

MAURICE ROWDON —
SONGS OF THE
END OF THE EARTH

"A SONG OF THE END
OF THE WORLD"

by
Maurice Rowdon

2

Come, a passionate speech

we dare not go out on the stage

we clothe it in past scenes

then masked as the dead
we love to perform

*F*ear being a deep attachment to survival
we aren't afraid

what fear of the end
do we read in each other's faces
now that survival is out of the question

fear (shame would bind us equally)
(but we find neither fearful nor shameful
what has already abandoned us

10

our hope in this solemn moment
is that we shall all be liberated
from every kind of obligation
that of love
that of fear
that of survival

2

The Midnight Bell

we work to pass the time

the time that remains

or we cease to work
so as not to lose
the time that remains

~~for~~ only work prevents madness
screams of death

work gives the impression that things are all right
that the world is going along as it always did

work is a ~~lie~~ liar

get in car start her up
looking forward to the cup

pull to right drive her off
see the doctor about that cough

watch lights slow down
what a lovely dressing gown

wait for green, switch on lights
wish the tele had more fights

in with gear, push her home
mattress silent rubber foam

20

30

3

put out blinker, foot on brake
wonder if those seeds will take

40

here's a street another too
remind me take the boys to zoo

here flash lights at tricky bend
sometimes feel this is the end

get antifreeze renew the oil
ask the chemist lance that boil

patter of rain put wipers on
job's all right but magic's gone

keep to left let madman pass
like to kick him in the arse

50

no stopping now for mile and half
wish she'd wear a hat not scarf

lower gear when going downhill
some say celery some say pill

watch at the top for oncoming cars
might be better if I took her to bars

here come ~~the~~ bridge and traffic lights
go to town and see the sights

petrol's low but gauge ^{could} ~~might~~ be wrong
twice my age and still going strong

60

try the radio switch on heat
must get covers for this seat

that's a nice model does ninety in third
he said the typist called me ^(a) ~~turd~~

pull out now the right lane's clear
fifteen years since she called me dear

watch out here for nasty skids
I hate the wife the job the kids

The Death of Incarnation

A ~~from~~ ~~the~~ ~~past~~

our tragedy being
~~that~~ we must always look back

70

history pours down on us

we are the drowning man
seeing his life in a moment

to see the past
is to see the end

when thought disintegrates
money ~~becomes~~ the government

brass wits and golden foolery

80

their skin hung from their fingers like gloves
to the sound of the pipe the tabor and the ~~trembling crowd~~
bell

for the body insists
on being the finale
of all these destructions

on the understandable ground
that all else having been lost
the body at least remains

we eaters march aghast out of history
gorging on the dead
in the hope of being fed

90

A

A New Spartakus Manifesto

it would not happen
if we believed it would happen

it was promised
that when the poor became rich
the problem of survival would cease

but we rich have no other problem
than that of survival

(and we could not help but notice
how in that dream of future life
the human being was missing)

100

what misfortune ^{to fight}
~~to fight~~ so long for our rights
against the cruel rich
to inherit this ~~dried~~ leaf of a world
which won't last for many more holidays
many more wage increases

I remember once upon a time
(~~I remember~~)

I remember
because it didn't happen

110

I remember heavens that led to hell

the trams clattered like lighted ships
and carried our nightmares away
in a smell of fish and chips
to the next frightened day

we limped and smiled good night
in the full stare of day

and looked to the end of the street
to beguile the nightmare away

120

()
what thinkers will help us

§ Z
the higher the thought
the bigger the detonation

thought and number and time
children of order mothers of crime
when shall we three meet again
in thunder lightning or in rain?

down by pleasant tempe's shore
no skins were found to fit any more

the theory decides the observed
the doctrine the law

130

57
Be stone no more

~~much of our interest in past peoples
was wanting to know how they did it
inhabiting present time
with apparent ease~~

~~we have seen so many films in the making
we hardly turn round to look any more~~

~~ashamed of recording any more
that which did not happen~~

Rugby pat
Bastone

the arena hired
the lions amenable

140

~~now we want the scene to be real~~

~~BA~~ when the time comes
we shall make so much history
we patient ones
there will be no occasion for filming

how bold we shall be
when the time comes for us to be admitted
into present time the ring

but meanwhile we ^{are} quite happy
we orphans of tragedy ^{the}
to call the event real ~~which~~ never happened

150

6

The Mask of Cupid

~~we have done everything to seem
and not to live~~

look at all the things that have been done to seem

~~it isn't enough any more~~

~~it's all seeming and no living~~

look at the wife of him who seems so much
how she trembles

in her right hand a firebrand tossed
fury in rags

160

and he's afraid of giving up ^{his job} work
~~that is seeming for fear of ~~losing~~ rags~~

7

The Host

who is the host
~~who floods the rooms with light~~
~~and in morning ablutions~~
~~secures your happiness~~

who brings news of serpents to unsuspecting husbands
working in the garden
and ordains that at table
among the chink of glass
you shall not grow old

170

who is the host that tunes the voice
to sweetly differentiate in evening dialogue
the male and the female

who shakes the earth like a head of hair

who wanders with the bear

who signals at night to the lost
and comes to the window
uninvited like the sound of leaves

180

who lies down by lovers
and rises with the dead

who rouses old men with a morning cup of tea
engaging them with whispers
full of a wit that we would think black

who drives at speed in strange vehicles
and is seen for a moment
and then denied

and dances sometimes under trees
without apparent awareness of audience

190

who hugs an old friend
and later reveals that they ^{never} ~~have not~~ met

who is my lover

who is my father

who dances for me

who recognises me

who floods the house with light
and will if he is lost return

whose touch is so much
I complain of its not
being there on the sheet
~~turned~~ back at night

200

and whose touch is ~~such~~ ^{so slight}
that those who have no eyes
who do not recognise
live in the brightest trust
knowing the rooms will be set
so perfectly with light
~~that~~ no host will be sought

sets all the worms
setty

3
Whence is that knocking?

it's true we've been liberated

210

the shadow of obligation
has ceased to fall on us

delicious lack of seriousness

it has been too much for us
the civilisation that never came

the more we made it
the more it fell to pieces

it was too much for us
those armies churches chambers of commerce

~~now all that can go to the devil
or rather back to him~~

220

gone the obligation of those lovely summers
and those intimate winters

~~deliciously useless making projects
because the expected is always missing~~

make me a raw red steak
and then I can feel my roots
stretch downwards through the brutes
into the raw red earth
where I had my birth

230

as long as someone willing
does the necessary killing
and I do not hear the screams
or see the blood in streams
or suffer the frightened eyes
that make me recognise
the murders for my sake

the sound is tuned to the ear
like hope or sin or fear

each to his frequency

240

the summoning of his bell
each to his degree

the sound is tuned to the ear
the wound to the fear

some find it ~~made~~ ^{ready fr. then}
others weave it everywhere

for heaven and hell
are here and now

Unruly Night

~~in a certain sense
the philistines have been beaten~~

250

~~for certainty cannot now be of a worldly kind~~

~~the roses are already dead
or mad
and don't watch us any more~~

the grape smiles
because a little drunk

hope makes all things grow

this hope
lies in wanting that which is not

the jasmine is smiling in the hope at last
of not being

260

the grape is drunk on its future

and now I can see that the willow

is weeping with laughter

and with how sad steps the moon is climbing

Angel

I shall not intimidate softly or otherwise
your certain knot of peace
nor cause my desolation
to become how ever so softly your distress

nor shall I make my bargains drive
how ever so lightly
on your head

270

nor strike my hours
of how ever so deep a darkness
on your light

and I shall not uncover in all my paths
how ever so thick
one thorn for you
and shall not halt how ever so soft
your silver tread

280

10

Song of the Mediterranean

troy is now no more a city

seat of civilisation
~~still lovely to see~~

still crowned
if madly

lovely civilisation
that never existed

~~and~~ crime the government

troy is now a tribal chamber
roof of gold
floor of amber

290

AA

Eastward in Eden

mary came to my door

I love you she said
looking at my side

are you my mother I asked her

no she replied
I am the one who died

but surely I said
it was not you who died
but the one with thorns round his head

300

I am the one who mothered him
and also the one who fled
I am the one who gave him ^{the} ~~that~~ kiss
and took him down from the bitter cross

and you my son were the one who bled she said

Disappearing act

#A once I was a ghost
it happened long ago *AA*
on a hilltop it came about
~~in~~ a universe of snow
someone saw me lying dead
in a fairhaired heap on the ground

310

and then I came round the corner
large as ever in all my parts
and they took me for a ghost ~~my~~
for indeed I had died
crumpled on the path
consanguineous at last
with the gleaming earth
in the first of my deaths

12

This filthy Witness

christmas is over
the geese are dead
presents have been given
and uncles fed

320

carols still lovely
are no longer heard
and death was done
to many a bird

chickens were throttled
turkeys were split
geese knocked out
and wild ducks hit

330

christmas is over
we had a fine time
our fingers are twitching
from a future crime

we live like lords
we give the best
but more than a bird
has died in its nest

crackers were pulled
the port was passed
suddenly a voice
said it couldn't last

340

Spinnige

This was the man she saw
who love

the world as it was

and because

it was not by ^{Jehoval} ~~the~~ ^{Good}
a God a ~~creator~~ ^{God}
and ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~world~~ ^{the} ~~heaven~~ ^{heaven}

you had given to me
~~you cannot be prod~~
you cannot have

but is

the simple gift

of my ~~words~~ ^{words} may fall
as it ~~falls~~ ^{falls} ~~me~~ ^{me}

and all you ~~call~~ ^{call}

your pain and your goal

is the changes made

is your listening seal

~~to the world~~

~~to the world~~

by the word

of the world for

sustained for

retained for

Spring is the

beginning and

of all things

~~at once~~

all word

all human

all ^{world?} world

all peace

all you

all ~~of~~

~~all for the~~

and me

and ~~any~~ company

any

SOAR

A Palace Revolution.

64
✓
✓

The king and queen set light to their beds,
Pissed on the carpets and stood on their heads;
They pulled down the curtains and cut up the throne,
And hammered great goles in the pillars of stone.

They went on the balcony and did loud farts,
Heard by the people as far as St. Bart's;
They tipped up the carriages and set the mares free,
Sacked all the servants and spat in their tea.

They had a fine time and were taken to gaol
In a van painted red and marked "Royal Mail".

Touching your God.

Your God rests safe inside;
And you can touch ^{him} it in unsafe moments
And find your way; ^{le} it will make your speech
In childhood, ^{take} push you to manhood, too,
Bring the words to your mouth.
But comes a time when ^{le} it will not be touched
For the asking; will have to be sought,
Even named; will have to be known;
Will have to be traced in the dark;
Will have to be seen beyond men;
And then you may touch Him again.

e.c.

h.c.

the birds all lay
sizzling in fat
while crop and beak
were kept for the cat

tea and sandwiches
at half past ten
we'll have to make life
all over again

350

take wing like the birds
build us a nest
be alive again
to unearthly request

we can't accept
these meals from the past
but change the scenery
alter the cast

13

Now the hungry lion roars

but what shall we do
we bodies
if undoing everything
there remains nothing for ourselves?

360

feeling our selves to be bodies
in remembrance of a shroud
we required the support of number
and the presence of a crowd

but what shall we do
if nothing but one remains
if we are ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~as~~ ~~the~~ ~~others~~
of the very same thought. ~~Erasing?~~
thought and number and time
children of order mothers of crime
when shall we three meet again
in thunder lightning or in rain

370

will
should
should
the very same hair?

