



NO. 1000 14

# POEMS

By

JOHN HEWITT

May 1932

JOHN HEWITT

1  
2nd May

I.

When Temper turned my back on town  
I took the steep road to the hills  
where untilled acres, ledgeless, brown,  
are quarried by swift thoughtless rills.

For use and profit at my heart  
and pulses-counted dividends,  
since no man thought of art as art  
but dreamed of economic ends.

I longed to set my feet on grass  
that is not grown to feed a cow  
to hear strange wandering nightbirds pass  
above calm fields unscathed of plow.

But dull behind me came the roar  
as some fool drove his urgent car  
and thro' the darkness stabled a core  
of light that blighted moon and star.

Then we returned with crude alarm  
that would have burthened me with care  
were not two lovers arm in arm  
first ever in the headlights' glare.

O Lovers <sup>standing</sup> who stood on the crest  
as that high road swung up the sky  
you gave my anxious spirit rest  
one instant of gold ecstasy.

The lanes were bleak. no sign of spring  
beyond greensprays on hedge and tree  
and stalking thrush with folded wing  
intent on domesticity.

Then suddenly beyond a gate  
I saw a cherry tree in bloom  
and knew that Christ immaculate  
had thrust a hand forth from the tomb.

3rd May

3.

The May come in with flower and song  
 and even the cuckoo is not late  
 my mind is dark with heavy wrong  
 for anger walks the streets and hate  
 cries in the sheets the whole night long  
 and children cry, and homeless men  
 rejoice not that Christ risen and strong  
 runs singing up the lanes again.

And till the time that May day brings  
 blossoms in every yard and street  
 and crowds the chimney tops with wings  
 he still must drag his bleeding feet,  
 no rest from dolorous wanderings  
 for anger lends no garden plot,  
 and there's no man on earth that sings  
 of hate still scorch his quivering thought.

4.

The old men sit together in the sun,  
 scrape shovels in sand to mark their voyages,  
 forget the beards and bishops lost and won  
 and shuffle down the path with trembling knees.

They have no hope save only soon to die,  
 and get their shivers at the thought of death.  
 The barren empty days before them lie  
 they cough, red eyed, and grasp each other's breath.

6  
5-14-  
(5) Hawk

A phrase beside the fire  
spoken by chance as thought  
went hawking on desire  
a timid quarry caught.

One word, and you became,  
more than a decade lost,  
a golden lustrate flame,  
a singing woodland ghost.

The shadows in the room,  
shadows the gold fire drew,  
became a forest gloom  
your body glittered thro.

I in a wren dream caught  
set brooding by the fire,  
your sad that only thought  
went hawking on desire.

5-14-  
6

5-14-  
6  
Many Hagan: memory of summer 1921.

And where is many Hagan gone  
that stacked the hay with any man,  
or pulled the wide boat out at dawn,  
or ran as fast as horses ran?

Her low peak cap upon her head,  
she'd drum the milk into the pail:  
strong brown arms white with baking bread,  
her eyes to stitch a shirt of sail.

I saw her rise from trampled grass,  
shake out her skirt, and lace her shoes,  
while the young student with her was  
lying still white and parting.

There

are the strong arms that grip her waist?  
and whose the thighs that <sup>held her</sup> compass here?

I heard some grocer pimple-faced  
has caught her fancy, with his purse.

O surely in no shopman's bed  
ill she lie patient while he stirs,  
but rather when the brackens dead  
move loins with some young rain's tear drive,

and bear strong children laughing, free,  
passionate, cruel, warm, and gay  
to flash long over our windy sea  
or build the Katchid stacks of Lay.

7/ 12-20

The Listener  
Poetry Sub.)  
Anti-promethean Ode.

12-7-33 515 9

Leave now the crest of thought's high secrecy,  
and the <sup>scarce</sup> unbreathable air:

Come down, come back to familiar hillocks and hies  
and here  
take your invidable share.

You cannot dare  
to stand <sup>awhile</sup> forever close against the sun,  
and let the unappeasable eagle tear  
your quivering entrails with harsh talon and beak:  
and then the self-afflicted penance done  
would you have skill and language so to speak  
of the adventure that men should  
walk kinder, pursue more lasting good,  
and build eye earparts of brotherhood?

Come down, come back: the mountain crags are bare  
and only once a lost lark scald the air:

10.  
did you not hear him, crying his dismay,  
and heading for the cloud/palest plains below.  
Too late returning he had lost his way  
when over taken by the plunging dark,  
and when dawn came you found him, songless, stark  
stareyed upon a slippery ledge of snow.

Come down, come back: the winter of the heart  
must break into a blossoming of joy.  
That night's cold loneliness was all your part.  
Time's secret is not vanquish't thus.  
The universe is not a ten-year's Troy,  
but storm'd by sudden sallies glorious —  
Troy even itself fell not without a trick.  
For when the dawnwinds rise  
and thunder clouds gauge course  
is fitting smithy for a wooden horse.

Back then to fields and habitable places,  
swift blossoms shattering showers and streaming faces,

11  
For humble prose  
of cart and street and steeple  
forgo the frenzied rhetoric  
of toppling crays and elemental skies.  
So back and use your eyes  
on keeping primrose or the wild hedgerose,  
on hearts and faces of dull common people.

8]

10/15.  
Protest and Future.

I raise my protest like a famish'd cur,  
chained to a yard with walls sharp topped with glass,  
who moans all night and barks at steps that pass,  
til daylight shews the backyard dirtier.



10th May

9-10-11.

Three Sonnets . [5-7:1952]

With roots far back among strong passionate men  
who plowd harsh brittle earth, & rode with pride  
about a green familiar countryside  
and knew a rissel thrush for lack or when,  
of crashing sheets a anxious denizen  
I grow impatient for the moorlands wide,  
and long for orchards of least with summer's tide,  
and dream me son of earth again . . . again .

Not this the common weekend holiday  
bank clerks by poets offer to their briches,  
when they'll put on golf suits, large check & gay,  
and take scared pogs for out their native ditches,  
nor trees that imitate Paul Nash, and so  
with blistered heels to rented bungalow.

Not this by God . . . but back to hill and tree,  
to bind myself in arduous servitude,  
till ebbing seasons echo thro my blood  
the quiet lyric of their mystery .  
To be as wise as common grass, and be  
more happy than a robin, and as good  
as any beech or willow that withstood  
the high winds of a rich half century .

To be a part of things that do not change,  
somehow eternal, even if they hold  
no tenure of eternity, and range  
from sticky bud to tattered leaf clay cold;  
to loose the itching nerve, the troubled will  
in the green purpose of both hill and hill .

So when an angry man in a dismal street  
 stands on a swaying chair and shouts aloud  
 his challenge to the shuffling, ragged crowd,  
 renouncing the black terms of their defeat,  
 yet bidding them rejoice that they may greet  
 the red dawn with shrill trumpets, cruel, proud,  
 I feel my heart uplifted and am bowed  
 no longer by the drumming of retreat.

For surely when injustice goes, this wall  
 shall crumble into banks of daffodils,  
 and when we make an end of poverty  
 these streets shall lose themselves among the hills,  
 and where the tent stands there shall bud a tree,  
 and in the square a righteous covecrake fall.

First of the trees, the sycamore  
 is green against my barren door.

The whin is yellow with delight  
 for midas toucht it in the night.  
 The wind that skippt the waking hills  
 loiters among the daffodils:

but I sit darkly in my house  
 and will not join the lark's carouse  
 intent on Hebrew histories -  
 O sycamore the first of trees.

Tho it was may the mountain track  
 was covered by an inch of snow.  
 An east wind fumbled at my pack.  
 The felt was one I did not know.

So standing with eyes sharp intent  
 on misty crag and beckoning tree,  
 but anxious when the cartrails went  
 I mused on my mortality.

Beyond a broken wall of stone  
 an old ewe bleated, and I stopped:  
 surprised to see her here alone;  
 looked for the lamb she must have dropt:

found her soon, huddled, almost dead,  
 choking, with four legs stiff with  
 I tried to raise her twisted head.

The ewe now near with anxious care.

God yet may brood upon the hill,

or

God may brood pity on the hill,

or thunder mercy from the sky:

the earth be rock with judgment still.

That ewe and I will watch her die

14]

Sonnet 8 '32

I lewd me from the timber of Christ's tree  
 the keel and keener of my innocence.  
 Yet since I lackt believer's insolence  
 in stulting life with facet hypocrisie,  
 the word went forth that I was nowise free  
 but fled from condemnation for offence.  
 They mockt my meagre raiment, crying: whence  
 came this rough stranger for what far country?

So when I pass a murmuring crowd of folk  
 they point the thumb, & stick behind the fist,  
 or elbow me apart from their array.

Yet all the while I finger, & reek - my cloke  
 the little arrows of the love of Christ  
 and know my skiff lies anchored in the bay.

15]

my stinging bitterness is done.  
 The plunging dark has risen again.  
 I walk once more beneath the sun,  
 and move my lips in speech with men.

Yet when for friendship's quiet sake  
 I sit with mourners in a house  
 I stir not when stark sorrow weeps  
 about those pale defeated brows.

I live secure with steady breath,  
 resolute forever earth and sky,  
 not loosing life too much for death  
 to shake my pulse from equity.

16]

Disgruntled at the stupid turn of things,  
 and alien to the spirit of the age  
 that loves the speed but not the grace of wings,  
 he spent his days in a quiet frenzy of rage.

Not exactly the nostalgic for  
 lost eden, or any place he'd memory of -  
 but a bubbling volcano with glaciers hissing war,  
 and a broken trumpet only to sound his love.

Having lost the Victorian basis for thought  
 and yet learnt the skill of parachute,  
 angry at the snare in which he was caught,  
 he bound the chain more closely round his foot.

