



POEMS  
POEMS

JANUARY 1934 1934

By

JOHN HEW III.



## Marxist Lilt.

Occasion this for fervor  
unlyricket leave the spring  
intone the dialectic  
and the revolutionary thing . . .

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

and bright and white and shining  
the blue thro' ages runs  
and the materialist conception  
makes wisdom of the suns .

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

in italics and a note.

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

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

5  
81h.

The clouds blow off the stars are bright  
the plow tills 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.



From the French of Albert Samain

1514

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

Suddenly struck by a distant glitter  
the marble domes and the arches gleam  
and in the clear air of the morning's splendour  
a spied word weaves an adventurous dream

15 7

✓  
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 stare.

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

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

Already in the January air  
 there is a stir there is a quickening  
 more birds to sing or hilt 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 ran down the sheet  
 when thin steel

glided down the sky  
 I lift my head and lengthen stride  
 and byries moving in my heart  
 that at sun's sudden touch ad start  
 deck gay with green a mountainside.

All unexpected things  
 the glance of a navy eye  
 the flash of the sun of white gull's wings  
 and thin rain falling out of a clear sky:

whatever is strange,  
 unprophesied come without drums,  
 birds best <sup>dash</sup> before <sup>at</sup> the chance of clay  
 when death's cold moment comes.  
 gray



We pride ourselves on the gains of time  
 and rejoice in the banners we bear in the van  
 but earth to tribute in every rime  
 and draw on the total knowledge of man.

But let a single snowdrop thrust and break  
 the wet sod on the eve of baffled spring  
 and we are dumb, and helpless, lest we wake  
 the ghoulish horror of the Victorian thing.

---

Judge men by what they think of trees,  
 by how they pass a <sup>wood</sup> road at night  
 or if fir creek or willow wheeze  
 provoke them to the thought of flight.....

I knew a man was well content  
 to lie on moss and watch the sky  
 thro' bracken, laurel, leafy rent,  
 when time ran fast or lifted by

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

---

With rain and wind gusts in a city street  
 I always think with bitterness of death,  
 the spirit's failure, and the blood's defeat  
 the least withdrawal of the final breath.

And yet the only man I have seen to die,  
 lay dying in the sun that stroked his face  
 with golden fingers from a summer sky  
 while thrushes sang and larked round the place.

---

## Sonnet 1.

I never speak of me as one who hated  
 say rather who in urgency of love  
 to reconcile long opposites and prove  
 the shape and substance each for each created  
 and held by hidden coils together fast  
 the sea and sky make one below above  
 he returned to the waste and weary drove  
 yoked over lowing home past dusk belated.

So if you understand me you will too  
 tie any straw rope to a tethered thing  
 build pylon to screen out across the blue  
 and bundle clad up from a puffled bag  
 till hoarse with lumps of dizzy with the y  
 the captain will lie down beside the crew.

---



With fallow heart and dull prosaic wit  
 The eager crowd has not wakened song.  
 The season's bleak, and overwhelmed by it  
 I have gone out as one oppressed by wrong.

As here a thrush and there a robin gay  
 Have warned the birds deliverance is at hand  
 I have not heard today nor yesterday  
 Spring's byles that once lilted thro' the land.

---

Along the city lawns 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.

---

From door to door with heavy bag  
 that grows in weight each step I drag  
 I wear on wet and smarting feet  
 along a blank suburban street  
 Then suddenly across a fence  
 with light & cheer inconsequence  
 I saw a glimpse of silver birch  
 like those that used to welcome me  
 oh, ten years old, from school at church  
 I passed that clump of silver birch  
 and chanted as I strode along  
 the lulling Hiawatha's song —  
 and wondered where time's swift canoe  
 should bring me to, should bring me to!

The safe and blest in Heaven  
 with hat in time, and 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 me all uneasy  
 watch me fidget thro his prayers  
 and at the end of the Angel's  
 hill come and ask me if I want to  
 wander out awhile from Heaven  
 — a freer fresher air.

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



(Sonnet 2)

25rd

Of woman born to woman I return  
since no thoughts' net nor wits' 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, lambstride, innocence of foal;  
yet live out life's five senses sweet and whole  
from cragbright heather to lush 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 thought's altitude agreeing —  
I, pivoted on you can be responsive —  
- ible for tongue and hands, for thought and seeing.

Sonnet 3.

19  
15  
25rd.

O mother wife to you I turn and cry.  
That mother of whose body I was part —  
whom drew breath with and lay beneath whose heart  
her share done in my shaping & quiet  
retreats new, leaving me ~~dearth~~ and stay  
The first birth finished, birth of skill and art,  
handcraft and studied thought, remains to start  
the second warm womb hatch soul self to try.

So I in you, O mother wife, shall lose  
the life of flesh, shall lay my body down  
for you to master, draw from, seize, and choose  
the thread and tissues fit to be your own.  
Then <sup>spring</sup> issuing from you selflost, born anew,  
I'll need no tilted cross or hemlock brew.



## [Sonnet 4.]

Whatever's unexpected, the surprise  
 when sudden gesture shocks the mind alert:  
 the flash of recognition in wide eyes;  
 the darted signal from a surface hurt:  
 the tall tree, the inevitable tree  
 that gives a landscape all significance:  
 november's thrush with call of prophecy  
 and autumn's first leaf arabesque and dance.

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

## [Sonnet 5]

The junction of male seed and woman flesh  
 is born of woman, stays, grows in her,  
 she mothers, nurtures, tides to thin vein flesh  
 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 new or breaks above magnificence  
 or abject pity. So the physical  
 is perfect, and for good or ill exists,  
 makes mark on matter, either great or small,  
 with wit or beauty, bitter tongue or fists.  
 Then, function filled, the woman reconciled,  
 content, slips sleepward, leaving born her child.



## [Sonnet 6]

λ

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

so spirit bedded safe in spirit's crush  
 thrust under, held and mastered, must become  
 warm mother of child spirit; affections blush  
 along the prone limbs when the needs' gone home.

For this linking male and female stuff,  
 the flesh child's born of woman, but the male  
 bears within, latches, wards' gainst start and rough  
 the spirit's bearing and a poem, frail  
 or feather heavy, swings into the air  
 but lyric, sky triumphant, makes 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 lies:  
 on these terms only will life stoop to treat.

A woman gives her body to life's use,  
 her own, he needs, the child that is to be:  
 yet by this giving he can fly a brute,  
 and walk creation's mistress - mystery.

Christ with it's exact, exactly wit o' the Jews,  
 a dove dove or on a cavin of rocks,  
 declared the winner he who dared to lose  
 his life: and lived out this bright paradise.

Still soul safe, gibbet safe, he should he' come  
 nature and father to a village home.

X

With concentrated mind and clenched fist  
 from whirl of baffled fantasies I long  
 to be his forical determinist,  
 but the blood mudders and the heartbeats wrong.

What if a cuckoo crying up a hill  
 precluding thigh-deep grain and summer haze  
 be but for all his melancholy thrill  
 only a revolutionist of the phrase?

Or swallow eggs for the middle land pool  
 darting and striking thru the ocean cleft  
 be but despite the imminent sunset cool  
 a infantile disorder of the left?

I took my trouble to the cold night air,  
 walked out my fevered thoughts on lonely road:  
 the fears of Asia, Africa were there  
 and Nazi 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 to my sight  
 to wish of cloud across the broad moon's face.



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

Even the trees, stiff metal in the night,  
 lack the warm thought green attitudes provoke,  
 until against the P low aloof and bright  
 a homestead chimney wreath'd its jet of smoke.

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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 rampant rose  
 the ridgy little garden plots were wooden bungalows.  
 On painted gales, above the doors, each bore a letter's name  
 of shattered towns and villages blown round the earth to fame;  
 for here abided men who went with eager eyes and breath  
 to 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, and canopy of root  
 lest men should live and clean forget the pity and the pain  
 that shook and smasht the stupid world, and thoughtless, may again  
 the names above the blister'd door, or on the painted gale  
 speak the stark legend to the heart that was not born too late

---

Poems in February.

Feb 8/15<sup>29</sup>

✓ For a Sequence, I.