NOTES ON THE SONG OF THE END OF THE WORLD

The title: 'On August 24, an hour before dawn, a whirlwind made up of dense black vapour, spreading in all directions for about two miles on either side, emerged from the upper sea near Ancona, and began crossing Italy as far as the lower sea near Pisa. This vapour, driven by irresistible forces, whether natural or supernatural I do not know, and torn and galvanised by struggles within itself, split up into clouds, some of which rose further into the sky and some of which descended to the earth, crashing against one another or whirling round with incredible speed, sweeping before them a wind of staggering violence, while their struggles resulted in frequent lightning and blinding flames. From these clouds, thus broken up and embroiled with each other, from this furious wind, and the stuttering sheets of flame, came a sound louder than the roar of thunder or earthquake, and so terrible that whosoever heard it thought that the end of the world had come.' (Leonardo da Vinci, 1516).

1. Come, a Passionate Speech

'Come, give us a taste of your quality,' says Hamlet to the players, 'come, a passionate speech.'

Line 1. The players are ourselves. We are absorbed in history --- in studying it rather than making it. It is not easy to identify us socially: our classes are mixed, our roles are confused one with the other. History, to be made, requires shared objectives, and recognisable social distinctions. Lacking these, we are reluctant to perform contemporary roles, especially as we are not sure of the existence of the future.

Line 3: But what we can do is dream ourselves into the past. Nearly all public activity is reduced to this by the collapse of the future which is nothing but the collapse of history.

Lines 5-10: Fear and shame are here connected. They are the two sides of a triangle of which the third side is pride. With the collapse of the conviction of survival this binding triangular force ceases to operate. Only the certainty of survival provokes a sharp sense of terror at the thought of not surviving. As the historians say, despair never caused a revolution: only hope can do that.

Lines 13-18: The only hope open to those who feel robbed of survival is the hope of liberation, even from the obligation of survival.

2. The Midnight Bell

It is Lady Macbeth's bell that calls Macbeth to murder. It is in fact after midnight. Here the midnight bell is a warning of 'strange screams of death':

Line 25: 'Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible.'

(Macbeth, 11,3)

Lines 26-28: Work, with its suggestion of order (and therefore a discernible future), is an effective veil over the 'madness'. It helps us to forget the terrible bell.

3. The Death of Incarnation

The title refers to the state of the world when Krishna has at last lost his patience with its follies. There are no classes any more, one person cannot be distinguished from another, there is jealousy and resentment between people, and the holy men are bogus. Krishna then destroys the world. This is at the end of Kaliyuga, the era of destruction, which lasts three or four hundred thousand years. The Vishnu Paràna says, When society reaches a stage where

property confers rank, wealth becomes the only source of virtue, passion the sole bond of union between husband and wife, falsehood the source of success in life, sex the only means of enjoyment, and when outer trappings are confused with inner religion, then we are in the Kaliyuga. (Trans. by H. H. Wilson, London, 1840 - see Heinrich Zimmer's Myths and Symbols of Indian Art, Bollingen, Princeton Univ. Press. 1946). The current Kaliyuga, in which we are said to be living, began three thousand years before Christ. The end-of-the-world conviction which has well-nigh obsessed Christian thinking until today is simply awareness of our living a grand 'rehearsal' for the end that is coming all the time. The 'death of incarnation' here refers to the lack of men incarnating God, during the climax of the Kaliyuga. 'In the Kaliyuga one does not hear the voice of God, it is said, except through the mouth of a child or a madman or some such person' (Sri Ramakrishna, died August 1886).

Lines 70-80: With the dethronement of thought, pure power (money) is exercised as an end in itself. In history, power was always towards a visionary end of some kind. The collapse of visionary ends meant the collapse of history.

Line 80: From men's brass wits and golden foolery
Weep, weep your souls, into felicity.

(Chapman, 'The Shadow of Nights')

This refers to the 'expense of spirit in a waste of shame' that Shakespeare talked about in Sonnet CXXIX, and which the pursuit of power as an end in itself implies, money being its perfectly depersonalised medium. This modern role of money began explicitly in the sixteenth century, in the form of 'bullionism'. The bullionist obsession has never left the Christian world since that time. It was in the sixteenth century that the Church began to

collapse under the new mathematical rationalism, and began --- itself turned rationalist --- to argue and fight over definitions. Charles V, Holy Roman Emperor, was horrified at the Diet of Worms over the days spent quarrelling about the word 'transubstantiation', between the protestants and the catholics. He had an essentially mediaeval mind, namely pre-rationalist. Apropos of this theme, in parts of Tibet the robber chasing a victim stopped in his tracks if his victim fell, and resumed the chase when his victim got up. Above the power-consideration there was the life-consideration. This is what collapsed in the era of Charles V and his son Philip 11 of Spain. It spelled the end of the attempt to make a Christian civilisation.

Lines 81-82: At Nagasaki, after the atomic explosion, skin hung from people's hands.

'Hark how the minstrels 'gin to shrill aloud
This merry music that resounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling crowd ...'

(Edmund Spenser's Epithalamion)

The 'trembling' in my lines has changed to a different cause. Eastern music survives the terrible detonation. As Eastern thought survives the Kaliyuga.

Line 89: It is said that in the Kaliyuga, the last of the four world cycles (Satya, Treta, Dwapara, Kali), we concentrate on food and derive our energy principally from this. The four world cycles, lasting many hundreds of thousands of years, are a descent stage-by-stage from golden perfection to total disintegration. 'When the mind is immersed in worldliness it dwells in the three lower planes --- at the navel, at the sex organ, and at the organ of evacuation. In that state the mind loses its higher visions --- it broods only on 'woman' and 'gold' ... In the Kaliyuga the life of a man depends

entirely on food ... In the Kaliyuga it is difficult to have the feeling, I am not the body, I am not the mind, I am above disease and grief, old age and death' (Sri Ramakrishna).

The 'golden perfection to disintegration' development is easier to see in the past (e.g. the ancient Greeks, the Romans, the Alexandrians) than the theory of progress which began to obsess the Christian mind in the nineteenth century. Obsessive rationalism can even see in this century of the two fiercest wars ever known, and the fiercest massacres, a climax of civilisation or 'knowledge'.

Line 90: 'gorging on the dead' etc. Namely on the dead of history, and on the animal-dead (our meat-eating being unprecedented in the history of the world, outside of cannibals and certain shortlived noble classes). We return to cannibalism in the hope of receiving visions again, precisely as the Voodoo-ists did.

4. A New Spartakus Manifesto

The title is a reference to the revolutionary movement in Germany after the First World War. Germany was at that time a cauldron of all the struggles that later spread throughout the globe.

Lines 94-107: The problem of survival reaches its most acute when the 'visions' collapse because there is no further energy to take the race forward. It may coincide with a period of maximum prosperity and social liberation. These come about as a result of the concentration on digestive, procreative and evacuative functions.

Line 102: ...

... 'yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads me to this hell'

(Shakespeare, Sonnet CXXIX)

The first ruthless industrialists, at the opening of the nineteenth century, practised their cruelties on women and children in coal-mines and weaving factories in the interests of future marvels. The heaven of doctrine leads to a hell of an actual life.

Lines 113-120: An image from my childhood --- an industrial area, treeless, hopeless. An atmosphere of fear was perfectly embodied in the white ambulance that arrived to take away the sick and the dying, watched from behind curtains, and in the dark-suited 'rent man' whose rat-tat-tat on the door struck terror in the heart, and in the great number of cripples.

Lines 121-128: These lines are not only a reference to the obvious connection between the progress of experimental physics and the progress of the explosion. It is a warning that rationalism ('child of order') is also 'mother of crime' (that is, irrationalism). The Christian World, in the grip of this rational-irrational dichotomy, has warped those powers of discovery which do not depend on the mind. Its rational side relegates all these powers to the irrational side ('instinct', 'nature' etc.) Such a psychology shows no way out of the prison of thoughts. How can more and more thought solve the nightmares produced by a thought-gripped society and a thought-distorted nature? With more thought, with more education, with more kindness in the civil population, we must expect greater currents of hatred that again and again destroy the fabric of intimacy that despite everything is always weaved. Education here means the indoctrination of rationalism, or the view that the mind alone is an avenue to truth. Serving this doctrine, it builds a narrow space-time cosmology which can only explain a limited field of experience. It narrows even the science which it is designed to realise. It naturally leads to régimes of terror, overt or otherwise, for the simple reason that mind used as the only valid

medium of experience excites the animal powers to excessive compensating action. Again we must return to the sixteenth century for the first clear expression of this crisis: statistics, logarithms, anatomy, book-printing come in for the first time and produce the first book-consulting civilisation. If you want mass benefits you must expect mass graves. Or, the greater the rationalism, the greater the war.

Lines 124-7: The witches in Macbeth are the engineers of the tragedy. They are here personified as 'thought and number and time', that is the mathematical or rationalist analysis of the universe.

Lines 128-9: 'Down by pleasant Tempe's shore', from Edmund Spenser's Prothalamion. Tempe, the lovely vale in ancient Thessaly, is here the scene of an attempt to make new life, but 'no skins were found to fit any more', after Nagasaki.

Lines 129-130: Nevertheless, such a destruction was created. 'The theory decides what may be observed' (Einstein). Space and time and form (see Kant's Critique of Pure Reason) are of the person perceiving, not in the sensations received. Thus we bring the rational universe forward ourselves as our own luggage of perception. We need its 'laws' to pick our way through life. But the laws are self-made. When one of Einstein's pupils argued that there was no such thing as a scientific fact, only 'perceived possibilities', Einstein thought this was going too far. He claimed that God 'did not play at dice'. But it was a valid conclusion from his own doctrine, which like Kant's undermined rationalism while seeming to bolster it. Both Einstein and Kant clung to the belief that certainty could only be attained through rationalism (i.e. 'the universe is rational, or in the form of the human mind'), while showing that the objective world was a chimera.

5. Be stone no more

The title: Winter's Tale V, 3, the admonition to emerge again into history, into life, after the stone-struck period of film- or two-dimensional living.

Lines 136-141: Films are here regarded as the make-believe of peoples who have lost the power to act. Other arts wilt before this machine-form of the defeated. When history is being made there is a strong sense of posterity. With the destruction of posterity as a feasible concept the sense of a living present ceases too. The past is closed off as dead, the future as an area of catastrophe. The film began its importance with such a history-less epoch. It derives from the novel, the work of an observer who freely moves from town to town, continent to continent, generation to generation in a moment with the authority of an all-seeing and never-corrupting eye. Like the eye of the novelist the camera suggests, but more effectively, that it is not a relative eye like human eyes but occupies an absolute position in space and time. The novelist was a child of rationalism. His medium collapsed with relativism. The film will in time undergo the same rejection. For only the rationalist yearns for the framed story with nothing relative, nothing uncertain, except the relativism and the uncertainties of the framed characters. With the withering-away of the rationalism/irrationalism dichotomy, its media will naturally fade too.

6. The Mask of Cupid

The title is that of Edmund Spenser's poem from The Faerie Queen in which he describes a masque where ease, fancy, desire, doubt, danger, fear, hope, dissemblance, grief and fury are

personified, with Cupid himself the fearful blind-folded engineer.

Lines 153-7: Here work is seen as Cupid's mask in the world, transformed, beneath which the passions fester and burn. Work is part of the operation of 'seeming'.

Lines 158-163: The executive who works night and day, namely the determined egotist, has a 'trembling' wife because the mask of work renders him unapproachable. The rationalist dare not break his schedule to open the steaming cauldrons of intimacy. It also creates rebellion in the woman --- hence 'in her right hand a fire-brand she did toss' --- Edmund Spenser is describing Fury ('full ill apparelled in rags'), again The Mask of Cupid.

