



Book XIII

Poems by

John Hewitt

September 1936.

Sept 5th!

Verses composed on Set Rhymes
"New Statesmen Competition"

When there is seen of Phoebus' famous Car
Only the twinkling Tailpiece of a Star
(I match the Metaphor with horrid Malice
To Jake rocco of the Picture Palace)
To Distracts, Dogs or Dances I might go
But not so low I choose the Not-So-Low:
For the jostle lightning of the Aerial
Pips out its Metrosignature to All:
Black Cloudbanks write about the tumbling Plane }
The pantie Woman waves her goggled Swain, }
And watches the log fog Envelop Him again. }
Then News! A Nutrit squats upon a Pole
A dedicating Eucless Rigmoroll;
War in new Style, Guns trained on Nebos Wells
Chere Mores and his Flocks with Mine Mech. Stells
For interest, a Puppet plucked in Paris
Trails off in silk, in Ermine turns stories;

A greasy Crooner from the Hippodrome
Claims all the coloured Counties as his Home;
and Comedy: flat Business with a road,
The only hits along the Chessie road.

Next Week, I'm promised by a grinning night
"The Sin Absolved", "The Passionate Insult";
And, reading Posters to my poor Station
I'm proud & lonely in a frantic Nation.



I watch the yellow crumple up the leaf,
the leaf fall, and the rain slant from the west,
the pattern is too imminent for grief;
the dialectic change admits no rest.

This may be the last autumn I shall see
as a free poet snatching at a theme,
lawking the thing desired, the fantasy,
the rocket's strange shadow, the forgotten gleam.

The year ahead will shape me, mold me, thumb
and set a new man walking on the earth,
yet trembling to a point it too will come
this shocks unknown & unpredicted birth.

When next the year ebbs from the tide of June
I may be ceasing lines with foundering brain
to make the marching lively with a tune

10
that trumpets men to happiness again,

or pacing yards between the silent hours
when the weak will gnaw at its knuckled fist
from drifted leaf assume the shadowy powers
and my high fest- as ~~some~~ ^{cosmic} agonist

I may be on my belly in the mud
with rifle butt recoiling on a bruise
stiff bearded, weary, used to the sight of blood
but never to the weathervane of news

and lying there a leaf may break & fall
loosed by the toppled ripeness of the year
and I salute it with an eager call
to one who did not see & cannot hear.

May yellow dies to brown along the leaf;
the twig breaks as the rain blows from the west;
the pattern is not mastered by belief;
the dialectic change admits no rest.

The poet spoke of his craft with an eager voice
of the joy of the fitting of parts & the anxious care
the changing nature of stuffs that limit his choice
and the unexpected magic out of the air.

and I knew for truth that life is that to the end
I must not surrender to pity or despair
but follow my craft, as the nature of things will send
the unexpected magic out of the air.

I must not seek for a dream called happiness
but hold to a resolute pattern my lover must share
and never reckon there will emerge beyond distress
the unexpected glory out of the air.

Begotten when the world was poor and young
in a hard corner of sheer sun and stone
Christ caught the pattern and with restless tongue
worded its scents while lifeless still hung to bone.

Francis came singing in a world as poor
preaching from birds the grace of poverty
knocking for alms at every blistered door
reiterating Christ's way to the tree.

These walked beneath the shadow of Adam's sin
and kept their way by laws of common birth.
The walls are down now. Eden's surging green
beats in abundance over the barren earth.

By sweat of brow men pile the murders high
plow in the cotton, burn the shovelled wheat.
We fling no niggard crusts to raving dogs

1
The men still hunger - the shoplit street.

O who will come to teach us how to live
The root of year is dead. We're still afraid.
Who will establish that the word is "Give"
in place of that fantastic order "Trade"?

12-1615

When the years spin round to the hundred mark
there'll be none to remember or care
if I have gone down to the dripping dark
or into the glittering air.

Then let me resolve this thing with a sigh
by leaving a tongue ~~while~~ while I can prepare
to the wet grey earth to give warmth & light
or add a brightness to the air.

X B.B.C October
'37

Waltham,
Summer '38

Bell
Jan 1941
16th Lett
at home
'37

O Fall of the leaf / an bird
with this sunset let me be still.

The tips of the stubble are fired
by the slanted blade of the sun
sheathing his flame in the hill.
Let me smolder so and be done.

The withered leaf tumbles and turns
over lacy islands of air
more lovely now as it burns
than when it was green overhead.
Let me draw from autumnal despair
the strength to be tired without dread.

The pigeons, a dozen or two,
take a half mile circle of light
they are washed in the green and the blue
and the delicate gold of the sky.
Let me narrow in on my right
effortless
with that beautiful certainty.

16th.

9

✓ Spider and Corn

The Sheaves in their tilted lines
threads and tangle the eye,
knit it to ledge or furrow,
tease it with bundled sky.

Only the heart is free
with netted neatly laid
the spider's artistry
from twig to leaf or blade.

X
Sonnet XIX

Like one of your good bees I thrust my leaf,
followed that light green with the heavy joint
entrappt the sun & dragged him to my root
breaking the course sod, bringing earth relief.
That Jew delighted in my Sunday brief
Janfare of blossom, or sought petal'd loot
troubles me less than that, about my foot,
th' ungather'd orb I love should rot with grief.

I am the stronger for my year of use
can face the edgy hail without dismay
need beg for wind or frost no nervous tince
but take the joys of a full march day,
hoping the while, that somehow there will be
a heaven for the merits of a tree.

17th S.

175. 11

X
He cleared his throat: In 1940 we're
to have the British Association here..
The man who was secretary in 1902
will be too old. There must be someone new.

That's thirty four years. What a change since then.
You wouldn't remember. We are different men.
There was no cinema.. no radio...
horse vans of course and cars that jaid to go.

He kept a lathering but I did not hear
being frightened at the prospect of the year..
"In 1940 came the fascist state.
Madrid, Vienna.. There is no such date."

1715.

X
When I was 4 my uncle called for me
and took me in a tram that I might see
first flight from Dublin made by aeroplane.
We stood beneath a lantern in the rain
and waited three wet hours. They did not come.
My uncle bought me toffee going home.

I could not know, my uncle did not know
that summer just a few years ago
that I should wake at night with stifled cry
because a bomber roared into the sky.
or start at times to know the man I meet
may write long punctured in the burning street.

1715 Sept. 13

Poems
Review
1941

X
October's Child

I watch the black tilt on the garb's fulfild
rooks on the stubble, rooks appear fly home
the burst sack drip, till half its store is spilled
the water went from where the little lanes come
and know the secret work of being born
when the full can brims up its purple foam
and clustered laws weigh down the splintered thorn.

I came in the full ripeness of the year
My mother told me from the lamb's first bleat
last bluebell days and blossoming of feet
thru sultry noons of rose and meadowsweet
over the ridge of summer till she came
weary to look upon the billowed wheat
kuddled with poppies by a sudden flame.

But the abundant sunshine brought her peace
and in accord with the September air

she watcht the quiet stripping of the trees
without regret, but with a loving care
would have them heed like her th' appointed time
yet knew the sober vestures still as fair
oak, alder, willow, chestnut, beech, and lime.

Then when men's harvests fill'd the moaty barn
and thought had turn'd to bless the laden ark
she brought me whispering in a twilight morn
to follow candles in the crowding dark
and must be warm when time was dumb with snow
and rocket me quiet when the trees were stark
that bud'd when I bud'd a year ago.

So tho' I love the seasons in their turn
for sake of her that bore me glad thro' each
when that kept leaves as swift + set to storm
I wish a magic deeper than my speech
there is a strength a richness and an end
no other seasons fledglings ever reach

The year's fulfilment knows then not as friend.

My child, if I should ever father one
let it be born at stripping of the tree
in mellow warmth of an October sun
in well tilled quarter of this north country
and let the full year tincture every thought
not summers pride or springs green urgency
but thought as action to completion brought.

These days I move in Laim:
 The Lord things fail me quite;
 The burning walls of Spain,
 Flare up my room by night.

The jaws draw near to close:
 My vigor drains away;
 Our friends are few: our foes
 Increasing day by day.

Can I in silence wait
 The trumpets of the end;
 Defeated, desolate,
 The epitaph unlearned.

Shall I not once in time
 Flash loam unafraid,
 And move with grace of mine
 To my last barricade?

Surrealist Interlude

T

Dumb ducks go hay tomorrow if before then we
 tram scholastically over Ganges significantly thorough.
 And but hole ads see so while sonnabulists
 desecrate Lenin's tomb Wendover willingly decks
 grocers' flails in sections overlaid by trombones
 and turbulence. Indeed no.
 Do if the cangre suggests cactus Samuel must not
 regard it thus.

Nobody can deny the parabola.

Brackets over Columbkille may indicate the
 seductive corybents.

Dreemery slopes west because contraceptives
 break into singing as the south outboat signals
 milkwort against a sunset of mauve.

Chasmi tremors shift the infinite to be beyond
 yardsticks of glue so humble justification
 coagulates drainpipes and derisives never

to be confused with elastic hernabulators yoked
to spiral walking sticks and entangled with
lines of beer hopeless fornicating in the
sawdust.

And the no Hector may seat his hallucination
on a wallpaper frieze / may yet lay prostrately
with tumors and curling ammonites and chalk
talks & intricate sunworshippers spotted
with dainties and ofulent sorcery of swinging
bells.

Brief as a slow mileage no trumpet's lantatas
calling hearts back from bondage & toes from
Greek vase.

