



POEMS

1935

x

1936 [January to August]

JOHN HEWITT



Sonnet 1.35

26th Jan.

Take what from life? A certain tang of wine,  
a hummed concerto, or a shape in stone,  
a face by sunlight and by candle known,  
a white moonwoodcut patterned flat with pine:  
for this, then, talons pirates opened the Rhine,  
and wicker baskets to the west were blown?  
No more than this swept Nicholas from his throne,  
split atom, schoold Davinchi, fould the Tyne.

Not these: tho' these for ballest are most wise,  
gay banners in bleak intervals of peace,  
and quiet comfort in the dark, apart.  
But life's not just swift attitudes of skies;  
it's the wet furrow, June, the grain's increase,  
and the tense purpose of the gallant heart.

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26th Jan

Rejoice at noon on tide from bungalow;  
at rainbows over haystacks heart goes numb.  
To sit on club committee or to know  
a dozen species of chrysanthemum.

For this the bone was split, the marrow drained  
the brown pot jumbled with a heavy thumb,  
the dwindling file of sullen Pharaohs reigned  
and Christ before the Governor was dumb

26th Jan

When cold light lasts a cockatrice lozes yet  
I will go out, Godspy, about the hills,  
stare of my books' call and the deer's regret  
of fire built castles of forgotten ills.

I will lift up stiff branches, turn small stones,  
peer under leaves for life and hold my breath.  
Already in my chill and erecting bones  
stone rings a certain trumpet over death



26-27 Jan

No more to waste your wit  
no more to fret your heart  
let us have done with it  
and wisely walk apart.  
Take time to row, take time  
to let the healing sun  
kindle the faggot rime  
to hoot his circled run;  
time to let rain and snow  
hilltops and clouds and springs  
summon our hearts to know  
the permanence of things:  
time to learn each from each  
alone what's worth our care,  
tap all the wells of speech,  
strive til the core be bare  
for if, at times' long end  
There is a judgment made

5  
each shall have each a friend  
close and unafraid  
and whether fate decide  
each shall companion each  
til hell's white seas be dried  
or Christ move out of reach.

26. Jan.

Spend not your heart, my heart,  
these things will cease ere long  
already know the banners start  
against the tents of woe,  
and you who play'd the herald's part  
can give your cunning love and art  
to light unlabored song.

Sonnet 2-35

27th Jan

Back to the last impatient wit's insist:

the woven stanza and the use-rich phrase,

the phial's distillation of bright days.

Put by the farmer, and unclench the fist.

Let riper pine a moment on your wrist

or calf palm nuzzle thro' a leafy clere,

pluck clover, or fling pome above the race

watch stickleback's neat tactic curve & twist.

You then shall have craft and the thought to sleep

and maybe give a tree remembered name

at any rate grow old and ripely wise

or failing that if this be brief escape

back in the stir you shall not fret or blame

what has less sense than dance of dragonflies.

"Adelphi"  
October 1936

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Sonnet 3-35

9th May

Let wonder leave us for another place,

trees and for nurture of themselves alone:

be no rock split or turned: let stone be done

black with the hearth fires of a beaten race.

Poised in the sunlit quiver of the case

the smooth fish makes the fret of trouble gone,

turns tails or twitching features not its own

and moves supert on any plane of grace.

Learn that, if it be possible, and try

new scales of motion death is in the old

no feathers rescue trumpet from the sky:

no truth remains so having once been told.

Thro' tides of being swing unburnedly

to strike, who know, sunk shaft of shattered gold.



Sonnet 4.35

17th June

This angry self, dismayed by fly and leaf  
cold in the dawn, and nervous in a crowd,  
seeking by day the shortest way from grief,  
and only stood in corner safely proud,  
this little self out of its narrowness  
could thrust warm eager hands of fellowship,  
raise fingers not to bargain but to bless,  
and wave deft knife in schools and loving girls.

Bridge no the gap then. Let the charge come thru.  
Pavement singing down the channel of my mind  
may reach crescentic state in narrow sluice  
drive wheel, core rock, light sidewalks broad & new,  
Now at spring trickle you will only find  
small stones not even chipped for clumsy use

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May 9

After four seasons pecked with urgent things,  
justice in narrow alleys, threat of war,  
heart-breaking days of wasteful tuckering  
with bitter people, beauty shouted for;

cease fire is signalled. And across a gate  
we lean to watch the slow crows wheeling back,  
hear farmyard gossip, the already late  
shake hawthorn thick with dew, and find no lack

of stitchwort, speedwell, and wild strawberry,  
to bid the heart return remembered ways  
when life ran strong in us, and loving we  
made a rich lyric of one summer's days

The little streets are clamorous with woe,  
drums grieve at the far ends of the earth:  
no still mark beauty, painted on a sign,  
and no new day has leaved into birth.

So we must build a rampart of our love  
against the blackness of surrounding time,  
bestowed with blossom, bulletproof jewelry of  
birdlelt, windstanga and jay rainbow rime.

The torch we lit together must not be  
blown by foul vapors to a timid glow,  
but blaze, elate, magnificent and free,  
til lonely we look up at last and know.

11  
Interior: Middle nineteen thirties.

The constipated saxophone  
echoes the ennui of the bone  
with overtones  
and squawking moan  
diminues to a groan  
that slops like dough on time's flat stone

this is the end.

There is no friend  
the trumpet lifts  
the spotlight shifts  
So never more so never more  
green faces drift across the floor  
the light turns blue the shadows ooze  
in slowing blues  
This is the end and you the noon  
the painted fancy starts to waver



the drum beats hollow like the sound  
of wanderers on their midnight rounds  
the feet on the floor  
begin to lift  
the fiddles roar  
and ferise and drift

the constipated saxophone  
tickles the boredom of the bone

the thin brows arch the mouth sleek red  
on the flat green mask of the living dead  
the clammy palms on the sweating backs  
the fetid breath on the yellow neck

The helluva night. Footline O Grand  
the same old crowd & the same old band  
the cockroach conductor lifts up his hand  
then one by one  
the members of the band

lay down their instruments, shuffle the piles of music  
on each stand  
and step quietly down it is the Interval  
that faces of oggls by the wall  
a buzz of talk like a flight of birds  
guides the ballroom with flapping words

Then one by one the members of the band  
step quietly in, adjust the music on each stand,  
lift up their instruments and patiently await the  
conductor's signalling hand

He comes

the cockroach man

He ruffercuts. The drums  
pound back. The fight is on.

The drums the cymbals and the bells fair off a spar.

The feminine fiddles scream at the sight  
the squawking yells/  
of the saxophone

stir in the time drugged core of the bone  
the eages light  
and the bounding heart in the leaping flight.

It is the end  
and you my friend  
there is no end there is no end  
Life is alive  
the dance is a battle  
Whoop your call  
and swing your rattle  
Foot time Charly simply friend  
The same old crow as the same ol' ban'

The complicated texture of escape.  
Tonight in Arthur St. a woman stands,  
lust's huxter with the bruised mouth painted red.  
(Hetz's rhetoric so counters it with prose)  
The ragged singer pockets the last penny  
and shuffles off. The queuers have strapped on.

We sit on cushioned seats at one and six  
We sit on cushioned seats at halfacrown

The white sheet flickers and the villain's face  
is twenty feet at least from ear to ear  
a three foot wide, a five foot sneer —  
The camera thrusts him flat back in his place

The leading lady's on her silken bed  
the women feel their skin against the silk  
Her powdered bosom leaves a huge expanse.  
The meagre glance sideways at their wives, and gape.



The small mechanic smelling of his job  
races to win that lady and her bed  
The wardrobe less beside him sinks beneath  
the hot carers of the villain's passionate mouth

We say: O look the pattern made by that  
It: how like Pabst if suddenly a wheel —  
We don't like slush like this. But still you know  
a job well done's worth something —  
That came work. Now. Yes. Another cup.  
But is there no Walt Disney after this?  
But is there no Walt Disney after this?

The animated photographs of kings  
and swagers princes walking with their swords  
not tripping them, for they are trained to walk  
and wear stiff suits and padded uniforms,  
excite our mirth. We mock them. Not too loud.  
The clerk behind us tells the girl he's with  
he saw the king himself in his uniform

17.  
The grocer sitting next me glares at us.  
I kick his ankle neatly going out.

And at this moment hunger like a cat  
treads stealthily on the yardwalls of the town

We sit on cushioned seats at halfpenny.

27th July

Next door is "The Laurels"

Keep to the sidewalk. Take the street car home  
Queue up for Garbo. Read "the Daily Mail"  
Marry the typist. Find a condom jail  
and wade with baby on the edge o' the foam

Take on a mortgage. In the boss confide.  
Drink sparingly in lodge. And never bet  
Vote Tory always, even when it's wet,  
and trim your dabbies with a quiet pride.

But we will talk of Pabst and of Matisse,  
love Russian ballet, spend our holidays  
in galleries where the mind is all apace,  
or islands where the spirit is at ease.

Well do our job, ignore the Book Club's claim,  
salute men walking, never serve a cent.  
Have friends who write or paint, know what is meant

19

when someone murmurs a rebellious name.

So we'll defy you, mock you, whispering  
small seeds of doubt into yr barren mind  
until one sudden day you'll wake to find  
the whole earth rocking with the joy of spring.

27th.

No fall of Man? Why, every fence  
of that black deed is evidence.



Sonnet 5.35

27th July

The jelled by the siren's urgent scream,  
the ceaseless tumult for unmeaning things,  
the impotence, the waste, the trickery,  
I move in memory richer than in dream:  
for we have stood to watch the far red beam  
strike the dread rock, have seen, below, the wings  
poised near the stacks, have faced the old stone rings,  
and found a rule and measure for esteem.

As who provoke almost to bitterness  
or mood to blame a friend or jail a friend  
because of the old vanity in my bones  
I mock my stubborn pride as having less  
to shew fait than that happy man who owns  
the only goal in all the lower End.

21  
7th August

Let us take stock a moment, make a guess  
of black sterility or blessedness.  
Add up the profit, calculate the loss;  
determine how to tilt each trembling cross.  
For this a Marxist, eager to say  
each circumstance in dialectic way  
I have the romantic heart that still enjoys  
the formal beauty of a Lenin's pose  
may more, draws out, this practice growing ripe  
the 'emotive worth of comrade Stalin's pipe —  
like Baldwin — like a true conservative  
who knows the flat gross things by what he live  
and will not even wistfully admire  
west) Trotsky's Etna and its fading fire . . . .



Hope. Despair. Halutense or any other  
Abstraction

Who then for truth & justice? Who lifts his voice for life?  
makes justice a quivering trumpet, makes truth a slanted knife?

But the Poet gazes at his navel, shakes shivers his pubic hair  
his phallos rocks with the planets, burrowing his bottom's bare.

Who said "Lawrence"? Who said "Cock Robin" Jan o Jan the dark  
blood calls.

Who said "Bull's teagle", bearded Lawrence? Who said  
"Navel"? Who said "Balls"?

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23  
Sept. 7/15

Year's equilibrium. The balance stick.  
poised moment on the fulcrum of the heart  
blue flash, split second, of kingfisher dart.  
Tree growing thro the mirror more than tree  
Cross roads of bone and spirit: growth & death,  
tides' turn: the crested whisper of the sea,  
the hammer lifted: the intaken breath.  
Let me this moment stand this autumn day  
before a leaf falls, tho they tremble brown  
spiked & stiff twigs, the life gone out of them.  
The worlds run down or spring is close at hand  
earth underside, its prophecy condemn,  
now is forever. There is nothing more  
can be no more. Just as there never was.  
Heart of the whirlwind, let the tempest roar  
at all flesh jail and wither up as grass.  
Heart of the whirlwind, here forever safe  
with the touch & taste there shall always be  
a flame to watch if it turn blue or red  
O Christ the wine O Christ the broken bread.



25th Sept

Let sculptor to a stone give shape  
wherein skill's just makes deft escape  
for pent ad springing wit and thought  
til wit ad skill in one are wrought-

But how of my sterility,  
the barren rock that smother's me,  
shall I chide back & give a face  
to terror of the time and place?

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26th Sept

## Second dilemma

The signals are bewildering in the dark  
Round corner year's tall sergeants feet and work.  
Green's left for Ireland. Red's steth. Here's your work  
Between, the yellow's my sky signature

Green's a long journey over flint and bog.  
Red's not a stonepile and a riddled flap.  
it's the swift act of stepping on a log.  
I sit here safely in my yellow car.

26th

Let me make verse a man might stop to say  
 breasting a hill and gazing on the bay,  
 as a tired mother to a drowsy child  
 his small impatient anger reconciled.

Grant that a song I made come into mind  
 when a hoarse rebel stammers to his kind  
 in smoky loft or in an open place  
 the dreams and torches brightening each face.

Let not my words fall insolent and rude  
 and only by a highbrow understood  
 in esterie pages void of wit  
 - a crossword puzzle on a way to Kent.

