

odes & episodes

ruskin watts

odes & episodes

drone codices

poems

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PREFACE

i

At different times in his life the innovative and influential Roman poet Horace published Books of elegant Carmina (Odes), in elevated, deliciously varied lyrical modes and metres, ranging from state celebration to erotic drinking song, as well as Books of Sermons (Satirical Talks) and Epistles (Open Letters), in more stately, prosaic hexameters, comparable maybe to full-blooded blank verse, while the Book of biting and youthful Epodes (Mixed Couplets), is somewhere between the two in style, maybe a little like the clever but more conformist English rhyming couplet. It is probably only in a tense and tender family relationship of sparring disparity between them, then, that my Odes & Episodes, composed by a rootless provincial in rural England over the space of only a few years, can stand comparison with their Horatian examples.

My Odes are intended to fit the 4 cardinal or *hinge* points of the year, and the seasons around them. These turning points are the *solstices*, when the day stands at its shortest or longest span, and the *equinoctes*, when the day equals the night in length. (Their seasons are Christmas, New Year & Valentines; Lent & Easter; Pentecost & Midsummer; and Fall, Harvest & Michaelmas: alternatively these can be given different pagan, or commercial designations.)

Thinking of poems as relics of a yearly nomadic itinerary, a vagrants' guide to the *continuum*, don't these terms vaguely suggest and circumscribe poetic process? Certainly the *tropic* does (ie. where the sun turns in its progress like a verse, a trope or a strophe, to find – *trobar* – a new direction), but the terms *solstice* & *equinox* as well (ie. where the metabolic sun seems balanced and still, like regular terminating or equal-length verse-lines, the even *stich*, or the orderly stanza, or like the standing dancers during the epode of an ode).

In their triadic form, my odes are modelled on the Greek *Epinikian* odes of Pindar and others, the songs *concerning success* or *victory*. In those odes, a three-stanza pattern of strophe, metrically identical antistrophe, and different epode, is repeated a number of times in a single poem (ie AAB AAB AAB etc). Each ode is made up of a new and different pattern of rhythmic feet arranged into this triad.

My odes also follow the *choric*, or solemn dance song style, in their use of direct address and compliment, mixed with comment, to a particular intended recipient, along with subsidiary apostrophes to others; and in their general allusiveness and improvisational

manner, touching on a variety of mythical stories, topical issues and personal poetic statements. *Agonic* poems, so called for the contest and conflict they celebrate, if not for the struggle of the poet to produce them with their impromptu tone, usually have one or more cutting points, or catastrophes, where the attention is suddenly turned from the discursive to the particular and present moment. To make the observation on *agony* less frivolously, an ode is a poem where antagonism of personalities, styles and histories, released like racers, is held, like games, like wrestlers, in the dynamic biological unity of a body's experience and desire.

These present odes are already now contained in their own past historical moments. They also stray from the agonic model both in their extended length, and their substitution of a seasonal and private occasion for the choral ritual recitations with which the Greek communities awarded their victors in the panhellenic games. Some sort of genre is required to fill the gap between the obsolete epic (or its heir the extended, novel narrative) and the short (and very much flourishing) contemporary lyric.

ii

Just like the *epinikian* odes arose out of the victory (*nike*), of an athlete or sportsman patron, my *cardinaloid episodes* arose out of the material collected for the odes, or carry on investigation of the same concerns. In ancient drama, the episodes are the story told between the choral odes.

The two odes were composed in Derbyshire and the episodes in Devon. The poems *unpunctured is end stopped* and *easter rex* respectively take up the mother and the father aspects of the Passion themes: sex, madness, redemption and violent death –the victims of passion. Forbidding aspects, and neglected, at least by me till then. These two poems, charting my half involuntary concessions to insidious iambs immolating the spoken prosody, were a departure or a reckoning I attempted after collecting and closing the *odd occasions* set of tributes (in MT). There, the flexible rhythms had been at worst disrespectful. Now I began to find the invasive 'naturalness' alarming. (Tradition was too strong to be only chosen from, bricolage to taste. It had to be trodden down. Metre needed to be found down where sounding meaning appears; the mainstream can't be simply pumiced over or drowned in gall like the lines of an outdated or offensive manuscript. In *easter rex* I was for the first time resigned that a palimpsest is not innocent or alone.)

My Welsh exercises and the nominally classical *erotic ostraka* (in MT), both assertively non-blank verse, had already been subjected to a self-

reproducing structure of cells of sound. In these two new longer episodes, though they are hardly classable as 'esoteric tract', a more syncretic, hellenistic mysticism's influence was now taking me back to medieval musical magic, the anointed heads of history, and then finally far out East. Both of them dramatise the struggle with that bureaucratic virus of the poetic 'pentameter' line and its historical analogue, the sole or rational god, *sol invictus*, the realm of the possible, merely politic meritocratic science.

The gathering *to go with gifts* documents some Christmas and Valentine presents, and a Tibetan style image, unskillfully copied onto the top of a small table I'd nailed together, of a Boddhisattva with the attributes of learning and righteous war (knowledge at least an intended war on deathliness), which were the themes of the unfinished harvest ode. These episodes have a correspondingly looser form, and diverse archi-texture.

In the event, *easter rex* has swollen well beyond the confines of this plan. There are, though, quite a few self-contained lyrics included in it, which quite reasonably could be separately collected to make up another personal sequence to go with gifts, since many were originally written as accompaniments to cards or other tokens of regard. On the other hand, the later heterogenous interpolations in *easter rex*, into what I thought was the finished work, are actually vital to its 'significant form'.

I hope to provide summer and autumn cardinal odes sometime too, along with further episodes, in a volume entitled *downers & uppers, odes for thinking and dance* (δανc).

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Both the underlined syllables, and the unusually placed hyphens found in the cardinal odes (when not for compound words, or a nonce and neologistic purpose), point to strong stress or accent in the metre, which might be ambiguous or overlooked by the reader in that phonological context.

In other words, we usually feel how to stress a word we read, because of the sounds of the other words around it, but sometimes the accent can be helpfully specified in writing, showing how, for example, 'I thought you'd like a new one,' & 'I thought you'd like a new one' are significantly different, even diametrical, utterances. My metre, because of its repetitions of usually obvious stress patterns, cumulatively *demand*s that the reader stress particular syllables (As in the words my and his in the first lines of the strophe and antistrophe of the first triad of the first ode, this accent is not initially obvious – and could not be, in this position right at the start – only in prepared retrospect). So in addition to this rhythmical *necessity*, I

have chosen to use hyphens and underlining to point these cases out. Conversely, the words *pushover* and *templated*, in the identical place in the first lines of the second and third triads of the same ode, don't really require underlining. The word *un-even*, in the same position in the first line of the last triad of the ode, is an example of stress notated by hyphenating.

These quirks of notation are similar to the apostrophe marks for elision in Donne, or stress marks in Manley Hopkins. Strange stresses and line-breaks have to be, anyway, sanctioned or suggested by the poet's muse (or whimsicality, before the metre can demand them). Up-frontness of the medium, also in *portmanteau* words, exposes the ripped rib of engendered meaning, and allows its enjoyment as best it can; taking language's yoke, to be free of its domination.

My metre is what I'd call 'quantitative-accentual' (this is my coinage I think), where stressed and unstressed syllables are arranged in patterns analogous to the long and short (quantitative) syllable patterns in Greek prosody. The shapes, or metrical arrangements themselves, are not imitated from particular classical measures. The feet emerged from free English rhythms, which I then repeated with other words, and they work naturally and audibly I hope. (It should go without saying that the poems ask to be said aloud, and are not exhausted on their first perusal; and that the natural is not limited to the commonplace.) The effect of the form builds up in any one ode, accumulating gradually as each triad repeats the pattern, with small differences of weight and length. (As the theorists put it, the possibility of difference demands iterability, and the possibility of iterability demands difference.)

iv

The metre can remain quite transparent, but still in action (given that one observes the underlinings say). However, for anyone who is interested to compare them, here is a schema for the varying appearances of the triad in the *easter ode*. If one were to examine this diagram of musical patterns in the way the *Altphilologen* of the Alexandrian Museum would have approached them (*mühsam* that would be! – the tedious and taxing effort of universal taxonomy – those imperial scholars who catalogued metrical possibility into measures, and put names to the 'metres', most of which were really only devised in this retrospective way) – such a critical examination of the scheme might reveal certain combinations or mutations of Greek lines, like Asklepiad, Hexameter or Tetrameter (*strophe*, lines 1 & 2; and *epode*, line 3). Such resemblance was not intended, but recognizing it might be useful for hearing the metre.

SCHEMA FOR THE EASTER ODE

STROPHE & ANTISTROPHE

```

1      - - - u u - - u u - u -
2      - u - u - u - u - u u - u
3      - - u u - u u - u - u u - u -
4      - u - - u - u - u - - u u - u - u - - -
5      - u u - - u - u - u u - u -
6      u - u - u u - u - u - u - u
7      u - - u - u u - - u
8      - - u - u

```

EPODE

```

1      - u - u - u u - u - u
2      u - u - u - u - u u - -
3      - u - u - u - - / - u - u - u -
4      - - - u - u - - u - u u - - u u - - u
5      - u - u - u u - u - u - u u - u
6      - u - u u - u - u u - - u -
7      u - u - - - u u u - - u -
8      u - - u - - - u - - u - u
9      u - - u - u u - u - -
10     - u - u -

```

- is a heavy or stressed syllable.
- u is a light or unstressed syllable.
- u is an *anceps* syllable, offering a choice of heavy or light, but not carrying the *ictus* or accent of the beat.
- / is a caesura, or break in the line, which word or phrase ought not cross.

part **one**

I	WINTER	<i>you my valentine my match</i>	
		(first performed nottingham fringe, june 1990)	9
II	SPRING	<i>i make complaints to the dead christ</i>	
		(first performed buxton writers, easter 1991)	17

*Um Mitternacht
Kämpft ich die Schlacht
O Menschheit deiner Leiden
Nicht konnt ich sie entscheiden
Mit meiner Macht
Um Mitternacht*

Mahler's Rückert Songs

one

1

you, my valentine, my match at lupus, called licentious god,'s
 mid-febry feast,
 my competitor in game, in agony and conflict,
 are the head which,
 proud, i encomiate,
 hearer, listening, i sing to, my
 hero, and more leander's hero less pindar's heros,
 leander who'll never land there on the other's shore
 after diving in the dusk to swim
 across aquarian flood to his girl called hero,
 his foreign lover,
 though they'd met before and mixed,
 now no more, in the story the straits
 force with water, storm and swell, and

swallow him between his home and hers. like them my song is split:
 two strophes are ploughed,
 seem to match; the next is other, varied, somehow free, and
 then the same turns,
 di-verse, recur as new
 words are born and burn lips at her
 nipple, imagination's muse ignites, stigmatized, the
 apprentice poet, circumspect masterless man who went
 up her, england's loneliest mountain, lonely though
 she's got her little man with his two mounds, plated
 with slate the breast, the
 flower's stigma's rusting iron,
 guarded false brows, indifferently raised
 over derwent's wooded islands

in cloud-constrained sudden spots of sun
 from grey, heavy mountain air,
 after death-gilded bracken, brittle heather had welcomed me
 where sheep socialise where
 kind wind still rubbed propped trees
 to a kindled song, contented enough,
 though on top wind'd be too strong to
 be stood, where you ride up on all sides from roaded valleys,
 no vital ridges to fellow fells;
 raised-back blencathra is the suppliant knee
 to your own dowager leg,
 skiddaw, visceral peak

though in summer a pushover, senile then apparently;
 you're always now
 coyly coiled in cloud, your cowl ignored by wind, in direct
 gale your veil's un-
 raised, inter-mate with your
 hidden head, where mist tress and bald
 wind can entwine yet neither know their own other. no, you
 aren't shy, but you're violent, re-jecting advances: fresh
 snow against the path subsides from purchase, dumb,
 lets down with passive apathy foot's weight, ankle
 and shin; tread gropes in
 sloping grade for rocky grip,
 tension felt, quickly billowing snow:
 these your body's secret welcome,

gentle even in cold heaviest fervour; lulls encourage, through
 white noise i can't
 see, and howls, but feel you hard in hail on cheeks and freezing
 teeth; on each fence-
 thread frozen snow accretes
 horizontal flat pallettes, ice
 wafers are hived against the windward. two lads in colours
 of army, failed, past the last stile and retreating, warn
 me, 'you'll never make it, blow you off the edge,'
 both gloves and hat they'd lost to the gusts. eager,
 i lean, am almost
 lain into the wind, and held,
 then am thrown down and forced to be flat
 on the final ridge on top of

a skin of slate slicing, scarified
 and half-healed as ornament
 on a face decorated, cicatrice, your peak, clitoris
 with labile approaches,
 old rods rust, rock cairns sign
 me; my face is turned away by the cold,
 when i crawl, blind, to your crown, concrete;
 and battered, the bluff steep below keeps its secrets, playful,
 old, prevolcanic, a goddess. but
 ob-served, a mountain isn't anything
 like a god, neither a girl,
 'it' is broader than 'she',

not personified, templated, idealised (adoring lust
 for gynecom-
 orphic mystress). in an 'it' i only see another;
 all i can see
 through viewing specula
 -ition, is someone else, one distinct-
 wished, but a meta-form she has like mine, organicized.
 with just the one stylized vocaculary, a field
 geologian makes an observation. here
 is where spirit fits the flesh. no spirit
 -u-ality, in
 us alone, we're all agreed-
 y; like those caught in westerly rain,
 crossing over, walk the eastern

pavement, further away, stooping still: an endless separateness,
 vague, unescaped,
 indi-visible and distant, we would sacrifice our
 selves to reach theirs;
 we'd mortify some flesh,
 always more to find than we have;
 state of arousal when i take and give up possession,
 completely changed time, i then care for imprisonment,
 wild in taverns made exempt from freedom's care;
 the contact, violent, getting at your self, getting
 at one self, my self
 when i can't evacuate
 body's foil, pain humiliates, exalts.
 torture masters whim of nature.

the residue left embodies you,
 or when cruel, incorporates.
 it's a big difference, how one kills to live, between reverence or
 disdain. singing praise at
 new moon's best, when great god's
 absent; be exuberant when the moon's
 only chaste, never if grace, fury
 invade you. released, heroes die, poets exult. a widening
 out context opens, a tropic, clear-
 cut break expands; as sun in capricorn,
 poem advance! skiddaw, i don't
 die on you, i return. –

hiccup back to the day's wordly myth of stockinged schoolgirls whose
 white walking thighs
 in the marketplace are pinched by lakeland born and genial
 whistling gusto
 winds; lakeland trout with eyes
 icy white are fished out and fried
 buttery at the king's head. i was glad coming back but
 it disappoints not to've stayed up in the real, unworld,
 scientific sense-confirmed duality
 of black and white; a binary air, in, out of
 the lungs; slate, snow; a
 muscular exertion, pro-
 grammed with no function, stupidly live,
 bifurcates, for keeping warm in

others' bodily fur. endless yes and no of oracles,
 both me and you,
 never simultaneous, gives the pleasure of a water
 bottle hot, gives
 same pleasure plunging cold
 off a river bridge. soon as there's
 two, there are infinite, correcting all artificial
 intelligence, when we jump every canal. our goal
 too, is rigour, grounded reasons like the boar
 for truffle hunting, smelling the sow smell, burrows
 for rhythmic oestrus.
 to recall in words, i ran
 down the scale, felt as faultlessly flowing
 but's a quantum sleep and waking,

seems seamless like novels or the news
 are un-really natural, hook
 and enthrall us. the other half looks whole from our side. the whole's
 a part, isolated.
 self's left out. it's clued up,
 turns to prose and other cons to indite
 poetry. worn out by the real, writing
 adapts it for use, in the now. what's poetic, foreign,
 acts here as function applied to work-
 world's plain inertia: busy-mess becomes
 culture, gold shower, divine
 love's possession. indeed

poetry only exists due to imperfection of the world.
 myths, poems become
 necessary as conditions of the split, the uni-
 verse has not lost
 roots when the reason re-
 duces, surfaces, long before,
 seeing the other, poetry was the split: vision, severer
 then healer, takes measures, redressing the dummy world.
 poetry is the rootlessness, or what's the same:
 the roots we look for. poems aren't against our reason
 but at the brink of
 it, or just beyond, they've reached
 through it, perched at the lip, with the brain
 hurting, mischief then engulfs them.

every thought i incur makes a pair with me, a partner, no
 unicity:
 slice or blend, it's my dividuality that makes me
 how you know me,
 made image-flesh. but real
 passion's not bewrayed. you can solve
 problems in passing, mentioning the word once, or never
 encapsulate wine in cups. taken-for-granted words
 get repeated. what obsesses, crushes, can't
 be grasped and drunk. the structural abstract's absent.
 let counterpoint be-
 tween particulars and form
 (infinite variation throughout
 which the unit's always sep'rate,

like lines in this poem) contain, in change,
 the dispensables: the yous
 and the mees, serpentine, be kept apart, contained, or, enjambed,
 connect. feel my rips when
 joined words, racked, split tongue's weave
 and elope. ideal is nearly announced,
 never used up. how the world works is
 irrelevant, since form is what's not determined by the
 life-giving aleatory laws.
 what's seen is visible, a face in our
 universe pointing a sign,
 painting only itself

which, elab'rate, implies supernatural's dumb replies, deferred.
 speech, interchange,
 says we're not alone in hostile wilderness, in hostile
 capture where, linked,
 each person's private twist,
 were they talking idialect,
 poetic illusion, would imbue with gods' taint, impulsing
 with blood, pervert (needing god's otherness – all-tabooed
 ego) every reference, while maintaining names
 intact, become a similtude: one means other,
 because by only
 single sounds the victor and
 eulogist are invoked. from afar
 one subjects to observation

while the other enacts parts in absence. i will also praise
 here derrida,
 master renard on the march of discourse, startling envious
 lyricists. whole
 choirs dance his tunes but don't
 doubt the worth of words, peck like hens
 drawn to a slaughter. may i honour, not re-present him.
 between us what's common's just this deprivation. one's
 tangled in another's thread of mutual made
 material. honesty is the way half's witnessed,
 the arrogantish
 sort of blindness which with well-
 whitened stick prods you over the curb.
 genesis this way's conducted:

creator's course, semipotent, threads
 the track left by genitals
 like a snail's. jealously the scribal carving hand rights the boat
 and play-wrights the body.
 from spun wheel pot's wire cut
 by the arche-text who fabricates tall
 tales. a lie orders the truth. all that
 exists is a lie. science-nice temple computation,
 knife-fine, complete amputation; how
 time operates, like babies brush aside,
 future steps into the breach.
 now it's out of our hands. –

life and art are astringent, hygienic, sealed apart, the wound
 well-mended, though
 skin's retracted elegant in cicatrice, the scar is
 itching; won't be
 healed but revealed in each
 day's apocalypse, which suggests
 once they were joined, but i can't dream it new for you; praps i'd
 be best to soon beach my boat, vessel for words, i can
 only play with music on this windiest day
 of england's stormiest year, of the floods, cut power,
 and weak-tree tearing,
 earth re-opening january;
 winter when hyped democracy soared,
 took the berlin wall, dictator

aptly shot on the day wrens are stoned (by cheering ciau to one
 chess king), the year
 vetted freedom of the speech was aired and exercised; to
 boost a free trade
 mandela's freed; and bribed
 kontras beat the proles at the poles;
 history has lightened verse, consoled the soul's humanism
 absorbed in awe, as with death camp and erectionless
 rape the operatic past keeps strutting, drags;
 as honour, bella cosa, competes, de-signers
 like vile ants, make a
 market of the other: straight
 figures, bust, hollow cast; through a pub
 window, blood's priapic anger

projectiles men, bloodless modern plagues
 are hushed, raged: asphixiate
 and abort like the old; and all i hear is wind, hugged and spurned;
 machine's guiltless malice,
 man's sought-out signs, ears blur
 both of these, confer erotic in i-
 referent non-parliament, too thinkless
 exciting to beg blessings from toothless widowed mother
 crag, skiddaw's oracle, or to praise
 you, chill and reckless as sun on walls
 in the dim seven o'clock,
 clear as solo violin,

whom, at length in an un-even tempered melody that's soon
 cut short like all
 bodies' pleasant movement, i've admired. your curve of lip and
 calf, your bow eye
 drawn smooth across, the stretched
 gut vibrates below fingers' touch,
 never creating, never tones alone. intervals'll
 comply until fugues. my poems complicate: words pastiche,
 flee, perfection. there's duplicit lifting in
 the breast from shifting harmony in two voices.
 your violin's active
 passion, ease and motion, makes
 transitive what's preserved in the long
 gauge of resonant acoustics.

we can only ascribe beautiful what could repel, the verge
 of sickly, crotch
 sweat, a baby's touchless skin; divine extremes embalm us.
 faith the napalm
 angel patrols our souls,
 burns us, quenchless. such love requires
 respite. i've chosen going after unstunted grandeur:
 to tell, intrude, split and enscape, and to spoil the pure
 prickly ice upon the concrete cone of the
 triangulation pillar. and just as, from our
 equality, and
 from our knowing lying in
 union, we two have reckoned a third
 line, till then unknown, that's smaller

and different, i break the unity,
 the 'all's one', (and like we're told
 by the sense, parallels converge at origin and at end,
 a graph's double axes
 plot one point, two lines join)
 chop our unity in twain, to be put
 side by side, twinned, and between, graft her,
 presented on last valentine's day, our daughter, when i
 en-grave initials of our names,
 i set my signal-nature, ruskin's R,
 hedwig's H, gwendolen's G:
 non-sequentially fused.

two

i

1

i make complaints to the dead christ and compound as wounds
 words, that they, transparent, may explain their afflictions,
 compliant as he to the common sentence and mean (opaque
 though as well at the bleeding core) their face value by compline time, the
 day's red ash;
 sickly wax burned out, and sticky spirit, from th'ugly cross,
 and dolorous and sour, when i'll take you on your word, christ,
 and mourn you this day for your new mandate:
 love one another.

you, wise hero, depend, still, on the crucial fix-
 ation on peculiar personality, in your
 home-town, a particular boy whom habit has come to love;
 i'd his impers'nal hu-maneness maintain, troubling who'd be disturbed
 he's not like them;
 who'd defend, not knowing them, his teachings as kindly; those
 who find you true to life, outwards-pressed your inner-motion,
 surprised by convincing death, mis-taken;
 their friendly champion

who deposed the statutes of potentates yet
 so moves my heart with same-pathology, as when,
 nature dying, i lament: that's god who's going. these are things,
 could be never said before, when i call you, as my calling and vocation,
 living eco-sisters, to swell the evening chorus to vital,
 pleonastic, and sing, cicada and wasp, sycamore
 and hogweed, peak-rock wallaby and coypu in fen
 canal undermined, dogs lost in homes, undetermined,
 and those bred and graded for pet-degree shows, less exclusive now

2

than you, predator pro-ected, endangered kite;
 clamour in your sanc'tries; ride the calm or the netted,
 quick-silvering bellies of fish, and halcyon, migrating, proud
 toxic exiles from oil-rich shores, with greased back locks
 on th'wings, on floods, marine mud flats
 wail; unlike sole dolphins, muse in massed choirs, in fires destroyed,
 you reindeer, radiant, unsuff'ring, though unsafe for hunting,
 your herds, europe, wooded wold crowns faded;
 yet decorated,

your un-drinkable wells where, in revealing froths,
 nymphs are laced and effluence robes the banks, and attended
 by waterside grasses and verges herbicide pure, relate,
 stately elms, grander than when leafing: how humans,
 their sickness, more, and all skilled crafts
 hope consumed unripe. displays of beauty miscarry when
 intended. babes exposed pray futil'ty spirits rescue,
 immune systems leak the world's full smell; for
 those face to fireside,

wind in kidneys, dust in the nose and ash itch.
 and this your conquest, christ, and bitterest; this, you
 cup of blasting herbs, your reign. smart-packed, achieved ascetic's goal,
 on top pillars, with the waste; calvin, he who forbade finery, had never
 dreamt how bad and christianly simple it could really become. here.
 in gethsemane's olive gardens, you three times implored
 the cup be took back, vinegar that king david got
 before you, but then, in-fighting death, said: i'm thirsty.
 you took what was offered in mock and kept, christ,
 got a hold of peace.

3

i'm not certain if this willingness didn't make
 ineffectual. pathos neutralizes the power. yes,
 but ruskin, enough. with its own mortality music cuts
 thinking down. what concerns us' what's within our reach. to take
 the hemlocked wine takes heart,
 bitter-blest, our greatest gift, the bull's part in stormithrust,
 or at'is pleasure, mad-on-is back the goads. the god, ram
 in rut, mounts the standing cross, triumphant;
 made whole, his body

fell off clean like a scab. worth was inverted; rough
 laws relieved. the world was upside down, and the lions
 lay down with the lambs. the voyeuring rivers returned to beds,
 where you'd float only when you wouldn't fight. flattened the temple,
 tall again, no hands!
 last were made first, and the humble unpunished when they grasp
 beyond the reaching. seed-rot and shoot both, death to live, same
 the self: such desired of god...my solo
 feeds back, distorting.

i return to sober and self-assured. my
 song, cadenced on a note, from unity, tuned through
 opposition, like the world falls in an arc of melody
 tight like ripples round a thrown stone, expanding, each new phrase
 as a wave follows,
 has its cadence ringing the final tone, resisting conclusion
 with a tension of pleasant difficulty, falls in both
 directions t'wards still vortex of a closed verse, or splits,
 creates now the what's not now, and just possibili'ty
 that there's thought of contrary states will imply-
 meant imaginings,

4

though not origin. sin's thinking of things as one,
 being better, feeling there's identity somewhere.
 plain secular consciousness isn't sexual incitement, nor
 other way around, and neither's grace; but there's corporeal order,
 we belong, bound, slide
 on a chain stretched great to lesser, where sophists social climb
 to arist-ecstasy. 'best' is our punned selves, excited
 and unloading. 'low' is closed selves after
 ins-emanation.

this world's maker is made made, as the son of his
 daughter, never yet exists as truth, but a piece of
 plain faction, as we are, who understand an idea before,
 always, we understand it; need to know something before
 we even can note its
 happened. hard new searching only formulates, fits motifs
 to psyche's pattern. old doctrines show same thinking working:
 the sole poetic faculty, re-veiled as
 empir'cal method;

empire ruling sensibles. every phrase is
 impure, rhetor'cal, that you use for your love oath,
 naked lover, orgasm-true; keen terror that you'll lose her: stance.
 you, poet, try a topos: distrust of rhetoric, when claiming
 that you've dumped it;
 yet not need be false. the already done's original, after
 all, in such a substantive sliding between poles. the hinge
 between a posed word's function and the word's root nutates
 as our planet does; our use of it undercut by
 the root's always otherness which was once use,
 not returning but,

5

switched, floats fastened to changed metaphor due to there
 being only two positions: mine and another's;
 could call them: the feelings against reality, which is which?
 good for all propositions, taking sides, theories of art production;
 these terms won't
 match the pair: own-cobbled-work or visions-inspired-intact;
 and toddler's wisdom, now wordly, now innate, transports toys,
 with care, from a shelf to the stairs, in the
 box. this exchanging

makes life bearable; re-orders experience by
 jokes with people, only way to value the worth of
 their lives. an equivalence shared by everything bargains, makes
 more. it's good custom. compromise subtracts both in the balance,
 tricks and sells one short.
 food digests, deals goodly spirit energy, nature swaps
 with humans, death for life, in a pun that you coined, christ,
 and sold cheap your soul for the world's riches,
 bought back your errors,

us, your blood, for writing the contract. so god
 is troped from human in the commerce that's held 'tween
 one another, and is hailed as civ'lization's best advance
 yet; since market-age surpassed grand morality, as that
 had surpassed worship's
 great religions. art can be brought in safety finally; like leaves
 by ephemeral light in photographs, dried paper-thin
 as your scabs, christ, fine-sculpted as a wasp-nest, disused;
 and book-keeping boasts, like poets, to keep fame immortal
 within writing, best of the proper tools trade
 counts on. own a sheep.

as sperm, writing is male spirit imprinted on
 matter's chaos, order patriarchs had discovered
 same time as their husbandry. speech was stabilized, otherwise
 onanism only, if unwritten. god's presence as understood
 today's still seen
 in the glossed in-scripture, fully in-text for reference ease.
 the speech is just the lone gods and us. we're separated;
 but script fixes others in one self, as
 if necessary.

all texts aim to become classics and canonised.
 this is humanism: imposed authority cowards
 raise up as examples of people's choice who survive by chance
 into law. psalms and prophets, christ, you knew these well enough
 to reproduce their style
 faultlessly. that style that's been pronounced poetry: loosely strings
 of rhythm, even-spaced rhymes, was what the ancients called prose.
 the name's plenty. media need no more to
 reach formed conclusions.

why'm i pushing back to creation always?
 there's never been a primal, certainly no more,
 which to shovel from the stuff shape's made of. all the water's been
 land-mass measured back; young gods, blown from flowers and
 egg-shells: letting the sperm settle.
 spirits underground are as every bit ideal and as airy
 as olympians; sophisticated as we, primitives:
 condemned to stylized decorative design. humanism
 is book-bound and scribes feign skepsis, have faith in no one
 but need all, and learn by the rules to trope still
 strange humanities.

we must classicize when getting archaic. we're
 always modern. that's the triple link in the chain. there's
 no synthesis, premise-suspending. classical style is what's
 other, that's post-archaic. but it links back to the self that thinks it's
 merged both poles;
 trying to be primitive it stays selfish: civilized.
 the rambling gushing poem couldn't stay together, but for
 the page; though it's meant to be spontaneous,
 life's captured moment

wilts. how stupid to think still it's the same when pressed.
 lazy olson! how you strove to keep it together,
 make yours, by notating exact the world; and it won't cohere.
 that's a poets' creed. to let the capital work for you, pin the word
 in place like flies;
 call it free breath. friedrich hölderlin, unsurpassed you are!
 by folding back the self, innovative imitator,
 you felt form's convention confine, alter,
 make more be spoken;

yet you too were stunned by the status labels
 exert, and simplolized complexities, glad how
 athens should be loved by gods while persians desecrating slaves.
 what's high culture, that it move east to west? but sublimed comfort
 that can't comfort
 even godless night in the stroke of your ingenuous clover:
 we pained threesome of demigods are fulfilled, one in christ,
 or albin; here where cuthbert the embalmed saint had preached
 to how calculate best easter, one way and only,
 or christ cursed you heretic. on an isle off
 lindsay he died,

struck sick, pestered by sores, then was interred alone.
 when they came to digging up his relics to make them
 more honourable housing, his body wasn't at all corrupt.
 now his corpse, countless times examined, raised durham cathedral
 over him in state,
 every time unrotted, wafts of spikenard ointment, in
 its alabaster box, which was used to'anoint the dead christ.
 the flowers rise contrasted layered bright; climate
 spills different orders,

air warms quicker, or hills lengthen the rainfall, moor
 wind postpones, exposed, the elder blossom, to fix the
 year's festival calendar. inappropriate foreign rites
 soon adapt. visitors could always see through the conventions there
 their own god(')s smile.
 christian faith means information storage. the liturgy
 preserved, suspended in oil, requires full cler'cal work-hours
 and well-kept accounts of done things; wash-and-
 weigh all distinctions

in christ's blood. a rational solar year will
 mend equal all the moon's-true-agencies. one whole
 universal world's a dream come true, that church and emperors tried:
 our time's pluralistic myth; everybody does their thing with
 the same freedom.
 private pidgin settles to national tongue, until it's the same thing
 everybody is doing. paradise needs force: enough
 to work, is self-style harnessing the ex-otic, all-
 embraced, merger'd, safed, spread thin and di-fused, the foreign.
 a hook scrapes the sand till it snag on what fits,
 drags from shallow depths

some known rubbish that's been thrown in the sea before.
 so is how the mind associates and entangles
 new things it has heard, with bedraggled platos in out of date
 models, all précis'd scarce acquaintance; big names fixed with labels
 dull with facts thought's taste
 palette; between hook and catch a stable relationship's
 suggested: brush and paint wed. recourse to records renders
 the sign as ideal behind our voicings:
as semen seeming.

christ shan't, fishers of men, let it be caught. rejoice!
 wedding guests who've been invited won't be allowed in,
 ill-fitting, whatever the feast, the garments, the temple wrecked,
 money well-changed; on hypocrites who ask trick questions where the
 answers come out pat-
 riots, he'd turn tables, crisis-tide, sharkish derring-do
 emerged to purge of all metaphysics: now is the time;
 and end idols. teachers all mean to'end their
 own branch of teaching:

finish with philosophy, leave religion,
 preach prophets. youthful, you corrected the priests, christ,
 in the temple, desp'rate seized, ceased, overthrew the currency.
 guilt uprooted; tamed taboo; magic origins mocked: liberate us, is the
 promise. thus, exposing conditions working classes were kept in,
 was, good angels intended, how to escape them for good.
 the caring bourgeois, forming the idea, myth for kids,
 of devilry-marx, dares what's denied. former atheists
 are most mil'tant converts, but comfort, which we've
 longed for, weakens care;

10

ruled love, duty, deserts, finally, the cause; as when
 industry, although the king of poverty, rises
with socialists; radical early-music performers who've
 carved the pure tune, and built invention, stript down excess, later turn
 to playing great vague
 repertoire, paid by conservat'ries, like the avant garde
 are; poets retreat to prose. false rebellion everywhere as
 within universities whose mono-
 pole, ecumenic,

takes care scholarship gives feeling of danger, while
 fosters gratitude to fathers. nobody needs to
 know cultural climate. they are the climate and chart the change.
 same as you, christ, today's post-decomposed structuralism continues
 one school's long
 argument; new sacred names, tradition unbroken; your
 millennial surge, in air-lightened waves, materialist foam,
 insists on the knowable beach: constant
 there; reference matter.

don't we ever doubt at the worth of our work?
 fair ground for tests of strength. work needs to be done, points
 be elucidated, like dark rides in horror trains at fairs
 whose route hurls you down and past terrors, howling, and back up
 at the end. up to
 date prometheus-moses, atop his mountain, looks for the law, keys
 opening easier ways; presumption that there's hidden plot,
 afraid at groom's doom lampless to be found, talent interred,
 promotes lit'racy year, books are claimed sacred, sharing
 a vain faith for spiritual society in print's
 pale accepted world.

