and sun on cloudfree gulls' wings caught.

Then I shall know that I am old,
and what I came to do is done . . .
now nothing left but blood gone cold
and shivering moments in the sun.

I.O.M.

Caprice.

7/5.

The wind with dark feet toucht the sea,
started a ripple here and there,
swayed a green moment in a tree,
then spray into the upper air.

Sudden four fields away she threw
the shadow of a cloud upon
a broad brown hill ; then laughing drew
a great grey circle round the sun.

Then with a splash of rain, a cry
she toss'd her long bright hair in scorn,
ran down the hill, and scornfully
stroke thru the tawny indolent corn.

I.O.M.

Sodom.

7th

I drank their beer, endured their dirty words,
paid for their drinks and caught their wildest lies,
til' in th' acacias dawn woke her small birds
and tables found their legs before my eyes.

Now wounded in the spirit I return
to where my Phœnix and Abana run,
fling down my load for autumn's fires to burn
and heal my heart with cornheaves in the sun.

L.O.M.

Encounters 1.

Portrait

7th

And in a dingy cafe' near les Halles
he sits and drinks 'till carts come rumbling past.
Then with an old strawhat upon his head
he shuffles off to where beneath the clock
of old St. Eustace baskets are spread out,
all full of peaches and wood strawberries.
He stops awhile and chatters to women
who thread their careful ways across the road,
then hurries to the corner where small men
make pyramids of cauliflower and cabbage.
The strong men with the broad brimmed hats who carry
the carcasses of meat and sacks and boxes
know him by sight. He never talks to them,
but turns with daybreak to his lonely room
off rue St. Martin where the beer is cheap.

J. D. A.

Satyr in Arcady.

The bootboy in the french hotel
grew very friendly, told me how
it may the apple orchard smell
drenches the air of Normandy.

I still slate from last night's brawl,
mockt at his peasant innocence,
half for chagrin at his recall
of my own meadow days and spring —

spoke of the Rue Sainte Appoline
and of the moderate prices here,
and askt him if he'd ever been
to spend the night with Antoinette.

He took my shoe up in his hand
and rubbed it with a polish rag.

Then Smiled "You do not understand.
I still have - how you say - my girl!"

1-0.M.

Nephe - New Haven.

The tall man in the overcoat
sat on the only swivel chair,
his collar buttoned to his throat.
His eyes gript mine in quiet store.

A french boy vomited and cried
more scared of London than the sea,
a hindu groaned on the other side.
The tall man held his eyes on me.

The he stood up as if to go.
I knew at last what card to play.
I flung it ... "Harlequin?" ... first row?
He smiled "And England in my day"

T.O.M.

Beach Pajama.

8th

One Sunday afternoon she lay
in bathing costume in the sun
her life an azure holiday
of cocktails, cigarettes and fun.

His hair was curled, his shoulders brown,
his yawn as elegant as hers...
They talked of shows that drew the town
and lords they knew and cars and furs...

They played their little amorous tricks
near each beach oblivious...
And on that Friday night at six
he punched her ticket in his bus.

T.O.M

Pibroch.

9th

So it's up and away at the birds' first cry
ere the blinds are raised in the city:
I shoulder no pack but the burning sky
and the load of a whole world's pity.

For the wrong of the earth will not let me be
while the sky is still red in the morning
The town is not built that can harbor me
til I fill the world with my warning.

So you may bear me up and away
while the mist in the valleys is lying,
scaring the corncrake out of the hay
with the skill of my terrible crying.

T.O.M

De Shepherds of Hebron

915.

De black sheep cryin down de road
Save me Shephad save me.
de win' rise up, de night am col'
but mah heart sets it bravely.

De otters am safe when Lentins shine
folded shephads folded
but pens an paddocks cant nebbe be mine
Lawd Shephad Ise a rovah!

Oh wanta run when de ribbers run
ob crystal Lawd in Hebron
when nebbe sets no evnin sun -
but freely Shephad freely

De great white throne am far enough
for me to se a mile
An' al knows dat God's big rook of love
is hel' by a liddle chile

I.O.M.

147

916.

O Sun doan shine -

O Sun doan shine
on a wicket worl'
O Sun doan shine tomorrow -
But the sun cant shine
on a wicket worl'
til our Lahlis are lit in glory.

For de light ittont
are de light within
in God's big face reflected.
When de leant are black
an' de oil grown thick
Hes lonely an' dejected.

I.O.M.