26th Sept

### Lines on a Gypsy.

[I know all this when gypsy fiddles cry - Vachel Lindsay]

O Gypsy fiddle calling to the skies  
 crying unrest and magic to the feet;  
 the long road lifts beyond the eager eyes;  
 the heart is smothered in the bustling street.

A tinker's party riding singing home  
 beneath the harvest moon. Who would not be  
 white at the brook at dawn when first frosts come,  
 and the last leaf spins off the rooted tree?

O gypsy fiddle, faith of wanderers,  
 bound to no fire save what a hand may keep  
 always the road, the gypsy crying fire,  
 the pile of bracken, the unbroken sleep -

A tinker party singing in the lane;  
 a sudden curse, a blow, a coward kick,



the drunken woman screaming with the pain,  
her man against a tree gone white and numb.

The justice gown, the prosecutor's band,  
the lifted Bible, and the fumbling lies,  
the smothered rail gripped by many a felon hand  
O gypsy fiddle crying to the skies.

The roads, the trees, O lonely hearts o' men,  
Have ye not met in some far barony  
a quiet man who held your hurt open,  
and waved farewell as far as eye could see?

29  
30th Sept.

## The Return

The gulls began at daybreak in the mist,  
gliding a smooth adegis astern.  
Intent upon it they slowly dropt behind;  
then with a hurry flapped back into place.  
The scarts, the cormorants, who seek busy  
sat still, aloof, averting their long heads,  
repeated stencil of black silhouette.  
I'd taken a bet with myself I'd find them there.

Day brightening, and the mist being torn apart,  
a flock of crows from the woods at Clondeboy,  
flew <sup>safe</sup> high and <sup>high</sup> safe above our bobbing track.

Over the spume and welter of the water  
I flung my scraps of bread, and the screaming started,  
the rival hunger, and the pedantic skill  
disdaining jostle for swoop of dignity —  
always life poised upon the edge of pain.



The quiet that had come upon my spirit,  
since at the flat Meir's field I had found my place  
in the strait film of man's immortal stride,  
was cut to flicker. Superimposing shots  
set me at angles with a marvellous sky  
Rathlin, the west light, and the tall black stacks,  
the hurtling puffins and the gullenots,  
rocketing past our faces into the surge.  
Dun an rosey, mounded fort of sword-pike kings;  
and, cresting the small hill, a heron surprised,  
trailing off with offended arrogance.  
The oyster catcher's eggs you found on a ledge  
when the frightened parents cried in a narrowing circle;  
and down by Usletough the Sparrowhawk  
striking the gull's breast in a flurried jury.

As I sit here my thought is punctuated  
by the hard rattle of the protestant drums.  
Down in my bloodstream, in the blood of my people,  
the same drums clamor, calling, hill to hill,

warning, exultation and before joy.

The flow and loom have shafted us we at least  
remember the beacons and the palisade,  
despite the winding road to the river ford  
and the tedious basket of the hard handskill.

On each return to Ireland I am reborn.  
~~Return for journey always is rebirth.~~  
I had made resolution to fill that scope.

A year more hectic and pregnant than any before —  
First, daily use of living out my love:  
existence that before was spent in snatches  
with cold and lonely intervals of self —  
learning a mind, judging a spirit's tension,  
sail shortening for the weather of a mood;  
thrusting one side of an arch to hold love's keystone,  
that structure's steady, lay the trowel by.

A year vibrating with cross trumpet calls —  
rally to art, a hand, a voice for beauty,



a bitter tongue for what I took as found.  
Verre joggling at my elbow to be uttered,  
but brushed aside like an importunate child,  
to speak a student error, or lift the banner  
of mercy and justice in a smoky room.  
War imminent and its black sores unindicted,  
by careless gamblers eyes at their play:  
but threat no dread for those who watcht the skyline  
that you and I dare not delay to give  
what little craft we had to rouse and warm them  
Skirmish with those false prophets bleating gently  
the crazy circle of daft circumstance,  
and the oversimple chart of easy rescue.  
An electric day with that uncertain rebel  
who has battered the wall of jolly with bare fists  
for longer than ~~we~~ we lived upon this planet.  
And nervous might beneath its flashing beam,  
gathering little pebbles for the sling  
of that young strapping-David, Liberty.

Your fevered weeks alone of rest endeavor  
to raise a beacon for the night bewildered  
who rather love their darkness than your light.

Name me the faces hovering in the shadow:  
the sweet tired face of the exile German woman,  
behind her gentle words the whip and pistol  
working relentless murder to her hopes:  
the grim goodhumored face of the dramatist  
whose fancies trip the stage while he sits cripple,  
encountered in the rain of autumn June,  
yet bright with a ripe wisdom and gay courage:  
the ruffled face, the strong mouth eloquent  
of the one major prophet of our place,  
betrayed and a little into vanity:  
the bruised face of the boy taken at midnight,  
the ivory sculpture of the ageless woman:  
the hooded features' mumble in the firelight  
of Neil the Piper, and the Sumpach's cry...



Not one of these but gave us strength and wisdom,  
wisdom thro' pity, strength thro' admiration.  
And, when the world's walls toppled to engulf us,  
we led the strength to face the poised disasted  
and cry salute to the clean stars beyond.

Yet for our nurture and our spent with success  
we hurried to an island, Rathlin, knowing  
hoop'd by steel cliffs and circled by the ocean,  
islands are wellheads of the world's salvation.

There men at peace, in fields or driving cattle,  
women at doors, and children brown and shy,  
sheep on the hills, the mare with the stumbling foal,  
the sick calf - the cow, the stacks of turf,  
the white road with each lough a bright surprise  
Craigmearaga, Mullyrogers, Ally, Market:  
the charlax gilded barley, the warm sweet beans,  
and the perpetual crying of the birds  
brought back clear joy and laughing sanity.

Not once a social conscience troubled us.  
Leaning on rocks or percht precarious 3rd Oct.  
on the stone walls between bare field and field  
we let the free heart flutter till it found  
up near the sun a happy <sup>shy</sup> nest of light.  
So we decided what life was to mean -  
sustenance of sense, and steady growth & fineness,  
hands eyes and wit's bound slave & poetry:  
the briefest pain to be the oyster's grit.

That then decided, fresh in a salty squall,  
we tacked for home and rack small merry clouds.  
But in the city of our dreadful night <sup>stobbed</sup> rag  
men fought with me because of a piece of cloth  
of history remembered wrongly. In the streets  
crowds shouted the old shibboleths of hate,  
drew from their midst the sharpeners of a creed,  
and set the little flame chiming up the curtain.

So we were thrust back out of the lair of light



into the flickering gloom. The warded arts  
played on the broken bottles of despair,  
struck the timbers of helpless misery,  
and poetry was smothered by the drums.

The old unsettled panels of the mind  
came storming back setting the world arous,  
for justice and mercy whispered to be preached,  
and war's threat clattered into the halls of state.

Brief, for a moment, we graspt the hem of Peace -  
along the mirror river by the trees  
the tansy's golden buttons and the shells  
of a new mollusc bitten the leaping heart  
back to the track of promised permanence.  
There too, a field of corn in heavy sheaf  
brown gold against blue shadow of dark tree  
steadied the shifting pattern of belief.

But the old battles still were left unwon.

men driven from their homes to beg for shelter,  
or seize it. all authority impotent  
save bravest tongue or tilt of bulging pocket.

What hope, we thought then, for the Jewish people, 4th 0.  
what hope for our desire to bring them life,  
abundant life, first for the body's need  
than for the heart's? The wider field of time  
brought hush concern for maps, the League's delay,  
the bullfrog Duce, and the bearded King,  
widening to a net to mesh the world,  
narrowing to a personal decision  
that must be made to keep a core of self  
not flashing off at wheelwhirl of event.

~~Back in my mind there rang the famous slogans,  
new slogans with old echoes close to them,  
- of little Belgium - Abyssinia,  
your King and country need - the Covenant,  
and make the world safe for democracy.~~



would save for the ideal of collective peace -  
I remembered one who went to die in France,  
hating the war and wishing only to paint,  
but dreading more the painting fingers of scorn,  
and what his son would think when he had grown.  
Remembered too that deft hand with the brush  
glad to slop filth and human excrement  
rather than crush his lie in a front line trench  
and have his sensitive writs scuffed bare with raspstone

And when the British Foreign minister  
spoke solemn of the rights of little nations  
at that hour men were moving to the Mountains,  
and bright gray eagles dropt their splintering terror.

I could not help forecasting the song of the war,  
some threadbare lilt we must have already sung,  
whistled at corners, or over the radio.  
and in my resolution I was strong.

Then when to Bristol, town of Chatterton,  
I went alone intent upon my trade  
(Camp followers of the wayward feet o' men,  
Boards of trifles scattered by the way,  
of things well made & broken or half made,  
preserved of the shards, keepers of names,  
lackey of time, ostler of the Apocalypse)  
suddenly there descended over me  
sense of the instant's mergence into time,  
my flight no more or less on the edge of space  
than the busy figures of Cabot, Jethro & son,  
leading the little vessel for adventure:  
making their course and taking off the crew  
George Fox's marriage, Wesley's earnest speech,  
Barker's rhetoric, on the dreams of a western world  
argued out by Southey and his friend.  
I walked the streets remembering older streets  
before the black glass and the chromium:-  
Corn Street, Wine Street, Red Lodge, Christmas Steps,  
Paragon Terrace built with the price of slaves  
and the perfumery dealer Sottie of St Mary's.



And when chance sent me jolted to the south  
over the Mendip hills by Cleddon Gorge,  
Westover, Westhay, crossing the river Brue,  
the thing was plainer. Life was eternal life,  
the windfalls litters in the tufted grass,  
the bigger apples netted in a leaf,  
men milking in the meadows, twisty roads,  
red roofs of tiles, stacks that felt with yellow straw,  
life was eternal, <sup>involving every incident</sup> ~~(part of nature's rhythm)~~,  
Change creed or state: apples of Somerset  
make cider to be drunk by living men.

At Meare in a wind-whiff field as flat as bog,  
(my antrium eye had noted. So it proved.)  
There had been dug a magic hole this time,  
revealing a criss cross raft of oak & alder,  
and silver birch with the bark not rotted yet,  
where man had wrought & feasted before Christ's birth,  
the <sup>nail</sup> ~~box~~ saw pet, the comb, the ring of jet,  
the shattered blade, the amber beads, the bones,

the baked clay hearth, the bars of hammered iron,  
These show my faith up with their evidence 7th Oct.  
(Give me a flint and I'm delighted with it  
more than a tilted table's staff report)  
Man has gone on, endured the <sup>incidence</sup> {accidents}  
of Rome & Caesar, lived to see the end  
of wood & crucifixion, Thor & Moloch.  
If not men individual, with brown faces,  
jaws set at angle so, or eyes this color,  
man has gone on, essential man, the maker;  
the double man, destroyer intermingled,  
charring the wood, and heaping hills of slag,  
smearing the earth with slums, & firing the whin,  
yet out of his nature making something lovely,  
a bronze blade meant to kill but leaf precise.  
Always the touch of immortality  
upon the things of death, the touch of life  
on things with else no secondary meaning.  
For it is not the wars that we remember  
but the chiselled head, the brooch, the <sup>silver</sup> bugle,  
the amber bead,



the temple, and the sonnet: these are Man.

And knowing this I thought of the things I care for.  
I knew my choice was the choice of life & good:

That men still choose the way of death & evil  
life in them works denial of their waste

That the superb economy of art,  
cleaves thro' their chaos with a feathered phrase.

A faith that slens ten thousand still may beek  
a symbol life's the richer for, a gesture  
recovered, that may add another sense

I saw how the two engines of <sup>my</sup> thought  
and being, 'spite the clogging grease of self,  
beat in the right direction

First positive action {gearing} the destroyed,  
crushing the rocks & boulders, digging clear  
the level path for justice, the hard way  
for mercy: tentative effort following  
of sheer creation out of my senseless scope

leaving the things I love no prooves for  
my loving them, and adding where I can  
my touch of life, of life articulate  
this one, a particular focus of <sup>{memories}</sup> space & time.

So, at the ship's stern, as I fed the gulls,  
appraising each swift arabesque of hunger,  
I grew aware of the <sup>{conflict}</sup> ferment of my being,  
the interplay of memory & thought,  
& having the dialectic in my sinews,  
was eager for the resolving synthesis  
that if I will it could attain new levels.

I wrote this plan out, awhile recognising  
the shifting lights I mist in definition,  
yet sure the fumbling pattern was not worthless,  
that I or you in dark days coming after  
might not despair because of the uncharted  
but move at bidding of this uncount compass,  
tho' no more than a needle stuck in a straw  
and floating in a shaking bowl of water.



Sonnet 6.