11

real means creeping around edges of screens to glimpse
 matter as it sleeps beyond the meaning imputed
 by viewers. behind the concealing curtain: ideal itself,
 wakes, prepared, holy war. and here i'm stuck, helpless as prodding
 hard with soft rods through
 chimneys to dislodge a nest of rooks built on fallen slates;
 and soot and sticks descend; brittle gassed birds, gripped, are pulled out,
 but six feet above i can't budge blockage;
 waste strength with shoving

stone stays stuck. the exact moment i'm doing this,
 singing move to strike at ghosts from under my chimney,
 two armies are vainly arraying plumage and rattling like
 randy pea-cocks, they draw up lines: on one side humanists defend
 the hard-earned peace
 which has graced well-governed states with justice and order's rule
 reflecting harmony kept by economic spheres as
 the law's balanced marriage obeys music,
 in-dignant inter-

vention's unavoidable when the lib'ral
 lay sanctions, forcing freedom with the ideal which
 tends to kill the text; but it's drawn, marshalled on the other side,
it's host (revolution's christ whom the single god called god
 has designed prophet)
 into battle lines, to release the self from fashionable and from
 fated, buying their saved by use of the coin whose alter-
 native sides spell out trade, and the conjoined side has war;
 and when troops've charged then trope's achieved, as the one has
 become other practically, since in world's fierce
 skirmish all's revealed

12

christ-inanity; seeks emptiness, cosmic soul.
 each existence imitates, with consciousness tortured,
 your pers'nal phenomena, christ. decrying the essence as
 poetic, false, altogether other, these dazed journals
 ever-angelize you like
 mouldered church wall bits of paintings still bear your story, christ,
 in stony structure, fixed at a time and place; who daren't learn
 from last made mistakes because now's diff'rent:
 new features fetter

words' use, forced to report sense that the self has put
 but the user' accepts the tone, enslaving and slave both.
 such humanists suffer alone, their earthless conceptions set
 free of gods' any anchors. self-employed, lip-realised, the doubting
 west's faith's the
 apogee' of christ worship. where the enemies meet the trope's
 sublimed. the sect of rebellious saints embrace, as judgement
 requires, one authoritative writ and
 give up their freedom.

what is it, that even uprooters need root
 things down? in hist'ry's fashions fascism cuts men's
 hair not only short but couth long-grown, though neither image suits
 cruel; yet theories ramify down the throat, and the mind, willing,
 idealizes.
 if it's left a moment alone, it lifts. with relish, the hand will
 crush, resenting contentment. fearful to break interna-
 tional law, pious knights plan taking the besieged castle armed
 with bought damascene blades. latter-day saints or muslims
 with mixed jet formations, annex with full ab-
 certainty their god's

13

will, meek. all of the gods answer to allah's name.
 in the land between the rivers assur the storm-god
 flayed hostages. gods of the desert drank at the holy stone
 black with glad-offered blood at mecca. myth's quest for the gold grey'oil
 has caused all war.
 things. they do link up, though few will spring to another view.
 taboos return. the gulf closes in. god gets a quick dust.
 belief's what distinguishes us from the
 beasts, keeps us token

beasts, keen-tooled. in a toothed animal costume, both
 fear and trust that they'll protect community perm'nence
 put shamans in power; and to talk (by telephone) to the tribe's
 totem, fly (diplomat trips), raise the dead (their monuments), and wait
 serene what war'll
 bring: that's apocepilecstasy. artists twisted too
 creative energy, mania. private pain is inj'ry
 whose own christ has got to become god; but
 we care for persons

just as if it weren't an enduring world each,
 imperfect, ill-adjusted, owned to be their lot.
 personality restrained, these worlds arranged a perfect work.
 how tell fables of the rare forests, deserts, without you as
 the stressed fox, the
 man whom we're beholden to, cunning christ, so deep in the problem
 that you bristle and probe, you stickle and prod, rebel youth?
 or how, with unmixed feelings, to relate now romance,
 without you as old, tried model: crude synaesthesia?
 defined nations: interconnected folk: gel
 fixed electrode nodes.

fine-cut, moral or not, fables divide their roles
 into fox and chicken act, consistent-resulting.
 in action romance is, and purpose quickens from hindrance. when
 monster gore turns to maiden, courage won't need ever be its own
 reward. love your
 enemy. who is the loser? keep busy that's the point.
 discuss with figures of state the turn events have taken,
 and in depth of figures of speech, turns of
 phrase haze the radio.

chat jams radar. defence tropes to provoker then.
 in the pub flirtatious charming chats the opponent
 up. i, in composing of poems, am kept in condition, too
 much on one plate is balanced out or indefinitely quarantined. her
 scales held high,
 justice invades. every action rears eager'and obstinate
 reaction. nature abhors a vacuum, sends her matyrs
 to make fertile, adding a salt on their
 own soil, abetting

saddam-hassockism; and jurisprudence
 ruled: though we're free we cannot tolerate such things,
 after watching videos where these men had begged their skin be scraped.
 unknowns fit restrictive clothes, thrive and flourish in joined chains,
 and a scarred beauty,
 gath'ring strength from stricture, or insect-muscled frailty of pale dolls,
 lifts the face with tatooed fatality. unknowns are slight
 enough to fit glass slipper on an unpincered foot.
 the sly forceful forge god dragged a wrecked leg, but sickness
 prescribed boots that cling to the thighs for charles, our
 executed king,

whose men walked in the foot-steps of the lord, and loyal
 courtiers slipped the platform heel on (costume the tragic
 killed hero who trod for the god in drama had capered in)
 when the sun king appeared so soled. alone stands no one; stunted
 christ, with black-smith's craft
 you extrude unwordly kingdom aliens within my world
 who seem as spirits and i'm as much unknown to them. one
 and one make acquaintance. two grows back to
 three, alternating

though not permanent. since money's the only thing
 that we've got in common, celebrating whatever
 bonds festivals mean to confirm, the drinks and the games, the teas,
 auctions make entertainment; god, contained, circulates. potent as
 the purse can no
 amulet be, carried always bodily. cross the palm
 and count the rosary out, the truth above the value,
 beyond worth of perishables. sculptors,
 turned hunters, set their

tropes in bronze: the figure, the catch; display their
 a-trophy, fated. in fixed heavens the one sun
 stands for ego; in a four-square sky, the i of everyone,
 not just mine. solidified solo-difference results when the revealed falls to
 doctrine. what is god is the sum, i think, of everything i am
 not; not immanence, soon, reliable, nor justified.
 i can't say joy, not worrying. i can't see the mask
 because i'm behind. what chance of ex-humanation
 when i, though an else has prevailed inside, hot,
 can't ex-it the self?

16

freud said calendars could do with reform. he rid
 that nativity of id its tidings of horror
 by setting a season established as the superior which
 brought the rains after ego's cold and id's dry scorching; overseer
 at monsoon time.
 so the self lies, like the years, with recycled gods, in bed,
 attending her. the young super-ego comes in ego's
 prepared cloak. but wilder, id acts as the
 self's other witness.

your self, christ, was the sole law of the quartered year.
 lunar time's partitioned indivisible thirteen
 had cellular vessels in interchangeable places, selves
 spread among many other moons. but sun, unconquered, emperor over
 twelve cool men,
 quarrelled. he bore sons who both denied him, dispersing him,
 in exile tolerable, where he helped each hurt the other.
 asleep, centaurs, amazons, haunt zion's
 long-waiting champion.

as they squabble, summer or winter crown, each
 feels they're messiah mon-soon, crisp on a mild throne.
 every hamlet knows he can but kill himself; between the poles.
 might high tide surpass the mark? as the sun who should get further than
 right round the
 zodiac yearly, never achieves it, borders blur of the signs, and
 slow pre-cession is ever dodging repeats. rising lines,
 like loud and soft-stressed syllables of my verse, produce
 the trigrams. if hot yang wets his old bed he's changing
 to cold yin. the second's return to first's what
 raises trinity.

17

is pure persons without attributes, or the pure
 beauty, innocent of puissance, stuff of the proud theme?
 what's linking of different voices' melodies unreduced;
 open, abstractured, not dictating notes; both from its poet and listener
 free? what, though
 fixed, allows; makes sense alone but needs, to exist, the sound?
 the godish other: form. only form, un-understood power,
 is what you are hearing beyond doubt, and
 yet out of hearing.

my two settings of stress patterns in triads, make
 more than two alone. the A's repeated so when the
 B pattern's released it expands. it's method to build and melt
 hexagrams. keeping constant swim and in turn, out of syncing
 planets with fixed stars,
 poetry'll force A and B to splinter and shatter. nod
 of id, telluric nutation, coy, twists from enlightened
 and cold sun. the arbit'ry by poetry's
 forced into splendour,

into shadow. shining with light the spear stabs
 snake's mouth. its opened jaws hiss. breath and the word free
 eve and adam, captive twins. one bone removed that joined their rib
 cage cries; sibyl panting out oral joy. although shins weren't to be
 cracked, you were
 broken, christ, and fucked into fact and manu-fashioned like us. that
 hand, relentless and brainless, targets the bright spear between
 your legs to bore, gash, penetrate the great serpent plus
 its eggs, shovel through guts, split your rib, rip and rid it,
 and thus, with your bleeding, the lumina ss
 animal is shed.

how dear's love in the cruel light of the tempting smell
 cast by blood and flesh! his paschal pastoral care let,
 calm-passionate, suffered the little sheep to become his own.
 passive, un-pained you were, christ, to enact intellect's poesis in the
 world, un-willed.

we have sloughed hunt-life subsistence, had leisured poetic guilt,
 and suffered laziness, as the gift and price of action.
 and there's light beneath the skin, stretched, on the
 lamp-shade. creating

cuts us off from the wild necess'ry world. in war's
 nearly freed, or city lights, our animal feeling.
 now, after the temple had fallen, was it the end? was christ
 caught alive, fit to answer plaintive pleas entered in court? the
 churchgogue waits, reads out
 law, expounds past revelations, wand'ring without the world
 until the final one temple be re-built. my alias
 you are, christ, and while you die, we're chosen
 by lot, to be re-

leased, uneasy barabbas, lone among the
 spring rioters, we, the sordid alien in midst
 purimproper celebrants, shamed, at the saturnalia. we're
 un-born lambs. there was a time when the family's first-born had to be
 passed over,
 fed to molech. curse is appeased by passing over to others:
 lamb's blood, eased on the doorposts, angels of death edged the plague
 to egypt's heirs. in-justice is immuned. armies thresh
 the land, idols smile, poor robbed by pay-rise and plunder
 to keep rulers financed, in distant parts, far
 off on london's throne.

time comes prophets ordained: punitive measures mend
 blood's abominations. newest covenant will no
 more need be renewed; in the heart is written a god decree
 zero. what so attracts is destiny dragging us with it; all the best
 minds booked

up for the near future leads where we follow. taste is made
 submissive, rather heart than the lip. strict prophets won't scorn
 the old trope where physical means spir'itual.
 harsh gramm is heaven's

tongue been severed. i might scoff: if i hold aloof,
 all i do is box and curse with shades; cos the time tells.
 most modern conductors'll not permit the exchanging of old
 ornaments. these have been scored deep in ears. oddly it's ancient
 instruments: they may
 yet evict those romance-rancid prophets' orchestral style,
 and free our tempi of batons. my pun-tiliousness may
 erase sure-historical synchronics.
 whenever is it

now until eradicates it was always
 now. purpose, thought divine, participates cosmos.
 whim provides the rational now-age its profound delivered ease
 through-out men's perennial wise chauvinism. if the soul only is
 jove's temple,
 christ you came to trample it! dare in courage change in decision;
 like dogs turn on pursuit of prayer; and the judge, disobeyed,
 will cure the cut-off, destiny to throw off the laws
 in that hand respects text constipates spellings splutter.
 they say th'executed ejaculates, shits;
 last pathetic geste.

ii

20

what's most wanted's the im-possible; pricks desire's
mettle. once is not enough to'exemplify what's been
pre-terminated. is promised success necessity'if i'm to be
pious? which temp'ature relaxes ex-tracted and stiffened metal?

way out back

princess, brought up by the dumbest farmers is elegant
to welcome cultured knight's tempered blade; no inner symbol,
but the unattainably true other.
how easy truth is:

try'nd test virtually; those platitudes, raise-erect!
unashamed and virtuosic turbulence shows off
your image-in-action imagination, my poetic friend,
simon. your poems of yeast spurt, sizzle like elder champagne, and
diff'rent each day's force.

comforting, that's something what a paradox is, it smiles;
but sad as well the blind feeling. constant where we are at
an end, plans we've groping drawn out, hopeless
our nothing-ness and

useless our ambition is. milês you're named,
stout knight at point of danger honourable, doffed tight
fear for reputation. fame's wheel, trivial human cycle, breaks
leg bones: in your splint, your grim valour. faith is a vice. everything,
unpurposed,
needn't leave us beached in consuming paper-work or enthused by
sport-emotion, restricted social; but greed given up!
the new is not now: tyranny to need present time.
avoid envy, old takes pressure off, you can measure
yourself; bare of bitterness, love; success keeps
no importance long.

21

faith, fame, tempt you to choose whether it's true or false.
not demanding art. exotic terror's confection,
soft, pleasantly urban stress is what we import from east-
europe's once banned translated writers. once, you were arcadian king in
self-made year

zero. your realm though was not of this world but was at hand.
your seat was spiritual retford under elms. the name of
the frail gorgeous poppy who reigns brief and
dry, graced the era

when your dynasty ruled, dextrous in world events.
it was hard to tell you how depressing the hollow
loud confidence was to me. demons persecute those who play
central parts in the good and evil dream drama. an anger flares, forgets
wounds, broods,
everything goes deep. a wanting everyone, to be friends,
to share the beauty, to join the special few, against the
despair. simon, as you've said christ's madness,
brave being nothing.

he's the god who wants it to end with him, he
ends, wanting all his own way, getting absorbed in.
final culmination, claims his message, freed of more repeats.
when non-rotting plastic gets put in compost it's still there
in the spring following,
in amongst the dirt. the established cult-oblation of self lets
plant-souls, little and threatened, plead for their own holiness.
the other, by short-circuits and apart-pulling, gets
dismissed; summoned in need, outside help. auto-eros,
or mild balm; identification, pain; by-
pass the intellect.

why's this everyday worthwhile? cos it's all there is:
 gods. it's simple, simon: art's hypocrisy when it's
 meant sacred. it's terrible when an object becomes alive.
 pictures move. this is madness, ego swells tidal, marooned. the holy
 fills time's things
 only. within spir'tual septic tanks all the universe
 revolves and filters; the psychic pseu-age soon will dawn, a
 complete ego-system; stuck on matter,
 fly's legs in honey.

which more, ear or the sound? ear is objectified
 into art and eye. i sound the back of my mind and,
 that's the best i can make of it? christ was troped by the priests,
 you know,
 into law. when the end is slow to come, what's there to do instead,
 between mad bouts,
 other than say: we're already amateur crucifieds,
 perspiring grace, and to be obedient unto deafness?
 you blew, simon, on the mount, loud, but the
 trump hardly sounded.

what about the villainous judas' treason?
 low's where's fulfillment brought him. justice of sin, tense,
 put the fan to shiver, got up in the costume fit for stars;
 christ's flip-side, an inmate locked up in majesty's three persons,
 alone-gallowed,
 aches for christ's elected-locution; stutt'ring madman to his arch,
 fluent saint. the society judas had kept (now he mills
 as wheat sift ash, now charitable work in the world
 is all over) ganged up, shun him. housed with the leper,
 the queen, precious, perfumed, denounced him. haman
 sexual self-destructs.

why you, simon of cyrene, to carry god's
 cross? it's in the streets that sexual fantasy's realised
 when women are walking who seem an infinite distance near,
 curved like knives, carved in clothes' calm movement, more there always,
 every shape arranged strains nerve;
 playing out what deeper would be naked abandonment.
 below the longing to conquer lies the being crushed, heel
 on hand; take the weight, and commend into
 her hands your spirit.

spit, roll, simon, away, everything petrified!
 on a two-positioned hinge there's madness obsession
 or love dissolution. their interface, as a video-screened
 graphic whose edge, defined, twists, intersects like you would turn a card
 reverse, shows joined
 images stuck back to back. to share the responsequence,
 you've got to mesh or else lift continues, doesn't cut off,
 revolves on and on like couture models,
 eye-cons, and maddening.

put erotic standing opposed to ego,
 and christ suspended over vision's extent, vast.
 he's the new-erotic. noon snow, met to talk, you told me how
 poems, sex, dancing felt like chromatic markings on white butterflies'
 wings, shadings
we can't see, the different degrees of light and friction's vibration
 melting spinning to heat. it's eros, or us: all there is
 comprised. you need two surfaces to burn. single coals
 will go out. be wise. who swallows, like simm'ring millions
 polite, shall be called by the name: he-meant-well,
 meaning : unsurprised.

iii

24

let's all go to the south, sharing and working there!
 sun and summer quicken sloth, community life gets
 simplicity light'ning the pulse: but practical thrift you lacked,
 vincent; paints, absinthe, matter. can't escape human companions; artists
 though, as men,
 sicken. real love makes you feel disgusted with art, you yet
 relinquished marriage and children. though well-read and honest,
 in no doubt stupidity means malice,
 your love of others

drew dim kitchens and warmed comfort of chairs and shoes;
 in control repeating pictures sensibly hard-lined,
 cold practiced perfection. you're fickle, testy, and couldn't wish
 others well when expected to, but went self-sacrificing, sewn
 in sack-cloth, feet
 bare, in kind christ's mission for the poor miners; went without
 appointment from the church, over-zealous; moved by hurt's bond
 that spans all humanity's grey spectrum.
 you praise. it only

prays. is that the difference between us? conflict-
 impatience, you and gauguin; primitive yet how
 city-wise he was; the proud all-rounder, logic like his foils.
 my two sides are like the two of you: his fussiness, self-pleased, and
 the scorn failure
 makes me feel; your over-intense excitement pressing for answers
 out of people, like i do. even the live other drives
 you mad; enclosed loneliness. you raved on and on,
 'it's great isn't it?' got no reply. later, threatened
 by posed theories, jealous of sex success, made
 worse by his reserve,

25

dread's knife needs to be drawn, thrown at the wall, perhaps
 badly aimed at him, who angers, glad to escape you,
 feels gluttoned and speechless. you doubled peter's and malchus' parts:
 sickened guilt's courage. after such neglect christ was delivered up.
 the sword's cut comes
 always too late. at the place and moment of flip precise,
 the cardboard image flicks over: christ now enters, fever.
 a child's born, your brother's real love. restive,
 scared: lose exclusive

care you've always enjoyed, body and soul support.
 why have you forsaken me? he cries to his theo.
 unblaming, you knew you were less important than family life's
 generous, small, normal gifts. your first attack lasted the twelve
 christmas days: lift, drop.
 private sphere goes inside out to fantasy's public globe
 where mania, like a dog, only knows his master's aura
 and in-group deluges out-group's border,
 blind breeding violence,

kicking people thinking you've seen a drainpipe.
 attacks returned when, from the hospital, you'd gone
 back to see the brothel. same thing happened after every time:
 rage filled vision. when you're free, in between the end-times, nothing
 except painting;
 also crystal letters. your suicide was sane, a decision.
 your delirium and art would never connect. you'd lament
 your senses, paint trees blossoming and grain summer gold.
 you wrote how you still love life and art very much, and
 to blast crows you borrowed a pistol gun one
 hundred years ago;

stood, pressed close to the tree, shooting the bullet in.
 then you wandered home and held the hole in your side, your
 breast pierced and the metal deflected after it hit the rib.
 you and he, brothers, both are dying gods, summer and winter kings. he
 died six months
 after you, killed too by venus' penis disease and art;
 her fertile men the muse-stress infects. you're calm and wouldn't
 be false prophet, vincent, afraid how the
 dark mimes messiahs.

we'd need distance from good madness and wisdom, set
 dry and hard. you can't be mates with gods or an artist.
 no offers or takings of answers, mixed with appearance whose
 common unchanged surroundings disresolved most lives' demands,
 are made by art's lost face;
 beauty at best fleeting. that reality, fashionable,
 will get accepted; unwanted stunning was, as kindness,
 at first, can't be stomached, then seems fitting,
 gains merged, forgetting.

when invention's fiddled by market's middling-
 men-run efficient cars demandlessly, lifts aren't
 given. ugly harms the tongue: sham blame on sentiment or taste.
 no skill. never resting. heal, kill yourself for poems; how simple
 compared with their
 sale. how silly maker's dismay. you'll have a place in a history,
in time. likely impossibilities life gave away,
 remembered through thought's necess'ry effects, ought to include:
 the self-will resigned; self-death in life-destined cycle;
 the same self continued when function's used up;
 parts imbued with pan.

mind-racked terror obsessed miracle's techno-christ.
 still today the nineteenth century's ghosting. we haven't
 fled yet the releasing of freedom's idle ideal of rights;
 words as lank-weak as love. without a scapegoat, can't begin describing
 good. words reach
 positive; un-marked, affirm a good contra common use.
 maintaining language is metonym: a part of something,
 its name only, acts for the whole: all we
 speak must be mystic.

such strange leaps we've achieved, come to respect as rights,
 human choice, and even wild environment's need for
 home-rule. is allowance of cruelty growing a little less?
 past is our only mirror; we its in-voluntary future vision. our ears schooled
 how to feel, pained, with romantics. but staying, hölderlin,
 as messianic flame dawned you held out, saw it coming,
 return, reconciling complaints, feasting,
 christ-crazy, peaceful,

lasting. you remembered, when you were my age,
 child-joy's rejuvenating words of the one man
 soothing sorrows, in his god-breast. there was still a lot to sing.
 pure love's prophetess you lost, diotima is dead, eros at last rids your
 anorexic chastity. century turns. pubescence anoints poets.
 you're my older and brighter brother, and so well i could
 have learned, but no, won't whimper an enriched image, can't
 although holy be my word, escape by submission
 or creed. were you helpless, defeated? kept fed
 by a carpenter

through your second and last coming of childhood. fine
odes fragment as glass in fiery water; by breaking,
more powered and promised. you stayed alive, and benign, became
old. with scant words, you lived no longer here willingly, gladly. neither
 false nor fierce,
prophecies played, flooded, rose as germany's rivers; she,
the priestess who secures counsel, un-armed, 'mongst the nations.
to free revolution's homeland soon is
pure warring. europe's

new comm-unity crew mutinies, neuters kings,
petty wars exported, rules by monetary union.
your germany's won with her riches. did you predict as well
football's small vict'ries, ample bloodshed? i sing easter through the
 summer sport, through war's
winter. the loyal mother cunt rebirths farther than the league
of hanseatic armed allies. hate your patriots. loath
your own smothering. father forgive, no one
knows what they're doing.

ruminant my rhetoric, dedicated,
admiring you who have eyes higher than i do,
even in admonishment. transgressor, christ was titled, flag-
rents, wort fragrant snapped. escape christianity, overting that
 house made of
mad narcissus' loneliness, plenty-flowered, morality can no
more allow to become another than death's term be stretched
eternal. myth's point, pleroma, epochs all condense
to real present, brought short. vincent's 'real peasant' 's all we
can feel. application of chaos formed: your
lives combined to christ.

here, friends, heaven and earth touched in a hill. i say
truth: today you'll be with me in paradise; days and
nights equally seasoned as pisces passes to aries. spring
waters now fizz aquarian air, as then aries arose to pisces:
 ways twice cross.

dolphin boy, whom, god-infested, your mother bore and tossed
to tides, with plentiful play-aroma bless, with helga,
her song, friend who came to her room, from the
cliff, salty still. as

wife, mad-woman, the three mary's, as virgin, she
bore me. poet, behold thy mother. woman behold thy
son, circling and bending his verse to serpentine starting sound
ay again, affirmation's cry. from you, simon, i copy it, your north
 voice fresh.

helga, you heard how the word 'am-ego-om' itself
begets beyond, how time's moments – on the lap, the cross, then
the lap pietà – are coil-tropes. human-
ill-nation's coffin,

rashly-nailed, is empty. it happens all at
once: arty-fuss is gone, sun setting, the bluebell
petals go translucent blood-red, bunches hung from both my hands,
then lain next to innocent nettles, purple robe's royal colour
 on white wood, my
baby daughter's steadying trolley. she'd be walking alone soon.
can't withdraw to a blank of paper, an end always will
release tears, pure-fired purgative of grief, in a film
when slow credits come up, music moves, it is finished,
in life like a painting, the more than full cup,
planctus gloriae.

cardinaloid episodes

TO GO WITH GIFTS

34r

I – IV

UNPUNCTURED IS END STOPPED

37r

or

I'LL TAKE A STAB AT MARTYR DOOM

ought i prefer to appear a writer delirious & artless
finding delight in my own faults or failing to notice
than to be wise and to smart or because too smart, agonising...

after Horace, *Epistles II, ii, 126*

to a juvenile-joyful measure
i chisel my words, plane and buff
in order they prove true to me
when i've applied the final file..
though love still teach me to suffer
lovingly i'll align each strophe
and even plough aridity
drained and worn, i arnaut daniel
loose the mad bull on the march hare
swim upstream and fill wind with air

after A.D. (fl. 1190) *En cest sonet coind'e leri*
(on this ayre graceful & light)

TO GO WITH GIFTS

i) 1992

into a moving wind a rook had selected a branch where
 then it stayed, feet held, and steered rough flight on the tree's edge
 when, blown off, it fell again to the branch and its wings packed
 close as the other crows were thrown into bankings of hard air.
 in the yard i heard in apple branches the starling:
 all its little voices as thick as the callousy fingers,
 grisly knuckled twigs it sat on, blossom forgotten.
 i was going to under the eucalyptus whose fraying
 bark, that hides more tangles of birds, peels off and unstuck rolls
 like big cinnamon sticks, clacks hollow and brown in the flat yard
 where i tried to hold my ground and balance on one leg
 sunk to resist the wind and holding the balling of force as
 careful in my loose arms as i would a torso of trauma,
 when the sudden shatter of hail from one of the corners
 sun-blue sky kept dark, hurt gwendolen's face, and my arms so
 prickled, that we had to stand in the garage and watch it.
 saying she needed the little beads, she pressed them in her hands.
 pushing feet on the pedals she rode few feet on the concrete.
 is, i asked, the children's the primitives' way of discovery,
 theirs who know their names are universals and secrets,
 theirs whose childlikeness matures to fully-grown childhood?
 you've made valentine rides already, hedwig, this winter:
 waves i painted as golden topped green sea on the bike frame.
 stylized leavings of thirty years you've painted in growth rings:
 all that early weight has impressed way under below bark.
 i've thrown mud as well at your crystal torso. retiring,
 trees ward-off, or allow if shy the pressure of scream-wind:
 then our faces are rightly masks, our cringing is dances,
 bones progressively swelling to lose that effortless stature.
 pain begins to shine in the back as soon as our thought stops.
 ruskin's the boy who can't be bothered to gather together
 teachings: offers a coarse, post-civilization poetics,
 foregrounds noise of thrush plus squalls, their sayings and essays
 smothered under the house he erects, subsidence and shape: ice,
 colourless silver of sculpture or pain-formed growth of a crystal.

yesterday, sky, blue as the rook, was dark in the corner:
indigo gold of crocus at six, at seven the very-
fired night's innard. the poet's conspiracy is to select an
amethyst, copper-coil it; put indigo powder to deck nails
dark in a jar; and a child clothed gaily who finds in a wetted
tormentil-pimpernel garden upon a rough decollated
tree-trunk plinth with rich brown scar-healed cracks in the cortex,
vague-placed, soft-grey lighted, a marble madonna: of this pre-
raphaelite archaeo-logic, the definition in beauty
(pasted on card a print called titian's first lesson in colour)
greet you, vernacular reverence. a fresher ephemeris these two
crocuses for you today: your birthday thirteenth of february
started with croissants and jam, ends half fermented with apple
juice that prickles the palette; and ink in a goose quill
paints thick paper to fill this silver uzbeki locket's
folded wings on the heart: your ribs' portcullis cornelian.

ii) 1993

black choker round neck
raven on carolingian
ivory and jewelry that's colourfully quadruple
as petals settle on genitals

this is then the perilous pass
your own snow and stone
where genius who's crossing joins
crowned brain and groin

iii) 1993

on a coffee table is upright law
politely serving not by writdown lore
uptight and dour
but downright rude

on a protecting faith ikon &
painted by me a beginner
yang yidam will yab-yum with yin yogini
hail book hail sword manjusri mantra-red!

we fuck on the floor
with fracture and flaw
wood dove and jackdaw
in autumn transformation gold stays good

homage all hallows
emptiness of everyone
death dismantler
violent wisdom
yamantanka is ignorance
killed gently

iv) 1994

why is water white
rushing cold
rasping keen
whipped milk-thick
rill sung on granite?
amber's
ringed in timber like marrow
by bone, then

amber-sap and burn-
stone is swift
washed in glut.
glad broad sweep
ice age and baltic
born, rests
calm in filigree silver
as frost tints

ivy, fruited sable.
the waves' involutions
honey drop stilled –
unique in imperfection
fixed in a ring –
bent to perpetuate
and bent to accommodate

fully warmed my feet
 when i walked
 swollen streams
 straight through, smooth
 shoes ankle-tied, with
 rolled-up-
 trouser-collar-deep water
 that seeped in –

put me in your pouch
 like that, lip-
 stick and mint
 hinged red rim
 snug-fitting clasps of
 brass. frail
 silk perfumed with pot-pourri
 tied up in

plucked-tight kerchief corners
 involved whorls of paisley
 sweet in this shaved
 and newly polished brownskin
 slim gladstone bag –
 bent to perpetuate
 and bent to accommodate

UNPUNCTURED IS END STOPPED or i'll take a stab at martyr doom

in thirteen cyberorganic sections
 and three renaissant songettes

*mirabar celerem fugitiva aetate rapinam
 et dum nascentur consenuisse rosas.
 ecce et defluxit rutili coma punica floris,
 dum loquor, et tellus tecta rubore micat*

On Newblown Roses
 from Helen Waddel's *Medieval Latin Lyrics*

*Roses grow from the drops of his blood while the flames
 of their lamps move across his delicate body.
 His mother, Venus, is among that screaming crowd.
 Without fear she approaches her suffering son.
 She does not beg for mercy but her bitterness
 doubles his fear and intensifies their fury.
 She blames him for her disgrace, for all her troubles...
 for the fact that Hermaphroditus is neither
 man nor woman. Speech alone is not enough:
 ...torture. His broken body colours the roses
 with a redness that becomes brighter and brighter.*

from Ausonius, Cupid Crucified

trans. Harold Isbell, *Last Poets of Imperial Rome*

Ausonius tolerantly flourished around the time of the ambitious neo-pagan emperor Julian. In his own preface, he wrote of the *cupido cruciator*, "I turned my astonishment into what I must now confess are silly verses, only the title of the poem pleases me. Nonetheless, I commend the blunder to you. We love our scars and warts. It is not enough that we muddle along in our foolishness, we always seem to insist that others love our effusions as we have loved them." Ausonius is also the author to whom is usually given the original 'Gather ye rosebuds' poem, the one I have just quoted from in Latin. The lines get translated at the end of the 3 songs below. Some others I've loosely used, included intrigued, are here brilliantly done and condensed by J.A. Symonds, whom I've happily come across since.

One hue, one dew, one morn makes both serene;
Of star and flower one Venus reigns the queen.
Perchance one scent have they : the star's o'erhead
Far, far exhales, the flower's at hand is shed.

I

sickening rose and yarrow starts
your son ruskin soon can rise
the sunken sun can stir its ray
and risking royalty's own curse soar
a lantern in a leaden sky
healed sore wry and serious
that summer stars may steal alight
the rowan's seen the lenten sorrow
the year starts raw and sour leaven
soror hysterica suckles the rose
alleviates historic sorrow
sister stories tug at the gut
religions tie and stay re-leave
rely on loss forgotten strays
relived read leaves restore your sources
or to destroy yore sorceries
sickening rose and yarrow starts

II

cease aghligh rhythm om
phalos ugly writhing hymn
this my mother helga's ease
equality of night and day
balance of bull and feathered horse
equinox on the boundless point
aquiline perched high long line of sight
in the sun her late watery sign
of universal anniversary
her personal birth sojourn as well
equinox the pinch between
the whole the hole the wheel the well
the winch between hell and the world
eternity the turnless pin
where the timeless waters rose
where the timeless rose waters
the sweating process turned around
logic's actual regimen a pact seized up
into the womb of our hysterical salvatrix
spat out of the maw of the omni-osculating vortex
new lease of life newly saliva'd
the honeycomb's hexagonal community

pax packed compact with work
 shifts sweetened to worship
 take or negate accept no god except
 for mediating of this meridian
 and from the murk the many soon can rise
 togetherness of timelessness
 where the temporary and the tampered with
 the humorous the temperamental the all too human
 the selfish selfless their personality pure-loined
 humanity-diminished and pro-longed
 the unkeen and the over-eager
 careful conscientious failure
 valiant inconsiderate
 meet amiably in spirit worlds
 where facts are fixed and safe from simulation
 events are things and real men rulers each
 girl expectant queen of their rarified island
 they know who is who when he knows her
 what went wrong is reified to treacherous rocks
 whose boats are wrecks bloated with treasures
 the ray of the glorious rex will blot the rusty sun
 heal and distrust their gory ruby sorrows
 and rectify the murky real that many sing
 these are sum of the full harvest of the hiver
 these still my mother helga's stable delight
 in person bursar of intoxicating trade
 poor sire in pursuit of archaic theme
 new apis who knew isis by osmosis
 you god who spring and dodge the trap
 still please your daughters aching age-old doubts
 cease achlich rhythm om

III

i draw the doom of mortal glory
 though faster i can't stalk the tortoise
 coiling round the staff of endless years
 can you tell why an arrow thither someone asked
 can never reach that man its changing target?
 achilles can't outrun god's arrow lags
 i tell them i am yarrow the thousand masked
 i'll claim that mammals are more than milk
 that folly's fuel is more than the flame
 that manès keep at work in antic guise

that pain is for the guizer's myth ra's kin
 that oxhide's tough and covers every surface
 but mithra's skin is stuffed with solid blood
 that myrmidons in war console themselves
 alone manipulate the chiliastic console
 but lovers suffer reconciled in their own housing
 sup on hows and wise of soft mechanics
 to sing the sophistries of safe distress
 making it true that sorrow's robed in glory
 that divers treasures of style
 still in classical records
 found ocean of reverence
 but i mark plants to create dyes
 the body is clothed in material fabric
 every stalk is bent and awry
 heavy with weight of the ears of grain
 i'll climb a branch of the tree i planted
 a load on a rung of the wrong ladder
 myself diminished and demoted
 cashiered from my royal regiment
 unaccountable as mice in rye
 pending on the mercy of a wild apiary
 hanging one-armed on a final judgement
 dis-ending from the branch to find a primal mate
 i draw the doom of mortal glory

IV

in the mabinogi story of man-aw-ydan
 the land he hunted suddenly went desolate
 the ungrasping king went working with his hands
 the first sowing crops the first sewing shoes
 he split the spell when the prince was imprisoned
 led from rich woods to moorland by the boar
 who'd ravaged the herds and held them hostage
 lured into the colossal chthonic castle
 uprising maze when the beasts went missing
 that appeared in mist when the beasts disappeared
 where the queen's hands and her son's got glued to a bowl
 golden and filled with flower purple and nectar
 hanging above the slab or quern they stood on
 man carried the care of that magic caer
 he's made to fail till he fool the magician
 mice came at night to the fields and towns

they cropped the corn and chewed the shoes
 it's a pregnant mouse who pruned each ear
 he caught her alive the slowest runner
 she the enchantress who'd made them speechless
 the standing queen and prince glued to the bowl
 the gold and solid flesh and scent of quince
 in mouse costume the claimant of his clemency
 in the mabinogi story of manawydan

V

bless with the jet of dispelled blood
 denigrate the night-coloured dream
 praise the beatific black virgin mare
 prize the despicable vision mirror
 pick the prime and proper rose
 seize up actual regimen
 beat the rhythm the blood reddens
 your son ruskin's noise of swan
 the raw spring's ugly hatchling
 the mutable roar of mother earth
 the muter mother rhythm
 in a terrible labyrinth
 labouring in terra
 gone pale interior
 he'll go into terrain
 in terram in the interim
 he'll tell us of the terror tree
 follow whims of the psyche path
 and tell his mother's womb the matter
 the scaly tellus mother the matter
 he'll go to hell with eager heels
 and raise a wreck with healing gear
 he'll bore his way and raise a racket
 the chatter of the worm embalmers
 whose warm perfume is a myrrh cure
 hermes born with spots of a cheetah
 the skin of his limbs with spotty pores
 the love letters of mercury
 will disable our wheeled year's procession
 will disturb the tied up crowds
 will distrust the muddy earth
 will disinherit hieratic succession
 will distill a murky medicine

will displace the keystone rock
 will discourse the barren fields
 his conversation blesses the bleak
 the fallow womb the seeking path
 the lenten fast the mountain desert
 the moorland fastness the leavening feast
 rain on the rowan the ruined rung
 the wanted fall the cause the cascade
 a shining conversion of the curse
 the hell he bore that we could bear it
 and heal the bar that crosses us out
 heavily debars us from having
 behaviourly the heavenly
 the valley the lea
 and tear a tree in gethsemane gardens
 where egg eden may get inseminate
 olive's armour softened in time
 by salty tides and cycles passing
 drink out the cups and smear the wine lees
 red stain on fingers and between the wide legs
 a lotion for dull skin and smarts and lesions
 a medical key of molten metal
 a heat to unhinge the year's door
 what hermes does how easter happens
 is how he'll undo psyche's room
 will tame time's wound and conscious cycle
 will distend cross-quarter days
 will disdain regular accession
 will disown constant design
 will disarray the succeeding cards
 unhinge the door to unleavened feasts
 bless with the jet of dispelled blood

