

3

notebook (D)



2nd October

Baldur

Baldur the beautiful is dead
Apollo's lute is broke and dumb
the thorns about the white Christ's head
ensanguined are become.

The dryads with the satyrs wife;
stark winter drags the spring to bed
but I and thou are still alive
tho' Baldur, Christ be dead.

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2/10/

O who hath thought how Jesus died
nailed rudely to the tortured tree
yet never feeleth sanctified
I sworn brother of life's mystery?

We each were there and heard the cry
that left the Temple broke and rent.
O who hath seen young Jesus die
and strode away impenitent?

We crucify the Christ anew
we pierce his pearl pale hands and feet
by each of those dull things we do,
by what we say, in every street.

2/10/ 3

Laughter is of the Gods.

I do not think that Hector was so brave,
nor Balder half so beautiful, as we
in these new days are told by singing men.
The older gods were small and weak and faint -
were they not worshipt by nearanimals?
They croucht in darkness round their little fires
or burrowd in the earth for their great fear -
or tore and spat - such creatures never laugh
the secrets there. I say they did not laugh
for where's the record that the desert Jews,
the yellowfac'd dogworshippers o' the Nile,
the dull drumounders in the Congo's dark,
have ever laughd outright? They cannot laugh.
The first day that a man laugh'd godhead broke
and superstition fell in rustling folds
about that hero's firmly planted feet.
The gentle Jehovah that had such pits of rage

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5

had springs of laughter - pray thou think of them -
the little jest about thy brother's eye,
the irony of Caesar's brassy face,
the joke about his stature in the crowd,
the schoolboy fun on shaggy Peter's name,
the dubbing of the lads of Lebedee
as shouting sons of Thunder when he knew
they too would run away in the least hour -.

Since then man's laughter is unquenchable...
Record the names we string as pious beads
Dan Chaucer, and Voltaire, grim Swift, and Shaw,
and Rabelais, Boccaccio, and France,
and by himself the melancholy bard
our Shakesper who laugh'd Falstaff in great gusts

The gods of old loomed bigger in the mist
but the bright sun of humor and the health
of honest laughter blew theirs away

until the gods look very faint and far.

It only wants another jest or two
till man stands strait and naked 'neath the stars
unfearful of the dark and lying dreams
his crying fancies wore about his heart.

5

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Ecce Homo.

When we had banded to and fro the faith
 and spattered slime about the altar steps
 making a fest of old white bearded gods,
 and tawdry angels plucking timeless harps,
 in some escalled shohman's Paradise,
 that was aglitter with pinbeck and paste,
 he threw a word in japing at the Christ:
 and I who had wholeheartedly joined him
 in laughing at the trappings o' the Faith
 win't back, because the horrid word he sed
 struck me a stinging lash across the face.

At one I rose and went: creakt down the stair
 and shut the streetdoor with a grating bang
 and hurried with my shadow up the street...
 The sidewalk shone bright golden with late rain
 and lamps were blinking yellow, roofs were white,

with midnight frost that dull'd the golden road.
 A cab came rattling by with whip acrack
 and clattering horses and a drunken catch.
 A harlot in a gateway whistled low.
 Two knaps lay huddled in a warehouse door,
 but over all the white moon still crept on.

Instead of turning down an avenue
 I stumbled thro black mean streets till I came
 after blank moments of drunkmen and whores,
 and crying bedless children and blindmen,
 to sudden freshness at the city's end.
 A few fields more and I had climb'd a hill,
 the city lay below me in a mist
 broken by distant glow of roaring cars.
 Far down the river came still siren shrieks;
 the hill beneath my feet lay breathing deep.
 I stolt at last and sat upon a stile
 and watcht the glitter of the frozen dew

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the hill beneath my feet lay breathing deep.
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and watcht the glitter of the frozen dew.

and suckt in icy air from the north wind.
 The stars grew closer, brighter, till they stood
 like shouting heroes ready for the fight
 with silver armor and with shining blades.
 I felt I stood before high heaven's bar
 and these were armed men to watch and ward
 until the Judge in his red robes appear...

I sat till morning but he did not come
 tho' dully in my brain and in my heart
that cruel fest still wrung its leprous hands

Two thoughts whirled round me like mad devils
 that flung their garments out in frantic spells
 and twisted them about their anguish shapes.
 Is Christ no more than him of Nazareth
 that chiseld yokes for oxen and bland stools?
 Or is he in good sooth high heaven's Son
 with feet of flame and arms of scorching brass

that comes to judge the world and break it up?

I thought it out until at last I knew
 the only worth of Christ springs from the fact
 that he was once a village carpenter
 who in his leisure walkt among the hills
 and told his poems to the creaking oaks...

For saw I not day golden in the pines?

4th Oct.

Irishman

To Paddy O'C —

I knew him well and yet I did not know
the inner splendor of his shining heart,
the bitter triumph won from bodily smart,
half baffled by hard circumstance's blow:

for he was poor and old and tramped the street
daily in search of work to feed his child
yet still his stormy soul unreconciled
looked lone from every falter and defeat.

One winter night among the dispossess'd
I stood beside him while a rodding man
storm'd heaven with his cries promethean
and find a beacon in each hearer's breast

We saunter'd home when the hoarse man was done
by crooked byways to his mean abode.
at the streets' end he stopt: his features glowed
as he remarkt "Big job before us, Son!"

5th Oct.

11

The Ghetto God.

He hangs upon a withered tree
upon a warty and crisscross rod,
the proud fool of humility,
the little lonely ghetto god.

The dusty streets of Nazareth
are dustier where his feet trod
for little happen'd at the death
of that poor broken ghetto god:

save that his kinfolk were cast out
beaten with fassces and with rod —
the long weals of the Russian knout
have bruised the crying ghetto god.

High priests in white, the purple robe,
the singing choirboys hail and laud
the symbol of their dreaming hope,
the lonely murdered ghetto god.

8th Oct. 28

13

And we with trumpet, drum, and flag
with cannon and with firing squad
stand up and to the heavens brag
our love for this weak ghetto god.

Yet who knows but the day will break
and tidings roughly blown abroad
that we the people are awake
to follow this frail ghetto god.

The stars will stop their whirling gyres,
the toiling man lay by his load,
and each shall shout in golden choir
the triumph of the ghetto god.

Jubdan's advice to Fergus' fire-gillie
Burn if ye will the bracken
and it shall be no sin :
burn not the bird-sheltering heather,
but burn the old dry whin.

Burn not the tree of the Apples
that hangs in the summer night
fragrant with drooping branches
and blossoms delicate white.

Nor burn the swaying willow
that stands beside the pool
for it is a slender woman
enchanted and beautiful.

Nor burn the blackbudded ash-tree
its timber bends to howeel
and warriors make it a spearhaft
and tip it with shining steel.

8. Oct. 28

The Ballad of O'Hagan

Part I

The white roads from the little towns are busy with motor and dray
but in the moonlit midnight O'Hagan on his bay
clatters along the white roads making a mad foray.

Two hundred years, two hundred years, two hundred years ago
they followed his tracks up the mountain and found him in the snow
and bound him and drag'd him fighting to the castle of his foe.

They hang'd him beside his brothers, they stuck his head on the Gate:
and the heads of the gossips of Carrick wagged sadly at his fate
and a warm wind came up the water and thaw made the gutters run spate.

Two hundred years, two hundred years, two hundred years ago
and where he foray'd and where he fought & bled all the snow
the rumbling motors and shouting men pass over & and fro

Part II

15

O'Hagan rode before the dragoons, the miles dropt off behind.
The cavalry rode like demons awing, O'Hagan rode like the wind;
and none could come near O'Hagan for the road dust made them blind.

His bay sagged under his jolting weight, the soldiers came on in a rank
But O'Hagan turn'd his horse's head and made for the Lagan bank;
till as he drew near the waterside the heart within him sank.

But a word in the ear of the tiring horse, she stiffend and gathered force
and a check and a rush and the weary horse flew over the watercourse
and a sway and a swish and they landed fair, the highwayman & his horse.

The soldiers turn'd slowly back from the brink and trotted slowly away
O'Hagan laugh'd and pull'd the mane of his gallant unbeatable bay.
O'Hagan laugh'd and kiss'd her nose, and rode out on a new foray.

Two hundred years, two hundred years, two hundred years ago:
the road where the horse left the soldiers behind is broken with row upon row
of houses where live the quiet old men who fish in the Lagan's flow.

8th Oct.

17

The Second Ballad of O'Hagan.

His brothers swang from rusty chains in gloomy Carrick town.
His fellow robbers were { ^{shamed} scattered } about high Ltrim and flat ^{Cleverly} Down
So O'Hagan shook his head and sighted ^{hard} with his face set in a frown.

After awhile he saddled his horse and jolted down the lane
and only once was he to see his hiding place again
and that was in the winter the snow gave him up to be slain.

He rode by day and he rode by night till he came to Dublin town
and his clothes were dusty, his skin was dark, and his face was set in a frown
but he stopped at the Inn by the River that bore the Hark and ^{the} Crown.

The sergeant in red, with powdered head, paid him his King's white pence
and O'Hagan now was a bold dragoon by the name of ^{Jeremy} (Patrick) Spence
and no dragoon was half so good at pistol play or fence.

sudden

Five years ran by and the bold dragoon under a (new) command
went (clattering)
(clattered) north by the rocky road to serve in his own fair land
but none could tell by any look or twitch of eyelid or hand.

In Carrick town is Carrick tower where soldiers stand at guard.
And there beneath the crumpled flag in the cobbled castle yard
O'Hagan stood and looked at the hills and the light in his eye was hard.

O'Hagan stood beneath the gate that bore his brother's heads.

O'Hagan looked at the castle tower and the birds poised ^{seagulls} on the leads
And O'Hagan longed for the heathered brook and the (limestone) waterbeds.

The Fair came on and wares were sold and sport was well begun
and his company came
when the sergeant (came with his company all) ripe and ready for fun
and they rode their horses round about till the chaffering was done.

Then in the midst of the market place they raised a hurdle high
and every man rode his horse at it with spur and threatening cry
but never a horse dare leap the gate tho twice or thrice they
try.

Now shake the sergeant "The Regiment's pride will be a thing of spite
if word goes out thro' the army camps of this bad work to-night.
Is there never a horse in the whole brigade can leap this little height?"