When I have seen you shouting in the cold  
to stamping men in sodden coats & trim,  
or selling papers, threading out & in,  
relentlessly until the bundles sold,  
I've turned away lest I seem overbold  
to gape, a cynic, at your discipline;  
or wait, a coward, till I've seen you win  
before my aid with tardy hand is doled.

But, tho' my voice is quiet, and my wit  
a barbed thing envenomed for defence  
I serve and cherish values infinite  
that must outlast the moment's violence.  
So in your stark appraisal do not err  
for know, I am your fellow traveller.

15/15 Oct.

15th Oct. 45

I went among strange men with weathered faces  
loud in their barker, hoarse and quarrelsome,  
thumping the cow's rump, brodding the squealing creatures,  
eying the colt with head at angle set;  
I thought of the frail wares that I could offer: -  
an echo of Auden, or a stone shape of Moore,  
an epigram, a dialectical question,  
faith in the future, whimsical regret.

I thought of the strange twisting of their features,  
the hand gone to the mouth, the fingered chin,  
the hurried rush to the pub to drown their puzzle,  
the brandish staves, the rush to plant a kick;  
and I knew well how ready I had robb'd 'em  
lifted under their snouts, from their own fields,  
trees' tilt, corn's color, sound of reapers chadrip,  
what they could never win by huxter's trick



Gaelic Rune of Hospitality

21st

And in the high Name of the Trinity  
he calls a blessing on my house and me  
my cattle, my goods, and my family

Forever more the skylark cries: Be wise  
often Christ cometh in a stranger's guise

Be wise. Be wise. Be wise.

Often Christ cometh in a stranger's guise.

22nd

Street Lights

When I was young streetlights were gentle things,  
golden - the splendid shards of fallen stars  
tall torches lining to a jaery night  
or rocking lanterns bloom away to see  
lamps swaying from jolting axles round a bend,  
or steady candles of a granfer's tale.  
The Dragon's Eye was at the Chymist's Shop.

Now I am older they have changed their scope,  
glittered the octave thro incessantly.  
Red red for danger red go back go back  
Green green all's well. Cross now or never more.  
The old lights rosted in eternity  
were tuned to the mind, gave it a space a time  
the hard flat gray of day denied to it.  
But these flash signals spattered at the brain,  
Offer an endless choice that must be made,  
and leave no ballade woven intricate



life now or death. But not eternal life.  
The little twitching life, the small stiff death.

Just when I've shaft a neat philosophy  
to mesh their skull insistence into truth  
that's valid for the texture of my mind  
not only for the nerve-strung vertebrae,  
seeing in red the everlasting nay  
the warning flare before calamity  
and green the healing color of delight  
my scheme's shattered by a purple splotch —  
a skysign slopping over — Whosits' Ale,  
or the rippling silver of a dentifrice.

I go back tiptoe to my sanity —  
maybe a sharp struck match in a strapper's face,  
lighting his jag along an alleyway,  
or another face with mine by a watchman's frow.

Funeral Ode for  
Lord Carson of Duncarn  
laid to rest in the Cathedral of St Anne, Belfast.

Carson I cannot speak with formal phrase  
or raise  
the sculptured rhetoric of grief  
to praise  
a fiction foisted on the world, a shape of bronze with  
arm uplifted signifying  
love of his country, stark sincerity  
courage and eloquence —  
Rather I mark the jaw grown coarse with lying  
the old heart rotten with black violence  
and the deft gestures of hypocrisy.

The thousands line the streets to watch you pass,  
not cheering now as when you first before  
in brake bedecked with lilies and with flags  
saluting each loose roar.



I note their hungry faces, note their rags  
and pity them; not you.

Who mourns for Carson now? Who mourns him? Who?

The people mourn their leader stiff and dead:  
forget his arrogance when someone said  
that age and luxury might know some ease:  
forget his jumbling mastery of the seas  
that hurried us to danger, ere he went  
branded a failure and incompetent.

Sometimes I thought that in the clouded sky  
a host of angry spirits made their cry;  
men who have died by violence and hate  
over this wretched island, since he shewed  
the violent road  
and filled men's minds by his insurgent breath  
with the unholy stratagems of death.

51  
Mourn him, ye others who thro his endeavor  
won all the profit ye are glutted with  
Mourn well your Hero. He is gone forever.  
And gone with him the Power behind the Myth.  
The drunken Jendlord and the bankrupt Peer,  
the crooked Lawyer and the party lack —  
the bully bishop bland, are gathered here.  
Mourn well. Your Hero is not coming back;  
and with him goes to Kingdom and the Glory!  
all ye are left with is an empty story,  
and the slow horror of a certain end,  
the hunger's <sup>long finger</sup> (hand relentless) points the way  
and on no distant day  
angry men will see by easy sign  
that North & South each worker is a friend  
and rise and claim what's yours as theirs and mine.  
Mourn well ye thieves of ~~summer~~ <sup>summer</sup> this hard season  
and the cold closure of your treachery.  
This instant I rejoice I loved to see,  
for tho it prospered yet I called it treason.



12th November

## Swans in the City.

Walled by a mill, a boarding, and a street  
a flooded field of tangled tussocks lies  
quiet as mountain daybreak; the feet  
of punctual thousands mark times' enterprise  
beyond the well, along the flat bare street.

Here, thrust from water, crooked alleys away,  
and gusty winds from chimney and from spire  
brush, thrust on flush, a lighted smudge of grey  
over the dull lead surface of the mire.

I, passing sunny on bus, left eager eyes  
to mark each morning with sincere surprise  
the peace, the grace, the gentle elegance  
smooth on the water of nine floating swans.  
And to the frets of personality,  
the little quarrels twist the world and me,  
or threat to justice of mad policy

53  
among the hill free Mohmands or in Spain  
twist thought and feeling into meshy skein,  
by the swift benediction of a glance  
I am reborn each morning thro' new right  
to the unshaken wisdom of delight  
that lasts with care until rain brings the night.

For the disney knock at the engine heart  
the tenants absent, wandering apart,  
safe off the last sod's edge with those nine swans,  
moving beyond life's fearful millions  
and their dim troubles, in a secret place  
won somehow back to time's first state of grace.



12th N.

Sonnet 7.

Gay with the morning freshness and blithe air,  
I mood caparisoned with happiness,  
beneath the tense trees' row, November bare,  
receiving blessing and alert to bless.  
The frosted lawns, the light sky motionless  
the cheerful noise of jolting laden cart,  
child's clouded breath, the sparrow's eagerness,  
of my particular leaves were a part.

But what I thought forever ranging wide  
brought back the stiff rebuke. To some this day  
is but another spell of patience tried,  
like another, still left further to decay,  
where no trees are or birds make merry din,  
where greater gaps bare and ragged coats are thin.

12th N.

Sonnet 8. To A.E.M

So, friend, you turn apart and go your way  
intent to make this journey all alone:  
face the disasters of each perilous day,  
the winged torments, trees cut down & thrown  
across the path, the cheating signposts' lure,  
the palm-green mirage moving on ahead,  
the causeway to the eye that seems secure,  
the mountain track that crumbles to the tread.

But I have been a traveller like you,  
am still upon a distant errand set:  
Can you deny my confessions may be true  
for these strange foothills where we now are set?  
It is not mine: but serves whose loss has need.  
Are resolute still to ignore it? Then, Godspeed.



## Sonnet 9

18.XI.35.

Now to this harsh acquittal we are come  
 beyond the scope and terror of our years.  
 In vain forever to unbleeding ears  
 prosperity may sound incessant drum.  
 Intent on giving speech to what is dumb  
 and out of pain to wring the end of tears,  
 no hope for life save forty fighting years,  
 each morning poised upon a martyrdom.

Yet not a weight deliberate act of will  
 but by a furtive change in heart & thought  
 making a contact signal word & deed  
 so thro' strict eye & hand that loves its skill  
 there shall arrive the truth that is not taught,  
 shall come the strength the baffled people need.

57  
18.XI.35

I thought: the urgent love I know  
 tho' won thro' tangled sky & sea  
 a kindred of wild things that go  
 gulls way leafs way incessantly  
 must sit beside the fire and sew  
 in quiet bondage unto me.

And thinking so grew sad again  
 that all her eager heffiness  
 should tread dull years with drudging pain  
 & comb a grey and thinning tress  
 glad of the shelter from the rain  
 content with one untalented dress.

Then I remembered how at eve  
 her grace surpasseth morning grace  
 when we together rise and leave  
 the smoke and clamor of the place



and night's frail golden tapers were  
a rembrandt of her drowsy face.

And that noon she speaketh wise  
to troubled men of earnest things  
wings by her heart's bright mutinies  
to give their baffled spirits wings  
& dare again tumultuous skies  
unfrighted by harsh buffetings;

At eve when sleep creeps tiptoe nigh  
she turns her lovely raven head  
gently the Cloak of Rest puts by  
until the last deed prayed is said  
and whispers over quietly  
"This is the wine. This is the Bread"

Henceforth the name is this place is Mount Grand:  
and the heart's poverty in it "

### The Ballad of the Changing of a Name of a Rathlin Homestead.

"Father O'Hare" said the girl to the priest  
"We've heard from a letter this mornin  
that a rich American uncle of da's  
has died <sup>left him the half of his</sup> ~~with~~ no will or warrin <sup>fortune</sup> . . . ."

Sure, a house on a hill with a view like this  
of the island stretching afore us  
is needin a name will make folk look at  
an' never <sup>more</sup> dar'til ignore us.

Ma mother an me has talkt it out.  
Mount Gran is the name were decided.  
We'd be grateful now if yer Reverence wuz  
the first in the neighbors <sup>to</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>not tried</sup> it."

"If that's yer will" the young priest said  
← 'Tis myself that will begin it.



The Christmas of the year is fast away  
 Christ strangely has not come to birth in me:  
 the fog & twilight of a winter day  
 has summoned none to light my star-gleam tree  
 and I am left without a golden story  
 to lift my heart up with its tremendous glory.

I turn my tortured mind to think of one  
 dead in the trenches, brother of a faith  
 that offers equal share of rain & sun  
 to every man or woman that draws breath  
 but the night is ardent and my delight  
 my heart is lonely in the starry vast night.

Gratiae O Dark a legend or a name  
 that so inspires the very stuff of thought  
 that children playing out some simple game  
 bring back the beauty that this feast once brought  
 bring back the gentle pity, bring the glory  
 of dream-land vine and time & everlasting story.

## At the Year's End

after a Christmas staid by no belief,  
 a blank cessation of the year's routine  
 with neither pushing bud nor spinning leaf  
 to trouble the heart with yellow or with green,

a new-year's eve that is no precipice,  
 as once was hanging on a brazen tongue:  
 the spring chill shock of growing old & wise  
 that only mocks the sober-minded young

My growth has altered - I can find no rings  
 jarred by time's pebble at the core of the tree  
 and caught there rigid. <sup>Cloud-defying</sup> dark uplifting wings  
 leave no toothed gashes that a man can see.

My rod has struck clear water from the rock,  
 when most it's needed: but the place confined  
 a heron by a lonely lake, a flock

If slow crows homing brought the touch desired:

a mound of earth, a strange lamp checked face  
a voice, a word rich with remembered still,  
joy smeared on canvas, attitude of grace  
broken from stone, or black upon a hill.

But there cannot be regard to calendar  
neither maybe, but as some old seaman's chart  
with here a dolphin, there a scroll, a star,  
and in between the voyage of the heart

1936



Summer 1915

6th Jan

My father's brother was a friendly man  
 would pull fantastic faces for your smile  
 and always had a bag of peppermints.  
 He'd tilt a straw hat over a merry eye  
 and strut a jaunty song with a slapping cane  
 He drew large posters you'd stop to chew to a chum  
 and painted cottages on Saturdays.  
 He had a wife who kept a tartan tin  
 of shortbread in a cupboard with no lock  
 He had a son who was too small to dip.

Then war came. Pictures in the newspapers  
 and flags pinned in a row. He went away.

What have I done to make a mad world wise?



For the men in the days coming after  
 to rejoice in the deed of my hand  
 I must make me a ballad of laughter  
 of the japes that are loose in the land.

Too long have I clamored my pity  
 and made a loud show of my grief  
 for the wrings of the desolate city  
 and the gods that are lost my belief.

to this the land of sunsets square and green  
 diminvento ends in slow fare  
 well

Diminvento a Surrealist Poem.

A gothic porpoise bored on a poisoned fork  
 steams thro the palm tufts of a cricket bat  
 the needle works but does not need to work  
 the tall wheel sings a spiral for a let.

Of them no worse of them no worse or high  
 the green box o'plutters coils of hope or wood  
 the sneering weavils cheat him till his dry  
 the pale Christ floated makes a jungoid muddle.

As round as torment and as rich as snuff  
 the aztec nodes and makes a purple mark  
 the toltec tree is ripe or overripe  
 Hark! stark shark's stark bark gyrates thro the  
 dark park!

