

**SUPERNUMERARY**

**wayne Perry**

### **Author's Note**

This long poem attempts to dispel any lingering conflict between art and science showing that both point to the infinity of the creative process. Written during one year, 1997-98, it incorporates some contemporary events which struck me at that time.

'JB' refers to my friend John Bradburne, a lapsed Franciscan monk, murdered near his leper colony in 1979 in Zimbabwe. Evidence is being collected with, I understand, a view to canonisation.

The poem tries to go one step further - toward a reconciliation between life and fate, the reader will judge how near it comes. If there are too many abstractions the author repents and by way of apology will produce a comedy next time. Certainly the atrocious times we live in demand a new Falstaff striding across a world scene of opacity and loss and so revive it.

Finally p80-83 contain the hypothesis I was searching for – the paradox of structure and chaos, as self-evident as Newton's gravity, but with a sublime twist to its tail – it is not proved by numbers or experiment but by life.

evacuation under anaesthesia is not a totem  
but curiously it represents the pathos of our time  
like sheep in formaldehyde poor art  
while heart and liver brain and testis  
were our companions without fuss  
life is just commodity first the animals our kin  
and now ourselves enter the flooded river  
where dripping with blood we are washed crazily  
to the local waterfall of our region crashing  
untimed into the sea of history

this fertile sea from whose incessant structures  
we emerged may yet be our watershed  
random and optimum combined to deliver land  
and we the vegetable top outstride in number  
and expectation the living planet thus our dilemmas  
now will focus us upon the metaphysics  
of time and existence since science handmaiden  
of our minds presents a temporary raft  
afloat upon dimensions yet conceived

faced by individual tragedy random endless  
god or mechanism is not a choice within  
the symbols of this luxury – life  
and god has been well-described needs no  
introduction “the first of gentlemen”  
by those one cannot hope to emulate

and the glorious dead? commemorating days  
giving us perhaps one more time  
the dignity of our sorrow some vestige  
among the science of our undoing  
for god finds his apogee there in the dead  
surely they cannot be cancelled!

and who when the Bach cello rides  
or the Mozart tune sings can the heart  
which betrays our intellect hide the truth  
here where that famous tea brings tears  
to eyes so worn, his grandmothers' eyes  
or Verlaines' elegies to his mother  
though the rain falls on the city of his heart

ah, these parallels of absolute death  
do they shift the pointer  
restore us to our former state  
and return us to the lord of destiny?  
defy the odds invoke our souls!  
only in the transport of those moments  
where creative work transmutes the dross  
of self into self-ecstasy and this moment  
of convulsion like some magic drug  
suspends analysis and we submit

then in sober afterthought begins the task  
of unity like the forces of physics  
but the larger duty now quite beyond number  
a duty to secular metaphysics  
upon which our story now begins  
the psychological unity of ourselves

shall we begin in the garden, the still garden  
not with the voices of children  
but with the sense that personal existence  
does not exist is a chimera only  
for practical reference  
then looking out across the long lawn  
the distant flowers of late summer seem  
to invade the mind and hold objective reason  
in a new sway starting from a new premise

the creative act bears only itself  
and as the master moves from havoc to chaos  
collapsing all around him  
there emerges the strange new vision  
from those thinking hands  
that dismissed mind  
of a new seer making us new beings

so what is this story you mention?  
you who will transform in your journey  
like a little prince our hopes upon the stage  
of life-oh too big a subject for this mind  
yet if prosaic let us by dint of perilous desire  
break from these self-imposed chains  
and in the poem move like a great picture  
a great symphony toward a great opening  
as in the secret moment of a new landscape  
revealed remote grand soft but not desolate  
here in quiet isolation can we begin.

november signals year end survey the damage  
of another year and one might say repent  
the sense of melancholy grows through history  
here where the dice of chance is more controlled  
we grow more sad picking at the days  
where any man would feel elect  
this is the general way though many confer  
on themselves a single victory  
they usually are unbearable, for ambition  
an unenthusiastic trait  
when combined with love redeems itself

but then the noontide sun asserts itself  
and our heart quickens as the landscape  
in all its grace of field and hedge and tree  
streams in unending mystery to the horizon  
and our imagination invests house and stream  
village and tower heath and wood  
a domestic world of human moulding  
into the background of our story

though the noise of life sounds high  
even lying in the blades of grass  
this noise which may yet dement our race  
can be lost in the hills of Shropshire  
or Eden or the Black mountains or  
the Lowlands and Highlands and other  
secret places unsung preserved sacred  
unmentionable

above all in the hidden heart of Africa  
where on the long plains you can enter  
the eye of god but there you will die  
unheeded desolate from these shores  
yet full of that rare contentment  
from an imposed god

it is here in old England old Japan  
where the grasp weakens as the flood rises  
perhaps that was what Gormenghast meant?  
and it is these impossible questions  
when one man can outweigh the whole world  
that make Darwin inept much as we love him  
one must admire the crevices finding him  
morality is a necessity of evolution etc.  
but all our questions lie beyond good and evil

modern man already lies here  
flailing there in long novels  
thus by the force of science and art  
he is unwillingly confronted by a new duty  
his own transformation

transform to what? on this neglected planet  
what can fill the hole left by god  
or can we even in the face of innocent death  
those great prods  
research him yet again and as JB would say  
come to our native land

or shall we make a different artificial cake  
whose lanes and byways towers and rooms  
halls and secret galleries teem defiant  
against an overweening analysis  
this new artifice would rise triumphant  
whose truth might flare as in the air  
dancers seem suspended or whose  
extended arm and chest point  
in their unnerving beauty to a new quality

yet we do not wish a return to an argument  
with a nineteenth century god  
the whale on which we ride  
is replaced by DNA and Darwin  
and ethics appears random  
as far as we can see  
and yet and yet the vacuum intensifies  
perhaps as of old what the imagination  
holds true becomes true  
for it is part of the universe  
indeed whether good or evil  
it becomes real so evil can be true  
thus we return to the summer garden  
where this reality fades in the sunlight  
we walk across the fine lawn and there  
she beckons us from the doorway  
our heart strengthens  
"there is no loss of personal existence  
to deplore nor will there ever be" (Schrodinger)



very well! we have it let us ride it  
mind then is the same thing in all  
just perceived from different angles  
only the angle is biology  
can we unite uniqueness  
in its vast knowledge  
and the disintegration of mind  
in a corporate body avoiding death?  
there is the body politic, it lacks  
all form, emotion, it is our country  
and what is that, honour?  
see Shakespeare  
when we are there we shall know it  
for consciousness is the connecting reality  
and all our I's are yesterday  
for we are all today

death does not exist  
as we cannot experience it (Wittgenstein)  
this then this interaction with the world  
the psychological reality is the centre  
and the rest a periphery  
dissected further this is a created reality  
and consciousness is the dimension  
to which we return