7. The Host.

It is not a thought, it is not rational much less irrational, it is not a sensation, it is not in space or in time. It cannot be perceived. It is not a feeling. It is the absence of all these things. Certainty is found not at all in the rational, as the rationalist hoped, nor in the irrational, but in that which can be experienced without being perceived.

Lines 170-2: An Italian saying, A tavola non s'invecchia mai, 'at table one never grows old.'

Lines 202-9: We are made so perfectly at home in the world, we forget that the house was ever designed. In other words we take it as real. But it is manifestation. This is surely the most wonderful magician's trick! We may even believe that there is no experience beyond our furniture and our rooms!

8. Whence is that Knocking?

The title: the murderer asks this just after his crime (Macbeth 11, 2)

The supreme crime ('Nagasaki') liberates, in destroying all law. Rationalism never succeeded in creating genuine order. It only achieved ordered plans in stark contrast to the wildest disorder when the plans were realised. The ruin of earth, sea, air, the eclipse of hope in the young. Rationalism and irrationalism are necessary bedfellows.

Lines 216-7: The more we applied ourselves rationalistically to the making of civilisation, the more it fell to pieces, since the stronger human forces were not in play. The rational and the irrational are here the weaker human forces which together wrecked the possibility of a stable life. The eighteenth century, or the epoch of encyclopedism, was the crucible of nineteenth-century science, namely the analysis of matter defined as reality. The self-named civilisation had to fall in order to liberate us from this doctrine. For example, the reply to the nineteenth century was the orgy of irrationalism called Nazism, which swept Christian civilisation away. This refers to 'western' civilisation but the whole globe is involved because the East has long been engaged in absorbing western thought. The eastern collapse will follow almost at once, after its spectacular repetition of the Christian nineteenth century. Eastern doctrines will be disgusted in the heartbroken west, as we shall witness the reappearance of Christ from the east!

Lines 226-237: The more rarified the thought, the more obsessive the meat-eating, because animal-desires are increased. Peasant populations the world over subsisted on largely meatless diets until this century.

Lines 238-246: Even in fear, when we seem to be purely the victim, we are the creators of the so-called circumstance, which is only thought to be objective. It is said that in the Kaliyuga we only have a small inkling of this power of creation (Sri Ramakrishna).

Lines 247-8: Heaven and hell, as states to happen after death, were the invention of the early monasteries, in the so-called Dark Ages, to slake the barbarian thirst for reward and revenge. We must remember that the monks themselves were 'barbarians', with a tribal background, and had the task of appealing to the barbarian mind, and quelling its hot impulsive demands. The hottest demand of all was to get paid for one's actions. A shining reward was therefore offered for the future, after death, and alternatively a horrifying revenge in eternal fire. The Old Testament shows no interest whatsoever in such an idea, which was reached by an adroit misunderstanding of the New Testament. Here 'heaven and hell are now.' That is, the murderer has his hell in the horror of the act itself, the creator has his heaven in the marvel of the act itself.

9. Unruly Night

The title, from Macbeth 11, 3 'The night had been unruly; where we lay, our chimneys were blown down.' A reminder of global catastrophe caused by rationalism. Thought operates destructively when it is unsupported by the other human powers, and believes that it is the door to all reality.

Line 250: The philistines are here the worldly, not the 'inartistic', since artistic interests are, in the Kaliyuga, the philistine's chief mark and mask. It does not do socially to be without them. Under rationalism the savage must curb his violent nature in order to achieve his ends of bogus order. When no longer even he can act,

due to the catastrophes that engulf him, he is in a certain sense 'beaten'. Despite the fact that he controls rationalism, and quiet thinkers are his salaried tools, he cannot any more point to a safely ordered world as the guarantor of his operations. It is his moment of conversion. In fact rationalism can be seen historically as the crude effort of the barbarian races, groomed to a better life by the monasteries, to grasp the order which they have just heard about. The de-barbarianising process takes thousands of years, and the Christian effort is barely two thousand years old. We have to remember that the races of the western world were the most unthinkable savage ever known, and it is therefore not at all surprising that their successors, while purporting to be thinking out reality, should in fact be plunging into the most frightful wars! When control of the barbarian mind passed beyond the monasteries, during the waning of the middle ages, the crude battle of thought began. And every 'advance', whether in anatomy or astronomy, was matched with some new terror.

Line 251: The certainty of the Host (see Part 7) survives all catastrophe. The soul is always in joy, whatever happens.

Line 265: Sir Philip Sidney, Astrophel.

Lines 266-280: These lines are addressed to the moon but also to the adored one..

10. Song of the Mediterranean

The title refers to the Mediterranean as the most graphic scene of catastrophe, and especially Italy.

Line 281: 'seat of civilisation' refers specifically to Italy, but by deduction to ancient Greece. Hence 'Troy': see Thomas Dekker, Troynovant.

Line 288: Government, due to the ravages of rationalism, with its implacable plans and accounting systems that calculate the future as well as the past, must become criminal and no longer even purportedly a protector of the citizen. More than this, it must, under pressure from the dominant power-groups, become the chief protagonist of the irrational. The poisoning of the atmosphere, the soil, the seas has been under state protection, indeed quite often state subsidy.

Lines 289-291: Thomas Dekker, Troynovant.

11. Eastward in Eden

The title: Genesis 2, 8.

Lines 306-9: The soldier is mistakenly thought dead by the rest of his company during a battle. An event in my own life.

12. The Filthy Witness

The title: Macbeth again, 'go get some water, wash this filthy witness from your hand'. Partly another reference to 'Nagasaki'.

13. Now the Hungry Lion roars

The title: Puck's lines in Midsummer Night's Dream.

In this section number is regarded as a convenient but false analysis of matter (mathematicae non sunt verae scientiae, Pico della Mirandola). It is wrong, that is, to take a useful mathematical analysis as a statement about reality, as it would be to take the crutch for the leg. Leonardo da Vinci was deeply disappointed when mathematics did not yield him the understanding of nature he was after. The obsession with thought, the obsession with number, the

obsession with time as duration fragmented into ticking seconds and 'developing' into decay or birth, are the same obsession in the end: a flight from a reality which is one, or numberless.

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LIST OF SUBMISSIONS

MAURICE ROWDON

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Praeger

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Norton

Braziller

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Regnery

THE HONEST COVE

Esquire

Playboy

A SONG AT THE END OF THE WORLD

This was declined

only by Hudson Review

"A SONG OF THE END
OF THE WORLD"

by
Maurice Rowdon

Come, a passionate speech

we dare not go out on the stage

we clothe it in past scenes

then masked as the dead
we love to perform

fear being a deep attachment to survival
we aren't afraid

what fear of the end
do we read in each other's faces
now that survival is out of the question

shame would bind us equally

10

but we find neither fearful nor shameful
what has already abandoned us

our hope in this solemn moment
is that we shall all be liberated
from every kind of obligation
that of love
that of fear
that of survival

The Midnight Bell

we work to pass the time

the time that remains

20

or we cease to work
so as not to lose
the time that remains

for only work prevents madness
screams of death

work gives the impression that things are all right
that the world is going along as it always did

work is a lie

get in car start her up
looking forward to the cup

30

pull to right drive her off
see the doctor about that cough

watch lights slow down
what a lovely dressing gown

wait for green switch on lights
wish the tele had more fights

in with gear push her home
mattress silent rubber foam

put out blinker foot on brake
wonder if those seeds will take

40

here's a street another too
remind me take the boys to zoo

here flash lights at tricky bend
sometimes feel this is the end

get antifreeze renew the oil
ask the chemist lance that boil

patter of rain put wipers on
job's all right but magic's gone

keep to left let madman pass
like to kick him in the arse

50

no stopping now for mile and half
wish she'd wear a hat not scarf

lower gear when going downhill
some say celery some say pill

watch at the top for oncoming cars
might be better if I took her to bars

here comes bridge and traffic lights
go to town and see the sights

petrol's low but gauge might be wrong
twice my age and still going strong

60

try the radio switch on heat
must get covers for this seat

that's a nice model does ninety in third
he said the typist called me turd

pull out now the right lane's clear
fifteen years since she called me dear

watch out here for nasty skids
I hate the wife the job the kids

The Death of Incarnation

our tragedy being
that we must always look back

70

history pours down on us

we are the drowning man
seeing his life in a moment

to see the past
is to see the end

when thought disintegrates
money becomes the government

brass wits and golden foolery

80

their skin hung from their fingers like gloves
to the sound of the pipe the tabor and the trembling crowd

for the body insists
on being the finale
of all these destructions

on the understandable ground
that all else having been lost
the body at least remains

we eaters march aghast out of history
gorging on the dead
in the hope of being fed

90

A New Spartakus Manifesto

it would not happen
if we believed it would happen

it was promised
that when the poor became rich
the problem of survival would cease

but we rich have no other problem
than that of survival

(and we could not help but notice
how in that dream of future life
the human being was missing)

100

what misfortune

to fight so long for our rights
against the cruel rich
to inherit this dried leaf of a world
which won't last for many more holidays
many more wage increases

I remember once upon a time
I remember

I remember
because it didn't happen

110

I remember heavens that led to hell

the trams clattered like lighted ships
and carried our nightmares away
in a smell of fish and chips
to the next frightened day

we limped and smiled good night
in the full stare of day

and looked to the end of the street
to beguile the nightmare away

120

what thinkers will help us

the higher the thought
the bigger the detonation

thought and number and time
children of order mothers of crime
when shall we three meet again
in thunder lightning or in rain

down by pleasant tempe's shore
no skins were found to fit any more

the theory decides the observed
the doctrine the law

130

5

Be stone no more

much of our interest in past peoples
was wanting to know how they did it
inhabiting present time
with apparent ease

we have seen so many films in the making
we hardly turn round to look any more

ashamed of recording any more
that which did not happen

the arena hired
the lions amenable

140

now we want the scene to be real

when the time comes
we shall make so much history
we patient ones
there will be no occasion for filming

how bold we shall be
when the time comes for us to be admitted
into present time

but meanwhile we are quite happy
we orphans of tragedy
to call the event real which never happened

150

6

The Mask of Cupid

we have done everything to seem
and not to live

look at all the things that have been done to seem

it isn't enough any more

it's all seeming and no living

look at the wife of him who seems so much
how she trembles

in her right hand a firebrand tossed
fury in rags

160

and he's afraid of giving up work
that is seeming

7

The Host

who is the host
who floods the rooms with light
and in morning ablutions
secures your happiness

who brings news of serpents to unsuspecting husbands
working in the garden
and ordains that at table
among the chink of glass
you shall not grow old

170

who is the host that tunes the voice
to sweetly differentiate in evening dialogue
the male and the female

who shakes the earth like a head of hair

who wanders with the bear

who signals at night to the lost
and comes to the window
uninvited like the sound of leaves

180

who lies down by lovers
and rises with the dead

who rouses old men with a morning cup of tea
engaging them with whispers
full of a wit that we would think black

who drives at speed in strange vehicles
and is seen for a moment
and then denied

and dances sometimes under trees
without apparent awareness of audience

190

who hugs an old friend
and later reveals that they have not met

who is my lover

who is my father

who dances for me

who recognises me

who floods the house with light
and will if he is lost return

whose touch is so much
I complain of its not
being there on the sheet
turned back at night

200

and whose touch is such
that those who have no eyes
who do not recognise
live in the brightest trust
knowing the rooms will be set
so perfectly with light
that no host will be sought

Whence is that knocking?

