

The Walled Garden

Poems by Andrew Thornton-Norris

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St. Bride appeared in the journal *The Agonist*.

Richard Whiting, Comedy and *The God of Modern Life* appeared in the journal *The Brazen Head*.

The Death of a Farmer, Laughter, Emile and *Katabasis* appeared in the journal *Si Qua Virtus*.

Habanera, Darkness Visible and *Presences* appeared in the journal *Dappled Things*.

The Communion of Saints, Chartreuse, Fair Quiet, A Lyric, Biology, Ars Amatoria and *A Vision* appeared in the journal *Pilgrim*.

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To my children

Introduction

These poems were written over a period of more than forty years. At the end are the earliest ones I wrote, in my teenage and university years, entirely unschooled, but included to show how the poetic impulse began in me. Then there are the ones I wrote in my twenties, when I began to try to learn the art of prosody, which everyone else seemed to have lost interest in. However, I found that I had not yet reached the stage at which I had the words or even the ideas to express what I really wanted to say. This is why I have called this section *Hymns of the Death Cult*, because I was still enslaved to the dominant worldview, which has a rather inadequate understanding of the inner life of man. The last stage came about after I had written two prose works, one non-fiction and one fiction. *The Spiritual History of English* was an account of the position I had come to adopt with regard to the contemporary spiritual and cultural situation, and *The Ghost of Identity* was a fictionalized personal account of how I had reached this same position. It now remained for me to take up versification once again, to see if I could translate it into the classic English poetic form, blank verse. The results are the most recent poems in this book, when I found I had begun to be able to say what I wanted to.

Manifesto

The guiding principle of contemporary poetry is the figure, the symbol or the image. It is this that defines its structure and is the criterion of excellence. Indeed it is this that defines it. Under the influence of French symbolism, Hulme, Pound and Eliot, the figure was used as a scalpel to cut out the cancer of sentimentality and vapidty from Romantic poetry.

Pound's *In a Station of the Metro*, directly influenced by Hulme's few poems, was as definitive as Duchamp's urinal. It was the new image that defined the poem, and any words or thoughts extraneous to it were to be expunged. The new image became an end in itself: this was what poetry was. In this way the previous distinction between poetry and prose on the basis of metre was destroyed. The former is an intellectual principle, which leads to the metaphysical style, the latter an emotional one, deriving from music and therefore song. TS Eliot gives the full history of the metaphysical style in his lectures on "The Varieties of Metaphysical Poetry". It is defined as thought translated into feeling, or vice versa, through the objective correlative of an image that evokes a common emotional response. This is why contemporary poetry no longer connects with its audience on the primary emotional level that it used to. It is this which gives it its strange discordant atmosphere, first heard in Laforgue and Eliot, its abstraction, the feeling that a game is being played with the tools that were once used to make poetry. The cancer has grown back as cynicism and contempt for the general reader and what connected it with them. Poetry has become an hermetic gnosticism, a secret knowledge, no longer a universal truth. This is illustrated by the late uncollected poem by the guiding light of many living British poets, Michael Donaghy, a New Yorker of Irish extraction, who lived and died in London at the age of 50 in 2004. The latest in a line of American Modernists to have baffled the British into submission (Pound and Eliot were Mid-Westerners with a lot to prove) he is described on the cover of his *Collected Poems* as a "modern metaphysical." The philosophy behind this poetry is Theory, which Terry Eagleton describes as the closest thing to true atheism yet achieved. Not for Donaghy the "tropes securely

anchoring him to an unthreatening past," as Sean O'Brien puts it in his Introduction, thereby dismissing the classical idea of literature as the re-presentation of eternal truths, as if technology had brought about some sort of fundamental change in human nature. Donaghy's titular image is perfectly precise, as are the casual cynicism and contempt for an audience who might dare to question him and indeed the entire project of contemporary poetry, and whether it works for them.

Windy Chrysanthemums

How irritating!
The way you twitch your fingers
when I read my poems.

I wonder if you
wouldn't mind not doing that.
It's irritating.

Fifteen syllables!
The middle line has seven,
The others have five.

Would you like a drink?
Let me recommend this one.
I've hardly touched it.

This suggests that the renewal of poetry is more likely to be achieved through attention to metrical form and spiritual quality than the exclusive search for novelty in figure and phrase which is almost ubiquitous now. Indeed it is because of those "Windy Chrysanthemums" that I have chosen to structure my verse, like the rosary, according to the classic iambic pentameter form of blank verse, apart from the Hymns, which are in common metre.

THE WALLED GARDEN

nulla placere diu nec vivere carmina possunt, quae
scribuntur aquae potoribus.

The songs of water drinkers will not last.

ἄτεροι δὲ διαχλευάζοντες ἔλεγον ὅτι Γλεύκους
μεμεστωμένοι εἰσίν.

Others mocking said, these men are full of new wine.

The Mystic Body III

The paradise within us when we are
Together just as when we are apart
And joined in loving contemplation brings
Us back into the garden our sin
Redeemed by charity as we admire
The justice of the sun that rises in
The east and balances the skies the night
Reveals the second heaven of the stars
While in the earthly paradise within
Us burns the highest heaven the fire of love

2025

Spiritual Canticle

My lover comes to me at night
To bring his gifts of light and love and in
The morning shows humiliations of
The day are gifts to show his love is all

And then we talk throughout the day and night
When all the conversation of the world
Is quiet the master showing me the path
To take toward the light that is his love

Imperfect Love

Our love will always be imperfect love
The perfect love is not between us man
And woman though we do our best by grace
Our love will always be imperfect love
Perfection is a state while possible

Most likely when a soul has given itself
To God completely in religious life
So ours will always be imperfect love
Although we do our best by grace the love
Of neighbour is the perfect love of God.

The logic of poetry

My life was governed by emotion moon
And earth with craters of emotion I
Led by emotion went to places that
I didn't want to go to things I did
Not want and people that I didn't want

To know but reason found me there and took
Me home a little child led by a grown
Up through the woods or busy streets
And now in early morning walking through
The summer see the government of rain.