now we can enter the real garden  
the garden without memory  
the garden standing behind reality  
the garden free of association, of duty  
where at last a philosophy of reality  
can be formed in the fire of ideas  
the mind itself becomes a native land

the story concerns this bastion  
whose earth-like surety forms  
the springboard to the world  
our reference point into reality

a strong devoted knight sets out  
from his ancient castle  
where he has upheld their world  
but he too seeks freedom from duty  
to assail a hidden height  
as he looks back on castle walls  
winter sunlight floods the valley  
he has a vision of himself before now  
and years to come one entity through  
a thousand years and sees not genes  
or robots or nature struggling  
but the conscious force of mind  
which he is a fragment

the modern knight's chameleon life  
is our adventure but he must show  
a sturdy plan of thought and action  
resilient to the shocks of credo's now  
scientific, moral, aesthetic  
whose hygienic nature makes you weep  
it will be robust but full of possibility  
imagination leavened but fusing others  
giving expression to mans range  
reaching his inclination  
not subverting him to sums or memory  
problem solving logic

thus we are eyed  
and the experience  
of modern life  
after the holocaust  
gives suicide its meaning  
its apparent truth  
those that survived  
doubt their reason for survival  
an experience beyond maturity  
death of idealism

as winter changes to spring  
the garden more lovely  
flowering on these corpses  
enemies too have their Hiroshima  
the dignity of sorrow  
is all we have left  
and that an outward sign  
not of an inward grace  
for we the spectators  
are slowly losing our sense  
our sense of history

medals bedecked carried faithfully  
engagements with the enemy  
returning to them not only in their dreams  
but the enemy within  
who we the survivors  
join, an undertaking into meaning  
the meaning of nonsense  
beyond science

could it be possible  
what we imagine is true  
not self-created but existing somewhere  
or when self-created comes into existence  
not by testing against reality  
but being reality  
if three wise men come afar  
are made to come  
cannot this myth assume truth  
it reflects our nature  
theirs in truth it was

the self-hewn man  
whose image out of stone  
controls his evolution  
becomes a work of art  
we know this and science  
may yet deny free-will  
if so it joins the old religions  
and all our work is void  
based on false premise  
what leads to our happiness is right

though science is approximation  
it is perceived as truth  
yet it can be certain  
thus truth and certainty  
are not the same thing  
what is truth replies the famous man  
and if there is no truth  
no wonder science lords the day

if acts of faith have advantage  
evolutionarily  
denying these acts subverts us  
they are a part of nonsense  
but not inchoate  
that small pole is just a tip  
of all the infinite tips  
biology grants to personality  
a non-logical but coherent top

to return to the poetry  
is coherence crowned?  
since music, paint and stone  
must wait their entry on her cue  
she gives us life in armfuls  
and we spread it to these arts  
and science, law, e'en god  
await her endless tongue

we must enter the harder world  
though by flaws unsuited  
because beyond the summer garden  
beyond memory  
where the fallen leaves  
of the universe are counted  
and we passing overhead  
ignorant of the torrent below  
must as time dictates (standing  
like a greek god) hurry exigent  
to our purposes must draw the arrow  
aim from the calm lawn to space  
and accurately arrive upon the bull  
this flight as you turn from her cool face  
interweaves the universe  
our imagination  
though the trajectory swings side to side  
its belief is fixed  
there must be for humankind  
a metaphysic  
it equals quality a tiny word  
no plagiarism (of motorcycles)  
but the torch transferred  
you cannot analyse it  
you may describe its properties  
if you have great will  
but you cannot falsify it

beyond the summer garden?  
hallucination or reality?  
we did not know them the departed  
and they leave us a symbol  
even those we loved  
appear like ourselves numberless  
only the fading sepia photograph  
or the coloured video  
restore them to life  
unreal world

they disappear welcoming release  
from the stranglehold of being  
fading so quickly  
we doubt our sincerity  
but if they did not exist  
except as a practical joke  
or a biological process  
we are relieved of our burden  
they are only part of the consciousness  
the science of which is  
the quality of each heart

this quality meagre or overflowing  
we sustain  
but in the larger sense it sustains us  
is independent of us surrounds us  
is not mysterious or vitalistic  
but is the property we see  
feel recognise carry forward  
is human  
is true  
is us  
is I

this existence what passing mockery!  
yet the red wine and sunshine  
that play or book  
the music of landscape and art  
the theory and argument  
the science  
other people  
an illusion?  
is as it is in each heart

notwithstanding Celan  
we make the long discourse our avenue  
down which we saunter ideal friend  
you were the encounter of youth  
the X factor which turns upside down  
the given world as it did in Galilee  
we have no wish covertly  
to enter that house  
but as he vanished out of their sight  
he seemed a friend to dream of  
walked with you argued countered  
revolved around your space  
loved and entered you  
uplifted and onward  
joined arm in arm  
wrestling you to victory  
together in a final grace



friendship of youth now  
sacrificed to Darwin and the age  
but if we can hold his quality  
for evolution they unite  
producing our apostrophe  
or is this quality the unspoken organ  
whose existence comes from one step  
evolution thus is broken as he agreed  
to pieces  
we move to a field theory of biology  
metaphysical quality and evolution  
is not this man  
just at the moment one can finally  
grasp it  
it vanishes out of your sight

yet we are returned to our flaws  
which in their power consume  
and if one survives them  
are the source of greatness  
how can one reconcile  
these anomalies the fatuity of life  
to some great law high or low?  
then all is man-made  
reality a chimera from whom we turn our face  
as Schubert did but still we bear  
his suffering

and is the ending disgrace or grace  
when courageless final truths fructify?  
can one take the hemlock  
simply for another sleep  
dear life who cannot exist without death  
give the reconciliation  
unite us beyond good and evil  
beyond faith and truth  
and let our prayer come unto thee

defiant earthbound rules pale  
encyclical of judgement  
your little judges how small  
among the invasion of our soul  
enough to deride our death  
but rise higher?  
at the moment we are free  
death was assured

thus each fate is mastered  
or watered down  
but our grief our grief  
like the third world  
lies holy and untouched  
we must give it up this dignity  
then a true transformation  
a raising of winter hats  
a life without memory  
a liberation

just as the circling dancer  
circles forever the true centre  
and the music reaches beyond defeat  
here we are reconciled  
but real world awaits us  
the daily duty serves  
our sanity until our passion  
destroys our balance  
wonderful temptation  
and destruction

we are the pathology in the pots  
how long did we read those texts  
surrounded by organs  
formalin death  
amazing education  
and at the moment of our own decay  
blind and darning winter socks  
we are shrivelled  
there is no repair

render the music  
render the song  
render...