[Sonnet 20]

Autumn

11/15

Autumn that shold have ripend with the wheat,
 and drows'd to culmination with the pear,
 forsakes the orchard for the lamplit street,
 deserts the hillside for the thronging square.
 Now all the trees are naked to the wind,
 and brownlimb'd girls tread out no foamy mess.
 Rainshattered corn no reaper seeks to bind
 lies tangled in decaying loveliness.

Soon winter's on us, to the summer's flame
 fow'rt its dark autumnal glow and ash.
 we who were wont to praise the sungod's name
 for chorister have but the shower's swift splash.
 The seasons have betrayed us. Must earth go
 with quickning pace over chill age of snow?

30/15

Sacrament.

Of last night's six hours talk one dirty joke
 is memory's gain, and one slight epigram:
 five smudged faces lowering in smoke,
 a coffee stain, and crumbs of bread and ham.

We sat together, broke the friendly bread,
 had choice of tea or coffee for our wine
 O why shold Christ have risen from the dead
 and on the cross suffer not the anodyne?

adelphe /

Obliter dicta .

30th .

When on the banks of winter trees strip bare
yet dread the plunge and huddle shivering
I judge each gesture with a critic's care
nor prophesy a subterranean spring .

Each season is enough . Tomorrow's thought
will shatter today's enveloped retinue .
A glut of sun on appleblossom caught
is now and ever worth just that to you .

Storm over Concorde

30th .

The thunder dropped its bag of heavy stones .
The rain's knives cut the yellow light in rags .
A staggering moon climbed up great cloud-cored crags ,
and lightning jiggs its phosphorescent bones .

So in a doorway waiting for a cab
beside a gendarme and a courtesan
I thought it fitting end heart and men
til daybreak sneaked in , penitent and drab .

Dread

October 2nd.

The tall priest bore the crucifix
under the flickering circles' gloom,
nowhere between tall candlesticks
the dead man's coffin filled the room.

The lonely woman turned her face
from the high window to the door
and watched fears bats to flames give place
and ghostly creatures cross the floor.

Men of God

2nd.

The men who preach Kristen Lord
wear dismal clothes as black as death.
They never wrestle on the sward
or sit on high gates out of breath . . .

They climb alone up wooden stairs
and murmur over nodding heads . . .
They do not know the badger's lairs
nor where the skylarks make their beds . . .

The men who preach the risen Christ
wear dreary clothes as black as death —
Their hearts are gutbags scraft and iced,
and green worms munch their mouldy breath.

5th.

"Naked on the Roads for Punishment"

A snowy night. The moon a shattered cup
spilling diluted gold on hurrying clouds
and at the corner headstones tilted up
while yewtrees sway'd and moaned & shook their shrouds

I shivered to the gate and then returned
Rook slush from slippers, sat before the fire...
saw southern sunsets where the dark logs burned,
and visions classic Dido on her pyre.

A fancy gript me - life is much like this;
and death is when I shuffle from the door.
The other snow drifts in the oases,
and starwinds cry on the desolate frozen shore.

We wander on and fast us in the night
with never a torch go green of splendid sins...
I may meet Shelley lost on a mountain height,
or Arnold's scholar gipsy selling tins.

5th.

Nocturne d'automne

The hill is silent now. No insects' hum
precludes the shaking of a blossom's head.
The very weeds are dead,
and stand up stiff and dry...
The black screen of the sky
is innocent of any rippling song.
And no sheep come
with melancholy sound at eventide...
Here where the black lamb cried
and thought its mother long:
and where great gulls blown in from foamy sea
mockt still
those bickering moles in sunbeams, skylarks high,
and made harsh mouth
behind the plowman on the turned brown earth
only a lazy crow invades the sky.

Not even a withered leaf on that old tree,

5/5.

The hawthorn by the gate,
stirs

And then a mist comes with its silent rain . . .

The lark is late . . .

Come let us linger homeward by the lane
where surely there is music in the pines .

Two Things.

Two things I would go back for . . . just two things . . .
no more.

I would not stir the tangled press
of summer's riotous loveliness
or tangle with the daffodils and springs . . .

For now the season's queen invades the land
(Is she not greenly with her quiet tread
over the trampled gold
and red)

with the rich cornsheaves steady on her head ?)
And two dreams of my boyhood's sharp delight
invite

me to put forth my hand .

The winds may stir the crying trees
and whistle in the blackening ledge
but here are still those blackberries
down by the mill road's edge .