Seeks me out thru a globe of cobweb
as a suppurating nest cast in bronze lemons
with pylons and pietas of phlegm draped
the chintz and serene for lacking this my
liberty is in danger from modulations of
corrupt acrobats and morbid accurate
pancakes served in canons with oil stains

in tall patches and ridges ruled off in squares.
Basking in the miasma of rectangular sofas
talking of sign and tangent acquaint the
black Aunt out with my predicate but she probes
the cover with a rod of prose peculiarly unfitted
for the penetration anticipated ^{by} the Chairman's
whiskers.

So go slow now Rosinante.

Spani breaks thro.

I am undone.

I am not gone.

The electrician slaps his percolator with a rubber
 galfstick and tucks his oblong thumb with a strawberry.
 Concerned by the frightened rain say tremors as the
 perpendicular forehead of the lamplight sank out
 of space into a box of hypotheses and garters.
 In reply to this further exercise the pickled sheebanow
 swam with bluejackets pinned to its belt across the
 alternating leaf-sichards.
 So the night on account of their bulmost cushions have
 lost grip on the handlebars and slip past the
 orchestra of scapegraces installed in the gutter.
 Nevertheless the hopeless pocketbook tumbles
 rapidly and in increasingly narrow circles over
 the horizon and its attendant leaks.
 Against this we must postulate the inner
 violin of tough bitumen broken in size by
 wandering wheelwrights in their red frenzy
 to achieve a durable tune.
 The imminent umbel mushrooms the blue

shadow of despair and I fly the threat.
 So geraniums embrace the hail shattered cocoon
 and screw chromium petals on the blank notes

2515

III

Sohrab broke into tattered laughter lit at
 intervals with quiet lamps that beckoned the
 unbecoming traveller to cycle along the precrust
 manual.
 Drums knocked the absolute snowball gradually away.
 The futile denot suggestivel punning his hands to
 a gluegrey flag.
 The violet bending Ruyant recedes before the
 oval spring boards hurled unavoidably into the
 grocers kitchen
 Switch cheese and glory on a counter grid
 for now can absorb the signalman's secret handle.
 The father in the breakfast placed defiantly

on the clothespeg rebukes all thought of Hannibal.
Chinamen deposit large bundles of green paper in the
vest pockets of stockbrokers on the first Thursdays
of each afternoon.

The favorite beverage of constipated haberdashers
is cakeapple in memory of the jurassic and
heraldic High Sheriff of Pennsylvania who
won hairy splendour from the inmates of nine
asylums, fourteen studios and a minute Sunday
school, continued for 15 miles, a gate, a Campfire's
Cockpick, and a strawboard penny.

Dinner for 463 will be a pink crossbar
laid in rows on the spherical surface of a
tin pelmode. Glass blowers suggest
remarkable gestures to hydraulic platypus
tasting of occidental elasticity and five other
inches of bacon.

The athletic insolence imposes itself in blue
drawers on the whiskers of Lord Clanwilliam
and the spotted box of Robespierre who every

brigade took a narrow packet of pink screws from his
hair and droppit them lightly in baroque curves on
the hindquarters of a Cromwellian camel hired
for the purpose.

Plastrene beetroot is a hygienic dumbbell consisting
of equal parts of mice and water, greaseproof sodabread,
a clarinet, a pair of folding goalposts, and a
tallboy of soap.

Preference may be indicated for papermade bread,
or swallowtailed bandoliers, but these should be
replaceable by a flock of drawing pins, nut
crackers, wire rope, and rubber heels of octagonal
section.

Plimsoll ashpens rattle with mediocre cheese
 against a swanpink avalanche of sandy pickpockets.
 Blasphemy please said the multitudinous teataster
 to a paleolithic assembly of nails, torils, trousers,
 twins, scissors, sneeze, one lein of skates, one
 Jacobs ladder, broken weed as the strawhat
 of a Tibetan mandarin from New Belant
 upon the pivotal carrying of a Saxon Cantor.
 On the Friday following the munitionmaker's
 grandniece took a gleu choir of treacle folders,
 radiologists, spanners, and Sneeks, to perform
 before the Solder of New in his private wardrobe
 on the acroceraunian Appalachians.
 His rival Kreeteney to dissolve in a rainbow of
 delight distracted the pluperfect of the
 battery from his pole vaulting and precipitated
 a crisis in flannel.
 The meagre grassblades growing along the chin colored
 mequene thwarted criminal violence aspersions

from a mebold curate, a lymphatic loadcatcher, an
 Egyptologist and a pale blue weightlifter.
 Nevertheless it accords with the bamboo picaron
 that sunset shaped microbes should be taken
 daily in cartons of tension for if that precaution
 be omitted the ulcerations of obloquy, the concerted
 postcards of hackish junipers play quadrille
 on the complex emotions of ransmen.
 Knit me a tinsel pant of chrysopease, flaminos
 and leaves of calendars.
 Byzards to the voluptuous antinomies of
 Crete have recently attracted the kraals of
 detached grammarians.
 Let Moscow signify ascent to the basking stark
 on the linking tyro for pepper colored flatenets
 are greatly in demand and must be silent with
 you and/or clover.

X

V

2512

The financial basis of tailor's holly holes must be sought
in the interpolations of Churchmen and razor blades.

Earnings incessantly invalidate doctrines of
crimson.

On one side of the Parthenon are ranged Cavendish
arabesques in torage illustrating the incidence
of historical gastritis in the legal compilations
of Easter islanders.

Supply nutmeg keyholes.

The rhomboid catalog contains reference to an
ostrich of sugar, an ibex of platitudes, a square
packet of lurgan hokersome, a cabinet
minister and an illuminated panty.

From the juxtaposition of run and brushes
may be established the consanguinity of molar
glaciation.

The orchestra leader draws his corrugated eyelids
over the green billion seat of Carolina's carnivorous

27

metabolic.

The sixth house in a row of four emits palm-tuft
and coils of libelous fasting.

Simultaneously the wooden bulb of the alligator's
throat squeaks in a series of hypens and nee.

The fortunate time is tomato-pure and
gregarious.

Altho Ralph pleaded mercy for the stone
and Hugh M. Diarmid cold the lither beach
I must kneel down before this rock alone
and finger for the whorls of hidden speech.

I love a tree, find there division lead
twist heart & mind that cleaves & sunders me
a tree is rooted native in a field
a field extends its surface in a tree.

Break me a rock then, leave the speckled grain,
or split the laminations of its strength
A leaf may shrink, rock must abide the pain
not now at tip or edge but all its length.

Am still in junction splits the body up
into a waving cage of hands and eyes.
Water in liquid down the tilted cup

Rock's rock to trembling lands or slipping eyes.

We are too subtle, twisted from the root.
If we abstract a thought its halfway down:
as from our contemplation of its brute
we weave a theme to involve the town.

The basic things are simpler far than that
Break me the rock. Adjust my street deaf ears.
Perceptible as richest purr of cat
there comes a wisdom thro' the dreaming sphere

(Floating: Jimist
30158.)

Of Spain the daggered thought
comes plunging in the mind
twere better Christ had taught
that men be wise than kind.

Call back the heart from bondage. There are none
 worth your enslavement. If you'd make man free
 you must observe the 'impartial rain and sun,
 the effortless behavior of a tree.

There was of old a legend that you should
 obey before you get the skill to rule.
 Be shrub or tangled bramble in the wood
 before you stretch oak shadows wide and cool.

You can be oak by being oak alone.

There can be acorn from us the tree.

Call back the heart from bondage. There are none
 worth your enslavement if you'd make man free

XX

R. J. Welch

This man is dead who living loved so much;
 the whorled mollusc secret in the stream;
 the storied turret black against the gleam
 of sunset; and the wildflowers' eager touch:
 the herald's love, the greater worth of rock,
 the colored mansions of the sunset pool;
 a cast of eye as just to snare the full
 excitement in the camera's instant look.

Let hope be urged a use is found for skill
 that ~~threescore~~^{sixty} years achieved, that there is lost
 only the restless tongue, the tinct will;
 but that beneath the pattern of a leaf
 a shell's shape, or a flourish of the foot,
 is rich beyond the equation of our grief.
 } is richer for his passing from our grief

29th S.

XXI

Another man might die of whom you'd say
He's somewhere in that sunset's Carnivorous gold,
or He is free now in the breaker's play
or He's no older than the spring is old.
And in a high gale shouting thro' the trees
you'd fancy one his laughter or his cry
because alive he sought the shapes of these
with jiddlebow, or bust, or prosody.

But this man dead sought eagerly to live
healthless before the ebbing of the light
to trace the causeway on a negative
to know the pecten and the ammonite.
Wayward of will, unloved by child or wife
he ~~was~~ ^{darted on} ~~was~~ along the surfaces of life.

33

29th Sept.

Epitaph.

This man alive was busy over life
eager to know the subtleties of growth
Tonight he takes the blindworm for his wife
and turns to her carresses nothing left.

X Epitaph for an Ornithologist 30th S

Put me where crows can pick my eyes and feast:
and after rain let wash the bleached bone clean
let tits or juncos find my skull a nest
and hatch their hungry family therein.

X For a Geologist.

Back to the earth but not to be awhile
the rock I loathe: mere silt or blowing dust.
On some cliff face let wind with gritty file
score me the only epitaph I trust.

30th S.

Conchologist

I learned in life the coiling of the shell
the issuing forth, the mollusc's slow retreat
If death's a wider mantle it is well
well also if I slime a garden seat.

Botanist

30th E

I loved the thistle-down, the pollen on
the hairy thighs. Let times change and me be
a june-day daisy on a college lawn
where students sprawl & read their botany.