it is coming in waves  
I can see your smile in the tears  
which have departed to you  
since I am outsoaring the night  
of failure and loss  
at the still point  
I am turning  
and am ready for humiliation

such then in one verse  
what one owes  
but the cold wind is blowing  
and ice must form on ideas  
which will last longer than  
the polar cap  
they must be provenance itself

romantic world lasting fortune  
the note of the cello  
reconciling  
carving a harmony of the universe  
how can we not be heirs  
seeing all our dead poets  
o the human dimension  
ever larger more opaque  
a chameleon of time  
in and out of time  
transforming matter into art  
science is an art  
and what is art?  
self-creation

work creates us  
existential meaning  
can we by faith create  
the non-existent  
invert evolution in a lifetime  
we create, nature evolves  
for man is the history of creation  
his evolution is secondary

the summer garden fades  
winter snow will come  
spring is blood red  
autumn adores death  
the tropic garden sullen  
in the still heat  
the doric column  
endless

light and cloud across landscape  
boy by stream  
that gate  
the teeming tree  
corn  
lane  
tower  
screams indefinable quality

behaviour is however part of evolution  
mixes in the brew  
of intellectual history  
which brings new reality  
take Darwin or Picasso  
Bohr or Bartok  
Einstein or Proust  
the debt is unfathomable

we enter a new world  
where deep truth becomes trivial  
in the pure sense  
this growth outlives us  
ensures our survival  
we the fishermen of the universe  
trawling through time  
sails are set our course  
the sun dictates our god  
of light warms the sea  
it sends us life is life  
we bow as of old to the great orb  
filling the sky here is our source  
inanimate but benign  
a son of suns  
grants conscious man  
his love  
if chance what serendipity  
if design what necessity  
as of old the opera of words  
keeps trying  
we are faced by consciousness  
and death  
still unresolved  
only the poetic dream might  
release us into the suns arms  
and in the blinding knife  
grant our ascension

what time remains must come  
the picture of modernity  
faithless and spawning  
free in self-destruction  
but full of possibility  
who would live another time  
the flaws of the age  
are my flaws  
and they will explain our death

the task the task as self  
is past to rest and Mozart's Andante  
or a Schubert song is made  
at midnight  
then release the string  
and let the lyric word  
in rhetoric form the final quality

but in the dimensionless worlds  
word falters  
between nothing and something  
why is there something

it is ours and has been forever  
make us and break us  
we cannot help loving you  
though we are consumed  
even dying you have our last words

return then obeisances  
hall  
park  
flower  
tree  
sheep  
lake  
history of power

the end must be close  
proceed as if writing  
beyond the tomb  
bring thought bearings  
as parcels of perfect insight  
cool unsullied remote dangerous  
offerings to the ice-maiden  
an apogee for folly

then a day in Devon past life  
the bicycle and the hill  
blue water and boats  
a bank holiday!  
car spawning!  
but still saint sun shone  
sheep stolid seagulls spin  
sand  
rock  
and bay  
home, venison and wine  
old life unimaginably  
carries on



rock pool and granite  
everlasting houses  
how they stand  
but the garden found lost  
and found again...  
shimmering sea  
sand castles and the last ferry  
beside the silver swans

for some apotheosis in Hale-Bopp  
slates creak in the sun  
rhomboid to triangle  
circle and square  
family life?  
descend gradually or with  
the japanese explode into the sun  
try beyond lyric or tension

fill the hole in the carpet  
the hole in your mind  
not with the virgin mary  
(dear John)  
but the sense of the poem  
where it is leading  
ever following  
here is creation here is an ending  
here is unending

two hills encompass the sky  
supply rich grass to sheep  
the air is animate  
crows, seagulls a skylark  
people are rare, welcome,  
that saxon church you remember  
the drive down the tunnel  
lanes of time queueing behind  
swimming so many times!

laughter afar off  
there in the clouds can you see it  
give me times vial  
let me spill it!

successively heads rise and fall  
what is the difference?  
do we move like a bat  
so delicately tuned  
control freak the bee  
whose honey so sweet  
is designed for a god  
together with milk  
has made holy books

a moment the agony forgotten  
spring fever surrounds one  
ducklings dominate the garden  
they die so quickly  
humans living longer  
bear open wounds  
we complain of the weather  
so dry (it was true)  
in the midst of this bursting  
deaths stigmata remind me

perhaps when the moments of fiction  
are greater than life  
when Swann, his narrator  
and Tansonville move one more  
than ones own village  
when a priest cannot be found  
being the last person to ask  
what of that flag?

or Eugene, illusion, angel  
these figures compel us  
confide your soul  
and be destroyed  
embrace the smaller virtue  
in your family and survive  
the poets fate awaits him

will we look back on golden years  
ha!  
strange how these unconsummated years  
are happiest!  
wonderful lyric in time  
find me find me  
and depart  
farewell

yes in the moment of the opera  
of complete truth  
the death of Adonais  
confounds us  
the human personality  
cancelled  
yet are we not an infinite expression  
of the same thing?

torch in movement  
extending the ice  
earth crumbling  
fire waits  
air closing in  
sleep

now the future does not matter  
the horror would be waking up  
even to the peace  
which passes understanding

sleep and consciousness  
inseparable  
as life and death  
perhaps we will come  
to the turning point  
looking ahead

slow love growing like a tree  
the inaudible water rising  
as her plants grow  
her firm conviction  
of work and tidiness  
compost and pricking  
seed and spray  
the little broom  
always moving  
cloth in that unceasing hand  
life is art  
and you its greater part

what can I say  
to the death of children  
starvation maybe  
but thirst!  
post bomb post stalin  
we still watch death  
can the garden suppress these images  
if the gods existed  
would we not feel their tears  
among these awkward bows

sea coasting  
sun setting  
water falling  
sailing  
o Mishima meeting beneath the falls

rain comes at last 1997  
my heart is raining too  
in spite of one who sees beyond the falls  
the experience of oneself  
is not pleasant  
but leaving it!  
send me please the decode

DNA may entrap the universe  
since we are easily explained  
even by a tiny part of it  
the future is contained therein  
just unravel it  
wonderful obedient life

still the punishment goes on  
murder and mayhem  
are mainly in the mind  
when the computer suffers  
like his maker Turing  
then we are god  
or at least an earldom

let us be equipped for death  
or have our excuses ready  
remember the form  
no unseemliness please  
I'm serious

the hall in the mist  
now bathed in sunshine  
the greenness of the lawn startles  
trees envelope loading lush entrances  
hot flowers now the rage  
strike the greenness  
the blossom falls like rain  
eruption of every cadence  
finds its harmony and dissonance  
the lane snakes toward the tower  
bells ring  
can I now apostrophe

bring the scene of so much work  
to an ending  
relive those happy days  
of ducklings and tame hens  
building not a nest that happiness foregone  
but seeing nature's ways  
just as the dead rabbit did  
I am coming too

the love which moves the sun and stars  
deep in the ocean  
light just glimmers  
how could we imagine from that fastness  
the flowers and hills of earth  
what would be heaven to such poisons  
such could be our glimmer of god  
but can Dante's god  
after all this be passing only overhead