17]

### Nature Study.

The tadpoles quiver thro' the weed.  
 Four fat slugs eat the dark green scum . . .  
 Nature adapts life to her need . . .  
 Tom Robinson for once was dumb.

Observe or one hand low . . . I sneeze.  
 Green ripples touch the slimy edge.  
 Two decades gone or bruiser torn knees  
 I scrambled thro' the reeking sedge.

18 22  
16 18] Revers.

The tram clanged over the bridge  
and past the quays where the great steamers were lying,  
with gushing portholes,  
and little house flags,  
and red ensigns flying.

The I thought of all the rivers of the world.  
Not this black stream,  
where only in the darkness does the surface of the  
water gleam:  
so black it is,  
with tumbling mud and floating logs,  
and orange peel, and rotting  
carcasses of floated dogs —  
O think of all the rivers of the world.

The rivers we have fled from,  
and have always can't beside,

1315.

23  
where the first hairy browed child was born  
and the last tall <sup>cronegnon</sup> cromagnon died.

For tho we must never bide  
more than a handful of generations,  
but shoulder our troubles and travel,  
we have left our old forefathers  
sleeping safely in the gravel.

O think of all the rivers of the world —  
the Amazon with trailing vines  
and wooded islands drifting out to sea —  
the Nile, and the Euphrates,  
the Ganges, and the Shanes,  
the Seine, the Guadalquivir,  
and the Volga,  
Volga, Volga,  
where all men are poor and free  
the Rhine, the Liffey, and the Rhône,  
the Siber, and the Danube,  
and the Congo

18 24  
cutting like an arrow thro' the black.

For we were born to track  
every river to its source,  
every brook that joins its course,  
but we stumble and we splash  
and always drown.

19  
The some have scaled the mountains  
where the largest rise from glaciers and cold  
fountains,  
and rush down.

But the River trails along with,  
according to the season,  
its great storming sweet waters,  
or its tuckles thro' the desert in the sun,  
and the blossoms flower or perish  
at the times appointed for them  
along the grassy margins, in the mud,  
but we stumble and we splash  
and always drown.

19]

1615<sup>25</sup>  
Not I alone nor you  
shall buy back joy again,  
and Eder build <sup>a new</sup> again  
for thought tormented men.

For tho' you have the will,  
and I, love, have the hand,  
we must be useless still  
till we together stand.

Then surely for the sake  
of thought tormented men  
you'll join with me to make  
a free world gay again.

20]

Christ didn't ask if you  
were worthy object for  
his lavish charity.

He only said: 'Hullo!

Why are you on your side?

Get up and shake it off.

Be happy and stay well.

But listen not a word

don't tell a living soul!

For I'm a conjurer,

and might get in a mess

if these old priests find out.

Not qualified for this,

to trespass their union rules,

and so on and so on.

But now we stop and muse;

put questions, mawk, and gurgles;

Have you a family?

And can you not get work? ?

And what about the dole?

If Christ saw you at this,

he'd bang your silly hat

right over your dull eyes

and tie your wagging tails

in one big bouncy knot etc -



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The wind against the apple tree  
 shook spring chill or raindrops down on me,  
 and stopping in my urgent head  
 I saw the long hirs blossomed,  
 altho not yet the daffodils  
 had been defeated. on the hills  
 the gorse had only these three days  
 renewed its old fabulous blaze,  
 and only on one braggart bough  
 lay feathers of the lawthern snow.

The I remembered how one year  
 I watched the long approach of pear  
 and apple from the naked tree  
 to banel. trundled heavily:  
 and for a moment stood again  
 a decade back in spring chill rain  
 and saw the blossoms beat down

25th.

til the short grass was like to drown  
 in a white lool beneath the tree

Then this (the leaves?)  
~~Then~~ for an instant heard the call  
 as that old woman white and tall  
 leand for a instant on the fence  
 to scold my childish lack of sense  
 and bid me come in from the rain.

The apple trees are bright again,  
 and I stand in the spring chill rain:  
 the long drops fall on my head . . .  
 my fattest grandmother is dead . . .

21]

When slaver's men set snares of meshy lies  
 about the wrists and ankles of bright gods,  
 dragging them down from cold & vacant skies  
 to leave and tremble on a pyre of sods,  
 I grow indignant, turn myself apart  
 and call upon the shadows of the air  
 to fall on every dark and brooding heart  
 and comfort them with deepening of despair.  
 For when despair plucks at the quivering strings  
 with terrible finger one will snap and break —  
 'tis only maddest laughs aloud and songs  
 free from the bondage of sharp pity's sake.

22]

Danae



Already Hawthorn hoods upon  
 what was a <sup>black</sup> dark and naked tree —  
 So once beneath the 'whelming swan  
 dark Leda struggled to be free.

Yet at the rape I show no shame,  
 raise protest none, denude nor scold  
 for soon that other Grecian dame  
 Calburnum will be wood & gold.

Exercise in Anapaests.

I promise myself that I'd climb to the crest of the hill,  
 plunge carelessly thro' sudden hedges of Hawthorn blown white,  
 and leap over acres of when sintered gold with delight,  
 then lie by a brook in my belly and drink up my fill,  
 and doze in the grass til stars fall offens dragged in the night;  
 for already the cancer of cities bites into my will,  
 the ivy grows creep up on me with poisonous blight  
 and a flower is gone on a pet on a crackle window sill.

Life: said the old man  
 life is a country-bound bus:  
 but none of the passengers is quite sure of his destination.  
 some pretend to be, and point, if you doubt,  
 to the timetable they carry in their pockets.  
 its no good asking the conductor.  
 he wont speak,  
 and anyhow, he only sits beside the driver  
 and smokes:  
 coming back at intervals  
 to collect his fare,  
 or to help weary shoulders a point to the door...  
 people get off at all sorts of places.  
 and i remember one woman who shouted after the bus.  
 she'd left an umbrella or something behind.  
 but we didnt even slow up.  
 you do see a lot of country tho...  
 but ive been here a long time now  
 and somehow imagine... before.

25-26]

22nd.

## Anthology Revisited.

Susa Sousa o how slow they come  
with brass band flare and quivering of drum,  
but never to their far Euroëan home.

Beech. X

The chestnut cries for witty speech:  
the fir recalls Lord Heine's palm:  
but its spring come the copper beech  
puts autumn in the epigram.

23rd

27]

Cucu.

The cuckoo did not come till well on way  
his two beat piston engine Lawton in:  
He started all one night and half next day  
unloading golden cargoes of redwhin.

I lay awake and dreamt of, in the sun,  
telling a campfire on the crowd gay sand.  
Next day when I went out, brief breakfast done,  
I saw green signals bright on either land.

Poplar. X

23rd

28]

The poplar in aspiring visible song  
 drove up between the stars a Shelley note,  
 till I, the lyric poet, wondered long,  
 and a crush complet crumbled in my throat.

For all my care that month had been of fields,  
 & the little things that splash or chirp in ditch,  
 I'd only thought the sky a well that yields  
 sunshine & warmth to make the brown earth rich.

Now the light worth I put upon mere ground  
 was beggared by this stark austerity;  
 and all the growing gain so hardly found  
 was withered grass & ugly burdened tree.

But while I stood a light wind from the west  
 fingered with dew-dank hand the eager tree:  
 and the sheer stars became, like all, possessed  
 by the rich <sup>movements</sup> process of mortality.

29]

Sonnet 9-32.

At noon I saw the apple blossom gay  
 and cheered my heart with lawn-white again:  
 but sadness came in customary way  
 at sight of one bare tree along the lane,  
 which had been overlooked by sun and rain  
 and left to fall in stably disarray:  
 no moral for their <sup>anogant</sup> insolent display  
 but madd by the sterility of pain.

Yet after sunset when the hills were dark  
 against a quiet blue that drifted in fold  
 I caught the gesture of the bare and stark  
 leaf-beggared boughs, and joy returned to me  
 for twinkling in that naked lattice old  
 a yellow star & deemed its poverty.

(23<sup>rd</sup>-24<sup>th</sup>)

30

When I have sat with young and witty friends  
and watcht the flame flowers written in the grate,  
morosely quoting tendencies and trends  
til one discovers that the hour is late,  
then, rising to hold back the springing gate,  
the cold rowest against my glowing face  
brings in black torrent the tremendous weight,  
and Atlas crumpling turbulence of space.

We have decided nothing by our noise  
save that, maybe, James Joyce is ignorant  
of half the lewd perversions of small boys,  
or that, it seems, the craft of Ozierfant  
has superseded peasant-brained Cézanne,  
and barter's muddleheaded Roger try  
for dull aesthetics by some bleak young man,  
or found the flaw in <sup>Hopkins</sup> Empson's prosody . . .

39

Then in the smoke thick room that they have left  
I, more morose, sit digging chin in fist,  
surveying my flat life of faith bereft  
in shapes I love ~~and~~ life I would have kept.  
The <sup>meagre</sup> only triumph of that student night  
has been to blow the dust across my track,  
and render me remote cosmopolite  
beneath a gusty lamp in Rue du Bac . . .

Yet I regain my equivoise, and damn  
the sniffling repartee, the stinging wit,  
the spent stick of the burnt-out epigram  
that gilds an instant with the infinite . . .  
I reap the scales with old emotive dates,  
when Owen Roe or Connolly won renown  
by maybe calling up a line of Yeats,  
or Gordon singing of the County Down.

31]

Mute &amp; glorious Edison

24/15.

The beggar who I hurried to the door  
 began his usual whine, this lack of force, ...  
 no fault of his; just luck, this being poor ...  
 I told him that he needed no defence -

But was, if truth were told, well justified  
 in his demand that we dole out his keep:  
 he only lacked for bread, the land is wide,  
 and there as always stacks wherein to sleep.

I dared a venture: did he play or sing,  
 or maybe write great poems or events?  
 Aye, all o' that, but more than any thing  
 he'd greater notions than ten parlements.

