



Arcaea Pen 1240

(16)

Singha to Darsan . NRW

∇ Hurbey (18)
Symbols

nr 642

The elder son succeeds, seems in state
hopes on his brother's letters from Madras / Bengal
stood hardly up to ^{grapple} ~~grapple~~
on ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~debate~~
or watch his sleek nose, steep on grass

- X This several daughters married, planned as soon,
to the hind parts as entailed estates
- X This is the Rome Peace. The surer of room. Home is
in play is Irish. ^{and for countries} ~~The states~~ states

But across the road ^{it} ~~in~~ there the gold to see, blood
yet after the ~~single~~ ^{one} ~~contract~~ ^{was} ~~over~~ ^{settled},

- an old man standing by his water hole ^{at} ~~door~~
could tell ~~just~~ ^{all} ~~of~~ ^{his} ~~body~~ ^{cases}
with ~~new~~ ^{the} ~~house~~ ^{of} ~~his~~ ^{father}, where they met,
- as ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~country~~ ^{people} ~~of~~ ^{the} ~~last~~ ^{year} ~~in~~ ^{at} ~~the~~ ^{parlour} ~~before~~.

His story's maddled, thready, has a line
in no neat sequence, for his coil's not
remembered clearly what
and mixes words with the rest of it

The shuffles back among his eighty years
to days the house changed hands, for when 's
the ^{shabby} ~~shabby~~ ^{French} ~~French ^{carved} ~~carved ^{such}, he ~~thinks~~
is still the glory of the drawing room.~~~~

left out much else after he sold it to
~~He spent a fortune~~ ^{at} ~~the~~ ^{it} ~~to~~ ^{to}
an admiral who bore a famous name —
it was a rissma, in ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~great~~ ^{great},
else ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~gone~~ ^{gone} ~~all~~ ^{all} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~family's~~ ^{family's}.

The wheel spins faster now. My love is so;
that Chydiside habbeen ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~becky~~ ^{becky} ~~bet~~
bright grows and jockays till, a swide blow,
the many leaders seized it for the debt.

^{some} ~~body~~ ^{body} ~~bring~~ ^{bring}, ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~renovate~~ ^{renovate} ~~it~~,
Some ~~buy~~ ^{buy} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~land~~ ^{land}, ~~what~~ ^{what} ~~do~~ ^{do} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~do~~ ^{do} ~~it~~,
planted ~~some~~ ^{some} ~~trees~~ ^{trees} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~some~~ ^{some} ~~cut~~ ^{cut} ~~away~~ ^{away},
~~found~~ ^{found} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~too~~ ^{too} ~~big~~ ^{big}, ~~remedy~~ ^{remedy} ~~suggested~~ ^{suggested},
~~or~~ ^{or} ~~found~~ ^{found} ~~into~~ ^{into} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~steps~~ ^{steps} ~~more~~ ^{more} ~~than~~ ^{than} ~~they~~ ^{they} ~~could~~ ^{could} ~~they~~ ^{they} ~~;~~ [;]

on some rich architect's report report,
a ~~new~~ ^{new} ~~building~~ ^{building}, ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~erected~~ ^{erected}
built a black wall to ~~note~~ ^{note} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~way~~ ^{way},
~~that~~ ^{that} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~target~~ ^{target}, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~tennis~~ ^{tennis} ~~court~~ ^{court},
~~but~~ ^{but} ~~never~~ ^{never} ~~stayed~~ ^{stayed} ~~longer~~ ^{longer} ~~than~~ ^{than} ~~second~~ ^{second} ~~spring~~ ^{spring}

and ^{water} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~fire~~ ^{fire} ~~gutter~~ ^{gutter} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~rooms~~ ^{rooms} ~~inside~~ ^{inside}
just ~~when~~ ^{when} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~land~~ ^{land} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~plaster~~ ^{plaster}
~~had~~ ^{had} ~~made~~ ^{made} ~~all~~ ^{all} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~fire~~ ^{fire} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~city~~ ^{city} ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~a~~ ^a ~~while~~ ^{while} ~~;~~ [;]
it ~~seemed~~ ^{seemed} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~place~~ ^{place} ~~let~~ ^{let} ~~some~~ ^{some} ~~one~~ ^{one} ~~come~~ ^{come}.
~~lay~~ ^{lay} ~~under~~ ^{under} ~~some~~ ^{some} ~~old~~ ^{old}