DNA Darwin Einstein  
is this not enough





seeing and  
seeming and  
standing across  
world curving toward  
inner conditions  
finding repose  
alone

blood on hand  
reversion  
inversion  
the horror of reality  
guilty  
let me die beneath thy table

rock of ages!  
cling to rock  
the mountain enlarges  
we slither down her face  
cold wind blows  
rock me rock me

then parallel to the garden  
we did not exist  
the melody was illusion  
electrons beating time  
beat us  
down

wait wait wait  
lepers arise and take your beds  
beer all round  
horrid beer  
saturday night  
can you see him in the dark  
kneeling  
ending  
through  
through our

coronation of our martyr  
and women of Beira  
step forth  
will the damn trumpet blow  
let me hear far off  
one distant note  
one small sound  
swelling louder  
Alec  
is that the promised land  
those golden gates  
dreamworld

the beauty of nothingness  
for we spent a million years  
waiting for this fraction  
our little moment  
why should it matter  
unless the love which  
moves the sun and stars  
moves us

suffer more my friend  
even creation is luxury  
compared to your end  
as value implodes  
we wander functionless  
round our sea of galilee  
wild beasts roam the land  
let them keep their message  
of DNA it is infinite  
if all is used  
we are therefore infinite  
it is demonstrated

june days full of rain  
windless

flaws mounting  
remember Chris  
whisky and amytal  
the day thou gavest lord is ended

Golding Constables vegetable plot  
is here  
tended by my lady  
surely a moral imperative  
lies among these plants  
their beauty and their rich desire  
surrounded by flowers  
in July reach a climactic  
and as you stand breast high  
their silent motion gives joy  
and sadness which is the point of beauty  
this quality of opposites  
on which your own life tends  
suspends judgement

yet all this time honoured poesy  
what shit awaits us  
drugged or raped  
cancer or clots  
if we are lucky  
and the unfortunate  
die young or wounded lifelong  
starve and thirst to death  
is it possible!

still the search goes on  
the quality between the acts  
constantly revealing  
unfathomable depths  
this is the human story  
a lost world just beyond your reach  
but science relief of the knowable  
the counterbalance  
restores our hope in progress  
gives us some control  
on our deadly emotions  
forces us back to the centre  
of fortitude and endurance  
prevents our insanity

canonisation of JB  
here was a role  
he found at last  
shall we be present  
at these junketings  
he would not deign to join  
but it is the lepers  
who remain steadfast in their suffering  
and explain from their miserable height  
the meaning of love  
the meaning of god  
they must have standing  
not in what is invoked  
by their plight  
but in themselves (as in every case)  
they just point it up  
we come back where we started  
can they be cancelled?

what is your inclination  
wonderful word  
in spite of Darwin and DNA  
it is a sort of god  
but god knows how we say it  
the quality between the acts

inclination  
o world  
one more time  
(JB can watch over me)  
released thereby into freedom  
into revolution  
he watching my back  
unharnessed

if a sign speaks true  
he has seen  
is it all fancy  
we devotionless  
mock the devoted  
the lack of psychology  
but is it not vanity  
our talking like heads

world overbearing not yet concluded  
where is prince charming  
we must become lighter  
so light we ascend like balloons  
not mystical windbags of gas  
but ones own abnegation

here are the living accept them  
here are our sins refute them  
the worst has been done  
our horrible minor deaths  
are of little significance  
we can move beyond it  
whatever the awful core  
forgive us

make us lighter

if there was one to forgive!  
but is it not we who forgive  
we who found penicillin  
and delivered ourselves from destruction  
god has obstructed us  
and if we are gods we forgive you  
in this way we are liberated

yet death remains, constant friend  
keeping us up to the mark  
fools mortals ungodlike  
and if the Pauline moment does not come  
can we persist undeterred  
by all this sensory exhaustion  
my own self is losing  
the price it has paid

for one moment it comes  
the moment of insight  
and each day against all expectation  
grow closer  
this love is around me  
somehow between the horror  
growing towards it seems natural  
the only possible solution  
accounting for everyone

after all it was good enough  
for Bach Mozart Beethoven  
Michelangelo  
Newton and Einstein  
even the moderns might change  
from the little word chance  
to the bigger word fate

the school train Great Bentley  
the adult train Ipswich  
apples on the line  
faster now and faster  
Ingatestone's real country  
steeple to towers  
valerium and the seeds of august  
harvest and the geometry  
of the gathering corn



in the passing years poem  
a "Queen of Hearts" died  
interrupting nations  
expressing through her loss  
our own grief  
the messenger has killed  
and using him's a brothel  
you can never leave

bright too early  
now only adjourned  
beyond these blue mountains  
beyond prayer  
random universe  
babbling

yet you finally believed  
in yourself  
you accomplished it  
leaving us the task of reaching you  
though older  
we are failing  
not having believed so much  
in an age which defies us



like JB you outreach us  
homage has come  
can we see the magic  
of adoration  
yes it must bear you up  
swiftly to zero time  
let us converse  
there in the interstices  
beyond charm  
we may be on very high stilts  
stringless  
but nations can speak like lovers  
not since Nelson  
has the testament meant we go with you

earth again  
after very high living  
unconsidered?  
people people  
yet she left merely  
two saris and a bucket

seeing this noise  
hermits must show the way

september  
leaving behind bell-necked goats  
limestone hills  
now to old fields  
starting again  
save us from november poets  
we are so full of poignancy  
we must vomit

I have no quarrel  
with Querelle of Brest

portentousness  
more than recognition  
gives us the medias  
lie

let flights of angels bear you  
to your rest

is it now the moral landscape  
holding together life and death  
passing like the weaving shuttle  
back and forward...  
so the sense of non-being  
is only a particle of this picture  
seen by others we are the picture  
being dead we fulfil them  
as we were fulfilled when living  
so the dialogue continues  
in our absence  
our conscious absence  
but our work our bones our spirit  
animate the landscape  
and more than that we are the land  
which the living view  
this legacy is the alya consciousness  
in which we enter  
that dimension of the universe  
which raises it to life  
not a vital force but the unrecorded DNA  
giving us infinity  
translated in force field  
all that is left to find  
is the structure which holds the field  
the great template... god?