it's true we've been liberated

210

the shadow of obligation
has ceased to fall on us

delicious lack of seriousness

it has been too much for us
the civilisation that never came

the more we made it
the more it fell to pieces

it was too much for us
those armies churches chambers of commerce

now all that can go to the devil
or rather back to him

220

gone the obligation of those lovely summers
and those intimate winters

deliciously useless making projects
because the expected is always missing

make me a raw red steak
and then I can feel my roots
stretch downwards through the brutes
into the raw red earth
where I had my birth

230

as long as someone willing
does the necessary killing
and I do not hear the screams
or see the blood in streams
or suffer the frightened eyes
that make me recognise
the murders for my sake

the sound is tuned to the ear
like hope or sin or fear

each to his frequency

240

the summoning of his bell
each to his degree

the sound is tuned to the ear
the wound to the fear

some find it made
others weave it everywhere

for heaven and hell
are here and now

Unruly Night

in a certain sense
the philistines have been beaten

250

for certainty cannot now be of a worldly kind

the roses are already dead
or mad
and don't watch us any more

the grape smiles
because a little drunk

hope makes all things grow

this hope
lies in wanting that which is not

the jasmine is smiling in the hope at last
of not being

260

the grape is drunk on its future

and now I can see that the willow

is weeping with laughter

and with how sad steps the moon is climbing

I shall not intimidate softly or otherwise
your certain knot of peace
nor cause my desolation
to become how ever so softly your distress

nor shall I make my bargains drive
how ever so lightly
on your head

270

nor strike my hours
of how ever so deep a darkness
on your light

and I shall not uncover in all my paths
how ever so thick
one thorn for you
and shall not halt how ever so soft
your silver tread

280

10

Song of the Mediterranean

troy is now no more a city

seat of civilisation
still lovely to see

still crowned
if madly

lovely civilisation
that never existed

and crime the government

troy is now a tribal chamber
roof of gold
floor of amber

290

11

Eastward in Eden

mary came to my door

I love you she said
looking at my side

are you my mother I asked her

no she replied
I am the one who died

but surely I said
it was not you who died
but the one with thorns round his head

300

I am the one who mothered him
and also the one who fled
I am the one who gave him that kiss
and took him down from the bitter cross

and you my son were the one who bled she said

once I was a ghost
it happened long ago
on a hilltop it came about
in a universe of snow
someone saw me lying dead
in a fairhaired heap on the ground

310

and then I came round the corner
large as ever in all my parts
and they took me for a ghost
for indeed I had died
crumpled on the path
consanguineous at last
with the gleaming earth
in the first of my deaths

12

This filthy Witness

christmas is over
the geese are dead
presents have been given
and uncles fed

320

carols still lovely
are no longer heard
and death was done
to many a bird

chickens were throttled
turkeys were split
geese knocked out
and wild ducks hit

330

christmas is over
we had a fine time
our fingers are twitching
from a future crime

we live like lords
we give the best
but more than a bird
has died in its nest

crackers were pulled
the port was passed
suddenly a voice
said it couldn't last

340

the birds all lay
sizzling in fat
while crop and beak
were kept for the cat

tea and sandwiches
at half past ten
we'll have to make life
all over again

350

take wing like the birds
build us a nest
be alive again
to unearthly request

we can't accept
these meals from the past
but change the scenery
alter the cast

13

Now the hungry lion roars

but what shall we do
we bodies
if undoing everything
there remains nothing for ourselves

360

feeling our selves to be bodies
in remembrance of a shroud
we required the support of number
and the presence of a crowd

but what shall we do
if nothing but one remains

thought and number and time
children of order mothers of crime
when shall we three meet again
in thunder lightning or in rain

370

NOTES ON THE SONG OF THE END OF THE WORLD

The title: 'On August 24, an hour before dawn, a whirlwind made up of dense black vapour, spreading in all directions for about two miles on either side, emerged from the upper sea near Ancona, and began crossing Italy as far as the lower sea near Pisa. This vapour, driven by irresistible forces, whether natural or supernatural I do not know, and torn and galvanised by struggles within itself, split up into clouds, some of which rose further into the sky and some of which descended to the earth, crashing against one another or whirling round with incredible speed, sweeping before them a wind of staggering violence, while their struggles resulted in frequent lightning and blinding flames. From these clouds, thus broken up and embroiled with each other, from this furious wind, and the stuttering sheets of flame, came a sound louder than the roar of thunder or earthquake, and so terrible that whosoever heard it thought that the end of the world had come.' (Leonardo da Vinci, 1516).

1. Come, a Passionate Speech

'Come, give us a taste of your quality,' says Hamlet to the players, 'come, a passionate speech.'

Line 1. The players are ourselves. We are absorbed in history --- in studying it rather than making it. It is not easy to identify us socially: our classes are mixed, our roles are confused one with the other. History, to be made, requires shared objectives, and recognisable social distinctions. Lacking these, we are reluctant to perform contemporary roles, especially as we are not sure of the existence of the future.

Line 3: But what we can do is dream ourselves into the past. Nearly all public activity is reduced to this by the collapse of the future which is nothing but the collapse of history.

Lines 5-10: Fear and shame are here connected. They are the two sides of a triangle of which the third side is pride. With the collapse of the conviction of survival this binding triangular force ceases to operate. Only the certainty of survival provokes a sharp sense of terror at the thought of not surviving. As the historians say, despair never caused a revolution: only hope can do that.

Lines 13-18: The only hope open to those who feel robbed of survival is the hope of liberation, even from the obligation of survival.

2. The Midnight Bell

It is Lady Macbeth's bell that calls Macbeth to murder. It is in fact after midnight. Here the midnight bell is a warning of 'strange screams of death':

Line 25: 'Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible.'

(Macbeth, 11, 3)

Lines 26-28: Work, with its suggestion of order (and therefore a discernible future), is an effective veil over the 'madness'. It helps us to forget the terrible bell.

3. The Death of Incarnation

The title refers to the state of the world when Krishna has at last lost his patience with its follies. There are no classes any more, one person cannot be distinguished from another, there is jealousy and resentment between people, and the holy men are bogus. Krishna then destroys the world. This is at the end of Kaliyuga, the era of destruction, which lasts three or four hundred thousand years. The Vishnu Paràna says, When society reaches a stage where

property confers rank, wealth becomes the only source of virtue, passion the sole bond of union between husband and wife, falsehood the source of success in life, sex the only means of enjoyment, and when outer trappings are confused with inner religion, then we are in the Kaliyuga. (Trans. by H. H. Wilson, London, 1840 - see Heinrich Zimmer's Myths and Symbols of Indian Art, Bollingen, Princeton Univ. Press. 1946). The current Kaliyuga, in which we are said to be living, began three thousand years before Christ. The end-of-the-world conviction which has well-nigh obsessed Christian thinking until today is simply awareness of our living a grand 'rehearsal' for the end that is coming all the time. The 'death of incarnation' here refers to the lack of men incarnating God, during the climax of the Kaliyuga. 'In the Kaliyuga one does not hear the voice of God, it is said, except through the mouth of a child or a madman or some such person' (Sri Ramakrishna, died August 1886).

Lines 70-80: With the dethronement of thought, pure power (money) is exercised as an end in itself. In history, power was always towards a visionary end of some kind. The collapse of visionary ends meant the collapse of history.

Line 80: From men's brass wits and golden foolery
Weep, weep your souls, into felicity.

(Chapman, 'The Shadow of Nights')

This refers to the 'expense of spirit in a waste of shame' that Shakespeare talked about in Sonnet CXXIX, and which the pursuit of power as an end in itself implies, money being its perfectly depersonalised medium. This modern role of money began explicitly in the sixteenth century, in the form of 'bullionism'. The bullionist obsession has never left the Christian world since that time. It was in the sixteenth century that the Church began to

collapse under the new mathematical rationalism, and began --- itself turned rationalist --- to argue and fight over definitions. Charles V, Holy Roman Emperor, was horrified at the Diet of Worms over the days spent quarrelling about the word 'transubstantiation', between the protestants and the catholics. He had an essentially mediaeval mind, namely pre-rationalist. Apropos of this theme, in parts of Tibet the robber chasing a victim stopped in his tracks if his victim fell, and resumed the chase when his victim got up. Above the power-consideration there was the life-consideration. This is what collapsed in the era of Charles V and his son Philip 11 of Spain. It spelled the end of the attempt to make a Christian civilisation.

Lines 81-82: At Nagasaki, after the atomic explosion, skin hung from people's hands.

'Hark how the minstrels 'gin to shrill aloud
This merry music that resounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling crowd ...'

(Edmund Spenser's Epithalamion)

The 'trembling' in my lines has changed to a different cause. Eastern music survives the terrible detonation. As Eastern thought survives the Kaliyuga.

Line 89: It is said that in the Kaliyuga, the last of the four world cycles (Satya, Treta, Dwapara, Kali), we concentrate on food and derive our energy principally from this. The four world cycles, lasting many hundreds of thousands of years, are a descent stage-by-stage from golden perfection to total disintegration. 'When the mind is immersed in worldliness it dwells in the three lower planes --- at the navel, at the sex organ, and at the organ of evacuation. In that state the mind loses its higher visions --- it broods only on 'woman' and 'gold' ... In the Kaliyuga the life of a man depends

entirely on food ... In the Kaliyuga it is difficult to have the feeling, I am not the body, I am not the mind, I am above disease and grief, old age and death' (Sri Ramakrishna).

The 'golden perfection to disintegration' development is easier to see in the past (e.g. the ancient Greeks, the Romans, the Alexandrians) than the theory of progress which began to obsess the Christian mind in the nineteenth century. Obsessive rationalism can even see in this century of the two fiercest wars ever known, and the fiercest massacres, a climax of civilisation or 'knowledge'.

Line 90: 'gorging on the dead' etc. Namely on the dead of history, and on the animal-dead (our meat-eating being unprecedented in the history of the world, outside of cannibals and certain shortlived noble classes). We return to cannibalism in the hope of receiving visions again, precisely as the Voodoo-ists did.

4. A New Spartakus Manifesto

The title is a reference to the revolutionary movement in Germany after the First World War. Germany was at that time a cauldron of all the struggles that later spread throughout the globe.

Lines 94-107: The problem of survival reaches its most acute when the 'visions' collapse because there is no further energy to take the race forward. It may coincide with a period of maximum prosperity and social liberation. These come about as a result of the concentration on digestive, procreative and evacuative functions.

Line 102: ...

... 'yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads me to this hell'

(Shakespeare, Sonnet CXXIX)

The first ruthless industrialists, at the opening of the nineteenth century, practised their cruelties on women and children in coal-mines and weaving factories in the interests of future marvels. The heaven of doctrine leads to a hell of an actual life.

Lines 113-120: An image from my childhood --- an industrial area, treeless, hopeless. An atmosphere of fear was perfectly embodied in the white ambulance that arrived to take away the sick and the dying, watched from behind curtains, and in the dark-suited 'rent man' whose rat-tat-tat on the door struck terror in the heart, and in the great number of cripples.

Lines 121-128: These lines are not only a reference to the obvious connection between the progress of experimental physics and the progress of the explosion. It is a warning that rationalism ('child of order') is also 'mother of crime' (that is, irrationalism). The Christian World, in the grip of this rational-irrational dichotomy, has warped those powers of discovery which do not depend on the mind. Its rational side relegates all these powers to the irrational side ('instinct', 'nature' etc.) Such a psychology shows no way out of the prison of thoughts. How can more and more thought solve the nightmares produced by a thought-gripped society and a thought-distorted nature? With more thought, with more education, with more kindness in the civil population, we must expect greater currents of hatred that again and again destroy the fabric of intimacy that despite everything is always weaved. Education here means the indoctrination of rationalism, or the view that the mind alone is an avenue to truth. Serving this doctrine, it builds a narrow space-time cosmology which can only explain a limited field of experience. It narrows even the science which it is designed to realise. It naturally leads to régimes of terror, overt or otherwise, for the simple reason that mind used as the only valid

medium of experience excites the animal powers to excessive compensating action. Again we must return to the sixteenth century for the first clear expression of this crisis: statistics, logarithms, anatomy, book-printing come in for the first time and produce the first book-consulting civilisation. If you want mass benefits you must expect mass graves. Or, the greater the rationalism, the greater the war.