[Sonnet 8]

First then to reckon up the seasons' flow:  
That spring in Dublin when the budded trees  
sang their bright green with insolence and ease  
where the small children and old loafers go:  
Then gorse in Antrim; glens where hazels grow,  
and Juschia in the Mourne; your shining knees  
white from the chafing of Atlantic seas  
where spray and winds heartease and body's blow.

There's more than that: fields harrowed, green tift corn,  
and long roads home in twilight; and a lark,  
a full sun; a quiet treading crowd  
from early service; Slémish in the moon:  
light frightened rabbits scattering in the dark:  
and skyline smoke against 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 knelt cried to drink then drank and never spoke:  
 from labourers at gates, and angry folk  
 who shouted from the window with no light  
 while <sup>we knelt</sup> held back back the gate with start of fright  
 then shotbolt twist us, thunders at the joke:

and shadowy stacks of corn and crackling bread  
 to short cut thro' the wood to that bright town,  
 and Roman pavements, pots by lands long dead,  
 and lands of comrades firm and white and brown,  
 and voices in the trees, and voices sweet  
 with forty years surmounting of defeat.

X For a Sequence, III. [Sonnet 10]

Yet these are but the motioned light and shade  
 upon our bodies in the gleaming air.  
 What record of the stark encounters where  
 no alien tone or steth our fears betrays?  
 I, bound by bleak tradition and dismayed  
 the rich and jewel ecstasy to dare,  
 you, <sup>hale</sup> face circled by your dear dark hair,  
 stirring beneath me, warm and unafraid..

Then, love's still quickend, hours who side 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 as a gift to few  
 as her firm hand brimmed up and did not spill  
 a marvellous vintage of star-fallen dew.

8/17 Feb

Sum up then, count the takings on the till,  
What bargains for, what bartered? What what?  
Sun-minted gorse from some bright gullflecked hill  
and climbing roses from a garden plot.

What more than this could make majestic yield?  
Stark cross at sunset on a hemlock cup  
and white bones lying in crowd rancorous field  
when stock is taken, lay lots tallied up?

---

33

X Vernal

9/15

Cyclists have been observed on Sunday.

The man in the grandstand yawns  
and leaves early  
the first instalment of income tax  
has been paid  
on receipt of a second notice  
followed by

renewal of life policy

THE POEM ON THE FIRST SNOWDROP  
has already appeared in the columns of the  
local press.



[Sommer II]

Wednesday 1 July 1915 in the air

and also that for your dark months been not

in the air and give me other

have made a great battle of the day

making him ecstatic. clear as day

the other men along the winding creek

reads well, with hot country birds & quack

and the sound of the water running out to sea.

As you look round the pond & marshes

which is excellent, and some for that

the water body at the striking point

which is perfect, the most beautiful view of the

as of the pond and some birds as in

which is made of the most beautiful and a sound design.

This moment in a hidden cell

Primitive rocks in green moss

which has been already described well

and some of the rocks are clear.

and is a very good water

now water flows in the hollow's back.

The rocky water flows calls

and only other water notes.

In Paris - very with the thin line -

no need to go to the animal room

and now I have never long been down

and made from about 1000 m (1000 ft)

and I like to see a white bear

and, like a bear, very to this point

the young bear, must walk about

and meditate the young sky.

What was are these? Dictatorship  
 democracy democracy  
 the fog faws at the firm shut lip  
 and makes a lie 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 tadpole's epic must be told.

---

The accustomed sign age,  
 the cross breaking rod  
 while gospel dizzy men  
 in smoke an angry god

The stars in thousands plowd  
 the budding bees were gay  
 we took a carefree road  
 to heart some holiday

But with a sudden light  
 round roads and cone upon  
 a hut cemented white  
 of tin and wood and stone

and in the quiet air  
 we stood to hear, maybe  
 the eloquence of trays



take wing of prophecy

but on the waiting ears  
a rancorous voice that roared  
sick with a madman's fears  
"Love-lover's pound."

Strung's eagle flag eyes  
the cross cuts the road  
while gospel diggers  
provoke an angry god

---

1712-

51

39

He spent a woman wine and song  
the wit and skill that might have best  
a world by poverty and woe  
adobe and ugliness oppressed.

Now he is safely in his grave  
his face, not shun, the world of woe  
and strive that just all men shall have  
one wine, one woman, and one song.

---

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 to its close  
 yet yesterday a cry went up and a new empire rose,

craft its artistry.  
 The skull and factory within before the blast of the fire  
 yet out on the prairie the tractor is humming accomplish'd desire.

This'nt a high courtesy vanish and a raucous 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 to his 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.

Beyond the town no alien  
 I walked to moon and star again  
 and saw a golden hope for men  
 come out of heaven a begin.

Returning home elate and proud  
 at mean streets' end I lost the dream  
 as from the cinema a crowd  
 came in a white black featured stream



A memorial tower: lay the words  
makes merry grief as ever his name;  
old window banners as windows  
to witness share in time before.

But marked by memory of year,  
and read by years of written hours,  
now meets founders to rain  
as mind recall each sweet release.

From chimney several academy  
with purple paper and they come  
dull looks shuffling together  
back to the Lyric - strike a drum

This man, a washed engineer,  
forgot the words that he had written  
matt - a celluloid canon

after that part with a drum  
This girl also in a crowded room  
in face with me and shall with me  
clearly aware just as know the look  
like looks in the other bed

The window door, the darkly tone,  
the darkness looks from days from  
until shall come being history.

This is the room I have been happy in,  
 had comfort, found deft verse, the house asleep,  
 wrote here my Christmas vision's merry din,  
 adventured 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 to see the coming on of day.  
 Here rebels told dear lesson, chattered out  
 with frosty gust and accolade of moon;  
 for shining hours tried wit in dextrous bout  
 or joined the chorus of a ballad tune.

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 drowse in frown at the blue  
 and hear spring's bright thrush throated blythe call.  
 May you have dreams, for dreams survive awhile,  
 and cling about the corners, may they speak  
 (to teach the wisdom of a thoughtful smile)  
 that sought to end oppression of the weak.

Here may you five star senses learn their scope,  
 and feed your spirit. Here exultant heart  
 build up the turret's of a <sup>valiant</sup> noble hope  
 and fret not to be lonely and apart.



I have gone seeking wisdom for my part,  
 have grifted fierce fides, wrested and laid bare  
 the masonic 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 buy on as you to me  
 no more as individuals to live.

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

What gave you right, save power of scrupulous eye,  
 to jinklar dread into my little heart,  
 to bow the sapling to lost autumn's rage  
 and bid the April tears brim 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 telegraph with talk of eat and cup.

I knew this too but did not care to speak  
 having my own authority and voice  
 chose rather I seek to mock you blustered Sreek:  
 of free and tempest made un baffled choice.

Beat back by fear but never sprung too far  
 the sheet has straitened now and when we meet  
 I know you for the mayrel that you are  
 and only wish you on lampposts - the street.

I am a pink and rubbery jelly fish,  
 stranded on this particular shore of time,  
 prodded by stick, turned over by young dog,  
 jugged to the pain's teeth by darting beak of gull.

At each touch I exude a squirt of ink.

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

Sonnet: VII.

What would you have for heaven? Remembered street —  
 say - sheet of bells in a old Flemish town  
 or swift achievement of a wooded crown  
 and sudden spread of counties at your feet?  
 or yielding of third body to a sweet  
 sea tangled air thro' rushes gently blown ..  
 or waking at a window overgrown  
 with the delighting ramble rose 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  
 showered off in wonder's gesture of surprise.



What learnt in year's scope? Any happy word  
 from magic life or any golden song?  
 What task or challenge from cloud treading bird  
 or wrist skill master's keeping sinews strong?

Treestilt windstride or lonely mountain stance  
 gesture of need indifferent to rain . . .  
 nothing save leaping blood's significance  
 and wisdom winging beauty out of pain.