51

a way to alter scissors that would make  
 a tailor's cutting easy to a boy:  
 a patent inside plan exact to take  
 the weariness off feet, and bring back joy.

I gave him what he wanted - an owl's shirt,  
 he left with tuffence to'ids & doostouse bed,  
 his white beard gray with thirty counties' dirt,  
 and seventeen inventions in his head.

32]

## Victor Song.

O not for me the silver arrogance  
 of these pale quiet men who love defeat.  
 I seek the proffered hand, the appraising glance  
 and the loud clamor of the rocking street.

For I was born when autumn of the year  
 bragged rife with pomp and argosy:  
 they follow thro' spring's naked crags and sheer  
 the white defeated god of Calvary.

Mrs' Dufed Riddle

June 10<sup>th</sup>

43

51

Poems in June.

"aephi"

Tho time be blacked in colored squares,  
 and space a greasy fingerprint,  
 -perpetually rat riddled stairs  
 stir under me with skull creak's hint

So I know well the sick with space  
 and dizzy on the ropeswing void  
 a blindman heard men praise a face  
 and beauty's endlessly betrayed.



10<sup>15</sup>

I sway with neither rein nor rule  
 across a flat plain white with drought-  
 for never having learnt at school  
 the stiff geometry of thought.

I dig the sand with feeling twig  
 or catch the dew with open hand:  
 Yet tense earth bulges and is by  
 with births I do not understand.

And I who should have eased her pain  
 or drugged her labor with delight  
 call idly for the quiet rain  
 and the cool fingers of the night

There remains  
 such grace in culmination that decay,  
 if it be rhythmic, must be beautiful.

Therefore I praise the whole man, he who uses  
 experience with half a dozen words  
 that fix his being with well driven nail  
 in the clean timber of the universe.

Then if a stupid hand haul back the claw  
 and fumble with the nail and drag it out  
 the wood was cleven and will so remain.

15-14-

The lazy sun vibrating like a song  
 glimmers above the little rounded hills.  
 Yet in one field a rising skylark's song  
 flew spray into my face from fairy mills.

Stacked hay flew restless shadows on the ground,  
 and down sheep nibbled withered stalks of grass,  
 yet swinging from that netter of sound  
 red comets guttered out to let me pass.

A thrush in the shaking lilac cried  
 his Stevensonian romantic things: -  
 how the world is wide as a street is wide,  
 and the lamplighters' accolade more than a king's.

But I turned my face to the slanting rain  
 and soundly I am on out of my mind  
 for the endless peace of the reef lashed main  
 will not be so easy for me to find.

my mouth is muted by the urgent breast,  
and the clogged ruffle plugs my perled lips.  
 The limbs that had been marble when caressed  
 are now so old and scorch my finger tips.

So lonely in the world, companionless  
 we seek the dark vast north whence we came  
 remember maybe by a windblown tress  
 or lifted face, yet find them shaft of flame.

## Retrospect

At one time snared by a net of preraphaelite roses  
 twining about a pale woman who stood by a door  
 and tendrils that mesh the crusty helm till the scarred visor closes  
 I broke from the tangle and ran to a dowsonish whore —

merely, I needlessly mention, of absentee and sonnet  
 for the darlots who stop you at midnight care little for song  
 know less of the boys than of grandmother's sequined velvet bonnet  
 and are eager to head for their lodgings and take you along.

Now I having skipped the bank holiday georgian garden  
 and only nodded to holly lock, bullock and squirrel  
 raise a battered hat to Humbert and beg his pardon  
 if from his flickering twig I have lit my forest fire.

20th

X

Young love among the appleblossom straying  
holds out white hands and turns brown lined eyes  
how blue - halloo windsterned boughs are swaying  
against unfathom'd blue of April skies.

Let when the flower is fallen and the apples  
rot in the rafters left she still will move  
white quiet feet where autumn sunlight dapples  
the subtle gold that shrouds her murdered love.

22nd

I have given me the hope  
and turned my face from the search.  
I shall never climb the slope  
and rear ne a sham Sothern Church.

20th 51

X

near Aghalee I felt my heart grow light  
for appleblossom, appleblossom spread  
its perilous pink still all the land was bright  
and sunlight flooded year-old stacks and sheds.

"Here I am native" easily occurred  
the phrase that I had never thought to say.  
I am that tree, that gate post, the daft bird,  
I am this dust, this whin, this blackened hay.

And where that figure moves about <sup>his task</sup> the door  
I am beside him, shadow, I am he.  
God is not far to seek, with sky blue mask  
he hides with gnarled hands in that apple tree.

Then on I went with rapt ecstatic face  
until I came to Surgen & the ruin  
and saw the women in the market place  
Tant cheapack tinsel wares for greasy gain.

Then once again I knew myself apart,  
with nothing kindred to me, lost, alone  
and time's old weight came down upon my heart  
and Spring had no more blossom than a stone.

Sauntering slow I chanced to meet  
a young man in O'Connell Street.  
He stopped me, didn't know the way,  
but wanted to get out to Bray.  
With all the noise the pilgrims made  
this Congress week, he was afraid,  
and thought the white gulls and the sea  
would stabilise his sanity . . .

22nd.

He lifted it deftly in his hand  
-caressed the little dusty dish,  
indicated with enthusiastic finger  
the guano bird, the lizard and the fish.

Then for an instant between the high store cases  
filled the kind pomp of golden age Peru,  
the keen eyed artists, the smiling benevolent monarch,  
the fat brown children's laughing crew.

I heard the roar of the incredible Spaniards  
the cannon's noise and the battle cry;  
-and the hard black cross broke the little dusty dish,  
the Pope still sits in his gilded sty.

55  
22nd.

The art  
of verse decays  
tho the eager heart  
be brimmed for days  
with thought well planned,  
considers song  
if the lazy land  
relax for long  
and take  
no care the pen's dark track to make

Female

In villa gardens men with floppy hats  
 spray roses, fumble shears or smoke their pipes  
 Brown tennis girls drag home reluctantly  
 with racket, net and blazer over arm.  
 The lit parlours near deserted courts  
 are loud with cup clink and a banged piano.  
 Shapes pass the window jiggling to the noise.  
 And in a vacant lot <sup>sweating</sup> four sunburnt boys  
 play on intent with fifty still to make.  
 Between the houses nervous swifts are screaming  
 a corn-crake and a dog lark hill and town  
 notes drift like dust from laurel shrub to ledge.  
 The sunsets in a blanket heap of grey  
 The park bell rings... the anglers argue out  
 This is an epoch's end.

This is the end.

The sleepy toxins of the flesh  
have tinted the phials of my thought:  
 and tho' the ~~the~~ whin rock wind is fresh  
 This spring is not the spring I sought.

So grows the dread that being old  
 I'll lack the heart to rally when  
 both bush and tree repeat with gold  
 the roundel of the spring again.

24 15.

I watered the flowers and shrubs  
this evening in the garden.

a heartrending job.

I had to use a score of buckets

I am so humane —

always having to go back

to wet the last little thirsty leaf.

of currant or fuschia or rose  
or even broom.

for they turned blank dusty faces to me  
like children waiting for buns and tea  
at a Sunday-school excursion

and I could not leave

the tiniest one out.

It's all Whitman's fault.

Or Christ's.

59  
24 16

The little rooms are angular,  
have not the dreiser character  
of big old houses even in a common street.

The furniture is neat and sharp.

A wireless cabinet

dominates the drawing room.

A small clock rings for the  
quarters halves and hours.

There are two photographs of the husband.

And one of the husband's father.

The wife is restless in the little place.

Her soft hands twinkle over cups and plates,

Hand-painted plates. On the cakestand . . .

Between two bookends — elephants

side reputable risqué novels.

It is Ibsen

played as an Aldwych farce



X

Being by the weather and by ill health  
incapacitated from

the necessary exercise of thought

I spent an evening climbing down

my

lean

stalk / tap root / call it / what you / will

Unable thro inefficiency of expert knowledge  
to tabulate

ab and c my childhood and adolescence's  
formulative occasions and events

I have clambered back

to my giant country

my pocket-stuff

with pebbles from Slynm river

where dad and I bathed weary feet

That day we tramped to Larnie ...

always supposing I am a David

What Goliath shall I slay.

## No burning Sappho.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece -

Lord Byron dead and Rupert Brooke

a golden shoot

to haunt the coast

and bring blue skies and tideless seas

between the covers of a book.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece -

the atlas has as worthy maps: -

flat acres where

mild flemish air

stirs the roadguarding poplar trees

above the ravens of better shops

When men say none I at once stand think  
 of Thomas Brown or Peveril o' the Peak,  
 rejoicing as I do in the correct responses  
 to any stimulus that comes my way.

But in this instance I fell rather flat  
 manx cats, Hell cane, and Tourist Trophy races  
 of course are mobilised if I think a minute,  
 and even the textual note to Lycidas.

But strange what my first picture is of Laxey,  
 the bus drawn up beside a petrol pump,  
 and a small Hindu fan over on his heels  
 tumbling down the steps and walking away  
 but turning at the corner to raise his hat,  
 because, while waiting in the Ramsey shelter  
 I took the opportunity to express  
 my sympathy with his national aspirations.

my oldest hope is for that fleecy seed  
 to root and blossom maybe near Anritsar.

## Sonnet 10'32.

The spirit's track's a snail smear in the sun.  
 Where is the passionate narrow plane that lit  
 the gusty spaces of the infinite  
 that quiver still with shame of time outrun:  
 the high exultant blasphemies that shun:  
 the laughing scorn no justice can acquit  
 of bright contempt, yet longs to laugh with it  
 till earth and sky of fantasy are spun?

no. There is nothing here. There is belief  
 in cloudy good, a near suburban lake  
 that somehow surely mountain crags of grief  
 subside from rock and hail by rassy slope.  
 that somehow cancer but subserves that good  
 since mythic Christ died on a shabby road.