VI

the rosy sun keens now its rays
 whose UV raised and caused cataracts
 that cataracts of tears erase
 some tongues won't react to this letter R
 why do some lips always swerve it?
 what do i and the others fear to hear in it?
 the reddish foods of rowan's fleshy fruit
 and elder berry hanging incarnadine
 their flowers were radiant skin-white suns

the first flower was an aspirant ladder
 heliotrope perspiring to the sun
 hermes at home soared hovering in heaven
 leader with wings on his hat and his heels
 his followers only felt awe and sat strong
 his followers only sought awning from strong sun
 heliotrope withers still smelling sweet
 expires in quick overnight rot
 the flower has returned to shade
 the leaves' umbrellas shelter eyes
 hermes' broad-browed petasos everywhere
 winter aconite returned to the shades
 lent's when hellebore will wilt
 for wild men mad with a spirit
 far women made this medicine
 fire women spin stir and mix it
 sisters pour the sauces
 sisters sing the stories
 four voices relay the round
 replying out what the others played
 then these destroy their sources
 defeated yet not down or set yet
 undefined and deafening
 in aoristic orisons
 the rosy sun can keen its rays

VII

there's an animal in medicine dian-nostrums
 the old animosity of mother son
 an insect in the mending ointment
 an annoying insect with a mild sting
 a slushy toad in the traveller's toddy
 a sickness making madder sane
 a sick animal on the mind
 in mind of an anomaly on the mend
 an animus in madder pigment
 an oinking roar the door unhinged
 a wild boar grovels in the roses
 where she and adonis raved in the groves
 where the hell's boar gored adonis
 the boar that carried him back to dis
 aphrodite goads him till he dies
 one thing he's good for is desire

she wins the argument by dis-irony
 a design who's climax is the dies irae
 begins its dawn in model sin
 declines its sun in day's ire
 harmful herm and aphrodite meld
 they mix to allay the mystic sorrow
 they sing to relay the soothsayings
 relieve the casualty and soothe sores
 something good in the old wise saws
 gives adonis blood for his own wound
 relives the casual party in the groves
 the young groove and the wild rave
 the revel elation in the closed garden
 she strews his grave with new roses
 pours hellebore to help his madness
 oils pure ailing nature seals her nipple
 my cream may cure my crime she says
 opens her scented dispensary
 she undoes and closes the case
 reveals all of her relief agents
 rue leavings and shared rêve-lotions
 sun's ray veiled in saucy allusions
 potion to vitalize vertical posture
 the dose to lace his taste of dis
 land of great negative ladder
 tunnel of trick vatic in riddle
 mentality means terms puts periods
 in the middle of mind vague reservation
 there's an animal in medicine dian-nostrums

VIII

something good in an old wife's toil
 and having the tender memory of men
 who hope that something meaningful might happen
 angrily away from the beached black ships
 achilles moaned out to his mother
 far from boats whose masts made forests battle
 in mists to him she rose up from the sea
 who had almost immortalized him all
 when she stuck his small boy's body in the styx
 the river a cold salve corporeal potion
 whose boiling waters taught him mastery
 cold liquid oxygen toughening muscles

she held him by the heel remaining mortal
 his main fame now fast-running man's weakness
 he waited watched morosely by the breakers
 for this mermaid breaking him with her horses
 for this mare mate and only potent danaid
 grisette griselda wedding white in egypt
 yielding poseidon bait helen earth shaker
 thetis wading white growing in sheets of grey foam
 formosa mater dull rose and lacrimose
 that is she sea nymph who rose in beach mists
 for him to inform undying form
 he conjures her his discontents
 demands give those disfavouring me misfortune
 demands make them regret misjudging me
 he misses the woman they'd taken from him
 dark maned hippodamia
 high cheek boned with quick-flick eyes
 he misses dark briseis confiscated
 by potentate's misused authority
 by cynic-eyed mistaken authorities
 maligned he draws back strong measureless lines
 withdraws into himself for all the boundless skill
 his mother manages more godly plagues
 she promises misfortune on his peers
 leaders retreating vassals massacred
 ships burn cities flood masses drowned in dust
 achilles like a poet masturbates
 plotted out of prestige and potency
 he muses misanthropic in his mess
 he sang in hope and harping for patroclus
 but his bosom friend impatient said
 i want to fight and he mustered the men
 disguised himself in achilles' armour
 disguised himself as a killer's mirror
 masked as the friend to fright the harm away
 but in a celebrated mass of blood
 he was stripped and killed in the hero's stead
 achilles hears in hysterical craze
 he crushes dirt and ashes in his hair
 he makes a monstrosity of his misery
 he can't share wine and strong must in big bowls
 his harp can't sing off his hurt anymore
 the gall sweeter than honey in his heart
 the melancholy rage was a mistake
 achilles dismisses his murmuring consolers

and goes alone in april pollen dust
 he'll only find peace fighting pergamon
 to strew the queen of beauty's fortress down
 healing his pain by killing ilion's hero
 hector filial and patriotic
 who'd alone disposed patroclus' death
 helen enveloping all of them
 her distaff toiling stuff to weave
 her veiling twirling one to twine
 and razored revealed in homeric vellum
 bella shulamith behind my scholarly bullshit
 her slick net a mixing bowl
 her guarding robe a melting pot
 wife-woven ropes portrayed
 in human embroideries
 helen of troy's role robs her sisters' glory
 every desirable man was her dear suitor
 emptying royal halls of precious men
 pre-empting mean pressures of the household
 sleep sex thrift banking eating banquetting
 plate and bottles swapped for eager battling
 but under the wall hector took to his heels
 he fell in the duel and flaccid as a dummy
 achilles hooked him by his tendoned feet
 mud-smothered and spoiled by a mother's brat
 mistreated and dragged him tied to his mares
 harrowed and ploughed the plains of hissarlik
 achilles' maturity attained
 in the sterilising head of a spring
 it's a must and takes a taint
 to go rape back to maidenhood
 his own white nereid can make the way
 for a dark-haired enemy now
 his mum alone is near a nonsense tone
 his bride's a word to be exchanged and spread
 a nubian girl and nubile now
 mumbling milky waterfall
 is taken on by untouched stone
 a must amazing amazon
 in spirit's animal conception
 achilles used this troy to define his self
 his final duty to destroy and save
 all helen's arch constructions he'd distract
 the keystone in his structured groin
 he knew he'd soon dissolve when his rival sank

orion dogged and belomantic
 daimon knowingly dionysiac
 dualism of self and apparitions
 apollo's arrow aching in his heel
 the bile-tipped hook of distanced hecate
 hell ends a short and glorious life
 an early ripeness taught him mystery
 something good in an old wife's toil

IX

the psychic with the sick ich
 the consoling counselling concealing it
 tries to establish itself as the one subject
 to rescue conscience from con science
 revolting genitalia
 being reduced to binary sex
 my proper worth competes me with
 computer's probability
 my worth unravels me within my rivals
 my personality my soul
 the knowledge in every cell
 where i choose a side in the self-war
 there's a suicide in the software
 a pogrom in the envenomed grapevine
 environed in a person's poisonous ghetto
 sense of shamanic consciousness
 the ill user in illusion
 the easter myth is running on my mind
 a total myth determining my thought
 out-data mining back-updated
 an ought driving and order deriving me
 this virus besieges my body
 this verified love-death whose passage it is
 a complex demon tells me i'm entire
 my demon feels me i am isolated
 the anointed insect with the compound eyes
 it seems this dizziness dis is me
 before i exorcise a demon
 doomed polluted and pernicious
 i'll exercise the right to repopulate
 replenish nature deemed demonic
 i was appointed with my disabilities
 i was disappointed with all my disciple ties

led to the desert to test my probity
 taste of rowan was all i fed on
 on my own my proper ability
 the psychic with the sick ich

X

go summon the sane man who is never the same
 and summon the shaman as knower of moonshine
 name us the numb one the number the showman
 the shy man of the spirit realm
 re-pent up in the mad-sin cabinet
 summon the nameless society
 hear the solemn otic *os*
 summed up as the muscle's naughty kiss
 auricular auratic
 stud and peg assisting to cover theotokos
 colourful lover luck but monotheistic
 upright nonnos in his enormous poem
 has no blame momos hard on dionysos
 the monos maize cob halfway up the plant
 but simon call up the makers of simony
 plastic subtle but pierceless reveals the mind
 simeon's promise song now painlessly proven
 here is nomos the magus of enemies
 hiring us the norms the laws the lucky game
 mega-stochastic lachesis
 how old night bore hateful fatal
 stygian stinkhole moron tecnon
 a pair-entry of cort-pruned cult-child
 numismatic numinosity
 is our higher pneuma-real niche
 allocation is court in place
 notch slash and scorch of numerals
 the sacred builders with spirit levels
 the secret esoteric lovelore
 and the lightweight enlightenment
 the elite in light and mental progress
 the vying for gain inveigling the virile
 a virus in vague environment
 the stamping sports of cybele
 strike and clip the same coin
 dis-purse the easy telluric currency
 dactylic sexless dance of dispensation

the fictive rhythm for fingering accounts
 the thin taurobolic thorn
 in the side of the symbol
 to those who buy their pentecost with pentacles
 the white sun's wit costs cheap as dirt
 but spirit spurted over in everyone
 the stopper starting out of bunged new wine
 go summon the sane man who is never the same

XI

authorise him to act out his own story
 whom hermes has become
 let him worm there histrionic
 send the women into hysterics
 it seems mainly the very same supine furore
 for all the romantic insomniacs
 who inseminate the semantic lover
 all repugnant blank assertions
 are dyed to dissertations redder pigment
 let him practice hermeneutic distance
 stir up and spoil the humanistic wording
 take hesiod's prediction as text
 when wonder's crushed and conscience wilts
 the doughty in power devout and justified
 then the dear to us and pity depart
 let him worm there histrionic
 let him practice hermeneutic distance
 inseminating mantic supine lovers
 all repugnant blank assertions
 are dyed in dissertations ready pigment
 the judges finally summon up the poet
 hear their sermon how it preaches
 fierce coercion in the wording
 how it disguises what it discusses
 he's harrassed and has to speak
 unrehearsed and embarrassed
 however in his seminar
 hovering approaches
 digressions and discretion
 fear's desertion only
 rowan and barren moorland
 authorise him to act out his own story

SONG

*zeus always following zelus vies and envies
 as force from afar fate mortal victor moral
 heroic biopics and horror flicks
 hurrays and doubts flesh it out home to us*

*it's said achilles hated it in hell
 not better dead but worse off than a serf
 peace tempered to a fine analysis
 like dim siegfried by stark and brutal factors*

*enthusiasm biasocracy
 and anthropocrisy are sons of styx
 by dread of death lusts made lackeys of heaven
 visible faces of lacklustre gods*

*for why in antique mode an oath to hell swear
 when it all deep end is after all?*

SONG

*home erratic as heath he said
 spirit wandering household shades
 transmigratory larval minds*

*awe ambitious as poetry
 aidos calling him to the bar
 law-bewildered propriety*

*jury hecate far close-by
 vary similar all the same
 euro-buyer eurybia
 hateful adamant heart in her*

*tritan dynasties ruling-wide
 destinies of hieratic seas
 that are anyway all the same
 for romantic insomniacs*

SONG

*nocturnal beacon's
burn refines to
birdspeak in nectar's
null divine*

*in beckoning of
gypsy planets
find highest instance
instant high*

*one soph to suffer
love of letters
be warned by bodies
where they're worn*

*displayed and hidden
cultivated
this gnostic sappho
cult dispersed*

*despised and scattered
scared but spared of
achilles' armour
you rob aias*

*subdued by passion
power by words your
troparion's one
word relates*

*annunciation
odeus east's
conceived free verse we're
fixed in spring*

*"amazing how fast
season's rapes the
recently nascent
roses age!*

*lo as i speak the
curls dyed blazing
descend and blushing
earth is bright"*

XII

across the spoken borders sushi-pie
young beckoning you away but why?
you said you'd come and said you'd come today
you said you'd come for comfort come for tea
you said you'd come again in company
but tell his girl when daddy's done his best
pathetic disappears or dies at thirty
he's gone away on otherwise adventure
or say there isn't any daddy anymore
across the spoken borders sushi-pie

XIII

who said they'd come at an end of the year
she waited for today that is for you
she has to marry him this morning smiling faced
why not go meet her at their wedding now
where she's to dance with every man who wishes to
you ache of nemesis restless orestes
egg-laid helen leda held
late glued on the hyacinth
logo bees can soon be seen
gone sucking on the rose
consumed play-full in pressing plenitude
so that's how expiation's to be explained
but scarcely how i'd claim it ought to be
declaimed in natural and dis-cryptic style
rhythm relaxed as a horace epistle
as regularity destabilizes
irregularity defines the turn
you said you'd come in fact return
you said no stay the same was home
she waited for today that is for you
who said they'd come at an end of the year

part **t w o**

EASTER REX

smoke hangs on the stream

Pound, Canto IV

*In solcher Esse wird dann
Auch alles lautre geschmiedet*

Hölderlin, Der Rhein, l. 81

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PERFORMANCE SUGGESTION & INTRODUCTION

i

Two chapters an evening, one long and one short, and a balanced couple on the last night.

For private reading, the most natural now, lots of littler lyrics can be found, as the longer sections progress, facets that fascinated me, while the larger parts force on.

ii

The Hölderlin quote, referring to the young Rhine boiling up in the irons of its falls and channels, says something like:

*in such a flue
is forged as well
then all that's pure*

iii

A big epic. – No, erase that phrase and replace it with: the pseudo epos offered here is really no more than ornamentation of three notices I'd made around Easter 1992. In remembered paraphrase:

In his letter on the art of writing tragical poetry, avuncular Horace guides his intended recipients, two brothers with 'literary aspirations', to steer clear of the rocks of ridicule, and of self-destruction; wreck and melting.

Ah poetry, a bare tree, how arbitrary, the pure & true, in pity and terror etc.

Clipped pussy willow litters the road...

The first and last of these notices, Horace & pussy willow, were *expanded* into the first and last parts, Canti or Books, of 'Easter Rex'. The second notice *spans* the vault of the twelve central parts. Certainly, divisions between the Books of old works, like Homeric epic, were brought in considerably later than their

'composition'; in Arthurian epic, sometimes as late as their paperback translation, – almost arbitrarily, in order to round off good sessions of entertainment, all of the right duration. The breaks between the lines in shorter poems are likewise interesting pivots of a smooth transition.

The central jot & tittle was held up, or entwined, with the idea that when we'd recently come from the North, my partner and daughter and I, to live in Devon near my childhood and parents' home, I was returning to a sort of historical centre of my world, around which childhood originated neuroses and memory revolved, like round some cosmic pole or tree. My title. Some point where the compass needle spins. This jotting was made in fact on the same scrap of notepaper as the first cells of *End Stopped/ Martyr Doom*, "my mother rhythm...your sunken son can rise...".

When I say that the long poem only *ornaments* these three moments, I mean that it provides *structural buttressing* and vital support for them. This is not a contradiction. The way that *Easter Rex* itself performs – may be a dissolution of this dichotomy.

Moreover, and maybe overdone, my architecture is an embodiment of the line in book one, "lines like, non-linear, to go in all directions". Obviously only by leaving a lot out, can you ever have a complete, or even a convincing whole. (If the classics are the step-sire, my own previous odes had warily skirted the Charybdis of the more *natural father* Shakespeare. These issues now arch bright scion between the pillars of this *Arbeit* and this arbitration, and these *ARE poetry* also, I hope.)

Already at the time I felt it as a failure of nerve to discontinue the grander Grecian form, and in the event the looser *rhythm* of both pentameter and libre verse (as opposed to *metre*) does stand for a genuine mutilation – clipped willow and pruned copse – a bit-map that foresees my farewell, not only to poetry, leaving the garden towards the end of the poem, but to any authorised certainty of self.

iv

Finally, I have brought in some external parameters to preface the poem and, more importantly, to prevent any further growth. My buddy Maximilian Watts might get the credit for imposing the first *proemia* or ante-poemata to *Easter Rex*, where his style is recognizably displayed. He is a personality I now credit with many accretions to the poem in the year or so between its first finishing in Devon, longest night 94, and its being copied and bound and

given over to friends. (A collection of poems called *Creuption* is the records and leavings of this and other ghost writers, poly-Apollonius parrotting amongst my papers, my pars, parens, peers or parturitions who make up the fractious works that followed *Easter Rex*.)

Both Peter and Pietro, of course, are very real, and both dramatists. Peter Oswald, author of the verse plays *Augustine's Oak* and *The Golden Ass* etc, scribbled the kind dedicatory lines to me in the post after I'd loaded him with the heavy typescript. Pietro Metastasio was celebrated author of (a load of Pollux and Castor-) rated operatic libretti. This version of lines of his, *While Composing the Olympiad*, intriguing my own sense of serious passivity, and not only in writing, I jotted down on the front of the last of the hand-polluted typescripts.

Snippets had kept on being squeezed in and out till as late as the 'laptop' typing, starting autumn 99. The proofs were nicely corrected over the next Easter in Italy (therefore the browsing in Baroque verse); on the alpine Lago d'Iseo, no shrine of Isis left, and in Bobbio and Canossa, the old centre abandoned of learning, and the sheer outcrop fastness famous for its show-humiliation of German Holy Roman power, both among Apennine hills with views of peaks still streaked with snow, and lots of cuckoo.

rw

THE PROEMS

i) GAOL / GOAL

dissolution of human
nature into the goddess

these fourteen books concern man
kind's own disease, her sickness

dissolution of human
nature into the goddess

these fourteen books contain man
kind's veni vidi wee kiss

it's better to kill your
father than your brother

paternal sprig tearer
weakness you sing out pure

more natural to liquor
foreign than known culture

preferring to take fair
sisters than hold mother –

reader rather
die in love than
further live – in
death – like deafness!

as collecting chore
calculates the corn
so reaped bud, rap'd kore-
appears in choros

as querying quern
to mull it over

ii) A DRAFT OF FURTHER CAN DOS

a catholic
ragbag of prohibition...

pig in a poke his wealth
of confirmation...

a caddy
a lock
locus of consternation...

a cod,
a laugh
pulled leg
logic a lie...

a code
a look
a low costume as well

katz-im-sack
locust chew-all
canny physician...

"A catalogue, his jewels of conversation."
(from 3 first cantos, later eradicated)

my ears
raw
pounding

wreak ill
no
retell

lick a new litter
artemis' cult bears
likeness, repeating

variations
new erasures
complete, fragment

a little sound
blown out of all
epic proportion –

countless perfect complete
parts organized produce
one great single fragment

iii) FELICITOUS AUDACITIES

*Like blind sterility of Phoenix, cursed
by father's furies, released by a fostered child:
can form continue in made sonnets, offspring,
or red-eyed seed's passive posterity?*

(see Homer's Iliad IX, 444 – 495)

Tradition is reborn as effortless
divine poetic youth. The paradox
is that new poets trade places, recast
as sterile foster fathers who may pose
protector of that fresh, refreshing life:
"...dead tree...no shelter...cricket...no relief".

*(vide Ecclesiastes Eliot; & Augustinian original,
reduplicated guilt : 'traducianism' –
when child is born with parents' soul of sin
as well as flesh, refreshed means referential.
Modern was always post – ludic, luetic.)*

Like blind sterility of Phoenix,
cursed by father's view,
released by a fostered child;

like blind sterility of Phoenix,
cursed by father's fury
unleashed on a child;

like blind sterility of Phoenix
caused by father's fornication
realised;

like impotent infected vessels
coursed by father's furies
leased out on the child;

both childless Phoenix,
patron of Achilles,
surprise-supplied,
at life's end with a charge,
and famous stork,
without interest of women,
inter essence as ashes
the sun eats.

Like flax or palm tree leaves die,
higher, return;

like aged phormix
rings young running notes,
grown tortoise shell
broadcasts hermetic's poem:

for God's egg,
Herrn ohne Frau, edited out,
oed aber ist ungeniessbar, inedible, barren,
hermaphroditic bird or bloke of stone,
rubbish rubs mildewed roots
in sprung thrombosis.
Ruin, rot, evergrown or overgreen?

Thus pi n-gendered double hemispheres;
so neat, unwatered, piebald dome & graves
imagined houses and converging lines.
One's native re and risings contain you
in vented sounds. A kill is soon recoiled
to name the main, rekindled
to call the lack,
to dub,
to tell the doublets,
brothers in the bud.

As gravel, litter, a chore in traduced rime,
a chronicle "towards the pibbled shore"
"against my love shall be as I", ear-sure
those figments I shove up against the rien,
"...desire stirring
dull roots with spring rain",
this poetry's ground is like a squirrel thinks
not of safe trunks
but meeting crowns of trees.

My sperm, my spore, my spew are my arrears.
What's personal may not own posterity.
The tone is clear, until it fades, maintained.
The pursed lips of the soul precisely muffle.
They're plain till phantoms fade
past echo's ring, field of vision
"over the still stream,
up the hill side
and now"
form can continue in like vein, vane, vain:
proud blood, puffed wind, refrains, breaks, turns again.

iv) ECCO LA PRIMA VERAMENTE!

You'd fight for a solid Hamlet's sanity,
your psychic father, end up though with Puck,
as though Telemachus reached Antioch,
Ruskin, you mean to seek humanity
with a deep filling for vast vanity,
a slow fooling of the word, void of torque,
the lenten green, Hysteregina, *look!*
the truly first, she's mind's inanity.

As nature's brood, iste! suckers of blood,
in ever-spring, eaters of lotus bread,
behold, each breast of us, sarcophagus!
ite (requiescant in pace), missa est!
Every single dividual is to rest,
to depart, in music's impartial peace.

PREFATORY VERSES

DEDICATORY

Now who's this ragged character over the moor
 leaping, this harping hunter on the spoor
 of his own words, that dance the wind like spittle
 from a tramp's lips who, strong-brew mad, cares little
 to whom his self-addressed licked letters wing,
 only he knows he has to shout rant sing
 deep as the rocks are cracked where cold wind twangs
 the string of gap to shrill of kill, north bangs
 the ear with club of cloud of ice – his head
 has made a whirlwind where what leads is led,
 a sky between two mirrors, where the moon
 is a word full of what it will be soon,
 shines with its opposite, in this glorious flight
 that is a chase to hear the touch of sight.

Peter Oswald

SOGNI E FAVOLE IO FINGO, E PURE IN CARTE
(visions & parables i fabricate)

... and if not fooled by art's fancies, am i
 then wiser, are my agitated brains
 calmer perhaps, or does all i'd deny,
 all i'd desire, have then more solid grounds?
 but it's not only all i write and sing
 that's only fable, all my hopes and fears
 are lies, I live delirious, and raving
 dream of a life is life's entire course ...

(... and purely on paper, plan
 elaborating a book,
 i cry for love, and scorn
 recoils from things i make ...
 tell one from the other, plain
 complaints' lord! when i awake.)

Pietro Metastasio

REPOSE : THE PROBLEM OF THE WORK
(a variation of metastasio's theme)

below surface – drowning persons will
 see parts of life pass before that veil
 in a flash – thus vanishings don't fall
 into quietude silently at all –
 if not this misty spiritual – hot question
 what obscures then – that clear mirror cool –
 as mechanical

working in general
 puffs through us people
 over the glass

memory recoil

scores art – palpable
 mind employs the fool
 a final gas

before sinking style

can become quite still
 unequivocal
 effort – breathless –

dyspnoetic opus – tell

your history – eulenspiegel

engineering – to usurp – the whole – purpose

to wean the ingenious gentle –

from tranquil lies

disdain's disguise
 stage-self righteous
 managed ritual

ex-playing deus

we toil at these
 vital histories
 wizardry and wheeze
 to rest – wistful

a little awdl
 or awkward laud
 by R.I.P. van WINK

THE ARGUMENT

already, to fanfare fire i begin,
i found my tongue of land was full of gods,
petty state lords. the boy lost, origin
is act – the fool at home – till uncle nods.

each unit scared to be devoured or melt,
like petri dishes, culture's rimmed in sluices,
will break, volcanic black, skull or ice islet;
of course flow 'n elegant castrato abuses.

what else can changelings do in the wrong nest,
but keep their horror still, each fled fledged from
the martial art of patria, where flood's versed
to a garden's violence, to tea's steam the storm?

find love in the hills, follow the eel's road,
make green your cardinal oidipos ode.

1.

shall i compare the total sum of odes
 that moral weal made out to temperate
 horatio to those darling odes of mine? –
 (hymeneal oval odes; cycles that squeeze
 the perfect sphere of soft-shelled fresh laid years
 to egg-ellipse the fulcrum sun and hatch
 seasonal broods from the bi-focal yolk;
 too many birds' beaks sweetly squeak, break in
 to darkness and crack my gamekeeper's coop,
 stitched up in ellipsis and overload).

the quick answer, that delphic door will share
 with city satirist, is simple no
 or know thyself, and horace knew two well
 of horrors: mermaids or a death by fire,
 to keep them in his memory or his works.

in numb excitement of a civil war
 people expect, in horace' time as mine,
 some god-like accession of consciousness:
 oracular jews waiting for the man
 and young efficient augustus the saviour.

ruskin presumes as little your verbose
 bee's summer buzz and hum in tiber thyme
 as you dared the torrential swan, thebes' eagle;
 and if yours was pedestrian compared
 to pindar's muse then mine is quadruped,
 tongue desert-drooped; or even less with grace
 she creeps, a spe leological muse.

the *ars poetica's* the old man's fine farewell
 fun, his erratic epistle addressed
 to hysterical poets in undress
 who young choose necessary and divine death.

but wasn't it the classic ineffectual
 remedy when best friend only stands by
 in hamlet's mad flights, purposeful despairs
 from which my heart is in my ears with pressure:
 air-borne, he has to be pricked out of pleasure.
 dreadlocks become the holy man, the sun
 hot wax depilatory icarus.

beauty outlives the poem or lives it out
 as he lets go conceits and learns concern,
 declines fair numbers, leaving tense behind,
 ceases to aver and crave but grows a-verse,
 disowns the bee's self-disembowelling sting.

there are more things in heavy earth than dreams:
 the years fill, all-sufficing, horror-shows
 and sent by men sahara sand encroaches.

icarus has to fall with feathered flame,
 an incandescent cadence. cain's descent
 came just as quick on his too-dear blood offering:
 his busy ploughshare slit his nomad brother
 and tools have soared to pyres in the sky since.
 their wings disabled, non-mad poets dissented.
 but let it be, horatio, you are dead.

his dying safely done, his carmina
 exemplary; his karma now is empty.
 his stools the pyramids, poet-swan departs.
 no centaurs now, bride-raping, stallion-strong
 and drunk, who steal their pleasure (at night slaves
 aren't owned); no feather-covered desert snake,
 fire-coughing sphinx or cockatrice can stare,
 scare him in-lightning or extinguishment.

citizens left with roman ancestors,
 our filial duty always is confusion.
 the house of the fathers has a door locked,
 is derelict and hid in vines, where boys
 have smashed webbed windows, and charred fallen beams;
 perhaps a disused mill or feudal cottage,
 these ruins intrigue me, rotting overgrown
 in rainy woods. it's here i felt it happen.

the men's lodge, the masked initiate's hut
 where secrets got taught to the boys with trumpets
 hid in mud, and teenage desire was set
 to songs, is where rebirth of power belongs,
 the empty hut's given point, bored boys rebored,
 time parts the hurt of mind growing, self is sealed.

but now it's boarded up. what do we do
 when we get in there? how sustain the lost

child's concentrated sense of time? how break
 the hold the neurosis has on the moment?
 polite young manhood, come of age, it tries
 to re-light that mischievous fire and to be
 somehow both the attention needy child
 and the absent dad, as if he'd just forgotten.
 can i forget, lay my dead father's ghost?
 and with it, unborn and unreadable,
 automatically written, youth's sloth's work,
 a novel where i puked on author's effort
 (achieved a few rimbaudian licorous angers),
 but summoned images that haunt me still;
 and even now i can't browse in that book
 (ashamed of course but somehow sickened,
 as if by tacky objects of a seance),
 forcing myself to bring it up at all.

a young man lives alone and loves his hearth fire.
 he tends it with tenderly cut wood kindling.
 he watches with it in the evenings but
 one night it leaves him, says farewell, all warmth
 seems to have left it. he watches it pass
 beneath the floorboards, called away by someone.
 before this happened he'd had a car crash.
 that's how he met this strangely distant man,
 a simple man who drove truck loads of logs
 and whom he unaccountably begins
 to honour as his father; takes his girlfriend
 up to a party at the glass-eyed man's
 house, innocent, short-sighted, unconcerned,
 unwilling to receive the filial piety.
 so when the lost son gets back to the flat
 (after my attempt at witty dialogue),
 the pale man who'd caused the crash stole his fire.

this story all took place embraced within
 (all patchwork pile collage of planes because
 i couldn't work out how the stages went),
 a fairy tale where i produce a tribe
 of valley-dwelling serfs, 'those not yet mentioned',
 uninteresting to history, ignored
 by fiction, yielding and disinterested,
 quality-less, who unassuming get
 mixed up, submit to violent selfish love
 in sky and mountain spirits. from this race

a single man finds he's chosen to journey
 up to their toy palaces, and to soothe
 the pain of adolescent jilted gods.
 he was 'the mercenary sympathiser',
 untouchable, untouched by others' suffering
 whose courtly love was above him, returning
 forgiven, ignorantly home to glory,
 embraced in the role of prodigal son.
 him i imagined castrated by his elder
 brother because he's honoured by their father.
 but god said: "yes, i want him sacrificed.
 find the best-fatted beast, the fleshiest piece.
 three stories will be melted on the altar!"
 and strangely with no fear and trembling i
 could watch the crazed intrigue (though where was i?),
 and horrid smell the singeing new beard bristle.

not all symbols of wholesome growing up:
 the woods, the clearing rough machete cut,
 the thorns round disgrace, sleeping beauty bleeds,
 and jacob's beanstalk ladder felled; heart-hurt
 hatred or heat, why do i feel so wounded?

and all the time my father was still alive.
 quieter, more shiny skinned now in his blanket
 before the window, impatient of patient's
 weakness, i didn't associate him
 with sick men who've no firelight in their eyes
 who abuse infants with seemly civic calm.
 i sometimes wrote in the same room as him.
 was something crying up to confront him
 before he fled in death? weakened by his heart
 attack, guilt gone; and i could never grieve.
 it seemed i had nothing to do with him.

only begotten son, though there's an interloper;
 through judas the jew dies. sing requiem;
 direct your looks eternal dirt profundis:
 his dad, alas, watched as the seraph angel
 all wings and flame, all wide open eyes slid
 sky's ladder, a fertilizing meteorite.
 was it dust in my eye or shooting star,
 lightning or swift shift of retina burn?
 as as i turn my head it follows me.

cleaving scrub into a clearing cain
 cleaves to the land he's had to slash to cinder,
 while in a humble house, or valley shade
 of bending stream-banks in soft breezes, sleep
 will clear the shepherd's care; until arcturus
 sets, baited back by the north's trap, the bright
 stars fall as regular as the plough follows
 cattle, and autumn hurricane will blight
 the vine, uproot the fruit tree, hurry abel
 to his cold home seat, where necessity
 votes him into the house, elect of death's
 poll, all alike beneath this brother's mattock.

as fish feel sense expanse contracted by
 human worm earthworks and contaminated
 by night soil pumped in sea: newspaper page
 three or call girl with businessman and bidet,
 both bodies feel deflowered by outside lusts.
 and if thy foot offend thee cut it off.
 so origen and abelard: both were
 considered corruptors of girls, both had
 their trees uprooted, bushes firmly pruned;
 do it yourself or not, the cock and bull
 must go; it's all just tissue, fowl flesh fish,
 all cellulose, the tree trunk trimmed, the eel
 restrained, leaves raked back well into themselves.
 each man is satisfied, with this condition
 content, to observe not serve the body's wants;
 dismembered members of the thinking church,
 true tantric heretics among the catholics,
 and where their worm won't die the fire's not quenched.
 'dig wells of pure water inside yourself,'
 they said. 'drink deep philosophy's perception.'

our origin is patient to create,
 effortlessly outpouring power, but only
 to be able arduously to de-corate,
 that is to finish off, define, to put
 in place our bodies and the lyke; to do
 no more than ornamental topiary.

our separation is our wound in the gut,
 the hernia, christ's crisis on the cross.
 the urgent agent cries 'in cruce spero!'
 and feels the cruel spear in the side. kristeva

sets down the *chora* in her *revolution*
du langage poetique, confirming that
 this central space, though semiotic, is mute
 and obstinate: the so, the one, the sole
 plexus, the sum, is hardly terra firma.
 the magma gore oozes intrusive, breaks
 and enters shifting rock; and equally
 the will will learn to posture the wild topos
 to pasture. one dead, is the paired world marred
 or married? choric dance is orchestrated
 in drama. with rhythm posed, arsis
 and thesis, the foot suspended and placed,
 the rift alternately is thrust and plugged.
 the kora writ down is not got rid of, ruptures:
 vile life is mean like philosophic meaning.
 eloping turtle dove out of the void,
 our planet pear is wounded by both artist
 and thetic, pointed and pointless as toothache.

in what way may these words be euphemisms?
 you wonder: "these words could hardly be harsher!"
 i wonder at the insistence of the stories
 proliferating euphuistic tortures,
 lush rhododendron blossoms that not only
 lose seed into the wind but send out shoots,
 injecting always insight from outside.
 where are these 'genitals', since dionysos,
 conceived as lightning hit his mother's hut,
 was incubated in his parent's thigh,
 unisex zeus? the silent fisher-king
 (grail-guard who had a thigh wound of that spear,
 the wealthy man immobilised by care
 in the first ode of horace's third book,
 this divê's though who dives in his own sea,
 not restless to redeem it or cement
 a pleasure house, perched on piles, the shore scorned,
 but tries to ease his pain by mist and wind
 at twilight in a boat), had the same vain
 and cureless soothing the successful uncle
 murderer telephos the mysian had
 (grown up in wilderness, survived abuse,
 who went speechless, as punishment or put on
 dumbness he wouldn't say, and whose thigh wound,
 took from achilles, gushed rose petalled as
 he put rags on to beg achilles' healing),

till he became consenting female to
 the same spear passed up under lifted robes
 to search and sear the king's cold-blooded sickness.
 irritable and sensitive, i am thought
 as much as history. cut and cured anfortas
 or telephos, we do it all ourselves.

examples freely follow: medieval
 resort to classical authority,
 the bait to draw to moral meditation
 that squelches prudish dualistic doubt.
 lines like, non-linear, to go in all directions,
 ripples stone-thrown in calyx or in krater;
 synchronous interhung cause and effect,
 stereo split-screened many-angled action.
 between the memory and future intention
 each reading comes. the much fêted will is free.