## Peter's Mother .

I am a woman who has <sup>now</sup> ~~got~~ no name;  
 mother of Simon and Andrew I am known  
 by the reflected light they shed of me . . .  
 A common woman without rambling —  
 not like John's mother <sup>coaxing</sup> 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 and body I never knew  
 the scorching embrace of Luce Sabriel,  
 was wed and bedded with a fisherman,  
 watched him put out from Galilean shore  
 his toddlers waving to him from my side,  
 and later, shaded eyes at sunsetting  
 when he and 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

When that slim lad rode thro' the singing crowd -  
For if I mist the joy and ecstasy  
I mist the breaking heart. For when their world -  
Their little world of love and prophecy -  
Was crumpled like a piece of dirty cloth  
They came back crying to my little house  
By the <sup>Sailee</sup> ~~Sailee~~ shore, as we soon comforted  
With buttermilk, and steaming griddle bread.

Poems in Albarch

Sonnet XIII

1015

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

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



Sunset XIV

10th

That time of year which marks the open tomb  
The bundled garments and the spring gay breeze  
For me was liberating call to come  
To new life's green and budding mystery.

So from an Easter date 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 eyes to that rich time,  
and happy with four seasons' wealth and love  
I spell my passion in a threadbare rhyme  
That trembles with the urgency thereof:

but all the time the birds awake with day,  
dew-drunken, say far more than I can say.

55  
10th

We have lived freely, taken day and night  
as equal arbiters of our delight;  
Jaded spring, and summer, and the golden close  
of languid autumn's long unwithered rose,  
winter's wrap welcome; and another spring  
finds us together still in wayfaring

Each set keen senses to the thronging joys,  
sunset, springwater, feathery, woodland noise,  
and sucked them dry of all they had to give,  
dense gesture of life's urgent will to live.

Now as another spring begins to stir,  
preluding summer noon, love's  
to whose heart that knows now what to ~~speak~~ seek  
what care needs <sup>caution</sup> eels, where we must not speak,  
where softly tread, where hurry feet and laugh  
at the blank challenge of an 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 tight,  
hand striking branches from the stinging face  
hand gripping hilt; defence at camping place;  
and chorus on the journey; skilful ease  
when random dart sings thro' the leafing trees.

Together then, alert, and having gone  
some little way toward the splendour dawn  
we shall set out, attaining in the end,  
if studied hope prove not a traitorous friend  
as clear a heat, as blithe an atmosphere  
as any scald by starstruck mountaineer.

A man said "2 Armagh". I caught the name  
twixt trolley crash and roaring change of gears.  
Split second set me safely in the game  
played 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 Reaven firt, a rich earth well content  
and life a sporting game of laughing kings -

The fancy fled with traffic's stream begun  
just so that dream was shattered ere I knew -  
I snickt 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 dropt 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 goudged 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 moonbeiwildered green,  
across a thousand boardings ransensly  
now foot high letters blinking red and green,

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

Tonight perhaps then gayly garlanded  
a launch chugs out beyond the fluttered series  
and some brown-bodied primit lays dark lead  
on sleepless pillow seats Pacific skies.

1915

I love with winter's gaunt and naked frame  
the tilt and witte of trees from barren rock:  
life's wrestled triumph from despair and shame,  
th' unshattered shape enduring braggart shock.

I saw my trees, with pity, lift their tips  
green dabbled, to a mild mardmerry sky  
limbs that had swung or lashed with stinging whips:  
the north winds' bright and sleety 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.

---

61  
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  
quite good, you know, but somewhat out of date  
and really thought himself - a Socialist!



Sonnet XV

O master Morris, you will know my rage  
 The sudden blush, shut mouth exasperate . . .  
 the clencht 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 tapestry they prate  
 weigh this and that, and cool, deliberate  
 your corner in the canvas of an age .

But not a word of how in smoky room  
 or lamplit square you broke your dreaming heart -  
 for a new England equable as spring . . .  
 or of one dare - he 'Lopes 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 unsheltered hour,  
 from spring's keen incidence to autumn's dower  
 hacket is a ripening ray's unhurried span .

Too soon the songs will sound, the whirring clocks  
 shake towers and steeples over all the land  
 and raucous hooters scatter the slow flocks  
 or student, with a plummy steen's demand  
 score the green sunlit fields on 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 avert and lonely faces,  
rain gilded, sky rocket clock bound misery:

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

Yet when they come together, are not lonely  
or reader does the brooding mystery  
fall with redoubled horror having only  
a man to crush, and not man grass and tree,

2016  
65

from tower in Banges to Cronk my arry thaa  
I've always taken tourists' vantage point...  
yet never once abraded in a place.

Torn by the roots from a rich countryside  
my people have wilted in the city air  
gastly health, and stifled in a glass and close  
or sniffed 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 I cannot break  
to shoot roots into, trailing like a seal  
over a frozen pond; whose element  
for nurture of stard hearts' earth's seasonal flow.

If I could stop and be a tree again  
get deep enough to endure the winter's havor  
my tips would have communion with the stars  
but listlessly, unanchored, blood between:  
may reach sun's core a moment, probe his secret,  
but must drift down; with not a speck to show



25th

## Armistice Day

With creaking leg and limping jerks he signs  
for me to park between the painted lines.  
Another near him, blank face to the sky,  
begs alms with a most melancholy cry  
The bugles call the dead: Come back, Come home.  
But the dead do not come.

20th

Springs' calling from the roads we used to wander  
Lallooing from the hills we used to climb  
Come out come back, come back again to squander  
youth's strength and wit, 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 and fife and bello  
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 while yet there is no rust  
forget a pecker the perils of the valley

and life's best compost made of tears and dust.

Come out, come back, the trees and skies are crying  
and live out life with gesture of the spring:

And then when you are old and weak and dying  
you'll have great comfort of your wayfarer.

---

20th 69

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 grass  
showered arrows on my ignorance:

and the sublimity of skies  
outrunning far the stride of time  
thrust scorching fingers to my eyes  
and shrivelled up my flimsy rhyme.

Between the two infinities  
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:  
 scurves of sweet odor struck the wakened sense.  
 The birds with buds the trees no violence  
 arrayed as once when they were leaved and bare,  
 sleek thrushes, far too urgent they, to stare  
 or start with fear, beyond the gleaming fence  
 darted and struck with happy diligence  
 as if time pressed and winter was their care.

The season held a steady altitude,  
 not the first flight with sudden deeps and crests:  
 deliberate ballad and long fortitude  
 and not the breathless byles of the spring:  
 not the <sup>not the first lover's cushion</sup> <sup>the small birds</sup> young maidens with the small stark breasts,  
 but the fastidious mother laboring.

28th 71

Sonnet XVIII

A month of stormy drought, a dozen flakes  
 late on a February afternoon.  
 a short weekend of rain. An ominous moon  
 with a green wide backet by cloud that takes  
 the sickly green thrown on it. Crows break  
 sheath out of earth, precluding color soon.  
 The no moon. and a blackbird out of tune  
 calls back old roads and reptile reawakes.

Today the sun is up and a light breeze  
 shows white 'gainst blue hill shoulder in the sky  
 and frost byjewels daggers raises sheath  
 where long narch morning cool blue shadows lie  
 and as I pass, beneath me, far beneath  
 I hear shrimp's byle left 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 them my lightest sound  
blye, trumpet, drum or gong  
that the things I love and dream  
may be heard above the scream  
of the hooves and the steel  
insolence of crashing wheel.

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

29-30th 23

Prone at your feet I lay.  
You moved with elegance  
of lithe limbs eager play  
in a slow body dance.

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

Your lifted breasts were stark  
against the window's glare  
circassian with a hark  
your fingers smoothed the air.

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



were hidden with their nose.

The roundness 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 bide 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 hearthstone bright,  
the dish unburnt in the oven,  
the crumbling fire slight,  
the knife and plate well scoured and sweet  
the linen smooth and white.

Pray for the merry virtues:

tribute of daily bread  
tap water splash in the morning,  
the cool salute of bed,  
day leaping gay <sup>to</sup> the curtains  
on the untroubled head.

Pray for the noble virtues:  
anger stern 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 compassionate eyes  
that wrinkle and lift to a smile  
before the tear-dust dries,  
on the insolence of the brave  
and the arrogance of the wise.

Pray for the ecstatic virtues:  
the waking clasp and the kiss,  
the heat of bodily love that  
scalds the heaves of bliss,  
even the quiet joy of  
fireside tenderness:

17  
the surging strength of the blood  
exulting - labor done;  
final flags over chaos:  
order's triumph won:  
the travail of mind and body  
a poem born or a son.