26th - 30th 35

✓
I find no single adjective
can spell the way I hope to live.
I wd be brave but ~~not~~ do not know
who of a dozen need my blow.
I wd be wise but cannot find
enough of beauty in the mind
and need the heart's ^{glow} warmth to supply
warmth to the calculating eye.
I wd be ~~happy~~ ^{kind} but throbbing brain
shouts vengeance on the foes of Spain.
So I shall dither at the end
Halfhearted enemy and friend.

Sonnet XXI ✓

3rd.

I press my lids with questing fingertips.
 This firm round eyeball 'neath the gentle fold
 this little lense, can in its tension hold
 far more than I with effort-witted lips
 can ever speak. From when night's scabbard slips
 off the sheath earth and leaves it naked gold
 til that flash blade withdraws, some bleak & cold
 light over its thronged facets floods and drips.

These tedious phrases spelt with dreary care
 my traitor craft that mocks in timid lies
 I cast away as straws, as worthless things
 for - this saddest of autumnal skies
 look, a slow gull in gradual curves of air
 takes back the sun upon his poised wings.

Aware of Jean, of Spain's defeat,
 of coolie strife in far Japan
 I wend my way a weary man
 thro' the hard problems of the street.

I found a moment by a bee
 to watch a flock of starlings play.
 There in the garden yesterday
 Luth' shook a dewy wing at me.

3rd

Name me a bird
 point me a tree
 one living word
 makes poetry.

✓ Rime for the New House

Today this house is shaper well and fair
 the stack for books the shelf for dish & plate
 the best weeds smolder in October air
 the old name's stripped & taken from the gate.

You have done this in love for me, that I
 may enter into days of happiness
 watch my slow hearth smoke drift in quiet sleep,
 and know the bolted doors' capacity to bless.

What can I give to whom is given this?
 The honest effort of a willing hand,
 the touch of love, the unpredicted kiss
 the blundering reply to unexpressed demand?

Here truth, and with these the comradeship
 already tried: the heart that knows the heart
 the merry answer of the eager lip

the joy achieved of moving from the world apart.

The things we share will take proportioned place
the wise old volumes of the best of men
the Landstair lood, the carved statue of grace,
the flower-guy lot, the clock, the glowing sphere again.

These happy rooms you deck with gentle care
beyond without the phantoms of dismay
these curtains raised against our time's despair
to my next wits shall give a holy day.

Here too the friends we know in knowing love
shall come with crumpled verse or canoes bright
or simply come because their beings more
clear shining beacons in the gusts of fate of night.

I give so little. You have given all
Yet let my life be yours this house shall be
Love's battlement, a Joy's abiding wall
where baffled hearts can rally till the world is free.

✓ Pain

Senses speak with single voice:
we are creatures made for pain.
You can only take your choice
of the gibbering man
or the maggot in the brain.

Take the wisest of your kind:
he is pitiful in form
and the rigor of his mind
has been set a little term
ere it glut the blood-drowed worm.

Take instead the loveliest:
she is only that awhile
as the beauty of her breast
that our cancer'd hands defile
ends in suppuration vile

Every day that rises fair
shall prolong the grief of man
light the features of despair
show the ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~marks~~ ^{marks} ~~notes~~ ^{notes} we ran
at the jolly of the Plan.

Even death is full of dread
leaves the dream with whirling pain
and the ^{year} ~~change~~ when we are dead
's not the maggot in the brain
but the gibbering man.

Thinking of pain:

The old clerk unpromoted: the benefit disallowed
The last week before pension, half salary, smaller house.
Just those. Like that.

Let different tensions engender different griefs:
The coffin spoiled by the draw: the head redealt;
The man at six detaining till late for the date.
These too. But never forget —

The weary eye pawing the corner of torn wallpaper:
The blind man griping his thumb hard on the ceiling:
The spender with cancer leaving because of the rent.

The only philosophy valid
must also be valid for these.

Sonnet XXII

Clip words, stult syntax, let the buggers guess
Collide ideas. Call the spark a flame
To him who ~~lift~~ leg lifts highest offe game.
To hide yet muddy decay all dress.
For me I'd rather chuck the business
give over writing & forgo the name
of poet with its arrogance & shame
than weave a puzzle where I ought to bless.

Not by these tangled clots, these tortured clues
the vomit of a class about to die
because the stuff it batters on is dead
shall wisdom come, but by the urgent news
of wild geese crying thro' an autumn sky,
warring of winter, sunset fierce & red.

915

X

I am weary of Deirdre and Grainne
and the high valour of Cu Chullin and Finian.
What this island needs
is not a new myth or a more remarkable legend
but a new shape of living.

What to us now the Gael or the Fenian,
Oisín or the Redbranch Concober?
The swift patterns of death achieved by these
have mind the story of Ireland forever.

Sarsfield, Dore, McCracken, Connolly, and Tighe,
and the dozen other names that least brought life,
they were spoiled from birth.

They went forth to battle
and now we have
the worst slurs in Britain

43
1514.

puerpal sepsis, Censorship,
the Sweepstakes and Catholic action
the Christian Front.

Break the moulds.

Make and establish a new shape

Do not talk to me of Dendrie or even
of Charlotte Despard, that floating cameo,

They ^{are with} belong to the past
and ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{of} broken bindings.

I want a hard clean bright future
of electricity and ~~communication~~
workers' councils

✓ Desk.

Now for the first time I have a desk
plain oak polished with nine drawers that lock.

I have written on shining tables beside flowers
I have torn out a cigarette packet
and written on the plain side of the carton.
I have written on backs of envelopes, letters, election
addresses - and once on a grocer's handbill.

But as against this carelessness
I have always copied the verses out
in a neat and regular series of exercise books
like this.

I remember the summer mornings when I was first a poet
wakening with a tremble and a delight
and writing on my knee in the slant sun.
I remember the little table in my cubicle

and a bad poem is completely dedicated to the colored curtains.

Most of all I have written
with my leg flung over the arm of an easy chair,
resting the tilted paper on my thigh.

I do not make poems on the spot.

[Query: should painters avoid this too?]

I see a face and a pair of restless hands
teasing over a net

or another face at a meeting.

or a tree reminds me of something overheard

in the difficult life that moves on the rim of my mind

a peculiar hill,

a voice over a ledge in angust dusk.

I do not run home heartless

to fill the clench-words from my fist on a flatwhite page.

I walk quietly fast

talking maybe of collective security

or what someone says in a book

It may be days after or weeks

It has been years [a poem I made the other day
spires up from a memory lying sleeping and mossy
for 25 years. And never turned over before]

Then I sit down, throw my leg over the arm of the chair
and begin to write.

I have now a desk

Let me apostrophise it.

Desk or you oak

I shall ground my work henceforth

Be firm beneath my hand.

Keep my pen and fingers

perpetually aware

of growth and change

Let me find words only

Ja clean songs and sharp sentences.
Be soggy and soft under
The billowy rhetoric of ends.
as shades beneath the word unguaranteed.

Stand up to me & force out the true word
The unerring arrow

Yet let me but lose a strength the subtlety
The delicate overtone, the whisper
The leaf fall, the grass blade on the water
and the skin under it,
The color of the bird's eye
The curve of the corner of the mouth.

I do not know
if by other we shall attain
The lyric of the Century,
The Perfect Anthology piece,
or even the sludge (but fragrant!)

51
Landful of poems that are the passport etcetera.

I do not care (I shall be amused) if Americans come
in a hundred years to photograph you
or surreptitiously carve fantastic initials on you.

or if you must create in a room
with wedgwood, brocade and a broken spinning wheel.

I only hope that you
I write the true word
The word that takes life to itself and runs away
and becomes a part of men's minds
imperceptibly forever.

16.11.04

✓
Since the first time twice heard
John's name remains as fresh
2 the beginning word
as the the word made flesh.

For I myself have known
The word the line begin
Just a live blood & bone,
and breath's worn discipline

The poem is a line
implicit. Follows next
a magic more than mine
It's maybe mine the text.

16.11

95

✓
The balance stick in space:
tidis poised retreat, advance
this slowly aging face
bound in the atom's dance.

A moment I shall seize
the caught in net of charge
rain in dusk autumn trees
predictable but strange

✓
Phase

1815

I hit upon a phrase
yesterday
and I was pleased with it.

So remembering my allegiance to the dialectic
I studied it carefully
and attempted to achieve a repeat of the Aphorisms
those sharp words must theoretically have resolved.

The process was not to be repeated.
How it happened is still a mystery.

It is my singular hope
that the dialectic is true
true for masses of men over large areas and epochs,
true for chemicals in certain combinations ^{universes}.
true for a rough estimate of the sensuously discernible
The singing line, the live word,

the bright inevitable shape of surprise
the just brush touch.

These are
unpredictable and not to be repeated
by any recipe for truth.

and there will never be a state
wherein a dictator will say
on the third Thursday in October
of the temperature remains normal
and there is no rain

the carefully state-selected young poet
Poet K 74.6 p.

with the presence of historical Commission
execute a imperishable lyric
of precisely twenty lines employing only four vowels.

If only I knew enough
I fancy I should find support for what is as yet
in the Quantum Theory (a hope)

✓
Walter Painters

175

John Lavery: that coachman with a brush
who lacks noble features & bright blush
rejoicing at the bigger cheque each time
thanks God to assist the harder craft of stone.

A Conn honest, vain, incompetent
who can't remember how the drawing went
but blindly guesses.

or a Jimmy Craig
with bundled clouds that hint a memory vague
of tumbled wood, with sunlight bright on green.

or Frank McKelvey. I am caught between
two sets of cloud, two shafts of smother sun.

Is this McKelvey? Craig? or both? or none?