even mystical gas  
may have its uses  
but down to earth  
the detail must be filled  
and other geniuses have shown  
that common sense  
outruns mathematics

the vibration of strings  
curve and number  
dimensionless

yet entering autumn  
knowing now what may be faced  
seeing that hideous beauty  
is there redemption?  
easier to toss it all aside  
these obsessions  
let Assisi quake  
and see if god still cares  
strange how physics tends to god  
while biology departs  
and if Mars has DNA  
god may finally go plop  
though I look back and feel  
all those rescues

the dream of Venice  
Manfred  
and in this toxicity  
the means of destruction  
will be deliverance  
turn again to science  
our classical inheritance  
where coolly we can observe  
what makes the self  
and its illusion  
both charlatans of thought  
re-enter non-attachment  
and watch ones own life  
fail

enduring all things...

where is the journey  
but contained in this year  
like any year folded  
on the contiguous slices  
of Caesar's days  
and any hero treads his lonely path  
from imaginary castle to the moors  
of bleak reality  
the constant weight of others  
and the failing landscape  
coalesce  
like clay upon your footsteps  
genes are working their destruction  
as cancer cells may self-destruct  
we still come up for air  
o the long autumn  
of our inveteracy

but these very long days  
turning into the garden of nothing  
how silent are they  
what possible alchemy brews  
when like Rilke you come home  
to a final Orpheus  
those maps you have poured over  
gazed at a dream of Picasso  
struggled with Celan  
written your pipsqueaks of medicine  
and have you availed

leaves too are scented in dying  
as the universe scatters  
its ever complete messages  
of humiliation  
the waters above are fragrant  
if god is passing overhead  
his great arc cleaves the stream  
but he does not look down

not what to think  
but how to make us think  
is education

so we become simpler  
testing the habits of our generation  
and preferring the next  
as we write for them

we impose nothing  
poetry must expose itself (Celan)  
and like science be a dial  
to future action  
in a moving universe  
logic unravells  
even numbers are assumptions  
but we change too  
and by intellect and ardour  
apply a scientific poetry  
clumsy word  
to the substance of our quality  
our uniqueness and our transience

blue island so long neglected  
september - clear water  
reminiscing  
outline of mountains  
ferries of happiness  
poolside sun embalming you  
Ithaca there, journeys end  
compose you  
sempeverens!  
pointing to  
the endless one  
so much missed

but there is no abiding  
lapse of divine promise  
enables poetry  
which freeing language  
will define our present  
after Hiroshima we have no myths  
music can be death  
pictures are too enigmatic  
poetry might reach it  
overcome death from Germany  
homaging Celan

lightness of snow Colorado  
no two are alike  
water structure infinity  
we scoffed homeopathy!  
can it hold memory?

random thinking not chance  
brings new words  
heavy the buttress needed  
shoring up the gainsaid

we are still moving  
not to the still point  
but through fire a new language  
yes it is fact hewn  
by the cost of creation  
ourselves reunited

if it were possible  
gathering up the dead  
do we deserve it  
a lesson so quickly forgotten  
can we imagine a place  
freed from these human ties  
where we are still human  
somewhere beyond the endless  
white tablets

here now and always  
word breaking  
too many words  
in long poems  
yet after this we are gone  
the excuse valediction  
staying on?  
we promise small nosegays  
only

this christmas a benediction  
accept it  
long after one can believe  
in such things  
there is nothing but atoms  
and empty space  
the rest is opinion (Democritus)  
thus the poet exists  
to describe the other  
to defy the mechanical  
to finally say here  
here is a life  
it cannot be cancelled



the blind are skiing  
legless boys skiing  
suitably humbled  
we need the death of others  
to keep going

making contact  
memory of the dead  
not one flower  
on a fathers grave  
golders green  
why golders green  
for gods sake

no memory of my father  
here it began  
the terror of authority  
the weakness unrevealed  
emotional chasm  
seventeen  
the long fight begun  
fifty three  
still not over

Celan acts as protector  
and in another place  
I must sing him  
in his time crevasse  
thereto lies my father  
there in the time-hole  
does he wait for a sign  
ungiven even by a son  
so just  
is gods signlessness

abide benediction  
one more year  
so are the dead  
abiding  
loculated beyond time  
beyond signal  
in the ice crevasse  
crystalline world  
replicating  
machine fools  
(Turing forgiven  
enigma should be an earldom  
pathetic establishment)

the old word courage  
is the saviour  
more than love  
though love can be its source  
without it there is nothing  
therefore take it  
yes it is a secondary virtue  
if you have proved it  
but it alone launches you  
is Shakespeares honour  
how odd he misses it

the year falls  
reconstituted we are beginners  
from inferiority springs superiority  
for that which obsesses you  
becomes the source of victory  
if we are given time  
year of entropy  
beginning again  
is the ringing glass

we bow to them  
but the information man  
the artist man  
the science man  
have become humanoid  
caught not in what the imagination offers  
but what they take to be fact  
all fact is opinion  
the quality of fact, imagination  
theres the rub

victory?  
victory victory victory!  
is this victory  
on another subject  
it could be  
therefore have mercy  
releasing me from restraint  
sing with the arrow  
between the lyric of Rilke  
and the atoms of Celan

yet these are the moments  
when adoring death  
brings its news  
and at the point of truths épée  
when victory of oneself  
is clear  
the cloud of unknowing descends  
and black milk of Paul ascends

for we are torn between  
mechanism and mystery  
but like quantum  
the secret of our life  
is the oscillation between them  
we are the observer  
while the observer lives  
we give to the world in general  
our spirit  
we animate it live it  
the inanimate lives through us  
we are the vibration  
of defining time  
defying time by our impudence  
the breathing crystal

unloaded times hole  
entering infinity  
where the eternal lid  
rises ejected from its pose  
and that mighty shape  
soars like the spirit  
of a summers afternoon  
secretly drunk in the hidden valley  
a lost world of village and lane  
as the early heat of june  
excites your expectation  
arm in arm inaudible  
captured in the sunlight  
of an english memory

still the memory stays  
standing by the rushing sluice  
days alone encircled  
by this honoured air  
you can find it yet  
diminishing  
as we are diminished by its loss  
more than ever one day  
transfigured into the weaving  
carpet of taste and touch and smell  
whose nerve when touched  
presents the chugging way  
between the murder and the mayhem  
of deepening wells  
left unfilled

the smiling conceals death  
but in that smile of days  
on the rivers bank  
lying talking feeling  
I see the air composing  
our divergent ways  
departing  
adore this transience  
looking from Wigmore to Ludlow  
surely we will be with Michelangelo

sublime poignancy  
where all our past gathers  
on the meadow hillside  
and below as far as always  
a green incandescence  
and the smell of hay  
an azure sky of blessing  
and a free world  
combine upon enchantment  
spare old England

never in those hills  
never free from them  
not really part  
yet undivided  
no really handsome days  
no friend to dream of  
in the Howardian hills  
jejeune feelings resurface  
as the mind looks back  
thank god I was not part of it  
except in fantasy  
I would never survive the shock  
of growing up

still it only represents in youthful form  
lost emotion  
which like lost illusions  
means it is the rare man  
who succeeds in the world  
but all seek it  
nearly all are unrecognised  
and even in their circle  
forgotten in a generation

this fact truly leads to such emotion  
and shows why god held sway  
for he would remember  
he would cancel no one  
but we have cancelled him  
and why?  
after holocaust and Hiroshima  
we have returned his ticket

survive in an atonal world  
without an order from the stars  
it comes  
and in that quality of freedom see that I is all  
a variation on a theme  
and only consciousness  
as universal law  
spinning like gravity  
is the unifying force field  
without us nothing exists  
we are the creators  
who return and return  
consciousness is infinite  
it is the promise of eternity  
as non-being

nice theory derivative of course  
breathe  
how else will we reconcile  
this crystal  
breathing