It was the nightingale. my lord the queen  
 the king is dying so we say farewell



18/1/36

No more than this to armor me  
against the cold assault of death:  
a woman's strong sincerity,  
my love for her, my coward breath:

a heart that leaps beyond my scope,  
a hand grown soft without a spade;  
bookweary eyes, a naked hope  
that fear shall make me not afraid

---

67 51  
18/1/36.

Born when the travail of its screaming birth  
deafened the singing cycle of the spheres  
rooted by bone, but torn from wounded earth  
to stand beardless in the hurrying years

Lover of spring and the first swallow's dart,  
seeking the catkin tassels for delight,  
the dead leaf still relukes my fluttered heart  
and marks the comfort of its cherted night.

---



25/1

## Comment for the Passing of a King

Two million workless men in a silent army  
standing in queues or at corners or shoveling snow  
or gaping with skeleton masks at the lists in the booklets

rebellion in Ireland and Jim Connolly butchered  
tied to his chair and Steeby Steffington murdered  
are these the things to be proud of in twenty five years

Egyptian students hissing our name in the alleys  
Indians dying like flies in the stench of Bombay  
or cursing the British Raj in a hundred jails.

Seamen weary of waiting signing on for death  
in overburdened steamers sent out to sink  
Miners wives in a silent crowd at the gates

Bombs on the Mohawks out of a cloudless sky.  
Bullets for rioting negroes: the smoke of huts

69

burnt for non-payment of <sup>tax</sup> ~~rent~~  
"Is the Empire well?"

The dying monarch whispered. His flunkey answered pat.

---



30/1.

# Note on Chinese Exhibition

Never for me the agate or the jade,  
the elegance of lacquer, or the full  
brush flourish over silk.

Let birds perch unafraid  
on the long bough above the rushy pool.

Let bronze get rust,  
and clay horse flake and crumble into dust:  
The strange new China is will be beautiful.

Never the flyblack eyes,  
the wet red sores, the famine in the land.

2 | the severed hand,  
3 | the rebel lying in headless in the snow:

1 | the coolie reeling from his master's blow,  
the flat floodlands reflecting the dull skies  
the bandit lord

with armor train and hoard  
of plundered gold:

the crying children sold

for rice with regards just reluctant sold.

Never for me the agate or the jade  
til the new China on her thick rich earth  
tearsings with her jostling millions satisfied  
shod, fed, and sheltered like a monarch's bride.

Land that never knew

Then let the wise hand shape the cunning vase,  
finger the slip and faint beneath the glaze,  
or mark on silk a poem someone made  
of brotherhood and justice come to birth.

Never the flyblack eyes,

the wet red sores, the famine in the land,  
the flooded fields reflecting the dull skies;  
the coolie reeling from his master's blow,  
the severed hand,  
the rebel student leaders in the snow:



Poems in February

Sonnet: Kipling

Feb 1st

Boyscout a Jingo you have struck yr tent  
 and gone across the bitter wastes alone  
 'Tis my regret I did not fling this stone  
 with venom at yr head before you went  
 For long you wronged with yr malevolent  
 and cockney spleen the race whereof I'm one  
 Nor him nor Stalky can you that atone

Ironie jest that tho yr dust is laid  
 to mingle with the noblest dust of all  
 the whisper of yr passing scarce was heard  
 in the loud roar yr Monarch's mourners made  
 yet you cannot complain it so occurred  
 as Shaw could if it spoiled his funeral.

The Entering In.

I grow aware I grow aware Tho I did not know at the stark  
 heart  
 of the entering in of the deadly thing at the cancer's grip on the  
 blood  
 Nor the ragged sores or the sores ye see that make the surface  
 the hungry child, the broken boots, or the hand stretch out in need  
 but the reek of death in the banker's breath, the fear in the grocer's eye  
 the colonel's glare or the golfer's stare, the salismana's hand on his  
 tie  
 the men I meet in the crazy street feel the fingers tight to choke  
 so they hide their dread in the Daily Mail or the coils of a dirty joke  
 for the deadly thing has entered in. We are growing old & weak  
 We have no strength to give brown sons or blood to the words we speak  
 A man just alive in his hands & feet does so clear at the bend  
 for he does not care in the screaming air if he kill a dog or a friend  
 Another alive in his eager eyes takes a box & a folding stool  
 and hides away at the edge of the wood or the rim of a mountain pool

The only life is a lonely life that here & there will begin  
 a man or a woman to laugh aloud at the thing that has entered in  
 and turn the mouth of that deadly thing to the harder rotten parts



and let it gorge & poison itself & leave us our hands & our hearts

Take the banker's bowels, the grocer's eye, strike the preacher  
down where he stands

but leave us the poet's singing tongue & the father's cunning hands.

---

They'd cleared a narrow path from house to house

And in that world it seemed a little thing  
against the bitter war for daily bread  
that lords in London named what was a king  
or trumpeted another in his stead.

---

That week the king died snow was on the land,  
We walked hedge high along a frozen drift:  
mist hid the barren hills on either hand  
no wind conspired with sun to make it lift.

Two men with horses stepping slow & high  
came down the steep road from a lonely farm:  
one jogging, heavy, nodded wearily,  
one strode in front to ward the hooves from harm.

And at a lane's end soon we stooped to hear  
from a dour man with hands in pockets deep  
about the biggest fall this thirty years  
and three days' digging after smothered sheep.

He had no word or thought for that dead king  
his whole concern was for his scattered cows  
and how with even children labouring



## Blackstaff

45-115

Blackstaff, the river takes its secret way  
from the smooth hills breach the busy sea  
hidden by warehouse walls from light of day:  
buck over, bridged, it ambles quietly.

At vantage point I watch it rise with rain  
slip the footbridges at the head of snow  
or weary late in august slip & drain  
between crust buckets to the mud below

Men built it over & surrounded it  
with the dull architecture of their hopes  
drive out the sea from pool & sandy spit  
and farther back along the steeper slopes

bound it in harness to the roaring mill.  
These walls are broke down, the roofs are wrecked  
and ramble clings along the windowsill

1781  
melt with the bitter berries of neglect

It still gives service, marking thro' the town  
old names once famous for the sluffs they made  
here feeds a dam that cools the engines down  
there moists the air wood snap the twisted thread.



2  
Celebrity Concert

The Ulster hall was packed. A month before  
there hadn't been a chance to book a seat.  
Impatient but polite we heard a neat  
but unimpassioned fiddler take the floor.  
A pianist flung us hisit. Then with a roar  
there glided in on panther velvet feet  
the famous man we'd paid so much to greet.  
Stuff shirked ushers gathered at each door.

Then to some thousands of the overfed  
the tall man sang the bondage of his race,  
the exile, and the ruin of bitterness,  
the wrongs a cowardly leave would redress  
yet all the time the disinherited  
left us in peace, & did not storm the place.

The broadcast death of that small English King  
to whom alive I scarcely gave a thought  
has rung a bell a tiny memory brought  
many a goal and somewhat tangled thing.  
First, rhythm of rest that comes on the giving;  
then baffled changes from a lifetime caught  
and to a shape of little meaning wrought;  
then ~~summary waiting~~ <sup>not delays</sup> another spring. X

But most, the death of men, the snuffing out  
of candles that were always sign of home,  
the growing old, the castellated doubt  
to which the halt or eager feet must come:  
the anxious shout that wins no answering shout,  
the tinsel hope that mocks a martyrdom.



(1115)

## Stanzas on Antigodless Exhibition

Pro des - versus Russia - for God  
the subtle twist that makes a martyrdom  
The Church is roused with crozier & mitre  
against the knave who'd liquidate the slum,

---

They must be godless who would seek to change  
the good for profit into brotherhood,  
Two thousand years of faith have made it strange  
that one should live for unrewarded good

---

The angry Pope's too busy now to stop a dismal war  
where Christian murders Christian in a little land afar  
he's worried that a brutal gang permit their folk to be  
born, wed, divorced, & buried, without a parson's fee  
Oye worse than that that will not prevent with jagged & with plane  
the reckless rascal who suggests that God's an empty name.

---

11 12 81

## The Pigeon picket and the straw

~~The pigeon picket and the straw~~

I stood at the breath-jogged window  
watching the desolate snow  
philosophical at transience  
A pigeon picket up a straw;  
flew straight above to a ledge  
where pigeons nested last year  
six wingbeats and a flutter -  
was gone a full minute or more  
then planed down to the sward with grace  
a bobbing parade and a peck,  
six wingbeats and a flutter,  
a long straw crossing his beak.

The glare of my philosophy  
wicket with the hope of permanence  
blew somehow thin before the bird  
that thought spring comes but once

---



12.15.15 (K)

## Saklatwala

Of Saklatwala let me say but this:  
I've heard no eloquence to equal his  
when, slight, upon a platform to a crowd  
he shook his faith out challenging a proud,  
ragd harsh at freedom's subtle enemies,  
and called satire on "Your Prince of Peace"

But to that <sup>scene</sup> ~~scene~~ I add this memory  
that Saturday with my father I went to see  
a small display, upon the blotchy wall,  
of workers' pictures in the Labor Hall.  
Then Saklatwala spoke of beauty and art  
the simple hunger of the human heart  
for shape & color, rhythm in sound & poise:  
art as abundant life, not gauds (or toys)  
but gripped, held close, & made at one with being  
hands wise & skilful, eyes alert with seeing  
Sudden he turned from play of brush & song

83

back to the insistent urgencies of wrong  
the niggard life, the starved uncertain breath,  
the fretted wits, the miserable death,  
the senses blunted, and the narrow scope  
that lifts a heaven to match the slumchild's hope.  
Then with deft phrase he sketched in lines of fire  
the ultimate structure of achieved desire,  
& I who went to hear but talk of art  
strode home ennobled with an urgent heart.



## Race. (Livingstone Hall)

When the colored men on the platform had spoken  
 the negro the indian from Kenya from the Gold Coast  
 I felt the shame of my color run stinging thro my veins  
 Then back in my mind I remembered the blood of my race  
 It's expropriation, enslavement and now at the end  
 being no longer able to drive us back to the hills  
 whence we had crept back to tend their looms in the towns  
 they kept us in bondage of mind by the yoke of law  
 just as the gold coast native is fettered a <sup>filed</sup> registered  
 So I rose a spoke for my own - an oppressed people  
 beaten for centuries, starved, or driven into exile  
 and (the words come out of themselves) making common cause  
 with the native exploited over the face of the earth

On our shuffling way to the street with the mumbling crowd  
 we stopped at the door to pocket a leaflet offered  
 and as I reached out my hand felt a soft voice murmur  
 Goodnight Comrade and Thanks: a negro said that to me

Henceforth I am free from the little limits of race:  
 the beautiful dialectic snaking its way  
 out of the freeing of races bringing the end of race

Henceforth I am free from the little limits of race  
 a negro has recognised my face & forgiven  
 a negro has said the word that seals me his brother  
 and I can walk a free man under a sky unshamed



## Holmes &amp; Sutcliffe: Retrospect.

I count my boyhood fortunate  
 that I lived soon enough to see  
 Sutcliffe & Holmes come thro' the gate  
 to start the innings after tea:

Holmes' long jaw set, the faint stroke,  
 the lifted bat to bumping ball,  
 the steady face that never broke  
 till slow sun made the shadows tall.

Sleek Sutcliffe's head too smooth for brush,  
 the cheer that meant the hundred up,  
 the signal wide, the sudden lurch  
 when White went on for Vallance Jupp.

I hope to till when I am old,  
 to some bright lad not yet alive  
 how Holmes got fifty caught & bowled

Low Chapman stoppt a cover drive

Breath may be rain & thought a snare  
 the world may well be past her prime:  
 but somehow permanence was there  
 when Hallows came to play out time.



Poetasters and bad bards calling  
 Moya O'Neill and Elizabeth Shane  
 for local color let rain be falling  
 sentiment suggest the last refrain . . .

Sirens scream the bells be holy  
 for he prefers it. So let it be  
 requiem now for Richard Rowley  
 Poetry's Public Enemy.

Who in Ulster is worth our study?  
 once we've seen thro' the jeeble stuff  
 Ruddick Millar is perfectly bloody  
 Patric Gregory? Thomas Carnduff?

Poetasters & bad bards bawling  
 Let them rest with the B.B.C.  
 The quiet voice of the future is calling  
 Patric McDonagh, Prame Roberts, and me.

I go to work - at half past nine  
 with Laffy regularity  
 and tho' the whinbright mountain call  
 or frost nacket swans fly in a line  
 or men paint slogans on a wall  
 of Ireland or of Liberty  
 I'm always there in time to sign  
 said the man with the hole in his hat.  
 the stout little man with glasses

I like my work. I do my share  
 but never rush or hurt myself  
 for two things in my mind I know  
 and six more whereof I'm aware  
 and twenty five that I could skew  
 in wise old volumes on myself  
 preach vanity of overcare  
 said the man with the hole in his hat.