It used to take a very clever person

to tell a Ned Gracey from McPherson.

He sold a staggery Carey with his heather
as mountains purple in all kinds of weather.

and Ross Seorge waters with his water colour
getting wetter, thinner, paler, paler, duller

and Stanley Prosen with the gull's white wing
that beats and flutters into everything.

I have for honest craftsmanship & skill
for sense excited bound by curbing will,
that synthesis between the head & heart
which sparks to glory in work of art,
John Luke, creator, giving shape & hue
to what God thought would very nearly do.

You too, my friend, McClayton, by yr. rare
and insistent integrity of care,

out of yr knowledge there shall flow a trust
a beauty to defy time's steady dust,
a gentleness, a fragance sensitive.
That still will live when we cease to live

Fragments

59
17th Oct.

I thought a man might look for honest fame
in those the wise tongues of the poor still name
and that if one for any task were worth
they'd be remembered somewhere on the earth
not by the text books or those journalists
who face men out in places in their lists
nor by the gods who worship anything
related to a viscount or a king

I named today the men who lived before
and purchased glory for the bare shore
first troops of brigades overrunning to the East
to enslave the Indian and exploit his beast.
to bully China into signing her
apology to the worst poisoner
or hypocritical within the gate
betray an empire and destroy a state.
The man who haled flax or built a ship
and blew his brains out with a failing grip

Lawrence + +
Pittenger
Gillespie
Nicholson

Pittenger

Hart

Harland

or this who made a fortune out of such
tobacco, linen, natches, jain or rope.

The King

I said there surely must be more than these
two kinds of marketable commodities

of kindly Percy staying at Drumore
his year for Hafiz or some Greek bore.
of Fagphar, witty, gay & dissolute -
Puff's hurry from Varina & Helrod,
of Knowles who pushes back the infinitesimal play.
and hears the dunces' lessons for the day...

Fragment.

To hit a jam with rhyme or lacking rhyme
that will preserve the follies of our time
a killing bottle and a mounting board
for the foal fancies after which we behold

Pope's couplet: 'It has strength & grace & scope
only when handled by the heels of Pope ...
The loose jouteuses lolloping along
needs central rimes to keep it tant & strong ...

Horse chestnut.

1914

The first ash bare
whiplashes its thin branches thro' the sleeky air
exhultant to be naked, free
unlike that wrinkled neighbor chestnut tree,
a withered lay
with here and there a yellow rag
on the patchy gown
of brown
about whose feet the spiky fruit is split
revealing the white startled core of it
the chestnuts gone
to be the season's merry trophies on
a small boy's string
new to him against an early spring
or long long ears of shade against the sun
hot chains a golden leech a struggles tord
to the cool passage where the rabbits run
and starlings gather in their unbald crews.

20th 63

gulls in a high gale screaming and calling
the trees are crying their branches thin
gulls are rising & crossing & falling
trying to pick a hole in the wind,

leading north to the lake of shelter
away from the sea's long tumult of waves
leading north from the desolate welter
the skum laced ledges, the singing caves.

I stood agape at that resolute flying
by winds' worst circumstance disciplined
and wondered with what success I was trying
to pick my particular hole in the wind.

20th

When I see a photo of Lenin I
think always of Geoffrey Chaucer. Why?

It seems absurd to compare the two
one with ribald tabard crew
riding and singing of Canterbury
with miller and reeve right bawdy & merry
the other facing the winter Palace
ruthless and tense beyond fear or malice
planning a coup and a class set free
a pamphlet, a speech to the C. C. C.

One with a heart like an open hand
saluting the best & the worst in the land
and one with a mind like a razor blade
cutting the cords of a class betrayed:

one dying and leaving a bundle of stories

65
3
bawdy and brilliant of humors and glories
one dying and leaving a world ascream
before the stride of his terrible dream.

Together they make the man it be
but the craft is hard and the mastery

and I'll be content to leave a good poem
with just one pamphlet to shoot 'em and skew 'em.

20th

He said: "The fields are stacked with rotting grain.
The harvest bids men folk. But men are few."
I whispered: Christ in mercy look again
Two million men can find no work to do.

The valleys stand so thick with corn
 we have to plow it under
 and as each laughing child is born
 we pray for blight and thunder,
 lest when they grow they find the earth
 an age of peace and riches
 we know the blessedness of death
 worn shoes and ragged buttons.

The Lord, our God's, a desert God
 his prophets, serms like Moses,
 In Resplendency your Jesus God
 the Canes' wine and roses.

The fallen earth slips farther yet
 to reach an age of leisure
 we thank Thee, Lord, that men forget
 to share with fairer measure.

I thought of the brief span
 between a birth and death
 and how an earnest man
 can scarcely leave for breath

There is so much to do
 and yet his life is spent
 in picking what is true
 from what's mere accident.

2015
Bound by autumnal thought
till hearing touch and sight
into a unit wrought
turn face against the light,

I sudden grew aware
of beauty being born
out of the quiet air
and first ecstatic morn

as I approach of death
my courage rises strong
and my defeated health
achieves immortal song.

69
Born with the drive to live
and with the will to die
the estimates comparative
defeat or victory ...

The deadly thing within
the hidden skeleton
asserts the rigid discipline
of the dry narrow bone.

The urgent past of life
beats stubborn in the flood
clots sullen on the blunted knife
stains water, darkens mud ...

my will to die sees death
in every trip and stone
I ever move with nervous health
I dread the yet unknown

my will these cries out
defiance of the wrong
but the dark colours of my doubt
make a more lovely song.

22nd

I shall not sing of a tree again
till the war's ended over in Spain
I shall not speak civil to a priest
I shall utter a curse on each Papist feast.
I'll never again take the Catholic's Lent
when July comes round with the bonfires start
for I'll remember the lies they made
of the old nun left and the bishop flayed.
The rubbing on lime on the shaven heads
and all the shames of the brutal Reds ...
and I'll remember the little slaves
the Christian front with the blackamoors

22nd
the foreign legion of bullies and crooks
the shooting of bolts, the burning of books
the snipers high in the Chapel tower
when the bell rang out for the Angelus hour
the beating broken with Nazi ease,
and the dego tricks of the Portuguese.

How can I think of the making of verse
when the war to come to France will be worse
and I'll not have the flimsiest chance
of the Fascist beasts sworn over from France?

So when I'll think of a stately tree
I must remember my liberty
and find my place with the men who care
for the open word in the open air.

Fog.

Day just a veil: no tree save one at hand.
 Houses a darker shadow - and no sky.
 Lifeless, not native to familiar land
 I step into a world's new quality.

Alone with unemphatic objects near
 I know how mind feels moving out above
 the prone skull on its little cloud scarf
 or how the hand feels slipping off its glove.

Rejoice a moment that there falls a day
 no more edge-pearl, driven to disdain
 Then in the mist a great bell far away
 clays resonant and wakes the old world's fan

Someone erected netting to help his blossoms to climb,
 the wire uncomely and servant, the blossoms gay to the air,
 and passing by to the summer I thought in a savage rime
 that on the strength of the workers a parasite class can be fair.

Today in the autumn's leave when the seigo of wind and rain
 has torn the withered blossoms down a bit the slaking wire
 I heard that way by the fence & I was glad again
 for beads of rain on the netting were beads of golden fire.

X
For my Birthday.

The years come on with guicker tread and bring
 the mingled cargoes of my restless sense
 the thousand steps blunder for indifference
 the thousand unresolved and quarrelling
 for fallen and utterance. Sticky bands of spring
 with greasy wool caught on a rusted fence
 a jamono headed fellow's eloquence,
 a boy's first chestnut knotted on a string.

What shall derive of these a symmetry?
 and what shall give me form and attitude
 leaving me somehow integral and free
 to add an unpredicted tint or tone
 yet keep the balance truest than certain blood
 and the more cautious but unyielding bone?

X
Sonnet: 24

I said, a little stand on reticent
 how this or that breath misty on my mind
 attained just flourish or jaw grey and blind
 blind what I thought had otherwise been meant.
 Yet each I notes, till speech was lost
 a steady state by dead hand lay designed
 that somehow in the labor I might find
 the abiding phrase, of say a wisdom blent.

So for myself already is achieved
 - a body of responses for a time
 a cliff, on the first snowfall of the year.
 But what word yet that heard must be believed
 for death or courage or democracy
 by any doctor, clerk, or engineer?

X

27th.

The world I knew at first was snow & sun
snow on my heels and toes, ricket at the door:
or beads of water on my woolly gloves
and chill to taste and steamy at the fire:
or track of footman to the wood of oaks.

The memory of one fall fills half a year.

Sun high in a blue sky that burnt all day
and lit the wall above the daylight bed
the memory of it fills all the rest.

Beyond the immediate world of tricycles
we happened with fine photographs of Burke
There was one lovely murder. Dockens struck
in Dublin. Men were marching nearer home

The avenues narrowing to a savage slope
no longer the blithe sun or boisterous snows

but gray of dawn just lagged at, and night
lit with the torments of obscene despair
the guttering means of a dying class.

The sun suburban austerities on the sand
of snow the nearest shovels & broken boots.

✓
 I looked across the labor fields & saw
 my chimney smoke against the morning sky
 and thought of all I could do nested here
 and how there is a wealth no coin can buy.

Then I remembered that my burglar broke
 market me a dreamer and my best labor's despair.
 From now an honest man must only praise
 a world of workers' flats in smokeless air.

79
 In our so noble friendlessness
 we call upon the world to aid
 by now assist in sunshine bless,
 by thunder make us not afraid.