## IV

new spring  
lightness of an english day  
land waiting  
and the light the eastern light  
touching stem and branch  
cavorting ducks  
and their neck passions  
cock in dizzy circles

eggs cast anywhere  
pheasant crashing upward  
at your feet  
rabbits holing and scraping  
birth  
but the poet watches  
waits  
amazed at the first daffodil  
viola and aconite  
the peaceful snowdrop  
and showy primrose  
utter more than we can bear

more and more we learn  
to do without the people  
we still love (Omerus)  
how our humanity is summed up  
in this phrase  
it defines our lives  
all of them



on it one can build  
a whole lifetime  
and one can see  
perhaps for the first time  
why god becomes reality  
if we are the people he loves  
doing without us  
is the true meeting place  
overcoming love  
full mindfulness  
is this not Bhudda?

yet it encompasses  
living and dead  
as we in our turn  
are done without  
this is why love is avoided  
new ways sought  
for the contract before us

and still it is not enough  
death was a moving on  
a great sacrifice  
a culmination  
paradise or hell  
but it was something  
celebrated as such  
and now?

at least they had overcome it  
by an endeavour  
and we see it in darwinian terms  
so through that insight  
in all its heartlessness and truth  
one percent difference in DNA  
from a chimpanzee  
god resides in chemistry?

no machine can have our provenance  
human psychology  
is the endless extension  
of our genes  
infinitely leaving them  
as Omerus shows  
and this is only one view  
learning to do without  
those one still loves  
is not built on molecules alone  
but the progression  
the organisation  
of many many layers of expression  
the history of the world  
and even the analysis is dull  
compared to the quality  
of knowing that expression  
it is quite simple  
a few variations produce  
an infinite complexity  
decipher infinity  
and you decipher man  
analytically  
but how will you qualitate it  
the freedom machine!

this freedom is the quality  
which unpredictably  
fulfils the ultimate molecular  
and psychological theory  
the self-creating body  
through will  
gives us our uniqueness  
DNA starts us off  
on the eternal journey  
which on its way  
invents for example  
the love we are doing without

this redemption means entrance  
to the mythic arena  
the world of Ovid and Picasso  
Wagner and Mozart  
the implied life  
without which the external  
becomes dross  
as it is becoming today  
for our embarkation  
is the crisis of the one god  
of any single system  
into that new world  
the theatre of our  
psychological physic

have we returned  
to the beginning  
seeing for the first time  
no, it is not revelation  
but glorious reality  
we seek and interpret  
testing the art and science  
the world view  
but can it stand the horror  
of holocaust and Hiroshima  
(to name but two and not  
to say your suffering  
which passes overhead)

strangely the poetry must ooze  
like gum as Braque  
said for his new vision  
of reality  
these new visions come  
and change forever  
our understanding  
is there bedrock  
on which these flowers grow?

swan now sailing on this moat  
who by prayer becomes a prince  
walking toward you  
is the same from a castle  
of that distant land  
who first set out  
our metaphysical journey  
of the minds little tour  
he waits beside the waters edge  
a god in mans clothing  
whose speech and manner  
speak of ancient courtesy  
whose contoured arm  
rests upon your shoulder  
refining at last the passion  
you should have felt for her  
now feel and are transformed  
seeing the way ahead  
together you plunge into the light  
of a mountain way  
and beyond the summit hear  
the music of familiar tunes  
so a sign has come  
that all this is not an empty beach  
the way is long not desolate

but infinitely grand  
on every side the world shines  
greet the world for me  
for down this avenue of time  
there is no return  
but in this company  
for we are joined like a retinue  
to him our guide  
others jest and rise  
from every byway  
we are like a little circus  
and our piper marches on

awaking from the riverside  
May has come with lunch  
preventing my return  
to the palaces I was sure to come  
but dear reality preserves me  
for another assault upon her walls  
and Celan's black milk  
must be transformed  
if our dream can hold  
the victims scream

## V

O terrible thought  
if words cannot function  
in this attempt  
for neither science or art  
can make it understood  
surely one universal means  
more bases than all the DNA  
that ever was  
can fire the arrow and hit  
the eye of the thing itself

farewell o prince across the sea  
you have returned  
you and JB pass away  
leaving us the reality  
of trying again  
what you have accomplished  
but bringing the rest with us  
in homage for you  
bringing them  
after all that has happened  
together  
can it be done

we are not together  
so in doing it alone  
let them come  
on the back of one alone

o singing day of spring  
who bears our hope and fear  
fresh news of life  
in those graceful notes  
of yellow, pink and blue  
alighting on every perfect cup  
the eye in happy focus  
draws us yet again  
into the maelstrom  
of the individual struggle  
our souls evolution

the old poesy calls us back  
guarding the tunnel  
where Celan has gone  
the task of emerging  
into a new daylight  
lies so clearly before one  
not devotional or oblique  
but inevitable

growing ever larger  
the mind swallows the universe  
sees in the passage  
of before and after  
the rattling leaves



accounted for  
hears the flood tide of man  
sway as one wind  
on the lovely blossom  
of a single tree  
the scent and colour of life  
dance with that imagined grace  
when he was suspended in the air  
the music stopped him there  
o rich hours of sense  
still trying as the curtain falls  
we rally  
but death his dear form  
seen in the hand and felt  
comes as the music swells  
the lines fall on the melody  
and we awake again  
with the poetry of another illusion

