

6

Book XX

Poems by John Hearst

June 1943 — November 1944

10.6.43 2

The Violin

The orchestra lifts up the violin
and leaves it singing out in space alone
first star at sunset or the last at dawn
for the hushed drums and oboes of the night
or noon's loud brass to reach and clutch and hold
in a great ebbing or a flowing tide.

21.6.43

Lines concocted during a Recital by Solomon

Our sweating faces stretch to catch the sound
our souls and bodies weary of the war
in Chopin's lyric grace our peace is found
we danced awhile upon a dying star.

28.6 4

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Sonnet

Now in the coil of war I claim a truce
whose strife was never more than noisy speech
that one alone upon a roaring beach
against the heedless breakers might unloose
who faced with khaki jumble for excuse
when fate insists the act I used to preach
and lays infection equally on each
and bids men die to prove their bravest use

I claim a truce because on pulse and thought
a certain peace descends with circumstance
by me undreamed unprophesied unsought
I tried to alter but could not divert
tried not too hard not hard enough to hurt
finding my inclination matched with chance

✓ Summer Evening

Beyond the full-leaved trees, beyond the spire
 the ripening hills lie in the evening sun
 named by their colours to familiar eye
 as oats - and hay - and grazing one by one.
 The brightness passes from the daisied grass
 lingers upon the walls - and slants - awhile
 on mellow slate - and yellow chimney pot
 til the broad shadow of the western hill
 chills the dark earth - and leaves the sky alight
 and brings the windless hour of swifts - at play
 as - a vague haze obscures the difference
 between the -oats the meadow - and the hay.
 Now almost midnight by the crazy clock
 the swifts swerve home, the slow smoke rises straight
 - a lost moth dusts the window, - and - a bat
 tilts out to chart the swifts' erratic beat.

Second Front

The crazy -clock two hours astray
 defies the angle of the sun
 yet accurately ticks - away
 the dripping minutes one by one
 that add their grains to make the date
 our nibbled fingers testify:
 and all the -guns of Europe wait
 for all the men who are to die.

We cannot be private

Our hips tips us up
and lays our buttocks bare to the air

The pocket-book cherished and chummed
with diagrams and snaps
is left on the wash-hand basin
for the pensive janitor to snoop

Out of the tall library we step to hear
the newsboy bawl our news to the slates
the secret-word we read in the second volume

The only lonely man I ever saw
was a comet player in a public square
-and altho I could not hear him
I knew by his fingers what was coming next

There is always someone expecting us to arrive

X
Forsaking the green ways, or being by them
forsaken, I walk - quietly beneath
the yellow shreds of beech and lime, aware
sharply as ever of the ebbing sap
and earth's skid on the splintered rim of space
and of my own withdrawal and decline:
yet not as always prurient for the shore
counting the petals, twiggling on the thorn
the clue or cluster, and with anxious pace
stepping the truth of sight in syllables
as cold and edgy as a frosted leaf,
but knowing now that somewhere in my heart
the far sea tosses frond and flock and plank
a white face drowning - and two gaping hands,
the Cente hair bobbing in the bladder wrack;
and that I need for noose or barbed cross
to grapple slip and grip from bubbled mine
some shape heraldic that has stood and will stand
for brown men falling in root written swamps
as much as for the grave cloud tanned clerk
set with a griffin in his manuscript.

Now in our savage day we know the song
The sirens sing that puzzled those before
who doubt if from the battery - and the coil
wired up to splay a city there emerge
with splintered halo that long quested stone
which, midas-fingered, will transmute to gold
all that must lose its value in the change?

X

I wake and wonder - at the morning world
dropping its tings - and flinging fists of rain
into the narrow puddles; or today
- printing the wet leaf on the frosted kerb,
as the black rook with heavy flagging beat
cruises across the wide and crystal light,
as if no thousands shock and rock at war
by river-cliff or high in screaming air,
and no heart breaks - as cluster passes over
the photograph upon the mantelpiece.

✓
The Sentence

20.X.

When men at corners or with elbows propped
map out event by hearsay or expound
their sidewalk tactics, tho' my rash wit prompts
the cynic answer to the statesman's craft
and begs to cut across the web of words
with the bright scalpel honed on Lenin's phrase,
my lip grips sudden: I am fed and roofed
and can create the lonely circumstance,
in ten years' time, when men with withered life
swap talk of names of places in the history books,
and I must still keep silence, uninvolved.

24.X

12

The dotted-line humility is over,
for when the sullen cockcrow swabs the wound
the crooked fellow graved beside the clever
rails off the market square from ducking pond
and the cut-finger shall be clenched and stiffer
than the slack palm that drew the brittle ore;
so many lips are bitten that to suffer
with gummed mouth's arch is more than you must bear.

When, thumb on purse, you stroll across the fair
 the masks will smirk and clutch your coasting glance
 -and beg your penny for a penny peace
 or push the pencil in your puckered hand,
 and you shall sign to free your swinging foot.

The brass will answer - and the catchy sob
 will tunnel back a torch upon a face,
 a nail's scratched message to a certain door,
 til with warm hand upon the chilling heart
 you will remember stiffly young and proud

Then when the paper swags - are upped and flown
 and the silk merchant lifts his patent case
 you shall moon round to find familiar kerbs
 unlatch the locks and stench, the splintered slate
 and flop on chair where your rash father sat.

War's Cuckoldry.

Out of the mill and mixture of the moment
 what horns are born to mark the love crossed letter?
 What stranger's smile shall lean from lonely cradle
 to twist the round heart shaking in the throat?
 The posted hours beside the crumpled table
 are far too much for yawning mind to pocket,
 and where is his authority's salute
 who must play batman to Egyptian star?

So bite the swinging apple from the string
 nor worry for the stain upon the shoon
 the fingered rose shall know no second spring
 when Enock arden rolls a shanty home.
 Press close against whatever offers comfort,
 the rifle's butt, the randy foreman's arm.

When, thumb in purse, you stroll across the fair
 the masks will smirk and clutch your coasting glance
 -and beg your penny for a penny peace
 or push the pencil in your puckered hand,
 and you shall sign to free your swinging foot.

The brass will answer and the catchy sob
 will tunnel back a torch upon a face,
 a nail's scratched message to a certain door,
 'til with warm hand upon the chilling heart
 you will remember stiffly young and proud

Then when the paper swags are ripped and flown
 and the silk merchant lifts his patent case
 you shall moon round to find familiar kerbs
 unlatch the creeks and stench, the splintered slate
 and flop on chair where your rash father sat.

War's Cuckoldry

Out of the mill and mixture of the moment
 what horns are born to mock the love crossed letter?
 What stranger's smile shall lean from lonely cradle
 to twist the round heart shaking in the throat?

The posted hours beside the crumpled table
 are far too much for yawning mind to pocket,
 and where is his authority's salute
 who must play batman to Egyptian stein?

So bite the swinging apple from the string
 nor worry for the stain upon the shorn
 the fingered rose shall know no second spring
 when Enock arden rolls a shanty home.
 Press close against whatever offers comfort,
 the rifle's butt, the randy foreman's arm.

Before gooseflesh grows feathers pray observe
 the tall dark man who reads the small black books
 he has no magic: particle and verb
 show no stigmata - pinprick for his luck:
 he runs by rote; the angel Jacob fought
 has not massaged a message on his bones:
 You look for truth, the blood on Joseph's coat
 is the sole clue his history contains.

So turn northeast, or back behind the stones
 or toying at the turf, and you shall hear
 the suck of sap that dredging thro' the loins
 knocks on the rocks along the sliding shore
 and out for out the dolphin in the calm
 splashes the air and takes great bubbles down.

I had the hope to leave but two strange poems
 whined from the shadow urging me to stay;
 and the round naptha of my careful method
 could not avert my curiosity.

The first that came was scaled with jenny gestures
 and croaked a sobbing threnody on jark,
 winking the work of bladderwrack and coral
 and proving sand a better shroud than cloth.

The second wore an undershift of feathers
 and, bronchunched, foamed sod about to fly,
 then sudden thundered to the licks with others
 to just their tongues remind them of the sea

and I am left to rip my wrist or mollusc
 to take the taste, and howling die of thirst.

I cried to Christ. No sequel to my toxin
 beaded upon the glass. The bread of life
 was never hatched by any and locksmith:
 his stunk bottle sops no crumpled loaf.
 Too long I gummed the dust. Too long I lived
 by harsh arch lamps that hung above the earth
 beneath the stars too distant to be loved
 and cheated by the giggling of the heart.

Each column added gives erratic total
 that leaks a bloodrimmed item for my debt
 to the bone-browed and rocky desert people
 whose lips move only til the fire be lit,
 and I must coax my ear to spell an answer
 to the grave meaning of the feathered dance.

I will go back to Heaven, for my ticket
 is beaked with straws that bear a crazy name -
 no longer mine the features in the locket;
 the hairspring wears the silver ring of time:
 and I was meant to run with childish prattle
 against the warm and firm sustaining knees,
 who now must sagely way assent to steeple
 whose daily knell shall greet exploding seas

I must in life put-off the coarsely mortal
 while yet breath burns its candle to the moon.
 That Land is falsely played whose trumping uncle
 is hid averted til the king falls down;
 the ragged postmark is no evidence
 when the fat owner turns the camera's smile.

What belted harden flapping on the mast
 shall wait the crooked heels of those who come?
 There will be saws to tooth, and much to happen
 before the flicked switch steers the tired cows home:
 and one will hide behind a limping fable
 or point to card or canvas alibi,
 or bluffing out the sequence smear the pity
 in wreathed Ionian and a brass female.

My hope is other, will accept the cynic,
 the envy for the luck, the limbs entire,
 be scarce and quiet, pocketing the gibe,
 glad of the bitter hours I was awake,
 for so I must contain - as bottle takes
 the flint water and awards ^{confers} a shape.

My dream is David psalmist of the dord,
 who can no more sip choked with beaten dust
 when this the wanton life I took on trust
 no level long horizons can afford.
 Break narrows to oasis walled and shored
 by migratory nensce, creeping crust
 of peril steep approaching. I adjust
 my stride and open to green turf water-cored.

Yet David to the hills had lifted up
 his sceptre-humbled glance, for surely there
 Soliath's bones lay broken, there he found
 the scissored fringe, the courage-bellowed cups,
 the care of safety with the fox and bear,
 and towers below that called him to be crowned.

Sonnet : 2 October I

Now standing thro' the reaped and withered year,
 The stacks black in the fields, the stubble grey,
 and the red sun at either end of day
 slipping thro' mist, one star at twilight clear
 but later lost in a thronged hemisphere,
 the children's voices shriller in their play,
 the sycamore's broad rags that sprawl and splay
 bring back the hours that make October dear.

For closely seen the tips these leaves have spurned
 and you shall see the black buds on the tips
 that urge their way toward reaped springs,
 and yet before that consummation's earned
 these are the days when breath shall feather lips
 with the true songs that only winter sings.

Sonnet : In October II

Now who dare say in autumn: This is new: -
 ripeness and leaf-fall, harvest of desire,
 the year's gray phoenix nested on the pyre,
 the choking smoke that lets the phoenix thro',
 the spring-lipped hopes that to fruition drew
 and now in rich satiety retire -
 Yes, fling these withered words upon the fire:
 yet say of autumn that they still are true.

For in October born, my veins have kept,
 whatever men with lens and blade deny
 about the implications of the blood,
 a sober joy that squirrel-curbed has slept
 till wakened by the flame in leaf and wood
 for all the coloured summers crowding by.

11. X. 43

The Opportunity

When dry autumnal days began with frost
on the rough lawns and shreds of mist between
the bare tree branches and the weathered bricks;
I felt my heart rejoicing at my luck,
as when a chemist has assembled all
the tubes and powders for the safe result
and waits in confidence; for dark and sky
converged with promise of a poem's chance.

When I can seize a moment it will come:
my hope suggested thro' the coiling sprawl
of tangled gestures I was bidden to
by my rash sense of duty to my kind.

Then followed smoky evenings of talk
not aimless lazy but concerned to bring
the worth of ~~and~~ what I gain from art to those
whose traffic with the world must leave them poor

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These things attempted with but half a heart,
always before me that creative hour,
I grieved my leisure. But the sky had changed;
the rain blew squally from the bitter west,
and all the humours that the frost had lit
lay soaked and trampled on the streaming road.

The Moon

Last night the moon behind the blue black dome
was buoyant in a chill electric sky.

I said: Tomorrow it will be at full

Its left hand rim is blurred.

Tomorrow I shall look for the full circle.

Later the bruise-hued ring was on the clouds.
The glass dropped back. The sun rose red and raw;
and noon was grey with wind that promised rain.