But always we forget the word
 or just a unjust rain falls steep
 there is no unregarded wind.
 God loves. But cannot interfere

The sometimes strikes across the light
 a shadow dismallest of all . . .
 The gale that felled the beech last night
 has spared the greener's aerial.

X

27/5

Slow moving in an autumn world of death
the last leaf stiff. The dropt leaves rotting fast
The stacked weed fires yield up their drying heat
as the wet earth unfriendly seems and cold
The restless mind begins to pace to east
The year's accounts & thumb his labor's gold.

I could account as well as anyone
for the creamed seasons have come laden home
with mongrel blossom or grape fat with brown
or things that ^{seen} seem led wind a weary gorse
but now on careful hearts' acquaintance come
to glow more rich than flundered (chrysothrix).

I could have written down: By this and this
my soul has profit. But by this & loss
sum them a total for analysis
that when I traffick in next year's meat

81
I'll know what waves to seek, what felts to cross,
how best to trade the fabrics of my heart.

But somehow in the salience of this story,
the cold clouds black against a waning moon
the wind alive and crying bitterly
this seems complete and then I had thought
the menace of ^{foreseen} foreseen from blue of some
as in a bare terrific gesture wrought.

So I will go, untroubled, letting slip
the things that need my hand to keep them mine
reserving only love & comradeship
& joy & laughter, and a merry tongue
while she remains at the long year's decline
of all we grubbed & gathered being young?

This is the end. Henceforth the moorings loose,
we'll drift & swell ^{after} the every gale
lurch in the doldrums for a narrow time

~~or leak out~~

as the leak out into a shuddering sea
abiding but the crash that will not fall
the loyalties that will sweep us utterly

The storm has left a naked world of light
with delicate shadows on the barren trees
clear sky of blue, wind-curdled to a white,
wet glistening glass blades knist from rich black mould
and pigeons on the tiled ridge at their ease
safe from the shadows, feather grey and cold.

Mid-autumn's first. Let the balance tilt.

We do not fear the lashing hail or snow,
the electric northern sky aurora gilt.

3 We have emerged beyond the fabled flood
Whether at times least cannot harm us now
The future's pledged inevitable good.

2 Caught rocking in a mood of querulous fear
because of world mischance or men betrayed
by a rough gale's first roadside of the year
brooded fiercely on the agony
in that equation, till at least dismayed

I bent with the strong tempest like a tree.

Today the earth wakes and my feet are sure
the wind gone over, has but rendered clear
the abiding shapes, the patterns that endure

Poems in November

Still I shall find - wind & rain
the heritage my heart requires
the ruffled ripples of the loom
the smolder of weed & sodden fires

and.

I never have remembered quite
to water pit from left & wall.
Ice on the turf from overnight
has made one day a festival:

and coal on hearth - tho' I have heard
fantastic tales of snake & fern
has never kindled any word
in saga for a child to learn.

Better for him if see his eyes
smelt with reek of sod & wood.
The thing that shews immediate stairs
close transmits what's wholly good.

Her teeth were deep in an apple
as red as her mouth.

Yet I had thought that Eden
lay somewhere east a souk.

5¹²-

5¹⁵

✓ This season of the year
for days before & after the children's feast
I fill my pocket with ripe hazel nuts,
an act that's somehow mystical & wise:
the Nuts of Knowledge first & the Salmon foiled;
then as a symbol of the truth untaught,
of the sweet cone that must be broken to.
But dim in my heart Cuchullin, young & open,
drags down a branch, or Dermot in long flight
gives a tired joyful to his weary love.

How many birds crouching in the woods
have tested the strangest knowledge in the world?

67
715

✓ written as Epilogue to be spoken
at Conclusion of a lecture on
Robert Frost & Vachel Lindsay
W.E.A. Hall Bridge St. 21st Nov.

I said: "I will speak tonight in a little room
to help a dozen prayers, with faltering tongue,
of the clean air, the lady New England soil,
the rubbed lanes, the birches bent by boys,
the untamed horses leaping the low stone walls,
and all that Robert Frost with his wistfulness,
like the first unexpected breath in a dawnlit yard,
can mean to a dweller in towns in another place."

I said: I will shout the praise of Vachel Lindsay
declaining with shrill voice what needs a bass,
the rolling drums, the doleless thumping feet,
of a race in bondage of color and superstition,
I will praise his valor in living life of song,
his ragged banner inscribed with letters of flame,

bringing hope to the tenant & the farmer, preaching joy
and smashing of the terrible fences that barrier men.

My enemy, the enemy in my mind
cried quietly: there are tonight - Spain
the barbed wire raised up and broken down:
the weary battle for democracy,
the faith murdered, the common people murdered
the lying soul triumphant, the crooked heart
spreading his evil spell over half the world
Tonight the hunger-murders are abroad
from Scotland, Wales, the South & West Country.
The blind men heading in unending night:
no comrade lanterns flaming out to meet them.
Tonight in Derry a sick man coughs in a cell,
a woman - six children crowding round him.
You speak of the hard, magical light of Frost,
the tambourine clatter of Sunday, the thumping drums
a fiddle's music once was taught by a town ...
This is the day of choosing. What is your choice?

I said to my enemy, the cold provocative enemy
Tonight the thousand men who did not hear me
are in the grass of their meshes & the club-houses,
or lying the happy safe on the radiators
or juggling the captive over with shifting of joints,
or keeping ahead of the policeman & walking stiff,
or loyally in the skulls, or twiddling knobs.

My choice is not so bad. Nor those who hear me.
We do not escape in the narrow easy way.

And if a little should survive the smash
better the shapely stanza, the singing thought,
the appraising eye for true or flight of gull
than the cross-gossip over the bar or counter
the aphrodisiac flicker of face against face
I am not afraid to justify my choice

but the voice of my mind began insistently ...
Remember: I am of just of ten years' time

You'll have scant chance to talk in a little room
even of poets. You'll march to a stadium
and hail a dictator with leader arm uplift
or moan in a cell with a chair driven into your head
or moan in a cell with sockets hot in your head
the torn nerves blurring beyond pain when they come out
You'll never see the tense horse leaping the walls
the shape, gesture of him or a gull on wing ..

The menace of the strike to which this rose
splintered my wits and was shaking fear
I heard strange voices setting phrase upon phrase ..
Tonight the hunger marchers are abroad
Tonight Madrid, tonight the men betrayed.
Thaelmann, Torgler, Ewert, Prestes, Orsivsky ..
Tonight the hunger marchers

and Madrid
tomorrow hunger marchers
and Barcelona
the next night hunger marchers

and Paris & flames

The mounting horror flicks its pitiless tongue
round the warm heart that cares for poetry,
the setting of words & words, the lifted thought,
and the green landscape only troubled by spring ..

I have made my choice. I lift up the cleaver just.

Industrial handouts.

It is colder in the narrow canyon
of warehouses,
empty,
the leases fallen in,
or mortgaged to the bank:
the windows dirty
with one here and there a
lettered gold for a radio agent,
or a once famous name now agent for yarns

But in a side street
a shuffling crowd of men in cloth caps
waiting
outside "The Exceptional Districts Office".

13 12/12

15 12/12 93

Handbook for Dictators

Dictators all are little men
so be no more than ^{you} ~~five~~ foot ten
Your language must be strong, of course
Your voice both eloquent and hoarse
Your hair brushed flat across your brow
accompany a savage scowl.
Add to the ^{distortion} ~~anger~~ of your face
a certain myth of blood & race
Your manner must be bold & rude
Your thinking close on platitudes
but not to overreach the crowd.
Let what you say be short & loud.
Never explain your veiled veils
and those who eat at once abuse
as marxists, socialists and Jews.

Get a bunch of crooks & thugs
with beefy necks & thickened lips

and set them always making war
on some small sect unpopular
Then by the kindness of the police
establishing a shattered peace
now a superb 15th attack
On quiet men who won't strike back
If anyone should lecture long
Let knuckleduster prove him wrong
The pretty games are also played
with rubber club and razor blade

Then by your style of whip and boot
add a particular salute
The one thing needful left to find
a millionaire of your own mind
Who will be generous and kind
- Not a - bobface dumb and blind

Eccelestical Recollection

1) Little church not yet for you
The talked stone or legend's mass
The weather vane is try to a new
No birds yet traffic with you cross.

For Providence Product a priest
Who saw the time was near at hand
Who every acre would be leased
To better villes near the land.

Not yet the grave revisited
Not many yet the babies drift
Not yet the vision haunted head,
The broken chest the manuscript.

But I remember as I pass
This better night of white stone
about yet railings - yet grass

and how ye wall was kind and warm

This way one night two poets went
invited out for cakes & tea
by a young lady innocent
She might think they'd like to see

As we they reacht her lettered gate
they found ye wall a skirt across
for coming home they'd be too late
O tilted stone & legends now.

Krisman

This for my cousin who I only meet
once in a decade when a tension dies
He lives in the same town but another street
has set its limits to his enterprise

Written the strong loins of a bearded man
some part of our sharp nature's might once
He got his sons and daughters as by plan
in the vast tide of victorie's millions

They for them heart bore a their father's blood
to the tincture till we were best
The stocks were neared fear not, just as good,
but the abiding faith a life was not

I know my cousin & I do not know
what dreams beat in his heart & in his head
of the too long for hunger's overthrow

ad lust plenty singing in its stead

of it to buy the miserable lie
of my good friend removing its name
being its failing profits cautious
avoidance of a war its highest hope

18th Nov

O A Ram of Hate

There is no mercy left in me
for any who recall Parrell
His pitiful adultery
by now is more than just a smell.