The Third Millennium

The sign of contradiction born of His
Own flesh and blood and died of it He was
The rise and fall of many some who two
Millennia later say the land is theirs

But by His precious blood they lost the land
And even now their necks are stiff and they
Have power in the world and Christ is laid
To rest again His mother weeps again

And so far this millennium is theirs
Revenge for exile from the North Country
Let's crucify Him once again they cry
But we preserve our purity in these

Our catacombs again with our dissent
In spirit breaking out alive again
And fighting back from the disorder they
Create we are the Chosen People now

Castles in the sand

They say addiction stems from trauma most
Especially in youth what are the wounds
That send me down these neural paths again?
They're madness and adultery. I see

There now these hands that hold me back again
The water washing down the steps of Rome
And work is punishment for sin
And rest rewards the virtue we allow to grow

Fathers' Fathers

I tried everything else but nothing had
The sweetness of your face the care for me
I knew that I was loved and so could love
You back I tried everything else

And so I lived the crisis of our time
The sacrifice of children in the cult
Of death the anti-Christ who reigns today
The crisis of our time is of all time

And I have seen the enemy today
It took him by the mines beneath the Doon
The dark below the heather and the grass

Beneath French soil his father taken too
The paper said his best friend was the priest
An accident it said I feel it now

When we were young

When we were young we fell in sin without
Our knowing it as no-one told us what
It was but we were just developing
Our social lives or learning about life

And health or opportunity were all
That we should think about and so we fell
In sin that sent us into dark and pain
Which would become eternal if we did

Not think that this could not be right and seek
Another way of being and seeing things
That we could pass on to our young when we
Grew up and changed the way we lived our lives.

The Temple of Life

The evil that I see in me is not
All my responsibility you see
Our own corruption is a part of our
Own culture made by it and remade by

Us as is our conversion if it comes
The grace of our redemption shared among
The people our own culture constitutes
Thanks to the one who made it possible

The living temple of creation and
The living temple of her only Son
The crowning of creation and herself
The beauty of the universe within

The Wounds of Love

O mother see your son his five wounds there
His people did this to him for what he said
And now the whole world will acknowledge him
And see your son his five wounds there

United to him in their suffering
And in his healing power all that we do
That's bad is our responsibility
All that we do that's good is given from you

Lent

I will not be the enemy of my
Creator even though my passions are
Rebellious my instincts elsewhere yet
My reason tells me to be different.

I've had the gift of suffering regret
And knowing what I've done is wrong
The gift of a new way to happiness
A glimpse of the eternal in this life.

2024

The Latin Mass

To my offence O Lord thy answer: here
The satisfaction for the sins you have
Committed in your disobedience
Of my command My Son made man I send
To pay the price for your offence and thus
My majesty offended is redeemed.

Counsel

Without the formal vows of poverty
Obedience and chastity we look
To Providence to grant us them because
They are the greatest gifts a man can get
Accepting them is our docility

Unto the counsel of the Holy Ghost
And all that's taken from is given back
In hope of everlasting happiness
Where all our dreams of heavenly bliss come true
And spirit is in every single breath.

St. Saviour's House

1. Reorientation

No light, shut out the light, the curtains closed,
There is no light inside the earth, just heat,
The burning of the sun without the light.

No light inside my soul when I rebel
The pain of those who lose the light, the doubt,
The choice it comes as no surprise, relief,

The nagging pain of misery. But in
The morning in the garden light will come
And passing through these realms we know you now.

2. Knowle

The ghost that haunts the sanctuary within
The orphanage upon the hill is the
Objective truth that's gone everywhere else

On Clifton Down and Ashton Court and in
The city centre by the docks and the
Cathedrals, Universities and courts,

The schools and all the churches and the homes
And workplaces, it's gone and nowhere to
Be seen in this our modern world.

3. Mystic peace

And in the garden in the morning why
Does this exist, does anything exist
Why does it come to me and I to it

And why am I the subject of this thing?
This love is given by some thing that must
Exist for nothing else is necessary

This object I am subject to as are
All things for their existence says all that
We can respond with is the love that gives.

Laissez Vous Faire

If it's the nature of reality
That everything contingent being has
Then everything that's done is known and so

Deliberate and/or permitted by
Another necessary thing so all
That we can do is let it be and act

And evil is an absence, prayer works,
Existence is a joy, once pride is gone,
We know the truth and love the good always

Laissex Vous Faire II

The way the gift is given is a sign
Reflecting grace requires accepting grace
A dark night in an alleyway I found

A devil waiting there who said you will
Not take the place of one of us before
The Throne and I said yes I will and fought

With him for half a century until
I knew I could not win but only let
The fight be fought in me by those outside

The paedophile salon

A meal of innocence we'll make tonight
Just as our father's ours and theirs before
We cannot break these chains because we do
Not want to sacrifice ourselves so we
Will make a sacrifice of Innocence
And you accuse us but it's not the same
Thing that you do when you devour them?
A meal of Innocence we'll make tonight
And make sure that our bloodline carries on.

Sin and Redemption

In dreaming of humility we see
Eternity as in the visions that
The mushroom and the poppy eaters see
But our visions are not fantasy
But real as a death upon a cross

The shadow of perfection cast upon
Us by the Son from the eternal light
He walks in beauty truth and goodness in
The land of our days and wants to see
Us come to Him where shadows are erased

2023

Marian Triptych

1 The Suburbs

Across the suburbs of the city when
There's been a blackout or in evening all
The lights come back in stages street by street
In suburb after suburb so they shine
Like rain across the fields the way that life
And happiness now spread from spirit to
The flesh and from your heart to mine and back
Again: the electricity of faith
Spreads through our lives in hope and peace and
light.

2 The Demonstration

You are alone a proof that God exists
And we the fruits of His existence not
Existing of ourselves but born in time
And your time my time coincide in some
Degree and in your life I see the majesty
Of charity that He should show me His
In glimpsing His divinity in my
Own happiness in loving Him and you.

3 Platonic Love

The image is an icon of the truth
A herald of reality and yet
In lust a man mistakes the beauty of
A woman for the happiness he will
Not find in her. But maybe once in his
Whole life the truth is what he sees in her
As I have seen in you the love that is
The beauty of the wisdom never seen.

Temple Street

The sun redeemed the streets that once were bleak
And painted us a portrait of new life
As of the Magdalen on Easter morn
It shone into our hearts and in between.

Amor de Lonh

As loving you is all for me I do
Not want possession or to have my way
With you whatever pleases you is all
My happiness as loving you is all

For me the thing that I have sought and found
What are my books beside you places that
I sought to find something like you in verse
Or scripture that I found for real in you

As loving you is all for me and you
I can already see the city light
That's shining in your eyes no longer in
The distance now for us is near at hand.

The Mystic Body II

Your mind and body made to please me now
Your hips to cradle, breasts to feed, your eyes
To show the glory of the Lord as in
The blessed sacrament of His own mind

And body, soul and sheer divinity
Indwelling in me now as you do too
My spouse as He is spouse of all our souls
In whom we enter both back through the gates.

Distant Princess

This vision of the sunlight rippling
The water phosphorescent angels with
The saints before the Blessed Trinity.

Your soul He gave, your body parents made,
And I recipient of greatest grace,
Am yours to bless with every longing day.

The Great Apostasy

The grace of God it acts within us in
The strangest ways at least to our minds
Of course to His it is most perfect sense
And this is how His ways are shown to us
In letting loose the furies hell contains
Upon us as a warning and to give
To us the sweetest gifts to show us what
He's like and what He's done to save us from
The hell that we create for ourselves.