Lines 124-7: The witches in Macbeth are the engineers of the tragedy. They are here personified as 'thought and number and time', that is the mathematical or rationalist analysis of the universe.

Lines 128-9: 'Down by pleasant Tempe's shore', from Edmund Spenser's Prothalamion. Tempe, the lovely vale in ancient Thessaly, is here the scene of an attempt to make new life, but 'no skins were found to fit any more', after Nagasaki.

Lines 129-130: Nevertheless, such a destruction was created. 'The theory decides what may be observed' (Einstein). Space and time and form (see Kant's Critique of Pure Reason) are of the person perceiving, not in the sensations received. Thus we bring the rational universe forward ourselves as our own luggage of perception. We need its 'laws' to pick our way through life. But the laws are self-made. When one of Einstein's pupils argued that there was no such thing as a scientific fact, only 'perceived possibilities', Einstein thought this was going too far. He claimed that God 'did not play at dice'. But it was a valid conclusion from his own doctrine, which like Kant's undermined rationalism while seeming to bolster it. Both Einstein and Kant clung to the belief that certainty could only be attained through rationalism (i.e. 'the universe is rational, or in the form of the human mind'), while showing that the objective world was a chimera.

5. Be stone no more

The title: Winter's Tale V, 3, the admonition to emerge again into history, into life, after the stone-struck period of film- or two-dimensional living.

Lines 136-141: Films are here regarded as the make-believe of peoples who have lost the power to act. Other arts wilt before this machine-form of the defeated. When history is being made there is a strong sense of posterity. With the destruction of posterity as a feasible concept the sense of a living present ceases too. The past is closed off as dead, the future as an area of catastrophe. The film began its importance with such a history-less epoch. It derives from the novel, the work of an observer who freely moves from town to town, continent to continent, generation to generation in a moment with the authority of an all-seeing and never-corrupting eye. Like the eye of the novelist the camera suggests, but more effectively, that it is not a relative eye like human eyes but occupies an absolute position in space and time. The novelist was a child of rationalism. His medium collapsed with relativism. The film will in time undergo the same rejection. For only the rationalist yearns for the framed story with nothing relative, nothing uncertain, except the relativism and the uncertainties of the framed characters. With the withering-away of the rationalism/irrationalism dichotomy, its media will naturally fade too.

6. The Mask of Cupid

The title is that of Edmund Spenser's poem from The Faerie Queen in which he describes a masque where ease, fancy, desire, doubt, danger, fear, hope, dissemblance, grief and fury are

personified, with Cupid himself the fearful blind-folded engineer.

Lines 153-7: Here work is seen as Cupid's mask in the world, transformed, beneath which the passions fester and burn. Work is part of the operation of 'seeming'.

Lines 158-163: The executive who works night and day, namely the determined egotist, has a 'trembling' wife because the mask of work renders him unapproachable. The rationalist dare not break his schedule to open the steaming cauldrons of intimacy. It also creates rebellion in the woman --- hence 'in her right hand a fire-brand she did toss' --- Edmund Spenser is describing Fury ('full ill apparelled in rags'), again The Mask of Cupid.

7. The Host.

It is not a thought, it is not rational much less irrational, it is not a sensation, it is not in space or in time. It cannot be perceived. It is not a feeling. It is the absence of all these things. Certainty is found not at all in the rational, as the rationalist hoped, nor in the irrational, but in that which can be experienced without being perceived.

Lines 170-2: An Italian saying, A tavola non s' invecchia mai, 'at table one never grows old.'

Lines 202-9: We are made so perfectly at home in the world, we forget that the house was ever designed. In other words we take it as real. But it is manifestation. This is surely the most wonderful magician's trick! We may even believe that there is no experience beyond our furniture and our rooms!

8. Whence is that Knocking?

The title: the murderer asks this just after his crime (Macbeth 11, 2)

The supreme crime ('Nagasaki') liberates, in destroying all law. Rationalism never succeeded in creating genuine order. It only achieved ordered plans in stark contrast to the wildest disorder when the plans were realised. The ruin of earth, sea, air, the eclipse of hope in the young. Rationalism and irrationalism are necessary bedfellows.

Lines 216-7: The more we applied ourselves rationalistically to the making of civilisation, the more it fell to pieces, since the stronger human forces were not in play. The rational and the irrational are here the weaker human forces which together wrecked the possibility of a stable life. The eighteenth century, or the epoch of encyclopedism, was the crucible of nineteenth-century science, namely the analysis of matter defined as reality. The self-named civilisation had to fall in order to liberate us from this doctrine. For example, the reply to the nineteenth century was the orgy of irrationalism called Nazism, which swept Christian civilisation away. This refers to 'western' civilisation but the whole globe is involved because the East has long been engaged in absorbing western thought. The eastern collapse will follow almost at once, after its spectacular repetition of the Christian nineteenth century. Eastern doctrines will be digested in the heartbroken west, as we shall witness the reappearance of Christ from the east!

Lines 226-237: The more rarified the thought, the more obsessive the meat-eating, because animal-desires are increased. Peasant populations the world over subsisted on largely meatless diets until this century.

Lines 238-246: Even in fear, when we seem to be purely the victim, we are the creators of the so-called circumstance, which is only thought to be objective. It is said that in the Kaliyuga we only have a small inkling of this power of creation (Sri Ramakrishna).

Lines 247-8: Heaven and hell, as states to happen after death, were the invention of the early monasteries, in the so-called Dark Ages, to slake the barbarian thirst for reward and revenge. We must remember that the monks themselves were 'barbarians', with a tribal background, and had the task of appealing to the barbarian mind, and quelling its hot impulsive demands. The hottest demand of all was to get paid for one's actions. A shining reward was therefore offered for the future, after death, and alternatively a horrifying revenge in eternal fire. The Old Testament shows no interest whatsoever in such an idea, which was reached by an adroit misunderstanding of the New Testament. Here 'heaven and hell are now.' That is, the murderer has his hell in the horror of the act itself, the creator has his heaven in the marvel of the act itself.

9. Unruly Night

The title, from Macbeth 11, 3 'The night had been unruly; where we lay, our chimneys were blown down.' A reminder of global catastrophe caused by rationalism. Thought operates destructively when it is unsupported by the other human powers, and believes that it is the door to all reality.

Line 250: The philistines are here the worldly, not the 'inartistic', since artistic interests are, in the Kaliyuga, the philistine's chief mark and mask. It does not do socially to be without them. Under rationalism the savage must curb his violent nature in order to achieve his ends of bogus order. When no longer even he can act,

due to the catastrophes that engulf him, he is in a certain sense 'beaten'. Despite the fact that he controls rationalism, and quiet thinkers are his salaried tools, he cannot any more point to a safely ordered world as the guarantor of his operations. It is his moment of conversion. In fact rationalism can be seen historically as the crude effort of the barbarian races, groomed to a better life by the monasteries, to grasp the order which they have just heard about. The de-barbarianising process takes thousands of years, and the Christian effort is barely two thousand years old. We have to remember that the races of the western world were the most unthinkable savage ever known, and it is therefore not at all surprising that their successors, while purporting to be thinking out reality, should in fact be plunging into the most frightful wars! When control of the barbarian mind passed beyond the monasteries, during the waning of the middle ages, the crude battle of thought began. And every 'advance', whether in anatomy or astronomy, was matched with some new terror.

Line 251: The certainty of the Host (see Part 7) survives all catastrophe. The soul is always in joy, whatever happens.

Line 265: Sir Philip Sidney, Astrophel.

Lines 266-280: These lines are addressed to the moon but also to the adored one..

10. Song of the Mediterranean

The title refers to the Mediterranean as the most graphic scene of catastrophe, and especially Italy.

Line 281: 'seat of civilisation' refers specifically to Italy, but by deduction to ancient Greece. Hence 'Troy': see Thomas Dekker, Troynovant.

Line 288: Government, due to the ravages of rationalism, with its implacable plans and accounting systems that calculate the future as well as the past, must become criminal and no longer even purportedly a protector of the citizen. More than this, it must, under pressure from the dominant power-groups, become the chief protagonist of the irrational. The poisoning of the atmosphere, the soil, the seas has been under state protection, indeed quite often state subsidy.

Lines 289-291: Thomas Dekker, Troynovant.

11. Eastward in Eden

The title: Genesis 2, 8.

Lines 306-9: The soldier is mistakenly thought dead by the rest of his company during a battle. An event in my own life.

12. The Filthy Witness

The title: Macbeth again, 'go get some water, wash this filthy witness from your hand'. Partly another reference to 'Nagasaki'.

13. Now the Hungry Lion roars

The title: Puck's lines in Midsummer Night's Dream.

In this section number is regarded as a convenient but false analysis of matter (mathematicae non sunt verae scientiae, Pico della Mirandola). It is wrong, that is, to take a useful mathematical analysis as a statement about reality, as it would be to take the crutch for the leg. Leonardo da Vinci was deeply disappointed when mathematics did not yield him the understanding of nature he was after. The obsession with thought, the obsession with number, the

obsession with time as duration fragmented into ticking seconds and 'developing' into decay or birth, are the same obsession in the end: a flight from a reality which is one, or numberless.

SONGS OF THE END OF THE WORLD

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we stood where we were neither moving nor whispering, my mother swayed a little on her shoes which made a creak and squeak heard only by us and our vigil was much like that of Remembrance Day for the dead of wars the two-minute silence when the trams and buses stopped and the people stood still in the street and in shops they moved not eye or finger the squeak of my mother's shoes was the melancholy song that said we're short of money and the rent man knew and he quickly went to another door and the song of my mother's shoes died gratefully and we bustled about again but not too much it being known that the rent man now and then came back but he never did to us because he knew my mother paid up and regular when she could and the song of her shoes has echoed through my life a hymn of being skint as we used to say and short on tush (it rhymes with bush) and the thing about this hymn was it changed to the clapping of hands and luck and the touch of hidden wands and the rent man smiled like the sun at the door they also serve who only stand and wait indeed

Charm

A soldier grinned at me one lovely day,
 a grin that I thought so true and gay
 except that his eyes were fixed in a stare
 and blood was matted all over his hair,
 he didn't even move to put out his hand
 as I ran right past him across the sand,
 his eyes didn't follow me to say hullo
 or even wonder why I had to go,
 he lay there thinking in his silent way
 until the night had claimed the day
 and we'd all moved on to another place
 and only animals looked in his face
 and still he grinned as they all came near
 in a way that showed them he had no fear,

they hopped near his fingers, jogged his arm,
he bore it all with the same fixed charm.

INTRO
SONGS

They're there at any time and always around

On the other hand, rhyme and rhythm or repeated - with the terms the reality may break

is clearly not
This volume / ~~is~~ / offered as one
used to be called poetry, namely
she was known in the nineteenth
century as 'dictation', namely language
with set stanzas and rhythms,
the hexameter, ~~the~~, line, the
iambic or spondee line.