I love my wife. I play no game  
 I neither drink nor bet nor whore



I do not save for who would save  
when war may set the town in flame  
and gas give none a decent grave.  
I turn no beggar from the door  
for he too shares the magic name  
said the man with the hole in his hat.

I love my wife. I find in her  
extension of both mind and heart  
til self is richer in response  
I find her shrewd artificer  
in homecraft who was dry and once  
and skilful in the subtle art  
of making mystery friendlier  
said the man with the hole in his hat.

I hate injustice, an alert  
to wrong in its protean guise  
not only pity in the street  
at children playing in the dirt

or ragged man with weary feet  
but sorrow in the spinster's eyes  
bespeaking something bruised & hurt  
said the man with the hole in his hat.

I find my heart's best kin among  
rebels & artists poor & brave  
the heralds of the world's unrest  
dazed with the awe of being young  
with much to urge the cynic jest  
& who are yet content to have  
a tilt at high enthroned wrong  
said the man with the hole in his hat.

Yet taking not too serious  
my solemn self's historic place  
I ease my tortured pride with quip  
and fantasy uproarious  
seeking a strange companionship  
in any cattle drover's face



in any eye or any ear  
said the man with the hole in his hat.

The tensions of the erect stiff Christ  
long since have meant no more to me  
than Buddha's squint, or Brahman mask  
a sign that for an age sufficit  
to keep the worker to his task  
yea even the spear been agony  
has seemed for long too highly priced  
said the man with the hole in his hat.

And when one calls the man above  
to be a witness of his truth  
my instinct tells me that he lies  
for I know how precarious love  
beset by the fierce mysteries  
of age obscure & murdered youth  
has yet but cleared a narrow groove  
said the man with the hole in his hat.

Yet being merry, with a hope  
that somehow still is undismayed  
I love life's corners of surprise  
assured the gloom wherein we grope  
will turn before our frightened eyes  
to day where none shall be afraid  
but all find dream to glut their scope  
nor need a dream to match  
said the man with the hole in his hat.



First Nature mistress, succinct; I am she  
 who sets the stormcock on the wind vent tree  
 who babbles water over peat brown stone  
 and bids the lark's crescendo bubble blown  
 rise beyond hearing till a grasshopper  
 brings life back singing where the grasses stir.  
 What can you offer? Cello, violin,  
 let flute piano iterate their beat  
 I call upon the breakers to begin  
 when the wind whips the spume from tumbled crest.  
 Fire's crackle, hiss of water upon flame  
 Jan voices blured of children still <sup>at</sup> play  
 In this Solomonda dare you stake a claim  
 & fret to bear your dust of gold away.

Adelphi  
 October 1936

4.

## Sonnet

My Revolution

My name is Revolution. Let me speak  
 You find in me no feathered sentiment  
 Not pity makes me base upon the weak  
 The breathless hope of half a continent  
 But Law that's shaft of changelessness & charge  
 the alternation of the upward slope  
 the spiral bore of being that will range  
 back on itself a yet surmounting hope  
 reach levels that deny the limited  
 validity that once was broadcast day  
 the insurgent bud that thrusts aside the dead,  
 the daffodil's negation of the clay.  
 Choose then the wile choice that is your own  
 death's rigid circle, life's inverted cone



March 2

Brooding on the sorrowful heart of things  
not hazy, that sheers men's highest peak  
not shoesole sadness pity of cuff & heel  
of the narrow guttered lives from dark to dark  
for we can charge that when we have the will:  
but

the return half, the framed certificate,  
the faded cutting of the famous man,  
the talk of Ladysmith and Spion Kop  
round watchman's baggies in November frost,  
the velvet cap with tarnished dome, the bat  
split at the handle with the rubber periscope,  
found in the attic under a pile of music;  
the rusted buckles on the family album:  
brooding on these I sought a phrase for life,  
something to stab but with a muffled thrust,  
— It's Sherrandoak sung by a tipsy clerk.

16th 97

5

On this one Patric's eye I read intent  
of Hope<sup>Joy</sup> Malracken's bitter end,  
grew sad that all his ardor violent  
shone in this place a time have scarce a friend  
Remembered too when Carson's coffin came  
thro moving thousands to his honours rest  
my wife & protestants at his game  
for Hope's forgotten grave made lonely quest.

O Ireland, Patric's island, let us make  
from bitterness this happy prophecy  
that for each lost and baffled dreamer's sake  
high treason shall not buy prosperity  
forever: but that justice bits birth  
already stirs beneath the frost black earth.



March & April 1915

Prologue for "Croppers Lie Down"

with jumbling hand I shape before your eyes  
the shadowy substance of the words I heard  
lingering at dusk by a forsaken grave  
standing in sunlight on a certain hill  
or walking, late in October, thro misted trees  
where perilous raindrops hang til the tense buds thrust,  
or crossing a quiet street from road to road  
an island surft on its shore with wake and horn  
when voices out of the air cried to my heart  
voices I knew before the bonds of birth  
tethered my gesture to a narrow scope  
voices I heard before beside a fire  
speak with an old woman's dry & muffled whisper  
voices I know today compelling men  
to leave the chair of comfort for the flinty track  
Out of this mingled music I have made this play  
as a man is sometimes driven against his will  
for I had loved the delicate lineaments

I had shaft for my heart out of this terrible story  
and had no wish to publish them abroad  
Loving so much as I do the private meaning,  
the hidden thing, the allusive, the secret unshared.  
But a compulsion sterner than any before  
cracked what at my wayward thought a dilettante just  
and left me a restless captive till I began  
and only in this task won liberty  
by making McCracken move before your eyes  
Tone eloquent as Russell whimsical  
Hoarse hoarse with bedrock truth as Mary McCracken  
shame faint heart discretion by her flaming faith.



16 April

I never tire of daffodils  
for they are more than spring to me  
the white be bright on all the hills  
and blossoms wreath the cherry tree.

Forse will in golden flame escape  
and cherry like laburnum fall  
but daffodil is final shape  
for loveliness made lyrical.

Four tyres in a pond  
a rusted rectangle of corrugated iron beyond  
the floating brim of a basket in hat.  
Just that!

16<sup>th</sup>

10-19 April 109

6.

### Sonnet

Spring has come on with hesitant step and slow  
faltered in beech, in chestnut and in thorn  
gay with light green, exultant to be born -  
the last assault and skirmish of the snow  
reheld by lancing light a month ago  
Yet as I wrote this out the sky is scorn  
hurled hail against the windowpane & warn  
my lampoons with there are things I do not know.

Yet I know this: that a simple daffodil  
tilted in hail or a current flowering red  
defying winter's rally with its scent  
on the timid scarf of white upon a hill  
shall still endure when the shapes of things are sped  
altho' I fail to guess what each petal meant.



## 7. To a Floral Display on Shakespeare's birthday

First, daffodils, March ragged, being bred: —

O name them slowly over with delight —

the sycamore with sticky tufts bedight;

the elm's tense twigs unwilling to unfold;

gorse minted on the hill: the primrose cold

from snowy corner: holly's jagged spite

each with the sipping phrase that made it bright  
immortal music from that throat of gold.

These, tardy layesse, to your memory

we dedicate, the flackit with bleaker skies

and born of spring more rigorous than thine

for who save you has wrought such poetry

from what was else most common to men's eyes

or turned the bitter waters into wine?

Supposing we do have our revolution next year or next year  
We can safely reckon on the waste of three more in civil war  
driving the whites (or blues) to lonely villages in the west country  
shifting the capital to Manchester and the B.B.C  
to a well defended hill in the Midlands to keep touch with Russia <sup>& Spain</sup>  
then after triumphal entry shifting the capital back to London again

After that at least twenty years getting back to full swing  
to abolish the head queues and encourage travelling  
to restore the railway tracks, rebuild reservoirs, & open mines,  
blowing up every memorial to Queen Victoria and Monso  
and teaching the dialectic thro every subject — our schools  
to give million live free and ringwormless skulls  
By that time I shall certainly be fifty or over  
I shall have lost the ardency of a young lover  
My wife and I shall have become involved in active work  
bringing us home to a heap littered flat long after dark.  
I shall never know the joy of a small boy  
awake at daybreak on May morning in the workers' state.



28th

Old women coming home from work  
God save ye all. God save ye all  
Yours only playtime gathering dark  
and Christ receive your soul

This old woman has borne her son  
but he has gone and died in France  
and this with withered breasts had none  
altho a young man loved her once

and this old woman never saw  
the man with whom she shared her bed  
and this one's knees are cut and raw  
and this one's weary plucking thread

and working working with young girls  
the face is hard, the day is long  
home now to bitter tea and farls  
in some back ethic beetle throng

105 3

old women draggin home from work:  
God rest you all. God rest you all  
Go whispering in the gathering dark  
My only life is for your soul.

28th

I walked with ghosts on Donegore  
McCracken's ghost and Dickey's ghost  
James Burns, Paul Douglas and James M  
It was James Hope that held me most.

For the they rose for liberty  
and murdered here, the brave and gay,  
their triumph had not made them free  
while men still hires men for pay.

And the they meant the best they knew  
was that poor weaver knew the best  
and till the red dawn thunders thro'  
hell be a small impatient ghost.



28th April

## Donegore

When I went out to Donegore

The bloom was white upon the thorn

When I went out to Donegore

From Six Mile Water to the crest

My heart exulted in my breast

With pride of being Antrim born.

For all the way was primroses

As white the bloom upon the thorn

For all the way was primroses

With here and there wood violet

And apple not in blossom yet

As ash buds striving to be born.

O bondsmen of the roaring town

In birdsong finding liberty

O bondsmen of the roaring town

I stood within a little wood

And felt the full beatitude

107 3  
of every lively bird and tree:

and knew that I had come upon  
my sworn and signal place in time.

and knew that I had come upon  
the sanctuary unawares  
delivered from my hopes and cares  
by the redemption of the client.

Here where the master takes his rest  
beneath the sod that breaks in flower,  
here where the master takes his rest,  
his love beside, his work well done; —  
here by the grave of Ferguson  
I shared his wisdom for an hour.



## 8. Pain: Sonnet

I find no solace in the open side  
 the broken ankles and the pierced hands  
 nor in the holy Indian who stands  
 with arms uplift from whence the life has died.  
 I have brooded on the secret griefs that hide  
 within men's beaten husks: Nazi Cards.  
 I have gone out, as one who understands,  
 to take on me the pain I am denied.  
 And I have found that pain is the thing unshared:  
 that love may leap the gap and make no one  
 with love: that happy sympathy can reach  
 to this one striving what has not been dared;  
 and so on with him into the singing sun,  
 but for his pain I have nor touch nor speech.

## Shoemaker

with kindly face  
 and soft white hair  
 you see him sitting  
 cobbling there

And as I pass  
 I always say  
 2 There is the skull  
 of a tenor day

The artist/craftsman  
 3 who understands  
 his craft with his heart  
 as well as his hands

But, cynic, I wait  
 4 for the mark to drink  
 as I see the thousands  
 throng his shop.

with parcels & bags  
 5 of boots & shoes  
 from the villas  
 of the avenues

and when he places  
 6 my shoes on a stack  
 I stand & wonder  
 what's there at the back

maybe a squad  
 7 of dummies there  
 with months full of nails  
 and beeswax hair.

who sit and stitch  
 and sew the soles  
 8 for the bank or the pulpit  
 or the ocean cruise,

and never rest from  
 day to day  
 9 but stitch and stitch  
 and stitch away

sewing the uppers  
 10 hammering the soles  
 latching the laces  
 slipping for towels

yet once in a while  
 is that cruel dream  
 11 they see their months  
 with a voiceless screen...

while out in the shop  
 with soft white hair  
 12 the craftsman is also  
 cobbling there.



29th

9 Sonnet: Trouble in Palestine I

Two British soldiers hurt in Nazareth  
the bulletin spelt out the phantasy  
A crowd of Jews and Arabs led to be  
fired on before dispersal. Just one death  
An Arab. Then I thought of that poor man,  
Christ hanging broken on its tilted tree  
and how he died for love, to make us free  
and craved forgiveness with his throated breath.

Two thousand years of blessing from his name  
two thousand years of following his way —  
The Abyssinians know the liquid flame  
blessed by Christ's earthly vicar's mitre array:  
and here the greatest Christian empire known  
with violence keeps peace in Christ's own town.

29th

10. Sonnet: II

And yet, as yet, he did not live in vain  
for tho we mock by thought and by event  
clay to the golden cross magnificent  
and cry like Lazarus for the god sent rain  
and answer justice with a rope insane  
we cannot quite forget the way he went  
the jesting truth, the ardo innocent,  
that lonely triumph over death and pain.

And more than ever now within our hearts  
we feel the deadly blight upon the earth  
the will to die, the sterile posturing  
Yet here and there the keen life thrusts & starts  
rooted in love, by mercy brought to birth,  
and bud prophetic of a lavish spring.