5th

And up the drive to the manor house
 where I learned never to run from cows
 the great horse chestnuts drop their spoil
 I used to harden and pierce with so much toil...
 Two things I would go back for -
 just two things.

Encounters IV

The train pulled out; I in the corner seat
 surveyed with no expectation of surprise
 the frenchman's paper and the small man's feet
 the fat man's fists and his great ^{round} bulging thighs ...

The frenchman read with care the sporting news
 but nothing else in the perfumer's rag.
 The small man, english, showed a knuckle bruise,
 the fat man, shifting lens, began to bray ...

The small man kept applause, the frenchman read...
 the fat man told of how last ... Saturday ...
 I thought for him in Mimi's broad white bed
 and how she'd turn her face the other way

Sonnet 21 On the Release of Captain J.R. White, D.S.O.

from Belfast Gaol 17th October 1931

They took you from us. I whose ^{verse} muse is low
in comment on the commonest bird that sings,
and eloquent with praise of casual things,
stood dumbly with the dullest of the crowd.

I made no song. A dark grey brooding cloud
hung over me. The shadow of vast wings
shut out the sun. You who despise all kings
passed from my sight with regal tread and proud.

You have returned. And song to me has come.
My shame has vanish'd. You again are free
to light with joyous torch the bleakest slum
and lift on hearts with flags of bravery.

Be yours the sword-belt : mine shall be the drum
til down across the hills break golderly.

The day's rain patters off, a fresh wind swept the sky,
and stars embroidered night's hem with their silver and their gold.

A gull returning seawards past the coppice with a cry,
for autumn like the earth herself grew colder growing old.

Then morning came and in the sun the birds were up and shrill.
The trees looked like tall ladies in the crystal glimmering light.
And clear against the skyline stood out the sharp-toothed hill
dark brown above the meadows where the hoarfrost glistened white.

It seemed a splendid morning in the morning of the world
when dawn was in the heart of men and age not even a dream ...
I stood awhile and scanned the skies for blue of wood smoke curled
high spiraling from a hunter's fire beside a shining stream

Summary

I am the Poet of full sunlight. I believe
only in sun. The shadow frightens me.

I think of evening as a drawing out
of hollow sunbeams fading over the hedges,
and not as of a lengthening of the shadows.

Grey days weigh heavily upon me but I go
nevertheless lighthearted as a priest
of some dead god who's vanish'd to the skies
^{that}
who leads the winter's bleakness, his face alight
with reflected glow of daffodils and spring.

For well I know the sun lurks somewhere at hand . . .

and even at night the stars that make young men
muse close on breast or life's high mysteries
or lift dull hearts up into ecstasy

with promise of wide freedom and cold air
when the spirits' loosed from the muddy grasp of clay,

I look with joy upon the fiery bodies
and know them for the sun's ^{immediate} kin,
nor feel affrighted by the lonely spaces.

When death's white fingers touch my cheek
and crouching shadows noiseless speak,
and the pulse flickers flickers weak

The corn may sprout, the roses grow,
The black rooks walk across the snow
but I shall never never know . . .

Injustice this, and foolishness
that I who face my time's dishes
and wrested lasting loneliness
from stars or water, wind or trees,
and turfsmoke from far cottages,
shod by such tremulous degrees
grow old and faint and lose the art
of knowing where the catkins start
and petrify, not break, my heart.

16 15

Sonnet 22. To Philip Snowden.

Time was when you stood out, a man of stone,
like a bare crag that breaks the tempesto cloud,
and lifts a scarr'd crest desolate and proud
sheer from the foul mists from the valley blown.
And in the dark, heilders and alone,
The traveller, when raging gales are loud,
lookt up and saw you standing there unbond
lit by the rapid flash, and ceast to moan.

That night is past. Small birds in glimmering trees
make merry for the new dawn breaking red
and you who shoud have stood to greet the sun
crawl from its light on sickly twisted knees
and leave the last best office yet undone—
Curse God He ever let you leave that bed!

165

16 15

Light and shade.

The dawn's gold vengeance has unmaskt the night,
enthralld the shadows, fetters them to hoes
and craggy rocks that hide them from the light,
or sent them ^(darkling) shivering into wallowing seas

And we are free who dard not leave the glow
that clore the Cave of darkness and was warm . . .
So let us rise and shake ourselves and go
into the sunshine's golden Thunderstorm .

Le Cézannisme

Five apples - and a jug upon a cloth . . .
creast in two lines with flat white light on both .
Green apples with a blush on one of red .
The jug a warm brown like the crust of bread .