Now when the consummation I desired
is due and waited, there's a winter gale
shaking the sashes, beating on the panes,
and plucking distant noise of passing train
across the rooftops into the still room.

Limitation

Not often now to me

come the rare lyric call,

my sober poetry

being but visual;

the eyes the whole concern,

no other sense has room;

as the time's timbers burn

without the Crack of Doom.

11.XI.43

The run of time is robbed with change.
No season lasts a single leaf.
Yet strangest chance of time, as strange
as any stubborn heart's belief
That neither you nor I grow old
For all the dawns we mark or miss
It's now a decade's safely scrolled
For scholarly analysis.

11/12.XI.43 28

The values that give meaning to my breath -
values of shape and texture ordered by
a mind that claims an unvested liberty
as rock and climate for its central faith
have earned elsewhere for better men than I
the cell's numb silence or the leader's death.

Yet here unchallenged I may loose my thought
or tend with careful hand my stirring mood,
my only grief that hardly understood
the moth-winged juncos flutter by uncaught
for lack of a concerted brotherhood
by whom a closer fabric may be wrought.

Surely there stands within my lonely room
an armoured figure with as sharp a sword
as his who gave the harsh forbidding word
to the rash flames that trembled to consume
in that old tale our gaping childhood heard
the pale young men who visited the martyr's doom.

12-XI-43

For a Painter who heard General Criticism

They mouth and gabble seeking in a sneer
for a defence against the life they fear
or drilled to fashion, wing a witty word
from the sleek jargon only overheard.

But never heed them, the better praise is theirs
who make of art their disciplines and prayers.

12-XI

30

This island tells. The lurching seat of ice
Lorn back across two seas no longer weighs
on the bald headlands or the blunted fets; ;
The white stones veiled beneath the glassgreen wave
are beaded in the barks where crouched men once
thumbed the grey core or flaked the three edged blade :
and somewhere to the south great Torso kees
tangle the wreck the hides grope daily thro.

12-XI-43

November Gale

Already gale rounds off the season's end
and branches snap that shaking stubborn leaves
were challenge to the heart that wished them bare.
The oak was sullen, when the elm and beech
threw down their largesse willingly, as you
have never flung your pennies in a cap,
its scarcely fingered foliage rusted for
but spined with sap. The blowsy sycamore
flaunted its ragged cuffs but made no bow
as some leg-actors who will not retire.

But now the wind's cold besom bids them fly
and when tomorrow's sun bobs up again
a well-scoured nature will salute the glance
as its expectant waiting for the thought
that once more wrestles with mortality.

32
"The Bell" 1944 August
X modified into complets for 'Freehold'
12-XI-43
Townland of Peace

Once walking in the country of my kin
up the steep road before the tower-topped mound
still boards their bones, that showy August day
I walked clean out of Europe into peace,
for every man I met was relevant,
gathering fruit or shouting to his horse,
sawing his timber, measuring his well.
The little apple-trees with crooked arms
that almost touched the bright grass with the weight
of their clenched fruit, the dappled calves that browsed
under the netted sunlight of the orchard,
the white lens slouching round the rusty trough,
the neck-feathered damsons with the smoky beads
the rain had failed to polish, as the farms
back from the road but loud with dog and hen
and voices moving, spelt no shape of change,
belonging to a world - as to an age
that has forgotten all its violence,
save when a spade turns up a random flint.

Clonroot has part of "Tombs of Peace"
 next mine is "Freehold"

Old John my father's father ran these roads,
 a hundred years ago, before the famine,
 up the steep brae to school, or thro' the gap
 to the far house with milk, or dragging slow
 to see his mother buried at Kilmore.

I ponder walking steadily, my aim
 to sketch my legs beside a promised fire
 in the next parish. As the road goes by
 with house and hedge and tree, and stook lined field,
 and apples heavy on the crouching boughs,
 I move beside him. Change is far from here.
 Where a deff world gone shabby makes its war
 among the crumpled sheets, or in the smoking plains
 where peasant homes may show invaders' tracks
 in the black rafters - and pathetic hearths
 from Poland to the Yangtze, where the jolts
 slow phrased, are whipped - and beaten into thought
 that well may shoulder continents of power,
 - and new societies of steel and truth;

but here's the age they've lost. ~~with all its faults~~

The boys I met.

munching their windfalls, coming late from school
 are like that boy a hundred years ago,
 the same bare knees, the same dirt hairloom caps,
 but they must take another road in time.

His fortune summoned him across the sea

to the brave heyday of Victoria

The bearded man who jolted in his cart
 giving ~~the~~ his friendly answer to my word,
 uncertain if my track were right or left,
 might have been he, if luck had left him here
 or time had checked his ticking. Had I pressed
 a woman by a gate I should have paused
 to crack about the year the Lough was frozen
 and many crowds devoured the roasted ox
 beneath the bright stars of that coldest winter,
 to ask if she had lost her mother too
 from fever that the famine bred, or if
 she bore my family name. There's every chance
 she would here, for the name is common here
 as berries in the hedges anywhere.

On hearing Leon Goossens play

Be this the sound-track of my reverie -
The wailing oboe crying small and far: -

Now on the twilight peaks of Thessaly
no shepherd pipes farewell to dawn's last star.

Too gentle all its colours to be proud;

Too wistful all its music. Never there

the thundered passion shook the gaping crowd,

the gestured drama stormed the market square.

Yet there was once a lad far back in time

who piped his quiet sorrows innocent,

the plaintive lyrics clinging rime by rime

like shreds of mist dispersed but never spent,

while we are eager for a clearer eye

and sight for chill loss of our heritage.

Written during a gramophone Recital

Come now with me, the Music bids, - and share
Life's mellow Summer indolently fair
with Heart enough to love, while still the Eyes
are lifted to Horizons of Surprise.

x x x x x x x x x

Too swift for Answer, it interrogates

then leaps ahead and arrogantly states

the Master's proud Opinion that his Will
makes our defeated Days incredible.

Then suddenly Solemnity persuades

the summer Texture with autumnal shades.

A sober tapping bell of Strip and Key

runs all the Humours in our Tragedy

The Violin asserts, is tentative

The strong Piano summons it to give

Compassion to the checked Lonely Heart

that walks with its small Bitterness apart.

x x x x x x x x

But the grave Shapes of Season and of Tide
proclaim the wiser Comforts that abide
and set us free to look into the Sun
The Course of Breath magnificently run.

The Lyric Lost

June 15. XI

The whispered phrase, the rhythm of speech,
the slack word buttoned into sense,
the careful hours I give to each,
the dull ear's cautious diligence
have left my mind incapable
of what had once the lull and cry
of thrush that bids the sun farewell
or skylark's jangling of the sky.

Begin 10.6 June 15. XI

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On Hearing Music

The man who made this used another tongue
than this slack speech we chafe our fancies with.
His horse was other. Both his name and kin
I know so lightly I can scarcely guess
if he should give the handshake of a friend;
and yet this thing he made will warm a heart
when I am cold, - as it has armoured me
when one good heart I love is ticking out ...
I pause to marvel how it keeps the bounds
and mocks the limits set by men to men,
the twisted mouth, the fingers on the ear,
not understood and hated. Stronger yet
that it should hold and pierce and travel thro
the small vent struggles that comprise my mind
into a resonant case that lies beneath,
after slow voyage on a dream-dark stream,
steeped and hung with corals that require
no hammer blow to touch them into sound
that echoes even out of memory

Field Craft.

Begun 30. IV
Finished 15. X I

Once bundled in my clumsy denims I,
initiate to battle's mystery,
-gaped at a field of reeds and tufted green
to spot the cunning rifleman unseen.
At sudden whistle to our mounded surprise
muck-shattered men rose up before our eyes
from whin and fold where only shadows lay
in the clean sunshine of an April day

and to my coiling thought they seemed to be
not merely symbols of the enemy
that the earth offered but the ghosts of men
that died, are dying, - and will die again
until imagination learns from sense
and renders back the face of innocence

Overseas

Awake and thinking now of friends
I lie on bracken, lie on stone,
or curse the draughty Nissen hut,
or lean upon the rail alone.

From dance of masks emerges just
one breeched and weathered to her trade,
running her rule along the wood,
or pausing in the Dorset glade
to hear the drumming woodpecker,
or watch the squirrel jodeling,
who knew the long brown antrim hills
the colours of our niggard spring:

and Cecil somewhere in the sun
is studying urgently to scan
some bloated-lotus monument
or talking of obsidian
to yawning men in Kheti slots

who curse his tedious interest
in plant and stone - and artefact
or pointless predynastic jest:

and Patrick greaves now and tired
with gentle fingers seeks to find
the fevered wound's geography,
the scab upon the tortured mind,
and thinks perhaps as I must think
of nights of talk so far away
and kicks the dry Italian dust
and longs for a november day
when peat smoke blows across the road
and trees are bare in field and lane
and autumn sunset lingers yet
in wheelcuts full of shining rain.

MacLann is surely telling still
some sprawling story fabulous
while gaping listeners fill his glass
as once he worked his will on us;
and yet I wonder if his debts
have bumped and whispered thro Bengal,
or if like here his creditors
just charm the coin to pay for all.

Know, I was sure of this
 Tho never sure of much:
 The courage of your kiss,
 The comfort of your touch;

altho I seldom spoke
 seeming to find my peace,
 amid the storm and shock
 of tide-tormented seas

in clear acceptance of
 each grieved and dwindling sense —
 yet all the while my love
 hugged other evidence.

X

Ambition

Ambition is a weldy thing;
 it buys and banishes.
 The man who bends ^{throughout} ~~through~~ the noon
 finds sunset only his.

For some it is that little box
 whose finger ^{points} shows the way
 and shows us anytime we look
 how far we've gone astray.

17. XI.

Spite

If you have a little spite
hold it up against the light
and it will go dead and dry
like a winter shrivelled fly.

If you leave it in the dark
'twill become a patriarch
and its brood will all have stings
and arsenic upon their wings
that will buzz & whine and drone
and never leave your mind alone.

17. XI

46

Fate

Tho' sense and reason legislate
I have a ^{deep} respect for fate;
how else may I regard the chance
that left my bones alive to dance
here on this rocky island fence
of Europe's grey circumference,
when warmer sun or colder frost
two hundred leagues from here at most
had meant the prison cell, the whips,
the dry blood caked upon ^{my} the lips.

✓
 The tilted cross against the sky,
 the tallest cross midmost of three,
 for all I care may linger yet,
 worm riddled stump on Calvary.
 It brought no luck to mine or me.

For all the men my house beget
 clothed in humility or pride
 shewed on the flesh or in the heart
 the bloody crown the wounded side
 the sentence of the crucified.

They failed to finish out the course
 or never started on the chase
 for that defecting virus ran
 its poison into every place.
 our eyes betray our beaten race.

While there is time, if wise we'd seek

for other images instead
 the tall man walking on the tide
 the old man's trade sky garmented,
 the seven stars round Mary's head.

Sign Post.

Three swans came flying from the north
 over the town abreast - and high
 with beating wings like galley - oars
 across the Sunday - quiet sky

But when they came above this house
 they sudden turned, no more abreast,
 and in unhurried level file
 headed towards the glowing west.

I will may guess from whence they came
 and to what shores they sought to go
 the proud they steered their course by me
 what sign they read I'll never know

On a Great Headmaster

Left daily at the mercy of a horde
 of wry frustrated creatures paid to teach
 since crude ambition buckled back on each
 leaving the decent purposeless - and bored,
 I can recall that pompous overlord,
 his pained parental tone, his prep-day speech,
 - and all the chill threat when help was out of reach;
 and all the grudges that my small heart stored.

The master died before I had the chance
 to lay the jestered score of petty wrong.
 I would have so enjoyed his anxious glance
 as what he took for compliments declined became
 the unexpected truth distilled so long
 it bit like acid and it burnt like flame.

[James Watson Henderson M.A.
 Headmaster Methodist College Belfast]

20-22/XI

X

November Wood

Walking today beneath the bankrupt trees
the long grass grey and shabby and the tracks
glozed with the rain, defeat seems absolute.

Here where the berries bred defiance of
brambles' defence in depth, shrunken and black
a few remain on winter-strivelled bush
that if you reach a hand and touch the tongue
are tasteless drops of water round a seed.
The seasons of the leaves are stratified;
the first, save for the ribs, dispersed in clay,
the later layers gone rotten but intact,
and crisp on top, the silver sycamore.

