



POEMS 1934

JANUARY 1934

1934

By

JOHN HEWITT

Marxist Lilt.

Occasion this for fervor
only nickel leave the spring
silence the dialectic
and the revolutionary thing . . .

For red or red as roses
and commonest than grass
but clearly elect with pity
the War of Class with Class

and bright and white and shining
the clue this ages runs
and the materialist conception
makes wisdom of the runs .

We plot the fall of Nero
we know why Homer wrote
and Othello is disposed of

in italics and a note.

81h.

O Marx O Engels Lenin
in sunbright glory shall you
light up our dull and clumsy arts
with the Truth of Surplus Value.

Be near us to deliver
when the anvil rings and sparks
and the tactics forged and hammered
O Engels Lenin Marx.

The clouds blow off the stars are bright
the plow tells gravely for the morn
ten thousand men have died tonight
ten thousand children have been born.
my candle-flame's a lonely light
with none to welcome or to warn.

1515

From the French of Albert Samain

✓

Slowly the sun from the mist arises
gilds the old tower and the tips of the stars
and with a bright gleam on the shadowy waters
nestles the sea in a mail of stars.

Suddenly struck by a distant glimmer
the marble domes and the arches gleam
and a cheerful air of the morning's splendor
a spied word weaves an adventurous dream

-

He saw my light, came in awhile,
sat by the fire and spoke his hope,
before he faced the lonely mile
and the cold glitter of the slope

He spoke of truth and fellowship
and of the tensions flesh must bear
with fingers twined, and nervous lip
and the young dreamer's lonely state.

Then he rose up, and lurching out,
was lost in gloom; yet shot with fire
he hurried singing through thought
across the peaks of his desire

So of the reacher the boy took
or lies on ledge just as he fell
I speak the words I did not speak
O lonely lad! wish you well.

Already in the January air
 There is a stir There is a quickening
 more birds to sing or left in what they say
 tips brightly green the boughs that still are bare:

and I who brooded on defeat
 and shut my mouth and would not cry
 when hungry waits say down the street
 when thin sleet-
 I hurried down the sky
 I lift my head and Ceylon strides
 new by his moving in my heart
 hot stars' madda touch as silent
 deck gay with green a mountainside.

All unexpected things
 the glance of a many eye
 the flesh of the sun of white gall wings
 and thin rain falling out of a clear sky:

whatever is strange,
unprophesied come without drums,
 dare hole in
 bird heart before at the chance of claye
 when death's cold moment comes.
 gray -

1714

We pride ourselves on the gains of time
 and rejoice in the banners we bear in honor
 but earth to tribe in every name
 and draw on the total knowledge of man.

But let a single snowdrop burst ad break
 howe'er so 'tis the eve of baffled spring
 ad we are dumb, ad helpless, lest we wake
 the giddy horror of the Victorian thing.

1715 "

Judge men by what they think of trees,
 by how they pass a ^{wood} road at night
 or if fir creek or willow wheezes
 brooke him to the thought of flight.

I knew a man was well content
 to lie on moss and watch hisky
 thro' branchy bough, leafy nest,
 when time ran fast or stopped by

ad he was nearer nature's heart,
 had something sweet as rich to say
 if you could ever draw apart
 and cock your ear an elfin way

1715

Sonnet 1.

With rain and wind gusts as a city sheet
 I always think with bitterness of death,
 The spirits' failure, and the blood's defeat
 To herself with a woe of the final death.

And yet to day na I have seen bodies,
 Lay dying in the sun that strok'd his face
 With golden fingers from a summer sky
 White thrushes sang and barked round the place.

O never speak of me as one who hates
 Say rather who in urgency of love
 To reconcile long opposites and prove
 That shape and substance each for each created
 And held by middle tools together failed
 The sea and sky make one below above
 In ventur'd to the waste a weary drove
 Yokeoxen lowing home past dusk belated.

So if you understand me you will too
 Tie any straw rope to a tether'd thing
 Build pylon to scream out across the blue
 And bundle cloud up from a pebbled trip
 To hoars with long life dizzy with the fly
 The captain will lie down beside the crew.

With fallow heart and dull mosaic wit
The eager crocus has not wakened song.
The season's bleak, and overwhelmed by it
There goes out as one offrestly wrong.

There here a thrush and there a robin gay
have waken'd the buds deliverance is at hand
I have not heard today or on yesterday
Spring's byles that once litter'd this the land.

Along the city pavements bright with rain
dark patches spread: the scattered gold is lost:
but beauty tipped back, is seen again
in large and etchy flourishes of frost.



X

From door to door with heavy bag
 hot grass in weight each step I drag
 I went on wet and smarting feet
 along a black suburban street
 Then suddenly across a fence
 with light & cheer inconsequence
 I saw a glipse of silver tree
 like those that used to welcome me
 who, ten years old, from school at church
 I first shot clump of silver birch
 and chanted as I strolled along
 the hating Hiawatha's song —
 I wondered where time's swift canoel
 Should bring me, should bring me to !

The safe ad best in Heaven
 with harp in hand, ad crown
 I shall grow weary of the shining steeples
 and long for the steep cliffs of Antrim.
 sea pink many cliffs of Antrim
 and the little hills of Down.

Then God shall see we all uneasy
 watch me judge thro his prayers
 and at the end of the Angel anthem
 tell come ad ask me if I want to
 wander out while from Heaven
 a freer fresher air.

Then I'll up ad say "old father
 leave aside your harp ad crown
 take a holiday from Heaven
 come with me to County Antrim
 rocky, saunt O' neill Antrim
 and the little hills of Down.

(Sonnet 2)

23rd

X

Of woman born to woman I return
 since no thoughts' set nor arts' rein can control
 the whimpering homesickness of the soul
 for familiar hearts where friendly fires still burn
 So for my spirits' comfort I'll relearn
 the child's way, lambtide, innocence of foal;
 yet live out life's five senses sweet and whole
 from craybright heather & bush valley fern.

So you, I name in love must be at once
 the government and state of all my being —
 O sturdy Marx the best of champions
 see! Love's flight and thoughts' altitude agreeing —
 I pivoted on you can be respons-
 -ible for tongue and hands, for thought and seeing.

25rd-

—

Sonnet 3.

19

15

X

O mother wife Ayen I turn and cry.
 That mother of whose body I was part —
 whom drew breath with and lay bereft whose heart
 her share done in my shaping & mirth
 retreats now, leaving me deirth and dry
 The first birth finisht, birth of skill and art,
 handcraft and studied thought, remains to start
The second warm womb batch soul soft & dry.

So I in you, O mother wife, shall lose
 the life of flesh, shall lay my body down
 for you to mester, draw from, sieve, and choose
 the thread and tissues fit to be your own.
 The issuing from you selflost, born anew,
 I'll need no titled cross or Penlock brew.

[Sonnet 4.]

Whatever's unexpected, the surprise
when sudden gesture shocks the mind alert:
the flash of recognition in wide eyes;
the darter signal from a surface hurt:
the tall tree, the inevitable tree
that gives a landscape all significance;
November's thrush with call of prophecy
as autumn's first leaf-saraband adance . . .

Whatever's looked for, yet a coming brings
a startling joy, unleaping of the heart: -
all summer's forecast - blue sky always
a jascha bush in lonely glen apart:
these, as the gambler's chance they'll come again
Reef me light heart, secure, and nearly sane .

[Sonnet 5]

X

The junction of male seed and woman flesh
is born of woman, safer, grown in her,
she mothers, nurtures, tides to thin vein fresh
and body-blankets life's minutest stir.
The child is born complete, a life apart,
takes growth itself protecting limb and sense;
the little heart that leapt beneath her heart
beats now or breaks at own magnificence
or aye set pity. So the physical
is perfect, and for good or ill exists,
makes mark on matter, either great or small,
with wit or beauty, with tongue or fist.
Then, function fails, the woman reconciled,
content, slips sleepward, leaving born her child.

[Sonnet 6]

X

As body lies with body and begets
a child of flesh and bone, of nature like,
subject to pity, anger, & the streets
of rumour thunderbolts that never strike

so spirit wedded safe i spirits crush
thrust under, held as master, must become
warm mother of child spirit; affections blush
along the prone limbs where the seeds gone home.

For this linking male and female stuff.
the flesh child born of woman, but the male
bears it him, hatches, wards' gainst start and rough
the spirit's bearing and a poem, frail
or feather heavy, swings into the air
bird wing, sky triumphant, snake thought bare.

[Sonnet 7]

X

Man's muscled pride has set his steps amiss.
His failure to surrender buys defeat:
his soul a woman's as her body his:
on those terms only will life stoop to treat.

A woman gives her body to life's use,
her own, her news, the child that is to be:
yet by this giving she can fly a grace,
ad walk creation's mysteries - mystery.

Christ with it exact, exactly w/it o' the few,
olive grove or on a crag of rocks,
declared to man he who dared to lose
his life: ad live out this big st paradox.

Still soul safe, gibbet scraft, he shold ha' come
nature ad jettis to a village home.

X

With concentrated thins as clenched fist
 from whirl of baffled fantasies I long
 to be historical determinist,
 but the blood muddles and heartbeats wrong.

What if a cuckoo crying up a hill
 heralding highdeck grain as summer haze
 be but for all its melancholy trill
 only a revolutionist of the phrase?

Or swallow eggs for the midge land pool
 darting as striking the boar in cleft
 be but despite the imminent sunset cool
 an infantile disorder of the left?

I took my trouble to the cold night air,
 wallet out my fevered thought on lonely roads:
 the fears of asia, africa were there
 and vangi fancies dogged me as I strode.

But wind and stars and the pervasive night
 brought comfort with sense of size and space
 and demon triumph narrowed my sight
 a wash of clouds across the broad moon's face.

2615

With love that casts the spread of Whitman's heart
 beneath a bridge of stars I strode alone:
 their discipline benoxt my heart's unrest,
 indifference chilled the marrow of my bone.

Over the trees, stiff metal & the night,
 lack & the warm thought green attitudes provoke,
 until against the P^o low aloof and bright
 a homestead chimney wreathed its jet of smoke.

27

2715

I left the city's shabby streets, black factories, sooty mills
 to have a talk with trees and fields and argument with mills.
 But scattered careless here and there where the hill ranges rose
 in ridge little garden plots were wooden bungalows.
 On painted gates, above the doors, each bore a letter name
 of shattered towns and villages blown round to fame;
 for here abided men who went with eager eyes at breath-
 & French and Flemish harvest fields to try a bout with death,
 and here where life begins anew grows up from broken root
 beyond the city's dirty wall, a canopy of root-
 lest men should live and clean forget the July and the rain
 that look and smash the stupid world, and thoughts, may again
 the names above the blistered door, or on the painted gate
 speak the stark legend to the heart that was not born cool late

Poems in February.