St Pius X

The pressures on the organism of
Its habitat have caused it to extend
Itself in the direction of the light
Just like a seed that's fallen in the dark
Or underneath a stone to thrive it must
Seek food and light in any way it can.

The earliest memories I have indeed of all
My youth are coloured and infected by
My father's illness caused by masonry
And so I was the father to myself
With all the errors and missteps that brings
But now I have my father in the faith.

Our Lady's Mantle

Now I am Roman Catholic with the
Austerity and joy that brings long since
First reading Hopkins in my study room
At seventeen and lost already in
The world's appearances and all its lies
This dawn of hope amid despair within
The early whorled unfolding leaf of spring
Is now a sapling not quite sturdy yet
But wood withstanding its maturity.

Elevation. (i.m. Marcel Lefebvre)

A man stands his back to us a God
Within his hands. His hems are lifted up,
To free his arms, he lifts the God on high
And us with it into eternity.
That moment he is what he elevates.

The Hands of Providence.

Our faith is not just His existence but
His providence for our salvation and
For all our happiness and welfare here
Our faith is His in us not ours in Him.

The Second Temptation (i.m. Rachael Ward)

Then on that second night she came to me
A mystery embodied in the flesh
I had a vision of the seventh heaven
As I had seen the misery of hell
And touched the mountain with my feet and seen

The vision of the land laid out ahead
The man who spoke to me was horror in
Itself who showed me what I was to be
Until I loved and wed humility
Who held my hand right up into the gate

2022

Snow after Easter. (i.m. Rachael Ward)

See how it settles on the ground again
And on the new sprung shoot and new born lamb
More delicate than lace is every flake
Not what we had expected now we thought

The sun was come and with it rain to feed
Our roots and yet it came this late to show
Us that we are the same who leap in vain
And turn our heads to gaze on majesty.

Golgotha

For I have seen the mercy of the Lord
With my own eyes and heard the Devil's lies
Denied. For He is with us in our hour
Of need and gives us ease if we believe.

Our cross is carried all the way up to
The top, the hill from whence He rules the earth,
His crown of thorns, his throne a tree of death
For our disobedience and Eve

Who led us down was met on Easter morn
By she who led the way in following
And he who followed Eve, his skull lay there,
And since our way is ease and burden light.

Church Going.

What were these churches built for, at the heart
Of our communities? The sacrifice
That gave them their direction in their lives
Returning them from here to whence they came.
It is in this the sanctuary in which
Our origin, our hope, our end is found.

The Natural Law of Love II

When you and I make love what is it for?
To incarnate our love in someone new,
And anything we do to stop this is
A diminution of our love and so
Is doing anything like this without
The perfect gift of our whole selves to one
Another and the person we create
As well as the community we're in.

The Arms of Love

The woods and fields of my childhood where
We played when we were small and ran and jumped
When I grew older I did wander there
For solace and reflection then when I

Came back from living in the city I
First saw the gothic arches of the trees
And understood creation differently
I could move on and live my life with all

This peace and joy inside me carrying them
Into the battles that lay yet ahead.
This life has chosen me and not I it,
It will be as it ought if I let it.

Our Lord Enters Limbo

We let them in, despite the victory,
By sin they come, through doors we open, from
Below, they come to tempt and taint,
By His permissive will, for our good,
If we believe in Him, our victory
So every day the living God reminds
Us of our destiny, to be with Him,
And the eternal happiness that brings
The purification in our suffering.

Today I ate the light

Today I ate the light. It shone upon
My tongue and in my mouth and it began
To make my flesh at one with it and take
Upon itself the luminescence that
It brings beyond the universe of things.

It sparkled as I chewed upon it and
Brought forth its radiance as I eat up
The light and it became a part of me
While time slowed down into eternity
With every movement of my jaw and glands.

2021

Hymn

The perfect woman, flower of
The ancient covenant,
And cousin to the mother of
The first and last prophet.

Her husband not the father to
The Son, but still he chose
To stay, and raise the child as if
He were his flesh and bones.

Angelic host among us now
To bring the light into
Our lives, protect us from the flesh
The world and devil too.

See goodness now in everything,
Because He lets it pass,
See God on earth is blessedness,
And not just for the last.

Hymn II

The Holy Spirit in our lives
Makes up the Church's law,
We share it with each other now
And those who came before.

A Holy Family we are all
Now sharing life in love,
With brothers, sisters and the same
Sweet mother up above.

Unlike the fallen world outside,
Its worship of ego,
Has turned the natural law to the
Religion of the foe.

While our faith enables us
To see what's good from ill,
And with the spirit up above
To edify the will.

The Religion of the Self

Now every soul is singing, "I am God,
I serve myself and all my chosen ones.
It is my right, I am a sovereignty.
And none can take this from me. Especially not

The ones who say I am a sinner. What?
I am a god, you are a sinner, if
You say that I am not, have more respect
Please for a deity, and I will you."

Comedy

Among the pagan dead, I caught a glimpse
Of what lies down below, of all the dead,
Their bodies writhing in their torment, what
They thought was pleasure, now they know as pain.

The sea of souls above are swimming in
The light, and all the pilgrims on their way
Of penitence, from earth to heaven above,
Their eyes fixed on the light of holiness.

Richard Whiting

My little children, lives stretched out before
Them, mine all but behind me. Relics of
The saints provide our continuity,
The ones who live in perpetuity,

Their bones and clothing, just like we are in.
The falling leaves are death, turned into life,
This child of myself, I see him cry,
Beside his father, as his father cries.

The Collar

Why do you let me fall so often Lord?
Is it because of my forgetting thee?
The grace I need is always free, so why
Do I not take it? The only mastery
That I will find is thine own loving kind,
So I will suffer for thy grace, like thee.

The Death of a Farmer

(IM 13.1.20 Gerald Brown of Greenfield Farm)

The gate is always open, grass uncut,
The birds and animals are not themselves,
The wild is coming back to where was none,
The one who farmed here is now dead and gone.

All through the watches of the night you will
Be with me, in the background light that hums
Like radiation, electricity
Or prayer, the murmur of the universe,
That whispers, "I want you to be my bride
I am the light, the voice beyond your mind."

Suffer The Little Children

My son tells me he wants to die at the
Same time as me, as I did too, and I tell him
That if God loves us perfectly, then He
Will let us be together always, as
He made us Love for one another. Though
This life will end at different times,
We will be in our graves then lifted up
For time is only in created things,
And He gives us our perfect life in Him.

The Birth of Romance

A perfect day begins in Italy
With fasting, then confession, mass and then
We walk and talk, until we lunch outside
All afternoon, until we go back home

For evening prayers and go to bed. Instead
Of being trapped, we are now free, to give
Our due in worship to the one who gave
To us the faith, to set us free, to love.