On a dead trunk brought down by falling years
are mats of moss soft to the cheek and dry
with little crows-threads of hanging flowers
and all the horn trees sheathed and smothered in
a fur of lichen lifeless to the touch

52
This which has haws thrust out on thin dark stems
their shape and colour both irrelevant
with the dead textures of the muffled twigs

This wood wears death beyond the season's death;
the tax of time has sapped its capital,
its interest can scarcely keep the birds.
Infrequent thistle and ground ivy here
still signal life amid a world's despair.

Chanson Truste

Little Miss Jordan the neighbours say
 altho she admitted to eighty-three
 was out and about all the summer's day
 as loud and lively as any bee

Her garden was small but she filled it full
 of the friendly flowers that are native there
 If a neighbour called she'd scurry and pull
 a parting bunch with talkative care

But when she had to take to her bed
 she used to complain thro the weary hours
 That a poor old body had better be dead
 than leave it to others to bring in her flowers.

Jingle

I must say goodbye to the hedge and the sky
 and the pocket-guide to the commonest flower
 for the names of trees no longer please
 the idle thought of an idle hour

The flight of a bird or a pleasant word
 no more shall pad the pedestrian verse
 Let the river in spate and the padlocked gate
 be left to the baffled Licker's curse

For a bloody war on a killing plain
 makes every landscape wither and fade
 and a patent mine out of place and time
 is a poor reply to a handgrenade.

The Heifer

Above a high ditch topped by frost-stripped hedge
 the sloping field that ran abruptly till
 it met the sky with ragged rim of grass
 was crossed by cattle browsing. All save one
 brown heifer that had shouldered to a gap
 and stood remotely gazing down the road
 with grave dark eyes, her muzzle laced with froth.

And as the car presented to the climb
 a stronger pulse, I had a second's space
 to catch the stance and on the easy rise
 outflanking the high ground I found my thought
 jumbling for explanations.

Was it fear
 that soon or late a shouting man would come
 up the steep hill with dog and twisted stick
 to drive her down the way her kindred went?
 or that her lonely calfdays came again
 when the soft-shouldered mother lurched away

and in the slow brain hope still held a thread
 to draw her back in all her friendliness
 with the rough comfortable tongue, the teats
 smooth on the goats-rasped mouth?

But caution checked
 my leaping fancies with a sober doubt
 as I dismissed the image finding more
 evocative - and plausible motifs
 better conditioned to our timid thought
 that seeks known signal for the safe response
 in contemplation of jambein roots
 nodding and jerking in and out among
 dark stocks of flax uncasted, or the mob
 of reckless stearings taking hees by storm
 then sudden scattered over all the sky
 like tea-leaves in a basin.

Landscape in November

The sharp edge of the hills against the sky
 is moulded roundly to the tree-piled flanks
 no bank of foliage now but tufted sticks
 from which the very sap is harvested -
 incongruous to the light that seems as caught
 in the crystal of a windsoured afternoon
 when heady April's drunk with Spring's bright air.

The Rising Wind

24.XI

Tonight the wind is vigorous and flows
 in a great ruin over the dark earth
 making the sapless timber, strutting round
 its stubborn corners with a rustling sound
 that somehow begs disaster for its wage

Orion's Belt

After a noisy session of debate
 in a bright room where I have said too much
 - and let the clever epigram divert
 my mind's attention from its proper aim
 I step into a chill and moonless world

The earth is dark and vast. The windy sky
 demands at once abashed humility
 as boggled light-years banish my pretence

The tall black trees ignore my rhetoric
 involved in other attitudes than those
 that offer motif for the easy wit
 save one great elm that carries on her brow
 Orion's Belt as tilted coronet.

X Lagan 1944

18-24 XI

~~The~~ Minotaur

[a memory of Burtport July 1943]

What savage world is this when folk to live
must lace their boots and walk across the sea
to gut their summers with the herring fleet
spending their senses, wearing bone and skin
on the hard harvest beds or kefts of ticks
and posting life in little packets home.

We hurried to the pier to catch the boat,
Willy Bonar's boat that goes to Arranmore,
were early, wanted sitting on a box
with dry claws in the corner. Down the steps
the green tide struck and fell in little rills
and the rope tautened, tethered to the boat
below us rocking as its ribs were slapped
and tiny worms of light made scribbling dance
fllickering along the curving underside.

The long bare quay was empty and the rails
tuckless and rusted. Then a young man came

60
lively and trim, his left hand in his pocket,
hatless with flapping flannels to his shoes,
nodded good day and slipped down the steps
stretched to the boat and lightly lepped on board
shifted a latch and tinkered in the square
of hollow decks, his shoulders out of sight.

Gazing to sea we saw a moving shape
too slow for shag and much too far away
lost in the dip and trough but coming in
with clearer definition gradually:
a small boat with two figures at the stern,
and a dirty sail upon the stumpy mast -
most likely from the lower Irish free.

Our lazy glances swung to watch the sky,
a sprawl of bundled clouds that carried rain
from the high bulk of Arranmore across
the green flat islands that lie in between
our rocky world's edge and that misted shape
and must be threaded thro on a rolling swell.

The boat approached, and old man and a girl,
the sail was lowered and a splashing oar
-gained its momentum with familiar skill.
It bumped the steps, was tied, and they came up
after a parley with the lad who now
had found a tongue beyond mere courtesies.
They stopped with us and passed the time of day,
located us by speech, ~~as though~~ ^{we lacked} without
the lubbing Irish phrase, - as Irish too;
and talked - a little of the distant war,
and if our house still stood, and how we'd fared;
then hurried off, the old man with a box
and the young girl with hat and leather case,
her Midland destination on her lips
- and twenty island years on hands and cheeks.

We rose and moved a little. Bomer next,
a broad faced fellow with a grey cloth cap,
salutes us, - and so we went abroad
avoiding cones of rope and the lashed mast.
They spoke some words. The young man nimbly sketched

62
from the high bow and loosened the wet knot-
round the stone pillar. Bomer with an oar
jerked us off. The engine volleyed out
its random quickfire, and the stench of oil
subdued the herring smell that had become
accepted climate for our enterprise.
Then Bomer's brown left hand controlled our turn,
we passed the nearhand reef and headed clear
for the rough water running north to south,
saw to the north the great seas breaking white,
and to the south the surf on Island crone.

The steady engine needing no more care,
the young man sprawled at least beside the hatch,
his left arm hanging by his side, the hand
gloved but disclosing wrist of wood or bone.
We gaped amazed at it, remembering
with shock that all the nimble things he's done, -
sketching and vaulting, tugging rope and spar ^{arm}
had been accomplished with a deft right hand
which we had watched but never realised.

We turned to Bonar whose good natured voice
grated a whisper answering our thought

"He lost his left arm working on a farm
last year in England when a binder caught it
and nearly pulled his bloody shoulder out.

He always was a bugger for machines ...

And then as if an after thought he added -

"And so he can't go back like the rest of them".

So as we left the channel and the swell
swiftly thrust back the rocks on either side
-as the stone houses with no sign of life
save for the silent gulls and screaming gulls,
the upright slabs that wave high crosses in bows
and one grey henon squat on a stone;
we held in our heart through the tragedy
of this harsh rim of Europe in the west

This is a savage country for the young
and yet the old have little bitterness,
but give a kindly word for strangers when

64
a child or dog reports that they are here.

They curse the barren soil, the narrow fields,
-as tho it were a ritual, -and then
summon their years to witness that the world
has bred no better people than their kin.

Begun Spring - 29.81

Original Sin

There was a time when kings seemed all to blame
for the burnt village and the empty sleeve,
but now they're perished off or kept to ride
the sleekest horses in the circuses:
I have no quarrel with them anymore
than with the gayest gilt commissionaire.
My lasting quarrel is with the hearts of men.

Once in my boyish arrogance I spurned
the black conception of the fall of man,
hating its pitiful corollaries
and more the narrow gutted men who howled
their bigot implication in the street,
making this town a bedlam of belief,
a rancorous market for the sale of souls
bright crowns and pinchbeck glory on the right
and on the left the tall and roaring flame.

My heresy was easy; for the saved

were no whit lovely, and the everdamned
has human kindnesses on hands and lips
the charitable word, the friendly act,
the undogmatic attitude the care
for fragile growth; and if your steps were led
thru the black warrens where the hoodlums
shod heel or razor struck against the heart,
or the besotted woman ^{raised} wailed her dirge,
these were remarked for pity, and their shape
but narrow shadow in the broadest noon,
and time seemed big with certain remedy.
Later the washed took the guise of one
who walking once un fettered now is fair,
a tolerant ethic needing but the weight
of a firm shoulder on the wheel of charge
til life become - a hiker's holiday.

But with the pace of years, and most of all
out of the muddled horror of this age,
I lose my certainty. The kindly man
will steal and lie. The ordinary man

good to his children, will at times certain times
murder and torture, and anonymous
print his mad name upon a moaning town,
or limited in act permit the hate
to boil and fester in his twisted mind.

Yet I have known the best. They do not wear
a tinsel signet, for they never claim
that they are best; and yet a lifted hand,
a gesture of the heart discovers them
and fills the day with glory. Never known
by a mere staid gentleness or bare
devotion to an end they will not see,
but by the life within them which will speak
in the same tongue that makes articulate
the somehow mortal immortality
of star and season. I am so deceived
that this same life is apprehended best
tho' the inevitable quality of art:
but I must never make a dogma of it.

Poems in December

Suppose for once I shake my mind -
the syllables would press
and smash the shape so neatly lined
with frantic bitterness.

But when I put my vision on
the phrases come with ease,
as when mist-garmented the dawn
wakes birdsong in the trees;

and every thought permitted then
is grave and wise and slow
as tho' a marble senate's men
sat mutely row by row

-and waited for the pompous voice
to state the commonplace ...
I speak my mind? My lazy choice
is written in my face

Winter Dawn

The sun, a fat balloon of flame,
 was propped on black and splintered sticks,
 and all the ground was thickly furrowed
 with mist that laid a scum of white.

Altho the sunrise and the earth
 were both intangled, high above
 the cold metallic sky contained
 a single star remotely bright.

The silent people on the road
 were walking quickly here and there
 Their cold breath in the air was white;
 Their heels were sharp on frozen clay.
 And as I walked I wondered how
 a cunning man might prophesy
 from evidence of sky and earth
 event and chance of such a day.

Pangun Ben

My wife's shift needles click and slide;
 Her fingers loop the dragging wool.
 The pencil makes a scratching noise
 -across the paper on my knee.
 The glove she knits will warm a hand
 that time has chilled. The lines I write
 can make no claim to any use
 beyond a vain dexterity.

X "Poems from Iceland" 1944
Wish Jones Nov 11th 5-XII
1944 Book 1948

The Splendid Dawn

On the bare platform cold beneath the lamps
that spilled their cones of dismal light I stood
straining my wind-vest eyes, my ears for shrill
train's evidence that coasts the darker shadow
we know for northern shore of that drab bay.

The water spread a dull and leaden surface
between me and the mounded island bulk.

With growing light the web of mud emerged;
the mats of sodden turf, the tangled wrack
lively with birds that rose and wheeled away
with harsh hurt-bitten cries or settled back,
dark restless shapes upon the hissing slime.

Then suddenly - to feeling - not to time
for time had ceased to matter to my mood -
daybreak began with colour in the sky
that colder yet had held itself aloof

72
from the raw wind-whipped and intermingled earth,
and all at once - a marvellous dawn appeared
angry with sailors' warnings, spears of gold,
and burning clouds that set the world on fire;
- a dawn too splendid and too vast for one
lonely and cold in an unfriendly place.

In Larne Station 4-XII-43

8-10. XII. 43

The Ways Diverge

I read awhile before - a shrinking fire
the minutes pile like ash. In another room
my father coughs. He has not left the house
since the white hawthorn on the hill beyond
his window - and the sheet's end was in flower
that now is black with winter. Last July
a ^{pool} ~~fool~~ ran with its dam about that field
fawky and undecided. They have gone
out of his life, as many things have gone,
the trivial, the irrelevant as well
as the known posts by which his senses steered.

He lives now only in the newspapers
that cram their seasons in a single day
from the expectant morning's offerings spring
to the late evening's stop-press epitaph
and in the voices out of the thumped air
^{that fringe and feature} what the grey knit gave
letters and friends
letters and friends report remembered things

74

The invalid's grave ritual insists
its certainties, but time has narrowed in
between four walls - and spued its upples out
over a life of affectionate energy
now flattened to a pool of retrospect.
I, in my prime, emeshed in these same actions
he gave his days to, duly make account,
but feel the strong warm shapes behind my words
rigid and cold, inconsequent and ^{sharp} ~~blurred~~
as infusoria upon a slide.
And as I sit here already our two worlds
diverge and change in quality beyond
mere separation of the parting paths
that makes coincidence impossible.