O'Hagan set his face in a frown and stroked his horse's head
and thought awhile of his brother's end and how the years had sped.
Then he thought again of the mountainside and the wild rose-flaming red.

O'Hagan turned his horse's head and galloped to the fence.
The horse stood up while he leant low in graceful competence.
The horse came down while he leaned back to hear the shouts of "Spence"

The sergeant ran, as the cheers roared out to shake the rider's hand
"O Spence" said he "Ye surely be ^{horseman} the best o' the bloody band"
"There's not a single master o' horse as good in the King's command."

Then a sudden voice from the gathered throng spoke loudly "There's but one
^{horseman} of all the (riders) in Howald can do what he has done.
And that is O'Hagan the highwayman, the widow woman's son."

The shout was caught and taken up and banded round about.
O'Hagan's face was set in a frown for he heard ^{that} the bidding shout
and already a man with a musket ran to seize him in the road.

So he drove his spurs in the horse's side and clattered thro' the gate.
The bullets whistled wide of him for the marksman was too late.
and he took the road to Belfast town, his face set stern in hate.

In six months time he came again to gloomy Carrick town
frown and his heart was heavy, his arms were tied, his feet set hard in a
And never a man raised voice or gun foreshadowed him in Antrim or Down.

O'Hagan stood on the scaffold high reigh where his deed was done
but never a voice in all the crowd spoke for him. never one.
and they hanged O'Hagan, the highwayman, the widow woman's son.

8th Oct.

The Ballad of the Widow O'Hagan's Sons

There was a widow in Antrim town
had four strong sons and tall
and she herself was fair and bold
but the eldest was boldest of all.

The law of the land was the widow's curse;
her four ~~sons~~^{sons} took the road
and each had a horse and each a gun
and each could shoot and load.

The merchants rich from Belfast town
that sell the linen fine
and sell the grain and sell the yarn
and buy the good red wine,

21

passing along the mountain roads
that led to the shining ford
were easy prey for the widow's sons
who fought with gun and sword.

And fear fell upon Belfast town
and armed men rode out
to scour the hills and lonely glens
for the highwaymen's redoubt.

They never found the hiding place
that's lost in the misty hills
so fear grew terrible upon
the little town o' the mills.

The soldiers came and Cavescarld Hill
saw startled birds fly out
from the burning heather and old dry whin
that covers MacArt's redoubt.

23

a random bullet broke the leg
of one of the widow's sons
and two were captured away in the North
where the horse water runs.

They took the three to Larick town
and hanged them in the square
and stuck three heads on the castle gate
for passing gossips & stare.

But the eldest of the widow's sons
for five fierce years was free
and the widow sat by her hearth and smiled
in hard unhuman glee.

and she had revenge on the law of man
that was the widow's curse,
for the eldest proved before he was taken
to be more wild and fierce

Than the screaming eagle on Knockagh hill
or the wolf on Divis' side
or the cruel fox from Benmadigan
that took the werwolf to bride.

They took him at last to Larick town
and hanged him in the square
and stuck his head on the Gate w/ his kin
that had been so tall and so fair.

But an old widow sat in Antrim town
and smiled herself and smiled
for her four dead sons had been fair and strong
and she thought of them each as a child.

And the merchants rich from Belfast town
that sell the linen white
went to and fro in sun and snow
at midday or at night

8th Oct

25

A Little Tale of the Civil War

I never had the heart to fight the law
but I felt the wrong rankle within
for my heart was as red as the scarlet law
and as sharp as the points of the whin.

So I cast me about to find away
of easing the hurt to my pride . . .
Lwas this that befell on one bright April day
as I climb'd up the slow mountain side -

Out among the heather as I strode along
my barking dog darting here and there
I heard the skylark's long rippled high song
up above in the white of the air.

Sudden two men rose up out of the gorse
Like lads and unshaven bat each with a gun
and I knew them at once ~~for~~ gunners of the force
that were rebels and out on the run.

So I spoke to them both of the hurt to my pride
and gave them the bread I had in my bag
and we sat and talkt on the lone mountainside
till the sun furld his bloodred flag.

For seven days with care I went and came
and brought the rebels food & meat
and I took my last in the heathless game
that can only end in defeat.

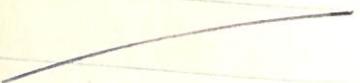
The eighth day when I came again
They did not answer my cry
and I stood alone by the two murdered men
and looked up at a lark in the sky.

8th

9th Oct. 27

I have no wrong to nurse against the law
since my revenge has left me clear and clean.

Indeed it seems as tiny as the law
lost in Hopper branches leafy green.



Nora's Grave

The children play about the place
a lover shot his love and died.

The little children romp and race
and trample on the mountainside,
and kiss upon the mountain side.

A lonely grove of gnarled trees:

there must have been a moon that night
when Nora caught and hugged his knees,
and his eyes glittered hard and bright,
and his ~~gold~~ pistol glittered bright.

Who knows but in the merry band
of little children at their play
one clasps another's clashing hand
that will go out the selfsame way,
that will both end the selfsame way.

The Three Old men

8

The three old men told of their fears
that we gods eat and drink and lost
in oceans, soft thunders that
and iron get again on your
but we gods eat and drink and lost
the three old men told of their fears
and iron get again on your

The first dragon : I went about
the wide world across dangerous seas
and searched my life against my heart
and failed at last to find my home
and never knew what sort of world
I find it was so one and so

97 old

The three old men told of their fears
and iron gets again on your
and of the thunders of gods,
and how times goes by so many
and it is surely, surely you

The first dragon : I went about
the wide world across dangerous seas
and searched my life against my heart
and failed at last to find my home
and never knew what sort of world
I find it was so one and so

24

9th Oct.

The Widow's Lament.

(1)

I will go out from my own place
from Skernaghan to Mullaghduibh,
and gaze in every neighbor's face
seeking the face that once I knew.

And I will ask the blacksmith bold,
and the parson, and their wives;
and I will ask the very old
old man that sharpens knives:

And Andy from the fourcross roads,
and Willy from the Hill,
and Peter that drags the heavy loads
up Betty's Brae to the mill

31

(2)

From Ballytober I will go
to Muldersly and Gobbin's Brae
till every living soul will know
that you have lost your way.

(3)

~~But~~ when night falls along the sea
~~I will stand alone on Skernaghan~~
~~and feel that you are there with me:~~
~~Home at last my sailorman.~~

9th Oct.

33

Ape on Calvary.

He scrambled from the tree and reached the ground
for now already day swung down the sky
and he had far to travel to return
to his dense heavy-scented dripping woods:
and desert crossing is ^{most} arduous
for feet that are not used to treading stones
whose edges cut the nerves and wring the heart.....
Before him lay a stony sunscorched plain
with here and there a pool of brackish water
and dwarf shrubs with jagged leaves and white dry dust.
A shining haze rose wreathlike from the ground
and swept the scattered clumps of palms away.
But standing clear above the dusty haze
a bare hill climb, round, polished like a skull:
Ascending stark against the bloodred sky
he saw three trees stand naked, straight and tall,
and from their fairing branches strange flowers hung.

At first he thought them to be fellow apes,
but they were white as blossoms on the lake:
and slender too, and seeming delicate.
They were not like the men that he had ^{seen} met,
the screaming creatures with their hideous drums,
and shining hairless bodies and short arms.
He stood and gazed and saw strange figures more.
He faintly heard the shouting on the wind
of voices like the mocking birds at night...
and fear laid stealthy fingers on his neck.
Then all was still: save far away there came
a hooting owl and weak beat of bats' wings.

Sudden a shriek broke thro the dying light.....
and fear laid icy hands upon his heart...
He did not know the things the horror spoke
for they were not in jungle syllables:
it was as tho a lion seized an ape:
and he remembered how one distant day

9th Oct.

35

his falter fell among a pack of dogs.

The cry he gave still echoed thro his brain
and this was such. But of intenser grain.

Night fell with swift and unaccustomed force:
so he turned slowly back and sniffed the wind,
and, arms a-swing, strode towards his own fair land:
but slept with care on hard ground hard with knives
of flint and toothed with edges of sharp stones.

There was no sound now, save a hooting owl
and dying whirr of weak bats' beating wings.

The Ring o' Words.

Words dapple me like old wine on young men
when I am swept before their magnificence
and sanity forsakes me till again
an ugly word plays trumpet to my sense.

There's Sycamore: I think at once of gold
and redgold autumn's funeral fall
but here breaks in the lovely legend told
of Lælaus the man who was so small.

Or calamus: I do not know the thing
but visions rise of swollen argosies
on purple waters with winds blustering
and nodding palm tufts near the Isles of Spice

Or psaltery : I summon up the shapes
of gay musicians on the close cut lawn
and negroboys and fuming goldto hair'd apes
and golden ladies fragile fair and wan.

I might go on making my catalog
and spoiling each fair fancy with dull phrase
till they become as corners that a dog
stopping to sniff ^{turn him on devils ways} ~~cassieh close his~~

But one thought more : If I could find one word
that summons up the Hope I hold for man
then I would rise and shout it till all heard
and rose and wrong it according to my plan.

This is not yet : but meanwhile think of these
travailing songs as essays to that end
and if in them you find a note that please
know that you do much more than I, my friend.

People - of the Irish War. I

I met a quiet tired young man
with lines of sorrow on his face
I talked and quizzed till he began
and told me of his early days .

" When I was young " he said " I was
a studious lad at Druid lore
and ancestry and bardic laws
of Eire in the long before .

I met a man with a dreaming heart
who smiled and sang of Eire's wrong
and took me by the hand apart
and shew'd the purport of his song .

10th Oct
39

He spoke of Englands cruel heel
poor Eire crying in the dust:
he whisper'd words of shot and steel
and swore me brother to his trust.....

They shot him dead in Dublin town
beside the Liffey's shelving bank...
I fled before the lads in brown
who ran with baynets rank on rank.

Years passed when I went out again
with pistol loaded for the fray.
My enemies were Irishmen:
They struck me down the selfsame way.

And here am I young man in years
but shattered by the fearful truth
that o'er Eire lives by tears
and broken bodies of her youth.

II:

A working man who lov'd his class
and sound the humors of his heart,
complaining of the Crown and Mass
and what serv'd for the Worker's part:

When word came that the boys were out
with Connolly and his brigade
I shook my spirit clear of doubt
and ran to fling my hand grenade...