his uncle dead the prince unfettered follows
 the queen to her sheets: telephos prevented
 by family resemblance from fouling
 his mother's bed; by shaking in death's dance
 hamlet was saved; but oedipus we know
 was not. his name swellfoot because he'd been
 abandoned in the mountains, the foot crippled
 as a child, learnt the wild old ways enough
 to outstare, using poetic riddles all
 the composite and questing beasts, this truth:
 the quadruped child creeps, is born to change;
 tall standard man doubles desire; old age
 stick-stooped, crouches up small enough to crawl
 into the womb of dream and form again.
 a giant footprint in the stone shows where
 he stood and took his king's oath, put his foot
 still on the fort's commanding summit, not
 the first time his head breached this queendom's crown.

desert and mountains, there the buddha sat.
 in pure quiet, unable really to
 distinguish the diseased among the sane
 and satisfied; pitiless from the placid;
 he quelled all querulous and composed worlds.
 mara, the bitter spirit of deceits
 and death danced there too, tempting him with realms
 of pride: the first, to take all beings in

amorous conquest; next, that there was no one else to share the law. such the hells and gods in heat and cold. where these meet is the crater, volcano sitting in the snow and there, the poet fastidious horace made fun of, empedocles threw himself in, detached as stone and leaving nothing behind but his fossil shoe spewed out for his disciples immortalized within igneous rock.

i display mind, as zen poets do the actions of seasons. the peach blossom petals flutter inhuman from the trees into the tea. spring has its corresponding mood for our psychosomatic substance whose (fragmented in morsels of the body) each zone seems, not modestly concealed, exhibited by gauze, like lucas cranach venus nudes. but where have we ever known it whole? when have we known the parts each on their own?

we're stuck with only all these wounded bits. (rapier? ruptured with foil? barbecue spit?) the mind's a dog retrieving wounded game. none but the mind dare read us meant as meat. let's start by living on the edge: the mirror where coastal waters coat the land with beaches. there the dog, naked, follows in to catch fish for its master (a peter in the waves), where there are molluscs to eat in the shallows, full baskets to feed everyone and more, and fossicking where it sinks deeper down the sharp shells cut its feet. it needs to swim to avoid the pressure on its swelling paws. cool water on the sore was not enough. you can't escape. all four feet sting. you sink. the shape of cone and spiral shells is flame. flame brands the initiate. fumes incense god's breath. the body needed to rise from the waters, lift out, just as the whales were walking in. pain raised it up. the dog follows its master. the body's organs droop from its upended frame; jostle cramped in their abdomen like wet passengers hot on a rush hour bus. somehow the flame though seems to have flickered up

and roused the faculties, freed lighter substance into the head. like christ needing to breath, alone in mountains before he can order the storm (with his stick marks on hands and feet), we stand up on hind legs: the ape erect as giant tyrannosaurus rex we stalk, following trout up river to the mountains where ready source of food is scarce: we get the taste of redder meat. all ways part bodies.

the heart is beating in the ear with effort climbing uphill. it's as if fledgling ears begin to beat the air themselves; to flit, to flex an active music from inside, when usually they'd wait and flinch to hear. it's like in sickness and cold, when they clog, the throat and ear become one spot. you swallow aurally, speech organs tuned to receive.

amateur autopsists best let (what's that bit?) post-mortem decay deconstruct this corpus of stories. all we can do is locate, like inexperienced lovers, where the fly opening is, let alone undo a belt or clasp, or tackle what we find inside. the poet's hand wanders about the body as uncomfortable as the innocent mother with her son on her lap, unable to conceive of what's happened, or balm his wounds. the only service she has known is his. she's never seen a naked man before. all her devotions have been undertaken in oratories. the only cervix she has known's the neck between her ear and heart.

what about all the sons impotent fathers have brought up? in the cavern of the ear the mother's left intact the morning after.

the mind's a dove beside the rivers washing waters with milk. is 'sex' circumlocution? which metamorphic heat has done the marbling within the mountain where percival found the grail, the grot of nymph-women, gem-image, veins bell-clear in the cavity of ore?

at mount salvasch-kailash, tower in the stream,
 rock island in the lake, they all expected
 this silent one's arrival to release
 the impotent beardless king who's in such hot
 and cold pain he can't adopt any pose:
 lie, sit, stand, walk, only lean or be lifted,
 the picture of a man beset by passion.
 as wolfram writes, 'sometimes the wound grew so
 iced-up we had to thrust that phoenix-fire-
 forged spear right in his flesh to ease the pain.'
 he broke his vow in sensuality,
 rode out in woman's service to achieve merit.
 he's no silenus, fat and happy eunuch;
 daoist sage couch potato on a donkey.
 after field surgery this joust man made do with,
 figurative alas, a figwood phallus.
 bear rampant needs a baiting to be mastered.
 cuddling it hot and cold it only curdles:
 the constant nervous recourse to the spear
 (adjusting knob for temperature in the toilet).
 the neck's as lazy as it's stiff. it feels
 collapsed by human erection to sapience.
 percival broke his vow: sin surely too,
 such unconcern when sent to sympathize
 with the old man. he should have asked the maiden
 who carried her red bowl in the procession,
 'what's the cause of his suffering?' and he should
 have asked were he not so intent on that bowl,
 'whom does the grail serve?' to reguess the secrets
 thus: cause of the king's suffering? he himself.
 whom the grail serves? himself the sacrifice,
 his own blood in the skull-cup, cain-abel.

obtuse and too polite to speak a word,
 percival, obmutescent lacked compassion;
 but this time as a blow the infidel speaks,
 with wisdom's instant weapon helps anfortas
 out of the story. percival the boy
 is now the grail damsel's new dharmaguard.

helpless, all parents seem to leave their children
 exposed in the tastefully wild tea-hut
 where they'll be fondled by a foreign family
 till they rebel from this too tidy pastoral,
 trek from the neck of corinth to the hub

of thebes, where in romance kinship doublets
 percival will discover that anfortas is
 his uncle; the grail-girl his mother's sister
 who marries his black illegitimate brother,
 not him the clown; and each child's nursery rhyme:
 'mum's lost her shoe and dad his fiddle stick'
 invokes two families with their changeling and
 the mental rape-fire gods who really got us:
 greed, hate and illusion – cock, snake and pig.
 the christ child gets already killed at easter,
 just three months incubated in this sterile
 thigh of a world. our clumsy handleless parents
 four-footed found phalloi in hay; babe set down
 in mysian bullrushes, trumpets in mud,
 stink horns from out the overnight fungus egg.

who is born? which part of the human form
 is it that can be separated off:
 abused or made divine? is birth transmission,
 a fresh self, where one picks up what god passed on?
what god passed on? was it a person or
 serpent? did we receive king's foison? or are
 our real ears all only royal roles on loan?
 at least the *ideal's* here no less than we are.
 rhetorically cruel as he, could we say,
 'heroes have characters in high relief
 but horace has crude churls hired from real life?'

answers there aren't. sphinx feet are spiny fruit:
 conch, lotus, wheel, flag, fish, knot, jug, umbrella;
 these eight tibetan treasures in one turbine.
 the latest flower buds into the conscious,
 shading from too harsh sun it pours its nectar,
 an obvious flapping sign of fertile trees
 whose spawn slithers and drops away again.
 a word is a knot of all that it is not.
 no solvent will lift high'n'dry from your tangle,
 remove the riddle like a coat. paws point.

could percival perceive all then there'd be
 no need to ask the impossible. 'what's born!'
 the first thorn splinter in the claw, salt shore
 water reflects narcissus' lightning bolt
 to con-cupiscence; arrows arouse eros;
 short circuits re-thread the electrical current.

that hand, the selfish spanner, works a loose
 connection. rhythmic clicks begin formation.
 its standing in the wave is turbulent
 activity enough. charged karma wheel.
 at least the grey old mother's always there.
 pure breather, walking, calmer of the waters.

i can't say what re-incarnation means.
 i'm a mere asking. what's the mème-hors-y?
 your poor brother, newcomer, works on his wraths.
 i know though that tigers do mate with lambs.
 horace (my foil not my foe, he'll forgive me),
 condemns such depiction of mind's ideals.
 it's obvious that to create is to dispose
 of what's already there. i mean arrange it.
 in the same way peace is the opposite of love.
 no conflict between contraries. two footsteps.

choosing verbs sometimes bothers me. all seem
 to skirt the same act. florid and redundant.

2.

the body's dark and full but bodhi is light.
 one is the moving loop. one is the pool.
 the three buddhas of god: the one we are all
 waiting for; the teacher of this era;
 and the utter primal
 are integrated through tenses of time.
 every person of god thinks differently.
 vajra, adiamantine.
 bell-shape and view feminine.
 bell-sound thunder.
 maitreya; tathagata; vairocana
 in any order. steel and brass and flint.
 spirit in fire, the wisdom in the stupa;
 or turns the wheel of law, sits in the sun
 itself; comforting with the lightning rod
 or with the issue of family: father, son
 and father's ghost late appeared on the night watch;
 and split fraternity that sat to meet it.
 but i've heard something happens that's ecstatic:
 new friends whose foreign tongue sounds like yr native,
 something that's understandable all night
 as likely with hashish as when you're full
 of new wine. don't doubt this will burst old bottles
 of fixed faith. all language a single garment!
 like origen's pawned coat that wasn't rent
 but bought back outright, everyone redeemed
 beneath the seamless raiment of the aeon.

the figure is a statue and a statement,
 solid and gas, states as mythical as liquid
 but analyse with annal eyes, you'll fix
 the analogous into an anal logos.
 direct-drilled spine; straight, narrow, present moment
 buddha is resident
 adept to tune desire
 reposing in forms
 sphinx in smiling stone
 varies the valves: tight tissue or letting rip.

so mind your sigmoid flexure
 ruled by scorpio

unchained from the grey sea-sigh quay
 you wait
 steward chief of northumbrian songbirds
 tapestried banner of tattered danelaw
 no calculating abacus
 for reading accounts of lombards
 (cf. danegeld: first universal tax
 raised to squeeze off the vice of
 wicked invader kinglings
 that sealed the english nation...)
 you titanic jolly roger of trans-caucasus
 unrecanting in respect
 of communal bacchos' bactria
 but whose 'ears err
 for fear of spring'?
 i though, 'long earsick'
 though fear sparring
 with such a crown
 dark spray-flick eyebrows
 a little prudish of 'manhood's home'
 sulky front of sand-gagged hatred
 smouldering in the writing
 on a cable let out, into sea
 begging bowl of cinders
 later, from an unscreaming drum,
 simmering hob rather,
 pouring sour-ripe organic grain,
 you're poor-rich,
 nourishment back of beyond
 your seaman's argot intact
 blind voyage into the new NW passage
 where they're no sapped kings
 no rage-inside foresters
 you, strong bard,
 rime in the thatched beard too,
 ingots, innate gods, fleas in the fleece,
 tack straight into offshore wind
 bow though proud
 till the back end
 flowing bunting, dark kelp in the tide
 i recite you and retract my claim.

 accomplished cultures at leisure
 israel punting on the isis

just and apostate solomon
 and squinting horus falcon's eye ice-calm
 the profile of the virgin's son
 justin, matyr in apartheid
 jewelly in a posture
 all catalogued and copied in
 the queen of sheba's alexandrian museum.
 but i wheeze with projected effort
 and i gag on how poetry writes itself
 i watch it write itself in me
 and would write itself
 were i even to read arnold
 all life's afternoon in the church house inn
 pretty much a poser
 exactitude, a sentiment,
 gives delicate delight
 despite 'repeated shocks'
 and an always baffled repose...
 but i, ask a moron, dig
 that hot sharp suit babe
 all deconstruction, real-aligning, real ironing
 rich soft everyday wares, pleats
 hatshepsut was queen victorious
 eastern empire her matching styles
 draped in the fabled land of punt.

ego so created: socratic
 so demonocratic
 echo
 absolutes: narcossus
 ape so coy
 we find out
 fade out
 phaedo ut

but induction deviates
 dictation's derivation
 and ditties endure as verdure
 their makers shape or put the shape
 in divagation, poets,
 vagantes, compose odes in their head
 in five day walks from wye to avon
 no need even to sketch on ogham sticks;
 in forest shelter from the frost, they,
 the goliard, late latinist,

once plentiful as roe
 now shy, ghosting still the evening hazels,
 deer no longer calm feeding at thracian hand
 but gently branch-leaping
 tucks away into the trees
 white tail oscillating from them,
 vague poets

apparition of a foreigner:
 the thracian god has red hair and hazel eyes
 (though xenophanes says we see god as ourselves)

scop shuts the punters up
 defines the vine
 silences the drinkers
 defiant, vain
 the board of divination
 in divination plots
 dictates

 from why to waiver
 the bloody harvest of a civil war
 what rival emperors reap
 scything on their watersheds
 everyone on his own eminence

 what they've got up to
 in triumph each before his hut on the mountain pass,
 the bloodshed
 insurgently in all three social classes
 all three civil levels
 the wrists

 the streets
 the sewers
 the blood shed
 over the tranquil hall
 the roofless abbey
 the spotless page.

3.

no hermit cleric i
 no longer know to fit stones to a cistern
 looked after, fatted
 an enormity. bed ridden
 kept in kitchens and plum flash toilets we,
 flushed, riddled pan-class in domesticity
 let dead wood snag
 the clear stream's bend
 wash-deep from sand and pebbles being beautifully
 beached
 seeing too much we
 go blind
 from arnold's elm
 elsewhere and fenced

 remains on boars hill, thames vale
 quarries, quoits, evans' coined crete

gypsy dipsychus i
 dipsinsomniac, an abomination
 relinquish my making,

 i underwrite although i underrate it,
 sink into the joyous work of others as a bath...

but to saxons of wessex,
 their influence burned out in britain,
 as died-out giants, cyclopean builders
 romans were remembered,
 single-minded and luxurious,
 from the book,
 rescued in exeter,
 beer-sodden, prodded and poker-burnt,
 relaxed i paraphrase.

upright this wallstone – wyrd-broken
 this burgh-stead burst – bruised, giant's work
 rooves rent – razed towers
 hung-gate rift – rime on lime
 ceilings unsealed – torn timbers ruined
 all eld-undereaten. earth-grip housed
 those erectors – the makers
 mortals in mould – gone a hundred kin ago
 with bulk of beam buttressed – watching empires stumble
 oft-standing under storming – steep gable now gravity-sunk
 dwelling yet the wallstone – weapon-hewn...

...masons made marvel – clever with metal
 held with ringed hoops – wrought round walls
 rooms with streams – conduitted from cool brooks
 many meadhalls full of moondreams
 man's drama – horde-noise
 until all that's unwound. wyrd is strong
 swept all foregone skeletons away – crumpled warriors
 wide-spread plague where they skirmished
 the place where pluck displayed – waste desert
 city crumpled – hordes of builders
 fell to dust – therefore the courts are dreary
 this curved roof peels tiles
 where once many – glad-mooded
 gold-bright – gleam-fretted
 wine-warm – armed and arrogant
 looked out on ore – guilt and silver
 saw their jealous-hoarded jewels...

...a stone home stood – warm water whelmed
 all wall-embraced – in bosom-hearth
 broad and welcome – a hot pool, playing
 over water-grey stone and into the bath...

all wordly kingdoms
 with earthen riches

we're given riddles by the girls, or peaceful once
 were given riddles sitting at the cool and weedy spring
 chilly and beautiful – what a duenna
 duende innuendo
 now tell me what's my name they giggled
 we knew it pretty well, sitting at it mossy, gurgling
 we'd give our word, the girls so worked up
 unlicked their spittle, chalybeate water
 tasting iron as blood, was curdling from the stones.

now tell me what's my name they teased us

the three nouns
 being shape becoming
 girdled with rope and twine
 the three norms
 urd shape wyrd

elegant with rosary and cowl
 the three nuns
 word shape necessity
 roseate with nurse's nipple
 the three nannies
 that earth death
 three sisters at the fount can't quell,
 they, as fates, in a quire, ordain
 the burning sabine orchard fortune has till now postponed.

the tree at the well is ash
 and our procession to the refuge tree
 grown from the groin of the naked consummate buddha.
 in a depression the pool of suds and slick
 is mead, low and philosophic
 it's moon's riches, smooth silver coined in its mirror
 it's ancient old man's liquor to kiss
 entity in entirety, the round of giant women
 it's the lye left in the bottom of the basin
 the solvent leached from the ashes of the orchard
 fresh or charred wood consumed

the arbour tree

here i, smart asker, can't cover over my prints

the bare tree

this column, plain on the paper, no coiling of the path

the pure and true

where we confess our damage to the refuse tree

the poor tree

ripped red rags, bits in the prayer-wielding wind,
 hang out, there and there, buddhas of absolution

a pyre tree

all the while the city flourished
 the ruin was waiting to come to its fruition

ah, poetry
the chaplet of petals falling away
how arbitrary
always the silence as of a tractor under my pillow
pared even down
to the heart music, distant heard
pulsating, pious deep-freeze preserving
engines straining, always always, up my hill
the obituary
interchangeable: you, man,
your new name's a word that won't suit you
it's not meant to, submerged in a saint
in pathy or dread
in pity or terror
fear for orpheus, rendered and exposed,
fear for everyone of us: for oedipus
the only ones unspoilt, untouched
by plague are held responsible
and this historic principle
condemns poor ordinary oed.
whose complete honesty employed all means:
researches find a struction in himself
new prince who lost his head in sovereign rage
defect king recanted cunning,
put off finery, ragged and suffering
who made his basilica the basement
his defeat, herb matted
flag floor – 'i want to be here!'
dirty hermit cell under the palace
padded from his anguish to throw his head
on stone, his defecation

sun-loving basil when crushed on stone and kept
in cellar darkness will produce scorpions
composting crawling orgiastic
the leonine little worm
skull crazed, hair matted
as cracked glaze on a pot
an aesthetic effect
his trauma ends when he goes blind
oedipus the one-time tyrant wrecks himself
traumatic herb to knit that wound
his mind, a private flush, once was
as retentive of his business as the closet of the earth.
now chimerical visions,
new, each one washing out the last,
sting him on his own and out of angers,
achieved, infused in basilisk unguent,
his dreams end in that dungeon when,
calmly begging mendicant, he goes
outside blinds
himself
blind as the seer he would have liked
to set out to die with crows and dogs
tiresias, crone and don,
for telling his impiety,
until he saw the manyness of mothers
on whom his eyelight shouldn't pour
picked out his eyes
pricked up his ears
licked clear of prudish wax.
tragedy, semi-idiotic drama,
has no grand arch, each day's a new beginning
erazing reason on its petty stool.
lumines menti dicunt: argue and list
twist in dizziness and fall
the one blinding jewel blinds one to the dual.
his drama ends, the mean eye like a miner's lamp
lights him, when he goes out
where sophocles in old age seats him,
under a pear tree upon a black stone,
gestures him to disappear, accompanies him
(too wrinkled and impatient the writer's own pace
dependant on his disfiguring eye as on a walking stick),
accompanies him with,
fair and real, the thunder and lightning –

hermaphroditic bell and candle of robed sky
and only lasting message from the faery herne.

sophocles accepts, funereal,
the refusal tree in slow old age,
a stage where though, the playwright's quick pursuivant
can't pursue to relate more fascinating
the dark forest of greece's gracious furies.

as nightingales stay awake for love but nyx,
the old fish-eagle who calls in night,
lays two sets of twins in twin eggs,
be-real alive, and then is mute

for all time, her mouth missing the tongue –
to share mortality sisters return.
before fun and fecundity of haimon
antigone has chosen filial concern –

by irreconcilable antagonism unconfused,
has covered her brother with handfulls and windfalls of dust,
with dried pollen icing from a blossomed branch –
the hero whom king archon creon in his edicts
has dedicated for impiety to crows and dogs.
legume-brio is now the movement of her bridal dance.

after breaking of this colt, the funny real, fumitoy,
the fanny role, meat-eating mare reined in to winter grazing,
is the motive no longer sex in angels?
jacob saw how they streamed, ants up and down a stalk,
with stores laid up to feed us, island children,
until one woman (say of the ojibwa nation),
climbed those heights to find her taken son,
young bison bull, inconsolable though
war's glory claimed him. the preserve of the passionate,
maiden valkyries, solicitous and avid
as maggots to translate his stiff body
back to ever-youthful heavenly movement, may,
but a dried-up doting mother on the ladder
made the tendril a barren vine,
her mother's child-love excised the cord,
the custom of in-transit angels, god's
cordial vine-tree. henceforth terra fumes truth.

from the moat that keeps the ape
in mud and from the apiary
the drawbridge was drawn up
and the bounds between were drawn up
but, though grudging unforgiving,
herbaceous medicines given
to plant the borders with
in the nation's walled garden.
the shining sky, exoskeletal defence,
was then a scaled stair, intersected
by insect angels, ladyfly blue,
trim-ankled charites,
but nearest, now and in england
messengers relate as brief flower
pre-leaf on glastonbury's december thorn.
with class-hidden delicacy
in this land of angles, oh so bleak,
a cute half-timber upper tudor storey,
behind the maze hedge corners
inaccessible, the manor rest
and recreation cowslip country farmhouse.

like stinging nettles
stood in gardens
priapos
put to flight

kin and friend wronging
ambition's aphid,
the siren's sex –
less blight

the dictionary's 'despot' is arbitrary
careless oppressor – at the desktop
neglects the bench – won't hear plaintiff
you won't hear the plane shave the beam
you can't horse vault the walls and hedges
or hunt our sunday meet;
you can't climb for the fox-red russets
on the trees of my estate;
sees red: the cause;
class-ridden rough shod horse ridden careful
caring oppression,
gets rid of pests,

consanguine constitutional tyrant
 with dead decretals a living birdshit bronze.
 but i know him with a careful budget lying on his brains
 and cunning the clerk who conserves the value
 and adds it to the hill
 of ant-massed perishables,
 a pismire for his own –

happy that human entomology
 found the queen's wing'd, with her drones,
 man-carried edibles will be good one day
 for honey-sucking offspring of this pairing;
 back-breaking load of weal
 will still be good
 for a computer-drooling little boy,
 who'll grow up into dutiful employ,

and the workers can curse us
 outside the 'shop local'
 (the wheel more for torture than travel),
 with king's evil grimace,
 with harpies on the lips,
 paired only their bared mandibles,
 and defiantly throw down the packaging
 on the smooth dog-mirroring pavement.

but once upon a time this cruel king
 found the offspring of his parenting no good:
 among the country's ailing children, his own only
 a hunchback son. he scorned him,
 stuffed him in a hedge to starve,
 and mown of overhanging leaf
 protection, stripped of berrying branch,
 the boy became visible in thin winter
 for mild mary of fabled may to find him;
 scrofulous witch, not weaker but outcast,
 tot in a wicker basket,
 and mother's child-love fed him in her forest.

sun in larch green
 burn old charcoal
 water burn-fresh
 tea of birch leaves

the king one day out hunting and unhorsed by branches
 stepped painful on a prickle

that festered, and refusing to be drawn,
 flourished to a full-grown blackthorn,
 sloe-yielding the next autumn:
 perched all the long time
 nerve-reaching roots of smart
 splayed in the king's suspended foot.
 who but the teenage hunchback prince
 can prise and pincer the splinter out,
 skilful in wood's ways?
 the skill-fool little forester's
 also a playful joiner
 relocates his dad instead to redeem the cruelty.
 in fee for a cure the king must fare for a year
 an unmended cripple through his realm
 to fix the curse and hear his people suffer
 consumed, with surprised tears his throat glands thick
 so faced with pain, his pain becomes compassion.
 too shy to be tom thumb, the prince
 didn't want devouring by the world,
 prankster homunculus in the guts
 of milk-cow and offal wolf,
 always chased and swallowed up
 changing his form promiscuously.
 the buckled son shuns the crown
 withdraws to darkling woods –
 unplanted borders of the scots
 gay wastes of the gall
 and northern gates once of wales.

once again
 sun in rain
 pods of furze
 pop and burst

but here, imbecile heir to the danelaw,
 gone cuckoo, from the mounting study of his wits
 to list and think,

he comes up from the south
 white-surprise wide-flyer
 stable sailboat from a mal-formed egg
 a musical and a golden egg
 he speaks still in spring
 well-kept down in devon's book:

me (in those days given up as dead
by father, mother – no life of me,
no breath within), an aunt wrapped
in her own weeds, was kind to me,
as caring as if her own bairn,
till shielded so i took my shape
(as guest grew sure and strong,
still nursed, furthered and fed)
and waxed enough to fly where i might rule,
while she had less sweet sons
and fewer dear daughters so doing.

he sold the only milk-cow for a song, not worth a bean;
but sing silly to mother's sour ridicule boy –
the stupid beans have grown overnight in the cover-dark
they've thrust the house right up from the basement, throne of
the house of denmark, the proud rhetoric of nesting ducks –
thrown up in the thick undergrowth
of tangle-veined tense-armed vines.

once up he walked
the ramparted throning heights of a capital
no lowly stalk of bowing courtesy
nor turret of noble bearing
but bleating bellowing hammer head
controlling court and kingdom
like the orc his dwarves
death-dark and raucous
that smellt him out.
from sampling herbs in hedges
come to town, a simpleton,
hitherto he'd thought,
hidden (dark conceit),
within simpletonism
(complicit simpletonality),
to pose no threat to a usurper, hungry
to purge the iternequine
intestines of the palace.

i smell the blood a british man has pulsing in his neck
before it even splashes to the courtyard flags.
i smell the stock of the right heir to cornwall's crags
when he's still lincoln green and holds a pigging stick.

in gertrude
the big queen's graces
in her oven safe and stuffed
he hears the blatant ogre in having of her
quietened to a harp
taut shape of swan's wing, articulation
feathered touched and plucked:
he hears the blinded uncle's harp songs
dictating beastly secrets.
hidden, listening in the kiln he's taught;
hands learn to kindle the tuning.
sealed in tight he can't
see all the technique current,
but full of animal spirits
tristan's unacademic music.
his sprung fingers jerk on the harp's chords
its humerus and radius gold-muscled strung
and now by itself it really sang.
full on, he let the muses' liquid fall.
this rustic jack is thrown
as in a litter of another mother,
is thrown as a pot
on the hard floor
like ripe fruit
or cat feet thud-land.
then envy awoke
 smells his own evening
 (harpocrates, mouthless
 one day fly unstill)
 the oaf orgelous
 prim odious drive
 pre-motive hating
then envy awoke
and venemous tongues
pluto, critic with a puritan formula
 in the dark deus, mouths and yearnings
divès, political
had no favours
unlike for orpheus
for this orphan.

not any country colin,
a clot from a south hams hamlet say;
no criminal devoted

and vowed to defacing the divine,
 can just attack an august horseback knight;
 no mercenary, a musician
 can just clout an orcus giant,
 claudius. he takes his sword. he flies.
 the harp on the arms of tristan
 shiny down plumage –
 its timbers linked
 like woman's knees
 around his waist.

answer! shy ent, sir J. and
 kill yare your giant uncle

the sound of jeering
 cheers him on

moon appears above her evening rim
 to watch tristan shin down her umbilical cloud.
 jack's axe in his clumsy clownish hands,
 the wizard lists and sinks.
 finally done in, his false heavenly father
 fell on earth as weightless as a feather.

in gratitude
 green he'd cut the dry stalk
 the cored fruit dropped because
 he spillt the beans he got
 rightful riches

tortured in the charred tree
 odin scanned secret songs

in *english* runes on a cross found
 somewhere in galloway or dumfries
 (i haven't seen the blissed-out secrets
 but see a field ploughed for oats or spelt)
 this delirious vision
 heard in dictation
 the dream of the rood
 inexactly but aptly called
 for both to dream seem,
 the seer and the tree.

translated, dated friday
 on this devonian new year's eve
 a night for whisky and debauch
 (liber, an unseren freiers tag
 urania entbunden, frey
 plutonisch, geistig pleite)

the rood relives its conquests
 the writer his emblazoned bush
 the poet a tree needs
 the cross a fiction

i thought to me i saw the strangest tree
 lifting in the sky with lustre wound about
 strong ceiling beam, solid sailing boom, gold gleaming beacon
 five gems stood at the axis of the limbs.
 that was no felon's gallows, standing proud and flushed
 through skin of gold i saw drip gore.
 sorry with worry i watched clothing and colour
 alter and flicker, heard speak, how hewn at the holt's end,
 stirred from her stem she stood then 'that the lord of mankind
 who marches up my hill might mount me.
 i didn't dare break down or bend against his will.
 strong for the object, the young hero, his gear stripped off,
 climbed up into the greenery, heartened by the crowd,
 keen to continue kind of course,
 i shuddered as he held me.
 i didn't dare break down or bend against the ground.
 stand fast i should as a rod reared up.
 i didn't dare stoop or stumble.
 they drove me through with dark nails. my mark is scar-clear,
 invidiously opened. i was all with blood bestreamed,
 got from that man's side after he'd shot out his ghost.
 many, on that mount, crude deeds of wyrd i bode.
 the glow in the gloom, cloud-shadow crushed,
 wan the welkin. royalty ruled by the rood.
 we three crosses stayed weeping in our places
 a good while after sky had soaked up the soldiers' song.
 christ's corpse was cold.
 felled as a forest from the hill,
 rough and tumbled in our pit,
 girt with bright gold and silver...'

in her bright bridal veil i saw her shiver
my good wife won on the germinating rod.

tortured in the charred tree
kenned her desirous – secret songs

in the song of songs
or the norse high song
solemn odin wise as solomon
peerless noble paynim as saladin
rode his steed and trained
his stud before it bolted
like taming a frisky
horse i hung
onto the toppling tree
whining in squalls, brittle limbed
as a colt, bucking or whinnying.
i rode my mare
bridled and bit
sleepless for endless nights
when flu and storm of fever influence
and animate the monkey mind, draw out
longer an hour of minutes, impossible tasks
set for the pre-speech tongue weighted with tar;
that each outwitted thought tells himself – you're
the abomination. you're the laughing stock.
woden weighed down with woe and doom, wooden,
trapped and bedded in the tree, the suffering tree.
the ash of the charmed wood was an ailing tree.
three animals rotted it: a worm
german-hating gnawed its root, a bird
with a living wimple crowing on its forehead
coursed acid on the leaves,
and between them a little squirrel drilled,
ratatat, crossroads of endless insults,
convector on a dual carriageway of acrimony between them:
credit and race cause, cross and effect,
their flyting hot their hate not fleeting.

this way was the upright spire of the spine
where odin breathes in
and crumples thin to crawl
and seize the mead

tortured in the charred tree
liquor to kiss – sick to reveal

i had to pluck out an eye for the pond trout to eat.
the poet is not put out.
one eye was opened anyway.
the lid clicks shut like a box.
oh, otherwise i alternate an utter
despair with an erotic cheer that only
the balanced dismiss as obscenity.
when the fear goes then everything glows.
there is no substance to joy.
it is the being
swept up in attention.
spring clean the snowdrop.

tortured in the charred tree
he pissed 'em all – out you go all!

falling headlong he burst into their midst.
bowels seem to have gushed out, a field of blood
his mother's bed the day odin got born.
an unseren bebe-befreiers tag.

how can he con it
the weak nox nadir?

remember the acrostic songs
and make alliteral magic

4.

in a riddle even the vegetable and earth-tongued can talk,
the idiot and strait-jacketed, the artist inarticulate, the poor sod.
a connoisseur of calm baffled by his own
anarchy, slowly
let me relinquish myself and take up the exeter book
for the third time, where i find
a still unrecognized riddler

who in one hour was a woman
cinder smeared at the cooking cauldron
a goodly prince – a freshly peach-washed girl
who rode the spume road – flapped and heaved with birds
taken diving by terns – swam the deep
and floated dead – then walked the land alive?

such prized and literary puzzles one
symposium compiled, or crafted one
whole hundred of, so here's a further one

and where the wise men met
walked in an *able-bodied* man
(the scribe enumerates the parts at length)
with but one eye but with twelve hundred heads.

the scholars think they can construe it
"now that's an easy one cribbed from the latin..."

round eyed onion vendor

"how dare this lout intrude upon the learned!"

cyclops garlic monger

"who's he to speak and dilute the detached!"

luscious seller of little leek spears

"impose interludic on our symposium!"

fool with a lustrous monocle
the ever-loitering odin

the academic corset gives
balanced stomachs put on rigour

his worm stands ready to fill,
both book and door, the rotten mortice

o magnificence without measure
the brassy tip of market ballet slipper!

mon oncle, slapstick tragic, tati mocks
the comfortable outwitted by their gadgets

dressed in impassive power, boardroom and conference
lecherous, indolent, powerless to their tatty thoughts

this excellent little anthelmintic
will expell all that belly squirming
dilate your little vasculum
to superbic delight

the self is hooded in hard work
forgetful in all that getting

mongrel
two stools

what's that! *able-bodied?* is that's how it's put?

"sic, luscus alii vendans."

one sings to prize conventional pieties,
a palmer's marathon.
divines convoke their minds for leisurely exercise,
a sound dry psalming up.
acoustic, here it is, 'psammurgical' if you please.