Feb 8¹⁵

29

✓ For a Sequence, I.

[Sonnet 8]

First then to reckon up the seasons' flow:
that spring in Dublin when the budded trees
say their bright green with insolence and ease
where the small children and old loafers go:
Then gorse in Artrim; glens where hazels grow,
and fuschia in the Mourne; your shining knees
white from the chafing of atlantic seas
where spray rich winds heat thee and body's blow.

There's more than that: fields narrow'd, green tipp'd corn,
and long roads lone in twilight; and a lark,
a full i sun; a quiet tready crowd
from early service; slemish in the morn:
light frightened rabbits scattering in the dark:
and skyline smoke agenst a great white cloud.

-

For a Sequence, II

[Sonnet 9]

The trees in summer: hornbeam, elm and oak
in Digswell, with a round flat moon at night:
cold water from a pipe, so cold and bright
you hast cried to drink then drank and never spoke:
brown labourers at gates, and angry folk
who shouted from the window with no light
while ^{we hauled} held back back to gate with start of fight-
then shotbolt twixt us, thundered at the joke:

and shadowy stacks of corn and crackling bread
to short our thro' the wood to hot bright town,
and Roman pavements, tots by hands long dead,
as hands of comrades firm as white and brown,
and voices in the trees, and voices sweet
with forty years surmounting of defeat.



For a Sequence, III.

[Sonnet 10]

Yet these are but the motion light and shade
upon our bodies in the gleaming air.
What record of No-stark encounters where
no alien lone or sleek our peace betrayed?
I, bound by bleak tradition and dismayed
the rich and fuel ecstasy to dare,
^{late} you ~~saw~~ face circled by your dear dark hair,
stirring beneath me, warm and unafraid..

Then, love's still quickend, hours we ride by side,
the earth tilt downward time was poised and still
when bridegroom's head betwixt the breasts of bride
had rest and solace life gave jilt to few
as her firm hand brimmed up and did not spill
a marvellous vintage of starfallen dew.

815 Feb

Sum up then, count the takings & to till,
 What bargains for? what bartered? & set what?
 Sun-minted goose from some bright gullfleckt hill
 and climbing roses from a garden plot.

What more then this and make majestic yield?
 Stark cross at sunset on a hemlock cup
 and white bones lying in crow ravens field
 who stuck is later, lay its tallied up?

X Vernal

915

Cyclists have been observed a Sunday.
 The man in the grandstand grows
 and leaves early,
 the first instalment of uncomely
 has been laid
 on receipt of a second notice
 followed by
 renewal of lifepolicy
 THE POEM ON THE FIRST SNOWDROP
 has already appeared in the columns of the
 local press.

[Sonnet 11]

already I sniff peril in the air
 and life that has for four dark months been rich
 in book and fire - word and gesture which
 have made a quiet letter of despair
 suddenly stirr'd ecstatic. Clear at once
 the other trees near along the winding ditch
 roads rally, hills leaf curving backs of earth
 and straw-hair'd children hurry out to stare.

as if the sleek mind proud of mastery
 exult in cocklest, one wins for start
 the eager body and the stinging heart
 howl gone flat, the windcrest breasting knee
 as of the mind should confess trick as this
 what's smudged to smokestack on a stained design.

This moment in a hidden cell
 Dimitri holds his jewell lead
 strides floor abiding doon's dull bell
 as envies Van der Lubbe dead.

and in Vienna's fatal walls
 more valued hearts than Hallan's break
 the lonely rebel trumpet calls
 and only sullen captives wake.

In Paris - way within this town -
 no need to fear the dismal sea
 a man I know must lay him down
 remote from spring's bright mystery;

and I who have a rebel heart
 and, who knows, maybe still bring
 the joyous dawn, must walk apart
 and meditate the grecian spring.

What words are these? Dictatorship
democracy democracy

The fog fogs at the jinnish tip
and makes a tree far more than tree

Life's strange as rich as deep as sharp
as varicolored gray to gold
a spider's web demands a song
The tadpoles' epic must be told.

The accustomed sign ages,
the crosses breaking soft
while gospel dizzy men
invoke an angry god

The stars in thousands plow'd
No barding beers were gay
we took a carefree road
a heartsome holiday

But with a sudden light
road roadsides cone upon
a hot cemented white
of tin as wood as stone

and a long wet air
we stood to hear, maybe
the beginning of spray

Take wing of prophecy

but on the waiting ears
a rancorous voice that roared
sick with a madman's fears
claw-torned pounds. . . .

String's cage lay agen
the crosses cuts the sod
while gospel diggin me
brooks an angry god



He spent a women wine ad song
Knew it ad still hat night have best
a world by poverty ad wrop
adhat ad ugliness opprest.

Now he is safely in his grave
His face, not sham, the world of wrop
ad strive that just all men shall have
one wine, one woman, ad one song



27th

How can I O how can I give ease to my divided heart
while things that I care for perish and things that I long for start:

for an old world of values trembles and totters totters close
yet yesterday a cry went up and a new empire rose.

The craft to artistry.
The shell and casting ashore before the blast of the fire
yet out on the prairie the tractor is humming accomplished desire.

This is not a high courtesy vanish as a rancorous voice from the screen
cries out and proclaims itself master bidding life be ignoble and mean

but the voice in the crowd at the corner be born of unbeautiful street
yet the things that he shouts this fellows have meanings majestic & sweet

So where can I stand and be happy of what be a fresh and a part
when the fifes and drums of the old and new tug my divided heart.

21st

Beyond the town no alien
I walked tomorrow and strolled alone
and saw a golden host for men
come out of heaven a begin.

Returning home late and proud
at near streets end I lost the dream
as from the cinema a crowd
came in a white black feather stream

From shining screen adultery
 with gangster jargon land they come
 dull people shuffling helplessly
 back to their lyric-sterile stem

This man, a workless engineer,
 forgets the wheels that do not turn
 drifts in a cellular career
 where blatant passions write & burn.

This girl who moves on crooked heels
 her face white oval slanted with red
 fleshly sweaty just and knows she feels
 like Garbo in the silk bed

The blisters door, the dirty fan,
 the half-eaten loaf not put away
 the darkness hides from dizzy rain
 until shrill sirens bring the day.

A monarch passes: half the world
 makes noisy grief and cries his name;
 old wounded banners are unfurled
 as history's chance is turned to flame.

But mockt by memory of pain,
 and seard by years of workless peace,
 men once who floundered in the rain
 at mud

recall beads sweet release.

This is the room I have been happy in,
 had comfort, pennd deft verse, the house asleep,
 wrote here my Christmas vision's merry din,
 adventurous thought that will forever keep
 clear passes in my mind: here sat and spoke
 with poets now gone from me, gone away
 heard golden words this twisting dance of smoke,
 and stood & see the coming on of day.
 Here rebels told dear treason, chattered out
 with frosty frost and accolade of moon;
 for shining hours tried wit in dexterous bout
 or joined the chums of a ballad time.

You, little woman, growing wise at three,
 inhabit now this landscape of delight,
 see from same window that kind poplar tree
 with crazy crown of friendly stars at night.
 May you be happy in this room I knew

find knowledge, friendship, bound by cheerful wall,
 watch rose fed bee drowsie in front the blue
 as bear springs bright thrush throated bugle call.
 May you have dreams, for dreams survive awhile,
 and cling about the corners, may they speak
 (to teach knowisdon of a thoughtful smile)
 that sought red oppression of the weak.

Here may your five star senses learn their scope,
 and feed your spirit. Here exultant heart
 build up the hirrels of a ^{valent} noble life
 as fret not to be lonely and apart.

I have gone seeking wisdom for my part,
 have gript fence fisted, wrested and laid bare
 the narrow dialectic of the heart
 til all's plain living in a happy air.

The thesis of two people being free
 made suddenly by love a negative:
 ~ bondage I lay on as you done
 no more as individuals to live.

Then, sweet negation of negation this:
 ~ the bondage we are from th' before,
 have doubled incidence of ecstasies
 and with ten senses cannot now be poor.

What gave you right, save hours of scrofulous eff,
 to jinnian dread into my little heart,
 to bow the aspiny blosst autumn's rage
 and bid the April tears trim up and start?

We knew the little stratagems of love,
 the leading word than goaded memory up
 til the long forty minutes' tedious slope
 was telescopic with talk of sat and cap.

I knew this too but did not care to speak
 leaving my own authority ad voice
 close under Greek & mock you bluster'd Greek:
 of free ad tempest made unbaffled choice.

But back by fear but never sprung too far
 the street has straitend now ad who we meet
 I know you for the mongrel that you are
 and only wish y on lampposts - the street.

27/5

I am a pink and ribbony jelly fish,
stranded on this particular shore of time,
prodded by stick, binned over by young dog,
jagged to the pain's peak by darting beak of gull.

At each touch I exude a squirt of ink.

An happiest of the little dirty jet
smeer salt upon me and the tang of home.
For with sun high, wind gritty, hole is small
Ho roaring tide'll reach when next he comes
and I shall gasp a blubbering last alone.

28/5

Sonnet: T.11

What wond you have for heaven? Remember sheet —
say — sheet of bells was old Flemish town
or swift achievement of a wooden crown
as sudden spread of countries at your feet?
or yielding of the body to a sweet
sea tangled air the rushes gently blown ..
or waking at a window over room
with the delightful remembrance to greet
familiar figure coming thro' the gate?
My heaven happens on a hilly place
a sudden bend brings up into the eyes
the crying sea, rhythmic, deliberate,
at cliff-foot known... the rain upon your face
shoers off in wonder's gesture of surprise.

What learnt in year's scope? Any happy word
from magic lip or any golden song?
What task or challenge from cloud-treading bird
or wristskill masters keeping sinew strong?

Freestilt windstide or lonely mountain stance
gesture of reed indifferent to rain . . .
nothing save leaping blood's significance
and wisdom wringing beauty out of pain . . .

—

Peter's Mother .

I am a woman who has ^{now} ~~got~~ no name;
mother of Simon and Andrew I am known
by the reflected light they shed of me . . .
A common woman without vanity —
not like John's mother ^{coaxing} clamoring for a throne
for her beloved sons . . . I have no name.

Yet somewhere somehow I am nearer to
the stirring hearts of mothers evermore
for faithful soul ad body I never knew
The scorching embrace of lewd Simeon,
was wed and bedded with a fisherman,
watcht him put out from Galilean shore
his toddlers waving them from my side,
and, later, shaded eyes at sunsetting
when he ad they oared out a bigger boat.
No other song than my own ever troubled me —
and yet I do not grudge her her great day

53

when that slim led node thro' the singing crowd -
for if I miss the joy ad ecstasy
I miss the breaking heart. For when their world -
their little world of love ad prophecy -
was crumpled like a piece of dirty cloth
they came back crying to my little house
^{Sailor} to the ~~old~~ shore, as we soon comforted
with buttermilk, and steaming griddle bread.