No, this is offered proof as
when it says it is - says
the end of the world, says
which do not

Says ~~at~~ the air for
the structural end of the world - the so
called ~~the~~ Global Warming are necessarily
different for any other piece of text at →

2

evening - at a well known stage, a
~~very~~ compact weekly town school,
a kind of two de force of word
very nice of word the best -
compulsory influence people found
Alvando Pique's tongue, his
blistering mockery, ~~and the~~
so ~~direct~~ direct direct and
delinking, & embarrassed at the
direction of Keats in eustia, not
held to be respectable by word of the
critics.

		Perce	
50			
40	38		
50	5		
99	43		5.99
50			<u>12</u>
50			11.98
75			
25			
<u>43.9</u>			

1 EFB 07 (C) V 5.50 = 5.50

2 EFB 05 (C) VG 5.20 = 10.40

1 EFB 20 (C) VG 5.50 = 5.50

1 E 11 02 (C) VG 5.99 = 5.99

~~1 E 11 03 (C) VG 5.50 = 5.50~~

~~2 E 15 02 (C) VG 4.75 = 9.50~~

1 E 15 02 (C) VG 6.75 = 6.75

1 EFC 02 (C) V 8.25 = 8.25

2 EFB 14 (C) V 5.99 = 11.98

LE 15-7 Chianti Clancio

54.43 19
+ 4.39

46
8
54

46
8
54

80.13

73.19

Song

When I call this collection songs it is
an appreciation of the fact that it
isn't in any sense that we used
to call, in the days when it existed,
#poetry#. This word implied the used
the diction, namely ^{quite strict} certain rhythms and
fixed lines and rhymes, the tyranny
of diction lasted right until the time of
Pursey High Street wrote his So so
was quite right when he said that there
were only two true poets, ^{Alex Pope & Keats} with ^{brimning} ~~too brimning~~
+ conviction and new ideas, and with an
urgency of speech that captivated and
lightened ~~as to~~ his audience and
in the case of Keats overbore the
Puritan ~~poet~~ with an inflexible, & then, of
banality and ..

do you feel Bill said equal
 31.0.04 wofne wote.
 said his with
 said I said how

being used to drink said
 will have you
 Little Tinker then do
 done Bill and the do
 beid you his love d. worked his head
 said how do the blood had Dad had crawled
 on the way for the railway
 station an drink a fiddle
 bitch and us notes testie

Come here you little tinker my mother used to say and let me wipe your nose which made the clock tick with joy and the cloth on the table look forward to its tea, we had concrete steps to a double garden and young Eric downstairs of the trembling hand and twisted walk and he stood a lot watching with his nervous mind and hummed and shifted his balance like a theme that took your fun away, he darkened dreams we lived in upstairs, the coloured music and yet that was right, to have a truth upstairs and a darker one below because both were truth, one day he called up the stairs shaking all over and said his father had passed away and could my dad come and wash and lay him out, it was evening and my dad went down and calmed the wife and asked her have you called the doctor and she said yes, her husband was a gentle wondering man and he died without fuss just as he had entered the house below at night and left it in the morning, mixing his truth with ours and this was right being the mixing of dark with light, these being cognate each with the other like breathing in and breathing out, the one unable to live except attached, indeed they are one.

1) when dad fell down the stairs at the railway station

63 iron steps
 You suggest my mother
 31.0.04 said she
 she was saw di cramped
 up on the doorsteps etc
 Lennie worked

his face said
 you see dog Bill?

2) my grandfather
 + a top his tail
 no made of Able
 1 can by 7 sweets
 my kid, up, - duck -

3) Battersea - fight
 Birthday
 - the garda - Ann
 Maud who died of
 my uncle I was the
 shy and it all also
 when she was found, she
 do beautiful of

my birthday fell each year in dreaming
 September with her promise of winter

✓ he was v. kind.

parents

5) The man for the coal company who took his money every week & an ashfield in a buttercup & also for smiling and always on some day by wood

turn ad face & voice and on way

fight in the garden my mother sang the old song + the blues

Dig Dig in for the love of y -

- Run up mother Brown -

3] My grandma would like to come to the point of business every night in her slippers and she the doctor said she had cancer she said cancer we triggered it - all right & she lived with 20 years...

4) My Saturday night we watched my mother work the table for the local co-op. They mumbled her after some years & kind is to see Mr. C. his office closet - perhaps - the funeral - the funeral

and our parlour at the back was haven to the day and when I was nine or ten I ran from school and scrambled up the stairs to seek the present that for sure awaited me, a book, a book that glowed like the fire from the grate but this time neither book nor even boy's magazine looked at me smiling, I hunted and I searched the eager room, I looked under piles of papers and files and I wondered where is my mother it's past the time for her to make us tea and the elms in the garden are dark and the clouds low but neither mother nor book nor anything that was usual for that day was there and at last I sat and the silence in me waited and then I heard my mother's tread on the stairs and I smiled at her and she at me and I knew what it was that I mustn't say and what she mustn't say and we didn't say what we knew, that money wasn't there for a book or less, my father was sick and the hospital saved him in the nick of time and sickness was a blight on our house, the neighbours stayed away with nothing to say, when you had no job you had no friend, you were not to be known you carried the shame for that was the way of the street where poverty the unseen skeleton stalked, and my mother and I had a nice cup of tea and she was dumb with wonder watching the laughing fire for at least we had coal so life was kind and we sipped at our hot and steaming cups and waited for the band at six pm BBC time

The Rent Man

On certain mornings if money was short you had to be careful to keep to the back of the flat when the rent man came with his rat tat tat that echoed up the lino covered stairs and he waited like Job and onlt walked on if he hard not a whisper nor a creak of a floor so when rat tat sounded my mother froze and I froze too

stared at he ~~XXXX~~ it made
helix esp. much love made
her a named, which she ~~also~~ was

1) the people were
sick they stowed the
load outside ^{the house} with
straw so the sheets
of the earth & the
claps) the hoover
was silenced for a
moment ~ two mile
the patient slept.
Such ~~was~~ the ~~merits~~
merits of the poor
like the water the tail
can always step
protected & worked
along with ~~confusion~~
~~patience~~ ~~ambition~~
mercy like the
2-week army
ambulance &
always for the
operation -
2) my mother as
prayer she turned
small child - he had
the church feared the
clergy - they

Whisper

whisper to nose

the mouth

the Stupid Smile

(humans cell)

Little Tinker

Come here you little tinker my mother used to say and let me wipe your nose which made the clock tick with joy and the cloth on the table look forward to its tea, we had concrete steps to a double garden and young Eric downstairs of the trembling hand and twisted walk and he stood a lot watching with his nervous mind and hummed and shifted his balance like a theme that took your fun away, he darkened ^{my} dreams we ~~lived in~~ upstairs, ~~the~~ coloured music and yet that was right, to have a truth upstairs and a darker one below ~~because~~ both were truth, one day he called up the stairs shaking all over and said his father had passed away and could my dad come and wash and lay him out, it was evening and my dad went down and calmed the wife and asked her have you called the doctor and she said yes, her husband was a gentle wondering man and he died without fuss just as he had entered the house below at night and left it in the morning, mixing his truth with ours and this was right being the mixing of dark with light, these being ^{out} cognate each with the other like breathing in and breathing out, the one unable to live except attached, indeed they are one. ^{with the ~~other~~ ^{its twin}} they are one ①

we dreamed upstairs in which we lived,

was

⊙

since

also

These being ^{twins} like

~~twins~~
are on the road like...

These being ^{alone} lead me to ^{each} the other like hearts in ad
breathing, the ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~the~~
to live ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~the~~
they are twins, they are one,

screams of death

work gives the impression that things are all right
that the world is going along as it always did

work is the liar at work inside me

get in car start her up
looking forward to the cup

pull to right drive her off
see the doctor about that cough

watch lights slow down
what a lovely dressing gown

wait for green, switch on lights
wish the tele had more fights

in with gear, push her home
mattress silent rubber foam

put out blinker, foot on brake
wonder if those seeds will take

here's a street another too
remind me take the boys to zoo

here flash lights at tricky bend
sometimes feel this is the end

get antifreeze renew the oil
ask the chemist to lance that boil

patter of rain put wipers on
job's all right but magic's gone

keep to left let madman pass
like to kick him in the arse

no stopping now for mile and a half
wish she'd wear a hat not scarf

lower gear when going downhill
some say celery some say pill

especially masked...
but where the dead

1 a

come, a passionate speech

and cry me out Tickle
the been we can the
audience, in the seal are
empt, the house light
down,

we actor

we dare not go out on the stage
we tremble, tremble to see
we stare from the wings
we clothe it in past scenes

deserted
so dark and
we toffing

~~and have, and we~~
~~we happy, and we~~
then masked as the dead

clothe the stage in
the scenes for the first time
to help / others lived in so we
to mark / marked on the dead
the end which we
read in each other's faces

we love to perform
fear being a deep attachment to survival
we aren't afraid

what fear of the end
do we read in each other's faces
now that survival is out of the question

the scenes for the first time
to help / others lived in so we
to mark / marked on the dead
the end which we
read in each other's faces
how the survival is in the
we feel also in the
among the black dates, we look
for the one who said
want me, us, feel
we feel
can feel
abandoned
ing up
trotted

fear and shame would bind us equally
but we find neither fearful or shameful
what has already abandoned us

our hope in this solemn moment
is that we shall be liberated
from every kind of obligation
that of love
that of fear
that of survival is the hope
of startup again.

how the survival is in the
we feel also in the
among the black dates, we look
for the one who said
want me, us, feel
we feel
can feel
abandoned
ing up
trotted

wings in tropical and

Treables,

and in
Kendry

The Midnight Bell
we know
gaze at the stage above neither prop
nor ~~condemned~~ trees nor stars
Sunset

we work to pass the time

the time that remains

or we cease to work
so as not to lose
the time that remains

only work prevents madness

light the wands and keep us
how feel fear of the her already
abandoned us
these are prop and trees and stars
are these are
but packed away, stored to pass
why in this
wonder do we hope to be
freed
for every kind of
love, that of fear, that of survival

Da

→ in their warmth and their wild glow
and when it is we, ~~the way that we~~
nor the we fear

for how can we feel she no longer is,
all we can do is shiver in the misty
drapes and recoil from walking on
the ~~very~~ boards she acted on she
were showing in the week and the stamp

What of the is the antea case

~~we could yield it.~~
~~we feel so tender~~

and the shock and the long and in
the auditorium that the seats
are now empty was a being we called
a beast with its ~~words~~ joy and fear and
fear sneers that were real like
yesterday while now we cringe
in the wings of the life that was and

is not any more so how can we
say we are actors who have
no role ^{no} light no audience? had once a ~~smile~~ smile and Venus
No it is the we ~~friend~~ friend
low

stood firm ~~the way~~ the way
longer is pain ^{the way} the way
stood firm ~~the way~~ the way
die down ^{the way} the way
truly is ~~the way~~ the way
~~the way~~ the way

boxes, ~~the way~~ the way
drapes, and light ourselves to
joy again except the electric
power of her doubt and shake
the head he say not try, I'm
to see if it lasts not? ~~the way~~
then is me or shall do and the
trembling will cease, the end
the world is my work after
all ~~the way~~ the way
Sweet william said,
there is there no play to
see the anguish?
For time how?

→ any more

→ our teeth chattering with a cold
~~the way~~ the way
we cannot feel, in a darkness
we could light and perhaps we will,
shall we take up ~~the way~~ the way again, ^{the way} the way

watch at the top for oncoming cars
might be better if I took her to bars

here come bridge and traffic lights
go to town and see the sights

petrol's low but gauge could be wrong
twice my age and still going strong

try the radio switch on heat
must get covers for this seat

that's a nice model does ninety in third
he said the typist called me ~~ff~~ turd

pull out now the right lane's clear
fifteen years since she called me dear

watch out here for nasty skids
I hate the wife the job the kids

Mercury chained at the heel

I ~~is~~ ^{remember}
our ~~tragedy~~ ^{being}
that we must always look back,

^{make} history pours down on us
like soft warm rain?

we we are the drowning man
seeing his life in a moment?