(a hymn here follows on the saxon riddles
about the garlic seller and the book worm
about what is the normal body, solo
-cosm i hatched where garrulous egos gaped –
on what it is that is the reader's learning
culpable autodidact's solecisms –
and is that parasite a fool
absorbing knowledge into substance

tracts into internal tracts
rare scholarly scurrility
or latinate detrition and engulpmnt?
for taking matter, labour, smog, palaver
magma-smegmatic into stoking spirit
abused as boor like vulcan for dissolving
ben timber jonson's fire-devoured library?
the wits are exorcised with palming off.
the hymn now follows, a courtly tenzone
troping sequence to be sung
antiphonally by the four
of angelic voices in this poem
man panther ox and eagle or –
lady lionesse heifer haggard)

a brace of arms
some fleshy hams
a couple of shames
and stringy perms

on each of the figures'
vigorous charms
in itchy nature
figurative i mean.

stiff club of bony shin
a muff of ear-thick skin
the golem's mouth
of sand wet-hard

so deaf is as good
as going dead
hid word made mud
figuratively again.

a hogshead butt
from brawn to seat
and groin to tit
all sound to me like meat.

a heavy heart
a neck of suet
a pair of wounded sides

well turned out
a business skirt
expensively tanned hides.

trotter and hoof
restorative
a double love

hoof and trotter
 a different matter
 a single shitter
 a sensible use for sinews.
 twelve moon shaped mouth
 fools of cloves
 each one hundred, croissant loaves
 for every day of truce
 by sects divided in to countless eggs
 potsherds, to breach the word the ovary acts
 good land and large, an opus in 66 books
 in testicles old & new, one eye witness.
 skelton has said
 that first english poet
 quite where i forget
 that a fool has a head
 hands on him and feet
 mitten toes but million hairs
 and fingers or something like that.
 we find at crumbling edges
 concerted effort
 but what holds the teams of extremes apart?
 i thought, there's something wedges
 braces and matches
 it must be this gusting, distraught
 wind digesting dreams.
 bold strutting cock
 an empty sack
 old empty sock
 gold gewgaw hack
 the vane asleep
 on the mail-fist gauntlet.
 saffron crocus
 ramson garnish
 mint cat nip
 the pretty pet
 the cute coquette
 choice popinjay and jaw-joy parrot
 lace the corset
 dress and shoes
 on what i want
 to write, eventual
 cadential bathos
 source of sauce
 bored of bawdy bought.

spring custom getting into mischief on
 the dining table maitresse trampoline
 upcoiling and begetting, getting on
 squeaking a baby, on the comely queen
 low staff to entertain
 and high to stuff the brain
 is it kitchen or cuisine
 where the courtly custron's been?
 the lady wields
 a mean exec-
 rabble ladle
 labelling spoon and hook
 the raving duke
 the jeering cook
 lamb and mutton
 veal and hogget
 horse and goat
 heifer and pig
 beef and pork and
 crow jackdaw and rook.
 when she was ill
 with a squirming stool
 she'd taken whole
 and uninfatuated still
 sheer onion fat
 who ate it all
 an unskinned rancid pil
 in fact of baldest garlic
 where vices meet
 where vice is meat
 the buttery treat
 from the cellar's buzzard beak.
 she, crow-in-country-parson-breeches gulping hawk
 gave me a guttural fully front on attack
 a nasal head on frontal blow and block
 a wildlife watcher-girl's good-natured look
 her brutally hooped and bunned, me norfolk tweeds
 one parsimonious wyrd in different weeds.
 my beauteous bride
 had a veil of red
 a gorgeous hood
 with antlers wide arrayed
 born as a bird
 of a damaged brood
 or so i've heard
 for sooth's too obsolete a word

blind and open eyed she bats
 a hasty relictuary lid
 the naive, now
 isn't naive
 a feathered larva
 goggled moth
 with dragon breath
 masked antleth and white
 massed damast teeth inside
 the wide is not the void.
 lifestyle makes up for what it lacks
 the sexless beast blest with two backs
 vibrates in a shut up insect nest
 allays the thrill
 thirst in a well
 protected shell
 take it away
 and try to eschew the feast!
 the first evil theft of the parthenos held fast
 dame world's worms infest
 her polluted trousseau chest
 try to put it back at least
 as smooth as two white pages
 two brown pints of best
 two leather-sewn raised breasts of yeast
 pure jet smeared rose parchment purged sun dawn
 tar to teethe bee suck lips to the field
 wean the larvaly nippers to the lawn
 wordlings to the ecclesial fold
 of sweet exuding skin.
 in conservation of world
 too young too divine the taste
 in the head of a spring
 god's, nature's waste
 loose fistd spills
 the truth in heat at last
 in the consumer's divination test
 chews away the volume from the spine.
 so go feasting slowly!
 reader's choice, digest the aeon
 redistribute eventually
 in a fun trull or quizz tick book
 beata viscera questa fanciulla
 venerably hold a venereally
 and truly open talk.

tempus fugit
 festina lente
 fasting in lent
 on tampered food his loins
 nobly sick
 hallucinogenic
 sore tempted antony
 high on moral grounds
 the pudding black
 as buyable ink
 one flatteringly
 volumed flatulence
 indulgent revulsions
 red pulse refulgence
 unshelled brown lentil stink
 is consecrated
 in a bibliothek
 discreet as urgent work
 only acts out
 the script archaic
 relays the testament
 anchored sea crate
 the cask and tick
 of time are atrament
 curated tocsin
 stuffy books
 tape worm analogues
 we ween from which we're weaned
 where highly ruin stated
 supermanannuated
 on senate hill
 the holy synod
 hallucinate
 —the sacred well
 that from beneat
 the seat
 of jove doth spring—cle
 e'en on a shelf
 to eat yourself
 lean on unannotated stuff.
 or take the formulaic nightschool city gent
 hollowed heraldic lunar decrement
 gagged, the mum stocking boy of parliament
 our shepherd with his crooked backside bent

taking education further spent
 her cliché clichy penny spent
 his head her tail
 that is as a whole intelligent
 and playing school
 over a stool
 to gulous gules the gull
 off colour, this jerk's ripped off, you'd word it
 soft touch sucked in that is, and sordid
 with hired cord decorated, stripes rewarded
 under a desk lid
 his ixion wrists pressed
 smilingly fixed and fitted
 twitching on strings, o penned!
 preserved, your holy day fool's head
 gyrates as plastic fits
 o pain o fraud
 and sham o prude
 no playing that number again
 o candle lit- orgies
 in public and bubbly
 affordably aroused
 she's soft he's loud
 in piano bars.
 praise the pastor album lad and lass
 locked titan alvine tight in sex and class
 take a look in sand heart sinking glass
 celebrating an-i-am-all primal sum
 face the sample-pose symposium
 coming up close for simple open convents
 no playing that number again at all events
 release solo albumen, hard cell hermits
 phrase the pastoral bum
 in the pink conventicle farce
 preserved, your holiday numb arse
 gyrates as plastic fits.
 with raised voice
 and scrambled
 cursive and bold
 benediction unleavened
 parched torrent
 torpid or rapid
 voices don't ever melt
 in song, they grate
 in mating duets

eros isn't coarse
 but altered course, not fate
 but wrong, incomplete
 explicit hymnus

(old riddles tended to trick you to think what
 till it's revealed as isn't obscene will look it –
 my new ones tell you: while the work-away-at-it-
 udor's worship's worse than dirt, watered
 words ashed to sanctimony, sex is not –
 to wit: the worm wight's many whits the wiser
 than manly wise-saw visor over eye-sore!
 "wir führen ein englisches leben" sings amen
 mahler's carmen 'knaben wunderhorn' grub heaven.)

keep your connoisseuring
 of sprightless anglo-saxon
 asthma and armagnac
 in the death watch dust-sect library

science of sexton deep
 and of sextant broad
 nidus of all denied
 and of buried need

the garlic-seller says
 freier & frater
 asissi's little brother
 freya's suitor
 "just call her in and i'll
 size up the maid"
 sees her, converted, frank
 enters the fraying habit,
 frights her, makes up
 to her, makes free and freights her

if that's what you need
 i'll give you a rude
 dream, and awakening

i'm the marvel of the mundus
 the mirth of maenads
 the milk maiden likes me
 rooted upright in my bed
 she strips me to my red tip
 keeps me in her cupboard
 gets to know me only
 when she crunches me
 then moist's her eye!

both seem to dream. both she seduced him,
 the nixie at her lavish fish pond,
 and he the innocent at her lustrum,
 achieved of the rune-learned luscious encores.

more than a little magic
 of a caustic song

cut down and unrooted
 odin (what is thy beloved
 more than another beloved?) sang:

a word leads from words to new words
 a work leaks from works to new works

a ditty sung and ditto ditto sung
 again is done indeed, as isabella
 for her lorenzo, as faust translates the first
 and holy word of john – 'am anfang war
 die tat!', his head sweet in her pot of basil.

to odin marooned in the
 rudimentary rune tree
 i pray: you who
 uprose or die
 (asking
 prosaic aid and succour only,
 he prays –
 who needs
 a distinguished addiction –);
 ass king,
 you rig, you liar,
 you are correct,
 you are regula
 per se – cadence – acheron lea

black with frost
 and loud with bellow din
 of crowds of hoarse dead;
 asking only,
 choking in earnest,
 i, your nose kin,
 need here below
 a prosody.

it's been said that we northern europeans
 prefer our beauty with a dictum to it.
 a gnomie etiquette attached, the edda's high song
 is padded out with homely proverbs of right living.

the ice – elite addictive to the insular
 the un – adaptive special aptitude of people

memorising good turns
 adding up the insults
 from memory i sing the crest
 and trough of mimic rising oar strokes

japanese tokugawa warriors
 pretended to retire
 as monks on sundays
 ferried by an acolyte
 to the tea house
 and always checked the decorative
 toilet for assassins

but poetics makes a poor ethics

viz in verlaine's impaired art poetique
de la musique... crushed and suggestive thyme
 "steer clear of the assassinating squib
 cruel smile and practiced witticism
 it makes the skyey eyes of azur weep
 all that garlic up from the basement's kitchen
 wring eloquence's neck..." verse wings crisp wind

like every scrap of wisdom
 poetics has three classes to it.

the prophetic –

prosthetic, promising support
air-lifted aid of raining bread
helping hands are helping arms deals
done in a guilty manna:
promising a fresh point, on the move
rather than the flesh pots we left.

the hearth, a trap of nets
wanting in moral action

the philosophic –

full of sops, preserve the golden mean
but reserve for us the good old meaning:
a synthesized endymion
in cynthia's eyes would sleep redeemed.

truth and happiness
in some wise always
wanting more, all – a cushion

the lyric –

a luring ear, and aureate
a gelded man, if done post-puberty
is not impotent but
can keep on forever:
in aurora's favour.

eos truly is rosy fingered
because she's just immortalised him

but forgetting the petty ichs of aristotle
we get the semiotic:
a semi-attic drama
with a private person, the little premier,
a sincere pretender to the stage
whose nom de guerre
(identity in the buskin);
whose stranger-name relieves
his idiosyncrasy
(that pseudo-certainty of sad adolescence)
to an index, a hagiography, to a same sane idiom of inexact signs.
as choreography, with beautified motivation,
elevates his limping foot to the dance,
oedipus', of all of us, each will equal

high heeled ballet feet
balanced on the ball.
dance, apothecary of apotheosis,
core-ego-fear acted and outed
and at last even feet
enter the nameless vegetable
forest in sophocles' attica.

attack of the psyche hat trickster x,
the psychiatric is high theatric, like it
it's meant to be a cure. the site
of the soul, imposing,
worth seeing, a ruin

(useless in its context
but given meaning in decay –
you can't design disaster,
skew or scry the sky
or purify a person:
castle tumbled from its wars,
soul outliving its dungeon)

is the remains:

a wreck swift-swept that cornish raiders salvage
golden stranded
in storm-cleaned light
in front of a black sky;
prismatic buckled green-rust steel
of a tanker snapped at prawle point;
or risky eriskay whisky,
pretender to the throne
in the tide's brisk egg-white
as easily washed away

5.

a dumb prater contends
three strains of self
ice water steam
three strains of self
this contention'll take us from the garden
well beyond the king-tree ditch and paling –

up in their valleys
thinly inhabitable
tenuous farmsteads themselves penned in by glaciers
or icebergs in their summer bays

up where the diving play of whales
whose envious ease of perfumed plankton farming
a taint of bait in gentil smile
come hither fishing all done with
laconic chivalry of perfumed breath
seems spiteful to the settler and seafarer
grudging and grubbing
up in the gables of the globe
septentrional guardians
beyond the bear and beneath the pole
scalded and taut in the cold
(who're boorish for sure we say, adjusting the gas)
or penned by close firs of suffocating forests

up in the attic
not quite clean-picked skeletons
of our germanic fathers
hold onto those shifting tides
in their closet unaffected by the cold,
freud and steiner
hyperborean tutelary deities
of the twentieth century
which will soon be remembered
rather for sickness
than its vaccines

may we, right on, retaining memory,
more easily defined by negatives

(leprosy in the age of courtly love,
 democracy of attic slavery
 begot), be rid by them of renaissance –
 witch hunts with dante's intellectual spirti!

refraining chorus-fry fly nietzsche's whale,
 scared of melting, losing self, sailors
 so careful with moorings and bearings, island
 a laughing animal
 dives down and drags to depths and dissolution
 (depiction of deceptive devil's darkness
 in the anglo-saxon christianised whale kenning).
 who'd prefer such damnation to salutê,
beatrice's salutation – blinding smile,
 all dante hoped for as he entered new life?
 sustained between
 rings of rose petals
 dusty moorings, snowy bearings
 sacred melting, dusk cancelling, no, consoling self

and this returning chorus
 (philosophy's *copernican revolution*
 sentient sapiens self the centre of the solar system
 around which wheel we feel the world revolve)
 is kitted out with spiritualised kants
 as cants, two lean and rigid cherubs
 pasted with putti to the pull-pit,
 freud and steiner
 with something solid shared.

they feud and inhabit the same skein
 in the unfondly tangled tantra of ice
 their strands like the famous inuit vocabulary of snow,
 varied as tristan's comprehensive terms of venery,
 or streetsweepers taxonomy of consistency of dogshits.

ice, it alone, unmelting in summer
 a skin over the fantasy flow
 the soul is frozen permanently in itself
 trapped in being
 hung up on the absolute
 saline solution spurned,
 a heartlessness in this thin ice.

can sear
 sere ice

the way things are
 we, pure species of eternity

the way things are
 we poor species of eternity
 now say, rather than to be granted access,
 'i access' what is there. active, 'i obsess'
 rather than fantasy holds *me* all night:
substance and *accident* (categories
 of aristotle, for example say,
 a *person* and their *passions*)
 by mental metallurgy
 into one candle-mould man.
 but pagan passions act as if *they're* matter.

can ice?

cold totem hot taboo
 melted ice of heirarchy
 self-blocks sweating in the dog days
fin de siecle first fruits fall on the cold stone.
 ascetic intelligences sitting on the meteorite
 afraid to betray our healthy breast-fed beastliness
 heaven's host uncomfortable in the mead-hall
 shogun's sword under zen monk's robe
 in case of ambush in the setsuin
 norse gods uptight in heaven
 teeth filed and mannered at table
 where the big dipper shares out in streams
 wine delineated in hard glass

but we children won't see straight obsidian
 till watered down to light rainbow
 set as a sheltering bridge between planned harmonies

the planets
 are wandering
 double back
 in the groove
 and play with
 a life of
 their own, plants
 responding

homo faber let loose
on *sang froid*

here commences the *songe*
of the six millenarians
who died for greater glory
the object, or for cunning
scientitious enquiry.
salutes, regrets, make amens.

before arthur's begetting forecast by comic fireworks
as undefeated martyr or by a snaking meteor
the other, ythr, ben dragon before arthur's begetting
when the giant bird roc was seen in the sky
from devon the leg of logres to gallic normandy
the simurgh bird the great original
or giant ur-inhabitant of ante-brittonic albia
colourful eagle seen in ground shadow
sun and ocean of our drops symposium parrots, orgy ants
when the simurgh orgos of our seeming
was seen from the moors' cast open tin mines
to the coppery apple honourers of gaul
when in brittany and cornwall inside a barrel
with bill and hook men are delving in their own mines
in avalon eros is incubus
brooding, in blueberry, nests of fay or nix
dreaming, uther pendragon oracular or actually
seeing the fair fiery bird roc in the sky
had fitted up for him a fetish
kept in faith for his protection
a made to scale metallic polished model wingless rocket
cauldron of secrets for outer inspiration
visceral cybernetics stowed away
in the high gene code X for his decendants
for the castle, the tower and the rook
for winning of the chest, the capitol
for the fate of camelot put in pawn in the cathedral
legged and leaping like the lunar module
scientific in fancy is intercepted
until the right pain comes enough
the critical age you call awakening

until the ripe time came and then some
real eyes plucked fire from pulsing stone
return their fathers to ashes
when reprobate sons are unrepentant
asocial gypsies, jews and socialist homosexuals
cheap japesters, choosers jugglers of home-essentials
murmur against their betters embalmed
reform the aesir to us here
unbelievers burning doughty heavy leaders in their ships
bosses sweating it out ambushed in armour
ruling ravagers lords of changing waves
waxwing cygnets of king lyr stony sons of fata morgana
brennius and billingus rival siblings, combic clippings
scion, alas, of backlash and king lud
new arrivals now forever after summer setting sun
embossed as adolescent rampagers in an old age
all we can say we know from calling up of shades
when some kind of sufi fellowship of fools defy over-candied dates
honk at cold love of rose-sick nightingales
quack gentles in the parlement of foules
before the coming of barbarossa out from the atlas
the sun from among mountains of ocean seas in seven rings
seven worthies' conquests we turn thief others to ashes
transform chief worthies to asses in the nest of fay or nix

hymn found in the margins of geoffrey of monmouth's british kings.
in manuscript residuum or colophon here follows:
any antiseptic dew-settled rosin
on my fiddling lyre is anticipated,
intercepted by—the unshifting septet north.

homo faber let loose
on *sang froid*
geh! *gesang und freude*
go, two streams for herd instinct
to only accept what's heard
you arms of adamant
in spring's perennia-vera
– strain through the waters
cold blood castrato song
enjoyed and freed
frivolity!

even elephants washed
in the river
away with the bridge

buddha abode
stayed on the one side
knew he'd never cross.

prince siddharta
sat on the hard stone
under the trees stranded
he's attained peace

eating buddha
made the stone comfortable
thereupon realised
his attained peace.

resenting her all bullying cruel and dull
doubting to return to nature
the unit hesitates to jump the cue
on iceland's now summer-green bays
one private life breaks up
obeys the prompt
the hero keys the next stage
the now exploded unities
of plodding time and tiring action
flow floe! ice cuts out the corries
explosives blow the quarry wall.

all books he's raided and rejected, as a man he's broken
through his pathetic pain, itching sore sinus flowing may fever.
because pure knowledge stifles, rapes, priapos –
nietzsche, though hopeless, steals the bogus fire.
the mist is prometheus' paradise –
themis too has promised: the air's parrot dies!
proud will droop low,
ex-aster; the exactor
would be outblasted
like crow kill hawk.
frost rose shine
on the earth's most eastern rocks!

viz in *idol twilight*, "where the world becomes a fable"
variables we know, whereas the unknowable 'real being'
= X . in fine spring mourning raise the *jolly knowledge!*
(lo gai saber)

like a moth on a hanging basket rope
ringed in an envelope of sleep
whose feelers when you stroke its body rise
ringed like earthworm-like red coot toes –
this coil, also a butterfly
with closed wings on a wall,
the torso seems to suddenly
go open like a door,
all of liquid magic light
a plaited cord pulls your gut forward
and we can watch each coloured perch ignite.

– dean speedwell blew me this dream bloom
santa maria stoned that time.
good spell, nocturnal swamp-fire's the word!

i won't distinguish
whether we'd be better beast or beauty;
don't birds of prey have
elegance enough and ceremony?
i smell the laurel
(sweet desert humane hell moly-fying).

her house though of polished stone
mother of the animals
pretty but dumb

so a worm wife to keep warm with
for hydrophobic lykanthrope
as for swine acorns.

ananke – the public barrier
a lead heavy body – public bardo
the living dead
livid anorac
anonym

as anarchy is anagke
our leader is leaden necessity
a blue plume in the slime
chromosome loom
the stream

6.

it's memory of life's first cell that you endure, that's the idea
suggested by my reading georges bataille, hot summer '94

shrunk heads of the manes speaking from the ridge pole in my
longhouse
steiner freud and nietzsche
spirits of dead men, transported with us
to another alba
across the melancholic ocean
water
melon coloured
or melanesian
hanging around the doors of long houses that they used to inhabit
solidified in lava, pompeii-ised
their song by fire froze to stone. i won't distinguish

(a coal was stolen at the sumi-temae
and carried off in mulberry-handled tongs,
habishi, laid neat near the feather hearth-brush,
when they as gods' guests knelt in the sukiya)

whether they be nasty lares to be propitiated
or penates of prosperity
eyes alive in the darkness. the imago is
the perfect winged form concealed in crawling
larvae: perfecti above the law

'as glass seen under water'

a mêlée of meaning ameliorated,
mellow notes of a new
dawn *songe*-song, alba, to feast on medlars,
honeyed blackening flesh

in manichean or albigensian
assumed platonic prudery
foppish-dandy-mannered
too black and white

('arrogant blatantics of igno-rant flatonics'
thought hedwig, pregnant,
squatting on the temenos stoop)

tumescent warmed unsolid aristocrap
 scented, rare, well-done
 an autocrathisordered commonwealth
 where the work of the fallen world was done by others
 tradesmen unpurified by love's tradition
 dasyus, non-aryan, slaves,
 fleshly concrete and below the law
 like lemurs delegated down
 to diggers of their own low graves.

manu, child of a thousand rays,
 drinking of the well water
 and washing it over his face
 and over the back of his head
 felt a little slippery tadpole against his mouth
 flapping in his cupped hands
 intestines on the outside, protozoa,
 spiral stomach on the under surface,
 and it begged him, let me go
 and i will save you. look after me
 and you may save all living things.
 so manu put it in a jar
 and next day it was a minnow
 so he put in a glass bowl
 and next day it was a carp
 so he put it in his bath
 and he dug a ditch for it
 and he put it in the pond
 and he put it in a lake and still it grew and grew
 until it swelled all river banks
 so he put it in the ocean
 as big as a green humped island

aotearoa, cloud white and long

it rained and rained
 and still it rained and rained
 and manu fastened his twine
 plied of strands of passion, ash and peace
 laced his cobbled together carpentry
 and tied his line to the horn of the whale
 and still it rained and rained
 who towering over him towed him over the flood
 all alone to the tree

on the top of the north mountain
 his swart ship of african savanna
 and indic sandalwood
 came crashing into the only snow
 and ice-capped continental shelf
 growing standing
 in tadâsana
 you manu made humans
 brought us down to earth.
 now we wait for the future man
 who'll feed us on the yam at death
 and float us on the deluge
 out of yesterday

himalaya, heaven ayre

alder and willow trunks so grown
 up to one neck and soaking,
 the fairy kingdom, magic all
 as grass seen under water.

this is their hymn, hanging with dante
 spirits of dead men, this
 though is their voice, self-forced promethean heroes
 of poem and forest, permafrost and sorrows:

using the parry and thrust
 kopf-motif, point and antithesis,
 the sujet and canonic imitatio
 of our mixed individualist quire
 of constant invidious duellists,
 one's personal name is elevated in
 a cartouche, box,
 special balcony for the gods
 and the entering deceased as rubric'd in
 the book of the dead hieroglyphics; in
 personal hero-clippings, uneroded
 essence and its affections are ruggedly
 distinguished – extasie – what i am really
 can be distilled off, disinfected in
 a cartridge case,
 'for the atomies of which we grow
 are soules whom no change can invade'
 sciences and affectations, body's

fresh wet bloom 'blown, blasted with ecstasy'
 prayer – specious eternity – but we're
 a diaphanous echo chamber really
 in dia-tesseron, -pente, -pason.
 the stretched sinew of the heart archer's dreambow.
 body of air.

like musicians do a trial run for starters
 then record noise made in the studio
 to carry away a sound bite afterwards
 hunted through the mussel of the lobes,
 it's all already in the mind of god –
 absorbed in the atavegetal ancestral
 trilobite senses that *are* the intellect.
 no bullshit looking ahead, about bits and bytes;
 the most prometheus with crooked thoughts,
 or we three mees, can go in playing god
 is to create meaning. there is no hope
 of us hubristically creating man.

how transparently the littly smart swindle their privelege!
 how conspicuously unsupplied with intelligences,
 as health efficiency is cut by reckless government,
 efficiency requires cuts of the petty waged,
 uncomfortable, unwieldy in the fat of the land,
 and 'back to basic'ly unchristian, rechristened
 'job seekers allowance' eligibility's slimmed –
 the supposed-tory puragative.
 still nature makes beauty whose lovers are rendered
 humble and graceful. unemployed
 in beatrice's beauty treatment.

the plot of all stages of history is
 little conciliation, blind obedience,
 denying what you see – lied to and lying.
 but though something's aroused by what appals you
 don't shrink from the twinge, judging or jumping to act.
 no, but taking it on, untrustworthy arousal,
 pulling it off or on, jacket of heavy metals,
 or in, a salt mineral molten drink;
 ours no giggle fancy dress or binge
 in prurient reportage.
 our pull-outing is polluting.

we will not be consigned to dante's ante hell
 of the unconcerned, held in contempt by the damned
 (those secure at least in their seating, clouded up
 and glued to their retrospective sets),
 just because
 we won't reconcile
 yearning national burnings
 and waspish reasonings
 into thy perfect light.
 distinctions drawn will all be varied (fine-
 pedantic) as your greedy needs your meedy
 creeds. evil is pretence to know. clued up, do scribes
 intuit when to act out the atrocity? –
 when arousal needs to river-mouth into motion?
 otherwise adoration is the drooling
 brute dog of beatrice, fingerless wank.
 a lucky prometheus that one, at leisure
 to scrape himself against the escarpment!
 metaphysical infancy sucks
 in fantasized lumps of love and light.

fetishists know the clothing of the body
 is the soul and don't try to strip it off
 and adore air and a door rare, sacred-illegible.
 a statue is a pediment and stone
 brow for fresh flowers. in the flue
 the fluent sound is loud and clear.
 the liver of my life
 inseparable in fancy
 in practice is depleted
 every lazy morning lucid
 meeting lustless mating my
 maturity's infanticide.

all the spirits
 eagle nosed
 haughty and honourable
 breeze and draw our kidneys wet with sweat
 and overcompensated cold.
 aquiline to our aching lion,
 the spirits rigid in the noose of intellect
 gnaw on nor end:
 the i-am person and
 arid-it erudite,
 now super-orfeo performing on his cetera.

the erotic links you to all suffering.
 you're in ply over ply in what appeals.
 view all these engagements
 as in a shadow puppet theatre
 with messages in language
 perceived of the pursuivant,
 not presented to the video-violent eye
 that would corrupt the helpless,
 the would-be frank essence.
 shiva lost
 his seed pod in the pine wood.
 cones of flame in ogre's oven
 tap the tar of pine tree.

here on the north wall
 the north face of the eiger
 prometheus projections promenade
 and in the wind
 you can hear ok
 intelligible speech pictures.

this maniac theatre
 threatens ice of heirarchy –
 a soul passes through it
 all, burns out as a sun
 time and time again;
 "and about that same time" she knows she's a girl
 as he knows he's a boy,
 a soul contains it all.
 indivisible atom
 a black hole patiently sucking in
 whole lucina's creations;
 or sub-atomic fracture,
 the soul a system, ego-centric,
 copper and tin with all its imperfections
 poured as bronze from crucible into clay
 perform a figure,
 the very substance of accident
 the process of self-smelting
 hidden in suspense in earth mould
 (his own clown ordering fun
 out of the demonological
 authority
 of faustus).

our hominid breed – needs circuses,
 manioc and head-hunting man's blood –
 has to offer, squeezed in the city
 as a host, citron tea; clemency.

there is one contradiction,
 siege-perilous of all there are in us
 and why we want for ourselves
 exactly that we cannot offer others:
 the throne, the only mandate of all our contradictions
 is we are only completely ourselves
 and only partly everyone else.

in cornwall tin and copper mines have filled with water
 and are erupting poison mineral discharges.
 wet bed of reeds oxidises the iron,
 cowshit and sawdust in anaerobic tanks
 collect the cadmium and zinc
 and manganese is sent
 as neutral colonist of algae, tamer of boulders.

the quintessence – alcohol.
 condensed spirit, absolute.
 powder corrupts. eye liner
 to see the virtuous sublime,
 to contain it unprofaned.
 black and white, ash and sand – glass.
 the most such vitreous containers'll do
 for you nowadays is cut your feet while bathing!

there was quiet for quite a while
 i stretched out to sleep on the sofa.
 then faust spoke up
 next to my bed
 without necessity of spilling blood;
 you know though, sometimes i think i've heard
 my vegetarian polytheism plead
 my mephispolytheism smile:
 'if sex is pleasurable so we procreate
 murder must be an impulse so the ghosts get fed.
 in tantra *and* chastisement sex is separated,
 controlled. likewise sacrifice can be ratified.'

but unpropitiated, faust
spoke face to face with heaven
and with helen
faust answered for us:

when rules seem poor to you,
taboos lose vigour
host and guest bow low
to conceal a snigger
and you're ungrateful even for your lover's warmth
to dare new innocence costs too dear
desire becomes eye saw
dire fun
looking right in things
to pulverize rock into sunlight
to triturate awe into the sublime,
not some secret scrolls
codified and lost in eastern libraries
(grim ore, uncle hain's
alchemy grimoires),
but breaking out you're finding out
new continence,
and fined for all your findings
the least to be scared of
earning is mere drowning
"am onna GROW FINS" sang don
" n' go back inna water agin."

the king dead intestate,
with a firm will
the uncle will only gladly
nail up the dauphin
in a dour fane;
danae with a coffer of useless gold
full her purse is
boxed up as a boat
set off disgraced
across the sea
through the night
danae ill in the mornings,
no surety in gold
creating wealth
creon sets up
with a hat, shop, suit

and no common will or sense
and all his subjects with digital watches seem to be
extra out of touch with diurnal and aeonal harmony,
he leaves you with a duff onus
in a pretty crackly packaging.

lucifer's coat
is the tarmac.

we so called shades
will leave you
with a wicker work basket
for your sulky soul
no crystal iced cage
with a bulbul's ration
of frustration.
the choice of mask makes out the man.
don't die a fanatic
bones in see-through skin
thickened out with body image
diaphanous skeleton
in phoney clobber
"more light" said johann
before he fizzed
and guttered out.
the most more light'll do for you nowadays
is blind your eyes while riding a bike at night!

i lay listening
my violet couch the river dart
brute navigated,
between totnes fort
and laughter tor
somewhere. no i don't have any ideas
at a desk, only when hilly walking.

(who was this HD-ShPSD, internal helen of egypt? first
queen and last pharaoh of old nile , sterile and long living, proud
of peace and commerce, who sailed trade down into fragrant arabia eudaimon,
the away south of gum and oases, places of jewel-settled shepherd kings
unconquerable later by assyrians, persians, alexander and augustus;
hat-shepsut, pharaoh stepmother of the first of imperial invaders
who sallied, trod down, seduced as ever after by the east
under whom written language became unspoken, and erased

were the one woman's king-names in their
 carved cartouche in posthumous
 palace-complex, and chiselled away and over and her seated statue
 smashed, its face sweet feline-felix and her chief
 courtier's smuggled immortality too 'removed from memory' –
 "...sole companion, steward of amon...prophet of amon's
 sacred barque...spokesman of the shrine of geb
 ...headman in the house of the white crown...sealman
 of the red...overseer of the royal residence
 ...controller of every divine craft...great father-tutor
 of the princess nefru-re...a superior of superiors
 ...overseer of overseers of all construction works...")

i sprained my ankle in mary-le-bone
 slipping on spiral stone stairs
 before a st john's passion
 as people filed by i lay coiled in pain
 in the corner of the cold steps
 the joint has set
 my foot splayed
 ever so lightly out
 and i broke my forearm skateboarding at st lukes
 misaligned by a clown
 in a white coat at grafton
 who gave it a jerk
 and left it after plaster slightly twisted
 walking or playing
 the lute i feel
 the muscles spiral round their bone

i think of rangitoto island
 a perfect green igneous cone off auckland

linked with the rising and falling of water in lake pu...?
 what was it? in takapuna on the north shore

as if at first he was ripped out
 like a wart inverted from her basin

in buzzing quiet i curled up on my couch
 in some house between dean burn and mardle mouth
 the next day then i'd get to type it down!

memory of the first cell you endure!
 too serious this dream
 a flowing moment of asexual union
 explosives blow the corrie wall
 the first cell liquidated as it breaks
 unbroken vista from then until now
 strip the skin, sterile, that bounds us
 drag the chain of male that binds us
 you are truer, and entire
 a flavour most intense of femininity
 a more pronounced display than women make it
 attire, armor to the man.
 it's wild and agile men
 strong in awe
 who dare to wear big hair
 pinched oedipal feet do honour
 fetish calf legs stretched tower higher
 now explore ambiguities
 amor to the men who pause
 the actor in the attis tree
 theatric red lipped artistry
 the eunuch tart.

why so sad the tusking at the trunk?
 bleeding to death
 a death to come
 pleading to him
 to come collect me
 beneath the pine no pain though
 in rome
 at the hilaria
 the easter
 fun fair
 every year
 to implore
 the summer
 men were
 prepared to tear
 their member
 off for goddess' honour
 and to roar
 in stupor
 offer her her little friar
 a minor second to the phrygian cybele
 a melody pining falling to its final

her voice clear
 in answer
 to a prayer
 obey her
 order
 to scare despair and care
 castrati sang grown roles, boy-pure
 relieved before the voice withdraws.

they say (cos *i* don't know much) moths
 migrate by moonlight being held
 in one eye. that's why then they cincture
 (both irritating and exciting

our pity), forced to wreath our bulb
 unwilling and unable here
 as well, to be incinerated:
 my lot in each humble conceit.

like any entity we can look on,
 a river has at least two heads, as nile
 its blue and white sources, the rhine its rear
 and its anterior, which calm drains east
 while the posterior, the parent from the south
 is that fresh child hölderlin sees chided
 through gorges, black-brown steam polished and chafed
 that guide in gorgeous joy me giddy down
 or goad in horror through the *orride*
 from bernadino – fiume merging flume

praetor, go getter, gets to be judicial prater

i'm a unique artist
 my ugly sonic units
 fume instead of flame
 tarred and feathered, scorched
 i'm jackdaw, skelton's dr. dawcock
 dim cleric who'd shine fire in a dark church
 who'd hunt for sweetmeats in mother tradition
 and leave scant scats in the sanctuary.
 i alternate a stutter
 and a stumble
 as i, shadowed as adam,
 operate

fallen adam, berator of dumb nature
 to take on works and days, become creatures,
 the sabbath's his exile; to operate ears
 to make an act of vita, rhyme's day job.
 hesiod's two kinds of strife, war and fair contest,
 after eight days have mated, reproduced.
 small and too insecure not to prefer
 a sadder day's
 profit to pleasure; early flower
 of another's arbour
 to my own sorrow; idem, bright sweet body
 of aurora
 to my spent ruler: opera et dies
 of saturnine humour

i'm a unique artist
 impudent con-juror
 without the wit to speak at will
 wear the claw
 there the fear
 ware the hawk!

i call and caw
 inarticulate and incomplete
 clumsy incumbent
 of a sinecure
 somehow

can't find words till they're aroused
 incurable i wait, i'm not all there
 until my rest is here
 until elsewhere appears
 supplies her share

genius is muse
 who wants a penis
 hellswear, with her woman's fulness
 dolce stil and uova, chaff
 the intellect a eunuch, art is sweet.

the stream, too serious
 never resting sticks, stays

peat and pine-tanin dark on moor it's loud and white
 bubbling in basins or piss-golden mossed, flows water
 ancient and tortured
 turgid is the urge to drama
 treachery of daughters
 our haughty heart
 the target of tragic corriemaking glaciers
 where turbid torpor was, an excoriating rush:
 orgied debauched repentant
 mediocre crow the perfect courtier
 quack advisor to the emperor
 a eunuch'd art

viz the king of thule ungayed by falconry
 or the spectacle of death viewed from his balcony,
 scholarship surveys with sickened equanimity,
 coming down to us from the romans, clean,
 those baths of blood that fail to heat the green
 waters of lethe flowing in the spleen:
 too slow to bode ill air for future charlatanry.

roman unity
 christian cause continues it
 flows water
 under the milvian bridge
 constantine had to cross
 blood red defending it,
 his cross, his rubycon
 reaped victory
 carrying the image of virgin and empire
 where before were divus
 and emperor
 on debased coinages

we watch a thin film
 of silver latin on the koine

he wore the pax diorum diadem
 melted down to one current

pope and emperor, white and black
 guelfs and other dwarves,
 the rich and meek and sluts all dear,
 and god the guard at castles on the pass,
 the gate from natural drought to princely plenty –
 in ashes at pompeii,

and birth and urn of thames
 at cirencester,
 are found quadrata magica
 confirming christian symmetry:

S A T O R
 A R E P O
 T E N E T
 O P E R A
 R O T A S

(the sower
 uncreepingly
 reins – strains – maintains
 with effort
 the wheels)

read the lines as well
 in reverse order
 it doesn't matter
 grammar stays the same;
 spin it gently
 read it every way;
 but spin it violently
 rend and split and burst it out
 centrifugal fission vision
 then watch it a cloud across the sky:

A
 P
 A
 T
 E
 R
 R
 A P A T E R N O S T E R O
 O
 S
 T
 E
 R
 O

watch it
 watch the breath
 aaaaahhh
 oooohhh
 inundation
 in and out
 but organ pipes of heaven, of pan
 empty sho
 are our chromatic world
 overblown
 hours
 the horizon rising house the west
 the orient's gay-sure hostess, or aurora
 sinking, occidentally this pastor all away.

rotas opera tenet, NB: rote not sphere but lyre
 the works were thalia's strophes
 ploughed up and down held straight
 her ox horn plectrum strokes
 seven kitharas' shifts

this isn't dafydd's hazel wood or holly
 willing to shelter safe sex with morfudd
 whose hair, chased gold, shining as the rusty sun
 when day's gone (skin, colour of foam, mere paper),
 illuminates this tract of land, royal charter,
 delightful deceit's leap: welsh matter physical!
 ours, in the dark, is keats, lay melodious, lame
 laid by the snake girl, half in love with coiling,
 ever cadencing death, elect man's morfudd:
 morpho of corinth, morbid moreover, currants & black spots.

in one reading catullus cries
 ...hei mihi subrepens
 imos ut torpor in artus...
 (in seventy-six), his pain's
 immortal metamorphosis
 as hemlock rising numbs:
 woe in me, how paralysis
 creeps scaling up my limbs!

for seven long year
 awake and camping out
 our arthur fought river battles
 a watershed web of christ's celtic britain

doubtless ferocious roman on the dublass
 thames dark, tamar black, taf, tay, constant tyne
 one river on
 one land

 wear the hawk
 out on it!
 bayeaux
 dog *and* stag

no massed allied landing
 on the beaches
 of barbarians –
 germans first on thanet
 granted grudgingly ground in kent
 we trickled up waterways to the western country
 unarmed at talks tables in the mead hall
 we sat. at the word – 'draw, saxons, your seaxes!' –
 with long concealed curved blade
 each pagan bled his noble partner
 each celt killed by a cutlass treacherously.

nennius in his marvels of britain tells us
 of cabal the heraldic crusty dog of alba
 who sets his footprint on the topmost stone
 of the magic barrow mound that builds
 itself whenever it's knocked down.
 whose promised help is arthur now?
 whose covert honourable society?
 whose hope the cur on his heaped cairn?
 is it prince hywel's and gwalchmai's boasts,
 riding the grey, spirited the steed,
 mettled and managed, or sleipnir asleep in the sheath?

enmeshed beaked winged bipeds bite
 knotwork and filigree interlace of people
 but mice and rats and such small deer

 roaming north-men, romanised celts enfranchised
 normans with their romance, classicized franks
 too serious the series

renaissance is little more than resignation:
 what can be born of fruitful misunderstandings
 more, but my magic's blind and mute ability? –
 that hopes that one or two fortunate fractures

remembered like lines washed up on papyrus,
 or fragments lettered men have freely quoted,
 or maybe like a couple of canzonas
 might survive of it to grace of some few
 a golden harbour in their orchard of pleasure,

the envelope of my all encompassing
 spirit having been broken on the rota
 of my lady frank and free, and all
 as if they're people in a common weal,
 these parts of me, sealed off in scars,
 (i get this anthropology from dante),
 a company within the lover's teen,
 homunculi : amor himself; and eyes
 that he can hijack; and the heart, machine
 that culminates in steam expressing sighs –
 (the interference of reason and appetite:
 equal companions walking quick,
 the feral and the cultivated,
 between buzzing evening hedges) –
 by western mystical tradition's magic
 siphoning power from universe's pattern,
 that man of parts (sealed off in scars),
 are all let wield a wheeled etheric vehicle.
 ion attracted helpless like by magnet,
 he rose in the steel dust –
 ion – the rows of souls
 dutiful in succession and enthusing
 from the muse to the rapt idiot,
 helpless rhapsodist of the iliad;
 or, innocent, apollo's orgiastic bastard:
 each man his place.

soul in its fiery coat
 and tossing in its cot
 drinks etheric cool
 influence from the spheres,
 dipsychus – dipsinsomniac,
 like gower, love's liege led purged
 through seven deadly sins:
 either links we pass from hand
 to hand, slave chain of being,
 or happy cures in the garden
 of the epic curse,
 in the pupa

the disciple
 seize the light
 the simple pupil
 has improved
 to a series.
 immortal ought

law schools
 of alcohol

ever since alpheus river tainted
 arethusa's sicilian spring
 the exact vein rose in the seine
 that same sinew surfaced in thame
 from greece to grosseteste
 from homer to paris and home to us:
 too much attachment

a new strain of bacillus

but so connected, why
 can't we foretell the coming odyssey?
 the matter of the future's bright and grey.
 though frantic to know their rest, free men
 don't manage, or get to pass this greatest test

(land's end
 out of sight
 when you're on
 the alder ladder)

as gower tells of the scholast grosseteste
 who programmed all his knowing into a bust
 designed so that it spoke
 impartially prognosis
 (faust's grand attestation)
 in liposuction cyberspace
 locution both brazen and accurate
 but at his own first moment's thought
 of inattention broke

(was faust's grand attestation
 adam's timeless act of love
 or eve's spinning timetable?)

inquisitive or
vain inquisitor?

from fredrick's three sicilian sonneteers
and song-play, till the hospital care treatment
for tasso's disturbed *zeal*, we've traced the bent
of love's brook, gravel sweep of pebbled tears,

and shared intense and irritable shifts
in temperament – those arms that maim and mend,
delve and divulge, of *vag'amor* both ardent
and wandering – yet without their muses' gifts

or time's. for one, time points a pyramid,
me at the top and starved: till it's a wreck,
tasso filed on, improved his masterwork.
royal family harmony too, in thebes, too studied,

too keen, *committed* to find faults, see them revised
as harmony, vague, you bore, question, perfect, at last
disaster or, too bad, at least reversion: dull
earth, *uncontoured*, retakes you; bramble runner's thrust
fresh-red, rerooting wilts. it's *tongue's* points, poets tell,
that, hackneyed, hooked, give care; back-biting, wound and heal.