S. 19

My People

11.XI.43

My people have been no wise eminent
 the ribbons and the praise have hurried by
 what little we have gained was planned and spent
 to keep our lonely years from beggary,
 but not to lay a load upon the least
 or grip the tired mind ticking out of sleep.
 In all we did we bore an honest part,
 the part of earth's dumb crew who earn their keep.

And yet we had our own, our private pride,
 a pledge none tampered with of all our name,
 never to take a Papist for a bride
 or make a profit out of human shame.
 Now as time ebbs and we are like friends,
 common as grass, we know the earth a friend.

14.XI.43 76

Train Journey

The young small-headed lean American
 drunkenly hawed the unresponsive girl.
 His fellow soldiers passed a bottle round
 - a slender bottle of Australian wine;
 their coat by coat peeled off, shed cap and belt,
 and jockeyed for the other girls' embrace
 - a gap-toothed hussy with a coarse make-up
 on her puffed sodden face beyond ten years,
 who giggled, flirting, but could spare a glance
 satiric for the other passengers.
 He dropped his hands and wagged a foolish head
 groted for the window ineffectually;
 the laughing trio paid no heed, intent
 on noisy jollie: the embarrassed girl
 wiggled her thighs - and edged along the seat.
 Then he was sick, - and his red crying eyes
 were brimmed with grey Atlantic leagues, and years
 of poolrooms streetcars pumpkin pie and home.

14.XII

✓ The Letter

This sprawling letter scrawled illiterate
from some drab soldier in his loneliness
is sheafed with others in a leather bag
to be unleafed and read another time
by a pert khaki girl who wears a score
of regimental badges on her belt.

The Pony

14.XII

A piebald pony moping in a field
among the withered thistles and the reeds
as if he dreamed of summer circuses
the smell of hoof-cutting, the sawdust smell
the canvas flapping and the harsh rope's whine
and the sharp clapping from the shadowy seats,
beyond the dairy milk-round trod for years.

14.XII 78

Mouth

Wearied of all the mouths of passengers
chewing with waggling chins, elastic cheeks,
wide with their talk, or clenched upon their pipes
puckered to grin behind a magazine
or yawning in a corner, I observe
the grey beaked rook upon a leaning fence
and the brown horses plowing up the grass
into moist lips of clay where kiss is life

S20 On seeing Modern Paintings

I am not stayed or shocked so easily
 by any bare experiment in art
 and yet I feel a coldness round the heart
 at these bare gestures of sterility
 from statures adults. Children must be free
 to scribble idly or to draw the chart
 of high event whereof they are a part —
 the rooftop path, the fundamental tree

But when grown men would labor thro design
 to give a meaning shape or seek in tone
 significance that will not run in line
 for something out of life that is their own
 I weigh my gain and grade them small or great
 only by what they can communicate.

The Art I like

Therefore I praise the tall dark smiling man
 who labors patient on a jesso ground
 to build a cleaner sharper world than this,
 who feels earth's form and structure as a lover,
 as yields no shapes our fingertips enjoy
 as true beyond the limping chance of sense;
 and with him too the small-boned introvert
 who grips the angles in a common scene
 and sets them down with clear divided touch
 in such bare brilliance that my eyes begin
 to hold life in the round — and palpable.
 The other man, the restless epotist,
 despite our nature's quarrel must deserve
 my silent thanks, for he has given me
 new planets to inhabit; for his dreams
 offer a ledge and succour to my mind
 rocking at moments on the crumbling edge
 of comfortable being — and dismayed
 by the quagged terrors of the self submerged.

22.12.43

A Note on Rhetoric

(after reading Stephen V. Benet's "Western Star")

You blame his verse for being rhetoric

It is but the speech of an honest man
and when you give your words the colour of life
and after fill them with emotion, you
are but rhetorical. Away with it.

Be dumb then. Flick your fingers; and yet your wrists
expressing slowly the little - and graceful thing
are still rhetorical. I have a tuner gauge: -
let the heart speak; but let the mind preside
in judgment on the words to disallow
the word unfelt, the bloodless syllable

This will admit the Tawdry sentiment
that floods the exile's kids, the sticky grasp
of the slack dancers crooning in a daze

Examine but the words. My gauge is true

82

These are but borrowed words, thin gutless sounds
I mean the words that have the skin of breath
the words that always come to the innocent -
I have heard a man in a cabin in the west
I have stood to talk to a weathered man with a scythe
Passing I cried salute to a crooked woman
who called her greeting across a wall of stones
I have talked with a man at the bar of a cattle boat
his elbow lifted, a stick tilted under his outer
and what these people have spoken is poetry -
the thing that Wordsworth jumbled for and caught
outside the rigid mesh of his theory
the thing I try to give to my spoken words -
spoken but never loudly. There is the danger.
The lifted voice Jalsetto goes beyond
the limits - and the disciplines of truth.
Truth lies on the horizon. You overhear it.

The Graft

Later my people reached this misty shore
 Then many others who with osiered hede
 on him cawked plank hobbled over the grey sea
 and struck their tall spears in the yielding sod;
 but we can claim three hundred years at least
 since the rash Tudor brigand named the fields
 to the dark suited clerk that we should till
 for noted rent and service. We have lost
 what land that was, the farmers of our name
 still labour in Clonroot; and if the coin
 turns up the side leath for I should like
 my twenty acres with a slated house
 an apple orchard jelled with sprawling boughs
 - and dappled calves beneath them, and a hill
 that late in winter holds the setting sun
 in a bare ledge.

Yet this indulgent dream
 rootless as smoke will disappear as soon

my father's elder brother found his hearth
 a long shot further in the jatted west
 his son my cousin took a German wife
 and their tall children are Americans

My father's younger brother dies in France;
 his soldier's son is known by another name,
 a name I do not grudge him, for it is
 a good man's name, of a just and kindly man;
 and he will likely find his world is bound
 by the high castle over the windy town
 and the salt-breezes blowing from the north.

These are cut off from Ireland. In their hearts
 Whitman and Burns Wallace and Jefferson
 may throng the shrines the heart must always hold;
 but never now Cuchulainn or the proud
 king-baiting bards this bare and lonely land
 bore for our spirits' nurture - for our spirits'
 for we have lived so long upon this soil
 beneath these haunted everchanging skies

that I would challenge any black-crowned Gael
to prove a deeper lusty than we;
and yet it seems that when my last breath ebbs
that small three-hundred-year adventure ends
and the slow stubborn English attitude
grafted upon the Celtic turbulence
dies in one fibre that with better luck
had borne a fruit and leaf unperilled
which yet may come but will take longer now.

Stanza in Irish form

14.12.43

I keep my quiet vigil
where the moonlight belts still
and the mad city's fears
are muted and nothing stirs.

27. XII. 43 86

The Use of Rime

What use the ease, the slowly kindled thought,
the mind's grey labour till the line be wrought
that shall not wholly seem compact of lies
for the base senses' needy compromise?

If versify you must then be content
with the vague lyric's shop-soiled sentiment
-and count your stanzas not too idly staves
tangled in holly on a Christmas card
-and imitate his stall who idly scrawls
his bawdy ^{verse} couplet on the lime-washed walls.

V

S. 21

The Soukerrain

We cut the sod. We dug the heavy mould
to bare the stones that stronger folk had laid
over their tunnelled dwellings. Pick and spade
reminded back and arm that we grew old
save for the lead whose ^{easy} every gesture told
that this was something near his proper trade.
Absolved by age the ^{noddling} priggled farmer made
his shrewd predictions we should find no gold.

At last the stone was scraped, was ^{bared} brought to light
and shifted as the mould began to run
in sandless tuckles slowly out of sight
and for a moment gold could never buy
I left the restless world of moon and sun
for the cool breath of still antiquity.

X

S. 22

Christmas Day

At noon a flock of rooks dispersed and high
passed slowly over, certain of their way.
The fine rain ceased. The sun came out to stay
and at the crossroads mustered leisurely
men met to talk; and in the woods nearby
a rifle banged, for it was Christmas Day,
and sober farmers had the right to play
the every field employed should question why.

It was not merely Sabbath of restraint
with its tolled duties and its recent spell
when the good husband man with silent stude
marks out his bounds, and notes the need of paint,
of broken fence, of tillage going well,
and evidence of spring's returning tide.

28. XII. 43

This sober verse I labour long to write
grave in its texture clunched by sound, by sight;
by every facet of adjusted sense,
and measured with a careful confidence
that what I know and feel is sane, and well
within the limits of the credible
despite all this will earn no loyer lease
than gold on whin than flapping leaves on trees
and every litmus tested adjective
and every pulchreproved noun will seem to give
a dusty air a foxed and motley smell
to what my withered senses loved so well
and the sharp edges whose perspectives can
true to the focus of an earnest man
shall seem rococo flourish or design
round the frayed margins of a valentine.

29. XII. 43

20

S23 Prospect

I wait for slaughter, I who am immune
by my lethargic cowardice from the fate
that the trained yawning thousands stand to wait
which may be closer than the next full moon
and must be for the portents flag it soon.
The well-greased shipways create beneath the weight
as the tall hull sheers up deliberate
and the dull cops engage to crash the noon.

That you will launch an eye upon the earth
with teeming purpose. Thronged and prophetic
and new unmeasured chance will come to birth
loved and unlovely usages will die
and men shall purchase freedom by their worth
but none shall claim me of their company.

29/30. XI. 43

S 24 On what some call 'Ulster's Cultural Revival'

These may be days that will outshout the time
with its chill siren and pounding cannonade
for certain men - Ulster here have made
strong urgent verse with rhyme or lacking rhyme
their fathers never bettered. In their prime
their fellows too who take the painter's trade
have bared for us what long was overlaid,
the bone and colour of our fog-rimmed climate.

It may be so. The shifting chance of place
and circumstance has let us all go free
from the black fortune that befalls the world
inhabiting a small lagoon of grace
against whose stubborn reef in vain are hurled
the broken, dark commandos of the sea.

Inscribed in Presidential Volume given to
Richard Rowley April 1944

30/31. XI. 43 92

The Swathe Uncut

As the brown mowers shove across the field
shapes fled before them thrusting back the grain
til in a shrinking angle unrevealed
the frightened here crouched back, the best, at bay
for ever the comerake, blind in his dismay,
had found the narrow safety of the drain

And so of old the Country folk declared
the last swathe holds a wayward fugitive
uncaught with gentle tremulously scared
that must be by the nature of all grain
the spirit of the corn that should be slain
if the sowed seed will have the strength to live.

Then by their ancient ritual they sought
to kill the queen the goddess, and ensure
that her spent husk and shell be safely brought
to some known corner of beneficence
lest her desired and lively influence

be left to mark the ^{next} ~~last~~ plow's signature.

So I have figured in my crazy wit
is this flat island surrendered to the west
the last swathe left uncut, the blessed wheat
wherein still free the gentle creatures run
incontinently battenning upon
the unregimented and the unpossessed.

wherein still free the gentle creatures so
instructively enervate, rest or slow
unregimented, never yet possessed

31. ~~XII~~. 43 97
22.40 hours

✓
S. 25

Why should I seek to vex my flagging mind
with a last sonnet to conclude the year?
Four seasons alternating hope and fear
have blown away and left no gold behind
and death has come upon my breed and kind
and some I love are ferried far from here
and may return not. Yet my griefs appear
remote when time's perspectives are defined.

And what is preferred? Words like victory
that drag a hungry retinue of wrong
and wear infection in their weeping sores.
Yet stubborn as the ichor in the tree
I know this naked branch shall shake with song
the autumn swept the birds to other shores.

Verse in 1944.

The New Year Bells

"Happy New Year" said the confident bell
 "let us give the old buffer a sailor's farewell."

"Happy New Year" jingled out of the sky
 "Your favorite brother is going to die
 with the men on the beaches or swept by the waves
 and standardized crosses will mark out the graves"

"Happy New Year" tolled a hesitant one
 "This telegram - Missing - refers to your son"

"Happy New Year" boomed the fourth "I declare
 that your sister's son will fall out of the air"

"Happy New Year" all in clowns resound
 "The mackerel fatten on men that are drowned"

Merrily leppily hammered the bells.
 I tried hard to sleep and dream them false.

God knows I do the best I can
 I check the lies behind the lips
 and render unto every man
 the services he gulps or sips

Content enough that he should leave
 the thrust cups uncontaminated
 or so intention would believe
 had not the will to legislate.

10-I-44

The fine Parade of Progress is dispersed
as sudden shower upon the flimsy crowd
and now in sagged marguerite I dry my face
and wonder should I wait or bolt for home.