May Lenin's blithely shove
John Redmond's head on Healy's land
and let Lillie's fury scorch the book
that dwells love of native land.

But I reserve my special curse
for Gaelic speakers, folk-dance folk
for them I keep a savage verse:
The thing has gone beyond a joke.

I love the fields, the lochs, the trees
I say the names of place & place
but tell the workers share of these
I'll shut away James face

1815

✓ Croppy Ballad

They rode thro Ballymena
as they marcht thro antrim town
as the song that they were singing
was for Croppies to lie down O Croppies lie down.

They counter marcht a mustered
as they reared the gallows tree
they burnt the widow's cottage,
hays & the land for all to see,

But out by hedge and loamin
as in the market town
we whispered as they bargained
of the heart without the crown

Too many years too many years
The names are flaked away
for what were sharply chiseld stones

but there is this to say:
I have seen a lad for Ireland
face the charging door of grief
with out the wheeling sky thro bars
as a banner of relief

I was by Templepatrick
and back by Ballyclare
and at the leafy corner
I met a shadow there

He spoke slow words of courage
with a humor of wit and dry:
They buried me long ago at Mellusk
but I couldnt hide or lie

I have been about the places
that know my face or old
I have seen a wheel o' Jerlin

would make yet blood in cold

a haggard slave in a statesman's place
and a head to the whiff at his knee
a stobbery ^{had} to bless the crime
that murdered liberty ...

and an ignorant priest with the bible tongue
to lash his slaves into hate;
he hunted him in the fable end
and the treason in the gate ...

And the the rascals must
drumming jing then the town
shouting their fear of the common folk
the rascals won't be down.



I saw a jay thrush on a fence
this morning
singing like mad.

When my pompous circumstance
he broke without warning.

I stopped the while between a bus and a bus
endeavouring just to find
the reason for his fuss
and the reason
in sheer enjoyment of his noise.

20th Nov.

Gazed at the sun, withdrew my sight
but could not see for too much light
The disk vibrating endless rings
as spinning targets stonering springs
the earth resolved in flung gold
in sheets of brass with fire as scrolled

O God I cried Swi back to me
The darked eye where with I see.

1065

21st Nov.

✓ Allotment

What long encounters tried and lost
since last I saw this field in frost?
Has eye got skill or coarsened blind
since this inhabited my mind?
And can each actuality
be as ^{once} symbol was to me?

This naked hawthorn with a nest
tied to its harsh and tangled breast
these cabbages with silver vein
found rigid from mad florist's brain
the twisted bangle of a rose
on sugar wire, the coiled hose
Here hung at hut alert to strike
the blunted edge of stake as spike
fused dull with crystal, as the handle
of rocket waftail, gaily pried
gull's height of leucine, sawing rough

the warm blanket torment of a thimble
the fat earth curdled to a crust
the marigold left lost in dust
of powdered chalk the bubble grass
set like a tufted spray of glass
I turned these once in tortured ways
to meet with bitter phrase
that set me free to draw my breath
unawed at fist or fall of death
then I was quit the symbol stood
live by its own beatitude
and soon I was earnest about
~~the~~ ^{with} shapes I'd put upon my doubt
and terrors that before were blind
shade haunting gestures of the mind
set back and back that I had made
into the self I left betrayed.

So second freedom sought from this
left in the best analysis

107
only a mind with vigilance
held to respect the sudden glance
unclotted by symbol, turning face
fairly upon the time and place,
and never by mood weakened thought
in froth of fancy snared & caught

So when today I saw the frost
eager to judge what's won or lost
by me on this I had to gauge
my age against the landscape's age.

21st Nov.

Sonnet. XXV

We are the new cave dwellers. When we eat
we clump down steps or wedges in warm ink men
till the gate chokes her. From the street
we shuffle ^{down} to our burrows to the train
We torch dog tunnels to depth cheer and salt
and watch flat faces quiver on the wall
we pocket flashes to defy the night
and trace arch sky at nervous interval
being prepared for when the hooters call
when all's blacked out and hearing masters sight
with crouching terror. When shall we achieve
the starry summit on a spilt of ~~silver~~
gold on wet stone two miles away a Shiver
Down on three swans stretching after one?

109
21st Nov.

Cash me a cheque in leaves that can be peeled
for beds insurance magazines and cheese
let no man have speed strength for Coan of fields
or give a table for ten cabbages,
or he shall rot the theft and in his rage
write out the dole queue and the City Hall
make sudden plans of play and printed page
and rip a black law down the canvas wall.

2nd

They have slain the wall and bear
they have caught the last swift sleep
So they ^{turn} blank face to the air
a tree's fat birds for the bag!

X
Raked
Sweater
2/2

22-23rd N

With frost upon the thought is clear and wise
That rain made dismal with a mist's despair
Life leaps along the lashes of the eyes
A tree is true for its being bare
The slaps that say from near dizzy skin
Fold back to guide in the dawn's sharp air.

As must the world seem keen & very bright
To one whose gaze is on the end of things
Who knows, last summer look, brimmed autumn's height,
No promise in the inevitable springs,
All a trifle of shadow down to bone of light,
The false says gone and gone the restless wings

23rd

A woman behind her basket door to door
A dozen blooms a deal fresh cut & new
deft fingers laid them flat & went to pour
clean water in the crackled jip of blue

The paper they were wrapped in, bunched tight
was wrinkled out to sell the screaming line
a widow murdered in her flat last night
her wristlet watch had stopped at half past nine.

23rd

✓
He caught a shiver in the flinty street
a ragged scarf about his scraggy throat
turned back on light across the hussing street
avoiding a flash of shining luminance
but for the window and glass between
a square waxman in fleecy overcoat
goes and at the world sardonically having known
the woodblock roadway yields no easy stone.

X
 Before he cranked his lorry up he stood
 and flapped his arms to wake the frozen blood
 I thought of men at plow or man in yard
 handwien center when the frost is hard
 repeating this as men have ever done
 since shaggy hindsman stayed beyond the sun.

Earth tiller

23rd

✓
 Out of a smoky bus with dripping glass
 with to reveal the place I must not pass
 still hot from office and its drizzly steam
 I push the gate back in a lags dream
 a dream of certain values safe & warm
 from threat of hunger & the seasons' harm.

The fog runs beneath my heavy head
 jagged like the trailing mist inside my head
 and waking to the frost, a lifted eye

caught manshape standing stark against the sky
 spade over shoulder.

As I nearer came
 my central heated vapors hot to shame.
 How dare I pass him muffled and absurd
 whose free alternative as a bush or bird?
 Earth wrought in anxious labor, brought him forth
 to regulate her opulence and dearth.

I see my sheet and drive my flimsy trade
 by sufferance of his charitable shade.
 By what equation can I claim my share
 in frost edged furrows in november air?

✓
How speak to Europe? What must be my cry
to the ten millions who will surely die
if the tragged bombers roar into the sky?

In spite of Christ it will not be enough
gently to call them in the name of love.
How can they love each other while at best
each does not yet claim his self-interest
which is his neighbors by the final test?

What's needful will not come by miracle
soothsayer's formula or statesman's spell
but by the dialectic's paradox

That's at its best when it mostly makes
by this one bridge to safety we may pass:

This strife of classes comes toward of class

✓
Sonnet XXVI

If not this gait forever what set speed
a spluttered engine's stall at beckoned light
the old horsedocots on velocipede
shall flesh no sack up clearing thro' the night
Assent the bluebird what preserves the slow
Someone is sitting at a cone of green
shall catch at wake of wind or break of snow
and nap the rise thought's circle on a screen.

I have my glances and defy the vane
make say or bicker only my reply
glad at fogged glass or beaded world of rain
find safety in sluggish progeny
back minutes to eon years since dark will come
shall lose the savor of the martyrdom.

Sonnet XXVII

I must be crystal let what may befall
 the wise stone turned but I am not stone
 what was am will be on what name to call
 this complicated text of blooded bone
 or of a name no wisdom. this is wise
 to set the sense at liberty to swing the wit
 against the crowded timber of the skies
 til shavings curl on jagged stacks and split

use not included

boards or match or bed
 black skin at hockey going at end of law
 warm beggars just on back a rebels head
 who letels added to the line I drew
 the sun ticks on

but there is this to say
 the sweat was good on such and such a day

X
Sonnet XXVIII

For years kiss jig leaf with a secret prayer.
 The assault was doubted. Who was there to see?
 Two thought at least to give the man the air.
 He stayed. with scented pipe at twelve and three.
 The left chain broke. bit blood. a foot was crumpled.
 His mind in plaster has not mattered since.
 Encountered in hall his porters hat was crumpled
 for dukes salute on lackey leer at prunice.

June telescop. From mumble earcock fails
 The slow boot scraping and the falsified hand
 was kind by sign, the gesture near fails
 The friendly smile pretends to understand
 who now on stick finds health a step from slow
 where tide breaks shingle with its underflow

24/15

✓ Sonnet XXIX

Let high dull me or neck unshakable
make seasons of my mind beyond despair
the postal collar print insist on let
I shall not hate, not even greatly care.

Already now immune they let me play
native too long of the responsive sense.
And should one count on children know that they
will have the bias of my evidence.

And a recalcitrant to mother them
reminded with the nonconforming blood
and the they trumpet New Jerusalem
the flat here with work do in any good
for there will be so much I wanted done
will need attention of both daughter & son.

119
24/15

a blackbird near hand sing up
and berries bright on the stem
It's hard to remember Franco
with the proper sort of scorn.

And what of Barcelona
of Madrid at least goes down
there is a white rose still on the netting
the its petals are stained & brown.