Pray for the fine sweet senses,  
to feel, to hear, to see  
the seasons' stir thro' the branches  
and then unhurriedly  
to sit in quiet tasting  
the full ripe fruit of the tree.



Poems in April

Sonnet XIX

9/15

The crocuses were done. The chestnut just  
had brimmed the high green foaming wave of spring,  
set sticky fingers free and gesturing,  
brading the black-thorn winter blow its worst.  
But ragged as a lonely thing accused  
the draggled fir that bore the sleety sting  
with heart undaunted, and the buffeting  
of boisterous seasons now no longer durst  
show vaunting stature to the brightening skies  
alert with spring gay spirit, for her guise  
is out at elbows, miserable, dull . . .  
Yet surely somewhere someone still remembers  
against a Christmas sunset's fading embers  
how she was dark, as tall and beautiful.

Nocturne: vers libre

Last night I passed along a little street  
where folk lay snug and  
and mused upon the 'infirmities' of being  
confronted by the dark  
democracy of sleep:  
the child with golden head  
full of fantastical legends and big ships:  
the boys with roaring motorbikes and motors:  
the pregnant woman with eyes fixed against  
the shifting lens reflections on the ceiling  
blank for the future of the kicking child:  
the bridal couple in new jagged freedom  
jacking merrily on a creaking bed  
and laughing softly lest they wake the house:  
the dropt book  
and unquenched candle  
beside the head to which rest comes at last:  
the young man awake and shivering

child bodied by a red <sup>ingulfing</sup> ~~esoteric~~ dream:

The frozen 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

hounding the pillows, crumpling the sheets

with feverish hands:

the middle aged spinster in lodgings

the ball-shot Lame:

the forced embrace and the whimpering woman:

the old man mumbling mumbler

the watcher by the fire nodding

jerking upright with a start

as a cinder falls.

And over all

the stars

constellations that shagled the couch of Cleopatra

show a Columbus facing his deck

Sahib blowing on his glass

and Shelley standing by the Tyrrhen Sea.

O virtue of necessity

we find a sunset beautiful

farce out on tawdry poetry

with jets blossoms rank and dull

a landscape filled with rotting death

caught in the wheel of birth and change

as crossed by winds with poisoned breath

is wood & love as rare and strong

were there a god his starmy schemes

would yield a moment for a whim

who he would let fantastic dreams

shape something truly fair to him.



Spring in the city. From the rocking train  
 suburban gardens and the public parks  
 decode the joy flamboyant telegram  
 signalled across the dark about the dark

old gentlemen hie round the roots of shrubs  
 name and earth, and lean upon their spades  
 { <sup>kyriests</sup> submit their names to tennis clubs.  
 with shaken heads and talk of flies and gnomes.  
 young men change faded lants to lighter shades

The policeman changes duty. Cricketers  
 oil bats in attics. Lamps are late alight  
 In garages the untaxed Austin purrs  
 House painters stand against the sky in white.

## Sonnet 20

## Easter I

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

Easter too early: issue yet in doubt:  
 be an act of faith, not babbling feast of thanks  
 a backward season, buds too early out  
 trailing in swirling streams along the banks  
 no lilted lyric, not one <sup>sings</sup> singing scout  
 to stir the bare bleak hedge's barren ranks



Sonnet II

Chlorides are not too early, for the sun.

The other autumn of the Roman state

still lay with the salt against the gate

It was a fallow and a sunny morn.

The southern side: a King's estate, been

a vulgar's skill and edge deliberate

not nothing had but falling part of gate

the well towards the thicket's end

If he had used the golden rule

not toward the fallow, tried in the

at fences, corners, along a hollow

or water along break along a hollow

and said his heart's say by the Baltic sea

as dead: Mores at a Tarr's command

I had grown careless brooding a love  
and the magnificent heights enjoy the height  
beats that took on light and radiance  
because of a gesture of hand or a glance  
and have a meaning something says in time  
with more than the stability of mine  
new of the light about them a line  
could not reduce in dim Babylon  
while I must go my measurable way  
staring with wondering light by day  
and lying down with doctors in twilight  
who stand with you a soul as such a light  
and the part you that remember out of space  
still mugs that riddle of delight and grace  
No, I would not have do lighting of the heart,  
I did my corners, for I can my heart  
in joy was all continuing and pure  
as long as the water's necessary endure



For on first peaks of love so scald and won  
are not of chymic clay or crumbling stone  
but bright square footfills of its spirit's spring  
shadowed only by a unfrightened wing  
and steep before us rises still to stride  
the summer's treethick flowering mountainside  
and still beyond the sober slopes unfold  
of rich autumnal peace and squandered gold  
and farther west against the broad moon's cheek  
love's winter, age's crest, life's ultimate peak

## Sonnet 22

Grow old and wiser or grow old and wise  
you must grow old, your vigor drain away  
small wrinkles pucker round pale tightening eyes  
and losing black become thin, stark, 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 bay rippard thing  
with knuckled joints and creaking skeleton.  
Let's blame not the necessity thereof.  
accept the spring for all that makes it spring.  
Shall have the brimming hearts when seasons done.



13th April.

## 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 fabled things men said  
now the busy lives are over and the grain's 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 faery tale  
while the drums and banners muster for the dream that dare not fail!  
Could you see the face of pity gazing from the swaying crowd  
You'd forget the Camrill's poets and the language of the proud.  
You'd not stare into that canvas with its bright fantastic shapes,  
not 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 cough-rack'd 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 pottage and a philosophic truth.  
I have weighed my sense's 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,  
dearer to my heart's ambition than a dreamlike happy day  
when the people I have cherished, bound the hurt, endured the sneer,  
trample, arrogant and brutal, on the things I hold as dear.  
I'll not see their dirty fingers paw my pages, 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,  
calloused fingers crushed and bleeding clenched in impotence and rage.  
In your music I should hear them, voices trading me to come  
with a flag of hope, 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,  
Jelid rooms and shoddy clothing, old at thirty, old and ill...

Can your music aught avail us, can your poetry delight  
more the brains loom'dag'd and weary than the saxophone at night?

Women 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 thieves & cheats 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 Queue?

He. Then you'll answer: I will help you, shout until my throat is sore,  
in its sleet, 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 slander and a slowly breaking heart:

fill my days and nights with clamor, on committed fight and jumble  
for a tenant's right to lodgers in an overcrowded room.

lose my looks, my grace, my color, stuff. ungainly let me grow,  
and the voice once sweet with Shelley screech as raucous as a crow.

Then perhaps a group of crazy cads will run into the street

pile up chairs and cheer for Lenin til they hear the horses feet.

Home you'll stagger, sick and bloody, baton broken on your head:

or in some train splattered gutter lie with <sup>trampled</sup> mangled features, dead.

and the people will revile you, tear the poppies from your grave,

name you wanton, traitress, crazy, call you fool for being brave;

and another girl will naunder over all your talk again

canvas votes or shout at corners to 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 left her head to dry a tear

for a golden word remembered of a bright faced pioneer:

that one lad give up his flutter, fling his lanner on a drum

for a class awake and <sup>angry</sup> eager at an agit's martyrdom.

Keep you Pater, Haubert, Oscar. I shall rather walk instead

with John Brown or with Vargetti, one of the undying dead.

What account my body's anguish, what account the showers of blows

when the bird of <sup>revolution</sup> freedom his red morning challenge crows?

When a world is free and happy and the dullest child can rhyme

who will read your sapid sonnets that you thought were once sublime?

When a world is up and singing, making four hours work a jest,

who will, in the busy leisure, wake you from forgotten rest?



Remember Vienna.

The revolution is over:

The tram service resumed.

Ahoarding 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

blankfaced 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 yard radius

five men in a cafe wonder which is the spy

a professor at Berner

20th.

Copenhagen, Riga, Harvard, Tokyo

splits the atom

The eminent social democrat in exile

dictates to Reuter reading from

a neatly written notebook held in his left hand

thought hand making gestures Reuter 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

keeping indroost til dusk

the unemployed laborer sitting at the fireless grate

knows well enough why they all failed.