Poems in Search

Sonnet XIII

1015

When the flesh aches me with its strain and ache
and the keen mind is baffled into sleep
or endlessly the poison tisanes keep
with bounding drum the weary mind awake.
I beg occasion for the jar to break
and liberated spirit stir and leap
into the wind's way, ad the sunbeams' sweep
feathered with thought joys flight to overtake.

Then I remember body's known delight,
the thrill of touch singing thro' fingertips
the shifting colored patterns of my sight
saltari, clean apple biting at my lips
hearing's placket strip: O when their sails are bright
I have no quarrel with Phoenician ships.

Sonnet XIV

1015.

That time of year which marks the Zen tomb
 The bundled garments and the spring gay bee
 for me was liberating call to come
 To new life's green and boding mystery.

So from an Easter date's my second birth.
 I had gone down into the dark alone..
 You thrust the stone aside and drew me forth
 into a brighter dawn than I had known ..

Now the year turns again to that rich time,
 And happy with four season's wealth and love
 I spell my passion in a threadbare rime
 That trembles with its urgency thereof:

But all the time the birds awake with day,
 Drunken, say far more than I can say.

We have lived freely, taken day and night
 As equal arbiters of our delight;
 Jacob spring, and summer, and the golden close
 Of languid autumn's long unthirsted rose,
 Winter's wrath welcome; and another spring
 Finds us together still in wayfaring

Each set keen senses to the thronging joys,
 Sunset, springwater, peacock, woodland noise,
 And suckt them dry of all they had to give,
 Dense gesture of life's urgent will to live.

Now as another spring begins to stir,
 Precluding summer richer, lovelier
 How wise heart that knows now what to speak seek
 What care needs eels, where we must not speak,
 Where softly tread, where hurry lest and caught
 At the blank challenge of a epitaph

We come together close, make us one
 by law's right and the spirit's benison.
 The way ahead if we would go aright
 needs double care, hand hold, hand shelter light,
 hand striking branches from the stinging face
 hand gripping hilt; defence at camping place;
 and charms on the journey; skillful ease
 when random dart sings thro' the leafing trees.

Together then, alert, and having gone
 some little way toward the blentid dawn
 we shall set out, attaining at the end,
 if studies hope prove not a traitors friend
 as clear a break, as blithe an atmosphere
 as any scald by starstruck mountaineer.

A man said "I Aranagh". I caught the name
 twixt trolley crash and roaring charge of gears.
 Split second set me safely in the game
 playd out ten years ago there, ten long years.

and I remembered how a moment stole
 over my brooding heart that place and day ...
 the dewy grass, hot sun and sweet bell's toll,
 the bright white figures moving in the play;

that instant school and cricket somehow meant
 a pastoral peace built on abiding things:
 a Peacock first, a rich cart well content
 and life a sporting game of laughing kings —

The fancy fled with traffic's stream began
 just so that dream was shattered ere I knew —
 I snick'd a rising ball from Kenny One
 to be well held at slip by Kenny Two.

1915.

The first snow fell upon green budding trees
or lay in patches on the wet black ground,
brimmed up the golden cups of crocuses;
then turned to rain unchanged in drift or sound.

The sun broke thro' ; the rain dropped off, the sky
was blue with wisps of white for emphasis.
a blustering wind rose with a mournful cry
as cold as a step-mother's grudged kiss.

I, early out, to greet Spring's rising tide,
had choice before me whether I should go
hugging the sun along the sheltered side
or leaving blurred black footprints in the snow.

1915

59

Returning home in sunset's afterglow
I saw the old moon in the new moon's grip
and thought of that old river long ago
and the ill-fated maiden's bridal ship.

The river's gone, his name forgotten, we
spread any tale of moonbearded green,
across a thousand boardings rancorous by
now foot high letters blinking red and green,

and clean forgotten her is another week
before the onrush of a cut or war
high rocket-splutter of embigging Greek
or fifth divorce of oxide talkie star.

Tonight perhaps then gayly garlanded
a launch chugs out beyond the fluttered pines
and some brownbodied princess lays dark lead
on sleepless pillow beneath Pacific skies.

1915

I love with winter's gaunt and naked frame
The tilt and white of trees from barren rock:
Life's wrested triumph from despair and shame,
A' unshattered shape enduring braggart shock.

I saw my trees, with pity. lift their tips
green dabbled, to a mild marshmerry sky
limbs that had swung or lastt with stingy whips:
the north winds' bright and sleetly pageantry.

Returning home past sunset joy rewoke
a cold wind cried and moaned about my knees
and like known faces of old friendly folk
The old familiar stars were in their trees.

1915.

W. M. 24th March 1834—1934.

Let's praise this Morris: he was wise and great,
had skill in pattern and a cunning fist
gnate good, you know, but somewhat out of date
and really thought himself — a Socialist!

2015.

19

Sonnet XV

O master Morris, you will know my rage
 The sudden blush, short mouth exasperate . . .
 He clench'd fist at inexorable fate,
 For you have done the work and drawn the wage . . .
 Today they set your name upon a page :
 Of press, design, and festivity they make
 Weigh this and that, as cool, deliberate
 Your corner in the canvas of an age . . .

But not a word of low in smoky room
 Or lamplit square you broke your dreaming heart -
 For a new England equitable as spring . . .
 Or of one dare - he ' hopes he may assume
 The unfortunate, impracticable part
 No longer needs our kind admonishing . . . "

Sonnet XVI

Walk slowly in the sunlight while you can :
 Draw down the narrowing streams of life and power
 For surely what gives vigor to a flower
 Must be of nurture to the heart of man ?
 Walk slowly, do not break the rhythmic plan
 With jerk of thought, give growth unshaded hour,
 From spring's keen incidence bantamis downer
 Hatchet is a ripening ray's unburned span . . .

Too soon the song will sound, the whirling clocks
 Shake tower and steeple over all the land
 And ravenous horters scatter the slow flocks
 Or student, with a plump steen's demand
 Score the green sunlit fields or either hand
 With screeching steel and blasted toppling rocks.

2016

The little towns in quiet country places
are lovely still. Why must our cities be
a promenade of erit and lonely faces,
rain gilded, sky muted clock bound misery:

or do men gather in these shouting cities
for fellowship, because on lonely hills
their hearts had crumbled beneath the myriad pities
that brooding mystery or one spirit spills.

Yet when they come together, are not lonely
asunder does the brooding mystery
fall with redoubled horn having only
a new to crush, and not man grass and brier,

from tower in Bangor to Cronk my arry thaa
I've always taken tourists' vantage point...
yet never once abroad in a place.
Torn by the roots from a rich countryside
my people have settled in the city air
fast health, as styled in a Glasgow close
or snuff salvation in America.
And the lonely remnant (there are two
others, one in Scotland, one in New York:
I am the last of the Irish of my race)
move over a surface that cannot break
to shoot roots into, trailing like a seal
over a frozen pond; whose element
for nurture of starved hearts' earth's seasonal flow.
If I could stop and be a tree again
get deep enough to endure the winter's bane
my tigs would have communion with the stars
but listlessly, unanalog, glad between:
may reach sun's core a moment, probe his secret,
but must drift down, with a streak to show

28/15

Armistice Day

With creaking leg and limping jerk he signs
for me to park between the hainted lines.
Another near him, plank face to the sky,
beeps also with a most melancholy cry
The bugles call the dead: Come back. Come home.
But the dead do not come.

20th
67

Springs calling from the roads we used to wander
Ballooning from the hills we used to climb
Come out come back, come back again to wander
youth's strength at it, the glory of your prime.

Come out again, the trees and clouds are calling:
Companions of the sun come out and taste
the crystal air, wellspringing, cascade falling
before the streams of life run out and waste.

For springs will break with drum a fife & Lello
recruiting life's gay army for the fight
and you'll be old and grey, too old to follow
across the hills the tossing cresset light.

So while you can fall in and run and rally:
flash sword unsheathed white yet there is no rust
forget a peeks the peaks of the valley

20 15
69

and life's last compost made of tears ad dust.

Come out, come back, the trees ad skies are crying
ad live out life with gesture of the spring:
so then when you are old ad weak and dying
you'll have great comfort of your wayfarings.

My bardic robe being set aside
a storm of awe broke over me
and all my stiff prophetic pride
was crumpled by humility

my high consummate wisdom was
confuted by a single glance:
the bright infinity of years
showered arrows on my ignorance:

and the subtlety of skins
out running far the strides of time
thrust scorching fingers in my eyes
as shrived of my flinty mine.

Between the two infinites
I dare not step beyond my ken.
I do not know the names of trees;
how can I know the hearts of men?

24th

Sonnet XVII.

An unexpected warmth was in the air;
scarves of sweet odor struck it weakens sense.
The bark with buds the trees no violence
assay'd as once when they were head ad bare,
Sleek thrushes, far too apt at song, to stare
or start with fear, beyond the gleaming fence
darter ad struck with happy diligence
as if time spent ad winter was their care.

The season held a steady altitude,
not the first flight with sudden deeps ad crests;
deliberate balms ad long fortitude
and not the healthless byles of the spirit;
^{not the first lowe cushion} ^{the small crests}
not the young maidens with the small sharp crests,
but the fastiment mother laboring.

28th
71

Sonnet XVIII.

A month of stormy drought, a dozen flakes
late on a February afternoon.
a shortt weekend of rain. An ominous moon
with a green circle backt by cloud that takes
the sickly green throw on it. Crows break
sheath out of earth; precluding color soon.
The no moon. and a blackbird out of tune
calls back old roads ad rethine reawakes.

Today the sun is up ad a lifting wealth
shews white genst blue hill shoulder in the sky
ad frost bejewels daggers rases sheath
where long march morning cool blue shadows lie
as as I pass, beneath me, far beneath
I hear strings high lift its lonely cry

29th

I would have you make my word
shining like a naked sword
sharp to counter, unafraid,
the keenest or the maddest blade,
flashing brightest to the sky
when a hero passes by.

Lord, make then my lightest song
byle, trumpet, drum or song
that the things I love and dream
may be heard above the scream
of the horses and the steel
insolence of crashing wheel.

Lord, make of my happy days
a halibut, a heartning blaze
blinking thro dim lonely years
welcome to sick pioneers
that they heart and liver find
as friends of a laughing mind.

29-30th '43

Prose at your feet I lay.

You move with elegance
of little limbs eager play
in a slow body dance.

From finely rounded knees
the pillars of your thighs
sway'd like scarce troubled trees
beneath sun drowsy skies.

Your lifted breasts were stark
against the wondrous glare
circassian with a bark
your fingers smoothed hair

Then with slow stirring hips
you turned on steady toes
til nipples and bright lips

were hidden with their nose.