X

I have no skill to pierce  
 a moment's care in song  
 until the shaken spears  
 cry out upon the wrong.

I have no wit to make  
 a new delight by thought:  
 even for beauty's sake  
 for whom all joy is wrought.

I work by memory  
 and seek to bring to mind  
 may be a hill or tree  
 or cornfield in the wind

For J. R. W.

I did him wrong in that my faith was not  
 keen to his golden ardor that he thought  
 and buoyed his heart in thinking, that it was.  
 For surely to sound hearts and minds the cause  
 must be exalted, followed to the end.  
 and he had grown to look on me as friend —  
 had I not shared his vision, spoken of  
 the high intangible mysteries of love —  
 that wing the triumph from the defeated brow,  
 and smitten cheeks. At midnight in this house  
 had he not shown the spear wound in his side?  
 Yet though my fancy matched his urgent stride  
 the little things of comfort and delight,  
 the book and fire, the curtains drawn at night,  
 so wrap me round that when he thought to make  
 a gesture that might jolt the earth <sup>land</sup> awake  
 I mumbled in my sleep and turned away  
 and left him lonely to resume my play

starfire, puff pipe, read book, and wrap me quite  
in the little things of comfort and delight.

These still so hedgemo round that tho I make  
these tedious verses for my conscience's sake  
because I start o' nights, catch sight of blood  
and burn for shame because I might have stood  
beside him at that hour .. Yet what I write  
is aind to <sup>fan</sup> purge my comfort and delight.

---

30th June

67

X  
A great white cloud came tumbling from the west,  
an alpine continent of starry froth.

Took the long sunbeam on its maiden breast —  
baird shameless bosom, <sup>glimmered</sup> flutter. like a north —

Then, frightened lover, coy behind a tree  
ran from the lecherous winds that sought her rape;  
— great bustle in the woods, then she swept free  
— a Bourbon grande dame making proud escape

---

Poems in July.

Note for the Somme anniversary.

The saxophone  
proclaims the dance...  
Crusht bone by bone  
they rot in France.

---

Keltic Sonnet I

11th July

I scorn the Kelt yet something in my blood  
moves at the sight of gray Atlantic rain:  
a beggar woman in a misty lane  
blessing your penny by the holy rood;  
green hills astir with shadowy brotherhood  
of fay and hero or a wild refrain  
with laughter somewhere in it and great pain  
sung <sup>at</sup> by a hearth or in a lonely wood.

I know, I know the wrong this spirit's done:  
the dark young man sucked dry of hope and life  
then flung into the gutter, left to rot,  
who might have bred up handsome daughter and son,  
and lived in quiet with a housewife wife —  
but at the thought of Eire I forget.

---

[12-'32]

II

12<sup>14</sup>

So with the thought of 'Eire' never far  
 from churning mind, a Gaelic phrase or word  
 brings back an age and landscape memory blurred,  
 but woven of the stuff of sun and star.  
 So too your daily travail regular  
 is shattered and transfigured when a bird  
 sings in a pool of blue, chance, overheard,  
 as for an instant { <sup>heaven's door's afar</sup> traffic stills its gear }

The base and structure of my rampant mind  
 is overlaid by daily use and thought  
 and ordered by the season's heat or cold  
 has quivering gestures intricate and blind  
 as the far back a passionate man who fought  
 finds comfort in a word now he is old

[13-'32]

III

13<sup>15</sup>

Scot, Welsh, or manx, with any I am kin.  
 The Saxon speaks a foreign tongue to me...  
 and Kentish hoprows, white cliffs by the sea  
 or London with busroar and tractor din  
 have little power to roush my fancy in,  
 who lose my wit in ardent ecstasy  
 when sunset smolders in a scraggy tree  
 or spring shawls mountain breasts with glowing whin.

The spare and strange, the wistful and the gaunt,  
 the quiet and far calling, these are they  
 whose shadowy gestures beckon me to haunt  
 my keltic love in melancholy bay  
 and when I put the restless thought away  
 come back with crying words my peace to haunt.

[14-32]

manx sonnets

15<sup>th</sup>.

(1)

I am no Dakyns, nor am manxmen born,  
 indeed a Kelt only by casuistry:  
 yet when loud traffick Snaefell from the sea  
 brings back the Pagan wonder of the morn,  
 the ledgs with trippers, ignorant of my scorn,  
 I stand elate and warm with urgency  
 'til Point of Ayre spreads out unscarred of toil,  
 and gladly count the unwept fields of corn.

So might an exile after many years  
 have choking throat and failing of the eyes  
 'til joy attain the ecstasy of tears  
 so dear to hold his native hills and skies  
 yet surer than he much sadder shall I fare  
 who love the island but am foreign there.

[Shipboard: "Castle Rushen".]

73

[15-32]

manx sonnets

17<sup>th</sup>."
 

(Ramsey)

Time here is more a telescope than glass.  
 King Orry, large as Kinn, gains mastery.  
 Beneath the axe stroke watch young Olaf die,  
 and Ronald with his hundred galleys pass.  
 To capture Rusku. Bruce the Scotsman has  
 drummed thro' the village bannered regally,  
 and in the bay Thurot who sought to fly  
 from Elliott's ships takes leave of tree and grass.

A haltry fourscore years ago. Ah me  
 already low the vista dwindles down —  
 Prince Albert and the Queen east anchor here.  
 She does not land. He does. Today you see  
 Bankclerks and grocers' wives burntred and brown,  
 and kinneket-teachers with a taste for beer.

[Ramsey 1.0.M.]

[16-'32]

## Manx Sonnets.

23rd.

(III)

Last night the streets of swarming towns afar  
 may have gone up in flame, or angry drums  
proclaimed inadequate millenniums  
 and East stormed on the west with threat of war:  
 a lost Penryn Tavern, marked by star,  
 heard Christ cry as the fleetest shepherd comes,  
 a twilight on some hearth a kettle hums  
 that lulled a Watt to dream oracular.

I do not know: my spirit in loss  
 by the long sessions of the sea and sky;  
 the beating waves 'noon magical unrest,  
 the leap of salmon, and the black gulls' cry  
 hills troubled only by the skylark's quest  
 have shut me in a tower of ecstasy.

[Ransey 1.0.M.]

15

[17-'32]

## Manx Sonnets

23rd.

(IV)

I never walk beside the gull-fleeced sea,  
 or fumble fingers in the running sand,  
 when in July long days burn up the land,  
 and rust the green fruit on the apple tree,  
 but I remember those packet days of glee  
 before mad rumor rose into command,  
 and blood bedabbled every lifted hand  
 at bidding of discreet diplomacy.

For we were young, and ran about the bay,  
 or splashed the water, thistled in the sun,  
 with song and story eloquent and gay,  
 and glad to sleep cool-shelled, pleasure done,  
 tho' whispers shivered hot across the world  
 incredible flags and banners were unfurled.

[Ransey, 1.0.M.]



X "Three Places, Dakyns ... 23rd

I went to the side of man,  
read the shopnames with eager heart and tongue,  
Cairn, Quayle and Kewish  
Corlett, Kermodie and Christian ...  
till everywhere was full  
of J.E. Brown their Poet.

But when I spoke to people of him  
they looked blank:  
landladies whose husbands were dead  
or had been bawn in warring tin  
message boys and cockney charabouts,  
and grocers' lads from Liverpool.

Three people knew -  
Three people, Dakyns -  
(a) the museum attendant in Douglas  
proudly pointed to his pipe

half a dozen faded photographs,  
and scattered M.S.S.

- (b) a bobbed hair girl in a newsagent's in Ransay  
and
- (c) an old man who chewed tobacco  
at Maughold Cross one Sunday evening  
while I waited for the bus  
three people - Dakyns.

[16] X Victorian Defeat

25th.

To my generation  
the sole value of the Victorian disaster  
lies in the 'entire' fragments cast upon the shore.  
For instance:

a stuffy parlor in a boarding house  
two watercolors of the school of birdsnest Hunt.  
antimacassar. aspidistria.  
Petit point firescreen.  
Heavy curtains on the door.  
Pearl and Seashell picture frames  
round photographs of the landlady  
the landlady's husband clutching his hat,  
and the landlady's uncles and cousins,  
And would you Believe It?  
was fruit supported by marble doves  
on a heavy mahogany sideboard,  
Overall the stuffy smell

of a music teacher's room  
musty withered semibreves  
and old maids' peppermints.

But stuck in, partially hidden  
behind a rambowing mirror  
a fan woven of grasses —  
raffia sort of thing with the name Pitcairn on it —

Think of the scuffle and shouting,  
the lowering away of boats,  
the threats and scoff at commands: [boat.  
Buntal Bligh and his thousand mile voyage in a long  
Christian and his Tahitian wife:  
Heywood and the wild legends of his name:  
the dismantling of "the Bounty";  
the first half breed of the furious blood  
of dark women and mutineer,  
cries in the tropic night,  
the fireflies, the palms,

[16] all the Stevensonian stuff:  
the breakers on the reef pounding  
the high goats bleating on the crags  
Lust Hate and Anger under the Southern Cross.

a fan pushed behind a mirror  
in a Victorian parlor.

O Shades of Spurgeon  
and Prince Albert  
it was only seeming victory that you had.