10-I-44

100

The Yacht

I perched in safety on my father's shoulder
(light for my age and I was not yet four)
to watch the circus flourish into the road:
sunlight on brass, - and on the dry Laburnum
with pods I must not pluck. The piebald ponies,
the roaring clowns, the barred and nodding beasts,
the fleece-thighed cowboys with the banging guns
the small white girl upon the fat white horse
and all that creaking wealth of caravans
had reached the corner - at the long road's crest
and disappeared for ever. // They are gone
with kites and marbles - and my lovely yacht -
a stout seaworthy shape a sailor made
not one of your slight "Shamrocks" trembling on
a long torpedo keel. One summer day
I set its bowsprit for a crack jumped rock
my father named, across the bouldered port
The voyage halfway finished suddenly
the boom swung over, - as she bobbed her bow,

The hedge foot grasses god of celandine
offer no largesse to my snatching thought
who lack the plowman's faith that in the dark
brown furrow scoured across the ^{withered} stubble field
signs a receipt for certainty of gain.

8

104

Here in the old store house
well hid with foliage from the mad squirrel's view
where many coachmen on the cold flagged floor
stuffed toe on heel to ^{slough} shed the heavy boot
before they hoisted aching limbs to bed
where later gardeners after gardeners,
all Protestant, held dirtgrained fists to lips
but could not wash away the pungent smell
of manure until they went into the mould
we somehow share the brave humanity
of hearty men, of knowledgeable men
whose talk was graft and sive, whose wildest tale
was of a fabulous war or fabled mare
and we grow thirsty in the desert years
of roaring streets and blent stampeding crowds
suddenly turn our heads towards the door
expecting some tall man to smite the latch
and bring the tang of leather to the room.

But for the sea's persuasion and the salt
 wind bitter from the east, the earth had been
 sheathed in frost's crust, snow wedged in crutch of trees
 for it was cold. The sky hung threatening
 with random flocks of flakes that reached as sleet
 the raw wet soil, or ran mercurial
 in beaded beads along the withered straws.
 And in this haze, this indecisive-gasp,
 I swung at last, waiting for the word,
 the word, all crystal, giving resonance
 to the chattered notions jumbling in my mind
 that look for frost to earn the pang of death.

I thought gone daft with liberty
 these tufted ducks that left the shore
 had hurried off to tell the bay
 that here were those they waited for.
 The key was in the cottage door.

We turned the lock. The fire was lit
 and waved its flames behind the bars...
 On table and on window ledge
 were daffodils in shining jars
 and flowering currants' jutting flower stars.

The stove and grate were red and bright
 no room had heart to answer us
 when we climbed calling step by step
 throughout its whole expectant house:
 perhaps it did not wait for us.

When we went out by next the trees

They stood aloof and shivering
with no green flicker of salute,
their clenched throats waiting for the spring,
the building beat, the homing wing.

But later walking in the dust
we found the lonely ruin still,
the two jagends of shattered wall,
the gaping window's crumbling cell,
talked upon the moated hill

Between the rays of mortared stone
among the nettles standing up
we paused just long enough to see
a ghostly soldier raise his cup

We vex our minds with thought. Pursuit of proof
at times forbids the easy acts of sense,
and to the pauper and gear driven hours
offers no more than, at infrequent moments,
the child's surprise that two and two make four,
a thing to babble of and show to friends:
while vacantly the sad and patient heart
wraps callous fingers round a wincing cinder
and longs to stretch by roots the jelling spores
before they blacken in the sober air.

The iceberg bulk below the water line
drives thro' a richer world than splintered prow
that rocks inconstant, vowed to gall or stain:
its dark keel now leaves its element.

We turned along the tempting lane:
it looked a promise sort of place.
we did not mind the squelchy ruts,
the brambles reaching for the face;

but there was only withered grass
and hollow weeds gone tinder dry,
and not a leaf on ash or birch
to break the greyness of the sky

And soon the track became a bog
with spots of hooves and oily smear
Its on the tall and tilted rods
the funny birds told spring was near.

We turned to find a dryer path
and passed a little quiet farm
that smoked its lonely turf in peace
crooked in a quarry's sunny arm.

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Three rooks held grey nets to the wind
upon the highest of the trees
while broken earth beyond the hedge
was poplars with claffanches

The rooks flapped off; the smaller birds
rose in a whirl of voice and wing
to settle on a safer sod
and there resume their bickering.

We walked on turf not troubled yet
by the cold ploughshare's parallels
the half the bog and latent slope
lay stiff beneath a hundred weals

and at a corner banked with whin
we chambered up and slithered down
th on the stoned and gravelled road
we turned our faces to the town.

Poems in April

18. →

Not the sermon not the humpet-
or the volley at the grave
can provide the proper ribbon
for the man who wished to live

since the shrapnel raged cobwebs
Laying loosely flapping short-
cannot shield the cloud topped beano stalks
to the superseded heart.

Poem in May

29.V.44¹¹²

Northam
Catham Wd. X

May afternoon with birds in every bush
and the hot walls forgotten, I surrender,
my tired mind callous with slack rhetoric
and close to terror at the sick world's plight,
to this clean kingdom vehement with life
that does not need my wrist to crank its gears
but marks its rich and independent hours
with ebb and flow of perfume and of colour,
its little threads of being, chords of motion
as restlessly complex as evening swarm
of summer midges by a drifting stream.

I lay my senses bare, uncritical,
to be possessed, enjoyed, - and laid aside,
and taken up enhanced another time,
not only by my avuncular mind,
but by the swift sensations that themselves
have schooled a surer temper of response.

The life about me, from the humming ground

its gay green gemmed with yellow pimples,
with tracks ^{still involved} yet uncurled, its rusted whorls
as fat as caterpillars, to the trees
heavy with blossom, thick with singing leaves,
and the high sky - a quivering dome of light,
so overloads the senses that I sink
into a friendly pantheistic dream
that offers healing - and eternity
secure from pain did not the diligent
and plodding mind, not yet relaxed, insist
on small half-hearted efforts to define
the interwoven strands, the elements
that fused, create - a unity beyond
the simple appreciation of their sum:
the chaffinch with his sturdy string of notes
that quavers at the end beyond his reach;
the limestone-loving neat forget-me-not
close to my toe; the moss that cracks the rocks
(the dry and fibrous moss, each had - a forest
wherein spring's green thrusts back the autumn's death)
the frosts have menaced, on whose ragged edge

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I hoist my limbs; the sycamore above
that holds a bird song still anonymous
to my poor essay, counterpointed by
the cliff-chaff's reefer, ^{hissing monotone (9.7.)} pulse monotonous,
and all the sounds and colours that surround
the hard stone of my heart like endless rips
- a pebble waters in a sleepy pond.

Inscribed in a Book on Blake

Now with our friendly wishes take
 this little Book on William Blake
 You'll love the man who sought to draw
 the visionary forms he saw,
 who tried to find gay golden words
 for songs of angels - and of birds;
 for you in your own way have found
 the teeming earth enchanted ground
 and know the space from star to star
 is never empty never far
 if Love has chance to try his wings
 if Heart inclines when Pity sings.

The speargash leave for Thomas
 the telling leave to John:
 I step out on a journey
 into a different dawn.

The treetops rock with leafy loads
 the wind from the west is strong:
 the ground begs, dry and draughty,
 for the rain to come along

The doctor's wife unsnicks the gate
 the doctor's car leaps out:
 he hurries to fetch a newborn soul
 or maybe a dozen of stout.

The Spark

The whole world happens in my mind
the secret fear the headline news
the very things I hoped to find
the things I did not choose.

I've tried with tedious unsuccess
to set my lovely spirit free
but each event regards me less
than the wind the apple tree.

Stirring the ember
in log warmed december
always remember
the ghost of the tree:
dried or creature
of fabulous nature
that moaned in the forest
and longed to be free;

But now that the chance has
thrown wide its expanses
and offers the dances
wind-merry and free,
feels naked and lonely
and longs to be only
the sap in the timber
the heart of a tree

18.7.44

51.44

Sonnet Present Prospect

The Sundered lovers whisper in the night,
the crying seas between, the stolen years;
and tho' the cold globe spins into the light
an equal darkness waits with other years:

The dangers of the changing heart; the dread
of a world altered out of scale or shape;
the dismal limping days dispersed
with only lonely death as safe escape;

The old lies crawling back into the sun
to spawn and slobber where the stone was clean:

That pace of time that cannot be outrun,
its mocking spring inevitably green
with that heart leaping joy we cannot teach
to the maimed nations, by our broken speech

Instawriting

19.7.44

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Aranmore

The small boy drove the shaggy ass
out of the yard along the track
rutted between two dry stone walls
to fetch more turf to raise the stack

Barefoot he tugged behind its tail
too shy to lay and stride with us
an older lad would match our pace
and find a ^{topic} ~~thesis~~ to discuss

He swung his switch, a sally rod
his bleached head glinting in the sun
but only flicked his ragged thighs
- and lettered nonchalantly on

We spoke no word. The boy, the ass,
the rutted felt across the bare
unprofitable mountainside
were native to that grim air:

But as we followed, rap and hatch,
The strip that traced the splintered creek,
The bare matted flanks, the hoops unshod
graving away and down at heel,

so woke our pity, I pronounced
a bitter sentence to condemn
The land that bears such boys and beasts
to starve the beauty out of them.

The small boy heard - not quite my words
but rather saw - my angry tone;
a bright blush warmed his sunburnt neck.
He struck - a sharp and jolting blow

and drew the ass with head and cry
to clear off the track and out of sight,
altho' the deep turf trenches lay
clearly ahead - there on the right;

misjudging my intent, - and sure

that we were proud and critical.
Your father's ^{head} ass is very dear
if you are poor, if you are small. . . .

22.7.44

S.2.44

Sonnet 1 The Pomp of Rhetoric

I spend the pomp of my best rhetoric
for public utterance and parading show.
I spell a future I shall never know,
nor they know either - such is breath's sad trick,
to such mute people as I can constrain
to hear me out. I moult my loyalties
in rotund words that never can contain
that same warm truth for anyone of these
which chokes my throat and breaks upon my lash
and bids my nibbled fingers chop the air.
But when I pause, the severed smoke and ash
are but expense of spirit and despair:
and I am void and far from what I willed
and those who hungry gaped so by unfilled.

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S.3.44

Sonnet II The Will of Words

The will of words distorts my limping thought
into my attitudes I never meant;
and what I hoped was bravely effluent,
when scalpel-slit is pitilessly wrought
of stick and string. The charge of life I sought
to flood thin lines with, flaying impotent,
has set but sparks of wit by accident;
nor light nor warmth however dearly bought.

Could I equate them: word thought and spoken word
I were a wiser man than I can show
from evidence I have but overheard
in the coiled chambers of my challenged heart.
I can but find the nests and speak the fact
which least denies what my best moments know.

Cherry tree

There is a high and lovely cherry tree
 topping the sprawling apples, reaching to
 a tall and never-wind-neglected beech,
 that carries on a bare and splintered branch,
 bravely thrust from the close interplay
 of sudden elbows and involved twigs,
 a socket-nest of bees that fill the shade
 with all the stirring life of sycamore.

The cherries grow far out of Lend's stutlet way
 and can be gathered only from the grass
 when chance snaps stem infrequent. Most of them
 are left to thrushes as the weather's care.

It seems a just and honourable act
 that in this garden there should be a place
 - a gesture of oblation and of thanks
 for green fat pods and rain-veined cabbages.

Partisans - a friend's letter

The words read merely: "a short time ago
 I spent some days on Vis
 There was a little job I had to do.
 Later I'll write about it. The Partisans
 impressed me." That was all. No hint of colour
 no fleshing detail to resolve the shadows
 now mountainous and stark that crowd about
 the brooding mind - at signal of that name:
 the lean brown faces and the tilted caps
 the rifles slung, the pathway up the cliff
 the night foray, the elms clanked bravely
 the clenched determination to achieve
 - a clean just life where men may move with grace
 the lonely death, the knuckled peasant grief

My friend, a doctor, when I think of him
 walks slowly down the gravel to the wall
 where the bright roses show his care, or sits
 laughing within the room that he must leave

the men for his wise discursive talks

I took the atlas from its shelf and traced
the numbered letter for the proper square
which gupped that sea gannet coast within a frame
and found the name he noted, wondering
what was the job that he had gone to do
and if his sharp hands gave the ease desired
and if, when language failed, his friendly smile
showed up the comfort in the wounded mind.

And somehow in that play of images
he took allotted place: his healing care
for wounds or sores used at last to aid
the wrenching labour of a braver life
than that we mine through anxious unconvinced
here in an ailing nation, sick to death.