The scene the still when white was all around
became a new little with broad a sign — fishermen
and twenty golfers ^{ready to start} ~~in long cars~~ come
in long cars ~~come~~ ^{come} ~~noisy~~ into the quiet lane to dine

and the rooms ^{filled} a thin memorio
^{papers, photographs} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~clothes~~, ^{at} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~key~~
with gracious gestures and green contours,
^{sheer} ~~with~~ ^{the} ~~light~~ ^{Dutch} ~~cooler~~ ^{repeated}

III

The cloud has brought it now. The light low
ink-red green gods like ^{stone seen} ~~bead~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{sky},
the grassed left where ^{the} ~~low~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{land}
bright wood of ^{new} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~will~~ ^{to} ~~be~~ ^{lost} ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{east}

are ^{never} ~~seldom~~ ^{stirred} ^{by} ^{any} ^{other} ^{voice}
than that of ^{the} ~~gentle~~ ^{run} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{border} ^{place}
when ^{hoped} ~~shades~~ ^{give} ^{new} ^{character}
^{to} ~~what~~ ^{was} ^{once} ^a
~~seen~~ ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{clay} ^{formed} ^{place}

Although the fabulous is not my still be found
in the old garden's ^{passaged} ~~grass~~ ^{is} ~~stone~~
in that light lane a ^{land} ^{new} ^{rules} ^{around}
the old faith ^{shadows} ~~back~~ ^{to} ~~claim~~ ^{its} ~~own~~

I call on Mrs Stone, or Yonnie ^{met} my ^{dad}. 25.8.1976 5

I found my way to the Cottage Hospital
backing in sun ^{beside} ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~village~~ ~~stream~~
The matron out, a smiling nurse

led me upstairs to my aged women
sitting by the bed

her two companions were from
one asleep ^{at} ^{night} ^{for} ^{me}, the other smiled

My aged woman beamed, peering her eyes.

Longly I named myself and when she met
she recognized but asked of ^{her} ~~the~~ ^{been} ~~bearded~~ ~~thin~~.

I am of her ground now, shifted to Robbie Burns.

great-headed poet; and one ^{to} ~~write~~
about his letter end, addressing his maker
better than all.

Then with a little smile "I found you there
in the same room with him and that I like.

My memory's still in letters; here and there

I have my memories. You write a poem
about the samist over the bay — "

That was ^{my} ⁴⁰ ~~over~~ ^{thirty} ~~years~~ ~~ago~~.

that of a long man ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{place}.

I knew her slightly ^{then}, a small woman
across the counter of her little shop.

recalled the fun and tenor of our talk

This is the season I think most of death
 with heaped fronts of the fallen leaf
 the cold air the frost-constructed breath
 the darker mornings, sunlight shattered, brief
 And at this time of year my dark house died
 after our forty years so close entwined
 it seemed absurd that she should step aside
 and leave me, lonely, to my untold thoughts.

For in October born we both had shared
 whatever slant of star or circumstance
 for the strange sequence of our days turned
 one to find it proved a - chance
 that luck or luck where, this still must be
for every mortal, the least certainty.

This third man ~~was~~ ^{was} by both best,
 younger than I, I thought ~~was~~ ^{was} the best
 I'd like to see and receive my report
 It - moved ~~me~~ ^{me}. The gentle hands ~~to~~ ^{to} see.
 and an ~~old~~ ^{old} boy we watched ~~recede~~ ^{recede} but
 to ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~mind~~ ^{mind} ~~was~~ ^{was} a ~~dark~~ ^{dark} ~~dark~~ ^{dark} descent.



Of course the stiffest ~~tramp~~ ^{tramp} comes from age
 the ~~loss~~ ^{loss} my ~~trunk~~ ^{trunk} ~~there~~ ^{there} ~~stare~~ ^{stare} and ~~the~~ ^{the}
 and ~~recede~~ ^{recede} ~~ill~~ ^{ill} ~~some~~ ^{some} ~~leak~~ ^{leak} off the sleep,
ⁱⁿ ~~recede~~ ^{recede} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~hear~~ ^{hear} the ~~prophet~~ ^{prophet} ~~tell~~ ^{tell} me ~~when~~ ^{when}.