Ellan Vannin X

26th

Invocation for J.E. Brown

[see "Spes Altera: To the Future Manx Poet"]

Cairne, Corlett, Christian, Skillicorn,  
the poet has not yet been born.  
The lovely hills, the thundering cafes,  
the quiet harmonies and shapes  
put on by stream and cloud and tree  
pass unrecorded but by me  
who am not manx, am scarce a Kelt,  
save only by the fears I felt  
for similar rocks and hills and streams  
10. that wake in me old Keltic dreams,  
and find beneath his island sky  
vague wishes of nationality  
that runs not counter to my heart  
as do the French and English. Part  
of that vast province of poetry  
seems here to blossom in hedge and tree

as in my home. But never yet  
has poet risen to weave regret  
at waning of the manx, and hope

20. in the future of the Keltic slope  
that climbs to God thro mist and rain  
save only Brown; and thro his pen  
be called upon the later born,  
Quayle, Corlett, Cortier, Skellicorn,  
to do the deed more high, completer,  
and make the Island Epic sweeter  
than lay in his percrabbid hands  
an exile from the sunset land  
in alien shoals. But since that time  
30. full forty years have rung their chime  
and dwindled in the darkening sky

The Poet has not yet come nigh;  
Ayre, Laxey, Peel, are still unsung,  
and there seems small hope from the young,  
who are earnest in sport and play,

in satchback showman holiday,  
A bogged in work that dulls the heart  
making impossible the smart  
peatreek can bring into the eyes

40. that have been long divorc'd from skies  
by hill and earth's edge limited

So only I who claim no deed  
where low tides smack on Maughold Head,  
who have not used the reapers' care  
in the wide cornfields round Legayre,  
who have not sat in patient school  
with the black rainclouds on Barrull,  
and still am very far from sure  
where Lewaigne begins and where Ballure,  
have found the taste that's not for me  
because of Keltic sympathy,  
if not to do what Brown desired,  
at least, to skew no faggot-fired  
to light the gattering darkness over

50.

This isle that claims and made me lover.

O Brown forgive me if I sing  
too weakly the desired thing.

It was not mine to choose. These hills  
called up the essence of the hills

60. my native isle endureth yet,  
and brought back pity and regret.

But I have not the craft to make  
one song complete for Erin's sake  
since she transcends my rugged muse  
bred only with stiff northern themes.

So if I put Mairim in song  
I serve two purposes. The wrong  
done may be equal. Yet I hope

70. this island shall not be my scope,  
but singing her I'll sing the core  
of Keltic pieces evermore.

So, Brown, my master, take this song  
and taking it, forgive the wrong

I do by on and manna. There still  
is magic in rock, stream, and hill,  
and this may serve till he is born,

77.

Caeni, Kerran, Kewish, Stallicom.

16th.

When the disgusts of time  
have stopp'd in the flesh  
Then may a random rumour  
have mind and body fresh.

And waken'd once again  
with no more burning eyes  
find men are naked men  
beneath ecstatic skins,

'til town and street put on  
a holiday attire  
as day flares into dawn  
and sunset dies in fire.

97

16th.

Forevermore I take

the path my temper leads,  
Love done with timid needs  
insisted for love's sake.

And if I go alone,  
alone I go. 'Tis well.  
There is no heaven or hell,  
when you sleep under stone.

And there is friendship none,  
nor love's remote device  
when maybe once or twice  
the swallow brings the sun.

16th

When I am sixty five  
perhaps my thought will be  
a shivering old man scarce alone  
complaining bitterly,  
beside an ashen grate  
where glowing coals once caught  
from daring dreams deliberate  
have died with chilling thought.

Or, here my hope is set,  
the traffic of my mind  
may have worn thin the body's net  
and freed me to the wind.

99

16th

I set my shaying feet  
once more upon a road  
that may for all I know repeat  
the troubled memories of the street  
as long with pain I stride.

And yet I do not care...  
not greatly, if I go  
out to the shivering mountain air  
where skies are cold and peaks are bare,  
or back the way I know.

16th.

The cool perpetual miracle of grass,  
and lasetails lashing flies  
under the shade of yellowing trees . . .

then striking motor buses pass,  
up up the hidden recesses  
and drag down larks from screaming skies

17th  
10'

I had forgot or never known  
the value of the essential me,  
the mystery I live alone,  
my individuality .

The press and traffic of my days,  
the faces, hands, the sounds and cries  
had hedged me in a crackling blaze  
til smoke and flame were wall and skies .

Like Shadrach and the other two  
the fire has fallen from me now;  
untoucht by aught save stardropt dew  
no thorns shall scathe my tempered brow .

For tho the heavens crack and rend  
and earth like ice struck shif be split  
I stand self-founded to the end  
undaunted by the infinite .



X

My life has been a goatfoot, scared retreat  
 from vision, I have fled the magic thing.  
 Too imminent bright shadows through the street,  
 and my heart quivered at a swallows wing.

No twig thrust starward but its mystery  
 was plain. I shut the wonder from my eyes  
 protesting that a tree was but a tree  
 and spring a rabbit causing no surprise.

I found my hand stays by the weight of thought.  
 How soon I strike if God were in the blow,  
 God in the scuttling insect, caught when caught,  
 God in the starling dying in the snow.

So if I were to have a life like men  
 and not go down to loneliness and dust,  
 I must not let the dream entrance me then  
 or on the altar let my weapon rust.

But - I have found before it is too late,  
 the vision has not past, and will not pass.  
 And I can seize content, thumb nose at fate,  
 and glory in the miracle of grass

17th.

One thing I love. The gesture; finding there  
what bids art be. Full motive and content.

Creation of solid matter from thin air.

Jense mind, brimmed body for one instant bleat.

And with the gesture gusts, hearty taste.

Let no sense just but strain it to its peak,

altho the full gourd tumble over and waste,

or with the bubbled volume bulge and break.

.....  
Yet do not let the mystery be lost

that surges round life's tremulous domain

no Luther's more sublime who risks truth's cost

than Mr. Simpson walking to the train.

Wherefore dream not the glory has declined

that led of old ten thousand to the sea

Mount Everest's scald in some sick cripples' mind

and any Garden is Gethsemane.

17th

105

By instinct reactions, I reject the chance,  
and miss, perhaps the occasion for my ace . . .  
who with more courage might have trumped romance  
and won the rubber with your white queen's face.

If I could be remote, dispassionate;

I might, indeed, observe the game and learn

the proper gesture, not too soon or late,

know worth o' tactics that I think to spurn.

A little vigor more, accept the risks:

play blandly on as tho I know - I know . . .

for there's no time to step and count the disks

the banker pushes towards you as you go.

17th

So let us live that somehow we may share  
in the vast glory waiting for the earth;  
that we may be as imminent as air  
when justice and twin mercy come to birth.

For in our traffic with each other we  
may but forestall the regimen of peace  
when every man shall live in equity  
with the strong rooted elegance of trees

57

17th

Here I who love you more than all the world  
go from you to the sunset hills alone . . .  
Yet 'til time's dripping flags haul down a furl  
there will be those to whom your beauty's known.

I shall not climb the tense abyss of air  
or plunge earth's core as blighted Dante did,  
or fix you in a *mona Lisa* stare,  
or carve your name on crumbling pyramid.

But tho' I lack such scope my annoyance  
shall temper me a narrow blade of song  
where with I'll cleave the governing limbs of chance,  
and fix our love secure from dust and wrong

17/15

My mind is loose with thought  
that should be free with song . . . .  
The lyric thrush is caught  
in tedious nets of wrong.

Could I be innocent  
and free from wrong or right  
then thought and song were blent  
into a spire of light.

But tho' the wings of song  
beat up into the air  
the web of right and wrong  
grips beak in stupid snare:

and what you hear, or seem  
to hear, is not my song  
but memories of a dream  
remote from right and wrong.

109

X

17.15

The fish flapped on my shoes  
turd of a chilling eye,  
its back a silver bruise,  
mouth oozing bloodily . . . .

So while I cut nose bait  
and wipt my dripping rod  
I mused on chance and fate  
and somehow pitied God

## The Hired Lad's Farewell

Islandmagee, 1921.

Then tomorrow you'll be going home, <sup>my</sup> lad?  
The farm boy, only older than myself  
by two turned years, sighed like a grownup man,  
shifted his ragged body on the stack,  
and plucked a longer straw. With chin on knees  
I sat not looking at him, gazing out  
beyond two line-west pillars at the yard  
where a late hen that'd strayed all afternoon  
<sup>ran</sup> came clucking back and scraping round the door.  
From the open byre <sup>came</sup> the swish of lazy tails  
and quiet breathing till a bucket fell.

Roots gathered in the tall elms near the house.  
The sun's last golden touch set earth aflame  
till stack and ledge and hill were smouldering <sup>in a haze</sup>.  
The yellow stubble ran into the haze  
retarded only by the stacks' long shadows.

1914.

111  
Tomorrow I'll be going home again.  
For two months now Sandy and I had been  
close friends and comrades in this <sup>country</sup> quiet life.  
~~At first, a priest with a young earnest novice,  
and then two silent thoughtful worshippers  
who faced the ritual of the opening earth  
with reverence and gentle affirmation.~~  
I had learnt much from him. More than I will  
again learn in so short a time. Today  
I walk more wisely for the knowledge he gave,  
know love of cow and horse, of crop and <sup>root</sup> fruitage,  
that brims my heart up when a screaming train  
tears thro' green acres from town to smoky town.

So this was parting. This was our farewell.  
He'd learnt from me a scrap or two of verse  
the names of foreign places and fierce kings,  
and something of the men who have given life  
a richer meaning by their simple words,  
and how to hold a bat, or toss a lob.

that gave more trouble than my overarm  
We both were changed thro meeting with each other  
We would not even be just quite the same.

And now life plays a customary trick,  
Lad and us each for each, then sundered us.  
In three months' time the lad would go to sea,  
an older cousin promised that last year  
for all his people always went to sea,  
tho' bred in a country place of corn and fescue,  
and early familiar with the ways of cattle.  
For their small meadows stumbled to the sea's edge  
and broke in cliff and shingle to the waves...  
And burnt was on the hay the <sup>creatures</sup> horses' munched,  
giving a tang to the milk. They spread bladder wrack  
over ~~the~~ dry fields at the proper time  
and got good crops: as good as any dung:  
while blackhead gulls screamed in the wake of the plow.