He now has an inalienable part
in Europe's future and the younger world's
though I remain at peace and overripe

with jolly knowledge and outmoded thought
because this is my friend I too may share
in that hard consummation by his leave.

The never failing well ✓

Let me give thanks that verse has never failed
to flood the arid courses of the arid mind
when after dreary intervals devoted
to tedious public effort stale and parched
by that course of diversion, I withdraw
to squat beside the wellspring of my thought
and set the empty pitchers in the place
where they may be replenished. Never yet
have I watched them unsatisfied. It seems
that as the rain in darkness brings earth's core
and dew of night and morning wash the world
so every well of sense all unperceived
has stored its tribute to be drawn upon
when the dry throats require it. By this faith
and not by faith alone, by shining proof
I turn once more to what I yet must do.

54.44

Sonnet ✓

No longer now the gesture or the deed
the cloak Byronic with the proper sky
the wind-blown lake the number guarantee
the gaunt brow mooning up the misty hill
The poet now must ^{head} the common level
be member of, as active as maybe,
this board or that must speak responsibly
on head and faction in the lecture hall

must also foster, listening intent
chalk up the score of human rights and wrongs
know without proof what is significant
in buyer's thrust or drover's gift of tongues
yet find his softest pitch, for all his care
in parcellating seed and punctual star.

S5.44 Sonnet

I and the shadow that inhabits me
 have frequent scuffles nearly every day
 I say: Tomorrow in my speech I'll say
 this witty thing or this - so bait and Joe
 for the attention spent my mindfully
 on what I have to offer. The display
 will shock and shake them back the proper way.
 My shadow huffs: I'll stick to poetry.

My shadow says Remark the falling leaf
 altho' July has not achieved his leaf
 The flight the song the crested wren are brief
 These are decaying mortals in the street.
 I say: The memory lasts. He says: The wisest part
 is in the bare uncomplicated least.

S6.44

The Craft to Learn

I have grown anxious at this tense concern
 with the poet's role, with how the adjusted cello
 change rattled metal to a feel of bells.
 There is no book of rules that you may learn
~~by patient study of the parallels~~
 the by heart. There is no proof that you may learn
 by patient study of the parallels,
 the tongue ^{that has been chosen} to be selected from all else
 whereon the biting coal may hiss and burn.

And yet and yet there surely is a place
 not on the lovely tower of prophecy,
 but in the ^{common} street where, ^{I have read,} it is said,
 the ^{craft} craftsmen ^{make} master unobtrusively
 whose diligence is prayer, without whose grace
 the city shall not be inhabited

[Ecclesiasticus ^{at} 38]

26.7

✓ Autumn Comes

Autumn returns, although the summer's tide
scattered in trough and never hit its height
in sun-topped crest of vast translucent wave.

We waited for the abandoned incident
untroubled moment of eternity
when earth his satisfied and senses yearn
but lack the effort to include all good
and good persuades us in an act of grace;
but chill uncertain mornings, showers at noon
and fitful sun provocative denied
the slow warm consummation of the year.

Now in the slack and leeway of the days
the long rope tightens to a touch of frost
to sharper voices in the evening air
and the sweet sudden odour of the fall;
and the slat rain beats down the withered shreds
from the ripe beeches, and the chestnuts shew

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deep in the web of leaves the yellow touch
on lip and tooth and here at last I stand
on the rich limits of the year fulfilled.

26.7.44

First Corncrake

We heard the corncrake's call from close at hand,
and took the lane that led us near the noise;
a leaved hellebore, flanked by sycamore,
was no small wedge of world. We crouched and peered
through the close thorn. The moving cry again
swivelled our gaze. Time whispered in the leaves.
A tall ditch-grassblade rocked as a languid bee
brushed the dry shiver with a rasping wing.
In silence still we watched, a careless heel
smashing a twig husk, grating on the grit,
and winning for itself a warning glance.
Then, when stony patience seemed about to give
as if the world demanded leave to move
on its stony rolling pitch about the sun,
I saw a head, a narrow pointed head
shining among the brown weed-mottled grass,
as the nondescript and edgy voice
kept up its head complaint. I held the spot
in a fixed gaze. The brown head disappeared,

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was seen in seconds in another clump;
and, for a blessed moment, full in sight
the brown bird, brighter than the book jaysaw,
stood calling in a little pool of grass.
I moved a finger and you shared the joy
that chance till then had never offered us

It would have been a little grief to know
this punctual cry each year, and yet grow old
without one glimpse of him who made the cry.
The heart still hankers for the rounded shape.

latest version printed
as second part of "Compass" (1944)

finished 6.8.44

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The Ruins Answer

[a new draft of a poem first written in early spring 1937
recast in 1939; called variously "Phalanx" or "Prelude
to Decision"] There is a later draft still

What now for Europe; where numb millions wait
the hoped event that must for most be late;
and even those not yet involved with death
draw crippled breath

till all can turn to life released again,
slow and repetitive in word and thought,
living the gestures by our fathers taught,
essaying simple gestures of our own?

To let this be, to bring again the life
unregimented lazy talkative;
to build a world where one might catch a glance
and stop to dance,

sure of the guarantee of friendly touch
there will be found no twist of tongue or heart;
where no one chides the man who walks apart

because they know his silence makes them rich;

- can we presume a comfortable peace
tooled with wise saws - and recent instances
that check hot pattern by the chill event
of precedent,
- and not then find the avalanche of time
set on its sloping course these hundred years
- and greased to sliding by our cynic fears
will leave the valley only its white name?

To bring this good life? May we lean on prayer
to grey hypothesis we hope will ecore,
or by surrender of our personal
subjective will

to an assured encroaching discipline
established by a class or one man's mind?

Too well the ruins answer truth is found
in blowing seed - and not in printed stone.

The lichened Christ, so pierced by theory

we miss the timber of the riddled tree
or hoisted so above our jumbling reach
we cannot touch

The human comfort of his wounded hand,
cannot as yet draw out from any face
the sweat of glory and the light of grace,
and will not till we walk a wiser ground.

Shall science then release a rule of light
laying its harness on the shuddering might
of howling waters, to eradicate
hunger and hate?

Not yet, or maybe never; for the still
that seeks by narrow scrutiny for truth
may heal the sore upon the broken mouth
but leave the tongue a crazy dream to tell.

Can art make certain justice moves in men?
Art can but jig according to the tune:
The man had first to be wakened and to break
Laid stone awake,

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a lecher-king's whim cracked him to his bed;
and this tore music from the thunder once
at uncoupled order of a halfwit prince;
this graven sonnet was a coward's boast.

Not these. The world affronts your influence
Walk quietly behind your painted fence
and set the paths in order; tend with care
the blossoms there:
be ready to achieve a rounded shape
for hours and pulses of your family
-graft your tall fancies to a fruiting tree
and bid the slow thought bulge like drowsy grape.

This may be well. But if disaster comes
who knows what trumpet or demanding drum?
The high wall can no more than bramble hedge
turn terror's edge.
There still may gaze your heart against the sky,
not man's hate only, not by bomber's load.
See that cold tree by lightning's finger laid

when the small moss assumes his mastery.

To win the life our acting needs define
we must face humbly to an older shrine.
We must strip off our lovely annoyance
and grip each chance
by question texture in the actual hand,
letting the heart rehearse within the dream
the proven password and the proper name
for what we know but cannot understand.

We must seek back for any clue of work
to keep, beneath our feet, a friendly earth
wherefrom, for all our notions, we derive
the right to live,
which will withdraw that right if we forsake
the simple wisdom of the seasons' round
and bank instead on a system shrewdly planned
to offer less than it intends to take.

For the bare mind, unable to devise

The total truth from what each sense supplies,
shifts its rough feet here so, that way or this,
by emphasis,
till the tense balance shivers out too far,
and the bow plunges as we try by talk
to bluff the wave to wash no past the rock,
too ignorant to trust a stoned star.

No will we gain that equipage unless
we learn to answer blessing and to bless,
else on a dusty cinder we shall wait
the clout of fate,
too sick to mark the mocking epitaph,
"all these long years within the swineherd's hut
then niggard logic never would admit
the father's welcome and the fatted calf".

7.44

Sonnet

X

I may have faltered in my love for men,
 let a contemptuous vanity - enjuse
 my sullen features; for the part I choose
 must keep my passions chill and alien
 to nine at least who pass me out of ten;
 and if I lose that loneliness I lose
 the inner power which my knit senses use
 to make the valid moment live again
 in patient verse, in phrases that contain
 what wisdom I have reached by anxious art.
 So, though I spend no love and ever bring
 to those that love me momentary pain,
 I know in spite of all my faltering
 there never has been treason in my heart.

20.8.44

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I dream for satisfaction when the rage
 that drives me headlong after this or that
 to make men turn again to splendid ways
 with life for wife that is so wise or shatterin',
 when these drawn days have toothed the tense ^{new} bare
 and laid a sticky spittle on the tongue
 I dream for satisfaction that I sup
 a quenching cup beside a shawbound pump
 that drew its springing liquid many a mile
 and filtered down the tilted limestone slabs
 from a little mountain tarn that lapped all night
 the bright and frosty nipples of the stars.

(Cuskerdeth
Cuskerdum)

1.05

X
 This is a lull in time. The oats are stooked
 but not yet carted; and the blackberries
 are only on the warmest bushes ripe:
 birdsong has slackened save for thrush and robin,
 morning and evening colloquy of rooks
 and distant pigeons throating in the wood.
 The leaves are not yet clothed in the ditch
 tho' here and there a low twig roughly snapped
 his yellowing in the mud. The fitful sun
 checked by the jerky alps as slabs of cloud
 spills momentary light on gull and cliff,
 brown basalt and white feathers charged with gold,
 somehow eternal, somehow absolute.

Take then a moment in the early night
 when days' black showers are blown to rags of grey
 and on the twilight world there breaks a light
 a moon that soon will be the lowest moon:
 the place a lush thick meadow after lay
 that slopes to quiet willows by a stream
 as all is silence save from faraway
 the tired sea beating on the lonely shore

meshed in the webby texture of a dream
 that gives its logic to the chance event
 my eyes blink no surprise when suddenly
 a white horse races down from the shadowed ledge
 to pause and shiver by the rippled edge
 where the tall angles cast and cast again
 his swishing rod as the black steam swirls by
 and the white moon goes slowly up the sky.

The Tramp.

The man was crouching close against the ledge
 to light his cutty; at his feet a sack
 say- quarter full but twisted to a knot
 showed his vocation. He held up his nose
 out of the match flame because the time.
 We stepped towards him eager for his talk
 an oldish man and bearded; here and there
 a bulging pocket in a vest or coat
 hinted at tea and sugar stored in tins
 the little oval tins that old men carry.

He hoisted up his sack and took his staff
 - as started off with us along the road.
 We tried to win his words; for who since Syge
 has such good conversation as a tramp?
 But he was tired or stupid; all we earned
 were querulous complaints at Governments
 that had let profits out of checked lenses
 and information without interest

on a new house an old man'd built himself
 some twenty years ago. Even Biggar's cairn,
 the phony cairn that archeologist
 had piled upon the legendary spot
 where Shane or some old ruffian of his clan
 was murdered or his buried did not wake
 a decent sentence from the hairy lips.
 He aimed at least to get to Bettyroy
 across the hills before the ^{rain} began.
 a good eight miles of moor and mountain road.
 He had no story of the way he came
 or any ponder hope of what would be
 and not a single philosophic phrase.
 We left him at a farm. He wished us luck
 apologising for his laggard pace
 and turned to greet the women at the door:
 a little disconcerted we went on
 assessing in our thought the reputation
 that elicits all regrets out of prose or verse.

Next day returning from the Lemmas Fair

our climbing motor passed his tending form
leaning with half filled sack towards Ballyvoey;
and on the steep bare road between the hills
I kept revolving in my tangled mind
still muddled from the stir of men and beasts
what he had been to sell or buy or beg
sorghum or dulse or old moor's almanacs?

Rooks in the Rain ✓ Crookedell

At noon the rain began with streams of mist
that rolled and spilled along the open glen
and webbed the world with grey and spiked the thorn
with beaded light, and later rapped the leaves
the laurel vainly stretched to catch the sun.
A single thrush in undergrowth gave voice
above the tedious battering of the rain
that slackened only for the gusty wind
and then continued steadily to fall
thru the long sabbath hours.
The cottage smoke went up among the trees
half heartedly. No other evidence
of life dare venture from the safe dry walls
and at the hour when rooks flap crying back
from the brown stubble to discuss their day
and arbitrate the mutual argument
in the last sunlight on the topmost twigs
they came with ^{out} a caw, and settled down
with minor scuffles to a dismal night.