During the August holiday I went
 and saw ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~new~~ ^{new} ~~hotel~~ ^{hotel} ~~show~~ ^{show} ~~himself~~ ^{himself} in Rome
 he was the ~~kind~~ ^{kind} I'd ~~seen~~ ^{seen} ^{the} ~~chance~~ ^{chance} ~~went~~ ^{went}
 since with the good John we had ~~been~~ ^{been} ~~happy~~ ^{happy} at home.

But this third man ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~by~~ ^{by} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~best~~ ^{best}, ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~by~~ ^{by} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~best~~ ^{best},
 younger than I, I thought ~~was~~ ^{was} the best
 I'd like to see and ~~recede~~ ^{recede} a ~~my~~ ^{my} ~~regret~~ ^{regret}.
 It ~~moved~~ ^{moved} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~so~~ ^{so}. It ~~moved~~ ^{moved} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~so~~ ^{so}. It ~~moved~~ ^{moved} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~so~~ ^{so}.

and on the way ~~we~~ ^{we} ~~watched~~ ^{watched} ~~recede~~ ^{recede} but
 and ~~we~~ ^{we} ~~watched~~ ^{watched} ~~recede~~ ^{recede} but
~~recede~~ ^{recede} but

oo / et /

to ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~mind~~ ^{mind} ~~was~~ ^{was} a ~~dark~~ ^{dark} ~~dark~~ ^{dark} descent. ~~boxed~~ ^{boxed} ~~event~~ ^{event}
 that ~~could~~ ^{could} ~~be~~ ^{be} a ~~dark~~ ^{dark} ~~dark~~ ^{dark} descent.
 must

The Ruins Answer
or Protest and Lament

What now for future's Ruins where we wait
its flawed event that cannot come ^{seems determined} too late
and ~~some~~ ^{new} ~~those~~ ^{treacherous} ~~not yet~~ involved with death
x ~~may pass a sentence with a broken~~ break
Till all can turn to life released again:
slow and repetitive in word and thought,
loving the gestures by our fathers taught,
essaying simple, clumsy gestures of our own

To let that be, though ^{stricken} ~~though~~ ^{begged}, to survive
unexperimented, ^{leggy}, talkative,
to build a world where one myth could explore
and ~~each~~ ^{stop} to dance
some of the ^{offered} ^{has} ^{the} ~~generative~~ of friendly touch
then will be found ~~no~~ ^{cracked} ~~hand~~ ^{on} heart,
where one clinks him who walks apart
because they know by ~~in~~ his silence makes them reach?

Can he become a politician's peer
looked with grace seen in textbook instances
ordered structural benevolent
on measured precedent
and in the land the ~~arbitrary~~ of time
telling its dominion could have ~~hundred~~ years
and ~~pleaded~~ ^{to} ~~shading~~ ^{by} ~~our~~ ^{eyes} ~~tears~~
will ~~be~~ ^{the} ~~only~~ ^{its} ~~sick~~ ^{name}?

To drag this food life? must we learn a prayer
to ~~hope~~ ^{system} ~~computer~~ ⁱⁿ ~~code~~ ^{prognosis} ~~not~~ ^{with} ~~to~~ ^{such} ~~live~~

or by submission of our personal
sullen, evasive, will,
to some tell by (and) tried disciplines
charged by ~~select~~ ^{some} ~~on~~ ^{brilliant} ~~mind~~? ! mention
The ruins answer: Truth is one found,
a ~~reason~~ drifting seed and not ~~in~~ ^a ~~lettered~~ ^{stone}.

The hidden Christ so pierced by theory ^{result in} ^{theology}
we miss the timber of the muddled tree,
or hoisted so close our fancy reach
we ~~can~~ ^{the} ~~no~~ ^{still} ~~to~~ ^{touch}
the human content of his wounded soul,
could draw out from ~~any~~ ^{not} ~~face~~ ^{signed}
the sweep of glory and the hymn of grace
and must long howlers till we close a high road.