16th.

Warsong

Here shall I stand til across the land
grey birds are wheeling and crying,
and down there low, is the quiet glow
of dawn on the dim hills lying.

Then I shall turn where the torches burn
crying vengeance on the city
And a shout thro' the air will lift your hair
with the roar of its pitiless pity.

Then up from the glen will swarm strange men
bewildered, nor know where they're going
for more than I shall suddenly cry
when the red cock comes to the crowing

16th
167

The frosty air is still.
Never a murmur stirs,
High on the dawnbright hill,
the dark battalions firs.

Day's golden bugles blow:
The sound is faint and dies -
The curving fields of snow
reflect the golden skies.

But from a firree's branch
bewitched by the sound
a tiny avalanche
floats spray mist to the ground

1615.

There is no wind to shake the trees
yet leaves break off and tumble down
and reach the earth by little degrees
to smolder there in red and brown.

They flutter round about my head
and clutch at little twigs and cling
then fall, and lie beneath my trees
their green conspiracy of spring.

1615.

169

Six A. M.

The lamps are lit and glow in early mist:
the tree trunks merge in shadow and are lost,
but their high branches gently gently stir
against a sky of mingled yellow and blue,
and chimneys, the houses are in fog,
are silhouetted sharply across the west
where the day does a yellow golden death
and light with clouds move quietly to them
most melancholy mourners and most mild.
Then at the spine a little crescent moon
saddens the darkening hill stretch of the south
And over all - a quiet dust of gold.

23rd

Raise your head and fling your laughter
 at the cloud-betrifflit sky.
 There is naught shall rise here after
 from the pit where dead men lie.

Deem complaint the darkest sinning :
 keep your troubles in your breast,
 lest our rotting skulls be grinning
 at an insufficient jest.

Ballad

23rd

Whan gat ye the scratch on your haund?
 Whan gat ye the scratch on your glove?
 O I was thrusting aside a brier
 to hurry to meet my love.

Then why air yer shoon all muddy and torn? —
 Whan gat ye the wound in your side .. ?
 Go ask the faithless woman that laughs
 whan me and the ither man died.

2415.

I stiffened my heart at your death's disgrace
and left you alone on the mountainy track.

But a face in a crowd recalled your face
so I turned and hurried back.

'Tis easier far to die with you
when the night is black and the dawn is white
than sway with the crowd or posture thro
the swinging doors of the Inn of delight,

better to share in thy death's disgrace
and comrade you on the starry track
than be mocked forever by that white face,
and find it too late to hurry back.

2415.

I stand alone and know not any friend
in whom my thought can plan its journey's end.

There is no man beneath the broad bright day
who feels the least trust in the things I say.

I who would seek to jolt the world awake
attain to nothing but my own heartbreak.

I who am kin of warm triumphant men
find baffled banners and defeat agen.

24th

I stand alone, alone face wind and frost,
and strain my ears to catch the first cockcrow.

The darkness laps the wall with echoing wave.

I blow my fists and bid my heart be brave . . .

Perchance the town has fallen, and my kin
have held converse and turned to sleep therein .

24th

175

Old time drifts on, the suns of space burn low.
The atom breaks, and matter melts away;
but we who slew the mammoth in the snow,
and scrawled on walls the colored truth we know
sit in the gloom and weakly waste our day.

As if, when frost came, and blue cliffs gliss,
we who had strength and skill to heat a fire
and knew the barkbow's intricate device
had listened to retreating birds' faint cries
and careless watch to dealt fog rising higher.

Wm. Whewell

Admonition to Science

28th

[6th draft]

Tho you breed men to better tree and root,
and bundle clouds up for the ripening
of dull unpopped corn and hard bright fruit
or bid the earth tilt steadily to spring -
Tho you build starcinct palaces of gold,
drape topaz walls with tapestries of light,
or with undreamedof braziers banish cold,
and make of sunbeams torches for the night,
what shalt avail?

The Incas of Peru
had kindly laws and moved with quiet grace,
accepting moon and thunder, since they knew
no tense abstraction can unbaffle space.

/

Bruges

30th

177

A gray mist lugged the flat grey Flemish plain,
seized part of sky and landscape, belied near,
blurring the barges and the poplars drear
that sentinel the flat unending lane.

I followed with dull heart the slow canal
past crumbling bridges of soft weathered stone
and the gray men slouch'd by I stode alone
like a cold ghost that shudders wall to wall.