Now disillusion'd, on the quay
I swing and lower boxes down,
and sometimes think most bitterly
of those who died in Dublin town.

10th Oct

8th

3

I fought the English by my words
and broke from jail and said away
to ride among cowboys and herds
waiting for England's judgment day.

Luck came to me. A streak of gold
hann'd better than I daid to think
I fought and grand and bought and sold,
lovd women, guns and drink

Came back to Dublin rich and sad
secretly proud of what I'd done ...
I watcht a soldier shoot a lad
I so I went home and got my fun

10th Oct

41

Comment

If I could blot the bitterness
out of my mother's aching heart
and scatter her so deep distress
by any craft or art
I woud not do it lest again
she grow forgetful and once more
fling out our souls in blood and pain
as happen'd once before.

10th. Oct.

86

Why Ireland only?

Why Poet weave thy stubborn lines
of Eric and her little part?

There is a snowcloakt land of pines
that has as great a throbbing heart.

A slavefolk driven by the knout
to drag and carry and unload
and force the shuttle in and out
or pull the sledges up the road;

a merry band of laughing lords
that spent their days in lust and mirth
and heeded not the bitter words
that came in those slave hearts to birth:

Then sudden Justice, down they go,
the tunnels topple, break and fall
and out across the starlit snow
goes kingship to its funeral.

~~A giant task for giant men
to knock the fetters off the slaves
and build fair villages again
where only lay shot rebels' graves.~~

Now Poet here's a theme o' worth.
Pray see thy epic song outgrows
the little prejudice of birth
and takes in this large land of snows.

43

15th Oct

43

84

Thought on Congress of Vienna 1815 and
after.

I name them: Alexander, Castlereagh,
and Metternich, O most ignoble three,
and call them up to justify the way
they slit the throat of young Democracy.

Statecraft and artifice was their design
One there was a lonely dreaming man
who saw bright visions in his bubbled wine
yet sat with them confederate to their plan.

But I shall mock not for were there not three
as much befool'd a short decade ago
of them one had like visions too yet he
went out with them and dealt agen the blow?

The men who rolled in the Russian snow,
The lads who lay dead in the Flemish earth
amid the rusting cannon - O God know
what they shall say on Time's red judgment morn?

Will they not stretch out hands to skeleton
and withered brothers who died as they died
and laugh about the victory they won
and take the six weak brethren to their side?

16th October 1928

Sonnet on Abstraction

O can you think of Time remote from Space?
I cannot; but the fault may be in me:
I need the shadow on the Dial's face
To measure off Time's harsh insistency.
So neither can I think of Love remote
from flesh and bone and sick red running blood,
white delicately molded neck and throat
that pale and flush obedient to each mood.

Fact is: Abstraction is most difficult:
indeed I hazard a nearcertain guess
that God and his high angels will exult
and shout aloud for very blessedness
when man can see the abstract thing without
the symbol that but widens scope for doubt.

16th Oct.

67

The wine ran in my throbbing head
and tore a furrow thro my heart
when I unsteady wandered home
reflecting on the Poet's part.

Uneasy houses, crazy lights,
and threatening footsteps in the gloom
spun round me till I almost cried
for the safe firelight of my room.

But halfway down a dismal street
I stopt to peer thro gateway bars
and saw a shivering thin tree,
leafless but heavy with gay stars.

17th October '28

Malone Park. Judson

I know a quiet avenue
trim plotted, lined with beeches tall
where sudden sunlight flashing thro'
makes splendid this last pomp of fall.

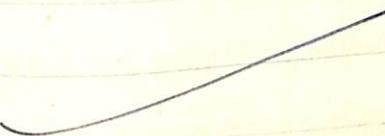
There is one thing I mean to do :
when spring runs down this leafy length,
I'll gather in the avenue
the slumfalk in their ragged strength.

28th Oct

69

Pantheos

I have a kinship
with the stones :
the sap that buds
the bursting tree
runs thro' the marrow
of my bones
and tumbles laughing
to the sea.



19th Oct.

8

51

The Keening of the Sidhe.

As I was sittin' in Macfadden's pub
a red-faced policeman came bragglin' in.
He seen Pauden beside me an' begun
tae slang the young trenchcoated volunteers —
Pauden ye know hed lost an arm an' was
not fightin' now, but bitter wi' his tongue.
So he spoke up an' tol us all a'gen
iv' Ireland an' the levy that she laid
on her own sons that were not traitor born —
Ye know the crack ... When I was sax years oul'
I heard it first an' never since that time
I kind a shiver an' shut up me heart.
For they are devil's words an' treacherous
an' lyin' altogether ...
The peeler caught at this an' who wud not?
an' gave a skelly look at Pat an' me,
an' couglit, an' spat, drummed fingers on the bar,

and spoke "Here's saven less o them dam' rats
They dropt in ambris down the Chapel Road ...
We bring them in a Crossley till the Morgue."
Pat rig up sudden like an' grabbd his cap,
run till the dare ... I follaxyed on his heels.

At nine o'clock the village street is quiet
an' lights is out in all the cottages,
except a glimmer at oul' Dick the Prod's,
an' Felney workin' late on Petter's plough —
ye oughta seen its sparks an' filins fly!

A low light at the windys iv' the Church
was dimlike an' mysterious an' quare.
I caught up Pauden at the morgue's grey steps
an' got a sight iv blud smear'd on the done:
an' it wuz lockt ... Thank be till Jesus Christ...
I darvit a' seen the young lads lyin' near.
Pat turn'd and gropt along the mossy damp wall

86
until he reacht a windy sill an' stoppt.

I follyed, stand beside him an' leukt in.

A sudden glittar in the cloud bankt mune
broke right acrost the windy an' we saw --
God help is all

On seven slabs lay seven sheeted shapes.

The nearest one's white face was coverless.

The sheet had reft half bludy down his chist.

His eyes wuz clos'd. His lips clercht in a frown.

The sweat damp hair straggled acrost his face.

They must a shot him in the body or back

for blud wuz dryin' clotty on the flure.

Beyont him wuz a fellah lyin' crooket,

bent wi' the pain in bulletwounds an' shock.

He must a boaket up his red stringy guts

for jellied muck lay close beside his head.

The other fine pale green in the moonlight,

wuz coverd up an' decent an' comfoid.

I stand an' tuk me cat off an' cried quiet:

55
but Paudees give a sob an' turn'd away
mutterin' an' mumblin' like an old 'blin' man:

"Ochone Ochone god rest ye Phelim Neil,
and Holy Mary guard me little Slawn;
for they war lovely on the village green
an' beautiful upon the football field
an' heroes in the fightin' in the Hills
Ochone Ochone god rest ye little Slawn"

~~I~~ Tore me heart out an' I cried aloud
an' tuk him by the arm an' wint away...

But in the mornin' neighbourbuddies said
the night wuz dark wi' keening in the Shee.
An' someone said he heard a Banshee cry:
another that the wee man in the Glen

wuz seen a cryin' up the Chapel lane.

An' Mary Cassidy wuz settin' share
she leend a voice behind the low morgue wall
"Ochone God rest ye Phelim, little Slawn"

24th Oct.

How Negroes Walk

Old Billy Hunt is dead and gone
white dust and ashes is his pyre
yet from the embers I take one
bright glowing little coal of fire.

This grand' hands twitcht with my strong nerves,
his slabby shod and scraping feet
are clear forgot the yet this still serves
to call the man's soul up, complete.

"I can tell two negroes apart -
I caught the trick out on the seas"
Then I would follow his old heart
back to the long lagoons and trees -

"What's more a black Jamaica man
is easy notice if ye know
the way them niggers walk an' stan'
stark naked or in calico —

A black Jamaica man, ye see,
walks so, an' other negroes so - "
But now from pain and dreaming free
Want watches how the Blessed go !

24th Oct

Moralising.

The moon's a swimmer in tumultuous seas,
The clouds are combes crashing in his face.
He makes no headway toward the shore set trees,
yet never seems to change his steady pace.

Lagoons lie strait ahead with palms and stars
and soft night odors drifting from the trees:
but we are buffeted by spray and spray
and sink at last overwhelmed by beating seas.

25th Oct.

Theorbo & Lutestring

My littel Tyg.

I doe natt gyff one jotte or fig
for Browniste nor for holy man;
for with my bottel and my tyg
I'll drink with ony Dick or Dan.

So here's a slug and here's a sarp
and here's my bottel's narowe nose.
Ye see my name upon this tyg:
yet it is Bacchus wears my clothes.

Loll slowly singer, sexton dig,
and turn the cloots and cleave the clay
and bury me and this my tyg
which will be fill'd on judgment day.

25th Oct

D Freethinker 1929

Two Sonnets on Free State Censorship Bill

I

Grim Deen who sleeps within his pulpits' shade
canst thou rise up to say the bitter thing
to pen the words that hiss and stab and sting
and flay the foul flesh of the Pope's brigade.
Ah no. Then sleepest: and the glories fade
from off the altar and the censers swing:
the mystic smoke cleabs up in clouds that clew
about the temples of the Priestly trade.

O swift these tricksters in thy famous town
have laid a plot to fetter our free minds
and bring agen the chained Bible days.
And ^{late} I doubt not but the martyr's gown
of living flame, the white hot iron that blinds
shall be brought back to better their Lord's praise!

II

O Ban the books and save the children's lives
and cut the heart out of the sceptic's rage,
erase the angry word that mars the page,
that sears the soul, yet in its searing shrives.
So bind our dreaming spirits in still gyves
since freedom is dead in this still darker age,
lest we forsake the dictates of the sage,
and play with ethics of the heds and hives.

O worthy purpose O most noble plan
O holy Churchmen who will save our youth
from all the bitter blasphemies of man
and lead them gently in the ways of truth
Yea God grant pardon ... my wild rage outran
Christ's love and saw ye perish in red ruth

2 26th October

The Old Farmer

Blinking, pensine at the fireside
sat the old farmer.

He said "I'll take me a young bride
to make
when these cold days is warmer.

And she shall rise to light the fire
and feed the chickens,
and in the night meet my desire
when my chilly pulse quivers -

For tho' they say I'm old indeed
my heart is stronger
and they are liars who say the seed
runs in my loins no longer:

26th Oct 1928

61

Halloween

Red leaves and gold drift thick the green:
The winds run thro' the sighing firs.