2020

The god of modern life

A childlike god, more weak and petulant
Than Nero, clothed in gold and palaces
But destitute inside, with hatred where
Religious souls have love, and joy and peace.

So, throw them to the lions, let us love
Our selves, and those on our side alone,
As Germans did in nineteen forty three,
And so did we, in Dresden and Japan.

The empire is collapsing from inside,
And Mary is the mother we betray,
By our disobedience we wound,
Again, the Body of her Son, again.

Candlemas

Midwinter through to Candle mass, the time
Of celebration of the primary,
Initial mystery, the taking flesh,
The advent of the supernatural

Into the ordinary, the natural.
A candle mass, the Presentation at
The Temple, when flesh is cut and bleeds
And answers all our hopes and fears and needs.

In pagan woods

1

When I went back into the woods again,
My father at the end of time on earth,
Where last I'd been in childhood, now the soil
Bore down upon my chest, as I felt there

The image of my younger self, a child
Upon a bike, as breathing became hard
I fled toward the place my father lay,
To be with him toward the final day.

2

Among the pagan woods, the gothic woods,
The buildings and the trees remain the same,
But people there have changed, and now a new,
An old religion has been born again.

A beast is slouching to Jerusalem.
I feel the loss within my lungs as time
Bears down upon my chest, the soil of years
Put down upon the ground, year after year.

In pagan woods the moon is high and gloom
Surrounds the town, the barrow on the down,
And doom is nigh, the crow and ivy cruel,
As masturbation is where prayer was.
But Christ came in the night and builds his house
Within us, here the Lord completes his work,
Through us his glory shines, within his church
His body risen glorifies the earth.

Thoughts in Time of Revolution

1 The inheritance of despair

In the hours and years of our despair
No angel came to us, for lacking faith
We could not see beyond her misery
And mine, inherited, yet ours alone,
Our unions were empty and unclean,
All doomed and motivated by despair.

2 A living death

We grew up grieving our guilt, as we
Found out our fallenness from innocence,
An absent father had advantages,
But bred excessive liberty, though not
To any grand degree, to which instead
An overbearing one just might have done.

3 Renaissance

The revolution that St Thomas wrought
Is turning still. Beginning with our own
Experience, and not ideas, he gave
Us modern science and democracy,
And scepticism in philosophy,
With which to disavow us of his thought.

4 Benediction

We are surrounded now by devotees
Of the religion of the self, and yet
You are the truth of God's creation, proof
Of revelation, crown of genesis,
The Queen of Eden, whose desire is for
Your husband, now we live after the Fall.

5 Fictions

Man is not born free nor everywhere
In chains, except from sin after the Fall,
And every man is not born equal with
The same inalienable rights, unless in Christ
The rights established by His law obtain.

And all our misery is recognised because
We utterly depend on Him to be
In any way made right by grace alone,
By sheer gratuity is mercy won,
The only guarantee of liberty.

City Churches

The architecture of the soul contains
The salutation of the draughtsman's hand.

In seeking of the Kingdom first, I lived
A life of poverty, among the rich
Men in their palaces, the poor their slums.
Until I knew responsibilities,
And had to lift my wife and children up,
To where their flourishing made them belong.

The architecture of the soul contains
The salutation of the draughtsman's hand.

My time is precious now, because its short,
Not endless or invincible, the way
It seemed before, when I was young and one
Alone against a world that seemed astray.
A moon in darkness as the sky is clear,
Until the light returns and paints the dawn.
The architecture of the soul contains
The salutation of the draughtsman's hand.

In January death smiled at me, and knew
He had me in his grasp, but I ran for
A couple of years, until I got away,
And sent him on his way for fifty years
Or so, until his time was meant to be,
And not before, as his intention was.

The architecture of the soul contains
The salutation of the draughtsman's hand.
I paid the price with poverty and high ideals,
While all around were prospering, I sought
The Kingdom first, and ended up without
The walls, and had to fight my way back in
Again, the way I'd always fought before,

Against the doubt that rails against me now.

The architecture of the soul contains
The salutation of the draughtsman's hand.

And death will come unto us all before
Too long, and we will see it all just as
It really is, and all this struggling
And suffering will end, and with it all
The seeking after compensation in
The pleasures of this world, which do not last.

The architecture of the soul contains
The salutation of the draughtsman's hand.

St. Bride

On the heights of English hills, gentle like
The people there, but marked with hidden depths,
We sit and watch the weather turn from grey
To blue, in winter's garden at the spring,
That rings with birdsong and with mating calls.

As we communicate within ourselves,
We sit and watch the sun that crawls across
The sky, a child with futures in its eyes,
Reflecting us, who look at fading time,
And try to reconcile our lives inside.

Fiveways

The five ways that we see before us are
First change, the second one is cause, the third
Necessity, gradation fourth, and fifth
Is purpose. Radiating out before us like
The sunlight in the evening, these five ways
Lead on into eternal light beyond.

Blue Poem

My baby left me, maybe I left her?
We lost eternity, the paradise
Within ourselves, that we had grown within,
The walled garden in the east, from which
We came, and who knows if we'll see again?

We lost the garden of the romance, where
Pursuit is everything , and found within
Our souls, the walled garden where the child
Is safe and plays that is the life of grace
In freedom, darkness of the human heart.

Ascesis

The sorts of self denial that we seek
Are forms of fortitude, physical
Or spiritual, a temperance against
The flesh, although not necessarily
The devil or the world, and so not just
Nor prudent, so not wholly good but ill.

Service

Man cannot serve two masters, God and man,
Not least he cannot serve himself, to be
At peace within the Holy Trinity.

And family and friends and money, health
And happiness are offered up, in love
And joy and peace, the blessed trinity.

Desert Fathers

The creature in its habitat is like
The image in the line of poetry
That's hidden in a sentence but alive
The prayer of the heart that speaks a word
The love that moves the sun and other stars
The whore in her profession is us all
Before we fall upon our knees in awe

Laughter

Unlock the mystery of another not
By violence or through force
But by drawing forth on inwardness
The soul released in helplessness.

The empathetic lobe is active when
An inauthentic laugh is heard
And so we spend our lives in learning how
To understand what lies beneath the veil.

The Pigeon and the Crow

Fat beast and wily worldly wise,
With their contented coo and hungry crow,
These two are with us all the time:
Contemplative and world changing one.

Creation and two cities, real and
Ideal, Augustine and Aquinas fly
Between the trees of our ideas and leaves
Of our beliefs, in what we cannot see or hear.

The End of Writing

We do not need to create meaning for
Already it exists: the eucharist
Is the signification which gives it
To all our suffering and sacrifice
And also to the words we speak and sing
In praise of meaning in our life and end.

Emile. The Myth of Liberty

Man is born in chains and everywhere
Is still in chains. The vice of nature needs
The school of virtue to be overcome,
The strength to do objective good or right,
A schooling now replaced by liberty,
By nature's slavery to passion, which
Destroys the heaven we are ordered to.