## Finale

you pray, you bed us free (Celan)  
look from the window  
of our cellular world  
the new green trees  
shining with new rain  
those clouds, that light  
reminding you of the many many days  
down english roads

time castrated  
and its yearning  
what sadistic pleasure  
we would take

the rain eases  
april is itself again  
wayward cruel  
unlike new life  
our love flickers

enter the prince and fool  
interchanged  
beginning with her  
he ends with him  
another with him ends with her  
and some reverse themselves  
be merciful

love is the catch 22  
where single becomes one  
we dry up  
reaching for the sky  
passing overhead

apotheosis or quietude  
a marching river  
with times banners  
distant giant chords  
drawing us onward  
like Mahler's geology  
or pilgrims progress  
for a final crossing  
to a great song  
enveloping the universe  
these things are possible  
and we will be without memory  
thus assuaging all good and evil

religion at pinnacle  
could be a necessity  
of evolution

but we are not lovers  
oscillating in space  
forgiven  
we are the waiting mass  
for whom in past time  
the gothic towers  
and towering walls  
signalled happy oblivion  
one perfect icon

now we are delivered  
from ignorance  
yet the song is still  
ringing in our ears

no simple melody?  
just as the numberless dead  
lay forgotten  
waiting a million years  
for this brief entry  
and one who was known  
ignored in death  
another nears sainthood  
we are entering the loneliness  
of humanity  
it is there that truth lies

song take the refrain  
as we are singing  
let our unison accord  
strange how in this state  
one could die together

for yes uppermost  
and to the end  
coming one by one  
onto the sunlit plains  
are you here!  
behold  
is there one who sees knows

no more the appeal to beauty  
burn with the golden temple  
taking the muscular strength  
as a final totem

we are mistaken  
the aesthetic is nominal  
it was a counterweight  
to existence  
but now we see our true weakness  
the many I's founder  
and the horror appears  
cold clear as execution

we tried to conclude  
by lyric obsessions  
moving in layers  
to symphonic expressions  
useless now

waiting waiting  
sun submerging  
colder as the deathwatch beetle  
chatters overhead

the rich blossom floods the window  
who would have thought  
six years have passed  
and we are still  
not finally stilled

the garden  
the vegetable garden  
is a moral statement  
keeping one alive

and Parsifal  
the first act  
no greater objectivity  
which returns to type  
thereafter

these are the passing facts  
of a years poem  
moving as in all years  
to an end of time  
disparate concepts  
join in a final embrace

prelude these words  
solemnly  
do not console yourself  
with the music  
stutter the words  
can they be said?

the prince of light  
returns  
the blameless fool  
there in Mtemwba  
beneath the purple flowers  
clothing the tracks  
of innumerable feet  
stumps of life  
still praising

we hidden in the field  
of London  
grapple with modems  
expecting the second coming  
visually displayed

long note  
final word  
we awake to the objective noise  
so long awaited  
motifless

gather the little army  
taking the way you always knew  
stride with new purpose  
to the castle where you came  
and deliver the message

the sun  
and the thunder  
seen through the apple blossom  
the dead light  
triumphant

how wonderful the entry  
repeating  
as if in a defective film  
those same actions  
how silent the discourse  
emblematic

the music of the field and wood  
sounds and repeats  
but beneath another chord swells  
reversing old nature and her law  
making human destiny  
a tolling bell

bell  
or entrance into hell  
we choose our path  
and the old rules are torn away  
for hell is here and now  
but bliss  
bells on  
we cannot go back  
to that apotheosis  
though not yet a curiosity  
its shape endures  
and for the purpose of this moment  
we travel back in time  
anointing ourselves  
before the healing hand  
allowing one final time  
its source surround us  
(we will come back)  
as if mounting the swans back  
gliding through the history  
of our world  
the rattling leaves accounted  
the lovely threnody  
ascends in prayerful happiness  
we gather in one whole  
redeemed



but now it is you who pray  
you who bed us free!

return to sanity  
and the new world made explicit  
in cubes or formaldehyde  
so much more original  
or at least unshackling  
from the moral turpitude  
of history

can the word transform us  
our faithless words  
meaningless  
and our petty actions  
beyond boredom

wonderful inchoate word  
our faith is in thee

reprieve?  
not to meet again  
to enter the silence  
from which we came  
this is bliss  
the chattering over  
this is the truth

and the legacy?  
let fickle opinion  
obfuscate  
we are free!

what remains for the poem  
go deeper  
and create in the quantum tension  
ourselves  
revealing the mental infinity  
of consciousness  
whose very transience  
allow these two paradoxes  
to exist

that tension remains  
the psychological revelation  
endlessly satisfying  
in knowledge  
and ardour

still we are faced  
by our own contradictions  
is failure an option?

self-punishment  
is a method to genius  
if you do not have it  
Celan's way is an option  
a lifetime of devouring oneself  
leads to abnegation  
untroubled men in crisis  
courage, or death  
neither are blameworthy

but in the dark hour  
the hour of humiliation  
as the train sweeps  
to the north  
when what you have imagined  
or built  
now appears as break-down  
the chance of love or power  
fame and victory  
become nausea  
JB hear my plea

the constant sun  
it is said  
is the image of god  
in any case it gives us life  
and is worthy of worship  
the primitives understood  
perhaps weak forces  
e.g. prayer  
can shift the universe

furthermore the worship  
of sublime gas  
allows mystics to throw  
the irony back  
which we berated them

loch and mountain prevail  
still belief in romance?  
how hot the sun  
from the north  
cold mist of winter  
grey water  
the blank hills  
glasgow  
raw energy city  
heat and swim forever

ways of life  
ceaseless  
another world  
quite oblivious of your  
or my suffering

returning south  
without expectation  
into the temple red  
the women struggling  
with their metastases  
defiance  
each ache leaves them  
wondering  
bone or liver?

now we metamorphosise  
from the ashes of Dresden  
their counterweight  
like Hiroshima  
a heavier past still marching  
with us  
thus from one life  
to all lives  
the mystical significance is clear  
the sacrifice understood

a day in may  
from the solitary lane  
perfection  
I look into the country  
toward the village  
hidden below  
lovely hovering sun  
high cow parsley  
image of England  
this moment now  
is as near to paradise  
as earth can be

then the message of Cosi  
live and forgive  
we break then mend  
even love is no proof  
unless it overcomes  
our fallibility

suddenly in the eye  
Lady Julia Livia  
eighty-fourth of her line  
from Rome to Lessing  
through France to England  
a story of victory  
she never married

who can measure the imagination  
what use are all these tests

still we need the objective measure  
and this holy grail  
is not in science or art  
but ourselves having grown older  
the human measure  
and yet it seems on this arrival  
of an inward grace  
death no longer feared  
is suddenly present  
and we have no time to say  
what we have found  
this state of mind is bliss  
coloured by the sadness  
for the sadness left behind  
waiting for your explanation

this is why the image of the Bhodisvatta  
returning to us from the brink of bliss  
causes us to bow

havens  
joy of pure objectivity  
when applied to oneself  
freedom

leave fate to heroes  
we reconstruct  
serving the burden  
of every day  
their way we look back to  
but now we are all heroes  
facing without faith  
demise  
not scaling the walls of the castle  
sword in hand  
triumphant  
but clambering at the lower edge  
or in the gloomy water  
drowning

what of the clear vision of science  
her rigour  
but also her reduction of us  
no longer gods but frail  
fallible cells  
whose functions could be replaced  
circumvented  
cloned  
knowing too much?