"We must be done by Halloween"

The farmer told his harvesters.

They found him dead near his machine
deep in the grain beside the firs
"And he had done by Halloween"
whispered the frighten'd harvesters.

31st Oct.

31st. Oct. 28

63

Dirge for Armistice Day, 1928.

Toll O slowly toll the bells,
fire the volley, break the lance
for we died in Dardanelles
and we lost our eyes in France.

We had thought to ring the bells
for the joy of endless peace
but, so blasted by the shells
no buds burst from our bent trees.

Lord O loudly crash the bells
that they bring us into mind
and none die in Dardanelles
nor come home from Flanders, blind.

any Middleaged Mother to her Youngest Son.

He spoke of music. I askt him if he had ever known
the German bands with their clamor and brassy overtone.
He shook his head. I remembered. The words ^{tongue} scrapt hard on my
"Stupid of me to ask you that : for you were far too young."

For then I saw the ragged gash that rift across the years.
He looked with wonder at my face and markt the ready tears.
I checkt them, and I smiled at him, and said "There used to be
a party of travelling minstrels that fascinated me."
It makes me sad to think of them : my youth seems past so far.

And so I never gave a hint about that funeral war.

1st November 1928

F A
R C.B.
K D.

(8)

Phallus

Spirit flung matter on the couch of Space
and from that fiery ^{sestine} embrace we are sprung
while midwife Time with her impassive face
has stood to chafe the tired limbs of the young.

Bastard begot we flounder in the clay,
play tenant in the utmost galaxies,
because fierce Spirit, that far fatal day,
forsake his loins those seeds of all unease

3rd Nov.

65

(8)

Love in the Persian Garden

Love in the Persian Garden
saw Omar, Hafiz gone,
and kiss the sleeping warden
and hurried toward the dawn.

I saw her quickly striding
across our vacant shires
her harsh throat strained with chiding
at our faint heart desires.

2
3rd Nov.

(16)

Hero and Helen, Ashtaroth
are candles burning low
yet love a timid hearted moth,
^(ticks) flits round their afterglow.

They burnt not up the whole of love
in their consuming heat
for dimly, little shadows move
with never resting feet

about the streets, rain wet and dark,
and severally they cry
beneath the night's electric arc
against a starless sky.

3rd Nov.
67

(18)

O He who bids a dream to live
is wiser than the wind
that seeks to stay the fugitive
light leaves the frost has thin'd;

for in the motion of the air
the very leaves are lost:
so he who has the foolish care
kills dreams in thought's bright frost

3rd Nov:

(8)

The lonely ghosts on Lebanon
flat thru the thin and shaken trees
and no ship brings for Solomon
plunder from foam fleckt purple seas.

The rain nests that rich King of Tyre
upon his hemlock hidden throne

Their day is but a fading fire
from a cold star lost in our dawn

—

4 Nov.

69

(12)

freethinker

Who knows you star that blinks at us
may have gone out these hundred years
and yet it shone on Darius
as he stood in his wood of spears.

Mayhap a lonely man lookt out
from his snow cabin in the north
and like light snowflakes sled his doubt
and girt his shoes and hurried forth.

Who knows but it is similar
with us who have a faith in god —
and he is but a blind bright star
whose heat would not burn up a sod.

—

2
3rd Nov.

(9)

The lonely ghosts on Lebanon
flit thru the thin and shaken trees
and no ship brings for Solomon
plunder from foam fleckt purple seas.

The rain mists that rich King of Tyre
upon his hemlock hidden throne
Their day is but a fading fire
from a cold star lost in our dawn

4 Nov.

69

(12)

Freethinker

Who knows you star that blinks at us
may have gone out these hundred years
and yet it shone on Darius
as he stood in his wood of spears.

Mayhap a lonely man lookt out
from his snow cabin in the north
and like light snowflakes sled his doubt
and girt his shoes and turned forth.

Who knows but it is similar
with us who have a faith in god —
and he is but a blind bright star
whose heat would not burn up a sod.

2 Nov 61K

(40)

A Bedouin tells his Brother of Paradise.

Circassian slaves shall in thy arms
turn thy vain thoughts away from death
for they shall drape thy neck with charms
and kiss thy lips with honey'd breath.
Their polish'd limbs as white as milk
shall writhe like serpents at thy word:
Thou shalt caress the flesh of silk
and touch the bosoms pale as curd.
And in the perfum'd starhung night,
when day lies in his dark divan,
thou from these shapes shalt snatch delight,
and thank the Prophet thou'rt a man.
Thy slumber shall be sooth'd with sound
of hidden lute and dulcimer;
and in these silken fetters bound
no cry shall make thy joy to stir.

Dawn shall come up with noise of bells,
the muezzin shout to the East:
and water from the coolest wells
shall lave thy limbs for each day's feast.
And at the cool of eve when day
sheathes his red dagger in the West
among the shadowy palms that sway
thou shalt walk with the loveliest.

The white moon rises, round and fair,
and leopards slink across the sand,
then to thy tent thou shalt repair,
blest hap of Allah's pleasant land!

Then once a year thou shalt put on
thy mail and draw thy damascene,
and mount thy Barb, and in the dawn
ride out to join the Bedaween.

2
And when the Arab boat is met
Thou shalt attack the Infidel,
storming his sunstruck minaret
and sending him in haste to hell.

And in the Prophet's golden tent
Thou shalt recline in drunken ease,
laughing aloud for merriment,
with houris sleeping at thy knees

6 Nov.
73
(12) *W. H. Murray*

Pagoda princesses in blue silk
move past ^{like hesitant} with tread of stray gazelles
thro blossoms blown as white as milk
where winds are drowsy, full of bells.

Then melancholy mandarins
like peacocks spread their purple dress
while distant noise of mandolins
shakes thro the moonlit loveliness.

Two satin lovers by the sea
wait for the gold sail'd lacquer boat
and beat their white hands aimlessly
as lotus blooms beside them float.

14 Nov.

(8)

Time's Triumph

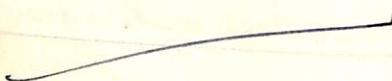
They bore the scarlet cardinal
To his last slumber in the grave

Now tourists walk along the wall
with talk of arch and architrave .

They feel a pride they do not speak
because they walk about and know
a cardinal's beneath .

The weak

rats had that triumph long ago .



7th Nov.

75

(32)

Corroboree

The moon blown full
blooms in the sky . . .
the beautiful
young girl must die .

The doctors fling
their arms about
and dance and sing
and leap and shout .

The swaying band
begins to shake
like trees that stand
in swift earthquake .

The firelight throws
an arabesque :
while each face glows
entrant, grotesque .

7th Nov.
77

The drumthrob loud,

The fifes rise shrill:

The crying crowd

call for the kill.

The gentle maid

with shining face

stands unafraid

bound in her place.

The doctors thrust

with pain ungeset:

blood in the dust

drips from her breast.

Her arms are cut

off at the joints

her ears are put

high on spearpoints.

The fires grow coal,

they eat the maid ...

The moon, blow full, looks at the glade.

O ecstasies of human flesh,

O hidden joys of hand or eye,

The body's but a chemic mesh

Of home sick immortality.

Nay: for the lambs are like the thought
That blushes in the blood beneath.

The beauty of the soul is brought

Into the eyes, the lips, the teeth.

7th Nov.

(8)

Spain.

When young I was content to feel
the silken splendor of the Don,
the tragic beauty of Castile,
and the high pride of Aragon.

But age has given sadden'd thought,
and knowledge now to me doth shew
the pitiable treasure brought
from slave-dug mines of Mexico

79
9th Nov.

Elegy for Armistice Day 1928.

Muffle the drums, for memory comes slow foot to the monument
and the hooded widows weep and the weary soldiers sleep
and the gold chain'd mayor and council are content.

Think of them, the battle shattered, buried in the Flanders clay
who once died to make earth lovely and to bring a better day.

Turn away, turn away leave the blossoms & the wreaths to wither here
for the earth is no more lovely, and the better day is far,
and the world is still unweary of the brutal curse of war,
and the warlords in their glory know no fear.

Turn away, turn away, for their word and faith's untrue
^{our}
to the coughing lads in the union and the workless in the queue

10th Nov.

(8)

Spanish Lace.

Tall lady in black silk that creaks,
with high mantilla of rare lace,
the loveliness thy form bespeaks
is marred with sorrow in thy face.

Slow, slow you head with silent feet
thru' sunbleach'd streets of old Madrid,
a mournfully in the crime curst street
that weeps for what her fathers did

10th Nov.

(8)

Benares.

Black figures stand wet to the knees
crowding the sacred temple stairs,
white, ancient mother, old Ganges
flows past in answer to their prayers.

Would that we in the Occident
had some such stream to bathe us in
whence we might struggle out, content,
washed of the spirit, bright and clean.

10th Nov

(12)

Mathematics.

W. H. Thomas

Can those old dusty learned men
that talk of π and Calculus
wake up to redblood life agen
and think quite like the rest of us?
And can they slot awhile to laugh
who live in diagram and graph?

Or is their function on this globe
to seek the underlying laws,
firing their hearts, to pry and probe
time's ultimate creative cause?
O wond' life seem more plain to me
if I knew Trigonometry?

12th Nov.

83

(20)

The little god that made us stands amazed...
for see! the temple that soars past the sun
and props the stars from falling into th' abyss,
and hear the song thes merry harvesters
make so to measure out their scyted strokes
and look! a man who's young and frail and wan,
is nailed upon a tree agenst the sky
to prove he is triumphant lord of Limer...
and you old man susp hemlock with no fear,
and this runs on the spears of Austria,
and this agen takes cancer to his breast
that he may know what cancer is, and how
it grows this throbbing intricate machine...
Ah no! a drunk man rapes a little child,
a Larbot in the dark leaps off the bridge,
Ten thousand men with bayonets of steel
rush on ten thousand men with loaded guns,
and idle, in the drizzle, poor folks stand
to snatch the sodden crust of charity...
The little god that made us stands rebukt!

13th Nov.

85

(20)

Oaken Heart.

He spoke of woods, recall'd their names
ebony, jarrah, oak, and pine...
They tote across my brain like flames
and set me thinking on the brine.