The rounded of your neck
and shoulders curving there
were white against the black
nocturne of tossing hair.

Pray to the Household God

O Lover pray with me
that while we ride together
his presence there shall be
a banner to the lonely heart
a beacon to the free.

Pray for the humble virtues

that keep the heartstone bright,
the dish unbent in the oven,
the crumbing fire alight,
the knife and plate well scoured and sweet
the bough smooth and white.

Pray for the merry virtues :

tribute of daily bread
tap water splash in the morning,
the cool salute of bed,
day leafing gay ^{to} the curtains
on the untroubled head.

Pray for the noble virtues:
 anger starry and bold
 calling the planets to witness
 truth bartered, bound and sold,
 cursing the ignorant bully.
 The mean man and the cold:

Pity with breaking heart
 but eager confessional eyes
 hot wrinkle and lift the smile
 before the tear drop dries,
 on the insolence of the slave
 and the arrogance of the wise.

Pray for the ecstatic virtues:-
 the breaking clasp and the kiss,
 the heat of bodily love that
 scales the heights of bliss,
 like the quiet joy of
 fireside tenderness.

The singing strength of the blood
 exhausting - labor done;
 final flags over chaos:
 order's triumph won:
 the travail of mind and body
 a hoen born or a son.

Pray for the fine sweet senses,
 to feel, hear, to see
 the seasons stir thro' the branches
 and then un hurriedly
 wait a quiet tasting
 the full ripe fruit of the tree.

Poems in April
Sonnet XIX

The crocuses were done. The chestnut-jest
had brimmed the high green foaming wave of spring,
set sticky fingers free and gesturing,
holding the black-thorn winter blow its worst.
But raged as a lonely thing across
the draggled fur that bore the sleeky strip
with heart undaunted, and the buffeting
of boisterous seasons now as long durst
show wanting stature & the brightening skies
alert with spring gay spirit, for her guise
is outatelbore, miserable, dull.
Yet surely somewhere someone still remembers
against a Christmas sunset's fading embers
how she was dark, and tall and beautiful.

9th

Nocturne : vers libre

Last night I passed along a little street
whose folk lay snuggabed,
and mused upon the infinites of being
confronted by the dark
democracy of sleep:
the child with golden head
full of fantastick tigers and big ships:
the boys with roaring motorbikes and motots:
the pregnant woman with eyes pinned against
the shifting lens reflections on the ceiling
blank for the future of the kicking child:
the bridal couple - new-jangled freedom
jinking merrily on a creaking bed
and laughing softly lest they wake the horse:
the drost book
and unquenched candle
beside the head to which rest comes at last:
the young man awake and shivering

12/15

child ^{engulfing} bounded by a red exultant dream:
 the grocer unsleeping dreading tomorrow's foreclosure
 his wife awake afraid to speak:
 the sick girl coughing and calling for a drink
 the futile gesture of the impatient man
 and his unsatisfied wife
 ounding the pillows, crumpling the sheets
 with feverish hands:
 the middle aged spinster in lodgings
 the bolt-shot home:
 the forced embrace and the whimpering woman:

the old man muttering mutinously
 the watcher by the fire nodding
 jerking upright with a start
 as a cinder falls.
 And over all

the stars

constellations that snangled the couch of Cleopatra
 show a Columbus racing his deck
 Sables flowing on his glass
 and Shelley striding by the Tyrrhenian Sea.

O virtue of necessity
 we find a sunset beautiful
 force out our tawdry poetry
 with fetid blossoms rank and dull

a landscape filled with rotting death
 caught in the wheel of birth and change
 as crossed by winds with poison'd breath
 is wood a land as rare and stony a

were there a god his starry schemes
 would yield a moment for a whim
 when he would let fantastic dreams
 shape something truly fair to him.

Sonnet 20

Spring to the city. From the rocking train
suburban gardens and the public park
decode the gay flanboyant telegram
signalled across the dark about the dark.

old gentiana hide now the roots of shrubs
name ad earth, and bear up on their shades
(typhos submit their names to tennis clubs.
with skein heads ad talk of flies ad gnats.
young me change faded tarts to lighter shades

The hibiscus changes duty - Cricketers
oil bats in attics. Lamps are late alight
In garages the untaxed Austin burns
Housepainters stand against the sky in white.

Easter I

Easter was early in the ripening year
too early for the spring to begin:
the February rains were scarcely done;
dead branches struck against the foaming vein.
Too early for the swallows to appear
while yet the battle was not lost or won
twixt stubborn earth ad crosses-calling sun
twixt carefree Plenty ad winter's specter-fear.

Easter too early: visual yet in doubt:
an act of faith, not babbling feast of tanks
a backward season, buds too early out
trailing in swirling streams along the banks
no liltin' by me, not one singing ^{sor-golei} soon
O stir the bare bleak hedge's barren ranks

[21.355]

Sonnet II.

Christ died as we too early, far too soon.

The rotten autumn of the Roman state
still lay with jets of bulk against the gate.

It was a fallen and a waning moon.

The earth was sick: a knight the better soon
a surgeon's skill and edge deliberate
not soothing hands but falling fist of fate
as well tornadoe for the thrush's tune.

If he had worn the golden Italy
not Leonard his fellow, tried his hand
at foaces, sonnet, clay or psaltery
or watch'd spring break along a northern strand
and said his heart's say by the Baltic sea
as dead in Moscow at a Tsar's command.

I had grown sorrowful brooding on love
and the magnificent heights enjoys them of
places that took on light ad radiance
because of a gesture of hand or a glance
and have a meaning somewhere save in time
with more than the stability of rime
more of the stuff abiding than a stone
carved into values in dim Babylon
while I must go my miserable way
striving with unenduring light by day
and lying down with shadows at night
who stood with you on such and such a height
and there sat joy stat somewhere out of space
still rings stark ripples of delight and grace.

The proud with love's do lifting of the heart,
I shed my sorrow, for I saw my best
in joy was all continuing and sure
as long as the relentless seasons endure.

for on first peaks of low so scald and worn
 are not of chymic clay or crumbling stone
 but bright square foothills of its spirit's spring
 shadowed only by a unfighted way
 as steep before us rises still to stride
 the summer's treelick flowering mountain side
 as still beyond the sober slopes unfold
 of rich autumnal peace and squandered gold
 and farther west against the broad moon's check
 love's winter, age's crest, life's ultimate peak

✓

Sonnet 22

Grow old and litter or grow old and wise
 you must grow old, your vigor drain away
 small wrinkles pucker round pale lightning eyes
 and lossing black become thin, straight, and grey.
 Your supple fingers, lively once to play
 about my body, will grow stiff. Your thighs
 rounded and smooth - your body white that lay
 under my urgent love's hot enterprise
 stirring with passion, strong with reined love
 will then have shrunken to a dry rigid thing
 with knuckled joints and creaking skeleton.
 Let's blam not the necessity thereof
 accept the spring for all that makes it spring.
 Shall have then trimming hearts when season's done.

✓

13th April.

89

Divided Heart

He : Come away Love, sit beside me. Draw the curtain : do not look
Read the shining thoughts I've gathered in the covers of a book
Find a wisdom and a comfort in the golden things man said
now the busy lives are over and the grains all harvested
Other days and other people watch the beanstalk as it grew
Sit and talk of Jacks and Giants. There is nothing else to do.

She : Sit beside you, sit and listen to a drowsy fairy tale
while the drums and banners muster for the dream that dare not fail!
Can you see the face of pity gazing from the swaying crowd
You'd forget the laurelled poets and the language of the proud.
You'd not stare into that canvas with its bright fantastic shapes,
nor forget the wombward baby with the idiot mouth that gapes;
You would see the hungry women calling to the drunken boys
from the lighted ginshop's doorway and the dizzy glare and noise,
calling shaky legs to stagger up the attic's broken stair
to the tattered couch of pleasure and the cophiarack's bosom bare.

He . Be you quiet. Leave your chatter. Other women buy and sell

for a hat, a car, a ribbon. You have traded pretty well.
I don't blame you. I have bargained; sold my anger and my youth
for a pleasant mess of potage and a philosophic truth.
I have weighed my senses' nurture with the blighting of my days,
found your lifted face of pity less account than poets' praise,
marked the dreary years of waiting, years of hunger, years of pain,
promise broken, hope defeated, windy corners in the rain.
I have found the artist's gesture, still with sound, with word, with clay,
nearer to my heart's ambition than a dream in happy day
when the people I have cherished, bound the heart, endured the sneer,
trample, arrogant and brutal, on the things I hold so dear.
I'll not see their dirty fingers paw my tapes, smudge my stone,
Love, beside me dwell in quiet loving loveliness alone.

She . Love, I dare not. They would mock me from the canvas and the page,
callous fingers crooked and bleeding clenched in impotence and rage.
In your music I should hear them, voices bading me to come
with a flag of love, a beacon to the midnight of the slum.
Children crying: Come and aid us. We are little. We are poor.
What has all your art to give us save a penny at the door.

Maidens calling: We are helpless, bound to factory, bound to mill,
filthy rooms and shoddy clothing, old at thirty, old and ill...

Can your music night avail us, can your poetry delight
more the brains loomed and weary than the sax alone at night?

Wives calling: We are heavy with the children yet to be.

Makes your magic better offer? bread and margarine and tea?

Young men speaking: Can you blame us if we live a cheat to bet?

Can a sonnet spot a winner? or teach the tortured to forget?

Old men crying: We were skilful. Many a cunning craft we knew.

Can a cubist pattern save us from the workhouse or the Queen?

He. Then you'll answer: I will help you, shout until my throat is sore,
in the street, at windy corners, canvas votes from door to door:
leave my fireside and my pleasure, give up poetry and art
for a reeking woman's slender and a slowly breaking heart;
fill my days and nights with clamor, on committee fight and jumble
for a tenant's right & lodgers in an overcrowded room.
Lose my looks, my grace, my color, stiff, ungainly let me grow,
and the voice once sweet with Shelley screech as rancorous as a crow.
Then perchance a front of crazy cards will run into the street

pile up chairs and cheer for Lenin til they tear the horse's feet.
Home you'll stagger, sick and bloody, baton broken on your head:
or in some brain spattered gutter lie with ^{trampled} mangled features, dead.
And the people will revile you, bear the poppies from your grave,
name you wanton, traitress, crazy, call you fool for being brave;
and another girl will wander over all your talk again
canvas votes or shout at corners ~~as~~ ^a handful in the rain.