Outmoded, stale and dull
 I go my patient way
 remarking still how beautiful
 the sunlight on the spray.

And if you will outdo
 my solitary verse
 I shall not turn the happy coat
 that wears the sticky buttons.

I turn to trees -

These trees are metaphors
 for some green trunk that traps and taps the sun
 not merely in my own and lonely mind
 but in that part of life all beings share
 which seizes from the end-results of sense
 the flow the pulse the continuity
 that even gives the forked divided man
 the mute coherence that a shadow throws.

These are not merely allegorical trees
 fictions for fashion, counters for a game
 worth this and this by usage or agreement.

These mortal trees have immortality
 lively in sap and acid. When I walk
 my heel is always on a withered leaf.

Clergyman on Vacation

The clergyman at lunch was affable

he smiled us to our places and began

after the soup to be informative

with just that little haze of ostentation

in the bland leading question he proposed

"Perhaps you've heard of the poet who lived here?"

His former residence you may observe

across the Bay. A truly lovely place."

I said I had and knew her work quite well

He started other topics. I wouldn't play.

He talked of local artists for the place

is thick with blue hill painters - as a hat

of cow dung in a meadow's thick with clags.

I mentioned that we'd met a tramp that morning

away to the west there cresting the coast road

He talked of tramps and tinkers how they were

reckless dishonest, quite a problem here

and wondered how they could be satisfied

with the uncertain weather of their days

with only ditch or workhouse at the end.

all hand to mouth with no security.

I murmured that there was a certain text

that bid us let tomorrow come unplanned

He smiled at my young innocence - and set

me right about its meaning. "What it means

is that we shouldn't be too much concerned....

but every reasonable man provides

We must not make that our sole aim in life

not over anxious but give it some thought...."

Yes that's what Christ meant by it."

I ate my rice

and for a moment saw a spinning screen

of temple steps and shouting - and stampede....

the battmen walking thro the Sabbath corn

X The Stableyard in September.

This yard is a well in time. Altho for years
 no neat hooves sparked and clashed the flinty cobbles
 and the great door now opens to admit
 only a shabby barrow there is a sense
 beyond the mere mortality of things
 that gives it quality. Along one side
 is cornstore, stable, and the coachman's house,
 under one (seated) roof, two storied, warm brown stone:
 the stable's stacked with hay, the store with tools;
 only the house maintains its former purpose:
 the rest is well with arch for door and gate
 There on the right hand from the ~~door~~^{house} to its lower
 where it joins the walled outside wall
 and at its base a ship is ~~ship~~^{net} in colour
 with rank nasturtium and mauve clematis
 that floods the corner with its lewisk growth
 subdued a little by this rhetoric
 sweetpea and stock suggest that they be known
 more by their scent. A bank of laurels hides

the low shed with its broad sky laden leaves
 The sunnelled cobbles are overlaid with dirt
 save for a fan before the latticed porch.
 But here come thrush and robin when they will
 the coarse thrush loafing round the jailing flowers
 the busker robin giving pride a song
 from tilted plank, or busy bit and juncle
 concerned with stubborn crust that will not fly;
 there in their efforts three dimensional
 flutter and peck and go and flutter back
 while in the autumn sun the air is scored
 with insects whose swift courses carry light
 in horizontal and tangential keffei
 but never like the sunshower, vertical;
 the whole yard swims with escape life stream.

Above the wells the tall sides of the well
 are lathed with trees, ^{bold} beeches and conifers
 that end far up in branchy Johape
 lively with black rooks daily setting out
 on plotted enanads to the stookey fields

and cawing low with comment while the sun
still smears the upper tiffs with nearly gold.
On sky is the small lake they do not cross
even ⁱⁿ when, extensive from the house, a man
will step to light his pipe and gauge the weather,
and at that instant nervously they break
into evasive flight and scuffling rape
making him feel as iritant as truth

158
11-9
Where Comfort Is. ✓

With no such skill in song
as was of old to come
where men would joy to prolong
ambered in rime at Rome,

I tease my speech and fret
the substance of my thought
that I may not forget
delight that days have brought

Chiefly in love and use
so does my nature move
no ^{terror}-contest and no trace
disturb my even love

As for a decade thus
the trowden land is known
this acre populous
this rootless sand and stone

Yet as the studied field
so allers with the skies
The sober harvest yield
is poppied with surprise

Chestnut and beech
sycamore and willow
with one ^{chill} touch
of autumn are yellow

Even the alder
slanting over the river
is cold and older
than you shall be ever

who hold a thought
with a simple passion
shall last thro drought
to the rainy season

That swan I see upon the sullen water
is Leda's lover and a son of his
moves slowly now encumbered by the verses
remembered from grave long forgotten books.

The very whiteness that its cold reflection
set in a lower key to keep subdued
is white of cloud and snow and wall and collar
is colour scumbled and the gesso panel.

Its feathers are the feathers of a gull
stark in short turf beside the grazing ewe,
the swansdown also trembling on the grass.
Its hard eyes are unfriendly as the eyes
that were unfriendly in a distant street
because they are unlike the friendly eyes
of an old man upon the mountain road
or one, no stranger, in a crowded room.

162
The bent neck swaying and the flat dark beak
are neck and beak of swans when I was small
anxiously waiting till they cruised away
and left my little paper fleet in peace.

Substance and light provide the unthumbed clay;
my eyes give texture and my ears give shape.

This never can be just the swan you see.

They say the galleys have gone back to Hellas;
 the dark invader who despoiled the plains
 and laid the seal of hunger on the eyes
 the ears the belly and the swollen tongue,
 already learned in the mountainous
 bare shepherd places, calls his legions in,
 for the red Scythian thumps the cracking east.

The galleys have gone back, where once before
 they oared and bobbed well out of ship-shots' reach.
 My mother's sister's son, kin most of all
 my kin this side Atlantis, taken then,
 found, for three years, the morning walls of flint,
 and waits like Europe for the grating key.

Death

Death is a sudden ear before dawn
 and hurrying footsteps up the creaking stairs
 Death is a young man coughing in another room
 Death is an old man smiling himself to sleep
 Death is a quiet voice on the telephone
 asking us to be calm.
 It is also the wind in the grass among the stones

Death is when you look up but no one enters
 Death is getting used to being alone.

Death is the man beside you stopped talking forever
 Death is another patient wheeled in to the table.
 Death is a list of names and a photograph.

Death is Tomorrow or yesterday; never today

✓

Because I faced my thought by the natural world
 the world organic renewed each year with its ^{the halfable} halphable seasons
 rather than the city falling ruinous slowly
 by weather and use, swiftly by bomb and argument
 they stuck a label on my hot forehead and scolded:
 "This master is better, they wrote, and was the end.
 This is an idle game for a cowardly mind."

And some who hated the city too - and men's unreasoning
 behaviour

remarked: He is not with us. He does not say that
 Power and Hate are the engines of human treason
 There is no answering love in the yellowing leaf.

I should have made it clear that I stake my future ^{wonder}
 on the birds flying in and out of the sashless classroom
 on the council of sunburnt comrades in the sun
 and the picture carried with singing into the Temple.

Ex soldier

A shabbier world as smaller than you remember it
 - people grow older or taller in any case share
 You will hanker for the true violence even the long
 bored hours in the desert and the bare companionship
 jessed - at times to screaming of those who share the same
 private jokes and allusions to persons or places or events
 the same high truth of line that a famous holiday had
 but now riveted firm by death and history.

11.7.

G. T. insisted the "Solemnity should be passionate"

Solemnity must still be passionate!

I am too wise to shake a fist at fate

I count the possibilities - and wait.

Solipsism

Remote I gaze upon my belting limbs
 the navel-cratered belly like a mound
 with brimming well fed by breasts' waterbeds
 cupped by the gradual lapping of the tide
 dark fan of man hair sways as seawrack sways
 with rested codpiece rolling like a seal
 and the smooth rounded thighs white basking whales
 unhunted, safe from predatory kulls.

So must God muse upon a secret place
 some unhad fragment of Antarctica
 above the world that still is part of him
 and lacking which there were no God to gaze.

To a Maimed Ex service man

We tried to save you led but not
 under the cold stars of the desert night
 nor where the wide tank splinters and stops
 but years ago in a different way
 addressing envelopes in dusty offices
 proposing emergency resolutions
 letters to the editor, joining the manifesto
 circulating photographs of maimed soldiers
 walking up tenements and ringing doorbells
 standing on chairs at street corners selling pamphlets
 But that was not the right way to save you
 or else we did not try hard enough
 We are wiser now. But you have an empty sleeve.

Dedication for Sea Anchors

discussed little

used for booklet "Compass"

Here at these verses' head I spell your name
 'who gave me breath and set the leaping flame
 of social justice in my wayward heart.
 In all I say or do the wiser part
 is but your precept speaking in the blood
 for quality of life and brotherhood

For E — and C —

The old man shuffles off to dare
 the surgeon's clean uncaring knife:
 the young man moans in his despair
 and tosses on the edge of life.

My gait is shaped by places I have never travelled
 my thought and gestures by men I have never seen:
 Spain broke my heart and China
 healed the wide hurt again.
 Because a woman bullied her six children
 sixty years ago
 my mother and I can never share our thoughts

Because I am an only son
 I take humanity for my little brother
 and endeavour to right wrongs I have not suffered.
 I sometimes wonder what ripples I start
 and to what ponds' edge
 paper boats that were never mine will come home.

Orbit

The lonely planet of the spinning self
 can only flash a message into space
 lucky to miss collision lucky still
 to have no more than moon pulled off and lost
 or held awhile in orbit wearing down
 What happens here is private, on the basis
 for risk conjecture difficult to prove
 And yet the swinging pointers of the Plough
 may be a signal in a desert place
 the total held and counted up by God
 working with peevish men and telescopes
 or tinsel in a mandolin poet's rime
 Immortal only in the narrow sense
 of dust becoming flame, some aeons hence.

On one side there: the mathematical
 the insulated theorist the mind
 that finds equations for untethered thought
 or rules its canvas into colored squares
 and on the other the dream-sodden man
 with only the conviction of his voice
 for unshared reason's dumb authority
 I've fooled my wits with both these absolutes
 earnest to witless but for both unfit
 for all the time my senses jangle the chords
 with noisy protests of irrelevance
 with gay evasions of dawn or thistledown
 (No blown seed passes but I am aware
 of times and textures never catalogued)
 Whether from Japheth's fate or luck of life
 or chemical accident I must remain
 a man rejoicing in the visible.

I who hitherto have been concerned in one art
 with examination of terms like
 balance composition, with talk of school
 period handling style and in another art
 with consideration of problems of prosody
 the lyric quality, the exact phrase
 now find my thought involved
 with ^{the} words: death pain evil
 and the exploration of several
 symbols of archaic lineage
 while with my generation I shuffle
 heavy footed and stumbling
 into a greater darkness than I have ever known.

God's need of man so rocked my blood
 I sought to whoop thro' the leaf,
 but its green life sent back to wood
 and cristed against my lips with grief.

I lifted up the stone and signed;
 the crystal wheel made no reply,
 or else my fingertips were blind
 before that grey unblinking eye.

I turned then from the things of sense
 and gazed in patience thro' the night
 til its wide winds of immanence
 swept God and man clean out of sight.

10.XI

Caught in a net of years
and tethered to a sod
my heart still lifts its spears
to the ascending God

Mortality implies
a mortal universe
yet bright november skies
require their worshippers

The senses only seem
the frost the flame the stone
are real as the dream
of being drowned alone.

11.XI

176

✓
My struck tube lays its crinkled egg of ash
in the brown plastic nest. It will not hatch;
the best of it has gone: no phoenix there.
I thumb the hanging shreds and tilt the flame
and clench my lips upon another dream
So God maybe saw Troy burn out and turned
to Athens Carthage London

X
11.XI

The repeated gestures of hope that were certain to fail
have schooled the hand to keep safely out of sight
and tho there are things that the fingers itch to touch
to straighten or jester, the mind like a frozen stream
has enough to do with its bubbles and wagging weeds
that it dreads most of all the day when the dumb fish cry.

10.44 ✓

St. Patric

Just
James
20.4.46

11. XI.

So Patric once stading the flogging weathers
 and hoisting hills with fire took kings to task
 proud only as a man who bears a mask
 to flaze his wound against the cynic fingers
 brought Christ to Erin better than the bringers
 who baffled oared the yeasty billows' risk
 and grated safe on limestone, pale, logacious
 for he died blessed and lies in his own shadow.