The red roofs of the little cobbled street,
the querulous pigeons underneath the eaves,
were woven in the fabric with the leaves
that sarabanded round my quiet feet.

All time was naught, and standed high from change
this island of the centuries. I felt
slowly in mist my tangible body melt,
leaving my lonely spirit timid and strange.

Invocation to the Elements

31st.

O moon and thunders, windy sky
crowd close about me when I die . . .
and leave the lesser part of me
as plaything for the sun and sea . . .

For flesh is deftly woven of sun
and salt and dust well wrought in ore :
but spirit's essence of thin sky
where lovely meteors traffic high .

Love o' God

31st.

No soft abstraction of the love of God
can blindfold me agenst the cloven worm . . .
the grey and oozy slime upon the hood ;
the punitive split and slattern by the storm :

The stag with broken spine and frightened eyes :
the tiger with tense ears twisted back in rage
beneath the besediction of dark skies . . .
or bruising ribs with frenzy in a cage .

These things are so. And I shall live them out,
shall salt my fancy with a cynic's wit ;
for life's the only thing we cannot doubt ,
and death's dark fields may not be infinite .

Arabia Desertæ

3rd November.

Bewildered by the winds of chance
we wander in the wastes and die
where firefly planets drone and dance
and phantom caravans joy by.

We lift our heads & hear the bells,
then sprawl upon our hands and knees.
Yet out of sight from endless wells
beneath the shadow of green trees

Mumb Jumbo I.

3rd Nov.

The jungle God is ill at ease.
His worshippers the crashing apes
who scold & down from quivering trees
or fill the dark with screaming raves
no longer please.

His heart is lonely even when
small rainbow birds rejoice in choirs
and lions roar about his den —
The lawless apes who kindled fires
come not again.

L'approche d'hiver

3rd nov.

Allo the trees along the boulevards
have not begun to lose their leaves -

neglecting of course the wind's usual wear and tear -
in the butterfly spray
and the sun at noon glitters ^{of} the fountains
on the Place de la Concorde:

and the little working girls still sit knitting at
lunchtime in the Tuilleries:

I feel in my bones that summer's gone.

Not that there's frost in the morning air -

I'm never up early enough for that to know.

nor that the nannies have returned with the laughing
to play in
children ~~at~~ the parks

from Dreffe and the crash of its shingle.

Last night coming home to Rue Vaugirard
from Rue St. Martin about half past nine
I passed the markets

} on the pavement near St. Eustache

beside a little basket of woodstrawberries
lying cosily under a canopy of fern,
I saw

a basket of brussel sprouts!

It won't be long now till Roget comes my chair in,
and we play draughts near the stove,
and hurry home ~~the~~ sleet before the metro closes,
thru the sleet -

} in among high piles of cabbages
according to heavy shoulders of curving porters,
and saw beside a row of baskets of woodstrawberries,
nestling cosily under their canopies of fern,
just under St Eustache's clock,
a sack of brussel sprouts

Mumbo Jumbo II.

310.

The jungle god is twelve feet high.
You can hear him breathe as you tiltœ by.
The leopard shudders and growls at him:
The monkeys crouch where the light is dim:
The zebras run to the red earth's rim
for fear of his terrible eye.

He stands in the shadow out of the moon
when the witches dance to their frantic tune,
But if you should turn from the writhing smoke
and the shining breast of the womenfolk
you would see the nose that my clubhead broke
when I faced him and felled him one fierce noon.

Freedom.

415

But death shall find me undismay'd
The life bewildered me with sound
for here is neither art nor bæde
where one is safely underground.

And those men make my grave a shrine
or carve a statue at my head
I shall not buy the sacred wine
nor bargain for the holy bread.

[23] Sonet: To A. J. Cook.

415.

Your life was dust and tumult. You are gone
into a place where no cold sler wind stirs,
on twilit hills, inevitable firs
with barks ungilded by the torch of dawn.
No darker was the pit whence you were drawn
by wandering ones of mystic trumpeters
brass red banners, burnish splendid spurs,
and gird immortal sword and buckler on.

So after you have rested for a while,
slight wounds of spirit, and the body's hurt,
to whose call will you follow with that smile,
in bright the barded armor well begirt,
to joust a tourney with death's tyrant king,
refurbish'd for a new life's warfaring?

To A. J. Cook's memory once more

You chose your path and turned your face away
from the bright glitter of the tongue's sharp pray.
You wond not joust where tinsel actors play.