O little ships that come and go
across the beating water's ~~breast~~ breast
and touch Japan and Mexico
will you not take me on your quest?

For I ^(harsh) could pull ^{told} hopes and hold
the ^{tugging} wheel when seas run high
and when the sleet falls ^{sleet whistles} steeply cold
^{2'd reef stiff} I could reef ^{sails} against the sky.

And I would be content to eat
the salt beef and the ^{wormy} mouldy bread
or toss flea plagued in tropic heat
and end my days in hammockt lead.
(and have a hammock for my bed)

O little ships that come and go
can I not hurry off with you
and see Japan, and Borneo,
and Madagascar, and Peru.

(20)

Merchandise

Of Linen fine, and Calico,
 Of Satin, Silk, and rich gold Lace,
 Our Bales are stufft so You shall go
 And haue with Them from Place to Place.

And You shall sell the Satin red
 To Pages who stand round the King
 And Velvet-Covers shall be spread
 Before the Throne as Offering.

The silk You'll sell to Ladies fair
 That ride in Splendor thro' the Town;
 And their soft Shoulders, white and bare,
 Shall gleam above the Silken Gown.

And rich gold Lace you'll sell to ~~the~~ ^{Lords} Knights
 To deck their Collars and their Sleeves,
 And drap the rough Hills of their Swords
 And cast a Glory round their Greaves.

But since poor hungry People go
 Naked and crying down the Street
 You'll give them this thin Calico
 Lest they hurl~~s~~ Crowns down in Defeat.

15th Nov

91

(23)

To Readers a hundred years hence that
they be forewarned

When I am dry bones in the dust
my verses will be read I trust
by urgent shorthands in the street,
pausing awhile in blank defeat,
to seek a solace from the strife
that is the purpose of man's life.

And not by any coterie
that talks of poets, and takes tea :
and not by talkative school girls
that squeal and rip and toss their curls :
and not by sadden'd teacher folk
to little lads that love a joke
and care not for the Poet Bloke.

And not by those great men in gowns

that theorise my verbs and nouns :
and not by students who would see
romantic tendencies in me :
and not by pulpit pounding men
that show how devils drove my pen .

But if, behind the banicade
they sing my songs and unafraid,
rush on the cannon, worse and mad
my very dry bones shall be glad .

17th Nov.

The Sporting Press

I sat beside him in the bus
that snored and grunted up the road
thinking how Fate makes fun of us
tumbling us random in life's load.

For here I was that hopt down
the hock's bay, the lyric crown,
while he found happy solace in
football's vicarious renown.

17th Nov. 93

The Warfare of the Skies.

When Lord God sought to storm Time's citadel
he cast about to find deep strategies
whereby the town shoud fall with little noise,
and those high lovely towers be left unbroken.
For ruin was not ever in his mind,
being the golden-hearted architect
of beauty in the atom and the star.
Huge cannon woud avail not in this thing.
So he sent out my kinsmen to be spies,
to sum the armaments and bastions
and hurry back with tidings to the throne.

So if you meet those silent thoughtful men
know that they are the spies of God, and shun
their company and never drok a hint
you know their errand in the midnight town.
For me, that lackt the tactics and the craft,

16

9:
17th November

not this dreasurable holy treachery.

I stand upon a hill beyond the town
with steady eyes upon its entrances:
and when our spies throw up a sudden flare
I'll trumpet up the cohorts of the dawn!

Does he remember?

Does the white bearded God keep count of time
or has he not grown weary of the days
and seasons that creed on from zone to zone
and shall, until night snuffs his sun's small blaze?
And can he recollect what Moses said
when he kept sheep like Patrick on a hill
and foolish lambs were tangled in the brush
and some cord dig them free with any skill?
And does he know what happens in the mind
of some poor men that lord what was forbid?
Or what they thought that heard ^{should} a pild' the bricks
that Pharaoh used to build his Pyramid?
He surely cannot bring these back to mind,
and if I do the tiny thing I wond
he might not notice, or in ten years' time
I'd blot it over with hard works of good.

19th Nov

20

Psychic Research.

There is a crowd of humble folk
that huddle close against the roof
and from the void of space invoke
spirits & ^{furnish} ~~utter~~ final proof -

~~their~~
of soul - survival after death
and (news about) ^{forsit} the ghostly race ...
The air grows heavy with their breath
and sweat drops trickle down each face .

~~They call Napoleon up and he~~
~~mutters of horrible mad war~~
~~and talks, sheet cover Pharisee,~~
~~about the wagon and the star.~~

So here
and ~~so~~ Endors

And Alexander, Charlemain,
and walter landor
and Julius Caesar come and speak ,
was oscar wilde , satiric Paine
(and hood columbus of old Spain ,)
and Socrates the snub-nos'd Greek.

The air grows heavy with their breath
and sweat drops trickle down each face
and haughty queen Elisabeth
utters another commonplace .
must mouth

19th November.

(12)

Lyric.

Come away. Come away for the rains ~~is~~ in the hay
and the beanfields' away with the breath o' the day
Come away!

Come away for the town is dull, rainy, and brown
and the smoke drops adown on the poet and clown
Come away!

Come away to the skies that are full of birdsonies
and a glory that flies bringing joy to the eyes
Come away!

Come away; turn your feet from the echoing street
to the lanes thro' the wheat in the slow summer heat.
Come away!

19th November

(66)

99

(Orstheles' Renunciation)

The Dilettant studies M.C.H.
but remaineth impudent to the end.

North Star

Had I the time I'd like to see
the great white horse of Westbury.
I'd like to stand in London's roar
where human breakers crash ashore:
I'd like to walk thro' old Madrid,
^{ Cheops } and gaze on Pharaoh's Pyramid,
^{ eat curried } and eat my rice in far Hongkong
with coolies row me with a song:

and hear the bulbul in the trees
walking along in Persian peace:
on Tartar plains ^{ steppes } drink wildmare's milk,
and rustle thro' Canton in silk.

~~and stride across the Russian snows,~~
~~and stoop to pluck a Picard rose.~~

I'd like to dip for years in books
that tell of lovely ladies' looks:

and stand before great tapestries
of Paris clashing Helen's knees . . .

I'd like to put these in my songs
with color that to each belongs,
with broideries of word and phrase
and capitals that gleam and blaze .

Then I would sit at home and tell
how sunlight stakes Rome's citadel,
~~and how Camara carvers work,~~
~~and how the Great loves the Sun,~~
and how the camel bells swing low
and hunchbacked sandhills rise and go
at bidding of the bitter East . . .

and what dead kings lard for the feast,
pink peacock's tongues, and nests of birds,
and pearl-touched wine, and crystal cards.
and each dish with its subtle scent,

distilled

the cooks smear over for ornament . . .

And how Van Eyck is better than
~~the ^{of} honestest least Italian~~
any other painting man,

{ and how mad Wagner broke his heart
in that low lake-hid room apart,
and what my Marlowe said to Ben
among "the Mermaids" merry men,
and what young Shelley thought when he
strode lonely by the Tyrrhene sea .

But tho' I'd like to do and say
these things, today is still today :
and men tramp hungry down the street,
in ragged clothes, on ill-shod feet,
and little children cry for bread
and sleep with wooden boards for bed,
and women sell their bodies white
to leering men in cold lamplight :
and honest people go to work

in wet cold winter twilights dark,
 while other folk go south to France
 and in the moonlight game and dance.
 and pasteboard kings and stupid lords
 stand on the stage and clash their swords —
 and my poor people are forgot,
 are left to starve and die and rot.

So time's not ripe for me to see
 the great white Horse of Westbury . . .

And till my people rise and strike
 I cannot see the things I'd like.

So I shall stay and groan and shout
 until the Thing shall come about
 And I and they shall go and see
 old Titian's gems in Italy.

(8)

Tasks.

I may not live to shoulder gun
 or hurry down the corpse stream street
 when that red battle is begun
 That rings the knell of wrong's defeat.

I may not in the concourse stand
 that greet, in joy a world remade
 yet I at least can lend a hand
 in piling up the barricade.

21st Nov.

(b)

Oberon: a Symbol.

I lost my faith in fairies when I saw
a gnome knock down another for a hand.

Tho' I had been incredulous indeed
to see one sell her beauty for a bead.

But worst of all I saw one drive a snail
laden with rose leaves to an autumn sale!

(12)

Jurisdiction

105

Any Rich Suburban Church.

21st Nov.

Last Sunday afternoon I went,
and climb'd a soapbox in the rain,
and talkt to my strange regiment
of tattered men about their gain.

Returning home, dead tired, for tea,
I pass'd a church at half past six —
spark motors in their fanoply
switch'd back my thoughts to politics.

Next Sunday I will go agen
and summon my strange regiment,
and march them to those wealthy men
and there will be — an accident!

21st Nov.

(12)

Confessio Amantis.

Lovely ladies that laugh and live
in the light atmosphere of song
and aveas passion fugitive
I shall not do ye any wrong.

I may call Helen up to prove
the ardor of my inner flame
but she is living whom I love
and ancient Hellen's but a name.

I would not kiss the lipless skull
nor press the whitened bones and dust:
but famous names are beautiful
and serve as starry cloaks for lust

21st

107

(8)

Ape or Athlete?

A raw red bottom'd grinning ape
cracking his fleas, may pick his teeth
yet to the world the outward shape
might shew no hints of such beneath.

A hunched man with limbs grown thin
and blotch skin lepros, cancerid cheek,
may have a noble youth within
a shining, ~~and~~ fair athletic Greek.

23rd

(12)

Holy Family.

O snowy breasts
young Christ did press
in his eternal
helplessness,
have ye no blessing now for me
that am in pitiful distress?

O callous hands
and sinewy,
O father Joseph's
sturdy knee,
have ye no strength and succour left
to hold me up and comfort me?

23rd

(12)

Kronologie

109

O what hath Kronos done for us
but scatter'd Sidon's painted ships,
and stopt thy lips
O Bion O Theocritus?

And broken thy white marbles up,
thy chisel'd life, Praxiteles?
The ebbing tides
drain swiftly from time's tilted cup.

The Grecian days are spent and gone:
none now can raise up Athens fair.
We have no care
for those that shattered Illion!

23rd November

(16)

Knives and Parakeets.

You see this purple parakeet

I brought it from beyond the sea.