Shall science the release a rule of light
laying its harness on the shuddering night
to ~~board~~ ^{waters} ~~to~~ ^{elemental}
indifference to fate? ^{is} ^{it} ^{as}
weight well the ~~troubled~~ evidence: the skull
that ~~only~~ ^{knows} the ~~sculptor's~~ ^{hook} ~~to~~ ^{truth}
may ~~be~~ ^{the} ~~son~~ ^{the} ~~broken~~ ^{mouth}
but ~~be~~ ^{the} ~~loved~~ ^{longer} ~~a~~ ^{cross} ~~dream~~ ^{to} ~~with~~.

Can not make certain ^{mercy} justice walks with men?
But can but try according to the time;
This man led just to chisel and to break
dunt slow awake,
a leader falls when ~~subject~~ led to his best;
Can this ^{be} love music for the ~~stunt~~ all
A water of a forthy ~~turner~~;
This grave sonnet was a noisy cover'd breast.

These feel as all Art Intellect and Meyer
Can to look no capot for the dread webbed air
Now see man ^{water} ~~boards~~ alone
Soe has ~~tekted~~ messege a the telephane
But who will take the flood abets its bawne
and the chull ~~betus~~ ~~ten~~ ~~un~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~be~~
what left shall remtine for some dusky rock
to name the ~~red~~ ~~choked~~ ~~land~~ ~~ments~~ a the ocean's floor?

For all us of Iene's mercy good or bad
as for that man's divided heart may be
so long forgoth now the loving will
you can't hope to tell
old lease you on 7 am childer my expect
for this untruelled ~~teners~~
Ohed; the some fields in sadness lie
with ~~we~~'s ~~extens~~ led, ~~settles~~ of ~~neglect~~
biggan for ~~pub~~ ~~ance~~ now ~~settled~~ with ~~neglect~~

Alone you cannot stem the tides of drought.
Walk soberly when you reeked to plot
and set the ways in order; Feed with care
what roots or blossoms there;
be happy to receive a rounded stone
for kums and gestures of your family
graft you best fences to a fruiting tree
and let the slow thought bulge like salmon downy grapes.

Hold head for this. But if disaster come
felling like flame or summoned by no drum
the high wall can no more than ~~brave~~ ~~ledge~~
turn terror's footy edge.
Then still may gaze you death against the sky,
not by men's shot, bombers' load,
See the long field where ~~cremned~~ the ~~thursy~~ ~~shed~~
where the grey rock ~~rears~~ its ~~rank~~ ~~dominion~~

To win the life our every needs define
we must accept some gentle disaster
we must untruel our self ~~arrange~~
and surge each ^{with} ~~shiny~~ ~~etern~~
To offer ~~terrors~~ to the ~~longy~~ ~~send~~
briding the best ~~return~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~drum~~
the ~~wood~~ ~~reared~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~broken~~ ~~rank~~
where under, ~~sayy~~ ~~lepis~~ ~~say~~ ~~unapes~~ ~~at~~ ~~me~~.

We must seek back for any clue of worth
to keep beneath our head a friendly smile
when for all our actions we deserve
the right to love

which will withdraw the right of we forsake
the roads of the seasons' road
to stage ^{when an enemy} on a splendor we had known
to offer less than it intends to take.

For the true mind ^{she could measure} ^{meets to dense}
the sphere of talk for with each side ^{is to be}
step ^{the rough} ^{perhaps} so, the way on this
by ^{many} ^{expressions}

All the time when shown at too ten
to ^{the} ^{side} ^{the} ^{rocks} ^{to} ^{fast} ^{the} ^{rock}
too ^{of} ^{ground} ^{to} ^{trust} ^{the} ^{undiscovered} ^{skin}

We shall not gain it by whose orders
we learn to answer ^{bliss} ^{as} ^{to} ^{them}
also a ^{the} ^{study} ^{could} ^{near} ^{read} ^{with}
the rain of fate

has ^{not} ^{to} ^{mark} ^{the} ^{mark} ^{at} ^{the} ^{epigraph}
"All these days years with the ^{scattered} ^{but}
their ^{front} ^{log} ^{now} ^{under} ^{and} ^{with}
the ^{condemnation} ^{when} ^{at} ^{the} ^{latter} ^{call} "