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.



28th - 29th

No more than elbow's height by him I stood  
my sunburnt father with wind-fingered hair  
while a great sea rose to its golden flood  
and poised 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 steadied out into the gold  
with bobbing bows that lifted golden spray  
as the great ebb-waves rolled.

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

I did not know then what I gapt to see  
would be a stored memory of the best  
ere yet the years had done much wrong to me  
and my high pennoned nest . . .

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

I wrote to head of house like the night  
 battering clattering noises and more near  
 adjacent gentle shoddy at night.  
 I was looking the window covered  
 a conversation figure of a boy or man  
 needing ahead in a high sitting seat.  
 There a lady comes (then to her own  
 or what a finished plate took lunch and get.

Who see they? What's your who can tell?  
 I only know that she about came a lot  
 & no more looking in the quarry well,  
 the white playing around of the boat.

the shell's mark a ledge in under  
 underneath for the granite sky.  
 and for a moment in that autumn low  
 time stood beside me breathing gently

My brother's heart when my brother's arm  
 his with the breathless hurry from the tower:  
 the air with low than blossoms into and warm.  
 then yards away laboratory was in flower.

I feel that moment softly in my heart.  
 What time was best passed in my face  
 a lot of me was ever made a lot  
 & that night instead and that happy place

because they and my melody or defect,  
 large light above the evening mountains' sound:  
 for blossoms taken than the clear from look  
 a mass of low than blossom on the ground.



Spring triumphs with flamboyant vaunt of green,  
 God insolent, and serannelsong unsure,  
 the flowering currant decked to catch the eye,  
 the boyden gesture of the daffodil.

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

O'Donnell spoke and I was wakened to  
 waveslap at clifffoot, gullscry, gannetscry,  
 brown floatingwreck and rowlocks rusty grind,  
 spun in the wind across stone acres flying  
 altho the threadbare phrases that he spoke  
 were echoes of the smudgy printed pages  
 and shouted in the streets of half the world  
 dictatorship, world soviet, workers councils  
 right line, strike action, and the first of may.

Yet somewhere here and there a word lit up  
 a golden touch of passion, a tang o' life  
 as the foot in him and the mystic heart  
 jostled aside the revolutionist  
 and slept a dream, worth living, dying for.

The rebel slams me with his steady eyes.  
 The flat blunt phrase can sheet beneath my ribs  
 I sway'd a moment, reeling in my mind  
 saw telescopes in second class, years  
 misunderstanding and pain, physical pain,  
 my world flung to the wind for thankless people.  
 Then almost mad with fear, hysterical,  
 I caught a sentence, countered his keen blade,  
 sighed happily and saw my books and pictures  
 take quiet places again 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 traveled thru  
 and Hawthorn in a half forgotten lane  
  
 and for a moment I forget my hats  
 of <sup>clerks &</sup> little grocers latticing a rose  
 or nailing up a new name on the gate  
 in fifty thousand brick built bungalows.



30th

In a strange lodging in an unknown town  
on opening, as I always do, the drawers  
a nutmeg rolled to the front. I took it up  
abstractedly nibbled it and laid it down.

For a split second I no longer stood  
adult and proud, my purposes in place,  
rather I was a little boy again  
in the vast kitchen with the roaring fire  
where crickets chirped and flittered in the ashes  
and great brass pans hung up for making jam,  
a wide clock wagged a long and lovely tail,  
and rows of vast white plates hung back the flames.

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

no poems were written during May.

103

## Poems in June.

6th.

A sudden shower ere I was waken  
ran trampling thro the bannered spring  
beat small leaves down with thoughtless hand  
and mockt time's 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  
unpromised, come without drums.  
the whispering loneliness of the soul  
the child's way, lambs stride, innocence of soul  
and voices sweet  
with forty years surmounting of defeat

O how can I O how can I  
give ease to my divided heart  
while things that I care for perish  
and things that I love for start?

— of languid summer's long unwithered 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 game  
for a tenants' right to lodgers in an overcrowded room.  
five men in a café wonder which is the spy.  
spume: 'the wind across stone across flying



23rd.

Along the lane the Hawthorn hedge was gay  
with scent accomplished, and as promise show  
of white and red epitomising may  
and the brief legends all but lovers know...

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

23rd.

105

I saw a peasant striding down the hill;  
calves lowd across the little wall of stone  
A high lark bubbled: and I stopt to fill  
my halfdrained heart and marrow empty bone...

Crowd in, I murmured, crowd and throng me full  
of scent and sound and elemental truth  
wind, and waves 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 withered crab of common use and cast  
knockt here and there by stick or careless feet  
rolled in the dust between us. And he passed.

"That island there, a hundred years ago"  
 a brown hand pointed to the hump of green  
 beyond the headland's windbent Hawthorn row,  
 "was busy nest of smugglers... I have seen  
 the caves and narrow passages they made  
 to hide 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  
 flash lantern signal, heard the muffled creak...  
 Then someone in a passing motor boat  
 switched 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 sun  
 beat on my spirit, with no answering jet  
 of heat brown song to render back again  
 slight stir of shapen beauty for the gift...  
 ecstatic joy no more than strident pain  
 had struck the song out, made the limous left.

But with a mind at ease and liberate  
 poised ready for the struggle to begin  
 I loose my limbs and make the limits strait  
 wherein to reach the spirit's discipline  
 Verse now once more is bidden to my bed  
 with flaunted breasts, warm 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 Hawthorn-lade 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 M'Diarmid's track this many <sup>a</sup> years  
 plunged waist deep in brown twisting water's coil,  
 crept hand by hand up flat-faced stones and sheer  
 and plucked thick cotton from the boggy soil  
 gone easy over turf, taken walls of stone  
 with handleaf lading on sheep nibbled grass  
 walked with the wind for company alone  
 and under naked thorn let mistwraith's pass.

Yet always somewhere in between the hills,  
 or lonely, near a lost and ruined fence,  
 the mounting lark spirits up and overfills  
 bright beads of life, a clean jet of innocence.

Today again that note reiterates  
 lark like of liberty and naked thought  
 high o'er broken stones and rusted gate,  
 sun tipped, wind baffled, the cloud, clot and eagle.

Uladh: a poem of Ulster.

written during July

August and September.

Letter called "Red Hand"  
 see separate notebook



How can I write of Ulster?

Every word

I ever wrote has Ulster back of it.

---

Salute to Hugh M'Diarmid.

M'Diarmid you have bid the Scot  
go back beyond the threadbare thought  
and old familiar lilt of Burns  
where  
to the cold scots winter turns  
into the mild and merry spring  
of that gay april blossoming  
of that seaweath and sunbright star  
we think of when we name Junbar.

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 verrers 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 loov  
to marble bulkers on the floor  
or chatting 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 jurbed slope  
upon the visionary light  
about our lonely shores by night  
upon the old untiring dream  
of treacher, bridge-responder stream  
that sweeps the scale from green to bare  
but shatters not the glory there.

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

Temple and knot it like a string.

There were no loving hands to shew  
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 shake.  
Tho' rich with fancies they escape,  
flow in and thro' the crumbled earth  
and never spire to separate birth

Forgive me then for oft I may  
in making this go far astray,  
nor blame my rocket as no star.

Remember, we had no Junbar.

---



I  
O Ulster muse your strong & outer 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's 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  
till something is distilled, a discipline  
of mind and gesture that across the world  
is known as yours peculiarly alone -  
a tilt of banner flying out or furled  
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  
spurred by such hopes & limited by fears  
as patterned by the skill of ears and eyes,  
that have each image signalled from yr face  
and know not any shape save what you give

117  
I have attained a small articulate grace  
and seek to snare with that the fugitive

II

Too long & often I have let my tongue  
cry out in bitterness, in bitterness,  
because I saw the crushing of the young  
old dotards master, poetry's distress,  
wrong braggart, bludgeon violence, & shame,  
the judas look, the pennies on the drum  
the bugled lie the dirt-bestetterd name  
and bruised beauty manacled and dumb.

This is not Ulster: but the price of life.

2 Yucatan or steaming Borneo  
age with thin fingers thrusts the jagged knife  
or with whif weary bids the young men so.