26.12

When I think of western Europe in decay  
and know in my bones the inevitable soviet  
which must emerge if we are not all to return  
to the nestubating monkeys side with fear  
cuffing and loving as the light thought darts  
across the twilight clearing of their minds  
I grow impatient at the slow pace we make  
would hurry ahead to the battle over the hill  
fret at the insolence we must endure  
the steady entrenchment of threatened privilege  
making it harder and harder every day  
to settle the struggle in any given year.  
Then I realize that if I'd indulge my whim  
for romantic capers in a revolution  
I must abide the erosion of the years  
as the deliberate unfolding of the flower  
Sudden a thought releases even thought of this —  
Three years five years ten years you will be older.

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Can you butly wish these years a telescope  
each with its various seasons of growth & change  
with its affections, contacts, its letters & work  
with a paragraph in a history book,  
or the dash between two dates at a chapter's head.

11

[Sonnet  
26 April]

So let me shore and fortify my heart  
set buttress against the gale of hate  
bride's drifting ashes leave to seal the gate  
lest year's poor spies should tremble to depart  
Within wall bid the eager handskill start  
under tongue's resp'd spell to raise the strait  
birdbaffling babel tower deliberate  
to draw down lower from where the lightnings dart  
And as the blunt crest leaves above the wall  
and shoulders up to sky with gradual ties  
there momentarily shall fall a trumpet call  
across the lonely waste to rally here  
dreams lost, and broken, fancies thrust aside  
thought's left halfshapen, courtesies denied.



27-28 April

## Ferguson's Grave

For fifty years his body lay  
beneath the sod, beneath the sod  
for fifty years his body lay  
waiting the trump of Judgment day,  
the Judgment of his God.

Then when the fifty years were sped  
above the sod, beneath the sod

Then when the fifty years were sped  
God put a thought in a poet's head  
who seldom thought of God.

The poet rose and said: I'll go  
and seek the grave of Ferguson

The poet rose and said: I'll go  
to a place I do not know  
now fifty years are done.

He went and found the primroses

that mark the grave of Ferguson  
He went and found the primroses  
and stood awhile until in these  
plain words God's will was done.

Good man, Good poet and good friend  
of every shred of Irishry  
Goodman, Good poet and good friend  
God help me be so at the end.  
Amen so let it be

And so the weary ghost's content  
and turned to sleep, its waiting done.  
and so the weary ghost's content  
now God his judging word has sent  
all's well with Ferguson.



## Doreport Churchyard.

We climbed the hill. We threaded thro  
 the tilted stones - and broken stones  
 seeking the cypress or the yew  
 that shades ad wards the poet's bones

We found the place. We found the name  
 in granite lettered stark and clear  
 the record of his learned fame  
 the dignity, the rank, the year.

But not a hint was there or sign  
 to mark him poet, spell him lord  
 of those who'd use the singing line  
 the native phrase, the naked word

I fretted at the thought of this  
 but my love picked a cowslip up  
 said: Look. The nests of primroses

## The Kingcup and the Buttercup

The speedwell too is flowerless yet  
 a rose beside that heavy stone  
 let this ad this repay the debt  
 ad song of lark ad thrush ad one.

Then I said: Someone on his grave  
 as on a chieftain's grave stand lay  
 the lunula, the ring, the glawie  
 the cup of badkin perilled clay.



29th

## 12] Sonnet: May I

May in old England was the merry time,  
 In maypole and in cricket men were gay,  
 There was an end of easter's perilous day,  
 The flood of Thersom found into its prime:  
 And love to love would whisper many a rhyme  
 In fragrant lanes at twilight of the day:  
 Life brimmed with happy labor, careless play,  
 From cockcrow to the quiet curfew chime.

And the two hundred years must seem us in,  
 Two hundred years of savage history,  
 Of slag & smoke & spacial spread of plume  
 Of workless line & rancorous cupric din  
 We in this month rejoice with bird & tree  
 For our merrie plesance we are come.

29th. 119

## 13] Sonnet

II

To factory worker driven from the land  
 That bred his people on sordid strength he has  
 Spring in the public park may stir the grass  
 With daffodil, but he'll not understand.  
 But May will lay on him a strict command  
 To turn aside from bitter formulas  
 Of creed & breed, and in his fated class  
 Move forward to the future we have planned.

And we, my love, have covenant of joy  
 Of dedication to the dreams we hold  
 Extension of the mutual skill to bless  
 Surmounting of the self that will destroy  
 The rod of fear, the whip of bitterness  
 And bring an age of gold to benighted gold.



May day

30th April

This evening I shall board my usual bus  
sit at the side I regularly pick  
read book smoke cigarette with <sup>out</sup> <sup>it</sup> <sup>was</sup>  
latent Lolite Lenin's politics

The workman sitting looking at his wife  
the clerk with greasy hat the shopkeeper  
will never guess the bomb is nearly ripe  
for life to burst on Russian Lollies.

Yet this day rakes across the swarming earth  
the hope of millions Russia China Spain  
the dream of age unfretted, welcome with  
justice and joy, equality of gain.

They march today in Moscow thro' the square  
the <sup>crimson</sup> scarlet banner's hoisted with a shout  
a dozen broken fists are clenched in air  
on waterpipes one tips the slogan out.

This, my hope for us if fear and hate  
are not to leave our cities crabs just  
inhabited by dirt obliterate  
and guttering morose scuffling in the dirt.

This evening I shall catch my usual bus  
sit at the side I regularly pick <sup>dislike</sup>  
fear and this Toy town, and hate of fuss  
shall keep me latent still a political.

Torch

30th

No chance with a changing world conspire  
I have no need to pray  
for I know my god in the frost split road  
and Christ in the trampled clay.

Not Christ on a stained glass window cross  
that lets no sunlight in:  
but crucified in the lawthorn bush  
and men's eyes in the wheel.



And to me go to the place of show  
as the priest picks the wafers up  
I remember the night when his face was white  
as he lent us the bitter cup.

So never since the need I go open  
to the jaws & mine a breach  
for the wheate head that I heark instead  
has blessing beyond their reach

and heathen know the brook comes down  
with love for earth and sky  
so I need not taste the wine of waste  
in this mad economy:

for the love of God in the bulging food  
as the mercy of Christ in me  
has bid me stand with this torch & hand  
til men are merry and free

30th April

Swan's Nest [see Swans in the City  
12 Nov 1935]

The way I go is by a mere  
with osiers breaking light in green  
where in the autumn of the year  
the nine great floating swans were seen.

But when that pond was frozen, grey,  
and grey the sky as wing of goose,  
stiff necks, four rose and swung away  
their parents' home no further use.

With splash of February sun  
when blue rufft thro' the tattered sky  
I saw two flying after one  
toward where the northern mountains lie.

The two deserted parents then,  
unwept by loss and satisfied  
built up the low round nest again



Twentieth Century Spiritual

on grass bank by the waterside

The weary hen coiled wing & head  
The mother could her wing and head  
as if to sleep away the spring:  
but once or twice she rose to spread  
the loving still, but weary wing.

A month we laid her close head  
as studied with what elegance  
the old <sup>cab</sup>swan sails thro' mist and need  
dreaming of nine great floating swans

Which would you choose  
a sum of money or a newbuilt house  
an ocean cruise  
Does your hair come out  
Are you too stout  
Is your blood impoverished  
Do you lack inspiration  
What about your night starvation (Is your neck thin)  
Can you give up smoking  
Do you think the Church has failed  
Are you fond of private joking  
Are you ladder prone [bladder stone O.Wo]  
Dyspeptic  
Are your tonsils septic Discard that truss  
secure a colored reproduction  
of the angelus  
Do you always read the folders  
of directions with each packet.  
Get insured before you're older  
Buy the Collar with the Jacket



# A Chant for the People's Front

30<sup>10/27</sup>  
April.

Don't forget the old boys' meeting  
Send your Mother birthday greeting  
Art is long and life is fleeting  
Fear the Motto. Lose the ticket  
Don't the butt or burn your pocket  
Are you ladder prone are you ladder prone  
Is your home your own (Is your soul your own)  
Have you a life  
Send 4 penny stamps for your horoscope  
Or was she Cleopatra after all  
The man will call Tuesday for the Receipt  
What Man  
Hints for seven meatless dinners  
Doubles tables all the winners  
easy crossword for beginners  
Hell is flying full of sinners  
The man will call Tuesday for the Receipt  
What Man The Man. Tuesday.  
Please Turn over. See! You Play  
Not Tuesday. Make it Saturday

Whose voice is for democracy? Who wills the end of war?  
Our foe men host against us and the onset is not far.  
The enemy with crooked cross, with axe and bundled rods  
Come up the valley shouting of the dark and savage gods.  
We know the way to greet them, stand we firm enough and wise  
against the braggart Duce and the Fuhrer's raucous lies.  
The memory of the broken men, the scientist, the Jew  
the quiet party member who remained altho he knew  
the rubber truncheons and the oil, the boot upon the face,  
the suicide with the shattered jaw, the pillory's disgrace:  
Thus these are as trumpet calls that pledge us to be brave  
with George Dimitroff in the dock, & Malsan in the grave.  
We have no fear of the fascist host or none of the drug-mad clown,  
on the spotlight's glare on the small dark man in shirt of black or brown.  
Our greatest dread is for the voice resounding over the air  
of his upening years & his heart of gold & the burdens all must bear,  
of our need for guns & battleships since the bomber always wins,  
like a kindly uncle's bland advice before the term begins:  
& the blundering lawyer's feeble craft to bolster a stupid plan



by making the mildest curate a most reasonable man:  
the banker with his foreign loans: the man who sells the guns,  
from Timbuktu to Tokio his merry mandate runs:  
the broke oak by the Covenant, the armenat millions paid  
no pension for the poet's age, three shillings for a child.

We must link our arms & hearts of those who care for liberty  
the blessed freedom to think aloud, to agree or disagree.

We must open our ranks to the Quaker, to the artist, & the Jew;  
we must base our battalions upon the men who stand: the workless queue  
we must rally the joiner, the doct'r, the clerk or his tilted stool  
the man from the mine & the orchard, the man from the shop & the school

We shall make our song as we march along to the sound of uncertain feet:  
as out of the redley there must emerge a measured tread & beat:  
with a solid core of resolute men to bear the heat & the trust,  
as we swing along to the lively song, the song of the People's Front

129  
2nd May

14] Sonnet: Follow France

Long time ago, above a hundred years  
what was achieved in Paris made them gay,  
who, in the ranks of the Irish volunteers,  
cheered Bastille fallen and held holiday,  
and hoisted with their flags of liberty  
equality triumphant over wrong  
and into Antrim town men merited to die  
to the tilt of the young Republic's mousing song.

Could we but wake them once again to come  
into the public places of the town,  
with streaming banner & resounding drum,  
thumping their hatred of the kene & clown,  
and bearing high for Pro & League & see  
the new French flag of People's unity.



On finding the name of K. P. in  
a book by Malcolm Cowley

2nd May.

Karl Pretshold, I had clear forgot your name,  
even your face had flickered from my mind,  
but in a book today my quick eye came  
upon the words, like one a moment blind  
who gets his sight on sudden that whole page  
lit up with meaning, an enchanted thing,  
the flat prose phrases took on joy or rage  
and it was you, and Paris in the spring.  
The time was just before the exiles went  
back to Homer City or Mad Jack Bay  
you were a bugler in that regiment  
whose banners bore the name of - Hemingway.  
There was another, at the Shakespeare Head,  
reading his Meynbourg as I hustled in;  
his name was Mervyn Rodman & he said  
MacLeishy verses, stale as Oscar's sin.  
But that was later and the spell was broken,  
the canvases were rolled & bundled home  
the talk had turned on headlines in Hoboken  
and not on Cocteau's poems at the Dome.

He too came back - but only as a name  
below a poem read in the house of a friend  
his style now kindled by another flame  
and gathering quickly to a smoky end.  
But you, Karl, you and Hannah with her prints  
picket up - boxes by the riverside  
her safe parcel and that book of Heints  
on how to do the Louvre without a guide.  
You, Karl, it is, with long jaw dropp't & mouth  
twisting a wisecrack into neeter girth  
Chicago bred you, not the indolent south:  
the needle in you answered to my nook.  
The needle narrow gutted bright with steel  
the girders and the rapier, yet a man:  
You made clear words hold all a man might feel  
gaping at Giotto, Maillol, or Cézanne.  
Yet, with that hardness, something at the core  
lit by a humor of no cynic wit -  
Do you remember Karl, that once you bore  
a wreath of flowers, a gently placing it



at the foot of the Commerce Column, said it was  
in the name of all the journalists you knew  
He added, soft voice - with a pause -  
"Which is just what the buggers would not do."

I can recall the glowing things you said  
of Whitman, Lindsay, Dreiser, Emerson,  
when I spoke timidly of the books I'd read  
& wonders if I'd right or wrongly done.