Our towns splay out yet at the heart decay
where many ⁱⁿ ^{idle} ^{days} ^{to} ^{meet} ^{the} ^{workless} ^{day},
while endlessly before them ^{furnished} ^{as} ^{is}
fled ^{wheels} ^{of} ^{stars} ^{enterprise}
[yet all under ^{there} ^{heaps} ^{the} ^{horse} ^{event},
the readers for ^{the} ^{missiles} ^{are} ^{deployed}
some ^{frantically} ^{finger} ^{may} ^{explode}
to scatter all]

and in high flaking flats, in nothing streets,
The ^{small} ^{venetian} ^{to} ^{engage}
then ^{last} ^{frustrated} ^{rape}
where ^{planning} ^{and} ^{eye} ^{by} ^{skill} ^{retreat}.

Yet still the order stands, its ^{job} ^{stayed}
by ^{simple} ^{acts} ^{of} ^{industry} ^{and} ^{trade}
while ^{most} ^{fill} ^{and} ^{margin} ^{of} ^{their} ^{days}
in ^{customary} ^{ways},
and, ^{unobserved}, ^{there} ^{heaps} ^{the} ^{posed} ^{event},
the readers for, the ^{missiles} ^{are} ^{deployed}
some ^{frantically} ^{finger} ^{may} ^{explode}
to scatter all in the ^{predicted} ^{accident}

Moscow Moment

In Moscow wakened by last night
light in a tall Infomed block,
distant, young voices in the dark
somewhere behind every the low cliffs
fumbled uncertainly towards
a faint song, harmony,
singing confidence, not very drunk

A whistle blast peremptory
Footsteps scatter, latter

The song starts off, abrupt:

Then after silence further off
begins again with few voices
loosely diminished last

The public statues within corridor

had momentarily unclenched their fists
and raised their blank bronze toes
to whisper at that whistle blast

Next day - in the Lenin's Tomb

I could not swear

That the wax man had not written done.

I met the
held what words demand,
some have when have seemed due,
strong to understand
homesteaders of the new;
but with the years I grew
a stage in this land.

Now I have turned within,
seeking in my own heart
the rhythms I like to win
to have my stride short
This ^{the} my exuberant
as its proved discipline.

Agrigento, Sicily.

Races & New Town

The translation incomplete
from drawing board to site:
stark white blocks on a high ridge
shoulder to shoulder, seen for miles
across the bone dry country
Lark with ^{stones} rocks & boulders
tamped smooth & oval contours

Nearer the tall blocks define themselves
with the wall junctions & corn
offices, flats, garages, stairways:
it seems a sort of wall when
they are being erected or dismantled.

It is as if, flood-checked
the last folk has drawn its, crowded
on the broad and steep
change all colors sun, another, sunset early

On the other side & lower ridge
thrust down the wide dyke to the sea
Lupine with temples, pillars, columns, domes.

as far as eye can see

& the heights on the town walls.

Between them the ^{wide} landscape
is a wide, grassy slope
rimmed by rubble of both, rock & wall;
cedary blossoms the incense, the almond trees
in the sun, crumble over the porous clods
beehive, the way, in string
as Rocco once was.

Sunset and Evening Star

1971

or to close the year book by 10.45 am

When he had finished his address
alluding to the public virtues of the deceased
and bringing a few references to life after death
I took occasion to speak
to the modesty of his audience
He brooketh not to speak down to the pulpit.

After the prayers and the benediction
I left a part of the long altar
He leaves the show process to the West door
Then he sits, reads to a suit
and looks back with the edge of his
the window, the newed daylight, the rose and lawn
the Lady Mayors of the Lord Mayor
and the representatives of
neighbouring municipalities
disseminated by the elements of office,
remembering & get my legs & some names.
Finally when all has been greeted with degrees
of sympathy solemnly, we went
to return to the stage for his journey
and the event
and I was home for lunch with his large sister

21
having duly pledged his heart
to the memorial service
for a steward & very able friend
who knew when to salute, acknowledge,
manoeuvre, and when to ignore
I trust also the Tom Hall corridor

The morning after the seminar
I met a colleague whose gloves I had caught
somewhere in the maze of my own handwriting,
issue endings & roof effectiveness

So knowing my men I started to explain
"How are your parameters this cold morning?"
"Near perfect" "And your infrastructure?"
"I'm trying best to give the up"
"All right or have more?"