Practical Thomism

The time my friend was in distress, I said
How deeply do you think about these things?
I started young myself, I don't know why,
Capacity is part of it, but most
Will do so at some point, by choice or force

Of circumstance. Why do I do these things,
What is the point and purpose of it all?
Confusion is the consequence of doubt
In what we see before our very eyes
I said and walked into the candlelight

2018/19

Amoris Vulnus

passio laesiva amantis

Love wounds the lover, like the knight
Upon the field, the lady in her rooms.
Love wounds the liver, seat of passion, from
Which flows the blood. And when the body melts,
The other enters into one's own self,
Becomes a part of it, already in
Our dreams, but also in reality,
The wound of love lets the lover in.

Ontology

A subject coming into being, is,
Already, in potentiality,
And giving form to it makes it exist
Objectively. So we are being born

Continually, and poetry gives form,
In verse, to thought and feeling perfectly,
As music does in sound, and art in light,
The Holy Spirit does in hearts and minds.

Katabasis

The souls of the depicted, separate
From their appearances, and haunt the hours
We spend in dreaming of their images,
As we consume the corpses left behind.

A barbarism of vampires breeds at night,
And feeds upon the blood of those ill fortunate ones,
Whom tragic luck has left alone, and at
The mercy of the merciless in us.

The most distinctive contribution of
Our age, is publication of the most
Dear private things in all our lives, with all
The perfect degradation that entails.

Autumn

In this the autumn of our days as sleep
Exhausts us more and more and fields that fade
Away in light that shines within our hearts
Throughout the endless night that is our day

As days and nights draw in among us we
Become more like as one together now
The silhouettes of trees against the mists
Are faces of the ones we love nearby

The cars and trucks roll on throughout the night
Remembering that not all sleep like us
The hands turn on and on around the clock
In imitation of the spheres so high
As blessed ones in contemplation see
The sight that satisfies eternally

To My Son

When in the middle of the night my son
Returning to me is just wanting to
Be with his father once again as I
Just finishing my prayers have been with
My Father once again in heavenly grace

I once did seek

I once did seek an earthly paradise
In England, one described within the books
I'd read at school, like Thomas Hardy, D
H Lawrence, Wordsworth and the rest. One like
The childhood that I'd known when I was brought
Up by idealists. But later on
The road songs put an end to all of that,
And took me into unknown worlds and made

Me love the place that I was living in.
Along the mystic way, the cross points out
The path into the unseen light, that shines
All through the mystic night that is our day,
Of penitence, and offering of gifts
Of suffering unto the love that burns.

2017

Moments of Vision

1. The Apophatic (After T.E. Hulme)

O moon hanging there not lighting up
The darkness but just leaving it obscure,
Reflecting light that's hidden for a time:
You are the blessed sacrament that shines
Upon the darkness of their majesty.

2. Helen's Face

The female body is the battlefield
In the war that's taking place between
The Word, the world, the devil and the flesh:
The judgement cast upon it, lust that it
Betrays and crimes that are committed there.

3. The Hymn of the Nuptial Mystery

In intimate relation we are in
Eternal internal relationship
Within our souls and beating in our hearts
The passion of transcendent being back
Together that we thought we'd left behind.

4. Lent

The Forty Days and Forty Nights is when
God's Kingdom is the desert where we meet
Him in the hidden fasting and the prayer
That separates us from the world outside
And brings us to the peace of penitence.

5. Dead Souls

All beauty's holy and eternal and
Destroyed by commodification,
Which brings it back to dust in an
Embittered fall from heaven earthward but
The hope of faith is in the Death of God.

6. The Flower Bed

When I went back to the place where I
Had slept and saw the mess of lying there
I felt forboding of the grave and rushed
To get away but now I see perhaps
One heaven sent and love to contemplate.

7. WWW

When the whole world and all its life
And history is here to hand and at
The touch or click upon a button then
The only way to turn to get away
Is inwards, walk into the world within.

8. Sapperton Tunnel

Between the catchment of the Severn and
The Thames, the way of life is different,
The valley sides that crumble down into
The houses flowing streamward down below,
Suggestive of the valley of the Wye.

9. The Passion of the Lord is the Birth of Love

As fires from tiny flames great cities fell
My love for you began with just a glance
A word and then the conflagration grew
Until the world was all aflame like stars
That fall from skies above into our hearts.

10. The Walled Garden

Narcissus, yellow archangel, and then,
Because of sympathetic magic, so
Called lungwort: metaphysicians of the spring;
But why are winter snow drops purest white,
O winter what has happened to your sting?

The Welsh Saints Way

In the anthropogenic, archaic and
Industrial landscape the patterns are of feet,
Of human or of fettered foot, until
The age of carbon and of silicon
Destroyed the ancient ways and days of saints,
And sometimes when we find that we have gone
astray
We must retrace our steps until we find
Our way back to the place where we went wrong.

Loss and Gain

A grief makes spirit grow out of the dust
Emotion watering the soils of the soul
And tears like raindrops breathing life into
The flowers of the places left aside
The cross forever turning loss to love
The gift of self to comfort broken hearts
In kneeling down in prayer towards our hope
Made present in the incarnation still

The Holy Hill of Self-Knowledge

A love letter to the soul from there,
Delivering a gift unknown elsewhere,
Which all we have to do is open up
And let it sing within our lives and lead
Us back, to where it came from in eternity.
And when a flower is in bloom what can
Compare with it? There is no finer fate
On earth, and all of heaven celebrates,
When one of their own is coming home again.

Silicon Value

White satiate, non-negotiate,
The sun in orange eyelids, a couple of drinks,
A smoke, a taste of honey, beaten, beat,
The beatific vision, priority
Of present moment over permanent.

The emptiness of freedom is the same,
If one is in a garden in Milan,
Or on the western shores, with no last end
In sight, the kingdom of means obtains, and calls
Us to the desert freedom once again.

A New Song

A year is like a life's conversion, from
One born in sin, to one that's lifted up
On high, to the perfection of all being,
The life that's lived for love and love alone.

Beginning with a birth, beginning time
Again, the beauty winter weather brings,
And then the long night falls again, among
The poorest on the farthest side of town,

So bringing back the hope that burns within.

Beatrice

Standing on the headlands of the waters
Watching the days desert us
In green-brown pastures of repair
The landscape formed by prayer
With so much waiting and so much wanting
Coming to completion in contemplation
In memory of all the suffering
And now it's here, concluding all
The hoping, it's you, my darling daughter

Labyrinths

The theological labyrinth of
Modernity, like metropolitan
Transportation or travelling
Of any kind, requires a map or guide.

He who said the Eucharist is
A double miracle, it changes but
It looks and tastes the same, so summing up
The whole of beauty, good and truth in one.