But out of all the whirl of interest  
you poured upon my greedy heart & thought:  
the nigger with five bullets in his chest -

the guy who bumped the cop off and was caught  
O out of all that gale of interest  
of Sacco, Sulecki, Haywood, Debs, Millay,  
one phrase still glitters, best & truest

O all the hurried hours you talked away.  
Hannel gone home with her etchings, straight to bed  
weary of gallery floors; and you and me  
sitting together at the Reloude instead,  
piling the little dishes steadily...

So then you said Son You'll find life can be  
very amusing too, if you can get  
over your indignation quietly "

I have not lost my indignation yet . . . . .

Then I remember loose rolled cigarettes  
and how you threw them at me saying "Here  
ordure, young fella, or door .. take in .. let's  
ask if these bastards keep no English beer.

I wonder, Karl, did you ever write that book <sup>reep,</sup>  
"Drinking thro Europe" or does your album show  
Hannel, a snap of a boy with a cosed look  
at Versailles beside a fountain, fast asleep?

15th May

This moment please  
the wild bees hosting in the sycamore  
the flaunting blossoms of the chestnut trees  
the cuckoo crying as the swifts in flight . . .  
Yet Taylor, Thaelmann tread a narrow floor  
& hear the birdland lads scream thro' the night.



25<sup>th</sup> May

We sought the broken limestone road  
that many McCracken took to find  
her brother - and the outlawed men  
by us alone still kept a mind.

We found a track of grass & stone  
a lane, a path, a winding way  
under the trees, beside a pond  
behind the mill, in dirt, and clay.

And as we track it out I thought  
of Mary and of those she met  
and wandered on what other road  
Your tireless feet will seek me yet.

I in bright woods alert with spirit  
the thrusting leaf, the insurgent bud,  
relike myself no longer young  
with water running in my blood

25<sup>th</sup> May

135

I seek equality by the thought  
that tho I may be such a fool  
I can outlive the sleet and drought  
the cuckoo, or the hooting owl.

From Parkgate to Templepatrick

25<sup>th</sup> May

Over the open country the level sun declined  
The trees at Castle Upton were only just a leaf  
and standing there in the quiet a name came into my mind  
a face or a crackled canvas a word or a thought of grief.

There as I thought of the weaver who fought a wrong for his class  
and lay an outlaw hidden or mercet with singing men  
I heard a lonely corner cry out in the misted grass  
and climbing to keep the sun sight a lark began again.

Over the hedge as I pondered a blackbird stopped to stare  
then fluted off to a thicket as joy came into my mind.  
The fight goes on forever. There's strength in this autumn air.  
Over the rebel country the bloodred sun declined.



in my left hand tho bathed three times with care.  
It is not good for sprains M<sup>r</sup> Quilken said  
had cured his ankle leaping off a dyke  
wet kerchief in a clay worn unobserved  
in muddy boot. He did not doubt my faith.

### Murder in the North

The wandering juddling man  
drunk in a barn vained with a steel shot heel  
and left the woman underneath a sack.  
The postman saw him riding early out.  
A stonebreaker and a farmer with a cow  
bellowing calf at daybreak watcht him pass.  
The counsel for the crown with thinning hair  
brought one way & not parted said them slowly  
the great Nowme names Castlewellan Annalong  
Hilltown and Bryansford.  
I haast a house with naked trees engirt  
the murderer's, tho a wason, did not hang  
for nephew's daughter, but died by the haunting gates  
beyond the ocean, screaming at the end.

### Church on the Hill

I stood outside  
in April sunshine gazing at the trees.  
The rector's car roared up the hill in second,  
stoft at the gate. The sexton hurried in.  
A small bell jangled in the little tower:  
then a woman with two boys came down the lane,  
and a man who had talked to me across the wall  
about his life of work and the charge in the world,  
and a boy with the rector (but not the rector's son)  
to play the organ. Then they all went in,  
and left me in the sunshine with the trees.  
Eight souls to worship when St. Patrick strode  
with chaunting followers to convert the chief  
who'd held his swineherd on sheer Slensick top.  
Then last conqueror O'Sullivan. The pagan gods  
have gone with sighing into the lovely dark  
in the meagre lapse of fifteen hundred years



St. Patric Again

O Quore with laced greenery to its edge  
O twisty road to haul, O sheltered tower  
and crumbled castle by the tidal loope.

This is a holy corner of our land;  
a miracle in each ledge and a blessed thought  
in every bend or dip in the narrow lanes.  
Patric that stern and melancholy man  
galls by this saddle of humility  
with the throbbing sore in his heart his friend betrays.  
Saint matcht by Heaven to our northern mood  
no rollicking fellow singing his way to God  
no gentle Francis with each gesture a poem:  
water to him was water: bread was bread:  
no non prelate breaking rings out in his fist,  
but an earnest man with cleanness of great hills  
and the coolness of moorland waters and skies,  
sure in his faith, but not in his own strength,  
have before leary, frighted by his dream,  
pedantic, honest, seldom daring blaugh

141 145  
passing forever in the herd of deer,  
leaving his joys alight on every hill.

The Bishops

They're guttered, Patric, to a smoky ash  
Loflus Beresford Boulter Alexander  
Robinson tippy in Bath, the stody butt  
of the cynic couplet. These are the famous men  
a dreary roll of names unremembered  
the best of them Percy, Brantell, Parnell, Taylor,  
Percy the friend of the poets, Parnell the poet,  
Brantell remembered by Eliot, and Jeremy Taylor

No typical core of the North in any of these:  
mere chaplains to an army of occupation,  
on backs of a party, sharing out the spoils;  
they gave a blessing and received a crozier.  
Here's one too hopes of, a good honest man,  
efficient, shrewd, who has caught a flying gleem  
somewhere I know not and follows steadily



speaking the honest comment his heart dictated.  
I think he is wroth at times but love his vigor  
I am not sure of time shall make him great  
but as thing, he is brave against privilege  
Patrie age for our success? Who knows? Who knows?

### The Famine 1847

And then they grubbed roots by the roadside there  
or lay face down in the ditches. My grandfather  
was six years old. His mother caught the fever  
over the half door of her little house  
from a poor starveling, begging a pinch of tea.  
His grandfather who had eaten of the roasted ox  
on Long Neagh near Ramo Island, took him home  
with <sup>little potatoes</sup> ~~potatoes~~ <sup>little potatoes</sup> ~~potatoes~~ before the fire  
and gave him a piece to remember for kindness  
as a story to tell to me in seventy years  
There was food in the country. They shipped grain  
and cattle by the boatload from the ports.  
There was no lack save in the economy

143  
That men must profit the small children die,  
must profit the the clachans be dispersed  
and cows crushed nettles on the broken hearths.  
There is a legend in the history books  
of kindly Britain rushing to our aid  
repealing Cornlaws listening to Bright  
for the sake of hungry Ireland. This is the fact: -  
they forced the corn to lower the price of bread  
for the thousands working in their new giant mills.  
so that they'd never need to raise their wages.  
There was no thought of us. Both grain & cattle  
were shipped for a starving land of foreign places.  
Remember this and add it to the tally.

These prosperous men, landdealers, landenclosers,  
shippers of cattle & grain for a starving country -  
death is in their blood. They cannot make to live.  
They inherit death & will it to their children.  
I walked thro' the ragged park of a shipping lord:  
the larsley run to seed, degenerate roses



8th June

Hawthorn laburnum chestnut bunched together  
and lettering steadily down the leafy shafts  
The going is good & firm in the fresh June weather  
altho' their time is absurd the start was so late.

Daffodil led but faltered and died away  
jauntily at first and high with her tilted head.  
Primrose lasted better, was leading in May  
but waded off to the lanes till her chance was fled.

Who this? Who? The season's blossoms overtaking  
will canter to win the stakes of summer's stride.  
Chestnut Hawthorn hang on but laburnum's drooping  
My bet's a chestnut with the longer stride.

On Colnward

14th/167

Heather & whin, leather as skin  
where did the Lord of Creation begin?  
Purple of leather, gold of the gorse  
on the side of a hill of course.

22nd

I found a pencil with a grocer's name  
lettered - red along its yellow side  
with bladder-rack & spungy cork it came  
bobbed to my feet at turning of the tide.

Perhaps some grocer's lad had run to sea  
and stood to watch the land diminish slow  
He sudden loathed this badge of slavery  
flung it away & watched the old life go.

Romantic always even I embark  
on a rest conjecture of the wayward way.  
This pencil drift from the pocket of a clerk  
who dyes here with his kids last Wednesday



22nd

Lord when I tread steady day  
the long road to my lonely home  
let there be trees along the way  
with sighing branches crying come.

If but one least companion me  
as she has done I shall not care.  
The storms come shouting from the sea  
the sky be black and trees be bare.

For the I learned from sycamore  
and have been schooled by beech & fir  
she brought me from a distant shore  
wisdom the raffle showed to her.

I knew the face, remembered once a train  
& this face signalled to a preferred seat.  
My blithe wit jumbled for an epigram,  
or some slick couplet rounded a complete.

22nd

But as I gazed I saw her part was black:  
beneath her coat her belly big with child.  
A death! a birth! There's nothing now you lack.  
Earth feels like you, poor girl, be reconciled.

All day he seems to be remembering  
as his slow hand moves over his brow face,  
the implications of a different spring  
the sounds & echoes of another place.

I pass him as he walks beneath the trees  
but my salute's unstrict in his thought,  
as snaps back on my heart with cold unesse  
til long exile I am bound & brought.

I long to break his guard to find if he  
in truth remembers something lost & dead,  
or only strides the day out aimlessly  
& lugging noise & numbers to his head.



22-24 June

Sonnet 15. Trees in Queen's Quad

There is a place where certain trees are gay  
The brief laburnum and the chestnut bright  
The hawthorn too with heavy pink & white  
shakes o'er trim lawn the rustic disarray.  
I knew them long: late come, soon gone away  
or barely lingering till midsummer night  
The tern's tense end, the prelude to new flight  
The parting grief, the shortening of the day.

I can remember, but remembering  
these trees are ghostly presences of feet,  
the net now with the wrymies of spring  
not black with the betrayal of the east.  
So if I wish my heart can stop to hear  
a vanished generation whispering.

151  
22-24-25 June

Sonnet 16.

Not only in the spring's high beaker brimmed  
but outcast crying in the frosty air  
the rock-rose fir, the pine tree ragged, spare  
the naked ash tree like a maiden limb  
the splintered spar with moon of harvest rimmed  
the copper beech perpetual autumn's heir  
the yew that keeps my father's in his care  
lost leafage lew in like the rain bedimmed.

I have stood there, have made such attitudes,  
such gestures all my images of joy  
find quiet in the inviolable woods  
that not this city's terror can destroy;  
attempt to make my soul's joint to these woods,  
would close with oak what willow school as boy.



30th June

The Last Highwayman.

Clip clop clip clop

This is O'Hagan riding a gen

O'Hagan the last of the highway men

O'Hagan hunched and galloping fast

as he took to the hills from Carrick at last

where he made that leap in the hurdle race

and a man in the crowd remembered his face.

Clippity clop clippity clop

This is Dick Turpin riding a gen

Turpin the greatest of highwaymen

safe in the saddle of bonny Black Bess

jogging alone to the wilderness

Clippity clop clippity clop

Be you quiet and hide by the wall

O'Hagan Turpin and Claude Duval

robbers riding to pillage coaches

frighten ladies and steal their crockets

startle merchants from Dublin or Bristol

with an oath and a tilted pistol

out of the dark with a shout and a swagger

into the dark like the flash of a dagger

Clip clop clip clop

wait for the fugitive hooves to stop

No phantoms robbers ride ever by night

when only the stripped back glimmers white

when nothing is heard beneath the moon

but a few birds cry and a brook's cholet tune.

O look at the shadow! What was that?

only the whirr of a nervous bat

Clippity clop clippity clop.

This is heard. Let the fancy drop.

Come out of the shadow. Come clear of the wall.

Come out of the shadow. It's nothing at all.

O'Hagan, Turpin, or Claude Duval.



July 8th.

Clif clop Clif clop

Dick Turpin rode to the Syburn tree  
bound in the hangman's company

Clif clop Clif clop.

Drum no more makes ladies dance  
the latest step from the court of France.

Chippity clop

Chippity clop.

It's only Ottago riding open  
Ottago the best of the highwaymen  
Our highway men

Clif

Clop.

For Ruby with a Book by Haskell on Ballet.

With you I first saw Danilova's grace  
the elegance of Dolin and the skill  
of Joumanova moving to her place,  
the shape intact despite her separate will.

Then then, a gesture to your loyalty  
who, had the world been wiser, should have gone  
buoyant with joy at music's mastery  
across the cool proscenium of the dawn

and with it comes a life, an eager life  
that first, we too shall reach that poise  
against the challenge of the time scared slope  
stuck to the heart, unbridling baffled noise:

then that the world while yet the day is here  
will learn the scope and unity of dance  
the ordered phalanx, unassailed by fear,  
the individual grace and elegance.