^{for}
To live in the past ~~is~~
is to see the end, ~~at the end~~
~~but the end lies~~ in the future, ^{the ghost} is
~~the ghost~~ round the bend,

^{the} ~~living in a void~~ ^{we never knew}
~~the~~ neither here nor now
^{our} head in a cloud
^{our} hands to ~~the~~ plough

when thought disintegrates
money is the government

brass wits and golden foolery

^{or} ~~their~~ skin hung from ^{hang} ~~the~~ fingers like gloves
to the sound of the pipe the ^{and} ~~labor~~ and the bell

~~for~~ the body insists

on being the finale

of all ~~these~~ destructions

~~on the understandable ground~~

that all else having been lost

the body at least remains ~~to~~

~~we eaters~~ march aghast out of history

gorging on the dead

in the hope of being fed

New Spartacus Manifesto

it wouldn't happen
if we believed it would happen

it was promised
that when the poor became rich
the problem of survival would cease
but we rich have no other problems
than that of survival

what misfortune to fight
so long for my right
against the cruel rich
to inherit this leaf of a world
which won't last for many more holidays
many more wage increases

spartacus the enslaved
revolted and raved

of course
he got his wages / ~~of course~~ / ⁵ (Slave) his own
like you in your rages. ~~the wages of sin~~
(But once you've been on sale
aren't you bound to rant and rail?)

(
in the ancient Greek nation
(i.e. your civilisation)
the slaves were more than the population

~~At~~
I remember once
upon a time
I remember because it didn't happen

the trams clattered like lighted ships
and carried our nightmares away
in a smell of fish and chips
to the next frightened day

we limped and said good night
in the full stare of day
and looked to the end of the street
to beguile the nightmare away

what thinkers will help us?
the higher the thought
the bigger the detonation

thought and number and time
children of order mothers of crime
when shall we three meet again
in thunder lightning or in rain?

~~X~~
down by pleasant ^Ttempe's shore
no skins were found to fit any more

Everything ready

the arena hired
the lions amenable

when the time comes

we shall make so much history
 we patient ones,
 there will be no occasion for filming
 namely making it up

how bold we shall be
 when the time comes for us to be admitted
 at last into the ring
 alone with the lion

but meanwhile we're quite happy
 to call the event real that never happened

Is it wrong then to make up our future
 if we made up our past?

Is it wrong to quiver with fear
 as the bloody hour draws near?

look at all the things that have been done to seem

look at the wife of him who seems so much
 how she trembles
 fury in rags

and he's afraid of giving up his job
 for fear of the fury but more of the rags

The Host

who is the host
 who in morning ablutions
 secures your happiness
 brings news of serpents to unsuspecting husbands
 working in the garden
 and ordains that at table
 among the chink of glass
 you shall not grow old

who is the host that tunes the voice
 to sweetly differentiate in evening dialogue

the male and the female

who shakes the earth like a head of hair

who wanders with the bear

who signals at night to the lost
and comes to the window
uninvited like the sound of leaves

who lies down by lovers
and rises with the dead

who rouses old men with a morning cup of tea
engaging them with whispers
full of a wit that we would think black

who drives at speed in strange vehicles
and is seen for a moment
and then denied

and dances sometimes under trees
without apparent awareness of audience

who hugs an old friend
and later reveals that they never met

who is my lover

who is my father

who dances for me

who recognises me

who floods the house with light
and will if he is lost return

whose touch is so much
I complain of its not
being there on the sheet
turned back at night

and whose touch is so slight
it fills my lonely court
so perfectly with light

that no host is sought

Whence is that knocking?

it's true we've been liberated

the shadow of obligation
has ceased to fall on us

delicious lack of seriousness

it has been too much for us
the civilisation that never came

the more we made it
the more it fell to pieces

it was too much for us
those armies churches chambers of commerce

gone the obligation of those lovely summers
tinkling with tea cups

gone the intimate winters
deliciously useless making projects

make me a raw red steak
and then I can feel my roots
stretch downwards through the brutes
into raw red earth
where I had my birth

as long as someone willing
does the necessary killing
and I do not hear the screams
or see the blood in streams
or suffer the frightened eyes
that make me recognise
the murders for my sake

the sound is tuned to the ear
like hope or sin or fear
each to his frequency

the summoning of his bell
each to his degree

the sound is tuned to the ear
the wound to the fear

some find it waiting for them
others weave it all alone

the grape smiles
because a little drunk

the grape is drunk on its future

and now I can see that the willow
is weeping with laughter

and with how sad steps the moon is climbing

Angel

I shall not intimidate softly or otherwise
your certain knot of peace
nor cause my desolation
to become how ever so softly your distress

nor shall I make my bargains drive
however so lightly
on your head

nor strike my hours
of how ever so deep a darkness
on your light

and I shall not uncover in all my paths
how ever so thick
one thorn for you

and shall not halt how ever so soft
your silver tread

troy is now no more a town

lurking by the hellespont
stream of plenty in Phrygian land

creating in plenty endless wars
and no doubt also plenty of whores

seat of civilisation
still crowned if madly
lovely civilisation that never was

the Iliad by Homer
means troy and a curse,
crime the government
war the hearse

war for the ancient Greek
was for what you hadn't got
and wished to get and could not
by being liar cheat or sneak

troy is now a tribal chamber
roof of gold
floor of amber

nine in number and each single city
one on the other in a kind of sheath,
sewage pipes rendering decidedly shitty
the ancestral ceilings underneath

each one reaching for the top and the trees
for the light and the air and the flirting breeze
for the silence heavy like sluggish seas
and huge wooden horses with messes therein
one for officers and one for men

Eastward in Eden

mary came to my door

I love you she said
looking at my side

are you my mother I asked her

no she replied
I am the one who died

but surely I said
it was not you who died
but the one with thorns round his head

I am the one who mothered him
and also the one who fled
I am the one who gave him the kiss
and took him down from the bitter cross

and you my son were the one who bled she said

Disappearing act

once I was a ghost
it happened long ago
on a hilltop it came about
in a universe of snow
someone saw me lying dead
in a fair-haired heap on the ground
and then I came down the hill
large as ever in all my parts
and they took me for eternal
for indeed I had died
crumpled on the path
consanguineous at last
with the gleaming earth

in this first of my deaths

This Filthy Witness

Christmas is over
the geese are dead
presents have been given
and uncles fed

carols still lovely
are no longer heard
and death was done
to many a bird

chickens were throttled
turkeys were split
geese knocked out
and wild ducks hit

Christmas is over
we had a fine time
our fingers are twitching
from a future crime

we live like lords
we give the best
but more than a bird
died in its nest

crackers were pulled
the port was passed
suddenly a voice
said it couldn't last

the birds all lay
sizzling in fat
while crop and beak
were kept for the cat

tea and sandwiches
at half past ten

we'll have to make life
all over again

take wing like the birds
build us a nest
be alive again
to unearthly request

we can't accept
these meals from the past
but change the scenery
alter the cast

A hymn to Hugo

for sweet pot-bellied Horace
it was always the sacrifice
that counted, the blood
of the bullock, it had to be spilled
to revive the temples of Rome.

He bemoaned the daily demise
of temples but who spills blood
except the uninitiated mad?

sweet pot-bellied Horace
(mocked and loved and doted on
by emperor Augustus
and given a farm for life---
it still makes Tivoli sweet to be in)
he sat there writing his odes and epodes
bestowing thought and worship
on a Rome he knew to be dead

but as sweet Victor Hugo said---
the victims of your temple sacrifice
they froth at the mouth with terror
but also unbelief that a fellow being
could be so given over to madness
and such uninitiated badness

Palace Revolution

The king and queen set light to their beds
 pissed on the carpets and stood on their heads
 They pulled down the curtains and cut up the throne
 and hammered great holes in the pillars of stone

They went on the balcony and did loud farts
 heard by the people as far as St. Bart's
 They tipped up the carriages and set the mares free
 sacked all the servants and spat in their tea

They had a fine time and were taken to gaol
 in a van painted red and marked Royal Mail

Spinoza

This was the man who saw
 who bore
 the world as it was
 and because
 it was nothing but God
 that being the name
 you had given to what
 you cannot name
 but is the moment
 of whatever may befall
 and what you call
 your pain and your gall
 is but changes made
 to your listening soul
 in the mind of who made you
 sustained you
 entertained you

Spinoza was the
 beginning and end

of all thought
 all mind
 all human
 all world
 all peace
 all you and me
 and any company

(what did sweet William say?
 that we are but playthings of the gods?
 he meant nothing less
 than that far from being you
 you know you're someone else.

And sweet William really knew
 there is nothing of choice
 in anything you do
 if only you knew

Now the hungry lion roars

what shall we do
 we bodies
 if undoing everything
 there remains nothing but ourselves?

feeling ourselves to be bodies
 in remembrance of a shroud
 we required the support of number
 and the presence of a crowd

but what would we do
 if nothing but one should remain
 and we are thoughts
 in another brain?

thought and number and time
 children of order mothers of crime
 when shall we three meet again
 in thunder lightning or in rain?

On the banks of the Tigris

I knew a princess once
 she spoke to me with golden hair
 I sat with her by the waters of Babylon
 and have a photograph to prove it

I used to chase her up and down
 my house that looked at the desert
 through banana trees and behind
 the desert shimmer lay the arch of
 Tesiphon and the land of the Kurds

the little minx she swore at me
 in Arabic and picked the bugs
 out of little boys' hair on the street
 in the hot khamsin that kept your breath
 locked in your mouth and festering

she once tipped a bowl of dirty water
 all over her Assyrian (namely Christian)
 nurse and called her daughter of a whore
 while from a minaret came the call to prayer

we rode on asses with
 turquoise on our wrists
 and veils against swearwords
 and she was my daughter
 and doesn't remember a word
 least of all the photograph
 by the waters of Babylon

(and at this present time when Baghdad
 is burning what shall we say of my house
 close to the southern gate or Bab al Muadham?)

I went to the races and one afternoon
 after backing a strong tip from the madam
 of a local brothel whose owner I knew
 (he owned eight others too, all respectable
 and clean establishments, no disorderly

conduct) I heard hysterical shouts from high in the stadium in fact it was the box of no less than the prince-regent and a hush fell on the crowd and the voice was a jockey's and what he screamed held everyone mute. 'Even now your arse is streaming with come' were his words---this addressed to a prince in a land where to be buggered was *aib* or shame. And I thought as life went on what a war lies underneath and indeed a year later the poor prince was dragged through the streets his feet cut off, he and his regime were extinct like a dream, and still the Tigris flowed.

my closest friend was a surgeon at the local hospital and tried to persuade me to go on Saturdays to see the hangings at the city gate yet he had no cruelty in him, in fact was jovial, a laugh almost fixed in his gentle cheeks, in fact he is lying on the sand with the princess of the golden hair, she is standing close to him in the photo by the waters of Babylon where we sat down and laughed

the spring sun lifted my heels for me as I walked to college each morning to teach the rape of the lock to girls who arrived in the abba or black veil and revealed jumpers underneath marked Philadelphia here I come or some such un-mystical slogan.

As Lytton Strachey said, only Alexander Pope and Keats were erudite and passionate in one, and how the girls thrilled with cries of Allah and wa-Allah at the feminine delicacies of feeling in the wanton cutting of a lock of hair that earned the awful name of rape.