Labyrinthine city, and the snow
Is on the ground, labyrinthine channels of
The brain, inside the maze, inhabiting
Complexity, the minotaur of the mind.

When once I strode

When once I strode in England's fields and woods
There dreaming of what might become of me
In fear the world enclosed me with its woes
And with what it forbode though I was far away

Without protection and exposed I sought
The answers to explain to me the state
That I was in and contemplated all
That people said and wrote but nothing could

Contain more than the truth that I was loved
And cared for if I turned away from what
Was harmful to me seeking only what
Would bring me back to where I was again

Odysseus

O thou who calls me back to thee I will
Return upon the calling of the wood
At twilight on a summer's eve and in
The drear light of dawn that breaks into

The comfort of a winter's home at morn
In light and dark it is your love that calls
Me back again from distant wandering
Just like the cuckoo calling back the spring

When love himself is with me, what more do
I need, in pouring rain in city streets
Or summer lanes? But when he leaves me, or
I him, I am need of everything.

The Fifth Dimension

To four dimensions, we may add a fifth:
The spiritual, allegorical,
Interior dimension being has
Within itself, which revelation shows

The sky splits open like an overcoat
As umpteen beams of nature's streams they call
Upon the earth and bring its beauty back
Into communion with heaven's light

When life has been reorientated and
For that we give our thanks within our hearts
We say the words inside our heads that bring
Us back into communion again

When I see

When I see the sadness of my child
I am reminded of the sadness of
My parents when I was a child and when
The current heats the circuit from my heart

Up to my eyes and then I hear the gulls
And taste the sea I am reminded of
The sadness that is mine all on my own
That led me to eternal joy and peace.

Hypertext

The upper reaches of the railway and
The rivers rise in the interior
Streaming westwards towards spiritual
Dawn in night and winter darknesses
Far from the angry stations and the crowds
Of hopelessness with faith in things alone
All seeking out some more control of things
Just when it seems that they have none at all

The old poet drinks and sings his songs
In shadows of the trees the leaves still speak
The gothic arches pointing up to what
Is now the everlasting emptiness
Which by analogy we know as love
Which points to everlasting gentleness

Incarnate Beauty

Master of mine to whom I am enslaved
Who by my flesh betrays my nature true
The mystery of suffering unites
Us in the still point of the turning world

It's love alone which can enchant the world
And bring its meaning to all different things
Which seem forlorn when this pure spirit leaves
This mortal flesh of mine yes and yours too

Negative Theology

(The personal encounter with the living God)

In the darkness of the evening when
The leaving light puts all away for night
And then we come to see what really is
Inside, a burning flame, a candle light,
That is our life, lit by the hand of whom?
The sequences of memory and time,
And tales that tell the pattern of all things,
And ask wherefrom, and furthermore, whereto?

Being pinned to wood in union with
The ground and foundation of the universe
In tune with all of heaven's harmonies
A string upon the instrument of time
And its redemption O happy fault of mine
In this my loving sacrifice of rhyme

The Autumn Violet

The fear of death that hung upon us in
The waste land where the walled garden lay
When first we found out what it was to sin
In acts that passed between us on that day

Temptation humbles us and beauty wounds
For sin and suffering are the route we take
Toward love's final consummation in
Fulfillment of relationship within

Avalon

'Twas love alone that taught me how to sing
It washed my shirt clean of my dirty neck
And made me face the dirt in agony
Within the garden of myself alone
Seen from a different perspective than
The sense of time suggested by the length
Of ordinary human life we see
Things under the aspect of eternity

As day shades into night we turn from things
Outside ourselves to that which lies within
The cracked curtain or the door ajar
Lets light seep slow into the sleeping soul
Who in the arms of her beloved breathes
The dust like angels dancing in the rose

Hand on Heart

To be adored devotedly like new
Born children is the deepest longing of
Us all which is fulfilled eternally
If only we can keep it in our hearts
In place of all our doubt and disbelief

Contemplations

Everything taken away
Is given back in glory
And every gift given has
Its price already paid

2015

Lupercalia

You are the light of morning, moonlight of
The night, the universe of stars beyond,
The birdsong of my walking out and back
Again, the roaring fireplace of my home,
My heartsease, lily of my valley, hope
Of dawn, and peace and joy of eventide,
The light of life and hope of life to come.

Imperial

On entering the castle that contains
The chambers of our consciousness
The monarchy of personality
The river flowing backwards for a time
And wheels in motion rest until its seen
The pageantry that calls the name of peace
And carries all things to the death of dreams

Union (In a Station of the Metro)

Upon the full flowering of faith
A human life is perfect as a rose
In carrying a cross of perfect love
It bears its fruit upon a branch of thorns

Indwelling

In inhaling, breathing, in and out,
The inner and the outer, creature and
Creator, there their union is complete.
In times of contemplation flashes from
Beyond are known by the analogy
Between perceptions of the universe
And that which lies behind the temple veil.

Procession and return, the beauty of
The spiritual soul and its desire
To be beloved in time beyond the fall
Like rain that falls in water and becomes
It, wood that flames with fire, to contemplate
Is to participate eternally
In heavenly reality and peace.

The Science of the Trinity

The family is an icon of the one
In three, peace and tranquility,
In the heart of the divinity.

Between us two, the three are born anew
And in this child, given by the child
To us as children, we are born anew.

The Discernment of Spirits

The devil himself or one of them sat down
Beside me on the underground last night
And lay down by my side upon my bed
One joined us in a business meeting one

Drove past us as we walked along the street
One tried to sell me something as I passed
And several times within the day I'm sure
One even showed in my reflected face

Providence

In faith we see what others cannot see,
The providence of all the universe,
Not just in nature or inside but in
The vast and rushing city, like the tides

That through you flow, the beauty that you own,
Down by the railway line, where you can get
Your fingers burned, by the canal and by
The planes that smudge the sky and shadow eyes.

The Uncreated (His Nature is to Redeem)

I

All I have is you and all you give,
But you were hidden in the entrails of
The night, the starkest dawns of sickness and
Betrayal of the light that still surrounds
These wounds and all the broken days and nights
Beyond what any man can bear but you.

II

As only the saved are saved and the damned are
damned
By their own free choice. The Lord destroys
The cities of the plain and this city
Is always being destroyed. As only the saved
Are saved and the damned are destroyed his city
Grows brighter still as pyres pile higher and higher.

III

When one has done one's best, and one has tried,
And not impressed or satisfied then hide,
Within the arms of one who loves us all,
And reaches out to those who feel their fall,
As each first step outside at morning brings
To life the resurrection each day sings.

The corner of eternity and time

The movement of the ocean mirrors the
Inside, the swaying of the swell, the gasp
That sounds as waves of raised emotions hit
This solid wall of cliffs that rise and fall.