"o lovely age of gold . . . if only, but for
that empty name without a subject, error
and deceit's idol, folk-nonsense which later
was *honor* dight, made tyrant of our nature" (T.T.)

too serious
much too serious
art is wheat!

i feed on what i eat, i feed what eats me
that much is obvious
i am the ankh or lonely hand of life

though what i suffer i subvert
so what i sup on i support:
neglected stone supplies leonine nectar

impossible to guess of course
by the coarse and philistine
that such a lovely carry-on

both lonely and common
should happen in
a single human corset

my angst and anguish
meaningless deathwish
leave disparate ideas

but after brain digesting sleep
dripping out after torn ferment
sweet sun hands full with ankhs!

samson asked

i who ate am eaten
from erstwhile strength i sweeten
who am i then?

the quick answer was

a honeycomb set
up in your supine
gut slain lion!

he who with bran would voyage in the launch
was welcomed on the islands of the free
by the blissed-out women
with a blossomed branch
and of the man whose heart hurt to go back
his feet transformed upon the beach in ash
fragrant and frail as he jumped home
one hundred years had wantoned by
and bran's herbed head that had in march been fresh
was like complaining sunsets by laforgue
preserved and singing prophecy
red blood under the bark
upon the western ocean...
and daring crumbs upon the shore a chaffinch

la gaya scienza
take the whale's road
our siren sister
and like her
true trouvere
predisposed
to playful netting
find and frame some songs.

7.

like young men on scooters who
conspicuously scan the beach try the tourists
because with local girls
you can't be sure of ficky-ficky –

like niki equals vicky
she flies from victor to victor
 though nestor outlived all his sons and theirs
she spans and blacks and blanks the sky
 and he who, aching and aged too, couldn't face
 what his agile son had become on his island trips,
 steel hair slicked back
 the athenian owner of the sea roads
 falls off his magnate's yacht
 into his own aegean

she sweets the sky
she sweats the oak apple vespiary gall
 to nectar
empires fall
 to pericles, the sea-wed
 with washed up armour in kelp and dulse
nereid winged in sea weed
you can't infibulate her
 wingless victory
no venus apteros locked in her putative pewter-filled shrine –

like the doge slipping into the harbour
 his ring
venice enveloped by his spouse the sea –

like themistokles athenian sea leader
all his responsa-bility in ships
 it's his achievement xerxes could throne it
 on the hilltop overlooking salamis
 only to watch the persian fleet in comfort
 scuppered and taking water, ambition sunk –

like periklymenes, the argonaut, the renowned
shape-shifting son of poseidon
moving on, never resting on
the horizon, like orion's head

raging beautiful and blind to the morn sun
 his belt straining straight to the pleiades –
 o merope like tamar, your fathers' whores
 whom he rode drunk on mead, you're fed
 on mother's meat and honey wine –
 by making water orion was onan-born
 from seed spillt into a carcass sunk in the ground

shape-shifting son of poseidon
 as apollonius of rhodes and his scholars told it
 you are one moment
 a red ant heaving pine needles
 a swarm of bees marooned at dawn
 an eagle lying on the sky
 and undying, a mermaid
 or then would be orgiastic sea-snakes
 that blest the ancient mariner
 that set tiresias running blind
 boy girded
 to see too much to tell
 seers always run away

by you
 amphiarao
 slain mown down
 in flight in
 inevitable battle
 from this defile sang secrets
 read birds from the cleft –

like apollonius of tyana and his followers did it
 with miracles the mystical is seen to be the leader
 healthy wholefood guru meditating
 thoughtless on demand
 holds conferences in world capitals
 by setting up a copper scorpion in antioch
 scuppers that curse of vermin in the city
 sails all seas of middle earth
 swimming with dolphins
 speaks sperm whale
 ('thirty-six
 minute
 compositions,
 says don van vliet,
 'without a single repeat.')

eager and efficient competition for a time
 to the pearl in the slime

who switched the swine into devils
 and sent them to dance a turn into the sea
 with upturned eyeballs
 a wreath of reddened hair
 the nazarene who tumbled the whole temple on top of him
 in restless quietism
 who knows which is the easier morality?
 who knows *which* one retires and runs away:
 all-thorny tiara, or tyana well proportioned? –

like the scholar gypsy arnold sought
 the final elm outside those colleges
 the tyrian trader too
 knows not to return home
 'o'er the blue midland waters'
 sets his red beak west
 poets passing beyond law's pillars
 punic face to dodge the greeks
 who new and merry in greed
 plundered, discourteous courtiers,
 'and on the beach undid his corded bales'
 unpack trail bikes and distance dishes
 to foster orphaned new guinea
 soon the world's most modern nation
 because with nothing older than now
 suddenly all that's left of tradition
 is munificent seashells
 (patent certificates of work done)

like parvati threads old human heads
 as mussels
 'kina' means coin now
 and currency
 they unleash their sordid bale –

no, not like oedipus
 wrecked baby, righteous man and wretched dotard
 can clear the pestilence off the collosos
 fully inhaled wings
 we know stiff clotho spins his groom's apparel
 he knows plague tears his royal palace down
 who can curse the town he first brought benediction
 when exiled,
 on colonos
 stranger's blessing
 thoroughly chivalrous theseus of course was flattered

that soured after a time –
you can't be sure when nuke flies

how she defiles.

this as contrasting coda to the canto possibly:

in the case for the world's first nation state
our one contemporaneous document
for eunucfication of egypt's crowns,
upper and lower, is engraved in relief –
registering with proto-hieroglyphics:
coming up from the south of sedge, king narmer,
inspecting on the battlefield piled dead;
escaping enemies harpooned in pools;
and two leonine beasts' yoked reptile necks
entwined, make borders round a mortar dish –
a small slate palette used for grinding eye-paint.
twin-f-holed fiddle? lute's rosette? unpharo-ah!
o scale-articulate snake-syntax whose
degrees all protract right around the compass!

8.

never resting runs away
all his trust in ships
at sea, his spouse
shipwrecks all his respons-ability
attracted to antioch as bran's boatload'd been
to foreign parts of red'eads me 'earties!
apollonius of tyre
in gower's book of lust
sails round grecian seas
peril close on his heels
aimlessly escaping
that guilt might not accrue to him
aimlessly escaping
that guilt that might accrue to him
a fungal and venereal condition
since he'd been lured to woo
the ravenously beautiful daughter of a king who
unspeakable the interest of their incest
would remove and shrink the head
that couldn't tell the riddle right
that he would ask of the suitors
that he could axe of the suitors,
that keenly bent their necks,
that head eager to any yoke;
their sweating spout
brittle pipe
that wouldn't read
aright,
that gladly bowed to antioch,
the king who'd pincer the princes' heads
who'd supposed to espouse but couldn't respond to,
surprised, the enigma that he posed.

it says
with felony am i borne
up, feed on my mother's womb.
i seek my brother, the groom
of my mother, my wife's son.

whom then?

heads on pig sticks
 flags wave on poles
 of all the strange lands that sent their best
 heads of state in state on sticks
 the heads of foreign parts that sent
 their hearts for the girl's gules
 with white faces capitulated.

wales
 first founded on their island
 dumb foundered in the test

ireland
 after cormac dies all tara keen
 to be tarmac'd from the tempest

scotland
 drained of blood skin blue
 land cleared of this crofting pest

england
 fair cricket empire non-pareilled
 all absorbed in union: thames

in unparalleled alliance of atomic states of antioch
 who should shun such a vast father (natal uncle?)
 can't heedless kill the hand that heals his own evil
 the cattle king who should share the care
 of flocks and fealty confused under governors

watch the WISE crack
 bloody union joke
 a mediaocracy

a black flag in the riots
 hermaphroditic youth in eye shadow and camouflage
 floods to battle at trafilgar square
 seething at the criminal injustice: 'we'll
 just do a little exercise, trimming down
 the work force to keep the price of power down'
 of rough private police and brut-ish bailiffs.
 our quiet right of rambling and of silence is removed.
 management just manages to compete
 with the third world they created
 fleets of ships with pepper and tobacco;
 avers an open market wakes up and makes it –

somnolent poppy and somme fields of avernian poppycock;
 for four wheel drive 'discovery' the widened roads for travellers.
 a black flag in the riots
 chivalrous tyrian regretting his inheritance
 anarcho bio-regionalist with reservations
 shivering in the freestate TP
 wind-stiff bender or the treetop
 or dropout voyaging, way-down in typee
 black flag the mast head of his company
 he purposefully procrastinates
 his purposed return with piracy
 apollonius of coupons and gilt bonds
 aimlessly escaping
 that guilt's edge might not accrue to him.
 wise this independant prince who thought, retire
 never resting runs away
 who orphaned himself, left tyre
 in tears and ash
 and fears of war and worse
 closed their shrines and stewes.
 grave he sails gun metal seas
 his wrecks on every shore.

crashed atlantic flyer
 comes up from the north
 surviving on fig and mast
 drifting for days in the drink

on the tenth in deucalion's deluge
 teasing the teeth from the octopus
 owed in honour of ruins
 he found it, phonecian futhark

to divine land
 dowse dragon fangs
 phonetic signs
 in puny codes

lower the tool case
 (the dendrologist's)
 in the pool of type,
 folk all deep fissures

...plants rune-stones between the earth's beautiful buttocks...
kalipygous...invoke a lode...kalypto
...ogmios golden tongue chained on ogygia...

(while cogitating this as explanation –
fatal foundering, a means to firm foundation –
above my orchard hill, spring 95
six geese migrating lowered past my left)

from new zealand in a crescent – relaxed sickle,
through the fertile wedge (cuni-form – both bulk and soul)
a fault line of my interest seems to stretch via
jutland zeeland to the frost giant new found land.
it intersects another line i've less investigated,
histories and lands that seldom interest me,
from amerigas, west africa and spain
through pan-slavs to siberia.
in syria and outre-mer
the two broad sweeps, curved swathes cross course:
christian europe's rapt oily holy land,
mons sion where venus moans Al, sighing
for lily-valley-tailored, cana-nurtured adonai.
cranes and canaan suppressed, an anna chrism.
great mother's perfumed and pleated peplum
spread about the closetted moth-eaten past.
my pericles' path of coastal piloting
(helmsman, self-gybernator, poop cap'm),
is 'in periplus' from palestine's piled stone
and back. like a melodic voice sings,
smooth caresses the liquescents but aitches (hatches)
the melismas, fluttering, crazy putting off the ache,
is this fault line of interest – whose repercussions
include the ordering of language into script,
and messed speech splitting its clear terms. in family feud,
love: klytemnestra's main conflict of loyalties.
while courtly fin amor finishes clan
morality, minne undermines father-right.
perhaps step-father antioch's policy was always anti-tyre
(removing a head rite recognized as a foreskin),
or stiff correct polonius was privy, counsel to the coup
that cut off hamlet's sweet semblant inheritance
so that he is himself 'no longer' man
'who lets so fair a house fall to decay'.
so for a time telmachos is tested

for absence of pro-cras capacities –
in which of course our apollonios, wasted
as all true heirs are always, fails and flees –
but for the denouement we're back to the marooned: –

no not like odysseus
crusted with barnacles cock and balls
his heraldry couchon couchant
odysseus in reeking rags and pigshit
a cloacal cloak
preserved in brine,
and drowned thought, dead thinking him
(welcome there his blade to cut
undine tail to overt legs!):
rage wrapped in rags the while
won't touch the razor
diguised in dirt, a rattle bag
gross stones and nipping crabs

like that catch the epigram asks
(fathered onto the sons-of-homer by pseudo-herodotus)
'deep-sea hunters, arcadian fisherman, did we net any?'
'all that we caught we abandoned,
and all that we couldn't catch, brought home'

(they're nits, inland innocents, arcadian outsiders
like in thesprotian mountains where
they've never seen an oar they think
it's a bat to play a big ball, or winnow;
why is it odysseus the winner
till then, was later sent away?)

now however
(we pick a bigger
epic dignity...)

he's after the wrongs of plunderers
unsuitable guests and greedy
to steal back rich lands of ionia
and countless sheep their fathers never held.

though disguised in dirty denims
 the old dog alone and retching sick
 recognized 'the return'
 quick on the leash
 put paws on his master

"o glaucus keep that word by heart
 first feed your dogs at the gate
 for dogs hear first approaching men
 scent predators at the ring-fence"

open up the fence
 i come like a swallow
 at the start of the year
 a kitchen clown
 (like kay dances
 to a tacky bagpipe)
 disrupts the wooings of suitors
 with begging rhymes
 and wassail bowl
 'give us barley porridge
 hot in a tureen
 with lots of sesame through it
 a swallow a swallow
 same time every year
 don't let us go undined!'

they kick him in the thighs
 (like irate kay, in camelot
 unmannerly seneschal)
 an oar to the head of a drowning dog.
 with their boots on the lute
 they hear comely custrons
 in clerical coats
 cadencing prick-song
 give mass before meat,
 give mass before meat.

dead thinking him, and drowned thought
 a wraith by suitors, in ithaka odysseus
 in wrath of red hair and glaucous eyes
 gloating on their defencelessness
 who did them in.

no, not like this
 apollonius
 all only child
 i don't want to go home he cried
 a lonely household
 never resting
 by an easterly cast away
 the harness of his father left behind
 black wrack and barnacle breasted
 he trails dripping dress tails,
 and shivering braced himself
 strapped on his heirloom
 the sharp arms of the family
 their legacy a hair shirt
 in chivalry
 never resting
 he won a wife
 they run away
 lost a daughter
 lost them both. how?
 famine or in plague
 of arrows or owing to storm; he
 over some time travelled in rags
 vowed not to take scissors to, dead
 tangled up in dust matted on thread
 hung on head, his hair;
 heard antioch had took his end:
 i don't want to go home and
 i don't want to know
 silius italicus has written a punic war
 churchill an elegy on our finest hour
 i don't want to
 no i won't.
 he roamed ragged
 several lone years
 uncrowned in rome or rheims
 or colonial kyrene
 (rough bearded stood small
 shoutless, no salute
 for no elected homeland)
 'i did not enter into silence
 silence captured me.'

as when, tippers of wings, shearwaters home from italian cages where they've been put by specialists wanting to check how well they can get from venice, america even, to pembroke's tide-dark rocked weed islands, and cut cliff skerries of lewis, skim white surges of alps direct, or follow the coastline way of the celts from spain, lured back by attractiveness – *their* nests; and, as released over heath in a flat high landscape a gannet croaker or, diving steep, some other solan-oid bird notes gently slanting topography quickly and follows the elm-trimmed pebbled rivers to reach the sea, flat home, and its blanched ledge; – venus thus, monstrous puppy, in heat on syriac mountains, knew to traverse both bilious tritons and virginal libya, beaching rejoiced in carthage, and rubbed herself on the fruit trees, able to teach relief of defeat to the purposeful restless.

similarly like petrels or arctic terns, that we only get to see in storms or spoilt by the garbage of ship chefs, have no use for wisdom of tropical juices, coasting along the atlantic edge from summer to polar summer, abreast both gold and the slave coasts (handy and skinny regions of mandeville fancies to chew with impunity, *and* jaw, pleasing to public pirates), or skirting refinery towers (spent oil thin-flaming in beacons) and past cayenne and the windward isles to find fuel stops in the faroes or lonelier fair isle; – so unsure aeneas was never the hero of that book called the enneads, and neither was westerly jason's enchanted youth, novercal fame, impure and fuming, the matter (super-sensibly weighty) with which cool plotinus' pen broke into another and terrified age of monopoly realty, when he knew to plot in *us* one bodiless beauty present always to calm with noble oil on our troubled shoulders the shoddy seething that intellect mirrors itself in.

and, imagine as well, as with the retreat of the ice-caps songsters, early and speculative, would follow them each year worming north where feeding is better, improving the breeding, specialists say, and all that extra lengthening daylight gets to excite the ductless glands in the brain; but the high alps isolated in private snow now severing families wintering still in the balkans from those who split to the south-west, newts, say, crows, free mating no more, form differing species; – just like this though quicker, a navigator with no sense keeping a personal time, self-regulating in cycles, gets confused, gets lost, no sand to be measured against his changing position in stable flux. this fertile marine screen –

endless one creativity tumbles. chronometer-friendless souls are pure: mere that and no more. in aural illusion like those whispers, standing in arches when echo is lost in silent ellipse unless you're stood in the focus exactly, – sailors ears are stopped like clocks with overwound instincts, feeble wings when over-waxed. false-memory-syndrome takes to the wrong nest songbirds, an atmosphere eerie familiar: chicks full-beaked, power-pinioned and talons gifted for grasping difficult fish. you can never, said taciturn heraclitus, ever fish in the same strong current again or return to old nests twice. new stream each time, it's always the next nest. dead men say, i remember the sludge when *i* was a larva. but, i remember clearly, when i was an osprey, the water. fledglings fantasize other daddies and cradled in moss fear they've been lost by more fun fairies who never got angry.

everybody knows that 'singing masters abuse boys'. is it a superstition, or living myth we believe in? also, that spittle of clergy dries in the corners of blued lips hydra-phobically foamed. yeats, smiling, had no more to say on aristotle, than swotting the slipper on conqueror's bottom. pedant stagirite fish: only petrified or a crystal? stick in the mud their lust lost dripping the usual pollutions; bishop, crook and vocal flock of juvenile jackdaws; grey stalag-uptight, self-pent pigeon fanciers prison. here's a chance, scare-swan, use it! you citizen of the plain type, ceremonious pillar of good satiety, grave salt. jove-wife, clearly reluctant, cemented in cerements, snow white, happy-gulagging, it's hesitant *joie-de-vivre* alots life: niobe's family affair's hard arteried clarity-lactans. stories emerge as slow as analysis merges the stories. intellect leaks to the will to love, says dante, empyrean.

keeping them safe, pushed babies wheeled in a balling of dung, a scarab beetle is rolling egyptian sun through a blue sky. flying alone, south-westward instinctual sense of direction, children made for us, swaddled in turds, spontaneously venture, brought by mudbirds in headlong flight – once all of us knew that storks would stand legs splayed in the ooze and bill in the air wide open, an X : chiasitic rhymes, cynghanedd and wild puns sweeping generalizations away and beating upon that bush which burns the babe within without consummation, being the musical bellows below and the oil of a cosmic hinge between the solecism of solitary martyrs (proselyte philosopher dressed in tyrian dyed cloak;

hygiene declared unholy by any o' the proudly apostate later), and on the other side of the dirty and double X we're double crossed in a dirty deal and our honey treasure collected for hibernation is stolen away while we must freeze all winter long in front of a fire, black bears and able to snarl, *chi?* scorching read in our hands, and shake wet fur but no rose-red snow-white to be married.

moths who're male can smell their female mates through a box wall. men like birds are, to concentrations of chemicals, keenly undersensitive snouts. dogs dance at alchemical weddings, witness the increment endemic in excrement, better use as domestics than swathing bands, their spit antiseptic. children abandoned to canine care get better looked after! think of enjoyments of mildew and mould we're immune to; how hearts helpless orientate by the nose – avis anima navis.

how could hearts, in a concentration and socialised crush, work? after they're given, instead of as bride, the viaticum present lady-god avia gives each incarnation, the freak went orphaned, inflated in flesh, as unfree quantity, orphic. like some birds send newborns first yet others have elders lead the way, like geese on winter migration (you've seen them), some birds seem to be bred or emerge from barnacles, mussel -scaps, spend winter enveloped in mud; joy-flighting of swallows often observed to fly to the moon; and invaders of small nests, refugees ungrateful, the cuckoo grew to be goshawks.

as with an ash-grey heron defending a good spot with no need ever to leave its stretch on the river except for occasional grazing on higher meadows; a heron who knows itself *at home*, as you know its look when once you've had it imprinted onto your expectation: a sigma of light having been cut into the rock bank, stencilled, on drooping branches and stiff reeds; shape, snagged stick protruding, a hole in the flora to fit in, everything's hung in its place, us, nous, platitudinous kosmos. plato-novus saw, 'in the night sky anyone should see that this world is full of souls much better than we are!'

warblers, some of us have an inborn knowledge remembered, recognizing the constellations, we will, unchoosing, our flight path, travel to spend the summer. we offer our nests to the brutish cuckoo and think of england. but when we look with our swollen dark eyes into the tubed sky, we see through the arcane spheres, able to focus on new bright lights, that paradox, novas,

relics of long-dead giants in senile agony soon to fade to white dwarfs or, gone self-referential, to black holes. clouds see us uneasy. a copper crown on the girl sylph, meanwhile male black-caps cut short their exuberant song at moments of most profusion. those parsecs give me the creeps, so, gone completely nervous, my call (head-motive of four tones), taken on nights of waxing, is winging me off to the moon's glow.

so self-exiled idealists imprisoned in time and in unrest travel the violent and drunken night train begging asylum; refugees to apolitic phai-akians: land of fake heart, centralised in a hollow circle of stars; mapped, every inch of autonomous space. this traveller caked in years of dung and lost in the silent part of ellipses turns exotic turdus, a mute song thrush, to escape flagged fanciers, driven to rob to live; or scorning to be hushed, turns poetical pirate, pirouettes, scorns saltings of tern flocks, arctic skua at sea as verbose-bossy, rude as he likes noise!

like some rambling merganser, though occidentally, red head male still immature goes, for a minute or more underwater fishing, a rogue and a loon (bad luck to bump into a redhead if you're intending to sit an exam it used to be said), our grown prince, errant, of tyre could die not catching the carp. like saw-billed diving ducks he's a composite beast, a goosander gander, immune to taxonomy, too frail for taxidermy, uninvited easterling like me ignoring the rules, too young to unfamily exposed, and beaten blue by the sea's laws. sweet rare gosling, you feel grotesque, dantescan, a griffon? ('god-beast wing-plucked, given instead the heart of us stone-men: man-weak sent down earthwards,' says shaman maniac daniel. mandeville puts it in bactra, 'sufficiently worthy to carry off draught oxen in pairs, half flesh-blood lion, half eagle gilt-quilled.') maybe you feel at the reins of a promising new star? fight death aided by charites (χαριτες): unexplainable heart-truth. *fate* in counterpoint with *hope*, exquisite intense *love* sings the triplum. the wages of cinders await you. says pindar: 'boasting the tongue's persecution, is singing in octaves with madness. throw out lies, my lips! don't involve the divine in disputes. both praise old wines, content, and my blossoming canticum novum!'

rough bearded stood small
 shrouded above anonymous banks of oars
 magically
 free men are chained
 to swine by the rowing blocks
 weak germ in dark hulls
 alas ungazing
 at the mill you *are* a slave

alone on a trireme
 he happened to be refuelling
 in the lido of mytilene or the lagoon of venice
 saw a woman on the quai like
 a seagull picking her way
 on pavements of the harbour quarter
 hot on her terrain between the black ships and the brothel
 pushing slow rhythmed pelvis into the street light
 wonderbra and short tight pants and an open plastic coat
 to keep off the salt spray
 he beckoned her round
 by his stares
 up the plank

apollonius recognized

there's no fun girl in the funny real of a bordell
 skin silky powdered
 fungal and funereal
 sweet and sickly
 as if the gentlemen preferred, bored,
 as if embalmed, a virgin
 schoolgirl, model, madam'll smack bottom – but
 who but hue speaks music?

apollonius recognized

freckled when he left her
 in the ferry port of stornoway
 his own wife's daughter he had lost,
 bought off bandits
 or fishermen who found it on the beach
 thaissa of the seagreen
 the pandar had raised the baby for the stews
 'esteemed as a father for his daughters'
 he confided in his clientel

leonine his name
 vicious and tricky sphinx
 riddled with the viscous pest
 his victims, women and men maintained
 in weakness and estrangement

on the run
 out of law
 in embrace
 apollonius recognized

sina shines over hawa-iki homeland
 but adrift in polynesia
 among her many islands
 on maui's floating sea land
 frightening in benignity
 shines hina

the moon was merrimen
 she the girl who climbed up the tree to him
 he the moon man merrimen
 she sina hina who washed
 out his mother's cataracts with urine
 spots benighted blacked out by the sun
 ('best of all is water, gold like gleaming fire
 heals the blind...' admits pindar the olympian)
 she drank the warm sap to marry him
 and you can see her travel with him
 (ie from this island)
 the woman in the moon

eyeing the line from his rod the territory is marked out
 a green land maui pulled up from the bottom as a fish
 cast deep inside himself to land his own canoe to fish from
 and you can see it's fish-shaped still
 (i mean looking from the moon)
 helena-selena is silent in new zealand
 'aotearoa'
 under the long-pale-faced cloud

and why was i so scared a visitor
 when halina in australia
 happily enthused for me over
 the gorges of the blue mountains?

(blue with leaves of endless vista'd gum trees)
 Al! i coldn't even dance a shake-a-leg
 in that desert i was so stiff!
 (the pelvic thrust shuffle that is)

not at home in ice
 office and power base of negotiating
 i'm castaway and lost
 a twinge and twang modify my larynx
 but spume begets sea-thrift and gannets
 succulents grow on ash planks untarred
 and no one is at home in gas
 steam spouts pearl diver-birds
 moulting flocks mounting
 up over sea roads

her livery a sliver of silver ever
 dian will follow orion but he'll never plug those birds
 who all need
 argent for their living

our little theme – pest
 on the solitary
 isola terra.
 all those storms at sea
 a paul (only) us
 our poor lonely house
 small sole apostles
 oasis wretched too

samaritan
 stranger's blessing on
 bruises of the citizen
 simon magus pater gnostic
 rescue the citadel
 dona nobis, the injured, unguents;
 from a sphinx formed father
 save a nix
 helena entyre
 noble donna of the swollen waters

(for paulus identified, and pericles,
 with magus simon, luna-enoia pursuing,
 thank deterring's book, 'the forged paul' and ted hughes'
 book on shakespeare 'the goddess of complete being':
 simon the small with white fluff shock on his brows,
 with leprous thorned flesh, stunted ugly duckling;
 and hetaira, still, in hestia's hair-cloud of fires,
 the girl-world's delivered from naked circus ogling.

hestos v. hyle (the still hub & seething matter)

a woman had been found near the rock pools of the receding sea
 her young body was shrunken as a dried herring
 and her chin and cheeks were bones showing through a skin like weed
 or like fossils on a cliff wall showing through, crumbling into the bay
 except her belly had been swollen up and hung lax
 she was again and again vomiting up what seemed like thickened water
 and her haggard breasts dropped a little milk
 and all trace of a baby had been done away with in the tide
 she seemed to have forgotten her name
 and everything that had ever happened to her
 so she was brought up to the temple of diana of the showering arrows
 and was called mar-ion and was dedicated
 to diana of the painless arrows

merry am i to merely be
 sweeper of the porch, she sang

he couldn't be antidote to antioch
 until he was himself that father
 the admiral in harbour
 finery admired the harlot
 barefoot in beach brine to pick the cockle from the knotted net
 and in heat to knock off and dock the barnacle from the rock
 for nausicaa he covered his muscles with a leafy stick
 if not for love he won't improve his honour
 'for lore' warns gower

all three united, everywhere is theirs
 (cyrene pentapole
 and antioch, as tyre is):
 the empire of experience expires

mother and daughter, wet hair and one-piece
 look almost identical
 the man, seeing himself and time past, plays
 with them in the glistered pool

gone home for good
 his braised body parts
 used to fructify the pattern of the land –

he's rex of every shire
 the hills the borders between them
 penelope and circe
 each eloped with the other's son –
 telegonos, telemachos
 all that's left of their common sire
 encircled sea
 paired on the isle of desire.
 impregnable

with the owl cry in the moon
 and the pussy tight with honey;
 the wild boar hidden in the holly
 and the partridge tossed from cecrops' hill
 whose tripping dance is courtly mime;
 with the cretan quince of love to eat
 and the utensil – double-purpose axe of crete –
 with one blade a saw like a fish's
 backbone runcinate;
 a year of chase
 and transformations on the sea
 until the owl kills smintheus
 and blood of roland sprouts up as sweet pea,
 lament of lily and anemone;
 yes the loud and less clever lover is left lame:
 you'd think graves not lear wrote that nonsense rhyme.
 down! down! he told his horn who begged him, blow me!
 blood flowed from his mouth before ladies' blame:
 to steal the high silk queen the mirrored face
 still sings and tries.

and dear ariane dinde
 sang me balkan songs
 before i left for europe
 we collected was it whelks,
 sea-horses purple urchins?
 out from vancouver island
 saw a whale leap
 and i slit ginger on a stone.

DH & HD

'wrath of the lion wisdom of god
 nakedness of woman work of god'
 or hölderlin and hilda
 i can undo little
 'weak in courage strong in cunning' –
 who but doubts hubert's dart
 hunts a holier hart?
 i can and do little
 more than mention
 all helen bryony twined into a tree on rhodes
 her trials prepared to death's one wheeling moment
 hyle in the highly hilly selva'oscura
 in the anodyne of gentle triolets
 necessary to soothe anadyomene
 chaos automata muttering
 mustering into form
 like calceous foam rising on damp cliffs
 and hardening, the surfacing of hieroglyphs
 in ionian walls of hotel rooms, hers
 you who hold the lintel open:

what have i done more than think
 on him who went wild
 and mad and overwhelmed with meaning

and idealised...a tyrant
 or two run, a side each
 left right left right
 no pole, a one
 the sun this is
 the solution
 a central amber dial-electric static
 inky paeon of a wooden bee public poet
 speech rhythm breaks the strike of logic

language that no longer works
 sovereign measure is fashionist cut
 a bundle tight together of free stichs
 necessity is not versus
 liber god of teas and cheese
 but when the state of folly ticks
 the poly sign's strangled and waived
 the old deal, i say, deterrent
 sticks, stays
 rule of the people
 or ruler over their fearful
 peers feeble in priveleged fee
 sans culottes and football shirts
 exalted ordinaries in the houses
 of comments commencing everyday's untelling-vision
 leader of a freed people
 'a democrat since i've been in long pants'
 democrat – benito franklin
 'the worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise'
 muscle in and muzzle any veto
 music's *my* vote of feet all vital fight
 what you *do*, just foments the heart
 up to date a digested yeast of a day
 while the doges pick the bone apart
 in the rank rank of dionysos
 ... (i'm 'oly drunken
 i've 'ope enough
 to 'elp a name to come)
 left right out
 in his own

then silent, having made

(what is not vanity)

and not ill-done though little.

beholden *to* you
 what can *i* do
 my fine gallant fellows on our elegant gallows
 more than mention
 my fine gallant fellows on our elegant gallows
 my elders
 gracious?

with no submissions
 my unprieded brothers
 macht euch der erde untertan

ino-submersion, or in overthrow
 a gaggle of cranes
 in a lion across the vaulted groin of sky.

but for a moment back to the mariner:

i am too little
 critical –
 but in as hasty a solution from
 so many garbled versions christendom
 has passed confected down from pagan rome
 as pericles, moral boy prince, imputes

(like dotty ruskin in anecdotes
 theoretical pre-raphaelites
 preoccupied on first connubial nights
 sickened when they saw she'd hairy pubes
 sweet antioch's hetaira)

mon semblable, mon frère
 our lecturer is led
 (with head unhazarded, the helm deflecting
 except embroiled in senior common room
 refectory, medea at the ladle
 of her grey geyser of rejuvenation,
 our broad visor has discovered 'desire'
 in its thick interpretation,
 today's buzzword,
 blinks, and implicates lust
 in any look of love at a child : fear
 objects, and proven prude
 scolds pederast –
 although our apollonius of course
 had recognized his adult daughter
 by discerning in flesh
another love)

our doctor is induced
 hyper-critical of the riddle

(where it touches on
feeling rather than looking)

to apply denial to his unlocking
of this box plain d'or or full
of wind. 'unspeakable made manifest' –
horror is given head to talk and tongue
in serious and scurrilous enigma.
scholars' unlocking of this box is done
in innocence of incest, they protest
with kinship combinations – 'the in-law key'.