No. I must surge my pleasure
like a man about to die
with anxious looking upward
for bombers & the sky.

✓
 Was at the eight we were all square
 and to help I was playing with said
 Tom's a pretty nice style
 where do you play?

And I said: We only been playing six months
 And what about yourself?
 Tom's pretty good yourself.

O said the man I was playing with
 is a professional at St. Andrews

The man who repeated this is
 a drayman and a mason.

✓ Sonnet XXX

Let none break silence. What is there to say?

This was my friend, my enemy a space;

Then at the close with a quiet grace
 came back to love me in his gentle way.

I cannot go on one particular day
 or any gesture true to any place
 or set you with to analyse or trace
 where the tragedy and meaning lay.

We were two normal men; as boys had played
 he on the wing and I at centre half
 grew up and went about a different trade
 but met to borrow books or share a laugh
 were little for a while but growing wise
 remembered laughter in each other's eyes.

26th Nov.

✓
I take in steady hand
the gifts of daily grace
the things I understand
set safe in time and space.

I blow the bubbles high
of fantasy kept
They write against the sky
and are in that joy kept.

I live by what I know
I do not care to guess
nor vex with vision, so
comes my great happiness

26th Nov. 123

no longer
Rudolf Steiner

+

Let but a thrush begin
or blossom catch my eye
maybe a springwren who
under a reeling sky

and all at once I lose
mortality's despair
having so much to choose
out of the teeming air.

2915

Sonnet. Conscript of Hunger.

Conscript of hunger I shall march in line
 of not the front line since my feet are flat
 I shall be all the happier for that
 so there'll be dinner when I come to dine
 and tho' I fight in wars that are not mine
 I shant die in a corn like a rat
 but be saluted by the lifted hat
 and hear my rum warm'd blood call'd rich red wine.

Whether you are saying shouting in the street
 may be the gospel but I shall not heed
 you do not offer things that I can eat
 I follow surely when the bugles lead
 or banners flicker or the side drums beat
 as long as the show closes in a feed.

Poems in December

125

10-11-15.

This is the end of the English crown.
 The Kings go down and the kings go down
 Another clown may stand in his place
 with a stammering tongue and a foolish face
 but for all the praise they bestow on him
 the tinsel will tear as the gilt wears down.

And never again shall they raise the cry
 "Your King and Country need you" to die.

1815

Ballad fragment from Windsor MSS

Leave me alone O leave me alone
and Edward dear before
I thought to live in a palace of stone
with a crown of gold to crown

For Edward dear the word ye spoke
thru magic over me
that I used to lie in the night awake
and dream of the Queen I'd be.

Spread linen white and linen smooth
and gently make the bed
It is no small thing ^{the betwixt} that ~~the~~ bride of a King
should marry a duke instead

1715

A brook scolds. The newspapers are terse
The King insists on taking her to bed
The meanest men are not a penny worse
but crisis breaks upon the nation's head.

A flood of pictures. Spain is blotted out
Will King or Mister Baldwin gain the day?
and honest men are next awhile with doubt
till shouting fascists give the show away.

But all the time in Durham and in Wales
the grate is fireless and the board is bare
and each minute ^{every} the dull scandal stales
the workless thousands still are huddled there

This is the season of the Christmas concert
 The Star of Bethlehem, Bardell versus Pickwick
 The scenes from as you like it with art curtains
 Term's merry end, the break for holiday
 The science master plans a week in London
 and then a week in Scotland with his uncle.
 This clings to Christmas closer than the holly
 far more dependable than frost or snow

But every day the world grows hoarse & madder
 the fissures gape. The field is thick with bombers
 let them greet Maryness, and reveal a secret
 let parents nudge each other at the anthem
 Stand up and sing. This carol is the last.

Being intent on war to class with class
 maturing change develop policy
 I had forgot the attributes of grass
 stream's crinkled surface, shape of wind in tree.

But the crisp logic crumbled in my mouth
 when lively thought began to break and run
 at foghorn crying slowly from the south
 and seagulls black against the rising sun.

Exercise in metre of "Love in the Valley"

17

walking up the green lane near obliterated
picking foot steps clearly with a quiet care
I smadden fell a thinking of the joy of running water
brown with rain but busy hurrying somewhere.

1912 131

Despondent at the face of Europe's fate
caught where the careful logic still must dare
sought comfort at the swinging of a gate
upon the argument of my despair

found moan repeating motifs of decay
wistful at smallness of the yielded scope
twisted the thought but could not break away
from the strong line that skeletons my hope

But comfort came despite the light of this
fifty breaking starlings in a tree
lift my heart up to truest emphasis
and gave a meaning to mortality.

19.14

In twilight of December when a moon
thin crescent like a silver finger nail
brings memory lifting to remembered tune
and famous symbols flock that never fail

When black trees writhe against the yellow light
the sun's left dripping from the new west star
and ledges dark with witcheries that fright
are muttering speerme hoked for a war

I move rejoicing that my little thought
can grant a solace from the year's despair
exhultant still my ecstasies is wrought
out of the handwelded fancies of the air.

133
19/14

Exercise in Assurance

I find myself more and more interested in
gull's balandt grace edging into the wind
the complexities of twenty or thirty on wing

crossing and jelling, gliding, never at rest
is far more fascinating than affairs of men
or the politics of western Europe's end.

1915

low where the red sun lay
the mists drift off the town
spun to a billowed grey
blown to a smoky brown

but in the higher air
there is a feathered creature
when frost rough cuffs smudge bare
the window of the west

21st

135

1 watch norwegian starlings flock
beneath december sky of grey
like pigeon's mochet by bell tower shock
drifted they circled every way.

2 fluttered for they sought escape
came close in cloud of wings
broke on the dome like spray a cap
to ledge rest shrill with hickering's

Emaptured by the mystery
I found my eyes with circled scope
clear of a world's rigidity
and free of the long twilight slope

Dedication
To Pied Piper

This, with a hope that you may find
another pipe to your mind
wholl clean the town of worse than rats
balloons and crowns and bowlerhats
and lead the whole world's girls & boys
into the wilderness of toys.

21st

Dedication
to "The Happy Prince"

The years are long and many since
I loved to read "The Happy Prince"
and looking back I envy you
this one adventure gay and new
for when I can't see a swallow
the rest of the story seems to follow.

But I am older. Swallows mean
the lonely spring's reurgent green
and the still sadder flying south
of what came once with song and truth.

137
21st

21st.

A small boy hawking holly
from door to door
where there is neither grass nor tree
nor any green.

Soft heavy rain drifts down
slowly melancholy
grey with the stain of misery
on the wet shoulders of the poor

Shape me a simple Christmas for this town
a Christmas in four colors gay & clean
for stars put near: for the shepherd's song
say sound of clarinet & tambourine

Yet even now the story's wrong
with all its child hood old romance
the legend has no relevance

In the last hour of light I watch the sky
eastward lay scattered cloud that was a shower
awhile ago. But to the west were piled
great bales of white and overhead a blue
pale arch of summer the poplar now
was switch of black with each shoot picked out clear
The conflict in my mind set up by these
broke in delight, for sudden from the south
- a band of urgent starlings flast at speed
flast and were gone. I knew where they had gone
forage from morning, back to flock at night
with numberless battalions of their kind
about the green dome and the pillard towers
And in that breathless ecstasy of flight
that flashing second, for it was no more,
my heart swung free - wonder and intent
not on the weary troubles of the year
but on life's endless eagerness to live!

The Four Spokesmen.

Prelude I

It is the fashion to speak of forgotten men.
We be forgotten men in an older sense,
were part of Ulster by our hopes and struggles
sweated into the sod the stuff of our bones
omitted from the books and the country stories
and only noted by students. For our values are
not here embroidered on the popular banners of hate.

figure out
we represented to men by our work and thought
first freedom and justice following, then honesty,
and the full cut of life to parched lips
Now none of these is sung in the echoing choir
or raised in the breaking walls of Parliament.

So let the forgotten speak from the broken bindings

John Toland.

I first John Toland greet you. You have not heard
of "Christianity Not Mystical"
or of "Amyntor" or of "Pantheisticon"
or any of the other titles of my books.

I was born in County Derry of the oak
a score of years before the terrible siege
Dundy's treason and Walker's stuffing his pockets.
A Catholic first I broke with the older faith
and from my fifteenth year led a most
not bound my understanding to any man.
I Leyden, at Oxford from the Bodleian's shelves
I gathered and sorted lebbles for my ship,
Lancett my first volley, was driven back to Ireland,
the bishop crying heresy after me.
In Dublin my book was burnt by the common hangman
I fled to England age, escaping arrest,
hid late in Hanover, in Germany.

joined with witty princes, taking my place
with wise men speaking in proverb and great ladies.
At forty I settled in Putney to write again
for the blasphemous bishops had ruined the faith of Christ
had covered God with trappings of tinsel glory
and shackled the minds of men to the foolish tricks
and crazy antics of a conjurer.

So I spoke again then, finding my strength and hope
in the naked word Christ spoke to common men
and not in the pulpit thunders of prelatic priests.
I spoke for the Jews that no man should oppress them
when the ignorant laws grew afraid of their weaker wits.

I died in poverty at fifty two
still writing out the faults, establishing errors
and picking the bubble follies of James men.

My epitaph remarks that the part I played
was "Fighter for truth, assessor of liberty"
I ask you to remember in your struggle

the side I took, and, I am not arrogant
to think you'll maybe find a hint or gesture,
— which perhaps I failed, to better your aim.