Black kings desire such flesh for meat
in Barbaree.

I bought it for a long thin knife:

The man was glad to sell some —

Such things are useful in man's life
in Barbaree!

And when black kings sit down to meat
and drink the stuff that's brown as tea
and gorge themselves on parakeet
in Barbaree —

Perhaps he'll slip in with my knife
and finish off, say, two or three —
It's little that they value life
in Barbaree!

25th November

113

Northman &
Just Statesman 1

(80)

Christmas (in the style of Lindsay)

80C 3-3-0

Yours 1946

Radio from

E4-450

Note. There is a time for the crying thin,
in Prelude, the lyric tone of the violin.

There is a time for the hammer'd song
of the cane bang'd drum and the brass lung'd gong.

The Song:

(Deliberately) At ten o'clock on Christmas eve
I thank't the host and took my leave
and slammed the door and hurried down
the lane that leads to the little town.

(Quietly) Snow fell lightly with never a noise
making the houses look like toys:
the windows shining like colored paper.
that one holds up before a taper

when snow lay inches, inches thick
and steelshod heels now made no click
the wind came up and cleair'd the sky
with a gusty broom and a huswif's eye.

The stars were shining knockers bright
across the great Hall door of night.

The trees in the fields stood still as stone,
a far dog barkt alone ... alone ...

point } A late man pass't at an open gate
and cruncht on the snow and went thru the gate.
Then on alone I went I went ...
the stars stood in their regiment.

(Quicker
and with
Energy)

) At Crowcopsis manor the old church clock
crasht at the half and waken'd a cork.

) At Leathem's Hollow my watch face show'd
eleven o'clock and ... half the road.

8
115

A quarter to twelve and I heard a sound
it rang in the air and all around . . .
Between two stars that sang and shone
an angel trumpeted a mellow tone.
Behind him far, and behind the stars
seraphs ran in their flaming cars;
and ^{silver} golden wings and ^{glowing} golden feet
glittered along the golden street,
and golden voices and golden lutes
and dulcimers and golden flutes.
O and high sky crying violins
that woke the Coda that begins
with golden instruments
~~(voices and)~~ golden throats,
and deep earthshaking soulshaking organnotes . . .

(with a lift) This Christmas morn
To you is born
A Christ aye
Rejoice O men

(Slowly, Then) Then I saw the mother sitting on the Throne
with and a little laughing baby that held her as his own.
reverence) Then I saw the ^{Stable} Ranger and the shepherd kneeling ^{there} in
and old bewildered Joseph with the starlight in his
And the cattle in the corner, and the crib among the hay,
and the droop eared little donkey with a melancholy bray.

(Stop)

(With Pain) But when I heard that sudden bray
vision
the picture vanisht clean away,
and heaven shut: and the ^{music} flute notes died
and I stood alone on the white hillside.

(With more Joy) ~~But I felt like a violin
with music around me, and joy within . . .~~

(Deliberate) At ten past twelve I reached the town,
the snow was trampled, slushy, and brown:
and at the end of the little street
a sleet cummin' puddle soakt my feet.

25th Nov 1916

And at the corners near my door
I saw them standing, singing there,
a shabby host of the weak and poor
beneath the street lamp's windy flare

(Slowly) A big boy beat on the thundering drum
and a thin man screech'd of the Kingdom come
and a red-faced ~~hired~~ man cover'd over with braid
knelt in the slush and prais'd and pray'd...

A haff stand' cat came frightend out
loose hosanna by the (loud dogmatic) gospel shout:
a drunk man sloucht from an entry's dark
into the lamplight's windy arc:
and a ^{ragged} hungry boy with his papers unsold
blew his fingers that were red with the cold....
(with mingled heavy boots)
P.T. and a ~~fat~~ policeman trundled on his beat
with a deep chest cough and stamping feet
and cynicism) And a big boy beat on the thundering drum
and a thin man screech'd of the Kingdom come

(8)

Thank God I never stoof to say:
the people are not worth a curse—
If they will not be saved my way
why, they can go from bad to worse.

Indeed I'll stand at corners cold,
in stuffy stables thick with smoke,
till I build up an age of good
for these faint-hearted hungry folk.

26th November

(12)

W.W.

A Simple Christian sings his Song
When workless men walk down the street
in ragged clothes, on ill shod feet
and beggars rake the bins for meat.
The Christian should not drink or eat.

When kings sway fast in crimson state,
and bay'ets glitter at the gate,
and statesmen nod the shining plate,
The Christian should be full of late

When children cry aloud for bread
in slums disease-inhabited,
and mothers wish that they were dead
The Christian should not go to bed.

26th Nov. 1915

(16)

Carol

+

The thatch is white with rime:
keen stars above the hut
glitter thro' endless time.

The stable door is shut.
A rough garbd peasant girl,
nursing her babe newborn,
coughs in the haydust whirl,
longs for the light o'morn.

God in his heaven stands,
proud 'mid the angel throng
who lift saluting hands
and shout the triumph song.

God is lonely and old,
he heedeth not their joy
missing the laughing gold
of Heaven's little boy.

26th Nov. 1914

(16)

Carol

+

The thatch is white with rime :

keen stars above the hut

glitter thro' endless time.

The stable door is shut.

A rough garbd peasant girl,

nursing her babe newborn,

coughs in the haydust whirl,

longs for the light o' morn.

God in his Heaven stands,

proud mid the angel throng

who lift saluting hands

and shout the triumph song.

God is lonely and old,

he heedeth not their joy

missing the laughing good

of Heaven's little boy.

—

26th November

(76)

Borgia

Borgia popes in crimson pride
cloaking the cancers of their lives
lay in white linen by the side
of ivory mistresses and wives.

The sins they knew of heart and hand,
the twisted pleasures of the mind,
were nois'd about the sunny land
in every little crying wind.

Till one poor monk stood up to say
words that Christ Jesus might have said
when at the batur'g'd end of day
disciples told him of John's head.

They took him, cast him in a cell,
and tortured him till he grew mad
by beating on a gong and bell

till they broke down the heart he had.
They stript him of his rags and bound
his hands in fetters to a post
midmost a banquet where were found
fair courtesans... the Pope their host.
His hunger was unsatisfied
the tables rose like little hills
of fruits and 'cates on every side,
color'd with roses, daffodils...
When the red wines were drunken up
the Pope stood on uneasy legs
and raising in his hand a cup
tilted and drain'd it to its dregs.—
and cried "To her that does what I
will now demand I give this stone...".
He slew'd it them... "The loudest cry
won from this knave here... Tis... her own..."
They ran with brooches from their hair,
and combs, and buckles, from their shoes

135

To that poor creature hanging there
black Nubian girls, white Franks, and Jews.
They tore his flesh till blood made red
their lovely hands of white and ~~brown~~^{brown} white
and rift his nose, his ears, his head,
and jagged his nails, and stuck the bright
long knives of jewell'd hilts and gold
into his nostrils, mouth, and ears,
drencht him in that ic't water cold
and struck his teeth awhile their jeers
and obscene jests made his fair skin,
broken and bloody, shrank from them
that cou'd so live a life of sin
and sell themselves for such a gem.
At last he fainted, sagged, and sank,
no sound had come from his cut lips.
The Pope sat still and frown'd and drank
a narrow glass with nervous sips.

A thought stole over his black heart
the flours seem'd foul, the women seem'd
to be grotesques that danc't apart
in that fierce place stern Dante dream'd.
Their toset dyed hair, and pearl pierc'd ears,
and gold cuppt breasts that heiv'd and sway'd,
their curving thighs ... their cruel leers
ran thro' him like a dagger blade.

He wak'd, rose up, and cried aloud,
flinging his glass upon the floor,
"O hence ye idle lecher crowd.
Come never near my palace door."

.....
Two days he held his vow and pray'd
in the blue twilight of his room
till he had thought the corpse was laid
of all his sin in prayer lockt tomb.

26 Nov. 12⁵

But looking from his balcony
 when day's heart ebb'd out in the west
 he saw a peasant girl go by
 with firmset step and fair full breast.
 And in a trice his negro boy
 ran forth to seek her name and home . . .

The dark Pope tasted this fresh joy
 when dawn threw manacles on Rome

A. Sheaf of Carols

I

Maiden Mary
 Queen of Heaven
 Mother to Lord
 Jesus given

For he laid
 his godhood by
 Woman's name to
 glorify

Mother Mary
 blest art thou
 with his kiss
 upon thy brow

Mother Mary
 whom we blest
 with his Land
 upon thy breast.

II

(8)

Keen stars shine bright and cold
 The shepherd blows his fist
 and winds across the wold
 run headlong to their tryst.

Three Kings agenst the sky
 swing mounted to the North
 because a star on high
 wictelt them and drew them forth,

III

(8)

A stable was the only place
 where Christ could come to birth ...
 The Caesars sat in regal grace,
 poor rulers of the earth

A working village carpenter
 was chosen for his sise
 towlon kings brought red gold and myrrh
 and frankincense 'sweet fire'

27th Nov.

(8)

The Discontent

He caught his lungs out in the rain
and choked on smoke thick fetid air
and thoughtless of applause or pain
stood shouting in the market square

"But discontent I die" he said
when on his deathbed he was laid
"I did not live to see the red
banner over the barricade —"

1st December 28

Sonnet : Cleopatra.

I think your soul came from the Nile's wide lands
and you once livd where Pharaohs reigned & died.
Who knows, Heart, but that thou wert once a bride
with flashing eyes and delicate white hands?
Where Memnon shouted down across the sands
and golden monarchs strode in summer pride;
Who knows but that thou wast once deified
and dream'd in marble where bare Memphis stands?

O Reincarnate in our foggy air
Thou comst again to summon up Time's spring
And herald in the blossoms that are gone
lest with our later sapless blossoming
we grow content, forget that love was fair
When Time stood singing in the sunlight dawn.

Dec 4th

Comforter

The lady saw and stopt a friend
who had sustain'd a bitter loss.

She said "A pitiable end:

He leaned I hope on Christ's great cross -"

I heard no more. But if often
a comforter use such a phrase
"What means Christ's Cross to us poor men
who live "I'll say" in these sad days?

133
4th Dec 28

Heretics All.

I met a quiet gray old man,
and forced him into talk with me.

He knew 'Gene Debs in Michigan
In Dublin he knew Connolly ...