He would go to sea for thirty or forty years

then settle down a lighthouse keeper or pilot  
at some lost lonely cliff foot round the coast;  
but never after go back to work on the land.  
It seemed a foolish thing to lose his wisdom,  
hard mastered skill he'd spent his boyhood getting,  
only to turn his hand to rope and sails:  
and eat wind fork and biscuit who knew how  
to slit a hog's throat, or stack the heavy corn.

Tomorrow then I'd sit in the farmer's trap  
on bulging <sup>box</sup> ~~cases~~ and wave a nervous hand,  
while Sandy's stand peering over the tumbled hedge  
just where the heifer broke thro yesterday  
and I'd not see him ever any more,  
unless maybe an Indian typhoon  
flung me into some <sup>bar</sup> pub in Singapore  
where Sandy'll wife beam fist across his mouth -  
and that's unlikely for I do not drink,  
and don't see how I'll ever get to Malaya.  
As for Sandy, he'll maybe follow gold

2 new lines →

or at some gray side walking to the main  
I'd catch a glimpse of him thro an open port hole.

over red acres of some desert place  
in Australia, or stub trees across the red dirt.

But here we were on the stack's top; very <sup>still</sup> sad.

Old Brennan's black bull roars. The noisy cow,  
that was Janie's pet, lowed quietly back to him.

The shadows of the elms and stacks spread out.  
What sun was left shone on the glittering stubble.

A curlew or some other wandering bird  
cried from the lough. <sup>Far off</sup> ~~to~~ an engine <sup>hotted</sup>...

Tomorrow I was going home for good.

And if I came next year he would be gone,  
in any case. I tried to think of <sup>sport</sup> fun,

of our antics on the hay float, picking up  
hard little windfalls bitten to the tongue,  
or belly crawling after Johnson's beans,  
or whipping up the honey, or whacking pigs

'til their red buttocks quivered as they ran.  
But it was useless.

I was going home,

and Sandy here was going away to see

He never was at best articulate,

~~but now his effort made me pitiful.~~

A lump in his throat held back what he longed to say.

At least his eyes were full of comradeship  
and pity at our parting. I had been

the first boy to run with him as a friend  
for he'd no brothers or sisters, was an orphan,  
and always was a sort of hired lad.

out working for his keep to sullen people.  
Now he was going away, a hired lad,  
indentured to the sea 'til time should end.

And I was going home to a city of brick  
to bind my self to <sup>traffic</sup> ~~these~~ things o' the mind.

The sun sank down behind the antrim ridge,  
sending a last flare thro black smouldering trees.

The sky's hue faded from high lonely gold  
thro greenly green to violet and red grey

I shall not be near as at any death.

24th

Let us stand up. It is time I spoke for my century  
and made my country articulate thro me.

Time to revise the mist and keening. Time to shape and make  
something durable like Céiganne that when my people wake  
they may have tangibilities and solids to learn their strength upon  
and not spend themselves banging fists & skins against twilight boulders in the Keltic dawn.

So let me banish from my lyric every fantasy and dream  
and concentrate on the Drumm Battery and the Shannon Scheme:

no more of Cuchullainn and Caochobar and the golden <sup>swords</sup> Gaels  
but chant ecstatically of cooperative farms and dairy <sup>by marketing boards</sup> produce sales.

24th

Already when I rise  
the mist across the grass  
turns to a thick twisting smoke  
and spires about the trees.

Then with a higher sun  
mist surges up and lifts  
till the trees are girls by a river  
who pull off silken shifts



What can I do to ease the pain  
 life means to every breathing man?  
 I cannot lay the reinspring bare  
 and show things naked as they are,  
 the universe a shivering void  
 with no hope in it, and no god.  
 each budding tree awrithe with lust,  
 winter adultery of frost -

Yet knowing this if I still go  
 with smiling mouth and shining brow  
 singing a climbing skylark note  
 weightless maybe with quiet thought,  
 or giving Christ the beggarman  
 a crusty bread or a lambone,  
 and laughing now and then a joke  
 for sturdy friendships' lasting sake  
 then surely I shall have done all  
 a mortal can to calm his soul.

Prologue to a Conjectured Epic  
 "Cuchullain".

I take this story, a birthright of my people,  
 and tell it over to unheeding ears,  
 without a word to raise in my defence.  
 It has been sung before by better poets,  
 men craftier in verse and wiser than I.

But this be said: Cuchullain's o' the North  
 and never northern poets' told his worth  
 It has been left to soft voiced southerners  
 to praise the hardy vigor of our champion

So I have done this, uttering a claim  
 in the high valiant memory of the hero  
 that men may know we living in the North,  
 where the great glenribbed lonely headlands smash  
 the rebellious waters of the middle sea  
 and where the long waves o' the Atlantic break

on the bare shores about the mouth o' the Bann,  
and Lough Neagh's buffles wash the reedy banks  
and Slieve lifts the dream of Patrick  
tho' the low mists that sweep from the dark west,  
we living in this north have our own pride.  
And all these hills and quiet places throng  
with shadowy legends of forgotten days  
as much for us as for the darkest Kelt  
that beams about the drearest Connacht bog  
for three thousand years have shafted us so,  
since godly strong and fierce our fathers came  
camp followers of the warring Lord of Hosts.

Indeed for me, the last of a Purlitan race,  
the shadows have come down and taken away  
my strength and fierceness, nor have left my god.  
And I am driven to lift an image o' this land  
as mystic object for my worship above  
the hard realities and stubborn shapes  
that make an Ulster landscape dull to the eye.

Autumn came on us lingering in the wood.  
From out the tangle where no blossoms grew  
we broke into a mounded glade of grass  
and stood  
with twilight weakened eyes to see clouds pass  
across a window of unlatticed blue.

Then suddenly we grew aware  
of the long slant of sunbeams thro' the trees:  
and that old autumn sadness in the air  
came whispering of gentle mysteries,  
came whispering,  
and we who had not listened since the Spring  
to the far voice behind the natural sound  
grew quiet; all our thought  
grey with the shadowy rallying  
of high unnameable cohorts of despair.

Then as the light dies from the glittering air  
the tall and yellowing trees  
became dark brooding (noisiers) cypresses  
about a low dead king's low grassy mound  
and all our gestures were with sorrow fraught.

31st.

123

## Approach of Winter

We pull into black seas, the flying stars  
shall splash behind us in a hissing gale,  
quivering an instant on frost splintered spars  
as wolfwinds howl and scabble after sail.

With rain-stung face one may deliberate  
on the rich summer of our journeying  
but wraft and warm in cabin I shall wait  
the swallows' morsebright bulletin of spring

31st.

I find within my heart  
tumult and rage enough  
that if I had the art  
would flood the earth with love . . .

But lacking this they spill,  
are lost in parched sand . . .  
that might have grassed a hill  
or daffodiled the land.

Poems in September

7th Sept

125

I vex me for the high immortal days  
when only dead men dared their names to verse.  
when every sentence brought its counter phrase  
and time gaped wideeyed at wise schoolmasters:

when tall young men paced grimly round the track  
or lifted whizzing sides to the wall  
who two by two we marched to church in black  
and Caesar had the belly ache in Saul.

Autumn heavy on the heart  
 and a dreary lost bird calling,  
 wet leaves rotting in the autumn  
 while a gray rain falleth . . .

We are at the end of things . . .  
 Winter of the west comes nearer  
 yet a frost and starlight surely  
 we shall see more clearly.

X Prologue to "St. Patrick."

Let me here celebrate a lonely saint  
 who, tho his name is borne in memory  
 by any whippet fancier or priest,  
 is clean forgotten as a human being.

For centuries a figure of straw and sand  
 stiff with the tinsel ritual of Rome  
 they kept him hidden in religious gloom,  
 and only spoke of his shadowy precedence  
 as of the cloudhigh heroes of our dawn . . .  
 great ringing names with no defining features  
 to mark them those of shouting Kingly men.

But I have found, the dust blown off the page,  
 strong clamoring voices from the misty age  
 proclaiming Patrick as an urgent man,  
 a violent ignorant warmhearted fellow,

with little humor but much tenderness,  
the arrogant humility of saints  
lending his smallest gestures grace and magic.

So I have written here the story again  
hoping that some may listen and be made  
wiser and stronger by his majesty  
if so be that my thought could not flow  
and add another figure of tedious phrase  
stuff with the stilted skeleton of verse.

## St. Patrick

Vast thunder brooded over Europe's face  
for from the East came tumult and alarm  
as the long Roman lines were driven in  
before the onslaught of the harrying tribes.  
The caesars held a fretful nervous state  
and shivered as the wind across the steppes  
leapt thro' the withered rushes on the floor.

But in a village by the Western sea,  
in Britain where the legion camped as yet,  
there dwelt a lad, son of a sturdy sire -  
a christian deacon and an officer,  
who played his thoughtless eager boyish games  
as tho' Attila had not cracked his whip  
and the long Roman peace was dying out.

And when his father spoke of the great weight  
of Roman law and christian fellowship,

and how a man must spend his life to serve  
with willing heart and hand the two-in-one,  
he laugh't unthinking, shook his golden curls  
and ran to wrestle on the trodden sword.

His mother, quiet woman, kin of one  
named worthy in the Gallic church of far,  
word often with soft voice rebuke his father -  
Calpurnius, the lad is young enough -  
when he is older he willingly will learn  
and show his face as fitting to your stride  
and your dead father's, be as good a priest  
as that old man - as good an officer  
to God and home as you are. Let him be.