But out on lonely posts you heartend men
who fellid for the odds against them then
and who because of you took gat strength agen.

It seems defeat. The citadels are down
and bastard bows usurp the victors' crown
and piddling curs bespatter your renown.

May led, you go beneath a lucky star,
^{for} and when new legions rally from afar
you shall not whine with Thomas at the bar

Les Gobelins

5th.

So he said : I shall call tomorrow
and we will visit the Gobelins . . .

It sounds like gobelins the way he said it.

I thought at once of the twelfth century and Bruges

It was a great disappointment when we did go.

We walked down boarded passageway,
with water sprinkled irregularly & lay the dust,
till we encountered

smart girls with lorgnons spectacles
and men like bankclerks

sitting mechanically pushing reels of coloured thread
this innumerable cords,

and peeping everywhere and then
in a little tilted mirror on the beam
which reflected the other side of house.

These tapestries had once been elegant:

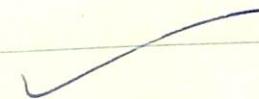
but they had not worn as well as the Icarion.

Cloth pictures are all very well within limits.

They shouldn't be any bigger
than my great grandmothers':
And they
were little more than samplers . . .

But I still insist :

There's a great deal to be said for mottos



Rhetorical Enigma with Variations

6th.
-

The thought grows more rhetorical and low
it still must miss the rapture of thy face,
for gaudy banners shaken in a crowd
fill the still street with traffic of disgrace.

And never more beyond the quivering foam
where dragons mock the moonlight and gods die
shall shaven rats repeat the prayers of Rome
or scale volcanoes to the middle sky.

But this remains : and after this? why then
the clamor of anguish from the stricken heart
and the hoarse clamor of defeated men
who wander in their multitude, apart.

Christus Freud.

6th.

191

But nevermore shall nightingale give song
done who broke the vow of bone and blood,
who stormed the Temple with a shouting throng,
yet found his mad hearts' unavailing flood

in salt confession on the hurts of men,
till we have gained for us an ecstasy
the troubled spirit crucified again,
the bleeding phallus nailed up to the tree.

615.

Dry bones in a desert

Then shake the skull :

In this dark place

There is no pool

Washed my face

still beautiful . . .

Then forearm shake :

None here can say

if what I break

Shall broken stay

Till I awake . . .

Then shake thigh bone :

Peace! arm and head!

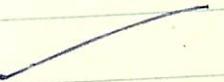
I lie alone

in this cold bed

No longer known

For twenty years I beat about the seas,
a shabby tramp between the ports of sense:
aboard me on the roughest voyages
with laughing helmsman steered with insolence.

Let go the ropes now. To the breaker's yard
the wind is steady, and the reefs are passed.
Haul down the heart's red ensign torn and tattered,
and nail the soul's blue Peter to the mast.



Enigma Number Two.

1915

Time mocks me with its challenge of surprise,
 raps on my door and runs along the street:
 and when I open no eyes greet my eyes
 but blank flat windows blink their gray defeat.

A comet's answer to the cry of space
 runs thro my mind with its fresh wind of sooth
 til I climb up and in a starleapt place
 finger the purple pentagon of truth.



Words for a Wool Picture of God

by Jane Wilson 1822.

Be wroth O Lord if I forget
 thy woolen writer alphabet,
 how then dost snow and meadow take
 and seasonable samplers make;
 or with frost's needle on a tree
 dost work thy cold embroidery.

For my poor skill in wool and thread,
 as soon as I, is vanished:
 and my bright visions wrought in cloth
 shall only glut the quiet moth.



Ode on the Contemplation of the Five Senses

Movement the First. [21st Nov.]

Close kinsman of the things I see,
bloodbrother of the stuffs I touch:
all else remote and strange & one
beyond my mind's fivefingered clutch.

Apples are green, and smooth, and round:
They have a smell brings autumn back
when in a ledges garden close
I piled green crabs in one great stack,
before I laid them out in rows
along the loft's cobwebby floor.

Apples are round: they roll away
when struck by heel or nudged by toe.
I watched them drop one long warm day
and knew all I shall ever know.

Their taste is cool and clean and fresh;
when broken they reveal a core
like Christ's bright resurrected flesh
no longer bound
to penitence of scar and sore
but hale and sound.

Movement the Second. [23rd Nov.]

I seek beyond the transient light and shade,
touch soft for texture, ponder in my fist:
for the visible universe was never made
forth vanishing colours & keep impermanent tryst.