And the two elderly ladies
struggled to do the whole department
analyzed ^{search} crossing
the same in his pocket.

The Bloody Bree

I wrote it more than forty years ago
laid it aside under the ink stand pole
later they stole it a the radio,
that ^{the} replay - edited for a early title.

But when some players offered to a stage
though blamed for darkness as a empty scene
I was not then ^{to be} ~~to be~~ put a tape
at his joyous in a magazine.

It tells ^{one} ~~in~~ a redma say it the light
a less ¹ ~~1~~ ^{his trophies} sword
you he murdered with ^{the} sword
know he heeked soul forever lost
unless she get in the joyous word
for she was killed, he a Protestant -
from decades on, it still is relevant.

for centuries, for ^{now} ~~now~~ ^{not} ~~not~~ ^{it} ~~it~~ ^{be} ~~be~~ ^{it} ~~it~~ ?
and for how long ^{not} ~~not~~ ^{it} ~~it~~ ^{be} ~~be~~ ^{it} ~~it~~ ?

Responsibility

I bought this watered down years ago
the fold of notes ensiled on ready friend
a couple of notes shyly slow
and concentrated on enduring end
his lips not joyful nor clearly bright
on tired face of tired quality
sealed by the ripples of his earnest thought
its perfect care has long devolved on me.

His honest face reflected, under glass
and never long ago and a silent wall
I share a humble glance and then I know
its silent challenge in the shaded hall
and under the, if any one, ^{with} made be
my heir to this responsibility.

On a County Bus ⁴⁰ years ago

The bus is ^{crammed} crammed with ladies passengers
not pleased to ^{journey} travel for, who drift away
down with lines in the rainy winter day,
over high hills, the extremes of firs.
The bus grows stuffy, the window blinds;
we judge hills traversed by our land at sway,
till the road stops still flakes get in and stay
around a demarcated area of travellers.

The stone village swaying from bus brand,
well around with lipson, leaning, latched;
on isolated side, we shun to get
our best attention on crowd seats afford
to the land road of gentle then coarse into trees
while two behind ^{glide} with low of snow on sheets.

A Great Xaedmota

Dram daily in the dream of a land
of dry frustrated creatures driven to teach
when fact and fiction buckled back a sack
left over the forest handrails and found
I suffered most the horrors overland
his dreary prayers, his shivering heavy attack
his day long menace never out of reach
seeing the smudges which my small heart stained

We halted while I still looked ^{height or stance} still & dense }
to lose the arrows of my festering wing
and watch his much contorted countenance
when it seemed felled and expiring became
the unexpected track instead so long
it stay like a bird ^{and} ~~it~~ it seemed like flame.

The Park Reed

The wood is sparse and thinner now
faded dark, dark grass as so ^{less} ~~with~~ through
when leaves in penitence ~~was~~ once
made stepping soft for younger boys

The House on the Hill.

I

This house built tall, half burnt and raised again,
here on the round breast of an Irish tree
has everted the dreams and schemes of many men
and watched for more than seasons pass this way.

For us then first the chief who turned his coat
when the old folk endured a cruel shock
and in the dusty woods not too remote
a hunted forest served mess upon a rock.

And with the loyal lining now displayed
new words were found to chip into the stone
That covers where the Priest bones were laid,
the details, dates and heraldry his own.

So the rough Galls became fine gentlemen,
The place marked ^{clearly} on the coaching chart
the Gothic Lodge the drive the high walled garden
the stout gate pillars proved this change of heart.

Then by degrees of breeding's planned ascent
the new age beckons, bed clear shadows left.
The flushed wiggled master drives to parliament
or sets his wit against the wit of Swift.

The elder son succeeds, secure in state,
~~happy with those long~~
~~hours on his brother's letters from Bengal~~
stands bravely up to Gretton in detente
or burns his roses on the hillside well.

The two well domed daughters married soon
into wide hedlocks, artificial lakes,
This is Augustan peace. It is high noon.
The wagen is for ever rising stakes.