These vistas hitting the horizon as
Beyond the brow a new born prospect dawns,
And over a hill an unimagined view,
That promises or brings the threat of fear.

And as the mind drifts off inside when we
Are lying down, or waiting, so one day
The spirit will be separated from
The flesh for one last time and all the truth
Will be revealed to our minds that wait upon
The corner of eternity and time.

Beatitude

Beatitude is treating others as
The incarnation of salvation in
The everyday reality of life
To be towards them as they are to you

A spiritual soul to which the one
Response that's valid is to give oneself
The act that sets us free and lifts us up
Above into the arms of love himself

Carthusian Street

Between the seasons meteorological
And seasons astronomical lie all
The hope and expectation of the earth.

But true hope is conversion, new life in
The body, mind and spirit made anew,
In our communion in solitude.

Towards the noontide of the day, just as
The midpoint of the astronomical
Rotation, all the hard work has been done

And all that's left is contemplation in
The one true saving grace, the narrow path
The desert shows us, that's humility.

And souls that know the light of reason are
Content to dwell within this mystery.

Presences X

Sitting in the railway carriage, peace
At last, the world is passing by, the next
Is coming in, to hearts that know the breath
Inside, in separation from what's stuck
In time, and following a timetable
All of its own, the traveller on the way
Back home is even now already there.

2014

Georgic

It was on oolite and on Oxford Clay
That first I wept in greenwood wilderness
By winding brook and sunken silver stream
What first came into view was seeing not.
An offering of suffering I made
To being itself in hope it would repair
The damage done to others and myself
When wan remembrance took its place in me.
In contemplation of the beauty of
Eternal giving and receiving love
The cause of all the universe contains,
The world has come alive and so have I
Rewarded for enduring winter's death
By dwelling in eternal summertime.

The Glory of the Word

(Hans Urs Von Balthasar)

I didn't even want to love her but
However much we might deny the truth
True love is loving the person next to us.
Cast out the paralytic demon fear
As dawn light breaks upon the darkened down
And ordinary happiness abounds.
And only realist metaphysics brings
The glory transcendental beauty sings
As *pax romana* breaks out here once more.

The Lost Souls of Suburbia

See here the lost souls of suburbia
The city stretching distant seems to be
A forest full of rain that's lost in its
Immense incomprehensibility

Of whose interior there is no map
Nor way back out from being lost inside
Bewilderment provides no place to hide
The only hope the distant mountainside

The slopes of self denial giving up
Oneself the climb towards the summit of
Perfection deep within oneself that is

Attained only on the other side
Of loneliness and self-disgust towards
The distant country far beyond these shores

Two Hands in Hippo

The dream is always this dream, dream of flesh,
The physical, the body chemical,
Sensation of the body physical,
I am beset by shadows of the flesh
Phantasmagoria of human flesh.

I never dream of spiritual things,
Of heaven, though I see them shine sometimes,
Eternal light, transfiguring the flesh,
The spiritual victorious in flesh,
And prayer is the only thing this brings.

New adventures in verse (a mournless music)

The window's complaint, the evening's lament,
escaping light steals into streets,
a peal of scales hangs outside.

There is an absence in the air, a pall,
of forbearance, forgiveness, of unrepentance.

The ghost of unforgiveness haunts this place
like bells which fail to chime in towers and trees
like teeth which fail to click in place in wheels and
mouths.

The voice says speak and I will speak
But I will not sing to a mournless music.

The road roars and moans and thunders
darkness wails and shrieks and leaks into
the soul. A cuckoo speaks

The trees are tossed like clothes in a machine
the night sky flashes, clear not thunder
a stone has fallen in the street
a rose a flower smells defeat

New times New images

The inner life, consciousness
without communication, lived experience alone, the
cornerstone

The inner life is like a railway station
Sometimes busy sometimes quiet
Usually everything is on time
Sometimes everything stops and waits for nothing

The inner life is like the urban landscape turned
inside out so all the private places are public and all
the public places are private

The inner life is like the countryside where one can
be alone with creation or with machine

The place where everything happens and waits at the
same time
The inner life is like a French town with a river flowing
through

Dionysius

As form contains the meaning of the work
So heaven is revealed in liturgy
The inward grace in sacramental sign
The mystery of being uncovering

Ineluctable trinitarian light
The beatific vision happiness
The love that moves the sun and other stars
Our brother sun and sister moon and stars

High Summer

When wandering in the woods or in the trees
Or in the fields or streets or alleyways
Or paths or parks and wondering becomes when?
I'd be happy to go at anytime that's my time.
In the heat of day or dead of night
In summer's light or winter's deepening dark
In the collapsing spiral of eternity
Now is as good a time as any. So,
Each day is but another step into
The timeless vortex of infinity
That sucks us into it like it or not.
These are the high times of summer
When melancholy does its worst and wisdom
That's the cure for unreality is needed most.

Sound and Vision in Verse

(Hopkins and Hulme)

In contemplation of the concrete
particular reality the metaphysical
is at its most complete,
the redemption of creation
through its representation
and communication,
the incarnation corporeal
of the soul spiritual
in experience conveyed.

Hang me on a tree

Lift me up on high,
Exalt me in humility.

Nail my hands to the tree
One on each side
So that my fingers bend and touch
The steel that holds me up
As blood flows warm like ice cream
When I was a child and then congeals.

Lift me up on high,
Exalt me in humility.

Nail my feet together
Let me hang there
With only birds and blood
And criminals for company
So that I hear the wind and jeers
Lifted up on high I hear them laugh.

Lift me up on high,
Exalt me in humility.

A sacrifice

The dead walk and live in houses go
To work and run and sing and recreate
I am not bitter but the taste or sight
Or sound of them is dark night and the
Religion of the dead is poetry

Beyond words, symbols and all things is hid
What is approached by them and they come from
Beyond all music, poetry and art
Lies what they all reveal and contain
These things I cannot say and nor can you

Creation

My heart is beaten by the drum of rain
Upon the window pane the beating of
My cares upon my brain O let them sleep
And let me lead a simple life and plain
And suddenly it all make sense again
The sixth day of creation laid to rest
And let me live in paradise regained

Presences IX

Rock and roll was my religion, when
I was a teenager, until I came
Into my twenties and I worshipped at
The church of poetry. Until I wed
At forty four and quit idolatry
Completely seeking good and holy things
Alone and living in the happiest time

Presences VIII

I heard eternity is like the world
But it has music playing all the time
And never ending holiday with all
The joy of being and of being alive
Without the pain and suffering but that
Is only if we live the way we ought
And if we don't it won't and will be worse.

Presences VII

Alone with only thoughts for company
They pass onto the spiritual life
And suddenly I am alone no more
The company of heaven is with me
The angels and the saints are with the Queen
Of heaven in their contemplation of
The Blessed Trinity and there too me.