Then, sober in my utterance I shall make  
 a little snare of words to catch a hold  
 not only broken lands on the spent sea's side  
 but Juskie's blood & dreams a little held.

Be near me Ulster lest I do you wrong  
 shall up the scaple what shd be masculine  
 and make a jaery chorus of a song  
 that must be strong & rank with sweet & true.

Yet let not any sweetness that there is  
 flit by the tangled verse unnoticing:  
 leather & fir: there yet are hirmroses  
 along the road to Crumlin in 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 orange lily, flower of flaming gold  
 I have grown sad to see you used for mark  
 by lundy 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 reek some loveliness still clung  
 that left your petals gilded by a star

Thro Newtownbreda on thro Saintfield so  
 and here in every window box set gay  
 with these bright blossoms in their golden row



to celebrate that more-than-holiday

and I have slott there leaning on my stick  
my heart uplifted by the blossoming  
til joy for mind smudged out the statesmans truck  
and freedom was a very lovely thing.

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

### Lyric

Make me sad then make me merry  
break and mend the heart of me  
applebloom of Ballinderry  
cherry trees of Aghalee.

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

Now I have read & weigh'd the thing  
I pass my judgement on his fame  
assess at worth his blustering  
and modulate my praise and blame.

But far below the layers of thought  
that passing you deposited  
still in the lonely deeps unsought  
where dwells that child's untroubled head  
is platform on a grassy place  
a cheering crowd of banner'd men  
a lifted fist 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 hid for an hour today.

Note on Agriculture

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

---

The Rivers of Ulster. [S. 24. 35]

The Roe the Bush the Lagan and the Bann  
O Phlythen & Abana of my dreams  
O brown with feet O salmon-calling streams  
You're not too wild to drown the heart of man  
I've stood aloft on bridge or cliff to scan  
more famous rivers crested rich with kenes  
dead kings and foets gave til fancy seems  
like some high laden galley Syrian.

Amazed & overwhelmed by that array  
lost & a stranger in a world remote  
I've shut my eyes & turned my face away  
to gain the compasspoints to guide my boat  
to anchor safe in shallows or to float  
with the six mile water slowly to Lough Neagh.

---



## Lament

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

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

I stood for awhile in the sunset glimmered  
spears of silver over black of the heat.  
Not for us was the spring or the summer  
Autumn is early. The stacks are wet.

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

125  
but the raven returns no more.

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

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 Nester 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  
tasted on a crumbling gatepost,  
only tourist stops to read it  
spell sounded name of clown or rider]

Here at home they'd sat on Council,  
cheated contract, bribed official,  
jills fake figures for their incomes,

sold blind horse to weak-eyed James  
stolen gravel from the highway  
died church members and respected  
sidesmen, elders, stewards and wardens,

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

Yet the streak of weakness in him  
left Gene Debt to cough in prison,  
Haywood jumping bail for Moscow  
and Centralia's dirty murder.

Better God should give Ted Roosevelt,



heartily humming, daft rough index  
for the faded little poster  
stacking ragged to the gate post,  
on the gable on the boarding

---

Who then to praise as worth on love and thought  
for any father lived or vision brought?

Hans Sloane that studious and exacting man  
booklover and physician to Queen Anne?

Pollo Gillespie, Eldred P. Stripes,  
are these the names that still make pulses stir?

None of these heroes there is surely there is one,  
put up your sword, not you, John Nicholson.

---

### Sergeant Quigg

I call to mind the famous Sergeant Quigg  
who dragged the wounded safe and went for more.  
Born when the Bush was by in the track and trap  
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, nettles brack, the scent  
of chest high beanfields out near Ballintoy

He was a fool. I've heard blaspheming men  
call him a fool for his daft bravery  
Yet when Cu hulla's summons them again  
Quigg will be there beneath the Hosing Tree.

---



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

---

These are my hills and I am known  
Every tossing wish of air  
Every gull adversely blown  
ad every ledge bud-tick or bare  
These are my hills and I am known  
as comrade of the stream ad stone

These are my hills. I ask no rent  
of stubble clod or naked tree  
I only go the way he went  
who once was wise ad kind to me.  
These were his hills ad now are mine  
Who own them by his word ad sign.

---

131  
And on my father's shoulder in the street  
I saw the bands ad banners flutter by:  
The steady tread of march-mechanic feet  
as company succeeded company:  
A blur now in the memory, a mist  
of khaki shapes that somehow went ad 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 night,  
with shrewd, steady vigilance for the dawn.  
What fun to have a gun ad go to fight,  
or better still a sword! O Christ what fun!

But one bleak day in all the seaside town  
there was a silence brooding on the place  
The someone called. The blinds were all drawn down  
ad there was sorrow on my father's face.

---







The Spider at my foot  
Tempts providence in me.  
My inadvertent foot  
is God's own mystery.

### The Steps

Black doctors selling curall, herbalists  
Who call all doctors here, missionaries  
inviting coffers to complete the pound.  
And at a windy corner stake fists  
make Marx the dreary basis of a curse  
Obvius Crayvora t'ply to its ground.

Wedges in narrow place a bitter man  
scolds thro' St. Paul with savage ignorance  
and bickers with dull hecklers in his crowd  
a red faced fellow naps Salvation's plan  
with scroll & lout. With a scornful glance  
I pass, my head unbloody and unbowed.

133

I'll go open before my summer ends  
where once I went with those two best of friends  
into the Mourner's heart, to the lonely lake  
where broad 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 marsh places, cleft & pool  
rich with old glorious browns no brush could spare.  
We strode together thro' a fitful day  
of sun splash, slanting rain, and misty air:  
for one of us was bidden to observe  
leak & lather, shoulder shadow, watercurve,  
and faint it all in color for a price

But what ~~could~~ by the freedom of the heart  
the homage given by hills, by hills apart  
and rise with some ~~between~~ twist to  
ad his creation, none to mock the sod  
with Jewish charge of work, with resping flow?



Yet know thou once what night or hope that twice  
I might attain the roof untrampled view?

To not this lonely landscape of the mind  
my own, where others who went with me —  
a slate of grace, of being, of a kind  
not to be got again 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 of a Sunday noon  
fathers and mothers come  
hear the shrill chords but not the tune  
and judge not blind and dumb.

### Faery Thorn

They stacked the hay in the sloping field  
but did not touch the faery thorn  
they they had heard Christ's birthday heels  
and gone to kirk each Sabbath morn:

the hand at bargain, close with fist,  
and keen bowing the sod's last drops  
and skeptic of the Optimist  
who prayed for rain to save the crops.



Windsor Park.

I never knew the greatest cricketers 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 him Red Branch deeds in worth  
the great Ted Vizard tumbled to the earth;  
and Bill McCracken stuffing his pocket  
the famous Alan Norton, Scotland's rocket; —  
McCracken, King of Backs, from slow and grim  
turns slowly for the field, & remember him  
pick up the ball and tuck it under arm,  
last game for Ireland, safely out of harm.

And with that master never to be forgot  
that other prince of craft, Elisha Scott,  
how from the leaping foreleads of his foe  
he flicked the ball, or turned for swinging toe.  
Elisha Scott, Bill Scott, another as good,

safe in the sticks altho not kin by blood —  
Tom Scott, Tom Scott, I know when you are lying  
beneath the square lower, and the dark years crying.  
Silleachie too, Mick <sup>Hanill</sup> Gallagher  
that intricate and deft artificer  
who wove his patterns thro the Scott's defence  
the out and back with poety's insolence.

But while the memory's clear and sharp and bright  
let me spell out the names that were delight.  
First Alf Harland, Maultsby, Tommy Frame  
when now's the name be equal any name?  
and when was better half back this seen  
Bob Wallace, Jerry Morgan, M'Doolen?  
The forwards name them slowly: they were great  
Cowan, McCracken, Savage - still a weight —  
the M'Drury and upon the wing  
the light M'Giller. Naming these I hear  
before my eyes the crowded shouting stands,  
the roars approval, or the echoed "Hards!"