'i am up bore' so says my gower,
'i ete and have it not for lore...'

for goolden's reading you
can readily refer
to the review of english studies
(footnote in the arden pericles?)
where *all* this – is made clear...

bewilderment and blindness
'unspeakable made manifest'
are strung up on this condition:
bewilderment of hair, dress
and tongue confess prohibition.
this riddle is meaningless
unless it sing all tradition:
no confident distinction, discerning
distant splendour it doesn't darken.

diogenes
 dogschool pedagogue
taught to take
 it philosophically
(one inky sauce
 no origin and end
morality's
 theory-free technique)
of octopus
 died food poisoned

and peregrinus
 proteus who holy
gave up the guise
 voluntarily
in fashionably
 apostle's practick
wanderer's wand
 and auto da fés
ate the steak
 rather than get there burned

thus lukian who'd learned
 rhetoric at antioch
riddled in wise talk
 reports at false first hand

riddles be
 meaningless
wild-designed
 hair and dress
till they sing
 string the real
unison
 self-discrete
no desire
 of ideals
no corrupt
 harmonies.

«i was raised
 up in crime
mother's meat
 i consume
sickened seek
 ceaselessly
brother son
 husband coz»

daughter made
 wife and these
 kin become
 synonymous
 (if i'm my
 son-in-law
 daughters turn
 mother-in-law)

i was raised
 up in crime
 dip in milk
 deep in lore
 consummate
 union i
 - mediate
 oedipal
 mother's meat
 i consume.

but back to the marine a moment, a marine moment
 the cosmological argument at the start
 is where as antioch you pie the spell
 to occupy the space of cancelled king
 ever-incestuous ridicule redeemed

(the holy word that walked
 mong keeper's trees
 calling the lapsèd soul...

– told blake's bard of experience
 and our earth's answering reticence –

i hear the father
 of ancient men...
 cruel jealous selfish fear!)

you can anyhow ignore
 the 'shakespeare' version in pericles
 where the conundrum
 straightforward gives itself away
 this riddle is meaningless
 unless it sing all tradition
 (there's even a translation
 of apollonius into saxon):
 novel travel, discovered forlorn
 the key paired fruits of the puzzle

it says
 i seek the one successful suitor
 it says
 he'll be my de facto son
 he'll be my resemblant twin
 he will be my father who defends the priesthood
 (only if she sleeps with me will he be all of these)

isis kisses seth the successor. i know
 i suss the jumbled generations of noah

i had a girl
 and she got galahad
 figlia del suo figlio

i try to find my father
 i find myself in another
 father becoming other
 F off.

9.

this riddle is tradition

why is the poor daughter a prop, a doll, a tool
a tie, propriety and duly property?

they showed it on TV. was it new guinea?
the elders training young boys
to give excellent head in the clubhouse.
women were welcoming in
the evangelicals into the villages.

we're in it together
horrific orifice
they're so wound up
they sew the wound up

by foam and brine am i
borne up, by the wave
'anadyomene'
adonis i'll love
adonis who'll die
the girl myrrh will conceive
in her father's alcove
the boy who'll die for me

princeps, forester
forster, führer, fürst
bishopherd and boss
basil vacillates
vates cops the lot

said william morris: with precious pretty poetry
'the swinish rich' sport it on the land.
adonis bought it when the brute turned up
with an expensive ugly machine.

learn modesty from amphiaraos, wise
the poor devil was, and a soldier but
churl periklymenes chased his horses
into wet mud and topped him in a ditch.

a cripple on sicily old anchises dies
 blinded by bees exposed on mt eryx.
 learn modesty from him 'who was my eyes' –
 who of us masters all our faculties?

our water might turn mill-wheels, or may trickle
 through meadows, or be kept in conduits.
 all of us are part dead, some more some less:
 even a complete corpse feels its untapped potential.

so we drink a skol
 to our warden skulls!

urien the brython in rheged
 feon in the fairy fort
 rob roy on loch lomond
 brythnoth on maldon saltings

the wise chieftain fights in the front
 ...he stepped to battle
 ...weapons he seized
 ...blades blazed
 you'd believe all finnborough were afire!

bah! silly as an antique legend
 let the solicitor act antagonistic on the phone

when urien reigned clamorous and copious in rheged
 crows reddened in cumbria from swale to solway
 now in powys seat of cunan, anger of cornwall
 spender of gwent
 urine splashes on the chapel door handles

in gold shine feon gives as of leaves
 generous, and silver as of waves
 he chased o duinn his girl's chosen mate,
 from the fairy hill
 snuffled and rooted out joy, like a hazel hedge

smuggling calves and milk cows from inversnaid
 long dun eels dragging strongly down to strangler the stealers
 the robber-royal hid in the bruce's hole
 under ben lomond
 then eight years quiet in a cottage

easy to blame failed brythnoth's confidence
 or accuse his being gentlemanly
 to the enemy at maldon
 his bloodied white hairs
 were praised for over-eagerness for honour

so we drink a skol to our warden skulls!

pindar's eloquence in a moral torrent,
 insular, volcanic, aristocratic,
 pedigree-condones in akragas righteous
 tyrant's abuses

with the dignity of achievement this old
 -fashioned jealous world-at-an-end preserved in
 monuments slaves built to protecting guard-gods.
 punic invasion

failing, influence of revealed religions'
 afterlife and more, the evicted re-housed,
 mixed to wipe out sybaris: luxury and
 sense is declining

basically as pearly imperial england
 rules its puny-pelago, dully leagued with
 ignorant and puritan oligarchs. el-
 ysium's in the

nearest room, said emily; – morris: on this
 isle of bliss; now pleistobeseen, not future
 fortitude. uncowed we identify soul
 emblems and interests,

causes of some sort – to support we've got to
 feel good and kind – to these words clair-audient
 doug oliver saw: a dream pass out of the
 night of my nation.

cut up
pin ups

banal
mondaine

epi-
scopy

because they fancy it, all men make out.
not all make out the panto mum disguise,
make off with infantile fantasy, fight
and never look the pandar in disgrace;
 attain extended high with slow
 controlled exciting hubris
 inventing invert artificial
 intelligence machines:
make up for it by making it all up.

this is the tree of tradition
writing is literally magic
and puns puncture
civilization is castration
wits castrate-it
made
chaste – culture
the sure cull
logs in the lake
sudden flooding villages
channels of commune-irrigation
metalled roads removed
water a metre high
in st mark's square today
never resting
runs away

that's what i'm on about

incessant rhythm
t e c n o
T – E – C – N – O
tecnology (sic)
yes, sick
(as it is, so be it)
the study of children
with father to son abuse
one branch of the tree;
one gentlemanly
handshake of the android.
in the time honoured
medieval middle way
we have intoned
precept then exempla.
in the attic playroom
lots of playroom
that tonic skeleton in the cupboard

that's what i'm getting at

incessant rhythm
a-boring-culture
the labora-tree surgeon
incessant incestuous rhythm
erudite – secreted – expressed
people in a common weal
pupa in the twigs
one branch enough to sire incest on
egg and spawn in sludge
armoured larvae wingless
dragonfly cracking on the lakeside, drying
amphibious tanks and barbed wire
war-tried
a race crawling out of the water in D day
nostalgia
washed up, walks out
with a coat of nature
made acrid the nacreous coast

crisp around eyes
pine fragrance:
human

pine-wood smoke
foggy eyes:
dog

(canine reason
people's cunning
only kin can
have know legend
of their own death
person-kenning)

incessant rhythm
little gaiety or libido here
incessant asexual rhythm
savant pedophile of little desire
boys hang around coin slot.
it's said – sex is sublimated;
the body an unfortunate
impediment to pleasure.
but herakles takes his nephew
with him on campaign,
iolaus, to bugger him in case
of spartan conditions.
as tradition allows.
it's said that sex
is everything
from unnecessary
to obvious
but kids always end up getting brought in
and abducted.
brought up that is.
everything you may think
to find so beautiful
– subtly-mated –
when credited
as conspiracy begins to terrify.

that's what we keep on getting –
theories of conspiracies:
time pulse is evil; good
knights out to tame the pearl
in lemon blossom cemeteries;
of templars, treasures and usurers.

that's how we're served
or little st hugh of lincoln cooked up by the jews

shadrach meshach and abednego
clothed in naptha pitch and tow

like little mars
by giant boys
otus and ephialtes,
the aloeids, unallowed
hid him in a casserole.

who cooked it up?

'neither..is the answer
...man...doing evil'

this is the wild tree of tradition

as from a randy gnostic pan
you've got to separate yourself
and grow off

ancient wisdom, rather comic:
a reflection of the moon
li po reaches out meaning
to love and ends sorrows drowned,
wet-winged water-eyed,
all laved in the mere

because of chants of wrath, *wyrd*-om, are we
of super wraith, cosmic *were* doom-damn i?

that's where i'm getting out

men who hilarious
not only make an arse
of themselves and hysteria

in womb and women
but view her whole
as void
wholly evacuate
to hide and fill, return to abuse against the will:

this return to pentameter lines.
this is what we've got to.

maker!
break
the penta-meter. 'that was the first heave'

this is what we've got to do
for good, ouranos, cast-right-out

testing, ready, one, two

stones thrown in the air
the bit that had to go
remove the bolt that held the door to.

i pull out

song's the limit, ruskin
rovina rinova
with a ruin, what do
but renew, etruscan
speechless stone, the fleshhold
body's entry, cave
carnem, exit carmen
sky's the limen, ruskin
rovina rinova

i pull out

porous, the son of ouranos reined
to rear the sky up from the floor

this is what we're onto

thunderous, the son of chronos rained
tied tide

this is what we're under

remove the bolt that held the door
to empty envy of each man
of mother lactating

the spectre in the attic: the spectrum of music
each man mutilating the next: to the true tone of emotion
narrowed and deaf

art in heaven
will immortalize the ephemeral
F me real!
screw me senseless,

ineffable!

as time goes by the pear tree is always bearer of fruit.
as time goes by the père tree is always barer of fruit.

10.

too much attachment

too many men mean

that sirius should not let our corpses freeze
at night, and aten stroke them open
with morning finger tips, anubis
the male-made ghoulish-god
feed on carcass and fuel the crocus.
peoples on the move, at rest
in a roadside fox, a polity of maggots.
corrupt the corporation
slow honey in the punctured hide of a slain
lion

much too serious

that ceres should force her shoots
as quick asparagus from death's asperity
her series of gold-ringletted buddha heads
diana's sweet many breasts at ephesus
ego eager neither to wither or go
in doubt how to try to
get
out of the thread of death

that deity deign to say

i am age
and your sire
is osiris
i magician and magisterial
my sister's assistant
and you are the
heir born
of the doubtless girl

here is the horus

the godly boy who brings the kid
 home from the mountains on his shoulders
 he strides, the goat face beside his face
 dioskouroi in the glass
 surface of her hot vat
 a couple of lads, boy doubles
 herbal kouros
 (to produce the dual theological correlative
 the object of sacrifice)
 hot ripple in the kettle
 cumaen sybil says
 (as when filial aeneas was
 curious to quizz his dead anchises)
 soft halo of hair
 that bristles between the little horns is snipped
 the first the sibling
 has laid on the cedar fire, crying

from the bubbling of the beer anubis knew
 (otherwise anpu is dog-head,
 boy-bodied in the book of the dead)
 that bata his little buddy was in trouble
 whose heart in the acacia crown was hewn
 his ka in desert blossom was cut down
 because his bride more beautiful than women
 khnum had built up from rings of rainy clay
 blodeuwedd bed of all the flowers let
 her fragrant hair flow down the Nile
 and pharoah came to claim her with his axe.
 always there to assist anubis crossed the water
 bata (who'd baited the minnows
 and flung his willy in the water)
 the boy acacia berried in aridity.
 but that's on hieratic papyrus

hear us, now the xoros, chant and dance

and she aloft, the holiest girl
 her lava-lava cloth aloof
 all over her belly
 her lap left open to my labour of lava
 drawn skirting fishskin meeting

in hieros gamos the hero's moving
 beneath the levers of her hams
 flavour mingles in the making of her laver bread

and you are the heirs

born of the hour glass
 girl who let you hold her waist
 houri who lets you halse her
 and gaze up into her gazelle eyes
 who are we to want this whore
 washed in the hazel oasis
 that some hidden kore should emerge
 from her laurel bark
 from her indefinite hearse
 and set off to find your finite coffin?
 nailed on the Nile
 the seekers find it seaweed coated
 where it finishes up on the phoenician sea coast
 near udine or sidon maybe, an ondine
 on a raised beach, treasure trashed in triest
 (your mamma's boy blue male's mammal-body
 stranded oonagh-delfine as ice-caps expanded)

no sun am i or moon –
 ich sol und auch heiland
 (neson amumona, excellent island)
 sang helios, agnus in ecstasy
 who evaporates the temporal and sucks the sea.
 only a remnant returned out of exile
 with ezra, has rebuilt the temple.
 my calendar beasts have been carted off
 as cattle, that's why i'm sad, sang tristan.

we fossils propagate in the melange of the brain
 dark inside the household of the absent ammonite
 we are the years born in the ménage a noir
 denominational levites have always
 harassed us in ierusalem
 in the years gone
 no polite palaver with us natives
 violent and involuntary they carry their gods
 with them in an ark. lares, ochre masked

with the blackening of holm oak stain and tarred
and welded. pleased to have us pull over, stripped
timber, stained glass and plants
too clean for a tumble-down truck
our brazen plaque is plain and unnamng.

who will hook you up
in the chain and suck
your imperishable gold up
the hose of sap
in the living pillar? truncated
each segment of spine
and lubricated with a chemical
communication catalysator
called casually by the psychiatrist
who can soon augment it at will
DHT, a bit like WD40,
for long life of the entire engine
each vesicle attached to the next.
neck of connection

like a little orchestra and chorus

who are you for her caress
elandros – the ill that men destroys
helen, and all in undress –
you part of a pallisade to her palace
a front a fence to her
to her a sperm shaped piece of streamlined snot
dry clot picked out on a nostril hair
your thigh abuts her buttocks, your fluid
abets her in her
incontinent flight
anon she is
gone

this path of the avalanche
takes advantage of the path

meticulous, the
er, free will to choose
is heresy

takes the direct
or the easiest way

acribia
acumenical care

hearsay
that makes incense

copy
columns of nonsense

avaloook
kiteshvara
body saturated
of compassion
paradise terrene
of amitava
of amity, tara
operates the lover in us
to put the body in society
pull it out cool
into satiety
the public thing. egyptian
city shaper and provider
khnum the potter's
busy noise on the wheel
making his own vas more powerful
glazing his own corpse more colourful
having put control of the body in the hands
of horus the heart, and thot the tongue
ptah rested
south-of his-wall

only we men fight
in the great memphite theology

the death of death, leg bent
stood solid and ready as snow to dance
grand and dark, mahakala
confined only in all his arms
bull-headed man, twin natured in the body
as the golden branch detachable in cumae
bull-headed with female and feline maw
as khnum is ram

as talk and thought are birds
 thot and hawk,
 as olive leaves two-hued,
 the ray of life is raw
 harassed by the made up masses
 would you put yours in those cochineal hands
 adam cadmium red?

with willow
 elastic backbone
 beating at the bounds of life

ankh ankh en mitak
 yewk er heh en heh
 aha en heh

(life! life! – unmattocked
 you'll go for aeon on aeon
 ay on aye)

does ptah love ya baby?
 is freedom given as the soul of man,
 is folly,
 sophy it?

who if he shrieked would hear
 rilke in the volume in our circling skirts?

voluminous and irksome
 the body's sex its success

chenrezi empathy?
 kuan yin
 soppo heart?
 is amen
 lord of dodona
 and libya?
 sober it then!
 anarchic babel belle
 an archaeological dig
 mute lodge of our being?
 is ra
 el, the solar now?

left stiff when you fight god, or deck a log
 apollo got his leg over a laurel
 appealing girl in bark and leaf apparelled.
 only a lover of flowers allowed for lug
 who chased the tribute chargers out of ireland.
 the dagda owned acres of trees in fruit
 and set confiture seething in a vat.
 imperators of rome absorbed the heat
 as elagabolos, a sort of helius:
 we, gullible, were made when mincturating
 to turn ashamed from this face of ahura –
 mazda, now'ts culpable 'to flash', 'to soil',
 absolved only in blue odorant balls
 once our sunned squatting face stood to the wall's
 ming preciosity of urinals.

millipede out of a tuber
 straight bristling spine
 capillary
 live latex
 electric nerve of a worm
 elephantine, trunked, a horned worm,
 in a functional field of force, contained
 coagulated or polarised:
 all wise one god
 always on guard
 saw-toothed backbone of a fish.

dame grand and dark
 hine-nui-te-po
 nixie-pu

solenoid
 demiorgos, demon-organ
 the fully first and dam original
 a standing wave in the void, a stock, mad
 am, stoppage, a stocking, a gorgon, a dam
 (no demi-deity no demagogue
 to advise merging of purposes
 for masters of the masses of the polis)
 man-made gone-god

oh lord
 o' 'ell

oh him
hail cid!
el – yid! heh! wow! hey!

my cid, dead, stuffed
guy in armour
to fright the moors

to rule the world, to rule
it out as easy as with pink ink!
with four posts or three portfolios
to serve, survey and steal away –

nowt – expanse of sky

none – primeval depths

how to measure the circumference
with nought to call miles?

noël

ha ha heh heh
he! he!
village goitred idiot
yob yahoo
not a jot or
iota altered
a dot
nix
out of a job

A B T R
vocal labial dental lingual
cornets blown on the four cornices
rasping

arbour-tree
harbour-troy

with my lute i'd say
'hang the gates of thebes!'

am i amphion?
dare i jericho?

finch – i build
pie – i need

some assault

a charm a swarm of chaffinches going
fink pink wink

two magpie thieves with bits of glitter booty
or upside down under the holly branch

was it a jay we saw that day
just once in the woods at walthamstow?

dare i err?

on the banks of the little hems
cuckoo, and cool dip, and sunburn

o weh

ach

ai

eheu

kuku

echo

helas

the english cannot lament

he-hem

ho hum

hair cut round a pudding basin
 shorts and knee hose in dresden
 ran away a farm hand in new york state
 volunteered royal flying corps
 biplane flown over deutschland
 no wreck, no crashed wall, landing on a field
 shot down in flanders
 played second fiddle
 in prison orchestra
 and no doubt the odd
 tease and the odd boon
 and maybe the odd
 teaspoon full of earth
 (schoolboy warstory) displaced,
 later as liason officer
 US airbase ayrshire
 ran tennis, sweets and smokes for the men
 but he never talked to me about it
 or praised his past
 'but no one ever thanks america
 for all the good they've done' he said
 right through the seventies even. he was born
 under the impression of victorian breadth
 in '95, his mother, bayswater
 of six all gifted sisters
 meeting browning, carrol, watts
 and ruskin as "lover
 of his little ladies"
 some summers spent at coniston
 as he was becoming silent,
 to hardly speak above a whisper
 and couldn't lift his pen,
 'watts here' my daddie'd lift
 the receiver in the study
 loud arguments and atheism
 in the presence of the fruitsponge
 and the guests, lyceum ladies
 he had family with other wives
 first ginger margery my pre-stepmother
 then his brother's widow, philanthropist,
 then 65 and widower, his young
 austrian bride new-won to take
 ship home across the ocean.
 what else can i remember
 how his hands would clasp

that gently twitching way of old men's thumbs
 ruskin senior'd been in business
 in new jersey, lost it all with the wall
 street coming down, sold thread
 from door to door and printed
 business forms, bank, i dunno, insurance?
 real estate, home life, nearly my last
 memory of him is, touching, looking up with me
 18 years old and home from university
 compunction in the concise dictionary.
 'i wish i hadn't made money
 my god' he said before he died beside the bed.
 his heir had flown back beforehand
 to his flat in mt eden meantime
 where rangi can still kiss and caress
 one of new zealand's many upturned nipples

no sky god was there
 for my fleshly grey pater
 'as far as i'm concerned'
 (heaven's ought, veterinary physician
 to succour veterans) –
 but you!
 ghostly absent father
 stern possum tom
 who peeked over my shoulder
 disapproving since i was at school
 of any verse of mine
 elected of amer-ego saxon letters
 elocute and elegant
 in anglo-universal
 church-gigantine

which has sent circulars in secula
 successor to rex seculorum
 on whom it's mainly modelled:

hermits of man or lindisfarne, saint brendan
 sending men hairy west to isles for hindering
 temptation: tortures, torment, stink returning
 stomach's filth. since all earthly music's untuned
 hell's hot gate hidden hideous gets sins undone
 purely conceived, punished with sharp-snout wasps
 bent-bristling stings, hounds rend as daniel harrows
 vision, hears voice on his own. and all the time

there's non-conformists, quakers, orthodox
and heresy that sees christ motherless
or sees there's no necessity of grace
plebs prostituted for the perfects' turn on
tail blazing, anabaptist, albigenses
across the seas, the british archipelago
pelagian, motherless ancient nestorians
in china, copts in elephantine

journey endurer
world-ravelled distaff
super-annuee mummy-spinner
penchant for piecemeal hanging on
half plain enchantment half in umbrage
well-travelled pensioner at last
aegean cruse of lemonade
ring of sparkling sun

true blue, gerontocratic, gerrymandered
the church gargantuan!

gielgud to gloucester:

look with thine ears...which is justice, which thief?
thou'st seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar? –
ay sir – and the creature ran from the cur?
there thou mightst behold the great *image*
of authority, a dog's obeyed in office
(radio static)...the usurer hangs the cozener
(child's interruption)...a pygmy's straw does pierce it.

the disposition of our say remanaged
the so be it republic
rumourously ruminatively chewing
agape
allied with aliud
not squat now

'i've sun god!
one might say
or otherwise
'me seengs god'
or to keep the sense
intact in pidgin

'mich habe gott
besonnen!'

when you wrote *gerontion*, in a dry mouth, you were
barely my age, *old man . . . being read to by a boy*.
i's born 62, the new bearing no scrutiny,
here i am. *i would meet you upon this honestly*.

this place is settled
the plot paced out and posts set in the sand
the critic threatless in his sober wood
non-antonine, no desert,
no whole-lucidations
and no desert earned for the useless suffering

you observant gideon
the ungiddy one
the little git
in gentle rosy classic claret britain
bitter proud of dispond

you spawn the nerds who read
poetry articles and start
(in faith) to expatiate
(to slough's better than stay in tadpole's pond)
grating and ingrate
-iating imitators
of the modern's natural poise –

'that a certain set
(what i have a problem with is...
any sucker would
'of influences
(not hölderlin himself because he...)
tspossible mmm
'is pernicious'
(tends the 'firm staff of fagus'...)
grave levite letters

a defect of definition!
ignore nietzsche's defecation of culture
plaster cast
rated mate

levity of song never works for me

for crates of sack!
creator's blood
the wooden sac-
red, sober wine,
the whacks, and whine,
i moan, wax wood.

the eliot busted song. sing to the theme
of idiot bastard son (by the mothers of invention)
«abandoned to perish...like you who smile and think you know...»

a bad poet is as much a poet as a good one
as a bad man is as much a man
it is the coward who is no poet

pentateuch petulant grim
you prevail in this-acrid-world

vita activa, magic of maggots

good god! any judgement is bad.
the accurate
leaves out
pre-proved
(the leavisite levers out)

'and never go to war with one another again'

partisans, collaborators
coagulate. how dare they prosecute
ex-stasi spies when only now, invaded,
secrets of east berlin have been de-filed!
as if the normative
west's free norm weren't
'state security'

i love that phrase – the age of reason
germane to my obsession
guelf and ghibelline all cousin german
(auto-poetic, self-regulating, is the cuber-state)

the borders of prussia pulsate like a fertile cell
the philistine philosopher would be better stoned

barbarossa, frederick the great
red beard, peaceful realm
on the banks of the langobards
long-hanging lichen, poetic algae
is in there somewhere symbiotic
squeezed between the fungus

alas in gaza, can police be people's allies?
how much comfort there must be in suicide attacks,
and hope! bullets and bombs the stuff of aaron.

whose home is palestine? and how
do i try to define my own?

i just
don't want to state what makes the great
adjust
or value the valve, 'non possum ego'

charlemagne's campaign in spain
rearguard action
church-chimes and bird-song
in pagan campagna
while composing, bells and birds
ezra's irritation

easter's a wand'ring feast, «silent signs...peaks of time»
so much for hölderlin's 'feste buchstabe', stable log's letter
beechen mother of woods, bookish father of words
leaves dea fagina, shifting lighter of the law

yes, because of the birdcalls and the rivulets
because of the bells, the caws, the watercourses
the ringing changes, sweet chestnuts and the horses i guess
i chose my house near villedieu-les-poêles
la horie

copper of cypris – brassy lass
anadyomene – news
peace is of mind
jellyfish
anonymous

11.

o solely me
out in the western ocean
o sole mio
a piece of mine gone out in the sky
purple opera
in western ocean never lost

(in dreamer's powerful vocabulary,
practicability of ideal states,
in ancient istria, by franks, hapsburgs
and nationalists, in salo shared or sold,
d'annunzio on garda, hideous
later the patriotic hideaway –
"views cataracts, in sun, in creasing waves
deluging in capaciousness of gold" –
the crimson history, that is, of *romanza*
that streams on, said baudelaire in *spleen*, in us.

of marine venus
"that the stone eyes
look again seaward"
dreamt in pisan
pound, kuan yin's mercy?
or the virgin
with municipal
square and fountain?)

but, rilke to hölderlin:

out of fulfilled
images spirit stumbles on, to the suddenly *fillable*. seas
are first in eternity, never till there. here is falling
most accomplished.

you, the wander' dest! how the others
snug in their poem are houseproud in their own flat
similes. taking part. only you
depart with the moon.

easter rex could be read as
 homage to is-real propoundus
 heaviest – hair-raising questions
 can best be addressed with a light ‘touch’

profit rebuilds
 caesarian fane
 untimely ripped

has ezra not been said to have prepared us?
 should poets now
 not humour us
 and lighten up?

ithyphallic the measure he'll
 feyly err to abandon:
 force fed galliard dance, choking on sweet yam he's emasculine
 gal, gulled, cybele's slave; choleric lame, tricked into tripping, wing
 beaten, countenance unglowing, empaled anglo pulsation; sings
 sick of love, so syncopated
 who studies the corybantic period.

(as catullus
 in 35, again man
 didn't wanda
 be severed neutrum, no more
 severin
 to ferocious marble venus
 cold in phrygian firs
 he didn't wanda
 over lesbian waves
 or hang around, great
 matron's interchangeable
 with lolita's –
 on the larian lake –
 caress precocious

half, grown, hearted
 a sacher-masochistic
 serf no more,
 in his carmina – elle ex ay ay ay)

from salt fetta to harzer, soft and sour, don't think
 the cheese is off – larvae alive in it.
 beetles move, stood there wooden,
 the cross. mad tom's a-cold.
 the clicks along the nerves of neck
 propel us
 through the hexagons of honeycombs
 multiplicity of mundi
 of civizens of the metropolis
 mother of the formic man

the one man

no man

or anty man

any man

hanuman

now there was a monkey god
 he had a monkey horde
 who retrieved for loving rama
 pretty sita peerless
 ravaged by the sorcerers
 who tied her deftly up a tree
 who turned her dear face to a tree
 apparently reluctant daphne
 pretty sita peerless
 retrieved for loving rama

the myrmidons' anonymous
 (patroclus in achilles armour);
 the partisan gorillas'
 captain is anoman
 taking their captured annual hoard
 from 'captans annonam' – anal-retentive capitalists;
 back from the state-salaried
 commissioner of exise and duty:

'what the honey hills yield
is all our provision.
with no surplus we only chatter
in the forum and the chancel.
our laughing liturgy
is like yours once, st ambrose,
saving your milanese basilica
from vandalising imperial britons'

vindiction
of the simian militia
vague rage
i remember vile
the first murder in the forest making man immortal

djang andaman
the other
energy under earth
even in the antipode

savage and polite,
the best part of the kalpa
happy forest yuga
aeon of folly
verbal age
error of hope
when apollo actually lured daphne out of the foliage

for us, benediction
ample rose oil ambrosial
felicitous fault
the volcanic crack that forces even the continent
to deluge and indelicacy

but edgar, with rilke:

out of filled
pictures, the spirited splashes. should we seize
our thirst in eternity...poor tom
drinks the green mantle of the standing pool...
exposed on the harz mountains...
lest my brain turn
and, the draft too sharp,
topple down headstrong

– even them
the continent continuing and careful
are forced by the lava
to believe

ganz und gar
(spinning in flames the dance)
gar oder ganz?
(done, or complete?)

flights of geese draw to the north in spring
with the feather-light force i've learnt of the falcon

heart and tongue
crane and swallow

the chevron
the frown, the smiling eyebrow
that can carry one
anywhere. the piero in the brera
she's looking right
at me peaceful
implacable beauty

the earth, geb, had to endure
and watch atum with his airs
force his, geb's, wife
the heifer nowt into the sky

geb bit the ground
 laid an egg.
 image of gold.
 gaia, both egg-horned or cow-gold
 geb the gander cackled.

like any and every egg
 a full
 an awful egg

oh well ok

it was the down-
 trodden god
 who made the world –
 loser’s crown

in langue d’oc, in occitania,
 a courtly zephyr, i will acquiesce

i nebuchadnezzar, bovine
 will graze in rain
 my hair will grow like eagle’s feathers
 my nails like claws
 the rich and fair tree is hewn down
 the bitter vine
 the berries sweeney fed on sour

unfattened goose
 loose unfettered
 with eagle feet and bill serrated as fangs
 no ghastriness or arrogance,
 garuda
 never sneers,
 is near, is far
 garish, rude
 and good.

12.

when
 concentration
 this animal fable
 unforced deep sea-diving breaths
 in this assiduous homunculus
 won’t melt in me in any inner meditation –

four foot high tornadoes lifting lollie papers and leaves

when transmigrated in your dugout ocean steamer
 you think, and fear you’ll be untouchable
 a cemetary scavenger
 yogic, and lose it all
 scared to appear
 to fall –

slip your hand between
 the mossy stone at new bridge
 brisk jacuzzi seat

and the sloped torrent
 smooth as polar fleece,
 and break it with a finger

or even stand dry
 between clean breath walls
 of water on a black stone

round new dug wells in the sahel
 hooves press the plain
 rain doesn’t drain in
 dry dirt is desert
 unplenished water table
 first flood then famine as well

emission in a spire may be what spills
all drinking springs, all abject gall of droughts
 little twirlers and twisters on stamped soil

 on fringes of mud-black land red ridged sanddunes
 there are cataracts, cascades everywhere
and holes through all things.

our patrimony
collecting pelican eggs in delta marshes
my moses basket
full of new zealand tasty kai

 he wai kuku ka ki koe

look juice of pigeon cooks for you

 he wai ruru ka ki koe

 he wai kaka ka ki koe
 he wai pitoitoi ka ki koe
 he wai pirakaraka ka ki koe

look juice of fantail cooks for you

the river shag visited the skerries of the sea shag
the sea shag rock-dropped and brought him a meal of fish
but the sharp skin hurt my throat said the river shag
all fish have sharp scales under these cliffs said the sea shag
but all i ever eat is soft skin fish said the river shag
the sea shag visited the meadows of the river shag
they filled their bellies with eels from under the overhangs
next day all the land and forest birds defend their still pool
the overhanging rocks around the pool are red and white
red from digested berries and white from limey dung
beak crack on wing bone and flesh-tipped feathers cradle down
marauding marine birds flap away kué kué kué said the duck

(compare now horace's suave fable, in satires II. 6
where danger only safely comes, for slaves, from outside,
with that direct gloom of the maori fairy tale.
no food, without the ash of woe and don'ts laid out about it.

once introduced to houses
 ease and rich viands
by spoilt urban acquaintance
 to her bosky ridge
there's no returning
 for the rustic mouse – thrift won't
do now – surprised by mastiffs
 how can vetch suffice?)

 he wai tuna

but burns too new for you, juice of eel

 ko te puna i whea?
 ko te puna i rangi riri

from what source, does it boil?
from that spring, where sky goes red
(from that font, where rangi reddens)

 homai kia ringia!

come on give it around!

a man was found on the saltings of the marshes
his young body was pale and shrunken
his neck and ribs showed through like manuka roots
his feet and fingers like papyrus shoots

 well, who is he?

he must have been drinking
stinking swamp soup
and dining on dung.

as long as we're given life
we can thankfully prey
on corpses

if devi sri
 doesn't ride her frogs
 from the laundry
 smell of balinese brooks
 with drops on seed beds
 from volcanic rocks
 where her bird scare croaks
 her effigy
 and with tunnels and dirt aqueducts
 leads shared channels
 to the rice;

if our lady of bread
 for barley and vetch
 won't flood Nile like beer
 or dig the ditch
 when she's stayed up to watch
 the bier of her dead
 osiris;

and pou had never paddled
 and lost his canoe
 on the unknown northern shore
 because his infant dribbled
 and pointed its tongue so ↑
 fussy needing kumara
 that pou brought this new purpled
 skin sweet potato
 back on the great bird moa
 who on the flight was crippled
 by the owl-view
 night-visioned horizon ogre
 that ever since she's hobbled
 at least like emu
 and isn't fit to fly:

then it's my body
 part of a priest's meal
 preserved with eggs
 already partly shelled,
 and walnuts dates and grain
 laid out at pompeii

that is a mosaic,
 like the green kea's, parrot crow
 whose stolen bits include
 picnic lettuce, sheep lice, coloured glass,
 as immortal stone
 in mortar.

'i am i am
 'a long procession
 'dead is the thing
 'a long procession
 'goes on gliding goes on gliding
 'to sink you to sink you'
 (a begging bowl of cinders
 in the estuary tide)

this (and rescued out of rothenberg)
 burst of song from 'tristan' rosenstock
 who would have had it from someone like
 colonial governor sir george grey's
 consideration of the maoris

'make room and drag him'
 (the bog man out of the bog,
 out of the swamp)
 'drag further the root'
 and carve him into a manuka paddle.

a med'cine – melaleuca oil out of the ti tree
 a perfect antiseptic – panacea
 purification – decontagion
 when in – like propolis
 a concentrate –
 inspecific

three conveying convoluting waves follow:

tumours, tomes.
 my exit, marine breeze.
 tumultous swell, heavenly ichor, dancing masts
 heave anchor eager for exotic coasts.
 this cloying language of the mind, the mimed
 funerals and masques in dreams and dripping climes
 with outré rigours, stars and seabirds, bored and sobered
 to navigate your modern steamer through archaic
 funnels, with classic verse, and characterless corals.
 catch up, with your tale of a past,
 doe's rump, blank signs, foam the quill carves like keels.
 listing, your tops tip into wrecks,
 rolling, no gantry, boom or slump, no desert isles,
 high vines of ankhs, the breakers climb crows nests
 that balance around blue summer sirius –
 but silence listens to the shanty of the sailors,
 «la chair est triste, hélas, et j'ai lu tous les livres.»

australia's the biggest desert isle
 the river finke has the oldest stream bed
 although you'll see its channel only dry
 it's had for ages continual passage.
 it's heavy walking in the sand
 but keep to the course
 you'll catch the water-hole.
 the tea-tree is riverine
 prefers the salt marsh
 its roots hold the dry banks together.
 twenty foot up in the river red gums
 you'll see the tangled flotsam.
 eucalypt oil runs the drought congestion out of your sinus.
 when the water comes it's in one curling tidal wave
 taking nylon tents and camping tea utensils.
 you'll see the tangled flotsam in the refuse tree,
 the black billy can,
 the tree collects any passing
 corpses and coffins.