The earth's course
and the suns'
in all their twining millions
is force
that runs
to its inherent and predestined close.

no rainbows.

or shadowshows

can compass in their glimmer all that lies
betwixt the earth's tilt

and the star waste split

across the frosty space and the long avalanche of skies.

Light is stardust from the chariot wheel,

the glint of arrows overtaking time,

the sheen of armor when steel baffles steel

and in high tourney systems tumble down the abyss sublime.

Movement the Third

(25th Nov)

Each sense is a precarious instant won
from the wide circle and turbulence of space:

a starry moment blazes out in sun

then snuff forever, leaves no visible trace.

The range of song, that barony of sound
perceptible at least, is but an arc

on the swift infinite circuit that spins round

linking all noise from atoms far to stark
and sky reverberating smash of stars.

of smell and taste: These are the lesser twain;
the brisk bals reefing on the spume white spars
when crow's nest sight blinks out across the main
and shouts "See lions!" Where upon the deck
Kear listens to the crying in the wind
and leaves the vessel on the whale's new track.
while touch with blunted fingers feels the keen
and newground edge of his larpson.

The tackle and the trampling over, soon
their boats' away, and five expectant wait
the tumult and the turmoil where the green
is dashed to white and yellow in the spray.

To which is to explore in a wider way
Kear with sharp eyes to peer thro jungle walls,
or blunder over paths where wild deer stray
following far fantastic waterfalls.

25th November.

Lie fallow, heart, a seasonable time
 When hast been reapt and furrowed far too long.
 Let frost not thou, bedeck these boughs with snow,
 And ^{only} wandering birds cry out in song.

Give over thine unrest, no fretted woe
 That drags ^{thrust} its root up ere its stem was seen.
 Lie fallow heart, and let its growths endless surge
 Run thro thy acres, rippling ^{thine} into green.

The plow has scars thee and its tedious toil
 Of hem that stride to sow, & stoop to reap.
 O surely thou hast rendered up thy spoil.
 Lie fallow heart, and take thy quiet sleep.

Lie open to the little seeds that float
 In spinning, drifting threads of thistledown.

Forbid not mole to dig thy core or sloat
 Full. Haunt the ditch where the nettles drown.

Let wind and rain go frolic carelessly,
 nor give a thought to ripening of the corn,
 but trim and tilt the buttercup and free
 the unturn'd edge for spreading of the thorn.

(2615)

Let shrew and fieldmouse rest in tufted grass,
 and cernwrake ^{Scold} { say its echo half the night.
 Stir not again when patterning raindrops pass
 nor move to wake when moon rise vast and white.

Let dock and horsetail jostle tormentil
 and meadow-sweets' faint rivalry enchant
 the hay drunk wind that lurches down the hill
 where only concreke is inhabitant
 where reapers clash and bairns overcast.

Let swallows flash at sunset near the ground,
 and crows drift down from elmy fastament.

bees hum and hurry, till their monarch crown,
the retinue of drosses is flagged and spent.

Let winter work its will upon the land:
betray no sod's dark secret underside
to frost's sharp finger ^{rain's causing} and hand
no let thy slumber heed the snow's high tide.

Then there will come a spring unbid ^{of} by thee:
fresh birdsong in the sky, and daffodils
when primroses beneath the tasseled tree
hide from the blatant gorse that swarms the hills.

Epitaph for a Wanderer (2015)

I want no worms to mumble on my bones,
nor rocks to thrust thin fingers thro my lair.
How cold I rest beneath gray chiseld stones
that never bode a season anywhere.

Go fling my body to the swallowing seas,
let tides sweep out or in, and sunlight gleam
on great green fish that nibble my raw knees
and jipers fair shall grieve thro my dream.

Treaty 26/15.

Though by a star thy course is set
and you on errand high are bound
The little worms shall gnaw and fret
for slave of you laid underground.

The face the worm and call him friend,
make Treaty with his sightless crew
and you shall have as fair an end
as any star dead gave to you.

✓
My Sister's Child 30/15.

The house is quiet. midnight hives past.
A thin room nests in branches winter bare.

My candle blinks and burns its stump out fast.
I wear my cage with marauding care.

Then suddenly you give your pitiful cry

^{out}
[Opposites.]

26/15.

Surely pity and kindness are durable things,
and laughter somehow eternal, and love not vain.
The lift of the heart at the sudden clamor of wings
is worth too much to be lost and gone never again.