She. Nay, beloved. I am willing such a little thing to lose
that a child may have an apple or a better pair of shoes.
that a mother from her washing lift her head to dry a tear
for a golden word remembered of a bright-faced pioneer:
that one lad give up his flutes, fling his lances on a drum
for a class awake and ^{angry} eager at an ages martyrdom.
Keep your Pater, Flaubert, Oscar. I shall rather walk instead
with John Brown or with Vanzetti, one of the undying dead.
What account my body's anguish, what account the ^{revolution} Lovers of Blow
when the bird of freedom his red morning challenge crows?
When a world is free and happy and the dullest child can ^{rise}
who will read your sapid sonnets that you thought were once sublime?
When a world is up and singing, making your Lovers work a fest,
who will, in the busy leisure, wake you from forgotten rest?

20th.

Remember Vienna.

The revolution is over:

The tram service resumed.

A hoarding has been erected round the ruins
of the workers' tenements

Knockt silly with
artillery.

Proclamations have been posted on all gables.

The dictator takes the salute

Blank-faced women gaze dry-eyed
at the charity visitors
accompanied by police

There is cheering at intervals

in the congested wings of the state prison

but the public have been warned to keep outside
a hundred yards radius

Five men in a café wonder which is the sky
a professor at Berne,

Copenhagen, Riga, Harvard, Tokyo
splits the atom

The eminent social democrat in exile
dictates to Renter reading from
a neatly written notebook held in his left hand
The right hand making gestures Renter does not include
the reasons why he did not fail
The coughing dishevelled communist
explains to the

17th - 18th - 19th Plenum

The reasons why he did not fail

The unemployed laborer with the bandaged foot
Reclining indoors til dusk

The unemployed laborer sitting at the fireless grate
Know well enough why they all jail

A little boy wakes to wonder
when his father will come home

A recipe for apple and fig marmalade
is asked for by a correspondent.

28/5 - 29/5

No more than elbows height by him I stood
my sunburnt father with wind finger'd hair
while a great sea rose to its golden flood
and paused a moment there.

The setting sun behind the castle wall
made bronze and gold of weather chiselled stone
against the gray the crowded nests were tall

Then one by one, the moorings cast away.
The brown boats steamed out into the gold
with bobbing bows that lifted golden spray
as the great ebbwaves rolled.

We stood until in the red twilight glow
dark moving shapes were lost into the west
where our own Irish hills an hour ago
had looked their loveliest.

I did not know then what I gapt to see
would be a storied memory of the past
till yet the years had done much wrong done
and my high pennond nest . . .

But now I know block on everything
as the before tomorrow's sun will rise
it may for all its happiness or sting
be taken from our eyes.

We sheltered beneath a ledge for sudden rain
unprophesied fell from the Juneblue sky,
and for a moment in that antithim lane
time stood beside us breathing quietly.

My brother leant upon my proffer'd arm
tired with the breathless hurry from the lower:
the air with hawthorn blossoms ripe and warm.
Ten yards away laburnum was in flower.

I keep that moment safely in my heart.
Whatever rain beat sudden on my face
a part of me was ever made a part
of that bright instant and that happy place,

secure beyond my victory or defeat,
lodged high above the waning sunshin's round:
for blessed token thin the clear rain beat
a snow of hawthorn blossom on the ground.

I woke to hear of horses thro' the night
battering clattering nearer and more near
achieving zenith steading to the right.
I rose to spy the rumored cavalier.

A scarce seen figure of a boy or man
roadding ahead on a high stepping colt.
Three shadowy horses tether'd to the van
on which a huddled shape took lurch and jolt.

Who were they? whether going who can tell?
I only know that who sleep came a part
of me went seeking for the Quenching Well,
the ultimate gipsy errand of the heart.



2915

Spring triumphs with flamboyant vault of green,
badisolerent, and scrannel song unsure,
the flowering currant deckt to catch the eye,
the hoary gesture of the daffodil.

I go for solace to bare gaunt fir
flat black against a round gold rising moon
relic in thought and closer to my heart
clear statement of a mind beyond love and fear-

2915 99

O'Donnell spoke and I was wakened to
waveslap at clifffoot, gullscrey, gannetscry,
brown floatingwreck and rowlocks rusty ground,
spine i' toward across stone acres flying
alldo the threadbare phrases that he spoke
were echoes of the smudgy printed pages
and shouted in the streets of left the world
dictatorship, world soviet, workers councils
right line, strike action, and the first of may.

Yet somehow here and there a word lit up
a golden torch of passion, a tang o' life
as the poet whin and the mystic heart
jostled aside the revolutionist
and slept a dream, work living, dying for.

The rebel slams me with his steady eye.
 The flat blunt phrase ran sheet veneer; my ribs
 I sway'd a moment, reeling in my mind
 saw Tilscott in second later years
 misunderstanding and raw, physical pain,
 my words flung to the wind, for rankless people.
 Then almost mad with fear, hysterical,
 I caught a sentence, countered his rear blade,
 sighed happily and saw my books and pictures
 take quiet places after about my hearth-
 secure for love, and talk and poetry.

Along the bleak suburban avenue
 the smell of wet cut grass brings back again
 broad grazing acres I once travelled thru
 at Lawton - a half forgotten lane

and for a moment I forgot my late
 clerks &
 8 little gossers latticing a rose
 or nailing up a new name on the gate
 in fifty thousand brick built bungalows.

30/15

In a strange lodgin' in an unknown town
or sleeping, as I always do, the drawer
a nutmeg rolled to the front. I took it up
absently nibbled it and laid it down.

For a split second I no longer stood
adult and strong, my purposes in place,
neither I was a little boy again

In the vast kitchen with the roaring fire
where crickets chirp and flitters in the ashes
at great bass pans hung up for making jam,
a wide clock wagged a long and lovely tail,
and rows of vast white plates hung back the flanks

There on the dresser in a little box
my old grandmother kept her nutmeg store
I found the place in time with real pain
To my ears that dead voice spoke to me
"Child dear too much o' that'll make ye sick"

no poems were written during May.

6th

Poems in June.

A sudden shower ere I was wake
ran trampling thro the banner'd spring
beat small leaves down with thoughtless hand
and mockt times meagre blossoming —
The chestnut spires that yesterday
were gay against a whirl of skies
were massacre of innocents
a holocaust of butterflies.

and thin rain falling out of a clear sky

unprophesied, come without drums.

The whispering homesickness of the soul
the child's way, lambstride, innocence of soul

and voices sweet

with forty years sumounting of defeat

O how can I O how can I .

give ease to my divided heart
while things that I care for perish

as things that I long for start?

- of languid summer's long unwritten rose.

the bright infinity of grass

I do not know the names of trees

how can I know the hearts of men

- on committee fight a fame
for a tenant's right to lodgers in an overcrowded room.

five men in a café wonder which is the spy.

some 'the wind across stone acres flying'

23rd.

Along the lane the hawthorn hedge was gay
with scent accomplisht, and as promist show
of white and red epitomising may
and the brief legend all but lovers know....

In seven days I trod that way again
the blossom beaten down, the hedgrows green
Bespoke the sweet mortality of men
and the sharp flicker on the fading screen.

Crowd in, I murmur'd, crowd and throng me full
of scent and sound and elemental truth
wind, and wave's cry, and cry of startled gull,
bring back the heartbreak and heartbeat of youth....

He came abreast of me: I waited for
a sunwarm word as ripe as heavy grain....
the long tide held its breath along the shore:
calves' bellow dropt: the lark was dumb again.

But no bright apple phrase broke ripe and sweet
a witter'd crab of common use and cast
knockt here ad here by stick or careless feet
rolled in the dust between us. And he passed.

"That island there, a hundred years ago
 a brown land pointed to the land of green
 beyond the headland's windbent hawthorn row,
 "was busy nest of smugglers... Have seen
 the caves and narrow passages they made
 where the kegs and casks they brought on shore

But hearty theft gives way to honest trade
 and none at midnight tap the cottage door"

lost a full minute I was well afloat
 float lantern signal, heard the muffled creek."
 The someone in a passing motor boat
 swirled on his set, and I heard Baldwin speak,

Sonnet. XXIII

Held captive by the things that must be done
 and bound to body's ease I long have let
 spring rains unhampered, unrecorded run
 beat on my spirit, with no answer yet
 of heat from song & render back again
 slight stir of sleep beauty for the gift...
 ecstatic joy no more than strident pain
 had struck the song out, made the pinions lift.

But with a mind at ease and liberate
 poised ready for the struggle to begin
 I loose my limbs and make the limits strict
 wherein dress the spirit's discipline
 Verse now once more is ridden song bed
 with flaunted hearts, worn lips and tilted head.

The nurses are walking late in the garden.
The patients are sleeping or saying their prayers
asking the Visiting Surgeon to pardon
the blood on the pillow, the spit on the stairs

You went away. For comfort's sake I planned
to fill my thought with triviality,
shut out the lifted gesture of a hand
with forced gaze at cloud and gull and tree ...

But Lawstorn made a small wind struck my face
with joy, and suddenly I was aware
beyond the red brick limits of this place
of the warm odor of your breasts and hair.

I've sought McIarmid's track this many² years
 plunged waist-deep in brown twisting water's cold,
 crept hand by hand up flat-faced stones and sheer
 and pluck thick cotton from the boggy soil
 gone easy over turf, tumbled walls of stone
 with handleaf leading on steep rubbed grass
 walked with the wind for company alone
 and under naked thorn let misadventures pass.

Yet always somewhere in between the hills,
 or lonely, near a lost and ruined fence,
 the mounting lark spirits up and over-spills
 bright beads of life, clear jets of incense.

Today again that note reiterates
 lark-like of liberty and naked thought
 high ova broken stones and rusted gate,
 sun-tight, wind baffled, the cloud cloaked and caught.

Uladh: a poem of Ulster.

written during July

August and September.

. Latin called "Red Hand"
 see separate notebook

How can I write of Ulster?

I've wrote less Ulster back of it.
Every word

Salute to Hugh McDiarmid.

McDiarmid you have bid the Scot
go back beyond the threadbare thought
and old familiar tilt of Burns
^{where} to the cold scots winter turns
into the mild and merry spring
of that gay april blossoming
of that seawash and sunbright star
we think of when we name Dunbar.

Scots too by faith by speech by blood
I heard you and I understood
but to my grief I could not find
the texture of a similar mind
to that strong maker in our tale;
we've had no poet of that scale
small ravers at the plow or loom
By candlelight in attic room,
or at a desk with list and pen

bearing the clothes and names of men
or bawling thro' the classroom door
to marble bulkers on the floor
or clattering intellectually
in some trench public library

I would go back to base my stand
upon the wisdom of the land
upon the hearty strength and hope
in cliff or glen or jutting slope
upon the visionary light
about oak lonely shores by night
upon the old untiring dream
of treachery, bridge-resounding stream
that sweeps the scale from green to bare
but shelters not the glory there.