O it will be a poor and muddled age  
can spare no column on the figured page  
between reports of Commissars or Kings  
or small dictators harshly blustering  
pig exports, treat of war, a picture of dictators blustering  
can spare no column with crust and verse  
like clean isambri senaphonic verse  
in praise of central halves and goalkeepers

## Saturday

When shall we go on Saturday?

When do we ever go?

A pint at Rooney's going to the match  
a halfpint 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.

I'll 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?



The boys are always late & making some  
and we have not only you talking late,  
and all the same - you could & can.

But with a year you will be at ~~at least~~ at least  
with many good to the whole cabin and

and leave something to the boys  
the teacher and teacher pick up as you expect

It is not a word you should be generally  
you should start and not the first night

and should be the same  
the Patrie are

It drifts and about beyond in several papers.  
O Melville you and not the same as Melville's god

but still you pulled and generally to death  
I have known me with several were the 1807

These are wonderful but I lack the energy  
to turn my books and lunch in the days

Stonewall Jackson

The Patrie come over Stonewall with  
to face in your matter

across the hills the first day  
that had his heavy paper

as the glass set at 1500  
with 1000 of price dropped

Something was the that has not passed away,  
something was Melville & the very same

and chief I know you the year came in last  
and Patrie names the Patrie in every town

by any person person in person

You can take young god come at the hill  
with spirit day and beauty of the land

and check the door against the Patrie  
and check the door against the Patrie



## Religion in Ulster

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

The hall is packed. Boys perch on window sills.

The steaming air runs down the joggly pines;  
while in the lagg dome the light burns green.

We rise, with stumble, as the Preacher enters.

He waves us down. The organ starts to whine.

Three thousands voice ring from small red books.

And Power is an Avalanche, a Cloud of Sand

and him a fine precarious on a ledge

on a beading palm above a drifted well.

The Preacher begins with just a Bible slam.

Come back, ye whimpering sinners then. Come Back!

God calls you by the Torture of His Wounds

The Power, the Power is a reverending flood.

We sniff and wallow. Bull gods trod before us  
with slit throats dripping blood upon the stone.

The Lamb's stretch out and bleating. Pigs are stuck.

I once saw pigs killed in a farmer's yard

the knife cut throat then slit the belly of —

There is no redemption save the blood of Christ.

A voice cries out: Lord Jesus in thy Hands!

The trumpet preacher brays his gruff delight

Shall come, shall come to Christ this very night.

Tomorrow! Your tomorrow will not come.

Tonight the Blood

Tonight

of Christ tonight.

We sing again. Emmanuel's reins spout on.

The red faced servant girls start up and shout

and firmly necked young grocers mumble "Glory!"

I am gripped by the sea beside me, a grocer for sure,

O Brother now is the moment. Let the Lord —

Confess his guilt and be convicted of it —

The trumpet on the platform brays again



There'll be no junking then. 2 my father's House.  
Let us keep seated til the second verse —  
Defy 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.  
Self-conscious me in navy Sunday suits  
creak down the aisle and hustle her, sobbing, out.  
The crowd stands up and roars its approval.

The trumpet plays upon the strained nerves  
that crack into salvation here and there  
bobbing and snapping up all over the hall.  
Imminent danger threatens. Hell's our fire  
the frowning worn, the bubbly hair's and marrow,  
and a red sky of flares and blotches out  
only by redder ceremonial of blood —  
see see where Christ's blood shines in the firmament.

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 turn that letter yet.  
Not Minnie? Millie maybe — 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 Maryorie is here  
O not you? Then perhaps the lady next —  
No matter. Little Maryorie is here  
Name till Jinky not to get an cry  
in tonight here. and we got lots of toys.

Paves weaker now. a tall dark man is here.



But Power is weaker and he can't get thro.  
He's very angry. O he's blasphemous —  
Goodnight my dear. He has gone away.  
Goodnight my dear. Not worry. Yes. Goodnight.

Will sing that hymn again. Still fond of it.

and Captain Bluff has a story to tell  
of the nights he spent in Crupper's cell —  
and Joe the converted with the weight will speak  
of the value of self denial week  
denial week

O come along whole buy whole buy  
warcry warcry.

(11)

Central Citadel Holiness Campaign

O shout salvation bang the drum  
with banner and cymbal Christ will come  
Stand in a ring in the street and roar  
the blacker the drunkard  
the dirtier the whore  
Christ will love you more and more.  
You in the smart cut evening dress  
You with the silken lowcut frocks  
Christ shall clean your rottenness —  
Tug the next and rattle the box.

Lieutenant Smith with the dyed black hair  
Major Smith will lead in prayer.  
Then Sister Thonson wishes to say  
Brigadier Thonson wishes to say  
Colonel Thonson wishes to say  
Archangel Thonson wishes to say  
how the devil tempted <sup>her</sup> yesterday — no yesterday  
[Hosite] not the other day.

judil



III

## 2. The Porch after Service

The congregation streamed 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. Snee remarked that the paraphrase . . . . .

while Mr. Brown agreed that the organist . . . . .

and Mr. White drew me aside to point out

that the Rev. Mr. Smith whom we heard this morning

was rather inclined to heresy in that . . . . .

However the ruling elders were of opinion —

and at the assembly good old Sam 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 on the other hand as Arnold says

Arnold, Ruskin, Ruskin, Emerson Carlyle . . . . .

So finally we seek to segregate

the ethical element, if such there be —

The six leads in the congregation now

I slip for a doze far down the horsebox pew.

Christ's little account. Salvation comes

by living life in a series of sums

judil



III V Hymn

O Christ you are either a pig with a jushing throat  
or a poor dry gutless thing like a butterfly  
pinned down in a box with other gods for me to feed and gloat  
me old to the very marrow, me old and gutless and dry.

O Christ you are preacht as a lovely and terrible King  
with thunderbolts strangely poised in weak and wounded hands  
while hooded angels crouch with shaken and frightened 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 lore  
who wove his little stories of broomstick, henry, or bird,  
who took for his merry friends the fisherman & the whale.

VI Church Evangelical

I found a Mission Hall on a starry night  
one Sunday in September, near Jordanstown:  
and thro' the open window I stopt to catch  
a coarse and angry voice spit rage & hate  
breaching the faith delivered to the saints  
so old its Kelt-hickie and is bitter.

judil

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 malice even for those who have wronged him,  
is honest in his actions, happy looking,  
delights in music, watercolor, and quiet jokes  
played cricket once, but now an 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 matches in the street.  
"I see," she said, "Christ crying great big tears  
over a foolish world." And then open  
"fourth never seen taken when trouble comes  
it's lak a plank ye've got to carry awhile  
but no b'yessel". Christ allus gives a hand  
and takes the heavy en' o't: if ye'll let in."

I call to mind the man with the ass and cart,  
the ass and cart a mile along the road,  
leading steady for home with trailing rein,  
the man alone in a lane, face turned to the hedge,  
eyes shut in a holy ecstasy of prayer  
and withered 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 spare it for their sakes and the love they bear him.

And I say there is a Christ in our own hills  
Christ walking thro' the Mourner with a merry eye,  
smoking a cutty with tinkers in Tyrone  
or giving sweets to children in Sady Row  
and being moved on by the police for blocking the traffic  
Christ driving a herd of ewes thro' Ballymore  
or knocking a nail in a plank in a yard in Larne.  
[my father and Mother was I wish - the Ninepenny fidil]

Is this the Ninepenny fidil that I bought  
from an old man in a shop with a merry eye  
who lookt it out from under the counter  
blew the cobwebs off it, and stroked it lovingly  
Is this the Ninepenny fidil that I bought?

And what were the nine pennies that I gave  
that he counted with such care & set in a pile  
for I caught a glimpse of the drawer behind the counter  
with chaff coins, square coins, coins that have not been  
carrot a long while?  
O what were the nine pennies that I gave?



Sonnet: Ulster's need  
To Alexander Irvine.

I come, you stubborn plume of the heart:  
 here is the acre needs your wisest care.  
 Clear this unyielding earth in the splendid share  
 and break the black weed-rotted clods apart.  
 Without your strength scarce any shoot will start  
 or spike of corn up trust your spear and fair  
 who many blossoms crowd the gentle air  
 and twist the twittering <sup>birds</sup> swallows dark.