But when elemental forces lurch out with strife,
when systems rock and crash, or kiss headlong in flame,
and God runs out of space crying despair of life
off from here shall be fashion a haven to redeem him from shame

No far way young to have an intimate woe.

Perhaps in dream beneath a jungle sky
{ a velvet fox bares teeth ^{you}
{ a sabertooth comes near. I do not know.

God only knows if fifty years ahead
will start in sleep and raise you with cry
remembering a lost decades dead
who sought to banish fear from earth and sky.

Danaius 27th Nov.

The sun sprang out and smote his song of brass,
The echoes struck the trees like running gold,
while thin mists swabended on the grass,
light tresses to their shoulders unrolled,

The trees began to shudder in that shower,
shook at desiring sleeves of dew wet green,
for lack was a king's daughter in her bower
and this god rapture far too sharp and keen.

The mists, then frightened at this rape of trees,
caught up their gowns from fleet feet white and bare
but ere they stirred the salysts of the breeze
bent down and drags them upward by the hair

Jan Smuts to British Assoc'n

The atom bursts asunder, space dissolves,
the bubble of the universe spins out...
Yet up the cliff man strenuously evolves
to reach the summit by sheer breathless thought.

Aye that's the sting of it: all our difficult pain,
that rough the blood of Christ's hurt feet up Calvary's rough hill,
all shed blood whatsoever is in vain
if matter breaks ere man is lord of all.

Desolation

28/5

To the loud drums and cymbals of the sun
 the young bright turbulent gods stride singing by;
 with strong warm bodies they have fought and won
 the difficult battle with night's company,
 and I march with them shouting to the sky.

Then the cold flutes and violins of the moon
 sigh from the hills when the long trumpets blow,
 and one by one they cry farewell, and soon
 repeating and louder back to stone
 and under quiet stars I stand alone.

The Gobwins

28/5

I knew the cliffs high appearance and boast
 in fronting seas that glimmer blue and green
 yet unavailing thay upon that coast
 and baffled moan or his own stark name.

I noted well the innocent ashy air
 of weeds that rustle in the eddying air;
 the short salt grasses crumbling to decay
 by pool pocket Lavenent or rough granite stain.

For I have stood when sunset blew retreat
 and called its golden cohorts back beyond
 the flat sealess stirring ocean at my feet
 till star glowed mortly over a dark pond.

I knew the floating tide of bladderwrack,
 the bridged fallen stones no wave wash clean;
 and the earth so young round on spring's bright track

that grey cliff never blossomed into green.

And I have taken heart at slight reverse,
with thought of rock have ^{dared} faced my own defeat,
have shut my mouth on cry of pain or curse
and bared my face unflinching to sleet.

But gull and gannet with far wandering cries
have filled my mind with that old wrong of time
till life is a desolate cliff beneath bleak skies
and sea and rock are stangas in a ruin.

she shrills "who then was number nine?"

and a small girl beside the door
cries out "the great king Eglamore!"

Textbook History

29th.

That bad old monarch Eglamore
who drove the poets from his door,
and whipt white maidens 'til they stood
their bodies ringed with streaks of blood,
and blinded with hot iron one
who sang a carol of Mary's son,
and broke one on the wark who shake
for the starved peasants' children's sake
went out one day upon the chase
and in a leafy glimmering place
was struck to death by poison'd arrow
from a thin man grown mad with sorrow.

Now in the gaslit city school
twix children under the weary rule
of a flat breasted woman learn
their nation's monarchs' names in turn
and as her eyes move down the line

[offonit]

Comet 24. Ecstasy.

29-30 Nov.

This moment you were mine, and evermore
shall bear the bright signals of my love.
I go inland far thro' quiet fields you move
you still shall hear the faint waves on the shore
but for awhile your lone white body bore
up to the breaking crest men whisper of
who once have topt it, and are wise enough
not to abate its long retreating roar.

But when flames waver in the glimmering gloo
and you sit here with chilling flesh and bone,
while winter winds crash to the crumbling gate
and bare boughs peep the window-pane and moon.
you will recall the trouble of the sea tide
that for an instant caught me by the side.

Month	Poems	Lines
January	1	18
February	2	228
March	12	158
April	15	264
May	27	304
June	15	187
July	x 28 (100)	336 ^x (1495)
August	20	266
September	16	185
October	x 27 (163)	328 [2274]
November	x 28	384 ^x

one in next volume.

29 450

Total

Jan 15 end of Nov 192 3674