But on a certain day the croons of my students changed to one of glares and they almost spat at me and that was the day when

according to an annual rite
 the students rose up in rebellion
 against the regime and threw stones
 and held the teachers captive and
 the Assyrian girl whose eyebrows met
 in the middle put her face close to
 mine and said with hatred how do
 you feel now while the Arab girls
 held back from insult, only glared,
 and then the owner of brothels
 suddenly appeared and rescued me,
 took me outside to his limo which
 apparently was untouchable for
 restive students in annual rebellion

And then we would go by boat
 the girls and I along water that
 travelled in a paradise of lawns
 and paved courts at one of which
 the boat stopped and we all got off
 and to a gramophone they danced
 with each other and this canal
 of heaven was drawn from the
 Tigris waters and in the silence
 bestowed by Allah the gentle scratch
 of the record was heavenly too

in Kurdistan our host with pride
 took us to a dismal field close
 to the house where a humble
 whining for mercy came from
 a creature once a bear and now
 unknowing of any single thing
 but hate and hourly glee, tied
 by a chain round the neck,
 pale, even in fur a ghost in the
 face wondering what creature
 it was and knowing only the
 turn of a long iron rod with
 sharp points at the end which
 our host from his distance
 twisted in the waiting neck
 as a sport to see the forlorn
 unknowing unseeing only
 the badness and madness
 to be thrown unleavened bread

which lay in uneaten piles
 at his or her feet, the sole
 knowledge being hate
 won god knows how and
 waiting only for the next
 grinning visitor (but this
 one didn't grin) for the
 torture that came with the
 daily deadly tread of feet
 from the barren human house

an English lady I knew visited
 my surgeon friend's house
 and sat in the leafy fountained
 garden amid the family harem
 and she said those ladies skipping
 and bicycling round and round
 were the most innocently happy
 women she ever set eyes on

for matters of finance and my
 monthly salary I went to a Jewish
 gentleman in an office full of files
 which he also kept in his head
 thus making a double file system.
 The Jews were employed for
 government services and also
 for their ability not simply to count
 but to be honest beyond all doubt.

He asked me to give tuition in
 English to his eldest son and thus
 it was I came to enjoy that kind
 of safety and repose which I
 have always derived from those
 whose unacknowledged prophet
 tried to bring us all to imitate
 the beasts of the field and the birds
 in the air for their safety and repose,
 their perfect acceptance which in
 Sanskrit is sometimes called tantra

Sitting one day with my friend at
 the Baghdad races, in his office
 that seemed peacefully distant from
 the frothing horses and bookies,

he pointed to an ugly building in
 the distance and said that's a Jewish
 school and often I dream of it blowing
 up, with the children inside it of
 course. A man so peaceful even
 in the midst of his warring within

Not many months later the Jews
 were evicted from the city and
 the street was lined with Arabs
 weeping some of them and all
 respectfully saying goodbye,
 such being the truth of the heart
 before all the politics start

The hillside

On a stony hillside beyond Sperlonga
 with the sea in sight silent and blue
 I came across a man on a donkey
 cloth round his calves and leather soles
 tied under his feet, with a wide hat down
 on his brow and his eyes a misty grey
 suggesting the dark but dazzled and gleaming

I asked him if he knew of a certain house
 and he made a slow shrug with his right shoulder
 hugging down his neck, smiling like a woman.
 His lips were wide and grey-misty red, his brow
 full of watching the distances. How strange
 to meet him on a blinding hillside, its stones
 gleaming white, and the poppies swinging.

Ducking his head with a woman's charm
 he asked me where I came from and when
 I said Rome he nodded his head and said
 I was there in '21. As a soldier. I remember
 it well he said. Then after stillness like a breath
 he turned and went off with a little clop of hoofs,
 watched by a child whose eyes were fiery.

Red

A robin perched on a soldier's hand
 who had lain for a week in the blinding sand
 and seemed not to know that he was dead,
 or that the sand was stained deep red.

The robin sang and blinked by the sea
 treating his hand like the bough of a tree
 and the red of its breast was nearly as bright
 as the sand that had drunk the blood one night

Not a boat to be seen, nor a moving truck,
 only sea breezes that seemed to suck
 the song from the bird and the bud from the tree
 and shroud the lost battle in eternity

George 111's ditty

earth's turning is so fair what,
 the heavens will permit it,
 they revolve like falling braids of hair what
 and the helpful sun has lit it

the air around is a chair what
 that takes the royal sitter
 and bears a message through the air what
 that no other world is fitter

invisible cogs of peaceful blue what
 unite the everlasting wheel
 that turns the world so well and true what
 she never thinks to slip or reel

Early

Early there is militance, he finding he isn't
 loved, she finding it isn't she he loves though
 he is loving and she is loving yet love there
 is not, an iron interferer stakes his camp despite
 the love desired and the love intended as if
 a stranger stalks the ground between them

early there is sorrow he finding that weak words
 lead to strong effects and she in her dreams aware
 of roots that blindly grow to entangling weeds
 they walk as always arm in arm and people say
 how bright the love it tints their hair and lifts
 their feet and hearts and truly smiles in them

early there is recognition he finding that what
 he desires is not what he wills and what he
 desires in her is not what he wills her to be
 and she finding that what she desires of herself
 is not a person she knows, early they recognise that
 someone else is there an iron third they never knew

Cerveteri

a man appeared and said he'd heard
 of my interest in the Etruscan world
 that came before the ancient Greeks
 and he had access to their priceless pots

They lived eight hundred solid years
 before Christ and their language was
 like no other we know, not Greek nor
 Latin nor Egyptian nor Labrador

he climbed ninety-three stairs from
 the courtyard and we sat on my straw
 covered terrace against the top-floor sun
 and we gazed across the roofs to where

the cupola of St. Peter's blazed in the
 blue and then he showed me with care
 his Etruscan pots which were uncannily
 like pottery baked and painted yesterday

nevertheless the design and the tints
 suggested the ancient Greek but how
 the Etruscans came into such a style
 centuries ahead of their time no one,

least of all he, could explain, though
 certainly Greek statues bore a smile but
 not this distant, rapt and dreaming smile
 bearing peace of a kind unknown to Greece

which is why the ancient Roman walls
 rest on Etruscan stones so huge as to suggest
 that Rome was built on Etruria, especially
 when we consider that this contained

what is now called Tuscany and also much
 of Umbria, namely modern Italy's mystical
 province with Assisi as its jewel, its hillside
 basilica like a really fabulous row of teeth

these teeth were set there by the popes to
 bury St. Francis in their official recognition,
 thus smothering his choice of the naked and
 the poor and Brother Sun and Sister Moon

only the Poor Clares remained as a relict
 of St. Francis and his divine spouse Clare,
 and if you visit these ladies you may talk to them
 through a grill but nothing more, for ever

well this is a long way from Etruria and fake
 Etruscan pots but it all goes to show that
 the chosen path of poverty cannot be the choice
 of governments such as popes and Rome.

through no fault of their own, being flames
 that rose and tried so hard and then died down
 while the happier ones that made no war
 were always engulfed by the warrior ones

and some like Christendom never properly
 came about, due to too many roots, viz
 Etruria+Greece+Rome all at odds with
 each other but most with precious Judah

Isabel the Belgian wolf

By their ears, my dear,
 shall ye know them, and yours
 stood up straight from birth,
 almost. Whatever young fear
 like thunder roars
 across your mind is secret. Earth
 bears no mark when you pass.
 You learn by smell and know
 from the breeze what obstacles
 wait. At the sight of grass
 you leap and gambol, snow
 you frisk with your nose. The tentacles
 of time make no claim
 on your complexion, save perhaps
 at the tip of your mouth, where grey
 stole once, when you came
 to woman's estate and the raps
 of fortune multiplied, day
 being night for a time; but
 calm returned, stronger for this,
 with a stay in the mountains
 as lady of the house. And now your skin
 is wonderfully black, you miss
 no sounds. All the fountains
 of pleasure are working again.
 Surprise soft like a breeze
 crosses your face and at night
 you look up sometimes in plain
 divination. Trees are now your
 friends. That start of fear has
 gone. You learned, it seemed in
 the Tuscan hills what presence lay
 within them. Rome hid it with
 her streets, burned by sun and man,

with strangers' smells
 at every corner of our ancient home.
 And now you sit with glowing eyes, a
 black queen, an Isabel of Spain, though
 unlike her you wash. And when you
 rise to see all's well
 you go on soft feet, your fur
 a moonlit night.
 When you lift up your chin
 to bay there might be a pack
 nearby, but otherwise you're quite
 alone, in fact prefer men
 and follow their homely track.
 Gleaming mysteries lie behind
 you: palaces, hills and dreams
 in silent state. Behind your brown
 gaze are histories my lonely mind
 can't read. And such surprises lead
 to the thought that Isabel always
 rules for after all she chose the place
 of her birth with care---the house
 on the Spanish steps where John Keats
 died and you a Roman lady dark and
 haunting (as he the poet would at once
 confess) were true to him as he to you..

Horoscope

Meeting on the road to Ismailia
 a thousand ~~years~~ before I came
 two men with sticks drew Lion on Virgin
 and spoke my future name

x y /

and soft as a tear
 in the sand near by
 a Scorpion moved unseen

Fool

you are my son she said
 and all you speak and
 hear and feel is
 clairvoyant my son
 and the earth you call real and
 true and the air that
 quickens you through and
 through are clairvoyant she
 said and you are a fool

and when you seek to find your
 path there is nowhere to go my
 son she said you are a fool

Time and water

The fakir Shahab-el-Din
 asked his king to put his head
 in a bowl of water which
 he did and nearly drowned at
 sea and was saved by foresters,
 for years the king worked as a
 slave but won his freedom slowly,
 becoming the father of seven.

Then on a hot hot day he plunged
 in the sea and promptly became the
 king again, lifting his head from
 the bowl of water he saw the
 fakir sitting before him. The courtiers
 noticed nothing and thought
 the fakir mad but the Sultan king
 of Egypt called him master

Very true. ^{Soviets were needed to stand up to} the German power was
needed to stand against the menace
of the east unless ~~somehow~~ the crisis of

Soviet republics which shed like
blood secured back a victory all

the nations of the world ^{did it too} to this
side and well ~~not~~ ~~needed~~ so

added the war ^{was} ~~needed~~
~~to~~ allies ^{sew up} ~~the~~ ~~crisis~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~war~~ ~~and~~
thinking of this ^{twisted genius} ~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~menace~~ ~~and~~ ~~needed~~

how ^{the} ~~menace~~ ~~was~~ ~~given~~ ~~me~~ ~~they~~
did they made ^{was} ~~the~~ ~~ad~~
~~the~~ ~~war~~ ~~deep~~ ~~red~~

(stay with me please) ^{the} ~~menace~~ ~~was~~ ~~given~~ ~~me~~ ~~they~~
enemy ally - was the very thing they hated
how and invited ~~and~~ ~~because~~
a trusted ally ^{except} ~~the~~ ~~war~~
was a moment) ~~then~~

gather mud and given one, Bitte
was a genius as twisted as an
^{ancient} live tree and all the lovely
allies who destroyed ^{him} knew it and
they cherished him as their son and
proudly he managed it by
worry to give his people each a
rod and each a justice and each
enough money to buy new health
~~after the~~
after the new-tyranted allies had
twisted the Coelums (this very
language this) until the pipes squeaked
starry then and ~~even exactly~~ a
to and behold the
olive-tree genius made his
curly story again ~~and~~ and this is

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Prestazione	Q.ta	Euro	%	IVA
33562 PRELIEVO DI SANGUE VENOSO	1	2,65	ES	0,00
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