'i'm giving up all this husbandry' said aristeus.
 'sweet melody, lover of honey, keeper of herds,
 all my bees are dead, my philomel-army!
 there's blight on my windless island keos.
 my head seems battered. i'm tongue-tied one moment

then i get all convoluted, tangled in reflection.
 an apollonian, mania-pursued! my sheep bloated,
 mummy i'm a wreck. my throat too dry' said aristeus
 'i can't swallow and i won't sleep and i can't accept it.
 your bed has proven dry where i was laid' said aristeus.
 the river shoots sudden out of its head.
 wet tongues and jets swaddle him in the torrent.
 turbulence and eddies are his mother
 nymph serenely spinning fleeces.
 a precipice of deep crystal lets him in.
 cyrene pours libations to forefather ocean.
 'stop worrying kid' she said 'there's things you've got to do
 to make sure our mother nymphs are on your side.
 you'd have to be stupid not to praise herakles
 and you'll have to get sick if you blind yourself
 to all the good things done even by your enemies.
 i'm a woman whose bare hands have mauled proud predators.
 from torn guts of a lion you'll get your secret.
 on the western edge of the delta
 near pharos where proteus turns
 all life over like worms work humus
 in canopus they bash a bull to pulp
 and hide it in a little mudbrick hut.
 return in nine days
 spontaneous bees
 are zinging out of holes in the bull's hide.
 confine your lion cleanly strangled in its den
 and steam will begin to escape all on its own.
 send hundreds to their tombs in dominam hekate
 kill hecatombed heifers, and still be unconfident!
 bees share common toil for the rex
 publica – queen of soil and sea,
 seal up their hive with lime
 make magic wax up into a paste –
 propolis to protect the city
 against infection and invasion.
 vergil said: stuff up the cracks.
 smoke out the hive
 of maybe malicious shades.
 propitiate and appease the manes of your fathers
 with narcotic poppy blood of jet black ewe.
 so aristeus said 'o sirius in swarms
 soon inundate my palms!'

neson amumona
excellent ox island
(exil und elend
is all our yield)

aeneas spoke 'tears
are in things,
and mortality tangs
the mind. don't fear.'

is comfort or alarm, amaze
what confrère mallarmé conveys
with his 'un coup de dés' today on us –
when his writing says
«a throw of the dice
never overthrows
open-endedness» ?

vergil spoke
to his executors
'stuff up the cracks
and turn on the gas.
i'm gonna croak
so burn that botched book
my aeneis'

the ocean is a river – rolls and finds its own
level and still receives me in it – finds
equality – empty and full
tribute to sein & po
okeanos once
pacific

the phonetic letter's a blank, the theory goes;
the phoenician picture's extinguished, which we lose,
but in its empty frame is a potent fullness
that's representative of idealist progress:

tai / chi / 69 / brine & sky

europa raped by the urologic ta-urus,
your usual ruse for the drizzling gold ammôn-zeus,
new instrument, full of itself; noesis sees
behind, with illusory objectivities!

ouron / os / ouros (passing-water; mouth; tail)

but anyway, the presence, like chinese
specific correspondence, *mots* with *choses*,
gets swallowed, it's claimed, in alphabetic jaws:

*iro (colour, sense aesthesis) & ku (empty, open-form sky): the complex
and collective sign in japanese, say, is not analysable into <appearance>,
for example, & <meaning>, but involves instead, that is INVOLVES iro & ku.*

this boa devours its tail, ouroboros
or universal pain-cure; artifice
abstracts atomic signs autonomous.)

however now / euro-bos / pan-echinacia

'to think on scripture's inconsistencies
makes them' said origen 'vertiginous'

a field stream seeps through the lane wall, sprinkles
through glass-drop curtain ivy all the winter.

water flows down the garden, sinking weight
twists waist and lifts an arm, a passive fist.

sea distilled stays disinfectant salt
our silicate dust blows over the road

takoto te pai
lie there in peace
takoto te pai
lie there in peace

barnacle goose, homunculus
held back tenacious in the tide

ka nuku nuku
ebb by little ebb

&

ka neke neke
creep back slowly creep

trying to rub kuku mussels off of the rocks
trying to suck pipi cockles out of the beach
silly whale ripped his belly
and got sand right up his spout

ka nuku nuku

ka neke neke

takoto te pai

takoto te pai

i shun blest isles where garlic never'has grown;
unfrenzied pastures for the harassed scorn.
my, phaeton's, bane's an unknown father, i burn –
or, swan in maidenhair fern, sink down.
hylas! – helas! they call – they mourn – among
crouched alders on the banks of stone and poplar song.

in mysian reeds: old faun's dry noon's newborn as cyclamen.

do i know me? a bucket at the well,
cold from old winter, life receives me in it

red hot iron lowered in the ice
i pee steam on a dewy early morning path

no disagreement in the particles
a bit of agitated surface tension

do tea and tai chi daily
curl of steam in a teacup

i is disseminated into vapour

ephemeral coil

her shape raised, fiery fury in the water,
laved in the ladon, cold arcadia's river,
the roaring and cooking, amazed, demeter-
brimo, bemused, gave birth to brimos, saviour!

the blue mane

no
if you don't have a gas in the spring
you're too serious for tea ceremony
where like zen monasteries
it's master of the house
who keeps the toilet clean

just water for the kettle and utensils
hand tuned and lipped ceramics in the kitchen

bunch of pines just off the road
on raised land and so red!
you belong, even if it's scots pine
on the manifold or the river sid
deep groove of bark in rough layers
and wind in that delineated space
between boughs
there's a haze of pleasant piercing odour
large and unpinched, and broad
scatter of needle and cone
up-front crackling pungent, to be trusted
the size of a relaxed fist

roji
is dewy ground

the unornamented outer enclosure has a sandy floor
just peeking above the gate is the waiting arbour.
the privy, unit of meaning,
is at the bottom of the garden.
behind the guest's stepping stone is the middle wicket
and on the other side
nudging a little closer to the post's
the crossing stone,
and each a little lower
to the mossy floor
than the last by perhaps an inch,
the host's stone
with next to it the stone for placing lanterns.

tai chi
chuan
is outer ultimate
fist

step onto the path,
the only part that's swept
that leads through the trees unevenly
in considered carelessness
and takes you to the basin, a square
block with a bowl hollowed out
to wash off the earthly mire
and admire the glimpse of sea seen through the firs
with water at your feet.
rikyu always carried a bucket,
a note of moaning in the metal handle,
an even pacing pulse,
to the middle of the yard and let
the loose leaves fall
as if they'd blown from somewhere else

cha
no yu
is, for tea
hot water

behind the mounting stone at the threshold
of the tearoom, the treading stone is wide
enough to stand with both feet comfortable
and in between them is the falling stone
whose top is one thumb's length above the ground-moss.

tai chi
equals chai tea

'd'ya know you?' is written in miniscule
above the tiny wriggling in entrance;
is written in the silver slime of snails

so tea is mine –
us animosity
infusiasm

the host works happy. guests delight. no nomad
monad strays here but's welcomed in the house.

how mono is brought
into communion
from its coma, onion coiled
mono and mono con mono
felicitous commotion
allegro con moto
aglio con pesce
alien concupiscence
water sprite

when we lay commodious on the chesterfield
we each felt out the other's breast
stole out the heart, steeled
each other in heat
foreign orders
carbon copied
we arm by volition for our intrusion of the chest.
there's a spiral of space between all bodies;
we're the force field, stiff pores along the arms,
rather than the touching tentacles themselves –

like a plunger
 exploring me, exploding me
 a stone dropped plumb straight into the system
 or a falling plum blossom cradled in the hair,
 channel abandoned
 a cistern shooting in the air,
 a pelican, all spear all pouch,
 in heraldry, gull beaked gules, even gulleting itself
 to feed its children, bitten by the stealthy serpent's teeth:
 a complete yin and yang tai chi mandala,
 bill with full fish pocket,
 cruel mandible to feed the gorge –
 we are ungendered in this exchange, ambivalent treasure;

like voluptuary samson
 interweaving with his foreign women
 always deceiving him
 his limbs go weak
 electric hair;

like the splayed cobra
 his hull in the rain
 moist husk and palaquin
 sheltering the head of the future buddha;
 like supple limbs
 to climb on trees
 lichen and bark
 smell on skin
 and greened clothes;

(when i picked up 'the speaking land'
 by r. & c. berndt the other night
 looking maybe for a 'dreaming'
 about the river finke,
 how was i to know
 that bloody honey would turn up
 and water rise and 'eat the nose'
 of men looking for food, or noise of bees
 would rouse the rainbow snake ngalyod?
 and how could you recall the awe of eliot
 that gnawed and nauseated me two books ago?)
 like ngalyod then
 who twines up with a waterspout
 and drowns the walking brothers –
 'a big wind came and shut the two men up like smoke.

the elder brother said – my foot's stuck in the ground.
 the other tried to drag him out but could not move him.
 we have to stand up here. we have to stay here.' – here,
 a sandbank on the same south alligator river
 where i picnic'd in arnhem land
 and can imagine them two spinning still;

– we share the spiral field before the treasure chest
 a chart's a cheat, no one to chair this meeting
 each wanders on the other's unmapped site
 you're walking on me, i survey your heart
 the heat engenders hearth. a double helix
 of interference flowers out of ocean
 sea and cloud all
 flux and focus
 streaming matter
 storm in motion
 air and water
 double healers
 tornada of my verses: waterspout.

ice, water, steam:

three strains of self contained.

ice, water, steam:

three strains of self contained.

the following interpolated lines transcribe some later marginalia:

it says in my creation song
 we're written with reed, baked in the sun
 our socialised bodies enrolled as clay exhibits
 in cunoid-sexual-form in imperial libraries

the bodies of each other, explosive vehemence,
 connect in double cone of hurricane, midwest
 tornado over coloured grain fields
 or still whirlwind of wasp-nest paper

impersonality of hot air
 cruel vocal chorus of storm
 warm water pulled and hurled into a pillar
 and cold air sucked back down into the eye

the sweep of alexander across the middle-east
 passing down from achilles' trojan tomb
 he exchanged skin-shiny adolescent armour
 for an archaic caparison that hung up there

parricide inheriting a war machine
 wolf-lyke foraging up from perge to gordium
 where intertwined twin cones and curves
 tucked in, made up the famous knot –

the knot of our rope-like ab-domen substance
 curling spines, strips of mobile parchment
 mobius bandages around a bilious core

lovers never meeting in epicycles
 each around the other's elliptic orbit
 always coming short, a bit missing

approaching always approaching hyperbolê
 too much and excess, towards towards
 hoping for access to human axes

examine heraclitus, thales, anaxamines –
 'enough! or too much!' missing the point
 empedocles' basalt impedi-ment

the conic section yields ellipse and endless curves, hypothesis
 of apollonius of perge; and script, impress of bird-claw prints
 but quintessential form, wench-wedged and penned and rudimentary

but parallel, no, never getting
 further from our focal point
 the burning, yes, the focus

we're companions, here for fun and here we go!
 we're fons et origo for all comparisons
 side by side, cultivated grotesques
 vagrants, extravagant narratives

par rabelais, course corsée, and picaresque
 parabolas, laid to lie
 thrown out in a vacuum
 sucked out into the epic cycles

sown out the seeds that on the soil of jericho's fields
 founded the first city with wealth made of
 aggressive cultivation of the earth
 cruel and pointless conquest –

death's heads have been dug up there with their displaced
 clay faces reapplied to the hollow skulls
 fierce fanged, frail and quaint now, this bequest
 cruel and pointless conquest –

the knot loosed he spins off willy willy nilly;
 forces tyre, pens it into the land, annexed;
 strips gaza; the desert father of egypt
 old man of the siwa oasis desires him as son;
 and he struts off to find a dionysa in the hindu kush

imagine the king's phalanx stamina
 drilled and marching regimental
 as a mad army of epileprosy
 set out to die from cities
 plagued with chronic secretions
 with maenad cuni-sickness
 infection as can be seen
 in exstispacy of sacrificial victims
 set out to die from cities
 dancing on the mountains then
 to the sound of tabor and cymbals –
 alexander with the ram's horn in his curls
 a butting buck, heady and hedonistic
 battle adornment of a herbivore
 the bacchic god had passed this way before they saw
 and would be back again in time
 for omar and for tamburlaine
 crusading out of the nomad taiga
 with ragged lepers and rampant leopards
 adonaistic

the king's camp in unrest he takes a fortress
 in furthest himalayan icy rocks
 but diplomatic marries sweet roxanne
 samarkand's princess to bactra carried –
 like gilgamesh and enkidu, forbidden
 irrini's divan, towered peak, reject
 unbound and full, ishtar the heaven's harlot
 whose marriage contract is mortality
 whose knowledge means our calendar reformed
 approach of winter every year put off
 they tore out the club leg of the sky bull
 they threw it in her face, the mates
 together dream together of endless youths
 so alexander killed his friend, his brother
 in a drunken bout and vindictive binge
 he'd dreamed him dead who'd saved his life, black clitus
 the odious ego of archon become autocratic
 obeisance and abasement to vindicate the bungle
 he'll have the indus tied up to the tigris with a voyage
 a new coast for phoenecian cedar and pinewood ships to ply
 and fever everyday postponing the rape of arabia's spices
 he died in babylon his nervous nodes in exhaustion

thinking of his track gives me unaccountable pain
 not only ruins my dessicated desert longing
 bitumen bricked logistics, king of kings
 not only the spread of fleshy hellenistic statuary plastic
 with the held square jaws of sport
 sport-hero spectator, spoilt utilitarian
 or the purist mess of philosophic sects
 washing away, supplanting in the river's ebb
 astrology's pantheism in mesopotamia
 the flood and final drought of ur
 no, but the cold scalpel of process
 the slice of non-human geometry
 iconic section, gematria
 nature
 alles andere
 what goes on is everything else
 our warm humanity is the one point outside history

with numb burlesque pain i see us as a wasp
 an ichneumon fly with gracile sting to inject eggs
 cold on the scent of multiplication
 parasites into the caterpillar of a moth
 out of whose expectant pupa slips a new king
 another creature creeps from the cocoon
 eating its path out of the larva of the wrecked lepidopt
 the sly and sloughing ophion, a new regime
 irksome ur-sumerian impregnates the ancient of grazers

like the saga of gregorius
 unconscious sinner
 turned to careful medieval pope
 earful of silver
 willing tamed sir oedipus become
 patient promethean –
 theodicy of shargon's basket
 across the waters
 favourite of ishtar the smaragdine
 greenish morning star
 the boy became kish's king's cupbearer
 made legitimate
 knowledge of the planets and the plough
 planted his the first
 empire in the world after the flood
 ploughed through others' lands
 made good use of ius primae noctis
 rule that the girls' jewels
 are given him who keeps watch on their
 heavenly bodies
 fruit-wasp city-queen carried over
 seven razor walls, tiered high
 that kept the pomegranate princess
 from this parrot prince
 he kept capital in her temples
 tiara'd gems from mountain men
 towns torn down – see if you can do it!
 the job-curse of every king's inscription
 winged eagle-ail, storm god of akkad
 approved of shar-king!
 his prostitute priest

inky lord of the subterranean waters
 ea breathed on his eyot in the waves
 fish man with eight pusy bodily wounds
 came out of inner space to teach us works
 public engineering
 to sumer gods came down the rams from the mother-sheep
 it says in their creation song
 enki and ellil on the holy hill
 the ziggurat that reenacts the ossified creation
 and later the last mad lord of babylon
 from the sealand marsh a robber chaldean
 enamoured of his mother
 priestess of sin with the cow horn crown
 he's meant to have spent ten years
 in the western medina desert
 before he moon-howl worshipper fell to persia

all political systems are
 of one virus infected blood
 what we live with now
 what we live on now
 like mammoth meat kept fresh to eat in glaciers
 with each master dominant extinct as mastadon
 indigenous police and policy the same, carry on
 the esagila, marduk's ecclesia
 in league with lenders more moneyed than the throne
 macedon and pergamon and rome
 a train of petty kings continues underswell
 many nomarchs under one named monarch render will
 hohenstaufen kaiser, kosmischer stifter
 new civitas day of heretic hieratic taborites, rough montanists
 descend from out mount tabor, cithaeron, dindyma
 giving enemies unpacific the sanctified five wounds
 moral and erratic, plunder taken back to their five hill towns
 but later as waldensians again on the land, walden sion
 over the atlantic to puritan states
 and united, still still the concrete streets of the GDR
 macedon and pergamon and rome
 non-conforming kaiser, crazy free-hussites
 current in usa rio's banks, the host of aix
 a church, a churl, the mania of a great house
 the orthodontic united states
 concreted block facades are all that's left

no new state has been achieved
 none can form.

biology's poetic: super-stupor,
 we're sharp enough to crack cocoons but wingless.
 an axiom of axolotl genes –
 fire to water – water into mist –
 ask oxy: – the air we breathe is sour stuff.
 relentless the logic of genius: newt or – be neutered.

(such a "poetic" does rather require explanatory treatment:

the metaphor-cycle first,
 look up 'oxy-moron'.
 double daft, extra morose, acid obstinacy,
 hyper-stupid, meta-folly, or – mercifully spared?
 a transcending – of trickery
 or a – transcendent trickery?

'diction' is 'tectonic',
 a construction, bringing forth.
 now, look at 'the element we live in'. might that be
 oxygen or language? grace? moreover, reading 'moron'
 as an aquatic-emergent being,
 as an amphibian salamander

condemned to stay larval,
 dusky and ruddy what's more,
 is exactly the obscure and obsoletist kind
 of instruction 'oxford english' offers. 'contrary
 definitions in one phrase,
 rhetorically', that's the definition.

an amphibiotic teaching,
 anabasis, respiring and –
 but despairingly aspiring, chemical like us
 message-carriers, but with no virus angel's wings, –
 is felicitious human ethos morol-
 ogical, or the learning of a larva?

'speakingly silent'. intensive, transumptive, suspended: synthetic.)

all weight on one
tips up the punt
the boat floor flips up;
if both feet too full,

no way to anticipate.

top heavy ideas
capsize the canoe
and futile much emotion
will keep the head immobile

submerged! in hero-fancy

hydrogen, valhalla's mess, high-drugging ur-kraft.

in subtle march of hierophancy
aboil in steaming greenery
and overgrowth refusing room
domain and sickly steamy sensual jungle,
restrain the subtle march of dominance
restrain the subtle mess of hired fencing

ares mars the spring with bloodied horn when drinking.

tibetan buddhists are removing
himalayan rhododendron
on the holy isle off arran.
i'm singing puja in a native metre.
bash off the good mud from the roots.

full equals empty empty equals full
and fecund emptiness can fill – a measure
of balance between imbalance and balance
was goethe's word – not goodness but unstrained
restraint. a quality – i call it tea
or a march of hyacinths
fresh domestic mint
brown swell after rain.

of course i'm only paraphrasing goethe,
a fresh domestic mint. the doer redeemed,
faust clinched: there's tongues and tongues of buried treasure
hid underground! gold standard for an empire.

as privy councillor goethe said to me,
appearing like he did to steppenwolf,
'ruskin, can't you be more abstemious?
your obsceneness of meaning, obsolete,
reflects in all your grating consonances:
prude english, ginseng, naked anthropoid
reduced to roots by such rude erudition
that civilized man, domesticated dog,
is deafened by the shrieking mandrake pulled
out of his bed – he's left an unmanned rake.'

'i have roots,' i replied
up to my ears! i love the calm and grand
and meaningful but when i try my hand
at significant statements in the style
of hieroglyphs translated from egyptian
like budge books, straight talk is just greek to me.
maybe if everything was obviously pictures,
"pharaoh foot tread foe", i'd ignore transparent flickers
and melt my irony in noble canticles.
but who'm i talking to?! how do i choose
what style to use? what strain! how dare i! trust
my own ear, heart, foot, cock, throat? vapour eyes!
sunny libelulidae on the lake.
i look at beautiful blue, on my back,
completely disappearing into air.
have you considered terror – complete
and selfless interpenetrated void?
some of us just grow up to ugly drakes!

vocal mirroring. vulgar rhymer. gone.

in the cottage garden
bulb legume and marigold
nature and art are balanced
and like tai chi and odin's drink of liquor

(spirit and letter of poems respectively)
 in the cottage garden
 expression and perception even out.
 we've belted with a mattock at the waste
 and house-trained trellis honey-suckle, poured
 no lawn-sand in the courtyard cobble cracks
 nor put cat litter in the wheely bin.
 but letting it all go
 giving up, flowing down
 glancing from the house through the garden to the wall
 i'm passing to the woods and out
 up the path
 with a view
 to write myself out
 led through the wild aspect of this zen tea garden
 on the narrow road to the deep north
 belted with a machete at the waist
 watts trails his train
 indeterminative

o veiled well in sabina's wide vale! s'posing
 we know nature's worn out, an ornament,
 ridiculous and valedictory –
 the summer's day and not the sonnet stays.

13.

she appeared in dream to angus on the first night
 loveliest in form and finest figure in ireland
 he reached to touch her
 hand she sprang away

she appeared in dream to angus on the next night
 she tuned and touched the sweetest toccatas on her lute
 he wouldn't eat for the whole of that day either

she appeared in dream to angus on the third night
 she sang and plucked prick song on her lute in two voices
 all next day he felt sick underneath his heart
 and this continues for a year
 and he began to waste away

the food set out
 as offerings for the beautiful young god
 was mixed with ashes and had
 to be eaten by the priest's household
 food tasted
 foul and flavoured
 for angus mac ind og

so the doctors summoned first his mother in the river boyne
 but no she couldn't in the whole of ireland
 have the girl found though they searched a year

so the doctors summoned next his father in the hollow hills
 who sent a man to find her through all ireland
 but it took a year to yield that girl

the third year dagda-daddy's boy was brought
to see if he could see which one
it was among a gross of delicate
and a half dozen more pale white girls
faces white as fat
hair coloured as kelp
hair as fair as fat
faces swart as tartar's daughters
which one it was
that made mac og the inviolate son
that made mac og the intact one's son
that made mac og the young one's son
that made mac og the virgin's son
that made mac og the parthenon's one
for love in absence waste away

daniel (poor-limp-and-obsessed) force fed
the temple water snake and burst the gut
reading hypocrite haruspices and
forging into the living parchment
intrigue of entrail innard
by feeding her a little night time snag
a bolus of hair balled with tar and fat

so my nuncle dan ailill with the dagda went to connaught
and spent a week in banqueting
(to get that wasted boy into shape) his men
forced their way into a fairy hill
and he tortured and taunted to try to get
that secret spell

on the edge of loch bel dragon their arms
were linked by silver chains
one stood among them angus knew the one
a choker round her throat in golden chains

but angus woke and came down to bathe
at the loch three times fifty birds were sailing
and though they pecked at him he reached to touch her neck
and on her pressed grass fell asleep with her
and woke a swan and swam the boyne
and singing three voice canti vanished

the hungry lions refused the carcass thrown
into their den refused this rotten ka case
and lay at mardoog the murderer's feet
the ba soul bird-bodied henna-headed runs errands
in the day and returns to the tomb at night
anchises the ka of angus had for her
his eyes stung out

my court readers rail:
young watts you'll rue this row
and all your dog-a-rule
when the real doge'll hold
his chamber hot with power!

i reel and go pale

efficient god
swims on the plank
migrates, is beat
plangent to shape.
no shoulder blades, how could
a dog be crucified?

salmon fast
still leap back
too heartsick to eat
to mate high upstream
in clear ponds and sands

weakness as the year ends
worn out
spent
can't think
art, absorption and exhaustion
skin limp, dies and dissolves
he lived a vagrant
he left a fragrance
a filed and finished fragment.
a vagueness

trichinae
foammonia
swaying polyps

the queer lady
of mere,
sea,
is not strong

from the shore where kelts
search for the river's maw
the mermaid of zennor
lights her water spectre to lure shipwrecks
her promise-cures
unfastidious colon
will take anyone in
what a spite!
smiling surfacing sphinx

no lethe drink of myrrh
let there be no mercy from the mouths of portentous merchants
let the myrtle tea be weak and aromatic
that is the whole art
must we hear more tall tales of mortality?

and in the clear black mere
the dark moor woman
selecting me, peat squeezing up between my toes,
for underground water caverns
under cloak of dance

how tristan brought his uncle's bride from ireland
and had to go with her
into the cornish wilds
to sleep, and leave the court.
tristan in nature
felt her pain
as orpheus with animals
he feels for them
sad man full of anger-wishes
he could feel the pain of nature for her
the silencing of meadows for fat crop
hacked hedges, elder branches
on the small roads rather
than folded back in
too many cars on small roads
and a single cow as it stands so beautiful
and innocent of its sadness
as it watches him across the drinking hole.

son of maia
son of maya

gehenna:
scorched earth policy, charred crows in stubble
barbaric torture, tartaric butcher
hell where you are
the solitary fiend.
henna:
with urine bleach and natural
health red hot in the mud pack
hair earth-fiery.
enna:
the fields of persephone's
abduction to far-iry
land

at home uncle mark
lifting his eyes from a book to the window
unopened panes, mouldy mullion
or pausing his fingers
in the making of little figures as he thinks
at home in a stocked barn
a turning pole lathe
fashioning chess men

keeping his boots,
 dangled from concentrated and hardly moving
 crossed legs,
 clean: a little straight king
 left out of the fair fire-haired isolde's confidences.

tristan was cracking milk from willow and hazel
 running latex under his fingers, and sang
 i tear and i repair, and coppicing
 weaving a shelter to lay her in,
 fainted, wet and fled in small hours to the forest,
 for her a geo-lodging
 as orpheus he felt for her
 as hunter i rip
 as harper i knit

suspicious in the night
 mark with watery blood
 went out to look for her and was pacified
 (as celtic kings would be by many henries,
 pacified, the robber baron's nest at rest)
 and was satisfied,
 seeing the sword between them sleeping,
 that she was fair.

for every fan –
 tistical can
 tell thee the chaste
 are the most chased

saith malory, then came eliot the minstrel
 to sing another's squib against king mark

a willow tree
 for a wedding wreath
 and withy
 for whipping with

tristan loved two isoldes: one wild
 loved him only in mossy caves;
 one tame who took him to her father's palace:
 like helen had a twin (o overload!)
 in her egg, a wild one (o evil lode
 of malachite in lapis lazuli!)
 who didn't follow to troy,

said stesichorus, poet whom she'd blinded
 for former chiding of her faithlessness,
 but let a robot replica elope,
 a stepford wife (a cloud like that
 that tricked ixion –
 the shape shameless of goddess' modesty)
 a vapour, filled,
 a rubber doll with pseudo-mass to kiss;
 and she the wild bride who couldn't settle down
 and she the wild breed who can't settle down

so tristan is left honourable and bored
 in heaven of his wife isolde
 followed her to finister
 and only sado-masochistic death
 where her white hands have fixed him to the floor
 gothic swan's pointed black eye paint
 or she deserts him for his trusted friend
 as he deserves,
 can raise from heaviness his wild isolde.

hoo pou pu

ku ku

where where

gone gone

o trance physician! transposition.

helvelyn imposing on me
 thirlmere the size of the thumb on my mitten

i am
 i am the red stag
 no one's target
 no one

dappled, red breasted

i am the may
white tail bobbing with bees
on a crag
antlers as still as trees
above loch lomond.

tristan-tereus swallowed in
(a moral state alone is real
unremoved interior)
the girls always recurring

walking or sat on; walking or sat on
one spot, i'm on (too few) my own: done for,
mown down, poor man's downfall, mountain path, mud,
downpour. no pass escapes inscape. sonic.

the hail howls
the goal's guile
yet the trail trowels
out the soul's soil...

zazen? it's a sonnet.
why fourteen units? two's enough. gaol : goal.
from symbolical we climb the real hill.

14.

bhumisparsa
the earth is my witness
i woo my spouse
be womb my space
ge the ground my counsel
durum b mollis
(hahtooroombemoliss)
'equal to being all!'
says tathagata – thus gone
(just like that)
at bodhigaya
finger touches the floor and trance ends

solve metum
drown fear
'what part of earth is not full of our grief!'
says aeneas – trojan
and ready to go on again

numb fear
put it aside
kallisto anti-gravity
virgin forest for us
a fairy beautiful dancing girl
kali coryfee
hilly country

extinguished
is ra a lume spento
nirvana now
811 / POU not
pone metum

what . . . not . . . ?

('thy vanity . . . outdone . . .')

end of winter
dangerous
bare hills are still
surprised by shape of geological folds
my pleasure from its details!
its drapery!
brackened over open cast tin mine
shaved hills
contours
not dough not chisel
gentle violence
gewalt gewollt
the power to will?
the gathering of moment
um
the wordless wink
(eye-opening)
of event?
èventail (de madame mallarmé)
'toujours tel il apparaisse'
let it appear
thus ever
tempus fugit
patient stress
festina lente
rush without stress
festival of lent
secluded long impersonal time
time fudging along

periwinkle and snowdrops
nettles and ramsons
bear-leek through the beech leaves
light watered green of woods
snowdrops in a walled garden

sunset behind ugborough beacon
best not to go there
stay down here under brent hill
or beara behind marley head
stray down in the gladed river beds
'the streamlet's bend'
mind the bend of water
watch the arch of water
the ancient sumerian arch of clay

you'll never encompass all the paths
in slime and briar

listen to the loud
hush
fills the moss on a bridge
with concentrated air

swollen ivy berries
black ivy berries by now
in a bouquet with pussy willow
grey snub noses
and river-bed brown the bark
the slim branch's bark
drum and pipe of blackbird
departing the brake

liquid
lymphatic intensity
air clear
walking
sniffing pine fragrance
heaving it
wind odour
you realise things fit
nothing is easier than finding answers
everyday is different with same old causes
when you disperse
mystery
you can't act anymore
you need all you can
to do a walk
as if hedges you knew too well
become as pressing as industrial
street wall
precipices
promenading prominence
but stroll or stride to puddles
boggy cress
a short walk gets you out
strenuous against
the malignant magnet
of even a little village

in the vaulted crypt of high dry gorse
cathedral in the hill
sheep's skull
the fleshless lamb
looks severe
with its one loose row of teeth
more vicious than a soft uncertain jaw

i'm scared
when nettles and
lords and ladies
can grow together on a bank
same wild garlic sheen
on bright green
young tempting leaves
same first tingle of white roots on the tongue
takes a day to rinse and spit out that tang

the dog expectant and flat
no light in its eye
like some people
only responding
metallic green reactive malachite in headlights
only responding
no not responding
you want to be loved
no not like a dog does

fir even in planted order holy
birches blood bronze
verdigris lichen
vertigo of venus and athene
couching on these rocks
guarding this bridge
this furred up bridge
perching over the streamlet's bend

votive temple
flemish painting
of burgundian ordered scenes
wealthy ex voto
as in a photograph
kneeling nested in wild strawberries
undone by lords and ladies

in a corner
innocent as lilies

'this is not vanity

(here error is all in the not . . .')

balloons
from over the south hams
over aish
i'm on the upper glaze brook
under the long ridge
by the woods below the barrow
beyond sensual feeling

parachute
all that air past and through
a leisurely almost
excitement
no alarmed loins
no tedious libido
in the giant tingle tumble
into the still pool
you floating
in the full water
good and kind companions together
sometimes want peace from turmoil
doing the right thing
sacrament
self-contracted waste-work
a poet's self-promotion
make it holy smearing everything with blood
turn terror to pleasure
no not here please
that blood smearing delirium

crocus primrose
rarer variety of purple

tea
herb robert and hart's tongue fern
hospital of hedge medicine
navel wort betony soon it'll all be there
hospitality

cormorant black and still on a stick out of the water
sluggish after the weir
the beak points up at the same angle as the stick
the river's spent after its exhaustion
the solution in water
past reeds
and the same salt tide
dissolution

fear of mountains
best not to go there
i think afterwards
the black ridge blade
serrated and so dark
dizziness
feel upside down on them
stomach sails
myself kneaded dough
my body small on them
my body feels
stretched over their immensity

thigh high fords
trudi my dog would've been washed away
i held her by the collar
a toy boat
overflowing estuary of tarns

river to sea
collected into its under
breadth
salmon travel home
no right way
no right away

noise
wind
not only wind
water everywhere
force and gill and gorge
even in the rain complete wetness of the body
sacrament
hospitality

bell crags blea tarn watendlath
baptism
but all you can do is fantasize a hot bath
plan your tea and biscuits
delirium towards evening
crashing through bracken and brambles
the hanging arms
wet shoulder heavy
your tiredest part

brown tarn on the moor
film on the trickle running in
to bubbles in deep ponds
cracking amphibian
amply war-tired
having been a jelly in the sludge
mucousy
a bubble membrane of a wing
like in the hoop before the children blow it out
on a pebble
in the weir dried
ready to fly
ladyfly
dragonfly
very first fly

warty tiny toad
i longed for underwater kiss of frog
breast on the edge
face at the water
i looked of course
way way beyond my face

the leat is cut so flat
around the slopes
it looks like it's flowing up

pussy willow all in the road
that cretin in the tractor
crew cut
broken bank of hedge
slate displaced
torso with all extremities amputated

. . . us . . . finity?

(‘what thou lovest well remains’)

ahimsa
not
aharmonious
or harming
unties the lemniscate
their lemniscate untied
the ice-skating treadmill
the ribbon knot broken
ampersand

it needn’t be a unicum
an onus an opus
& a peace ode

no conspiracy or aspersion
you don’t need an extra-demonstrative eye to show you hear
no cyber-server cerberus
no dogmas
just comfort
wholesome and erholsam
rest
no expurgation but the spray of bitter sea
reinvigorating
poor but blessed with woods
litter o’ leaves and a hand full of staves
ur words orphic

that it is that

puck? one name for my whole demonic pack

i’m a mere asking
whats the mème hors y?

i’ll be puck of pook’s isle
ill be pook of puck’s hill
with his puckered garment of soft and ruffled
verdant downs pleated and completed to parks
sewn to guarded gardens and cemeteries

i’m a mere asking
what’s the mème hors y?

more he than i
the heathen many
in the mirror of the mine
deep sunny loch
dark gentian blue
empty frames fence in the wide domain
like the passio informs passing time

i’m a mere asking
what’s the mème hors y?

moss and nettle fur over the lime white barrows
ashphodel and melissa among the skulls
ferns furl over carved hills and the symmetries
are weighty with persian cosmetic orchard peach

‘pull down thy vanity pâques pull down
the green casque has outdone your elegance
what thou lovst well is thy true heritage
whose world or mine or theirs or ist of none?’

i’m a me
ruskin wats the memory
a handful of sand
all in anpu’s hand
a bouncing spiral spring
and per se

ahimsa
harmlessness
loose my tongue
my heart
admiringly excited

odes & episodes

when then
a turning leat
or thin greenlane's
grass shade
makes calm breath
'n i can sit
in hollow holly love thickets

life overgrows in the

&