yes we could bear it  
if beyond the endeavor  
we could glimpse  
that moment out of time  
a small band have seen it  
who wither

so turning inward  
adore the zero time  
each seeing the signs on him  
slowly marching  
the bliss of nothing  
is the bliss of sleep  
that was the music  
before we came  
of a million years  
momentary consciousness  
must be illusion  
for reality was before and after  
we bed our consciousness  
waiting still like heroes  
for the kiss  
of true awakening

biology dictates mortality  
only in death  
are we non-matter  
physics proves  
we are out of space and time  
being weightless  
therefore all that is needed  
is a particle of spirit  
equally without weight  
representing us in eternity  
but can it have structure?  
when transformed in those interstices  
who would not be happy  
being a vibration of Tatiana's  
love letter  
in perpetual zero time  
perhaps  
but preparing for  
a very long sleep  
who would awake?  
look forward to the unbroken silence  
of creation



the practicality of life  
evolution in action  
is our start and finish  
in between is metaphysics

can we then reconcile  
knowledge  
suffering  
death  
with personality?

here is the fire  
o sacred time  
in the ice moments  
hinder me  
in the heat of day  
lengthen the sky

and if  
where you still live  
the gleam of a valley  
hides the lovely stones  
and twisting chimneys  
of lordly abode  
bow to the sun  
dwelling over you

supernumary friend  
uncounted in the lists  
whose strong arm  
and body  
soldiers me  
hail!

the breeze and sunlit clouds  
do not leave me!

returning with the waves  
insistent as them  
music heard across water  
light more light  
and the ever moving darkness  
of your death  
passeth all understanding

let us expire on the note  
of low or high life  
bow to our reader  
as a true noble  
avoiding modern distaste  
but is it possible in this century  
to march away heads high  
on the rousing tune  
we are subjective to the core  
and by our endless flagellation  
hoped to expose the kernal  
of our being  
which brings us back to DNA  
a wonderful practicality  
compared to the useless  
overblown and tortuous  
texts of art  
here the crystal breathes  
and yes it is the nonsense  
which is the breath  
to think unreally  
this is what the blueprint gives us  
from its own infinite capacity

infinite logic  
the freedom to be different  
even unto madness  
this is liberation  
from the evolved speck  
of carbon  
carries not only control  
but anarchy of thought  
since any man can think  
what no other would accept  
thus we see it is in the non-reality  
which DNA constructs  
within the mind  
which frees us from fate  
or necessity  
this reconciliation  
if it were necessary  
is more than choice  
do you not see  
that which makes us human  
or monster  
is the importance  
of nonsense religion  
art love  
the inexplicable  
for science can give us control  
but DNA gives us freedom  
and I rehearse it again  
my big idea  
we need no longer apologise  
for our slowness in the problem  
our poor logic  
our failures so-called

the desire for perfection  
causing so much pain  
these very properties  
these imperfections  
are the precious brew  
the alchemists magic potion  
which science has laughed at  
at least her adherents

but now I have shown you  
the way through the way out  
that all this silliness  
her intuition you cursed  
the childs questions unanswered  
the gossip and trivia  
the hell of other people  
all amount to a great expression  
we may come by chance  
but we are not necessity

the sesame crystal  
opens the door of infinity  
humanity is not inane  
but as the kaleidoscope  
unrepeatable  
we not only gain our liberty  
but our compassion  
for all we see and do  
has moment  
if I am right  
and the logic of DNA  
permits chaos  
from which emerges

the unforeseeable  
at a stroke we destroy  
the attack on free will  
for here unexpectedly  
is the anarchy of mind  
crystal  
think  
anything  
thus it is what cannot be proved  
that saves us  
control read science  
is sincere  
but art is authentic

has the message to the planet  
prevailed?

we attendants at the feast  
are now released!  
without fear or guilt  
returning to the landscape  
becomes the aesthetic torch  
of his metaphysics  
which like music  
underlies the expression  
now freed from hierarchy  
the lane narrows and descends  
silent monsters loom  
in the silver light  
and he is ready from his home  
in spite of a centuries horror  
to kneel in adoration

ones actions have consequences  
yet you have suffered enough  
from the imagination  
now I see a gathering voice  
and hurling the mind forward  
let us ride on the wave of beauty  
toward an objective utterance  
a reward for all your time  
september, journey 97, 98  
is this poems life  
now the country lane breathes autumn air  
just as my reverie is stopped again  
by feeling if god does not exist  
then nothing really matters  
if exists he must take responsibility  
but horrible to think  
our failure to each other

far away the vine preoccupies  
the citrus fruit or fig  
the date and olive swell  
soft lapping water bathes  
those ancient brows  
and further on mango and durien  
rambutan and mangustine  
enrich your palate  
these fruits of earth  
engage us in their passion  
strangely world-free  
here apple and pear  
plum and cherry  
pronounce the change  
but in the lane hips and seeds

entwine with smokey clematis  
the hall in tranquil glory  
astonishes  
here home for everyman  
spreads its honoured ways  
old legs on timeless stones  
walk the paths of park and garden

blond dead germans which they passed  
so long ago now seem equal  
to your own brother  
shalom to John  
see you soon beneath the jacaranda  
(the one in heaven  
where you must surely be)  
for every life has passed  
its little time your time  
go without fear  
to a vast reconciliation  
the universe wastes nothing

hall of shadows  
tune of circumstance  
declined but not fallen  
as we enter old-fashionedly  
the great house of all our ancestors  
limbless shoeless leprous  
riding in a wheelbarrow  
forgive us  
in the cold waters of the Seine  
or the cross at Flanders  
the stars of David light  
a firmament

in the safe island  
where hall and lane survived  
watching the perpetual rain  
2000 beckons  
one is no minimalist  
high theatre still pervades  
in spite of the lesson of Celan  
thus more in the spirit of Parsifal  
one gathers together  
the straightened lyric of our time  
(in case one does not make  
late poems)

enclosed world  
where autumn fruit prospers  
fragrant hops fill the air  
here by lane and field  
in misty sunlight reality fades  
with all the awfulness  
of hospital and school  
motorway and airport  
necessary successes in living  
through the brothel of media  
and modernity  
Brussels approaches dully  
how exact and tidy is this world  
of usefulness  
cows and church spires still predominate  
copses and pillboxes remind  
of all those dead memories  
still living on the ice edge  
waiting for resurrection



yet the curve of hill and field  
overladen and voluptuous  
is more than aesthetic  
but a timeless home  
even living the dream  
does not satisfy  
for beyond the glade  
near the hazel wood  
where the water meadow  
and its meandering stream  
riot yellow and blue in spring  
gold and orange in summer  
purple and white in fall  
the valley widens into sunlight  
carving an arc for the distant sea  
whose blueness and white sails  
represent the unattainable  
the unremembered  
here there is no memory  
here we can start  
a new civilisation.

september 1998