Yet land with heavy dominant with druids
 passing with stags tall antlered down the valley
 was happy only when his best best eyes
 saw the flat hough from Slensish as before
 how long ago the boy stood with the swine
 and dreamt of Christ's bright sandals in the leather.

✓ 11.44

Columbelle

Just
James
20.4.46

11. XI. 178

Of Columbelle blood arrogant and royal
 spelling a war like a flung fist of cards
 throwing his purple round the threatened poets
 and taunting the sloking with lettered vellum
 too much remains within the veins and sinews
 of this mad people turbulent and rash
 the knuckled swift intolerance the lips
 too ready with the respt and bleeding words

Rather for succour think of that far island
 the latent yellows singing in the byre
 the small world scooped and narrowed to an Eden
 whence daily he would pass with blessing fingers
 spadesman ^{mason} man dark man beating metal
 to print the tide's track with his sharpened ribs.

✓
Knocke .. Heyst

The names on the map remember the friendly days
 when affable statesmen offered the nations peace
 and social democracy hung on its steady branch
 before the wasp found its way to the heart of the pear
 and the cluster of communist apples hung just within reach
 as the tractor stood on the skyline ^{harvesting the} ~~scattered~~ by sheaves
 reweaving

It is as old as jolly - as Breughel's party
 as far away as my boyhood's afternoons

This was before the spitting vineyard of Spain
 before the black ants marched into the boiling oil
 and the lemmings swarmed down to swim to the
 beckoning blue.

One crack across time was enough but now there are two:
 and the three ^{payments} will not cohere in my trembling hand.

✓
 The autumn river loaded after rain
 wipes the long grasses of the lipping bank
 earthy and dull and hardly yielding up
 its smudged reflections of the coloured trees.

This was the season I had looked for peace
 the mellow branches taking the last sun
 the slow smooth water like a dream of time
 that held the moment in a mirror's spell

But now the crowded berries on the stem
 have gone past redness and are overripe
 the next leaves swing as stiffened by a blight
 that hit their prime and suddenly the world
 is old and sterile as my withered heart
 the sap's retreat, the buds' retreat are death
 and the tired light will scarcely have the strength
 to round earth's underside and rise again.

Liverpool

First adenoidal English on the quay
 as the black vessel swings against the wharf
 in a grey Mersey drizzle. Since the dawn,
 a brighter smear upon the hearing world,
 no wakened colour has asserted land,
 land anchored to earth's rock and reaching up
 in sheer escarpment or in easy hill
 and ruled with hedge or road: no smoky house
 only the tilting buoy, the running sea
 and squat dark sheds that kennel foreigners...
 Now black ingenious arches, harsh machines
 and cold wet pavements battered hurriedly
 by robot feet, present a crazy town
 that lifts its sudden cliffs of dismal stone.

Not till the boring train has shouldered thro
 the squandered houses and the ragged sheets
 does England waken into grass and tree.

The Railway

The stealthy railway that the town ignores
 and turns a shabby back to, finds its fun
 in women hanging washing out and hens
 that scratch on cinders, and in scummy ^{ponds} ~~holes~~
 in jagged gable ends where painted words
 are epitaphs of passion and of guilt.

And yet the dismal town has its revenge:
 the foolish rocking train must bear its world
 of grit and metal everywhere it goes
 thro the green fallow and the curving hills
 as a dull tourist insulates himself
 from the comfortable gestures of a crowd
 whose tongue he knows not, in a place that's strange

When I am old, if ever I am old
 I'll weary those who listen with my vain
 insistence that their time shall not attain
 that splendid prime which was my age of gold
 and with an old man's detail shall be told
 how Middleton and Rodgers once again
 or looked so when I saw them plain
 said this, did that; the printed page is plain
 tell me by one the anecdotes are doled.
 but the grey type is passionless and cold.

And they shall wait, the patient listeners,
 for the grave board that crowns the storied hour
 how of them all the painter Duke achieved
 that unity of life and work which wears
 marriage of form and colour like a flower
 and I shall rest knowing I am believed.

The great fat barrel sat beneath the spout
 which guided every roof-drop to its care
 and tho' the twisted spigot spouted out
 when brown fist bade, the barrel was content
 for all that shining blessing from the air
 was held for need and use not idly spent.

And tho' the water was not food to drink,
 swilled bucket only, wiped the muck off hand,
 or blossomed into lather in the sink,
 the barrel was content to take and wear
 a crisp dry leaf blown off the chilling land
 and floating on the stars reflected there.

✓
 lending my thought and voice to praise the skill
 of those who mark appearance with true eyes
 and give the painted panel qualities
 the heart leaps out to when the tongue is still
 I seek at times obeying wish or will
 and not the heart's injunction, to devise
 Jain arguments for those whose enterprise
 is pitched upon a less laborious hill

And this at times has set my feet beside
 a pietistic race of braggarts who deny
 the benison of patience and the harts
 humble in praying labour, who would hide
 by theft and slander that sterility.
 The wise man pities when he understands.

Thunder

✓
 When I heard thunder I was most afraid
 Thunder far more than darkness frightened me
 darkness had dreams, warm comfortable dreams,
 not always not even often crouching dogs
 or tall me ^{thinking} shouldering past you on the stairs
 but thunder is terror ripping the step in steps,
 a bonny fist thrusts thro the newspaper.
 Thunder is sudden ^{not} bombarding over the hills
 rolling its shunted trucks in another world
 then all at once you are caught on the crest of the road
 shelter is distant: the hard rain smashes down
 Thunder exults and brags. The rocking earth
 tilts at your heels. The horses buckle back.
 The hard rain betters down in spikes of steel
 sharp flowers with neither scent nor colour of flowers.
 Thunder protests and shoulders over your head
 and slithers halfway down the beanstalk stairs
 relents, clunks up again and scolding still
 trundles his waygon over jolting clouds
 and you are shivering in a dripping world.

✓
 Mercy is patient. Mercy's the word with old
 the hurt tongue itches with, the folding cloud
 that takes its rain across to another valley.
 Mercy is - a whisper on the lips
 of a grave statue never known before
 to answer any glance. It has no place
 with rods and judgments.
 It is the thunder passing behind the hills
 and leaving us better for the jeopardy

24. x 1

You squatted on the thrones of power;
 you wanted in you braggart pride,
 be fished our little stinked hours
 and laboured till we died.

You spendthrift of earth's broadest light
 know terror now the dark draws on
 for you must pass into the night
 but we are for the dawn.

When William Blake and Solomon
 sat in the garden as the sky
 became the colour of a stone
 and the last flaying took went by

The sleek king said: I gave my strength
 to comely women amorous:
 they battered on me till at length
 I rose and drove them from my house

If not tonight some other night
 you too will raise your hand in rape
 and bid me hurple from your sight
 behind the gaily painted tape

But they returned, the croaking kays
 to hunker round my wooden box
 and I shall hoist my captain's flags
 on your embattled hollyhocks.

✓ The Cricket Match [Summer 1924]

Packed the carriage and swarmed at the window
 we shook our heads to the master's gaze;
 twelve of the team with Tom for a score
 bags on the racks of leather and baize.
 Summer is over. One youth has departed.
 This was the ~~end~~ crown of our merriest days.

Met by the Captain with solemn committee
 we walked to the school in the morning sun
 chafed our tops in the dark pavilion
 gulped the milk as the homemade gun
 moved some names to the batting order
 saw Bill Tom and knew we had won.

I was one of the opening batsmen
 not for my style or the runs I'd make
 but rightly because I was safe and careful
 and had a difficult wicket to take.
 The bowler landed his cap to the umpire

and loosened his arm with a slow off break.

Much has happened. That world has gone under.

The likely heads are sober and staid
 { Lawyer, doctor, teacher and parson
 One is a parson and one a doctor

and one is a sailor all covered with braids
 Some have ^{thin, crosses} ~~dead~~ beyond the equator.
 some grow ^{bald} grey in the linen trade

But I remember that summer morning
 the yobels packed on the low stone wall
 the bowling screen and beyond in the valley
 the full leaved sycamores glittering tall
 as far away in the Palace Banquets
 the shining thrill of a badge and

the flight of pipers: the cockerons distant
 the smell of grass from the spiky heel
 the poke and knock of the maiden over
 the smite to lay and the swift appeal.
 The hour is noon and the score is twenty

The bell in the tower is beginning to peal.

That would wend under: disaster struck it
we had not the strength to keep it alive.

My earnings had been prophetic taken
when what I meant for a cover drive
went straight thro' the ship like a skimming swallow
to the small quiet lands of Kanny Five.

Perfect the setting: the heart of it bores.

Not a single ^{with} load in the twenty-two.

Our parents could scarcely afford our buyers

neither the heds nor the bats were new;

less than half of our team were boarders

but our ties and muffers were white and blue.

Winters

The ditches full of rain. The fallen leaves
sodden so long are sunk clean out of sight
or well composted in the trodden earth
that the stripped hews and ledges all are black
save for the brittle lamels, and they too
were stiffly in the cold sleet-dabbled wind.

Whose grave approval do I seek for most?

The roaring crowd that rums the level square
to howl their little pitiful despair
when the spent football slithers past the post?

The hisping aestete-priests whose private boast
is in the consummation of the rare
who lack the heart's humility to share
the common consecration of the Host?

Those then whose love I ask for stars between
human and worm apt for the earth's demands
who know what solar myths and cobwebs mean,
and what may be or may not be made with hands
to whom the best and worst are both foreseen
the wave that crumbles and the rock that stands

The insulated mind has lost its way
among the chill bright stars, among the cello
that write and tutch, among the parallels
and compass-capors their flat boards display.
Fleshed in the act these attitudes achieve
only a surfer means to kill or maim:
the broken mouth may splutter out the blame,
that mind hangs meshed in what they must believe.

So tho I wear the badge of obscurant
I choose the side I serve: the side of life -
the child's quiet cry the friendly hand alert
the ^{sidelong} moving ^{studies} ~~space~~ and the growing plant,
the little idol carved with patient knife
the pictures men have made of coloured dirt.

✓
16.44

28.XI

I shudder at the world that lies ahead
the swift electric epoch glassed and pure
where anaesthetic atmospheres ensure
the tested enzyme for the flavoured bread
when formulae will throng the lover's head
to insulate his heart against the lure
of wilful passion's crazy calenture
till taped and typed he mounts the numbered bed.

Yet this is comfort - let that strange word go -
for life will even then defy the lens
and somewhere down the long morose row
a mouth will twitch with pity's innocence
a reckless head will chamber ^{over} down the fence
and tumble laughing in the mounded snow

✓
17.44

28.XI

196

The sterile bullo will roar their lonely pain
the lens stop laying as he jets meat
the lover will fuse along the shining street
and the sun earth will clot beneath the rain
a cell will split in the Dictator's brain
and toe nails grow once more on itching feet
the filament will give less light and heat
the culture stew - an unpredicted stain

The liner suddenly will break its back
the rocket burst before it leaves the ground
the neon labeled Christ will rock his plinth
as sudden dawn disproves the almanac
and the Semantics lecturer will bound
across the rostrum crying "Hyacinth"!

The wounded earth appeals.

What can I offer it?

A heart that generously feels

but is for strife unfit?

A hand not stilled in use

of spade and scythe and plow?

a lazy carcass with slack knees

and a print-puckered brow?

And yet because within

my story-cumbered mind

move the slow figures of my kin

who walked in rain and wind

and wrought the patient ground

and rest, their labour done,

where wealth of fruit and tillth is found

under a fitful sun.

my heart is so contrived
I know I have the right
to loose the wings my thought has hired
with healing in their flight

29. XI

The thoughts that are within my reach
move easily in formal speech
not theirs what qualities belong
to tensions of ecstatic song.

Before I mellowed was a time
when I could shape a lyric line
of such a nature and a kind
that it rang after in the mind
with sometimes too the quiet art
of waking echoes in the heart
and plucking from the mesh of days
their essence in a lulling phrase.

But now too long we heed my wit
and analysed and measured it
against the spoken wit of men
that if the words came back again
to their slack ears they'd recognise
the flat remembered agencies

June	4	-	40
July	1	-	8
Aug	-	-	-
Sept	2	-	35
Oct	14	-	177
Nov	33	-	605
Dec	23	-	379

77 - 1,244

[Total for year 1943]

106 - 2,040

Jan	4	-	58	} 13 - 250
Feb	6	-	127*	
March	-	-	-	
April	1	-	8	
May	2	-	57	
June	-	-	-	
July	17	-	276*	
Aug	3	-	130	
Sept	11	-	250	
Oct	12	-	131	
Nov	26	-	378	

Jan - Nov 82 - 1,415

17
620
737