8th July.

The letters have been filed

The safe has been locked

The waste paper basket has been pushed out in the corridor

The night watchman has come on duty

The phone has been switched thro

Today's date has been removed from the calendar

I have already taken my hat and coat

and fastened my locker securely

Excuse me please

While I sign off

You can stay if you like

15th July 157

## Antrim Names.

I am in love with the Ulster names

each clean hard name like a wave smooth stone

Lynella Restreva are wavering flames.

The names I mean are Brouddod, Malore,

Darluce, Dunsernick, ~~bone of my bone~~,  
Portglenone

The words of a song are the soul of a race.

I put these words in a little song,

and every name is the name of a place

Cladykalliday, Annaloy,

Clonroost is the townland where I belong.

Spell them out to an Englishman

whose ear is dull with the Latin's roar

Lisinalinchy, and Larriban,

Broughlane, Doagh, and Donejoe,

Kilwaughter, Kitchief and Moneymore.



on of the stowd bag that he was born  
within the sight of the Channel's ships  
I will answer him: Magheramorne.  
Shape that sound with your twisted lips:  
hear how the cockney stammers and trips.

Even suppose that each name were freed  
from legend's ivy and history's moss  
there still would be music in Carrick a Rode  
tho' we forget it's the bridge across  
the track of the salmon from Mull and Ross

Enough of the magic will cling & hold  
tho' a new race rise as the old decay  
for a man to guess at the faults of old  
in Glenish, Downpatrick and Killybegs  
Little Ran's Island, and Ballyneagh.

So keep ye the names of the hunter's schools,  
Sceni, Sculle, the Umbrian Slain,

159  
I dream of a day when these quarrelling gods  
shall make out of love for Troopers' Lane  
a book like the Book of Kells again:

and the lakeland lochs of England fade  
before the glory that quivers and comes  
out of the sunset over Knocklayde  
to the clear hard note of the protestant drums  
wise with the memory of martyrdoms.

On every name will a new fane fall  
of gentleness working its wonder or wrath...  
instead of Nazareth's Custendall...

Yet in the light should one seek me or call  
I shall have followed the Greyner's Path



What's Ulster: Is it the philistine merchant from Malone  
the lean & coughing farmer striking his plow on a stone.  
or the drunken drummer lurching thro' the crowds in Sandy Row  
or the drab & desolate preacher crying for flames from below?  
It is also the greasy publican dragging the restive dog  
the virginal Christian brother who love to flail & flog  
the schoolboy's tender outbreaks with lead in his leather strap  
and the barman who found the constable a chummy sort of chap:  
the road contractor who keeps his best gravel for the top  
the floundering city alderman who sweats the chits in his shod  
and talks to scouts on Sunday; and the strike breaking Rover scout  
the dipsomaniac centre half & the blackmailing bookies' tout  
the rancorous politician who just wants one job for his son  
the cad who bungled for Ireland & still is on the run.  
There are these but there also is the country schoolmaster  
who takes the plowman's daughter & makes a poet of her  
the doctor who tubulates noses: the schoolboy wizard on shells  
the young & hearty surgeon with his quiet miracles:  
the man with the pocket of pigeons standing in Preston Street,  
the sentimental socialist who seems to thrive on defeat.

161  
the navy who stutters lyrics, the joker who empties my bin,  
the douglasite who travels for tea & plays on the violin:  
the farmer high in the Sperrins who seeks for the mammoth's tooth  
that will prove his rash conjecture to be but obvious truth  
the two uneconomic lads who lay bestablish sure  
the pigments that will not perish, the tents that will endure.  
the scruffy little newspaper who writes of Shane O'Neill  
the lawyer who has noted the tunes to every jig & reel...  
Shape then of these a living unity  
of Ennistullen and of Larriban:  
black valley smoke & bleak unfriendly sea.  
Gantry and Hawthorn bred the Ulstermen.



19th July

163  
22

175.

Here where Mr Quella built his God a house  
behind the sandhills at the water's edge  
where troutscowd Margy ends in shoal & sedge,  
and the black nun still seeks her blessed spouse,  
where sodded safely til the last carouse  
the turbulent Mr Donnell's, ledge on ledge,  
lie renter within, where by the leaning hedge,  
deaf to the sea's roar, nameless sailors drowse,

in this nick are brimmed with memories  
that roof the shattered walls & shuffle down  
the timeleft steps with clanked clogs,  
here where a man old tired with quiet care  
shrill tourist's gaze oblivious & unknown,  
the golfer's shout is harsh upon the air.

There is no dream so various and rich  
as whiff of turfsmoke in a narrow street  
or lady's smock and speedwell in a ditch  
or brown hair starting sudden at ft. feet  
These senses curve the objects of desire  
and his imagination keep a stand  
The burnt child leaves the castle with the fire  
when the spent blisters vanish off his hand  
So in you heaven if I keep my eyes  
and the four wreat postboys of delight  
Deny me these and yet coarse paradise  
will be hellblack within a starless night.

22-23rd

I spoke to one who once was urgent in  
the careful rescue of Lord Legendry  
that from his steel my flaky flint might win  
a kinder gash to bring back breath to me  
but tho' I struck & struck no arrowd sparks  
broke ayld, jilt my pity bade me stop  
and he was wraith beyond rebutted unmark  
in the stale sunlight of his dusty shot.



Had I been wiser when I was young  
 I wd have whored extensively  
 has sampled pins & rheum & dung  
 while yet my heart - with were free  
 from child responsibility.  
 For now I know the things I ~~seek~~<sup>seek</sup>  
 can never be completely found  
 yet must be followed week by week  
 until I tumble under round  
 and with the years my dream come round  
 and going so wily, rippard sense  
 that old with edge explain my way  
 in its unhomed innocence  
 at first lick turns uncrystallized clay  
 and fails of ring and poised play.

18

## Sonnet: Murlough Bay

I stood upon the crest above the sea  
 where the sheer left leaps down its goatfoot way  
 beneath me came the roar of Murlough Bay  
 where the old war wears on unendingly  
 twist rock and wave. Still mist enfolding me  
 now shrouded sight, or now in jolicker play  
 brought noon upon the bleakness of the day  
 hid them at hand, or bared a distant tree

I stood beside a little carved cross  
 on which a lover of good men had spelt  
 the clear stark names unbaffled yet by moss  
 to keep them with a certain time in mind,  
 Somehow the scene & sentiment were signed  
 with the unawailing flourish of the Kelt.



I know the wind's play with the ripening grain  
 have watcht it rock a head or two of barley  
 when not a blade stir'd in the quilted field  
 have seen the dark green tremble over its light  
 and then the gold run over its dusty brown  
 the quiet shadows over the tufted stacks  
 and I have thought of that wind as a woman  
 exulting in fecundity and strength  
 in issues of life and its continuance  
 til the obvious symbols brake against my joy  
 liken the track with looping lines of fancy.

So I love corn and wheat and oats and barley  
 far more than flax or neat potato rips:  
 and there is pity in the snedded turnip.  
 But yesterday as the small rocking train  
 shuddered its gritty way in stanting rain  
 I pass't wide fields of corn blown down or ruin'd  
 with tufts still standing like undaunted square  
 against the terrible lanceers of the night-  
 who had swathed what was a hosted army low.

I thought of my symbol of the fruitful woman  
 perturbed & rejoicing. It had fail'd.

I caught the sudden metaphor of fear

The wind in the corn last night was a colt unbridled.  
 The wind in the corn last night was a trumping stallion  
 who roll'd his necks in the softest billows of green.

The wife's pain is not only the quiet love  
 the gentle issues of life and the mother joy

for love is not only that, or nearly that:  
 there's that at its core the tense negated lust  
 the restless stalling & the soft flesh bruised

it's not the tips of sense touch, joy or pain  
 they're felt along each veal of profaned hand.

When land M'Donnell's took the newer fault  
 when Shane O'neil was banisht out of song  
 and the bestending was a sailor's death  
 since then was read no sword against a wrong  
 a new lord rose - this embattled place  
 and put new bondage on the peasant folk,  
 for labor all the simple crafts & grace  
 were smother'd by the hurry & the smoke.  
 Men turn'd to coobolds gutted at the hull  
 and women chabells tended glass & fire  
 only the shattered foramy now was still  
 the harbor rancous even with some crew.  
 He prosper'd well, this prince of new domain,  
 spread out his plans & focketted his gold  
 turning the strength of cunning to his gain  
 that had been choket & danglead here of old.  
 But in the height and ardo of his scope  
 time leled him from his schemes & laid him off  
 and what he saw so earnest of his hope  
 became gaunt target of the cynic scoff.



only the river held its quiet way  
only the hurrying breakers & the scream  
of sun white seagulls crying thro' the bay  
defied the dissolution of his dream  
And when a man talks, leaning on a wall  
or at a gate, he does not speak of him  
but Sorley Boy or Colla to his call  
leap out of flame along the sunset's rim.  
The post points out the Friary, not the mine  
the tumbled keep and not the Brewery  
and Boyd last figures in <sup>an</sup> angry line  
because his fate is fearful prophecy

23rd

My wonder mounted as I gazed awhile  
mood glances along the shoulder of Knocklyde  
gauged a vale & meadow, ditch & still  
the seal of flow, the signature of shade,  
wide acres barren, easy to the flow  
small climbing corners difficult to reach  
yet vivid green with crops on crests, brow

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or interlocks with gorse in quarry reach.  
Foolhardy men who violently tear  
and scabble for a foothold lest they fall  
climb rock, wing rod, seize twist earth & air  
while in the valley there is room for all.

23rd

High in the misted heath of Berrmore  
where lough na cranach leans her twisted trees  
where whin & hackett clutch about yew trees  
and far you hear the sea's perpetual roar,  
thrust from the earth are rounded flats of stone  
like naked floors from whence the walls have gone  
with close knit grain no weed has rooked on  
tho' over it the feathered seeds have blown.  
Across each rock the lines are parallel  
scored ground & grave as a artist once  
had drawn his symbols on the bledd bronze  
but fild of ophan that we still can spell  
Here the lay is retreating to the north



None at the rocks with taloned granite toes  
til now the enquiring man sees these unknown  
from what cold air the ice age drifted forth  
An age left this: with here & there a rock  
terribly holed upon an anxious cliff;  
Ten thousand years & this faint hieroglyph  
circuits the story in a single stroke.  
The thoughts throng singing: of the world I know  
what simple pattern will avert decay  
what scribble shell what faces drove this way  
Left no track save a thin slate below.

He dreams we can into the concrete road  
the twisted cables & the buckled lines  
the insulated rods the gutted mines  
me then must doubt by mid frail paths life flow.  
Then narrow thought: the complement of this  
in my faint mind what marks remain to show  
the traffic of the time, the ebb & flow  
the rise of salt, the crack of precipice.  
Shreds, twigs, straws, shards, & aimless scattered things

171  
drift into unsought crevices in the dark  
but what the epitaph these stripes mark  
or what the mean of my heart's journeyings.

23<sup>rd</sup>  
last night behind me in a toppling team  
two lovers sat not speaking for a while.  
Then he began: You're very quiet tonight.  
She did not answer: Is there anything wrong?  
No, nothing. Nothing? Nothing at all.  
Here must be? No. I'm just my usual self.  
Can't I be quiet if I want to be?  
spoken in anger, loss & passionate  
alright then, but I'm sorry. You can't help it.  
Between the two the shocking antennae  
stake their coded animosities.  
The urge came on me. I am to these poor lovers  
Tell them both before the page is lit.  
Tell them to love. There's nothing else equals  
life's short. Our hearts are battered often enough



by chance & hard or esoteric circumstance,  
 for people who share the same desires & senses  
 to spend the fleeting seconds opposite.  
 There is trouble & sorrow enough within the world  
 without the little tensions of nervous minds  
 to block the senses. You, for Christ's sake, love.  
 Forget the narrow thought & have no dread.

Love breaks the doors down & lets in the day  
 to those who cower about the hearth of fear.

I thought to say this. But I did not win  
 being rebuked by the wisdom of my thought  
 I could not speak with high authority  
 I of course know the truth I did not follow it:  
 & that I do I can not free to speak

1935

	Poems	Lines
Jan	6	75
Feb	-	-
March	-	-
April	-	-
May	1	14
June	2	38
July	5	138
Aug	2	20
Sept	5	72
	1	272
Oct	5	120
Nov	6	116
Dec	2	42
Totals	35	907

1936

	Poems	Lines
Jan	7	96
Feb	x 17	326
March	3	60
April	x 23	473
May	15	286
June	11	148
July	14	310
Aug	no poems	
Sept		
Oct		
Nov		
Dec		
Total	90	1699

Jan - July

79 | 1389  
 14 | 265