But one spring morn when pascal bell rang faintly,  
and people sat at worship suddenly  
they went forth... The Irish pirates land...  
Their galleys throng the bays... Their swords are red,  
In half a day the cottages were black

131  
and crashing walls where embers gutter'd out.  
The older folk were dead, save nigh a score  
who shudder'd in the misty treeless hills  
and cried to heaven. But the boys and girls  
already bound lay in reeking holds  
as the long sweeps struck white the darkening tide.  
And Sucat too, for all his eagerness  
sat tight lip't gazing on the dwindling shore  
chained to a sobbing playmate prone with fear.

In the slave market where at last they came,  
with chaffering and clamor they were sund'rd  
to pull the coarse nets by the Slannan's bank,  
or drive the dull plow thro' flat fields of heath  
or knead a king's iron bread - lonely walk,  
and serve his sullen appetite with tears...  
But Sucat, with strong arm and laughing eyes  
was march'd with shaggy guards down dusty roads  
and over stony fords to where in the north  
a karel old papa milencik held sway,

a savage soldier with wide untilled fields  
who mastered roaming flocks of sheep and swine,  
and owned the cattle on a large hills.

Here, beaten to subjection, the young slave  
was set among the crags to watch his herd  
and brooded in cloud trafficked solitude.

Trip Head: a Summary

As I came thro the desert, on my right  
dry bones of Elit bleaching to the moon  
and now dark hieroglyphs in rain gray stone  
where lizards crawled and bats whirled all the night.

As I came thro the desert on my left  
a wind curate on a pitchblack cross.  
as I came thro the desert thus it was  
of spear sponge nails thorn coronet bereft.

Here we come gathering nuts in may.

nuts in may,

nuts in may,

Here we come gathering nuts in may

on a cold and frosty morning.

This is that fiddle which for eighteen years  
I bought and played, when young and lacking sense.



A mudguard like a lonely roman arch  
rests on a pile of rusted hoops and springs -  
a poster preaching Mrs Robin's starch  
shakes ragged corners.

Judeah's shattered King's  
left on the hills or hanging by the hair  
are not more tragic.

Basil battles stare  
brown socketed red eyes.

The Jew has not  
yet seen the profit in this reeking heap.  
Warm winds from sloblands sweep the vacant lot.  
The thin cat shakes a tin and goes to sleep.

Get with this <sup>shards</sup> ~~water~~ I must brick <sup>up</sup> my life,  
paint } cave wall, decorate } bone hilted knife,  
wall of cave and ~~cave~~

Intent on battles for my keep  
the year grew old unwalkt of me;  
with seven hours a day asleep  
no time to dig for poetry.

Somewhere a instant stretcht its arms  
and opens into holiday

I trafficket factory sites for farms  
and hydrant jets for gull white spray,

and found on taking thought and breath  
recall as prelude of the spring,  
moving as one dragged back from death  
and knowing life a lovely thing.

17/5,

Let bruised mouth and raw torn hand  
evoke Christ's lonely ecstasy  
The pressed stud and the tight hat band  
Have a remoter agony . . .

The crown of thorns, the purple cloak,  
The red and manacles are less  
than the stiff collars and neck chokes,  
or Burton's tailor's wretchedness

18-19 12-

137

[28-'32]

Sonnet. X

Tonight a fresh wind from the forgotten north  
brings hint of winter in its boisterous hiss.  
Tomorrow walking wet roads I shall miss  
those solid banks of green spring budded forth.  
So in one sally autumn takes the earth,  
with hoarfrost etching its sharp emphasis  
til every twig and grass blade clearly is  
defined with a sweetness lacking since its birth.

No doubt then, sudden, in my dusty prime  
when I have been intent on trivial things  
that bring a man's hours with their urgency  
there'll be a day break glittering with rime  
and a far seaward rust of homing wings  
as life puts on new grace and majesty.

(29-'32)

Sonnet. X

The Arab whose tense life's a game with death,  
who treads on perils as a man on swords,  
who seizes what the oasis affords  
with eager nervous hand and anxious breath  
sits by his tent at night sharp stars beneath  
and shapes their motion into simple words  
secure in the clear wisdom that accords  
with what of old his styled prophet saith.

Yet I when walking in the dark alone  
look up and see the heaven's dangerous scroll  
and am defeated by the terror of it  
for the small star I base my feet upon  
precarious on the edge of space must roll  
its term unreckoned by a cocksure prophet.

1815

(30-'32)

Sonnet.

When handling skulls and bones that point me back  
to the dark pit were digged from I grow wise  
with wonder at the breathless enterprise  
were part of, and recall each rash attack  
that drove my race down a defeated track  
and wrested from despair bright victories.  
I hearing far within me stoneage cries  
dream future's harvest safe in barn and stack.

But meeting men again and seeing how  
they falter and fall down dismayed by life  
how this one bears a bleeding Thornsword brow  
and that one's ribs are raked with hunger's knife  
I almost pray the dark gods end earth now  
so little seems the gain of our mad strife.

1815

139

1915?

(2) (31-32) Sonnet.

First then that woman with the merry eyes  
 and husky voice who spoke tone of things  
 that are not barbers, and showed no surprise  
 when I foretold my spirits' traffickings.  
 Then that young girl who for a little time  
 walked lonely hills with me and loved my love,  
 until chance nard the young and golden rime;  
 'tis she that I have most been thinking of —

And if for daily custom I have won  
 a lovely girl with dark eyes pitying  
 and shared her resolute homage to the sun  
 and found her heart a strange and wayward thing,  
 yet still in fragrant, silent in the night  
 these shadows pass with intricate delight.

20 14

X

Autumn takes earth agen.  
 The day breaks late and cold.  
 My friends are older men,  
 and, least, you have grown old.  
 Strange that a withered leaf  
 sturd by a quiet wind  
 should leap the heart with grief  
 and frost the naked mind.

21st.

The autumn every year til now  
 has wandered singing thro' the woods  
 a quiet making elf that broods  
 on buds bey and the coming snow;  
 and tho' the trees were shivering,  
 'twas not with dread but ecstasy.  
 But now a naked crying tree  
 wakens no dream of striving spring.  
 So autumn of the earth this year  
 is autumn of the heart as well;  
 and growing old's a miracle  
 and hope less beautiful than fear.

[32-32]

Sonnet

X

Of old when bearded students thumb'd their scrolls  
 or set strange chymic minerals on fire,  
 and let blood drip into fantastique bowls,  
 the stone to turn all gold was their desire.  
 Yet had they risen from their philosophy,  
 and walk'd free lanes in spring and used their eyes,  
 they would have seen love laughing in each tree  
 coining the dewdrops, minting the bright skies.

How men who worship knowledge and are bound  
 in quiet penance till each sad gain is  
 measured and either work or worthless found,  
 seek anxious proof for timid theories  
 still ignorant since they're far lovers apart  
 of the bright quantum theory of the heart.

The Following Halfdozen Poems were  
 written en route for Liverpool on the night of the —

28th.

1

I had thought to bring to mind  
 a kind of beauty and a kind  
 of courage reckoning, not blind,  
 that since time started seems to have grown  
 part of the master's stay and stone  
 till man and tree and hill are one.  
 It is not bravery to dare  
 incredible denors of the air,  
 the wind of comets in your hair.  
 It is not levelness to be  
 ignorant of time's equity,  
 wrapt in pride's claystiff parody.  
 It is our courage clear to know  
 the incidence of sap and snow  
 and tread the lane we wish to go.  
 It is our beauty to delight  
 in stark austerity of light  
 and glowing eyes to spare the night.  
 I had thought to bring these two

Together in a song as true  
as sunrise or the fall of dew.

But I have only brought to mind  
the desolation of the blind  
time tortured remnants of my kind.

2

my father and my mother stood  
and cried farewell till out of sight  
I strode into the star's dark night  
but none the frost ran cold my blood.  
For thought rebuked my eagerness  
to move a new set magic ways  
for there must come those worst of days,  
since age and death are pitiless:  
and I shall stand and cry farewell  
to both of them as they go forth  
to that far place whose West and North  
is Kaveler returns to tell.

III

I have not known and may not know  
the dwindling sunlight on the hill  
when the pulse flickers slow and slow  
and winter winds have threat to kill:  
the quiet retreat and drawing in  
of the red cohorts of the heart:  
the dreary truce of war between  
the dreams that tore the mind apart.  
But I have my own agony  
is what less dangerous to bear,  
when may frosts rear the sap-drunk tree  
and fear spires from the sunny air.

IV

Lonely, defeated, I  
awhile an alien  
move under a strange sky  
and talk with unknown men.  
My hope is that from this  
sharp contact may restart  
the jet of life that is  
still whirling in my heart.

V

X

I cross again the starry tide  
 that lightly crumbled years ago  
 bore my grandfather and his bride  
 to a strange shore with hearts aglow.  
 Alone I journey, yet the sea  
 cries in the wind life lasts a day  
 Get mats and love. God long you'll be  
 alone in the cold bed of clay.

VI

The ecstasy of sacrifice,  
 the flint's a flint with martyr's grace  
 may light a blind and bloody face  
 and set aflame fear darkened eyes.  
 But joy unspeakable, delight  
 unfathomable, yet to know  
 still unrevealed that you may go  
 safe in my own fist the sword of light.

Poems in October

[33-32]

Sonnet

5th

Who gave you rod and scope to torture me?  
 to gloom my days with your small bitterness,  
 and leaving hurt me mark at my distress  
 knowing you hold me firm by sorcery?  
 Yet 'spite the keen thrusts and the agony  
 wrong's deepening makes me love you none the less.  
 { 'twere best  
 Better that you upon my brow should press  
 the briar crown when they drag me to the tree.

What remedy is left for tortured love?  
 On mountain peaks to pray that fire descend  
 and light you with a holy radiance,  
 Or see the beauty that lackt least enough  
 ever to treat a lover as a friend,  
 and broke a strong heart for allads romance  
 { with your's place }

8th.