And in a London attic chill
discusst abstract philosophy
with Gandhi, then a student, till
the little clock whirr'd two or three ...

In Zurich he had wonder'd at
a piercing eyes relentless man —
'twas Lenin. But he rais'd his hat
to Eugene Debs in Michigan!

4th Dec

(The Soviet has decided to organise a Tram Service for Samarkand.)

The tram cars glide along the sand,
and grate on thin sand-dusty rails
about the lanes of Samarkand,
frightening the famous nightingales.

But Flecker sleeps, and till he wakes
the camel caravans will pass
along the road at red daybreak
when dawn treads, hoarfrost, on the grass

4th Dec. 135

A Woman of the Streets

I saw a powdered red cheek where
outside the tavern's swinging door
and being warm with drink I said
the usual things. She turned her head

"Many years ago my lover spoke
of doing just like other folk .
I did not know quite what he meant
for I was young and innocent . . .

But now I know "she sigh'd and smiled
"Today I buried my third child" . . .

3rd December.

Ballade on the Death of A King.

The frosty morn was bright with sun,
a ruddy coin agenst the sky,
when word was brought his life was done.....

I heard it in a newsboy's cry
as shorting shrill he hurried by,
A shabby sparrow on drab wing
he darted, taperbills afly —

The King is dead. Long live the King.

I saw him lie when death had won
the struggle, 'neath rich canopy
while doctors, better skill'd were none,
Penn'd bulletins and quietly
put on their hats with frown and sigh
and left the stiff queen sorrowing.....
An angel trumpeted on high
"The King is dead. Long live the King!"

137

But now my dream was well begun
I pass'thro towns of Poverty
where dirty children with no fun
playd in the gutter's stench'd sty;
and workless men with naught to buy
stood where shop windows' bright lights swing
— To them it was hypocrisy —
The King is dead: long live the King?

L'Envoi.

Prince, when you face the rebels' gun
and our red banner'd bugles ring
You'll mourn that you were George's son
The King is dead: long live the King....

But now my dream was well begun
I pass thro towns of Poverty
where dirty children with no fun
play'd in the gutter's stench'd sty ;
and workless men with naught to buy
stood where shop windows' bright lights swing
— To them it was hypocrisy —
The King is dead : long live the King ?

L'Envoi.

Prince, when you face the rebels' gun
and our red banner'd bugles ring
You'll mourn that you were George's son
The King is dead : long live the King . . .

3rd Dec.

Sheaf of Cards: No IV

Tho' babes are born in stables still
when winternight pales to the morn
and frosty stars dance on the hill
when babes are born,

yet none shall face on earth again
the life of sorrow, love, disgrace —
Christ's wounded heart's wide open pain
no one shall face.

3rd December ³⁴
1928

Ode on the Death of
King George V.

Carry the King hence. He is dead.
and we
halfrealise the tale that he is gone.
The crown is taken from the dreamer's head
and prest upon new brows of empery.

Bury him now in dond' oblivion
with heroes of far battles and dim seas
where light grows never brighter with the dawn
and spring comes never to the marble trees.

Time's short: and we have mouths that must be fed:
so we will hurry back to business,
and it means little King or Cardinal
pass by to crownment or to burial.

3rd December³⁹
1928

Ode on the Death of King George V.

Carry the King hence. He is dead.

and we

halfrealise the tale that he is gone.

The crown is taken from the dreamer's head
and prest upon new brows of empire.

Bury him now in dom'd oblivion

with heroes of far battles and dim seas
where light grows never brighter with the dawn
and spring comes never to the marble trees.

Time's short: and we have mouths that must be fed:
so we will hurry back to business,
and it means little King or Cardinal
pass by to crownment or to burial.

Because he's dead the sun will not run down,
 nor stars flash bright thro' the midnight's tress.
 Leaves will not stay upon the shaken boughs,
 nor crows be silent in their windy house.

When older things went up in powdered blaze
 midmost a glory of explosive lights.
 And if his heart was faint his lips were firm
 he did not tell the gnawing at his breast..

And yet this easy moralising's vain.
 There was a something in the little man
 defies the rude dismissal I began
 The war flares like a torch across the years
 - nay like a ragged gash across his reign
that never can reknit despite our tears,
 and vain impeachments of the empty sky,
 our echoed shouts that came despairingly
 from those cold ^{stars} that mockt the uttered pain:
 th' exceeding bitter cry
 of brother Christ again

The Ode is over: silence agen is best.
 Come let us leave him ...to the blind earthworms.

This man stood in the whirlwind of the days
 and hectic splendor of the hurried nights

8th Dec.

Christmas 1928

The Savior on the stricken rood
sheds silent tears and hangs his head
for grates are cold for lack of wood
and little children cry for bread.

Two thousand years ago he died
to bring the Eden days agen...
Must he once more be crucified
ere Eden ope its gate to men?

9th December

A Sheaf of Carols V

Gentles, dames, and humble men,
listen whiles I sing
of the littel Crist agen
that is Heaven's King.

The land is deep with snowe,
caused windes their bogels blowe,
and cottage lights burn lowe,
It is nigh Christmas morn

Near ye the carolling
of ragged men that sing
How Crist High Heaven's King
came down a Christmas morn,

And in a stable woke
where frostie moonlight broke
a childe of humble folk
to greet the Crustmas morn.

Think ye hell come agen
to heartsore hungry men
and it once happen then
as that faire Crustmas morn.

10th Dec. 1451

A madrigal of Decadence

O laughing voice and laughing eyes,
O lips that move
and check ones' ardor with surprise
that men should love.

Believest thou when Sappho sings
there needs must be
in clarnel earth far fouler things
than sodomy?

10th Dec.

8

Lesbos and the Lonely Well

O Woman heart
if thou'd be free
go walk apart
from company ...

Shun lover man
but shun not love . . .
be Lesbian,
the Gods approve .

10th Dec 1476

Commonplace

There are two men in each of us:
I must announce that Commonplace.
Now which think ye more glorious
The splendid soul, the wrinkled face?

A time was once that face was fair
and lovely things were said and done
in warm delight for beauty here
that pass'd into oblivion.

I therefore say the flesh must be
rais'd on the banners of song.
The intellect's adultery
is far more pitiful and wrong.

10th December 1928

Sheba Once More

The slimy Sheba with her gold and spice
sway'd thru the gate in sunset caravan
to that laird's castle where hid psalteries
gave dreams to Judah's wisest singing man.
And there was love and wonder in her eyes
and love befool'd that wisest singing man.

11th Dec
1928

Amerind on Hooverism

Where my fathers slew the bison,
hunted puma, bear, and stag,
shattering the sharp horizon
smoking chimneys belch and brag.

Where we worship our allfather
in the woods remote from foe
paleface children come to gather
berries off the thorny sloe.

Now my people are departed
for the ageless hunting grounds;
here I wander heavy hearted
frightened by the white man's sounds.

1617

Yet in dreams I see my fellows
marching singing gladly back
when the leaf shrinks up and yellows
by the highbank merrimes.

11th Dec

Theorbo and Lutestring.

Fill the waiting interval
twixt the masque and interlude
by the soft string'd virginal
and the psaltery and lute

While my lady, look on her,
singeth in a gentil voyce
like a distant dulcimer
Playing concord with hautboys.

Are not, master, musick's soundes
like to healing balmes and spice
that physitians smear on woundes?
Say, do not the psalteries

make a noyse of fragrant myrrh
while the lute is stricken and
stricken down for love of her
they caress my wounded heart.

Are not, master, musick's soundes
like to healing balmes and spice
That physitians smear on woundes?
Say, do not the psalteries

make a noyse of fragrant myrrh
while the lute is spikenard?
Stricken down for love of her
They caress my wounded heart.

Reverie and Travel talk.

When I sit gazing at the coals
 the book slips always from my hand;
 my spirit runs between the poles
 and will not rest in any land.

I walk with turbanned men and dark
 along the lantern lit bazaars
 -and look while Brahmins tall and stark
 stand motionless aginst the stars.

I run with coolies thro Capetown
 and chat with priests in far Cathay.
 I sleep with ^{round} limbd girls of brown
 in musty brothels by the bay.

But nearly always I return
 with noisy clatter'd, clogshod feet
 to walk beneath blue skies that burn
 thro poppy rusted fields of wheat.

I stand with shining scythe, straw hat,
 and bronze arms moving endlessly,
 while little snocket lads wonder at
 the workman's sinewy artistry.

I sit too in the Boulevard
 sipping my colored grenadine
 while night engarlanded and star'd
 with festoon'd lights, broods o'er the scene.

153

But nearly always I return
with noisy clatter'd, clogshod feet
to walk beneath blue skies that burn
this poppy rusted fields of wheat.

I stand with shining scythe, straw hat,
and bronze arms moving endlessly,
while little snocet lads wonder at
the workman's sinew'd artistry.

I sit too in the Boulevard
sipping my colored grenadine
while night engarlanded and star'd
with festoon'd lights, broods o'er the scene.

11th Dec

Kent.

I once saw Kent
from a hurried train -
that time I went
to France again
The pole dropt hops,
the sudden towns,
where th' engine stops,
the yellows, browns.

I said one night
among my folks'
I'd like to git
at Seven oaks

I would like to
walk thro this Kent"

But only you
knew what I meant.

11th Dec

Morning

O the meadow-sweet and clover
and the slow clouds drifting by
when the morning like a lover
leaves his low couch laughingly.

But when bare boughs, thin and shaken,
stand against a dull grey sky
day is like a dreamer taken
to the church-yard solemnly.

11th. December 1928

Rain.

The roads were shining in the rain
The hambucks lay like lines of fire
while overhead the singing wire
scord the black sky with silver stain.

But going home on foot at last
I saw bare branches down the lane
shine like little negroes in the rain.
They frightened me. I hurried past.

11th Dec 157

Discrepancies I The Science master.

A man taught me how nature moves
by rule and law unendingly
The Law of Newton states and proves ...
See how the clichés come down.

By board and chalk, retort and flame,
he demonstrated to the class
^{what} ~~sought to claim~~
that Torricelli ~~conqueror~~ fame
by vacua in tubes of glass.

Yet I discovered later on
he quarrelled with his wife and went
to chapel like a loving son,
good Catholic and innocent!