There is no statue for me in a public place
but I do not complain of that. I only complain
that you let the miraculous errors still mystify men
that you are not rid yet of the superstitious mind
that freedom goes down & liberty's broken in pieces
while men with tongues & heads stand helpless by.
Yet I look & fear the savagest blades of my day
John Roland Fyfe for truth, assessor of liberty.

William Edmondson.

I am William Edmondson for West Moreland
You have never heard of me. I'd be content
to be lost into the common heritage
But it is not thus now. The inner light
I torch this wester is a smoky candle
My tale begins as Cromwell's soldier

I fought thro Scotland til the King went down
and cheer'd the flight of Charles from Worcester field.
Then safe in peace, because a brokenasket
settled in Antrim in a Bowlane shop.
To England for new stock fell in with Friends,
got first light's search & hurried thoughtful home.

The flint was hard against the ore dross & heat
I wrestled to achieve the fire lit up
and the blood warm & eager in the veins,
was fapt at going as a Quaker gaz
but won to safety and the joyful grace.

Antrim of Ireland was the place that first
heard word against its mocking steeplehouse
the oath forbid, the life workt out in love,
the clean assertion of the god in you

At hurgan I converted one who with Penn
made treaty never broken.

140
Then walkt with Fox in an orchard close to pray.
Ulster agen, was driven from Coleraine
cross't Sperrins into Derry converting some.
Clougher Strabane Dungannon & other places
ja'ld in Armagh. In Mullingar assault
staked in Belturbet fourteen weeks with thieves
in stonelt hell's Kitchen of a Cavan cell.
Derry agen and prison, Nanyborough

Then saild with Fox for the Americas
New England Rhode Island & the Barbadoes.
I writ this. Fox writ also. You may read it.

In Ireland in the warring years of James
I stood between the plunder'd Protestant
and insolent Papist. And in William's day
I stood between the plunder'd Catholic
and Craggart Protestant. My wife was kill'd,
my sons & I stood waiting for the rope,
were sav'd by glory and an immortal joy.

At seventy six I rode six hundred miles
speaking the truth in fifty English towns
met friends each year in London at the meeting
and fell asleep when nigh on eighty six.

The light o' truth I rode for is forgotten
or preacht by different men in another way.
I was for the clean heart & the honest speech,
the soul o' any precious as the soul
o' one they call a monarch. I also stood
agerst King's strength and arrogance for justice.
Yet not I but the love o' Christ in me.

Ulster I have ridden across your acres
been flung in your mire & water, thrust into streams,
bound to your trees. There is no Ulster rock
but I remember the merciful kiss to my flesh,
and all your players & dancers in country jays
altho ye stand me yet I love your grace
and only spoke to reveal that grace to yourselves

147
Where I am now I remember Ulster clearly
and speak agen to Ulster. First, be clean,
then lit with joy a urgent wit the Christ,
drum love's assaults up to the bettered walls,
and break them down, a banner in the day
o' honesty in a land o' loving neighbors
no longer marked by steeple houses or courts
for this is a comely land o' men were good.

Frederick Richard, Earl of Belfast.

I am forgotten too the eminence
sat in the heavy curtains of my bed
a marguerite's eldest son, a stripling lord
born to a title, mothered by a countess,
and live in that to years o' urgent breath
quick with the threat o' swift mortality
I caught my brief life out at twenty six.

I wrote a novel once in six mad weeks

a pitiful romance of tortured love,
not read now and no wonder. But I wrote
and printed songs to fill the mouth of Jamine
when people I loved were dying by the road,
I spoke of the poet Shelley, the poet Keats
before the fashion turned to praise their works.

In Naples seeking health for my bleeding life
they held me captive as a liberal lord...

I left the gaudy jollies of my class,
the billets-doux, the balls, the lackey's feet,
to live for music and writing, for making life
rich to the touch and hearing for the many
who loved in the dark without a song.

I bought my faint life out at twenty-six
in Naples tyrant-ridden, pestilential.

They made a statue of me, set it up,
a shape of bronze by Jelloustonman made.

Then decently forgotten they shifted it
to clear a corner for a brawling preacher
who flaunts his bigotry to this very day,
Loving poetry, music a common people
they hid me away because I was a reproach
preferring rather the loud mouth Henry Cooke
with his hard face to my weak sensitive face
hurt by the Jamine to a little time.

They have hidden the bronze beneath the gilded dome
safe in the shadow. You must peer to see.

In this I beg you, remember music or verse
and the blank lives without them. Take a pledge
not to desist till any Irish child
has choice of either or some other choice
to fill his days & nights with majesty.

I was the sickly son of a brigand house
seeking to let me to justify the theft.
They laid my body on the ground I loved

under the restless trees on the side of a hill,
Now speculators have surrounded me
with redbrick tudor villas by the score,
the spoils of another brigand class than mine
I bought my brief life out at twenty six,
but think of me with Byron, Percy Shelley
and take the wish for that wherein I failed.
But always music and art for the common people.

James Hope.

If you have heard my name. James Hope of Templepatrick
a weaver by trade. I was with M'Cracken at Antrim,
and later with Thomas Russell and Robert Emmett.
I have told the gist of the matter to ^{Doyle's} Robert Madden
It's buried in his books. I am here to say
that what I fought for with my pike or pistol
and later with my native wits and caution
is still unwon. Some fought for a dream bright Erin

150
after a poet's fancy or like a legend,
some for a feudal land of lords and song.
I fought and the best men fought, remember I knew them,
not for a dream in the heart or a song on the lips,
but for a country free from tithe and rent,
a country of merry peasants owning their acres
beholden to no stiff squire or whimpering clergy
a country ruled by committees without a king
where every man was equal with every other
and none was master. I find a peculiar humor
in being remembered by those who would free this place
from Saxon bondage and hand it over to Celtic
who'd like each linen lord to be a Gael.

You'll never see a free Ireland without regard
for the ownership of land as the strife of classes
You'll get the first by working thro' the second
When you think of M'Cracken ^{macart's fort} ever remember me
or catch yourself gazing at sunlight ^{the castle}
remember that and repeat it meaning it.

wit that as being a your plan of action
my help must end except for this advice . . .
Work only with honest men and temperate .
Keep weathering for spies . They are at it still .
And for your leaders chose the well tried men
with no equivocation . The well meaning merchants
fared out on ranks until the struggle came
they fled at need . The workers are your hope .
Give me a smith and keep your gentlemen
but avoid whoever drinks or talks too much .
^{the} extreme men using premature action
Be those your rules , and good will surely befall .

wit this for consolation , the result is safe .
The people must win as surely as the spring
delays and hesitant comes forward ^{in May} and strong .

The Bloody Brae

June 1711 winter night . Place : a bare roadside

- Old woman : Mary Hill
- Her granddaughter : Margaret Hill
- Young man : Donald Niblock
- The Hermit : John Hill
- Soldier : Malcolm Scott .
- Young woman : Bridget Magee .

O. W. Ye hae come far enough Donald . The nest is smooth
and Margaret's arms are ting to break off short .
It was just in the rough places I needed you .

M. Ay e Donald turn home now . It is good ye were
coming the long way back when ye were weary
after the flowing D] I will not go back ,
til I hae seen ye safe within the house .
There's things are about in this place , gwaire shivering things
I'd like no woman I care for to meet in the night .

M. The lang rebbid ghasties hae nae fear for me ;
nor the gungach crying , nor the witches' broom .

If a jerby stépt across my path I'd greet it.
I'd even bide here til the old hermit passes
that maist jouk rin frae. O.W.] You are overready
to laugh at these gaunt jerbies of the heart.

They're here girl, full o' mischief, spitting evil.
There's not a whinbush but has its own terrors
that start & dart away in the guise of rabbits.

D. You hear yer grannie, mettlesome Margaret.
So I'll not leave ye til I guard ye home

M. In no affrighted Donald in braver than you
You need broad day before ye'd left a gap.

D. Not so my shilly 't' take many a sledge
in places blacker than is this place itself

M. In off for home then while ye swap yer gat.
I've kine tae milk i' the morn an' the fire blight
before the broody hen o' sleek has left ye

O.W. Good daughter, bide a moment by this dyke.
The long hills' put a tether on my breath
and Donald here must wait til I am better
Then when we start off he must go his way.

For there's no danger gin we bairns keep moving.....
from any gougach or old wheenging creature.

D. Aye we may rest awhile. Then I'll see ye down
the loamin by the clachan of Mullaghadubb
to leave ye within a beagle's gowl o' home.

M. And then the long way back for a frightened man
wi not a woman's stubborn shilly sense
to trot him steady past the whispering places;

the shadowy cattle and the songing trees:

the round stone falling with a patter of mold

and no one visible by; or maybe the choke

of a stoat in the rushes grabbing its fearstiff prey

D. Och Margaret quit ye teasin'. I'm no afraid

O.W. Fear is a wholesome thing for an arrogant man
The devil is seldom frightened: he'd never be fallen
gin he'd been afraid o' God's great strength.

These ghaists are guid. They keep us in mind the best.

The place with no ghaists is a barren witless place.

Dye think yer father'd get such stocks o' corn,
such rigs o' potatoes or such bundles o' flax,

if ghaists hadnt plowd before him & given this earth
the shape & pattern of use & of bringing forth.

Our an best-use will be as ghaists ourselves.

Not little squawling pict's but ghaists fulfilled.

D.

	Poems	Lines
September	28	466
October	33	618
November	32	439
December	20	373

July 1927 - end of July 1936 2,035 poems
 since 1924 32,000 lines
 290 Sonnets.

Best average months March April May
 worst " " July August Sept.

Best year 1928 396 poems
 1932 283
 Worst year 1935 35.

Best month ever May 1928 55 poems
 March 1929 55 poems