But when I seek to match my thought
with deft sharp phrases at clear and taught
I fumble in the fashioning

115

tangle and knot it like a string.
There were no loving hands to show
me how the fingers ought to go:
no skilful touch to knead the stuff
into a clay just soft enough
for my weak thumb to give a shape.
Tho' rich with fancies they escape,
flow in and thro' the crumpled earth
and never spire to separate birth.

Forgive me then for if I may
in making this go far astray,
not blame my rocket as no star.

Remember, we had no Dunbar

I

O Ulster muse your strong & bitter heart
 has bid me make a song for sake of you,
 play once before I die the patriot's part
 and praise or blame what i worthy or is true.

Born at your core, the palpitating core
 who concentrates the promise drawing in
 the strength and vigor of both hill & shore
 til something is distilled, a discipline
 of mind and gesture that across the world
 is known as pro peculiarly alone -
 a tilt of banner flying out or jured
 stuck in the sand or grounded safe on stone.

Born at this core and spending growing years
 fed by yr fields & streams beneath yr skies
 sparred by such hopes & limited by fears
 as pallid by the skill of ears and by eyes
 that have each image sign'd from yr face
 and know not any shade save what you give

I have attained a small articulate grace
 and seek to snare with that the fugitive

II

Too long a glen I have let my tongue
 cry out in bitterness, in bitterness,
 because I saw the crushing of the young
 old dolards master, poetry's distress,
 wrong braggart, bludgeon violence, a shame.
 the jades look, the pennies on the drum
 the bugled lies the dirt bespattered name
 and bruised beauty manacled and dumb.

This is not Ulster : but the price o' life
 2 Yucatan or steaming Borneo
 age with thin fingers thrusts the jagged knife
 & with whit weary bids the young men go.

III

Then, sober in my utterance I shall make
a little snare of words & catch a bold
not only broken hand or the spent man's' aside
but Juschia's blood & dreams a link. Tell.

Be near me Ulster lest I do you wrong
shill up the scab what shd be masculine
and make a jaunty chorus of a song
that must be strong & rank with sweat & wine.

Yet let not any sweetness that there is
hit by the tangled verse unnoticed:
Leather apron: there yet are primroses
along the road to Crumlin - the spring

The Orange Lily

What other bloom than this? What other bloom
stuck in a hat or carried on a pole
can bless the unborn infant in the womb
with freedom's lust and arrogance of soul?

My orangelily, flower of flaming gold
I have grown sad to see you used for mark
by landy huxters who have sold a sold
bright nail by nail our covenanted ark

O flower of freedom I have heard you sung
by drunken ruffians in a city bar
yet spite the neek some loneliness still clings
that left your petals gilded by a star

Thos Newtownbreda or thos Saintfield go
and here is every window box set gay
with these bright blossoms - their golden row

to celebrate that more-than-holiday

As I have slept here leaning on my stick
 my heart uplifted by the blossoming
 till joy for me smudged out the statesman's buck
 and freedom was a very lovely thing.

So by this token let us know each other
 that he who wears the tunic on his back
 claims freedom for himself & for his brother
 and asks no more nor less for life than that.

Lynne

Make me sad then make me merry
 break and mend the heart's pine
 apple bloom of Ballinderry
 cherry trees of Aghalee.

When I was four yrs old we went
 to Six Roads' End in County Down
 to hear the great and eloquent
 Sir Edward speak from London Town.

Now I have read awhile the thing
 I pass my judgement on his fame
 assess at worth his blusterings
 and modulate my praise and blame.

But far below the layers of thought
 that passing you deposited
 still in the lonely depths unsought
 where dwells that child's untroubled head
 is platform on a grassy place
 a cheering crowd of banded men
 a lifted just a scowling face
 Sir Edward Carson 1910.

Train North.

I saw two mares and a foal
in a field with a single tree
and a cow with a crumpled horn
gazed over a gate at me:

a flock of sheep on a hill
and a tilted rick of hay
the corn six inches high
I had for an hour today.

Note on Agriculture

The little fields are our defence
against a age of competence.

The Rivers of Ulster [S. 24.35]

The Roe we brush the Lagan and the Bann
O Phayhan a Abane of my dreams
O Brown with peat O salmon-celling streams
Yon're not too wild to drown the heart of man
We stood aloft on bridge or cliff to scan
more famous rivers crested rich with tides
dead kings and poets gave til fancy seems
like some high laden gallery Tyrone.

Amaz'd a overwhelmed by that array
lost as a stranger in a world remote
I've shut my eyes - turning face away
to gain the compass points to guide my boat
to anchor safe in shallows or to float
with the limewhites slowly toough reagh.

Lament

Let us mourn for the pattern broken
let us cry for the high things misst.
Cuhillin is dead and will not waken
We have no craft to break his rest.

Patrie walks with the deer and longer
the words of his wisdom all are said.
The voice in the Glen is the voice of a stranger
Strange are the cars on the mountain road.

I stood for awhile in the sunset glimmered
years of silver over black of the peat.
Not far now was the spring or the summer
Autumn is early. The stacks are wet.

Hills that tremble to heroes' passing:
rocks that splintered the flying spear,
swallows and sterlings are crossing and crossing

but the raven returns no more.

Brief, for a moment, brief and angrily
a man or two of a alien race
caught the gesture and beauty only
to find the shadow lost in the rain..

Henry Joy, James Hope, and the others
sought to lift up the fallen flag
but the black night gathers and gathers
swords of silver over a bay.

American Presidents of Ulster Descent.

Let us name them slowly over;
 let us name them: Grant, McKinley,
 Adams, Adams, Polk, Buchanan,
 Little men time gave a chance to:
 spread on counter, quickly bundled.

[Names on posters, faded colours,
 circus played here long gone summer,
 boys who cheered it not remembered
 only tourist sees the notice
 notice with the ragged corners
 tattered on a crumbling gate post,
 only tourist stops & reads it
 shell sounded name of clown or rider]

Here at home they'd sat on Council,
 cheeted contract, bids official,
 fills fake juries for their incomes,

sold blind horse to weak-eyed farmer
 stolen gravel from the highway
 died churchmembers and respected
 sedesmen, elders, stewards and wardens,

Only one is worth our claiming
 he went out to rascals' laughter
 weak defeated still professor
 with a vision undefeated
 of the city of the future,
 was an outlaw from its borders
 and the congress of the nations
 lifting Peace up as their banner.

Yet the streak of weakness when
 left Gene Deb to cough in prison,
 Hay wood jumping bail for Moscow
 and Centralia's dirty murder.

Better God should give Ted Roosevelt,

hearty humbug, daff rough rider
 for the faded little posters
 sticking ragged to the gatepost,
 on the gable or the boarding . . .

—

Who then to praise as worth our love and thought
 for any better lives or vision brought?

Hans Sloane that studios ad exacting man
 booklover ad physician to Queen Anne?

Rollo Gillespie, Eldred Pottinger,
 are these the names that still make pulses stir?

Nay of these heroes there is only one,
 but of you sword, not you, John Nicholson.

Sergeant Quigg

I call to mind the famous Sergeant Quigg
 who dragged the wounded sage ad went for more.
 Born when the Bush runs by in the tract ad trip
 he did not know what he was fighting for.

He did not know. He was not asked. He went
 because his master went. A country boy
 he knew winds buffet, nettlesouch, the scent
 of chest high bayfields out near Ballintoy

He was a fool. We heard blaspheming men
 call him a fool for his deaf bravery
 Yet who can tell summors them again
 Quigg will be there beneath the Hostile Tree.

These are my berries. Prince leave
 enough to fill a poet's mouth
 The bumble's nest is on thy sleeve
 The year's bright banner rally south.

These are my hills and I am known
 By every rising wind of air
 By every gull adversely blown
 At every hedge and thicket or bare.
 These are my hills and I am known
 As comrade of the stream and stone.

These are my hills. I ask no rent
 I stammer clad or naked free
 I only go the way he went
 Who once was wise and kind to me.
 These were his hills and now are mine
 His own hand by his word and sign.

And on my father's shoulder in the street
 I saw the bands at banners flutter by:
 The steady tread of marching mechanic feet
 As company succeeded company:
 A blur now in the memory, a mist
 Of klaxon shapes that somehow went and died
 For a sick world, too sick to think of Christ,
 Too sick to see her manhood crucified.
 It was not so then. we were in the right,
 With shrewd steeds, vengeance for the broken.
 What form should a man go to fight,
 Or better still a sword! O Christ what form!

But one bleak day - all the seaside town
 There was a silence brooding on the place
 The sunne was cold. The blinds were all drawn down
 And there was sorrow on my father's face.

The Spade at my foot
Tells providence is me.
My inadvertent foot
is God's own mystery.

The Steps

Black doctors selling cure-all, herbalists
Who call all doctors hers, missionaries
Inviting copper to complete the bound.
And at a windy corner shake fists
make Marx the dryg basis o' a curse
Driving Crayon off by to the ground.

Wedges in narrow place a bitter man
scolds the St. Paul with savage ignorance
and tickers with dull ticklers a his crowd
a red-faced fellow naps Sabatons' plan
with scroll & fonte. With a scornful glance
I pass, my head unbloody and unbowed.

I'll go open before my summer ends
where once I went with those two best friends
into the Mournes' heart, to the lonely lake
where road streams over flat wide boulders make
great shields of sunny gold seen miles away
where cotton o' the bog like tufts of wool
fleeces the marshy places, left and pool
rich in old glorious browns no brush could mere.
we strode together thro' a fitful day
of sunflash, slanting rain, and misty air:
for one of us was bidden to observe
Leeks / father, shoulders shadow, waterscurve,
and paint it all in color for a price

But what comes by the freedom of the heart
the damage given by hills, by hills apart
adrise with some bintewere twixt God
and his creation, now knock the sod
with foolish charge of earth, with rasping plow?

Yet know thou once what right or life that twice
I might attain: the roof unpajpled now?

To not this lone landship of stones
my own, whereon skins who went with me —
a slate of grace, of being, of a kind
not to be got agher by sorcery?

This is the House of death,
this is the Gate of life;
here thousands cry for blood and breath,
and sweat beneath the knife.

Here is a Sunday noon
fathers & mothers come
near the shrill chado but not the tune
and go the out blind and dumb.

Faery Thorn

They stackt the hay in the sloping field
but did not touch the faery Thorn.
They they had heard Christ's birthday herald
and gone to kirk each Sabbath morn:

the hand at bargain, close with fist,
and rear towring the sods' last drops
and skeptical of the pretious —
who prayd for rain to save the crops.

Windsor Park.

I never knew the greatest cracks of all
steady in goal, or deadly with the ball:
but I saw Rollo, count the memory sweet
of the light magic of his flying feet,
and rate above dim Red Branch deeds in worth
the great Ted Vizard tumbled to the earth;
as Bill M'Cracker stuffs his pocket
the famous Alan Morton, Scotland's rocket; —
M'Cracker, King of Backs, from slow and grim
turns slowly for the field, & remember him
pick at the ball and tick it under arm,
Cast game to Ireland, safely out of harm.

