

Old Hall Farm

Straw house of lives still incubating
I clamber up the lane on all fours
You are there my beloved
Donne's tower, pylon necklaced
Urges me on- hedgerowed and aged,
What can be more valuable than this
To welcome the heart made fast
Radiating the colour of the gods,
Years of toil on flower and tree
The lawn flowing in sunshine,
Can I reach her so tall and quiet
Will the gate open to my frail hand
Will her gentle pressure last
Upon my wilting shoulders.

Always standing-eternal- on my knees
Secrete me in a thatch or beam
A bramble rope attached my arm
Seeing the world forever on its way,
Bed is a sleeping timber among wood beetles
Summer and Winter in my nook
Watching the people come and go
Silently so silently I gaze
There in the beam in the hall
In the large fissure I reside
Making my plans for eternity.

No grand appeal or flow of rhetoric
Will spoil a benighted age
Or Bradburnes native land
Celan put paid to that,
Yet Hölderlins aim is loved up and down a land
Practise happiness such as the gods have
And know what the gods mean,
How deeply must we look
As children die in Ossetia?
A question of layers
Quantum irrelevance in Dostoevesky?
The sun bursts through my timber hole
And personality is no more
Be the mountain while the mountain lasts
Be C and H and O,
In the parallel universe without time
For time is only ours
There nothingness
Nothingness
Becomes our King.