I am grown older than the stars tonight,  
 Sage godward on a youngster spinning top  
 or setting little matchwood stacks alight,  
 wheels whir, heads roll about him as they drop.  
 And like whimper, plugging eye with fist,  
 or drizzling snivel til his cheeks are wet  
 I stand remote, no longer agonist,  
 nurse, kindly uncle patting heartbreak fret.

If even the bird that one may morning beat  
 from tuft grass to spume cloud and bridges the skies  
 should dumb to wheel round bubble of the street  
 my heart would give no quiver of surprise.  
 Beyond, for once, creator and his dust,  
 bound to no limit of reason or of crime  
 like dragonfly poised twist against and just  
 while earth he winks the only pool of time.

149  
5th.

Tho at my feet and at my head  
 four angels guard my wooden bed  
 I lie awake and sweat with fear  
 until release comes and I hear  
 the Policeman's comfortable feet  
 tread out the hours along the street

8th.

So all day long the noise of Tennyson  
 rang in my boyish ears even when the book  
 became the tedious tale of 'it'  
 at Sandwich Islands and the end of Cook?  
 The elms wood doveless, late returning home  
 with shag and books aswing and dirty face.  
 A heron moon shone past the bubble dome  
 til the whole town put on a glittering grace.

Ecks Song

Here let the spirit rest, let spirit wrest.  
 Is O an immortal a near miracle guest.  
 The same as seumas O surely Shames' Voice.  
 In what Jug shall my nightingale rejoice?



Bright on the grass a sudden rime  
a glittering web beside the gate  
I had not marked the lapse of time  
till now I wake and start too late

25/15

Too easily tempted into wit,  
too bitter with my ready tongue  
I still forget the infinite,  
ignore I am no longer young.

What if the truth be valued still,  
despite the whirl and crash of time?  
Who is my Christ, and a what shall  
does he red penance for my crime?

28/15

✓ Reminds from hillsides and Howells of song  
I have gone parched and angry these ten days,  
too old in spirit from the city's wrong  
to shape a saving stanza or a phrase.  
There was a time when even an oily stream

151  
if chimneys made appropriate gesture on it  
could set my eager mind adrift, adream,  
and skum home laden with a golden sonnet.  
But now I need the tundra's touch of frost,  
the tilt of trees, the raveling of wind,  
and if I have not these, alone at least  
I brood in the black bestiary of the mind.

### Gypsy Songs

21/15

Some day perhaps a man will come  
back to his Himalayan home  
and find the place his people knew  
before they followed with their herds  
the green mirage where ever green  
pasture beyond their wilder words.  
For we are gypsies at the core,  
and natives in no other land;  
and when white breakers chop the shore,  
at far seas cry with shell-heard roar

a call we do not understand  
hugs at our hearts and bids us rise  
from comfortable fields and steers  
to move unresting with the sun.  
And if we cannot rise and go  
when the faint magic trumpets blow  
it is that we have bound ourselves  
to volumes piled on creaking shelves,  
to friendly fires, or kindly stone.  
But he who will go back again  
shall be the nakedest of men,  
shall have no barrier to lay down  
a rocky road, to get his breath,  
no penalty for pleasant death,  
nor equipment of priest or clown  
but free as only clouds are free  
and bare as only rocks are bare  
he shall go forth relentlessly  
unfettered as the mountain air

1

Round clubroom fires on a wet summer evening  
or walking to the train in the frost of November  
you will catch a word or even a familiar accent  
and all at once you will slip down the banisters of the years,  
round corners, past aspidochas that stood dusty on landings  
accelerating as you slide down into the hall,  
to tumble off and burst a sergeants bottom on the mat;  
landings and flights that held hidden mysteries for you  
forays in the dark, Halloween, and Wet Bank Holidays.

2

You'll meet a man on the platform or thrusting his head  
thru the open window scanning the carriage for space,  
remember maybe his look or stammer or colour of eyes  
may hint him with a lifted hand or a smile mingled sadness  
as the little you've maybe both down with one promising wife  
and proud just a bit that you're quite as well off as you are  
and hoping his job's not as good as yours is or will soon be  
when respectable death and decay has ordained your promotion  
cashier, buyer, junior partner, shopwalker or  
department head.

Remember too how your handicaps always improving,  
chrysanthemums always successful, instalments paid.  
Charles and Jean at schools you'd never have dreamt of,  
and Peter <sup>in</sup> at the University fifteen ..  
and Margaret committee woman and treasurer  
for Cripples Fund, Orphans, Blind Dogs and American Seas.  
Investments sound and a cousin an alderman ..  
Christ tufft but you'll get a check when he enters the carriage  
You'll notice the fray on his cuffs and the green of his coat  
or maybe the callous skin dark on his bony hand.  
But hell fix you, fix you then to wriggle and thump  
with nothing more than a phrase "I Christ - Penn .."  
and instalments, Margaret, villa, roller, Michaelmas daisies  
will look like scraps of paper lettering Maryate Sands ..  
and a grain of dust for his heel set your roses like mud.

[34-32]

Spenserian Sonnet.

155  
20<sup>14</sup>  
The pompous countless bleated platitudes;  
obsequious the maiden ladies purr;  
while I, whose blood leapt for the naked woods  
and the last lyric of the startled bird,  
smote palm with servile fingers when a word  
drifting with dream and dewy phantasmie  
shot stubborn arm from her dull landscape blurred  
with tedious mist that mingled earth and sky  
in uniform depressive sameness ..  
The charima mumbled thanks and called upon  
another tedious alderman's reply  
I with same servile fingers stifled yawn  
enduring torment ..

This much I know, that death  
 shall not affright me then  
 if I draw eager breath  
 and war with leasur'd men.  
 But should I end my days  
 in quiet discontent,  
 untried by singing phrase,  
 of passion innocent,  
 then I shall rot in clay,  
 dissatisfied, alone  
 and trouble someones day  
 with nucking skull and bone.

29th.

For long years lovers since beside the sea  
 a daybreak on a headland turned my mind  
 to lovely beauty's gay mortality  
 and waken'd larks rose singing sunward, blend:  
 we stand this moment separate from each  
 hush'd by the awe and privilege of speech.

(35-32)

## Sonnet

When hungry people stunted in the street  
 and insolent authority went mad  
 till women screamed beneath the horses' feet  
 I clean forgot the fellowship I had  
 with every starveling wretch, with every child  
 womb-warft, slum-poison'd, naked & forlorn,  
 dreaming of beauty wandering undefiled  
 in mountain paths of leaf-banner'd lane.

Yet now that they are beaten and as dumb  
 Delight may tread a new gold road  
 rejoice in gutters where strange purples come  
 and praise the grace of horse <sup>as train</sup> & man with load,  
 But there are times she shivers, half afraid  
 of the best of boys she and I betrayed.

## Braziers

With winter drawing in I see  
the blossoming of lamp and fire,  
forgo the jaunt delight of tree  
round brazier seeking heart's desire.

At <sup>eight</sup> ten or ten I used to steal  
from the deer quiet of the house  
to where wind shapes and shadows reel  
round watchmen nodding gossamers

There on a plank of barrow's rim  
I sat big eyed to hear him drop  
some story of a shattered limb,  
of blazing days on Spin Kop.

If I should go and seek ager  
regardless of my age to bridge  
the gulf of years wond broken men  
repeat red tales of Vimy Ridge?

26th.

## Grocer

Is the bright magic of a grocer's stall  
apparent to the busy apron men  
who weigh great keps of butter into pounds?  
Have they no thought of red cows lowing thro  
the lanterned dark to cobble-paved byre,  
or do they stop while for dusty scales  
to dream of tea plucked by tall naked blacks  
and loaded by the coolies into tramps  
or currants, orange peel and ammisses . . . .

Does ever grocer, stout and growing bald,  
leaf counter, hurry shouting to the docks,  
and stovel cake to get to India,  
or does he sit, prayer sleepy, sermon bored,  
on Sunday in a high pew with his wife?

26th.

159

Barrel organ

2615

In traffic's whirlpool caught I saw  
between huge bulging buses stand,  
as gusty rain blew steep and raw,  
a shabby man with cap in hand  
who turned a barrel organ crank

The noise of engines, motors' roar,  
surged round bleak corners, struck the Banks,  
and beat upon the shopfront shore . . .

A minutes' space I stopped to hear:  
there came no note of his gay song.  
Thought I: what shadows lie and peer  
but get no sound from my struck song?

Lynni

X

2615

This much I wish to know  
(Say, who has overheard)  
if when the quiet snow  
by thrusting roots is stirred  
there is a whisper low  
a trill trill of bird  
that bids old earth again  
repeat the dreary jest . . .  
urge useless spring on men  
from disillusioned breast . . .  
or does she smile and then  
renew the game with jest?

29th

My mind that I had thought  
moved ever with my heart  
has withered up with drought,  
and no bright jet or start  
has gilded in the sun,  
I made a merry sound,  
the autumn's gleeful air  
then shone into the ground.

29th

It is the autumn. Bare trees gustily  
cry as the birds departed, cry and moan,  
I stand in sunset like a barren tree  
on a waste crag, but for the wind, alone.

And you, the bird that in my branches made  
blithe melody, rejoicing in the sun,  
fly startled northward, crying and afraid,  
lest when Spring wakes the soft eye will run.

29-30th

The men who shout for kings and footballers  
Have something in them I stand like Waf.  
But in the lonely turret of my verse  
Who's forge fit steel to beat the pentons safe?

They praise the symbol and salute the power  
not unattentive to the poise and grace...  
I praise the tilt and gesture of the flower,  
salute what's <sup>lovely</sup> noble in a beggar's face...

Q Somehow I must bid them rise and come,  
alert upon the spectacle of spring  
to cheer the Hawthorn breaking out in foam,  
and cry salute to urgent swallow's wing.

May	33	535.
June	24	283
July	15	246
August	30	527.
September	20	308
October	22	262

Total 144 - 2,161 (May-October)