And with that master never to be forgot
that other prince of craft, Elisha Scott,
how from the leading foreheads of his foes
he flickt the ball, or turned from swinging toe.
Elisha Scott, Bill Scott, another as good,

safe - the sticks did not kin by blood —

Tom Scott, Tom Scott, I know where you are lying
beneath the square towers and the dark yews crying.

Sillespie Co., ^{Hanwell} Mick Hall, Gallagher

that intricate and deft artificer

who wove his patterns this to Scott's defence
the out and back with poe's insolence.

But while the memory's clear and sharp and bright
let me spell out the names that were delight.

Dixie Alfie Harland, Maulsaid, Tommy Frame
when now's the name bequeal any name?

and when was better halfback this seen
Bob Wallace, Jerry Morgan, M'Ireen?

The forwards name them slowly: they were greet
Cowen, M'Cracker, Savage - still a weight —

the m'Ireavy and up on the wing
the light m'Sullen. Naming these I trip
before my eyes the crowded shouting stands,
the roar'd approval, or the echoed "Hards!"

O it will be a poor ad niggard age
 can spare no column on the joined page
 between reports of Commissary or Kings
 or small dictators, lassely blustering
 big exports, street of men, a picture of dictators blustering
 can spare no column with chisel ad verse
 like clear rainbow senaphone verse
 a train of centebalves ad goalkeepers

Saturday.

When shall we go on Saturday?
 When do we ever go?
 A pint at Rooney's going to the match
 a half an hour coming home:
 the tea at six:
 shopping with the missus
 down the Shankill
 down North Street
 the stop awhile at the Pigeon Shop.

maybe meet Andy or Joe.
 Quick drinks near ten
 the old woman waiting with her basket full.
 The home to bath the kids.

Christ died for us it says on the board
 stuck up outside the Mission
 Christ died for us.

What did he die for? What do we live for?
 What is it all about?

Be quiet, lead
 have done with troubled thought.

Be quieted o heart.
 Where shall we go
 on Saturday?

Slemish Smoke

The Patrie came sheer Slemish night
 To face his foene master
 Across the hill there fled a cry
 That bid him hurry faster,
 As the a flame lit up the sky
 With glow of fierce disaster.

Something was there that has not passed away,
 Something was Ulster to the very core.
 Old chief I praise you tho your cause is lost,
 And Patrie's name's blasphemed in every town
 By any piper farce or priest.

You saw the pale young god come up the hill
 With quiet song and bowing of the head
 But - by you heart the bronjace heroes shouted
 And shook their spears against his gentleuers

The day on eyes strange hands of mystery came
 And weakness crept along your twitching limbs,
 Breast trembled bidding gesture of salute,
 And all howona - you cried when

But with a jerk you stiffed at ~~at hand~~ and turned
 With kings head to the wattle cabin ring
 And coarse commanding led the king brought in,
 The boards and planks piled up so none escape.
 He with a torch you kindled for yourself
 You strode about and set the fort alight
 And perisht in the smoke.

The Patrie came
 The drift had sped beyond his stearest prayer.
 O Milines youd not bow to a swineherds god -
 But stubborn jutted did yourself to death.
 I have known men who worship worse than that:
 I have not worship but I lack the courage
 To burn my books and perish in the blaze.

Religion in Ulster

I W. P. Nicholson calls on the Lord's Vengeance

The Bell is peckt. Boys perch on window sills.

The steamy air runs down the joggry panes;
while in the haggis done the light burns green.

We rise, with stumble, as the Preacher enters.

He waves us down. The eye starts to whine.

Three thousands voice sing from small red books.

And Powers an Avalanche, a cloud of sand
and in a pine precarious on a ledge
on a bedrock fall above a drifted well.

The Preacher begins with just a Bible slam.

Come back, ya whispering scumkin skin. Come Back!

God calls you by the torture of His Wounds.

The Power, The Power is a reverending flood.

We sniff at willow. Bull gods trod before me
with slit throats dripping blood upon the stone.

The hands stretch out ad bleating. Pigs are stuck.

I once saw pigs killed in a farmer's yard
the knife cut throat then slit the belly at —

There is no redemption save the blood of Christ.

A voice cries out. Lord Jesus in thy Hands!

The trumpet preacher brays his joyful delight
Thou art come, wholl come to Christ this very night.

Tomorrow! You tomorrow will not come.

Tonight the Blood

Tonight
of Christ tonight.

We sing aye. Emanuel's veins spot on.

The red-faced servant girls stand at ad shout
ad simply needed young grocers rumble "Glowy".

I a gift by the residence, a grocer for sure,
O Brother now the most. Let the Lord —

Brothers sin guilt ad be convicted of it —

The trumpet on the platform leaps aye

There'll be no junking her. 2 my father's House.

Let us keep seated til the second verse —

Def the devil. Pull old Satan's tail
and give a shout for Jesus.

Someone faints

a girl at the back of the hall begins to scream.

Selfconsciousness in many Sunday suits
creak down the aisle and bustle her, sobbing, out.
The crowd stands up and roars its doggerel.

The trumpet plays upon the strained nerves
that creak into salvation here and then
bobbing and snapping up all over the hall.
Iminent danger threatens. Hell's own fire
is drawing near. The bubbly hairs and manes,
and a red sky. I floundered off into out
and by redder cement of blood —
see see when Christ's blood shears "the garment."

II Seance: Christian Spiritualist Church

With table and trumpet you are most

likely to hear from the Holy Ghost —

The best of news from the Promised Land

if you let the medium deal the hand.

Does anybody here know the name of — Brown?

I get that plainly and, I fancy — Tom.

If so they'll understand what he's trying to say.

Ask Minnie not to burn that letter yet.

Not Minnie? Millie says — Millie yes.

Does that mean something. Yes I thought it would

And you there at the back — the end of the row —

Control says little Marjorie is here

or not you? The perhaps the lady next —

No matter. Little Marjorie is here

None till Dinky got to get an cry
in tonight here. and we got lots of toys

Powers weaker now. a tall dark man is here

But Power is weaker ad he can't get it tho.
 He's very angry. O his blasphemous —
 Goodnight my dear. He ne has gone away.
 Goodnight my dear. Not worry. Yes. Goodnight -
 well sing that hymn age. She is fond of it.

and Captain Bluff has a story to tell
 of the nights he spent in Crippen's cell -
 at Joe he converted well he won't will speak
 of the value of self denial week
 denied week
 O come along whilst my whilst my
 war cry war cry.

III

Central citadel Holiness Campfire

O shout salvation bang the drum
 with banner ad cymbal Christ will come.
 Stand waiting in the street ad roar
 the blacks the drunkards
 the dirties the whores
 Christ will love you more ad more.
 You in the smartest evening dress
 You with the silk lowcut frocks
 Christ shall clear your adders -
 Try the next ad rattle the box.
 Lieutenant Smith with the dyed black hair
 Major Smith will lead us pray.
 Their Sister Thoson wishes to say
 Brigadier Thoson wishes to say
 Colonel Thoson wishes to say
 Archangel Thoson wishes to say
 how the devil tempted ^{her} yesterday - no yesterday
 [Horite] not the other day.

III In the Porch after Service

The congregation stream out into the porch.

A shortsighted fellow shook hands with me twice
and hoped my brother was not very ill.

I have no brother. I am seldom ill.

And Mr. Gree remarks that the paraphrase . . .

while Mr. Brown agreed that the original . . .

as Mr. White drew me aside to point out
that the Rev Mr. Smith whom we heard this morning
was rather inclined otherwise in that . . .

However the ruling elders were of opinion —

as at the assembly good old Pan had said —

so there could be little harm arise from that

Unfortunately the collection always reflected —

Mumble salvation, tinkle on the plate
you'll surely get Christ for six and eight.

IV The Church Intellectual: Unitarian

But if a to other hand as Arnold says
Arnold, Ruskin, Ruskin, Emerson, Carlyle . . .

So finally we seek to segregate
the doctrinal element, if such there be —

The six leads to the congregation and
I sit for a dozen far down the horsebox pew.

Christ's little account. Salvation comes
by living life — a series of scars

V Hymn

O Christ you are either a pig with a gushing throat
or a horrid guttersnipe like a butterfly
bound down in a box with other gods for me & peers ad gloat
in old & other very narrow, me old ad gutters ad dry.

O Christ you are preacht as a lonely ad terrible King
with thunderbolts strayed thro a weak ad wounded hands
while hooded angels croon in shaker ad jingled wings
or run with summoning trumpets over desolate lands.

O Christ this is not you of the merciful word
(the quiet joiner's joke or the skilful countryman's love
who wove his little stories of broomstick, henry, or bird)
who took for his merry friends the fisherman & the whale.

VI Church Evangelical

I heard a Mission Hall on a starry night
one sunday in September, near Jordansboro:
ad thru to the window I stopt to catch
a coarse ad angry voice spit rage ad hate
preaching the faith delivered by saints
so old its rest-a-pickle ad is bitter.

VII

Best of all

I know a man who never bears false witness,
is never angry, cruel, or afraid,
speaks only charitable things, dumb to the rest:
and has no rancor even for those who have wronged him,
is honest in his actions, happy looking,
delights in music, watercolor, ad quiet jokes
plays cricket once, but now a occasional round
He gives a breath of cleanliness to a room
but never tells a soul what he believes.

I call to mind that old woman I once met,
a beggar selling needles in the street.

"I see," she said, "Christ enjoy great big tears
over a foolish world." And then again
"Took never seen the ken whi trouble comes
it's tak a plank yere gat too carry awhile
but no b'yersel'. Christ allus gives a han
and takes the heavy en' o't: if y'll let in"

I call to mind heren with the ass and cart,
the ass and cart a mile along the road,
leading steady for home with trailing rein,
heren alone in a lane, face turned to the hedge,
eyes shut in a holy ecstasy of prayer
and wtherd hair blown by a hawthorn wind.

And I will plead of God for the sake of them
that he call not down his fire upon this province
but share it for their sakes at the love they bear him.

And I say there is a christ in our own hills
christ walking thro the mournes with a merry eye,
smoking a cutty with tinkers in Tyrone
or giving sweets to children in Sandy Row
and being nowd on by the police for blocking the traffic
christ driving a herd of calves thro Ballaghmore
or knocking a rail in a plank in a yard in Larne.
[my father and Mother were? wish - The Ninepenny fiddle

Is this the Ninepenny fiddle that I bought
from an old man in a shop with a merry eye
who look it out from under the counter
blew the cobwebs off it, and struck it roughly
Is this the Ninepenny fiddle that I bought?