So, forth to labor. Eagles at your side  
 there are a few will watch the hand of skill,  
 try to find you as you, or watch your stride  
 with gawking eye first on a tree or hill.  
 Then at the sowing with us also wide  
 and when at last the crashing reapers' still.

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 Antrim an immortal place.  
 Turn back to the old wallows of disgrace  
 the treacheries begot by hate or fear,  
 the tainted rents, the pulpits bought too dear,  
 the crooked wisdom of the wily race.

Be not a legend yet: dishel the mist  
 that wreaths already round your valiant name  
 shed the soft wordy shroud that swatters each limb  
 by huxlers' spurs, thrust them a clenched fist  
 and stand above their bartered praise or blame  
 a captain of God's angry seraphim.

The End of Uladh



[27.355]

Sonnet: On the Threatened Removal of the  
Flower-sellers from Donegall Place.

O City Fathers you have bid them go:

Take up the baskets with their colored wares:

The daffodils that make Spring's sleety air

narcissi white as first november snow:

The clover-scented pink, the dahlia's glow,

The violets with leaves for woody hairs

as, never wealthy the first of winter spars

The bearded holly and the mistletoe.

You bid them rise and leave the sounding street

when their bright baskets made the path least gay,

gave joy to eyes, and loosened weary feet,

and waked the work-dull brain to holiday.

O stay this threat. Leave the boys & the maids.

Do something else - say - liquidate the slaves.

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11/15 Oct

[28.355]

Two Sonnets to Alexander Irvine

T. 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 spirit's fee.  
But you, my master, found me young & free  
with happy love, relieved from hunger's fret,  
but of my road unsure. Was you who set  
our feet, for love shall <sup>still my</sup> ever comrade be,  
on the short path across the withered land  
and gave us cheer at starting for the dawn.  
In that bright brownie which gleams ahead  
I'll seek you when the older captains stand  
only perhaps to find that you are gone  
into the noon now fiery and more red.



11th Oct.

[29:355]

II My Master I write this in not good bye  
but shake of hand on passing <sup>in the night</sup> 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 in my scotch  
since you have found my touch a pleasure  
O slight the darkened corner of my day  
and make an easy climb of boulders slope  
the forest crash and Everest be split.

11th Oct.

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



In autumn with the slanting fall of leaf  
 I shut my mind and heart to thoughts of grief  
 the seasons prompts, and go upon my way  
 an automatic robot during day  
 a dreamless student in 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 fretted foot to challenge of the skies  
 and saw across a fir tree's darker green  
 a withered beech spread yellow dappled screen  
 and that abstracted pattern, green and gold,  
 armored 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 frolic gust of air  
 striped silver with the rain, and draped  
 with tumbled leaves, left out from God-knows-where,  
 and whistled hot and clear off without a word.

We asked the women if in Germany  
 there still was meetings of rebellious men  
 who spoke clean hopes and plans 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} simple meaning of each word  
 take on the feathered beauty of a dart —



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 them 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 buffalings  
and o'ombs of crucifix  
that I go sore ahead  
if we have life enough  
to brim the battered head  
and keep us rich in love

20th Oct

19 Nov  
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### Creation

A whirling cloud of luminous mist  
a jagged flesh of a bursting cell  
till Helen's body, Lenin's fist  
Caruso's throat, Da Vinci's wrist,  
<sup>a spindrift</sup> or <sup>a Lowton</sup> smell.  
a lot of pain and a jangling 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 arab's fire  
~~a gipsy dance round a sparkling fire~~  
a suct-wolf slinking into the wood

I make this mark on a flimsy page  
I know not when or when it will end: -  
crumple as yellow a dusty age  
or pulp to shape of a <sup>Servino's</sup> ~~jackey's~~ <sup>rag</sup> ~~saps~~  
or light the pipe of a <sup>loach</sup> ~~foes~~  
or heart



Sonnet: Peace

19th Nov

30.345

When we speak Peace we do not mean the end  
of high intrepid valor blind to scorn  
the <sup>soaring</sup> lonely heart set on a hope forlorn  
the proud heart that would rather break than bend  
We urge not on the eager led to spend  
loyal years from tedious morn to morn  
dull trafficking <sup>in</sup> the wine & oil & corn,  
with never a lonely dreamer to call him friend.

We show a wider scope adventurous —  
the jungle's heart the desert ridge unspanned  
thought's wind whiffle star tracks yet unknown to us  
the lance's healing pain in steady hand —  
all  
therein the harsh roads of truth crag mountainous —  
the baffled fronts of knowledge thinly manned.

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31.345

There have been those who battled for the right  
rode on the Tartar's lanes with a chest  
drew lonely blade a blessed cavalier  
against the tall battlers of the night.  
A threatened hearth, a homestead set afloat  
and peasant hearts have shed their whirling gear:  
with hose-forged pikes, with corded bandoliers  
have left a ruin of dead to forge the hawk & kite.

But that was yesterday. Today we go  
like holes & burrows scabbling in the gloom  
with hoard of oysters gape at unseen foe  
while sleek Admen rise in a barned room  
and urge on younger workers and our friends  
rush out to die for Vickers' dividends.



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

On the white wash windowsill  
were the red 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 flame, am happy with  
the pattern made by gold and red.  
rejoicing in a stanzed mylt  
of Troy burnt - at a potting shed.  
Life nears for me the play of wit  
on politics & love and art  
a screen found on the infinite  
while the slowly breaking heart.

19 Nov.

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

Life slips before me like a haze.  
my headgears nothing in the air  
Blood meeting blood equates a phrase.  
and wit words off a chill despair

I take the Janies deadma gave  
to shifting shapes of light and dark  
insist I ride a rising wave  
and mine its 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 ablaze  
with roses riot thro' the summer days  
and rich with color til October's end?

Do you speak war?

Or you who walk the mountains with a friend  
and, least a-tiptoe, pour by gaze  
at sunset; sword slash and cloud battlement  
winds sculpture magnificent.

<sup>you</sup>  
Do you speak war?

I bid you answer: You with book in hand  
driving the small boys into the Sumerland  
who'd rather watch the fly  
seek open crevice to regain his sky  
or haunted cart beyond the playground wall  
Do you speak war? Or have you told them all —  
all the stew'd truth behind the beamed lid,  
the perjured prince, the curtain'd plot,  
the fly blown bodies left to rot  
in gutter wallows, shredding out a wire.

in what was once a countryside of rye  
and wheat, with ragged hobbles here and there?  
Do you speak war?

And you, old peasant, meath the apple trees  
driving the hobbles cattle to the byre  
do you cry war? Or is it peace,  
the season's round, the crop's increase,  
the frost split sod, the log blue fire,  
the first dark swallow in the clear Mercha air?

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

This is your hour.

You most of all can make it truly great  
Your red chapped hands hold all the power  
Occasion will not wait.

The mothers of the earth have surely heard  
a visionary song, a magic bird,  
rise specklewingd agent 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 than hast borne them. They are thine  
not overwise but wondrous, innocent  
shall they be ~~stall~~ spill like wine  
the delicate liquid of art  
while you stand infatigable?  
Surely their breath and being, pain born, was not idly meant

The cry goes up: I surely know the voice  
the choice the voice makes is uncertain. Do you hear?  
That voice is clearer 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 lamps rekindle  
Earth! Be healed

Let Nov  
I live but lack the loach of life, / til food down chute, grass fat & wine,  
slice loaf & cake with careful knife / seek father's seeds thro ears & eyes  
and sugar-crush philosophies  
I make a quiet shape to fit / the secret emblems of the dead  
yet as I write a beggar's shit / the frayed sheets of a union bed,  
a whole weft unsolicited.

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Month	Totals	
	Poems	Lines
January	24	287
February	21	288
March	20	340
April	18	354
June	8	86
July - A + S (March)	<del>37</del> <sup>41</sup>	1634
Oct	8	102
Nov	9	87
Dec	2	62
Total	151	2,255

Pine for a Gift Book - Hoah's Ark Xmas 1934  
I loved Noal and his Alk  
Japhet Han and Porter - Sthen  
went for journeys after dark  
Troy, Hong Kong, Jerusalem  
Here's goodluck as you embark  
on new voyages with them