II

Along the steep lane when the gate lodge broods
beneath the thorn, beside the shattered gate
where only some lost traveller intrudes
or of snow sitting local working late
there is a cottage just above the spring
where a man leaning by his workshop door
will, if you wait, remember every thing
that happened to the big house long before.

~~The shuffles beds among his eighty years~~
He can recall when he was just a child
what the old people told him of the place
Castle they called it, with great coaches stabled
when their dresses gave the gravel grace.

He shuffles back among his eighty years
to times the house changed hands, from whom to whom;
the timber merchant's friend carved screen, he hears
is still the wonder of the drawing room

Left with much else after he sold it to
an admiral who bore a famous name -
it was a woman, in another crew
whose wild death gave all that family's fame

The wheel spins faster now. They come and go;
the 9 lesson babies whose lucky bet
brought frowns and jockeys till with sudden blow
the money lenders seized it for his debt.

It seemed the house lay under some old curse
for once fire gutted up the rooms inside
just when the painters or the plasterers
had made it trim and tidy for a bride

The man who bought it planned to renovate it
planted new trees or had some cut away
moved it too high, ramshackle situated
its heavy upstarts more than he could pay

The next on down city architects report
^{regard} built a blind wall to match the other wing
the castellated turret, turrets south,
but never stayed to see a second spring.

There was a spell when what was once a home
blossomed a bright hotel with board and sign
and tweedy golfers, frothier would come
in motor rooms who the drive to dine.

And the rooms tangled then old memories
with gnomon lines and jags, all out of key
with precious gestures and grave comeliness,
leaved with gay Dutch castle repartee.

III

The church has bought it now. She lily buds
with quiet Greek gods like other scene or play
the gravelled courtyard where the fawn in hand
brought news of Bunker's still or Cestler's day
she seldom vexed by any other stir
than that of mums whose carting and sack,
whose loaded teams give ^{every} man's character
to what was once a stage to match a place.

Although the jehulans sleep may still be found
in the old grassy and tussocked grass and stone
in that high lane, a black mark miles around
the old jehul slips back to claim its own

37
At the cottage door, in that fat black pot
brimmed with dark water, mists of greeny fleece
steeping, wait for boiling, drying, carding,
late to be spun on treaded wheel
silent now beside the hearth

Just plucked off vivifence bars
off brenbles, lawton brenbles hedges,
all that summer in the fields
at open Castro when blooded home;
when the worm wald held its brack;
off the ^{stiff name} ~~dead~~ ^{stap} in the leather
after the hard winter.

I take the flat square wooden bats
with their close rows of tilted teeth
to end and comb the images
which may be spun tomorrow.

This was the pub where once I took the men
famous for broadest brow, soba a wit
he warned me going in he had no money
and only drink on tent of several offhand.
This was the pub where I was bid to meet
the Russian boat; when he asked my age
he kissed me on both cheeks and called me father.
This was that pub where the small tall barman
always called me doctor or professor
on my ^{few} infrequent visits. When I was one of that

When this building is restored, re-covered
with fashionable surfaces and textures,
what fleshy glass will offer such reflections?
What cornice lets ~~gaily~~ bounce them back?
harder

This was the pub where in my student years
we blended our mentals; all was done, refined.

My Grandmother's house at Ballyholme

I lived there half a year when I was next
when every season seemed designed to please
the longest season, show its stable hills
blossom to fruit, though our crops were meagre,

||

the gull-harbour, ^{how lodged} head tree copse from ..

the hobbled hall you shuffled to the gate

when I had been one, a father

I watched the Curlew shepherding into home

yet for that cranked ends of memory

✓
When my wife's sister's husband came to die
I took my turn to sit beside his bed
and watched that good man suffer in that bed
which had comforted so much for disease,
for friendly words when the sick might be
and doctors, nurses, hospitably, holy
then every craft and skill. But now instead
his bright arts weakened, relaxed, flattered, fled
to evanescent moments of his infirmity.

This was a noble and a change and
for one whose strength was action, changed a bit
by such wisdom, delect and with
a faculty - addict, story teller, friend.
If there is that good Skelton as some say
he might have led him home the Platonist's way.