And what were the nine pennies that I gave?
Not he counted with such care & set i a pile
for I caught a glimpse of the drawer behind the counter
with claffit coins, specie coins, coins that have not been
counted a day while?
O what were the nine pennies that I gave?

[25.355]

Sonnet: Ulster's need
To Alexander Irwin.

Irvine, you stubborn flanna of the heart:
here is the mere needs your wrist care.
Cleave this unyielding earth with splendid stone
as break the black weed rooted close apart.
Without your strength scarce any shot will start
or spike of com upthrust give spear or farr
when many blossoms crowd the gentle air
and 'twixt the bowering eaves the swallows dart.

So, forth to labor. Ease at your side
here are a few will watch the herd for skill,
try to put him as you, or match your stride
with gaugy eye fix on a tree or hill.
Then at the sowing with us also ride
and when at last the crashing reapers still.

[26.355]

They speak you fair and praise you to your face
are happy once again to welcome here
our famous son. They will stand up and cheer
since you've made Antir a immortal place.
Then back to the old wallows of disgrace
the treachery begot by hate or fear,
the tainted rents, the pulpits bought too dear,
the crooked wisdom of the noisy race.

Be not a legend yet. dash the mist
that wreaths already round your valiant name
and the soft wordy strand that swathes each limb
by bony span, trust then a clenched fist
and stand above them barded praise on plane
a captain of God's angry seraphim.

The End of Uladh

[27.355]

Sonnet : On the Threatened Removal of the
Flowersellers from Coventry Place.

O City Daffers you have bid them go:
Take up the baskets with their colored wares:
The daffodils that rock Spring's steely airs
narrows white as frost November snow:
The clover-scented pink, the delphiniums glow,
The violets with leaves from woody bairns
as many wealth the first of winter spares
The berried holly at the mistletoe.

You bid them rise and leave the sounding street
over their bright baskets made the first last year,
gave joy always, I loosed my weary feet,
and wok to the workdull train to holiday.
O stay this treat. Leave the chrysanthemums
Do something else - say - hyndiate the slums.

11 Oct

[28.355]

Two Sonnets to Alexander Brown

I. No man has ever done so much for me
except my father, and to him my debt
is more than I have still to reckon. Let
my heart at fifty be his spirits' fee
But you, my master, found me young & free
with happy love, relieved from hunger's fret,
out of my road unsafe. Was you who set
our feet, for love shall ^(still my) ever comrade be,
on the shaft felt across the arched land
and gave us cheer at starting for the dawn
2. That bright brownie which gleams ahead
I'll seek you when the older captains stand
only perchys to find that you are gone
into the noon more fiery and more red.

11th Oct.

II My Master I write this is not good bye
but shake of hand on passing ^{in the night} on our ways.
When the black hours are turning into light
I'll see your shadow, you will hear my cry
that I shall run to greet you happily
and tell you how the battle ended right,
just as you said, this corner of the fight,
and you shall tell me of your victory.

But now, my master, you have gone your way:
I keep to mine secured to my scope
since you have found my touch a pleasant fit
Dight the darkened corner of my day
and make an easy climb of boulders slope
the forest fresh and Everest be split.

[29.355]

11th Oct.

159

He old man said: A picture by my father
is stored in a barn in Saintfield when we lived....
(I like you just to see it, if you could...)
I put such questions of technique and nature
as who so professed jumbling vague replies
of trees & sunlight in a rocky valley
in oils or canvas of indeterminate size...
Unhappy at the prospect, with no hope
of finding a new dominion to the place
I turned the talk to how the seasons altered
and brought a break of frost of yesterday...
Aye, he replied, its autumn right enough.
This was the time my father hunted most.
He always said: No time like the fall o' the leaf...
and went out early with his box of paints.

"H. Oct.

In autumn with the falling full of leaf
 I shut my mind at heart to thoughts of grief
 He sees a prompts, and go after my way
 An automatic robot during day
 I dreamless student - the earliest night
 Lest one chill word should couple with my sight
 And blast the heart out of the infinite . . .

But yesterday I lifted up my eyes
 From fettered foot to challenge of the skies
 And saw across a jinnee's denka, green
 A winter's bleak spread yellow dappled screen
 And hot abstracted letters, green and gold,
 Among my heart against the gathering cold . . .

A man stood at a tramstop late for work:
 He pulled his watch out, tapped impatient toe,
 Peered anxiously as tho a car might lurk
 In any garden of the dismal row.

Then all at once a jolie just gain
 Striped silver with the rain, and draped
 With tumbled leaves, left out from Godknowswhere,
 And whistled his last clear off without a word.

We askt the women if in Germany
 There still were meetings of rebellious men
 Who spoke clear voices a plan of mercy free
 And justice singing in the streets open.

She said, — and as she said it we were stirred
 By dread that tingled somehow near the heart
 And made the { naked single meaning of each word
 Take on the feathered beauty of a dart —

19 Nov
163

Yes - slowly - yes. But only 2 or 3
or maybe 4 or 5 like us tonight
in a small room like this. 2 Germany.
With chess or cards as bluff - by candlelight.

X

Come closer heart I love,
Knock it on against my side.
Our life is scarce enough:
The world is cold and wide

We have so many things
to do before we die
will earn us buffettings
and shouts of crucify
that I go more adread
if we have life enough
to turn the bated head
and keep us rich in love

20/11/01

Creation'

A whirling cloud of luminous mist
A jagged flesh of a bursting cell
Tall Helen's body, Lenin's fist
Caruso's throat, Da Vinci's wrist,
^{"spirocete"} or a low-ton smell
A lot of fun and a gangling bell?

Shreds of flesh on the rusting wire
A rickety baby crying for food
A calving cow in a draughty byre
The camel's dung of an arabs fire
A giddy dance round a sparkling jessie
A sick wolf slinking into the wood

I make this walk on a flimsy page
I know not when or where it will end:-
Crinkle and yellow a dusty age
or pulp the slope of a jockey's nose
or light the pipe of a long faced
or heart

19 Nov.

Sonnet : Peace

30. 355

31. 345

When we speak Peace we do not mean the end
of high intrepid valor blind & scorn
saying
the lonely heart set on a lone forlorn
the proud heart that would rather break than bend
We urge not a haggard bed to spend
by sulle years from tedious morn to morn
dull trafficking in wine & oil & corn,
wit never a lonely dreamer to call him friend.

We shew a wider scope adventures —
the jungles heart the desert ridge unspunnd
thoughts' wind whifft over tracks yet unknown was
the lancet's healing pain in steady hand —
all
these in the hard roads of truth crop mountainous —
the baffled fronts of knowledge thickly manned.

These have been those who battled for the right
rode on the Tartar's lance with a cheer
drew lonely blade a blessed cavalier
against the tall battalions of the night.
A threatened heart, a homestead set alight
and peasanthearts have shed their whining tear
with lone joyed pike, with corded bandoliers
have left a ring of dead to gorge the hawk & kite.

But that was yesterday. Today we go
like roles & burrows scrabbling in the gloom
with horrid goggles safe at morn for
while sleek & men rise in a barned room
and urge on younger workers at our friends
rush out books for tickers' dividends.

19 Nov.

Brooding on my boyhood gone
seeking slopes to kindle wit
I remembered uncle John,
mother's brother, uncle John.
Memory spun a shade to fit.

On the white west windowsill
were stored geraniums
I can see that cottage still
smell the dinner, hear the shrill
"Uncle Johnny - Here he comes!"

Quatrains Feb 21st N.

I thrill at flora, am happy with
the pattern made by gold and red
rejoicing as I strolled my lot
I drag burnt - as a potting shed
life means for me the play of wit
on politics a love and art
a screen屏风 on the infinite
shade the slowly breaking heart.

I drag the policies of life
against the armaments of fear
see every cliff and easy slope
and happy daybreak always near.
I stand and lift a clenched fist
against the all encroaching gloom:
incongruous Optimist
in a small overheated room

Life slips before me like a leaf
my bedstraw rotting in the air
Blood meeting blood equates a phrase
and art words of a child despair

I take the Janies deadness gave
to shifting shades of light and dark
visit I ride a noisy wave
adoring the only sacred ark.

Ode for Peace

(early in December)

Whose cry goes up for war? Does yours, my friend?

You with the little garden all abloom

With roses riot thro' the summer days,

and rich with colors til October's end?

Do you speak war?

Or you who walk the mountains with a friend

and, bent a-lifte, horse by your

at sunset; sword slash and cloud battlement

winds sculpture magnificent.

You
Do you speak war?

I bid you answer: You with book in hand
driving the small boys with its to Samarkand
who'd rather watch the fly

seek open crevices bream the sky
or painted cart beyond the playground wall.

Do you speak war? Or have you told them all —
all the steeds trait behind the banners lie,
the perjured prince, the curtailed lot,

the fly-blown bodies left brost
in gutter walls or shredded out on wire.

in what was once a country-side of rye
and wheat, with ragged bodies here and there?
Do you speak war?

And you, old peasant, beneath the apple trees
driving the hobbles cattle to the byre
do you cry war? Or is it peace,

The seasons round, the crops increase,

the frost split sod, the log blue fire,

the first dark swallow in the clear March air?

O mother white Delbow with the flour,
or dipping in the pot for every plate;

This is your home.

You most of all can make it truly great

Your red chaffed hands hold all the power
Occasion will not wait.

The mothers of the earth have surely heard
a visionary song, a magic bird,

rise specklewing against the morning star

Peace Peace Peace he calls and clamors
like a tiny song alive with silver hammers

Peace Peace Peace. Or is it war?

O mother thou hast borne them. They are thine
not otherwise but wonblom, innocent
shall they be stolt spilt like wine
the delicate liquid spent
while you stand silent?

Surely their breath ad being, bairborn, was not idly meant

The cry goes up: I surely know thovis
the choice the voice makes is uncertain. Do you hear?
That voice is clearest now. That voice is clear.
The word it speaks is Peace forever Peace
let the old hatreds dwindle;
let the old rage cease;
unburn the cities: sow the blasted field
the ancient lands rekindle
Earth! Be healed

W.W.

I live but lack the touch of life, the food down shade, grow fat & wise,
she loafs & cake with carpet knife/ seek letters' side thro ears & eyes
ad saucyish philosophies
I make a quiet shade & fit/ the secret emblems of the dead,
yet as I write a bigger shit/ the grey sheets of a union bed,
a whore wif unsolicited

Month	Totals	
	Poems	Lines
January	24	287
February	21	288
March	20	340
April	18	364
June	8	86
July - A + S (Mad)	37	1634
Oct	8	102
Nov	9	87
Dec	2	62
Total	151	2255

Pine for a Gift Book - Noah's Ark Xmas 1534

I loved Noah ad his Ark
Jaffet Han and Peter - Shen
west for journeys after dark
Troy, Hong Kong, Jerusalem
Here's goodluck as you embark
on new voyages with him