11th Dec 157

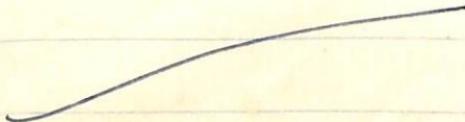
Discrepancies I The Science master.

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See how the cliché's come to me.

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11th December

Discrepancies II The Schoolteacher.

I met the man who taught my son
To read, subtract, divide, and write,
And when Lodge business was done
we went together this night...

We hurried to The One Horse Stage
to have a drink ... yes that is all
— But no. He taught my boy next day
— The poison that is alcohol.

11th Dec 159

Ancient lovers, lovely ladies
O forever are ye lost
and your delicate white bodies
now are dust, are dry white dust.

After springtime cometh summer
and the roses that were blown
bloom again. O Love's not dimmer —
These days than in Earth's young dawn.

12th Dec

On this Present Peace.

O Bastard Peace begot by Hate on Fear
how long shall we endure thy gusty air?
Great men in council rise up to declare
that nation holdeth nation kinsfolk dear.
But in the thundrious brooding atmosphere
some feel a heavy sense of anguish care.
The sky's overclouded tho' the day be fair.
O who knows when the storm will blow it clear?

The Arabs stir and bundle up their tents.
The halfbreed Spaniards curse and draw their knives.
And buffoon Mussolini shouts his hates.
The Russians arm their waiting regiments.
We English plot and scheme with little states.
While those that own Newspapers threat our lives.

12th Dec

Opinions in a little rime

O roadmen spraying out the tar
Have you consider'd this Class-war?
- Gorblesis aint Buchan a star!

O pretty typists don't forget
your mother was a suffragette
- You'd better have a cigarette -

O little clerks in bowler hats
I hope you are sound democrats
No-sir - you see we both wear spats.

13th December 1928.

Christmas Week.

'Tis Christmas week. The windows fling a glow
of gold and red upon the dismal street.

Chill hawkers by the kerbstone stamp their feet
and cry their ~~wares~~^{wares} to those that come and go.

'Tis cold tonight. The air is raw with snow
that blows here from the mountains in bleak sleet.

Two urchins thro' the pane admire a fleet
of bright toy vessels board'd and in a row.

I take these as my metaphor. Today
the world is like a store at Christmastide.
We stand and press our faces to the glass
and burn with envy at the joys inside,
but the pane guards them and they cannot pass.

Yet with a blow it vanishes away!

14th Dec.
1928.

I wonder'd at the gather'd throng
standing before news offices:
I askt a man there what was wrong
"The King is sick. That's what it is"

Sudden I stood in Nazareth
no crowd was gather'd in that street
when weak young Jesus swoon'd to death
on that rough cross's stark defeat.

14th

Sleaf of Carol VI

Far carols ring across the sky
 and tremble to the ^{windy} frosty stars
 a cold moon gloweth ^{glistly} frostily
 behind a bare tree's frosted spars.

And yet the heart in me is warm
 at these old carols in the night.
 Christ still my lantern in the storm
 - and no one can put out that light.

14th

VII

The Kings have brought their spice and gold;
 The shepherds bring their sheep.
 The little babe is wrapt from cold
 and drowsy Josef falls asleep.

16th

But there's no gift for me to bring
 to show my love for him.

'Tis true a little I can sing
 but Christ has heard the seraphim!

14th

VIII

Across the glittering snows

beneath the stars of ice

The three wise monarchs go

with frankincense and spice,

Across the frosty earth

bewildered shepherds run

to welcome this new birth

of man's Eternal Son.

Across the dreaming years

a happy poet sings,

forgetting not the spears

that ledg'd the King of Kings

14th

Sleep of Carols IX

O well for those in fold
 and well for those in farm
 the wolves cry on the wold.
 Beware the midnight's harm.

The little Christ is warm
 close his mother's breast
 he feareth not the storm,
 the northwind nor the west.

14th

Birdfancier

A fat man keeps a shop
 of singing birds, white mice,
 and ferrets in the window;
 I saw a monkey twice:

Pinkeyed fluffy rabbits
 trembling long eared hares
 goldfinches, canaries,
 cage'd in bickering pairs.

Snakes coiled close to the lane,
 a tortoise in the dust,
 and lazy dull chameleons
 with tongues that twist and thrust.

When the world comes my way
 and men begin to know
 that the things I show are hateful
 and will not have them so,

Then I shall gather a crowd
 and we will dig a pit
 and fling the fat old men and
 the ferrets into it

14th

Three Lyrics

I

O rise up and follow
O lady and waken.
The feet of Apollo
The dewdrops have shaken
The Spring's with the swallow
The winter's overtaken.

O rise up and early
run down to the river
where flash the bright pearly
white dryads forever
or walk thro the barley
green fields fresh as ever.

But come love, nor tarry
away from thy lover.
The meadows are starry

169

There's poppy and clover
And you shall be marry
ere summer be over.

II

Now the summer days are over:
autumn sheds her gold again.
Sweet's the breath still of the clover
but the ways are mire with rain.

Now the time of love is over
and we kiss agen to part;
nevermore thy light heart lover,
evermore you have my heart.

III

O the rose leaves on thy bosom
 tremble lightly, gently stir
 as when bees among the blossom
 stir the petals gentlier.

Rise O love from this cool shadow
 see the sun spills out his self:
 and across the green gold meadow
 dances summer, drunken elf.

In the Street

From high hamlet as I was coming home
 at night, I saw the thronging traffic stop
 while a poor muffled fellow took the arm
 of that blind beggar I had seen before
 shewing his sores beside a city church.
 He led him gently thro' the mazy lines
 past motors, trams and horses.

The roar about was dinning in my ears
 but came this one small avenue of peace
 while a new Moses struck his path across
 a more tremendous Red Sea.

I am a mystic - It has been my creed
 since I grew up to see behind the deed
 the glowing thought, the symbol, the design
 the grapes, the winevats, far behind the wine
 so here agen I caught a glimpse of truth
 and beauty tho' I here split hairs with Keats.

To me it seemed the earth was justified
by this one action of a workless man.
I half forgave the tyrannies we know,
the lies and don't that make up city life:
the little children crying in the street,
the harlots at their traffic in the gloom,
the sleet-wet hungry men in huddled lines,
the fatmen with their cocktails and cigars,
the naked women in the dancing halls,
the golfers with the baggy trousered knees,
the politicians in their tally rooms,
the open pubs, the voting registers,
the agitators, ungrammatical,
but earnest in the hope their hot hearts hold,
the quiet people with the empty lives
because their hearts are emptied of their dream.

I catalog. 'Tis easier than to sum
the city's spirit in one iron phrase

173

Besides I doubt if any know that word —
If one did then — but I will not digress —

It seemed, I say, all these were justified
in that they tended each to give this scope
to that kind action of the workless man.
My reason'd self cries out that this is wrong:
an antique Tory argument for wrong.
Doubts stammer that the poor are not put here
to give a chance for richfolks' charity,
to save the richman's blotched and speckled soul.
I know, mind, but my heart says otherwise.
It is a good thing that the heart of man
can glow with joy at deeds as such as ~~these~~ ^{this}.
Surely our time of resurrections near
when workless men can lose their little selves
in kindly actions in the public streets.

The duty now of man I will restate

as helping blindmen over busy roads.
 I'll not elaborate it now. Enough
 if you that read this see behind the words
 the phrase almost that summarises life.

Christ's cross has bridged a road for each of us.

Sonnet on Nature

Drunk lads may slobber filth across the bars,
 and lewd old men repeat obscenities.

Harlots may traffic in their two and threes
 and vulgar merchant princes puff cigars
 and bellow loudly in the dining cars.

But still the moon uprises thro' the trees,
 And still white seagulls circle o'er the seas,
 and nightwinds cold blow freshly from the stars.

Nature's a reservoir to my spent heart :
 When weary of the struggle and the fray
 I plunge in, wallow, clamber out, and stand,
 fresh shining in the branch sunlattice day :
 Then laughing hurry to my chosen part
 of bringing sweetness to the barren land.

17th

Shakesperian Sonnet on the Seasons.

Spring cometh bursting golden in the glen,
with squadroid bluebells down the gusty dell;
while crocus bugles din the ears of men,
and they know Spring to be gay Ariel:

Full Summer then with wealth and pomp and mirth,
a very Falstaff, drunken, riotous,
and splendid in apparel, great in girth
spendthrift of this rich season's overplus.

Autumn, Ophelia, follows mad and wise
tearing the blossoms from her gown and hair
crushing them in the clay while crazy cries
break from her bosom that the winds blow bare.

To crown the change and glory of the year
the winter comes hoarheaded crackbrain'd Lear.

17th

O Wounded hands of Christ, O Pierced side,
that drift red roses from the Crucified,
did Mary weep to see, did her heart break
when those bloodroses budded, burst awake?
Did she remember seeing that stark tree
her little Jesus in his infancy?
Did she in that bloodblinded ront and thong
hear echoing afar the shepherd's song?
Did she that day recall the three tall kings
that came to mark her child ordain'd to things
of wonder, fame, and glory from his birth?
Did she thereafter sit at John's low hearth
and moan and weep and rock herself to sleep
with babbled talk of carpenters and sheep?

Carol

The standew falleth on the grass
 the thatch is rind and hoar
 O lux beatae Trinitatis
 God's son is here ybore.

He comes down us Ed a back
 blow th trumpet, sound th drum,
 A man at arms he shall not lack —
 Veni Redemptor Gentium.

Carol

A babe was born in Jeury
 O many years ago
 and three wise kings from Persia
 rode fast across the snow.

And one old king brought frankincense,
 and old king brought myrrh,
 and one old king brought gold they say
 and knelt and left them there.

The lonely shepherds on the hills
 saw too that burning star
 and hurried from their dreaming flocks
 to that poor place afar.

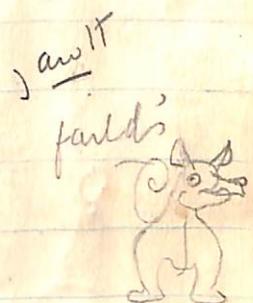
I did not hurry with them
for how was I to know
the Lord of Heaven came to earth
in a stable in the snow?

Here end the poems written between
2nd October and 22nd December 1928
being in all 120 pieces

Hewitt

2014 excluding Sonnets

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van
yume