39
I went, in Byron, to the Sunday School
at grand mother's behest: my teacher there
was daughter of a well known minister
a sweet lady gentle in her mien
Some Bible stories were her chiefest care
Good answers come no tippers. she was kind
(I found her easily shocked and most refined);
one question which I asked embarrassed her.

We'd need that stay for the Chester's Acts
I asked her what a lunatic was. A Bless,
- was her reply. Of oriental facts
that ^{at} seemed unaccountable she gave,
for I knew well by ^{then} ~~now~~ that other opinions vary
you had, as I had, by the dictionary

My dear spouse died - a tumour on the brain
I gazed with pity on that shaven head
so nun like, ^{quite} silent on the smooth white bed
We watched her breathing ^{scarcely} gently. It was plain
she would not stay, would never more regain
that vivacious being who so recently
had walked ^{needed} with ^{the open eyes} ~~her~~ a laugh with me
when hurrying back from Russia in the plane.

We sat together in the sick room,
on upstair [flight?], both well aware
this was the end. We had ^{few} words to spare.
This was the end, I thought, an end for whom?
For me, of love that living had increased
these more than forty years. The breathing ceased.

changed scowls with those solid gobs, -

41
Her situation seemed a pitiable thing,
my punished sister on her ^{tillied} ~~stuffed~~ bed,
her pinned knees twisted in a curve along,
the loose tubes drooping round her ^{wearily} ~~forward~~ head.
For years she'd sat or only stirred with pain,
nodding at times or sleeping if at ease
but quick to ^{check} ~~both~~ ^{trough} never to complain
if someone's ^{words} ~~talk~~ showed interest or please.

I loved her always, then ahead of me.
She loved her brother, eagerly would greet,
when he announced it, some small victory
or laboured suffer under a defeat
just as she took death's coming quietly,
making it seem an orderly retreat.

✓

Ten years a widow, my old mother's mind
became fragmented. First the box played tricks
with horses in the hall; Then she would find
comedians' ^{lectures} faces quietly intermix
with those of ancient friends; and once she thought
I was her husband, callous and inhuman,
for ^{all} this ^{so} ^{Baron} ^{had} brought
a her last days, by ^{counting} ^{this} bringing a young woman.

We drove her to the Mental Hospital
and passed a new built chapel on the way,
which noting, she considered "well believed";
a shrewd remark, no evidence shall
her ^{body} ^{mental} ^{processes} had some estrey
that ^{one} ^{had} led my childhood's wit enslaved.

interest
her lively gift for words -

On first encounter R. J. Welch the well known antiquarian

43

Once in a train in the late twenty three
as I sat reading, in my normal way,
the clunks, humps, covers from to me,
there was no need to sentence each day,
a bearded man beside me fumed and peered
at what I read. I smoked, in some unrest,
a small book Buolche's Comedies,
His curiosity seemed undeterred.

"What are you reading?" Chilled of replies,
I showed him all the title page declares.

"Buolche has to do with country things -
Reading in them will train your young legs!"
And with that warning suddenly he springs
out of his seat and mashes down the stairs.

Winter in Residence

Here in this little room I wrote that book
my Art in Webster, drafting it with care
from estelogues; ^{from} careful notes I took
in Armagh, ² Derry, ² Bangor seeking there
what works might figure reworked or it at least;
from old Proceedings; for the later part
from private cuttings from those distant days
I signed my column with the coy Maclint.

But most of all from memories, none by name,
Craig, ⁴ Glen, ² Coner, ³ Praeger, ⁵ Levery. . .
Roping my pen might shake a tiny flame
to light the list and help a few to see
who may come after, (that) ^{over} that was ^{clear}
and no more items in the narrative.
not simply
from intentions

The Psychometrist

My mother takes me to Mrs Smeltzer

~~My mother took~~

The medium took my belt and closed her eyes;
some moments meditated, slowly spoke
^{and} ^{as} summoned by her there for our advice,
^{unless} beyond our sight, she called rounded folk.
From her description mother recognised
her father, her dead uncles, for a start.
The medium from their gestures realised
the boy's true future closely bound in Art.

At home we told my father. His dissent
was firm. A clerical life ^{no better} as ^{found} found,
though all those intentions urged was kindly meant.
He'd better for set out for some profession,
doctor, or teacher; there's a safer ground
where he could claim some family succession.