Presences VI

The demons in my head are saying I
Should be someone else be somewhere else
Be doing something different elsewhere
Of different parents personality
Physique and conversation, tastes and thoughts
But you say I should be with you always,
Forevermore, until the end of time.

Presences V

The interior soul does not compete
Has everything it needs and is complete
And leaves the world in mysterious peace
It sees beyond the ends of time and space
And hears the songs of the angelic choir
And seeks humiliation like it eats
And drinks the joy and peace it always brings.

Presences IV

The Trinity within is the place
Of happiness like long forgotten sun
The Trinity within is a state
Of peace like going back to sleep again
The Trinity within is joyfulness
Like talking to a most beloved one
When time has come between you for too long

2013

Presences III

When dwelling in the trinity of love
I see my journey home is almost done
The pilgrimage from sin to sanity
And vision of the universe in the
Perspective of eternity and truth
Revealed in the history told of
A people called to sing its majesty

High Places

In life and art today when anything goes
This thin sliver of skin the surface in
Which all a person's soul is living is
Stripped naked like the tree in winter field
On which the evil of our hearts is hung.
False lovers speak to me no more of things
I have no interest in whose promises
All turn out to be lies that take not give.
For there is only one body that
Can satisfy one wine which quenches thirst.
Perfection of eternity in time
The holy masterpiece of human life
The glory of the gift of holiness
The happiness of which is unsurpassed.

Holy Sorrow

When after sleeping in the day I wake
And find my parents are not there I grieve
The time that passes by like stars above
Whose movement is the movement of the earth
When at the turning of the year just like
The turning of the leaves when nights draw in
And thoughts of frost return the thoughts of mid-
Life turn from immortality to what
Remains of time in this life on the earth
A heavenly nostalgia haunts us as
We hear the saints and angels in their song
As selfishness impedes communion
The loneliness of adults is the cost
The tree we climb to heaven is the cross.

The Virgin and the Harlot

Her warm flesh breathes of bitter herbs as she
Dishevels me, while cool sweet wine awaits
Me patiently; sweet hope replace despair,
The virgin where the harlot lay with me.

By speaking, entering into her realm
Of subjectivity, we become one,
And tainted by the same old stain of vice,
Or lifted to the holy state of soul.

The one who cares for me, and I for her,
With selfless love to give, and not to take;
In her my happiness has shown its face,
Replaced the misery who lay there late.

The Pressing

I have preserved the flowers that you gave
In lines of verse as precious as the day
On which you gave them now they are dry as
The ink on paper thin on which they lay
These words will last as we and they do pass
And faith in words keeps bitter death away.

Epithalamion

(The Wedding of Mr and Mrs Kmiec)

The cupids of creation, makers of
The wax of prayer, light of fallen world,
Bring life into the vegetable just as
The word brings life into the human world.
The body is the wax, the wick the soul,
The flame is the divinity of he
Who lights up lives and brings the gift of faith,
And leaves in darkness those outside, for whom
The sighted point the way towards the light.

Tryptych

The trees were made for birds and shepherds to
Recite the music of the turning spheres
In branches alto and soprano sing
By trunk below the tenor and the bass.

As lives pass by like litter in the streets
The marketplace's gods and goddesses
Demand their sacrifice of blood and gold
Contemptuous of the suffering souls themselves.

While wedded as they are to life not death
The inner virtues of religious wives
Surpass the outer virtues of the rest
As Christ himself surpasses other men.

The Damned

While sitting with the homeless in the park
Partaking in their degradation and
Their separation from the comforts of
An ordinary respectability
I hear the angels sing eternally
And see the lamb in his humility.

An Easter Blessing

In you I see the one who cares for you,
As I do too, unnecessarily;
And you who being everything to me,
As I am nothing, make this blessing true.

2012

In Memory of Charles Baudelaire

*Castis cum pueris ignara puella mariti disceret
unde preces, vatem ni Musa dedisset?*

On dead mornings the sun congeals on buildings,
The rain licks and washes the wounded streets,
The sirens are singing their emergency.
In the cemeteries the dead are buried,
One on top of the other again and again,
The river runs underneath it all.
The builders busy in their eternal building,
The people going to work or school, mothers
And children, who will teach them how to pray?

Youth II

Just as the year is being born so it
Will too grow up and die when these harsh months
Of darkness and despair have passed and we
Let hope with gentle spring come in again.

The remedy for lack of hope is hope,
Whether worldly or heavenly expectation,
But the latter brings a joy so sweet,
That vanity is seen for what it is.

And worldly expectation seems but
An image of the everlasting love
That is to come, but an image still
Remains an image, precious as that is.

Cupid and Psyche

My soul said to thee, you are love,
Please come to me and make me whole again.

For I have lost the knowledge of myself
That once I had that made me happy here,

In this place and in the world around,
Which is dying because you will not come

And spread your grace about among us who
Are dying without your love, the love you bring

That fills our hearts with joy and makes us sing.

The only thing that's perfect in this world

The only thing that's perfect in this world
Is love, shower your mercies down on us.

Only to the truly vulnerable
And sensitive one does the muse come.
Only to those of gentle heart, and they
Are one, does the god of love come.

Between the expectation and conclusion
Lies creation in all its manifold grace,
In all its unexpected conclusiveness,
For those sensitive enough to know.

In the desert wilderness of the soul
The law that's written on our hearts is learnt,
That keeps our gaze fixed upon the light
Of grace, the muse of a creative life.

Everything is perfect to the heart
That loves, even sin, which is allowed
So that a greater good may come of it,
Repentance, and returning to the real.

The only thing that's perfect in this world
Is love, shower your mercies down on us.

The Palace of Art

Inside the rented room of refuge from
Awaiting loss and loneliness the cracks
Upon the walls and window panes are maps
Of how they will fulfill their journey home.

As panic beats upon the doors and floors
In incantations of strange poetry
Until the kettle fumes and offerings
Of bread and booze blot out the winter sun.

They live in little boxes by the sea
In contemplation of eternity
With no idea of what it means
Except preparing buttered toast and beans

They live in blocks of flats in the towns
In art is their transcendence to be found.

The Woman at the Well

My heart breaks for you and all I want
Is to surround your vulnerability,
All your gentle loving kindness, caring,
Caring for me, I know it first hand, directly.

It is me, you have made me who I am,
Your love has made me who I am, in all
My vulnerability, you cared for me
And I can do nothing but respond in kind.

The Human Animal

(RIP Lucian Freud 1922-2011)

Did the painter never come across Christ?
In all those years of living in a country,
Albeit one with its fair share of doubt,
But none the less one with a history,

A most profound history, of devotion
To Him, and whose art, and the art of whose
Neighbours, was so profoundly made of His
Flesh and Blood, that not to see is blindness.

Or was his religion the new religion of
His grandfather, the religion of the self?
The cult of ego and unconscious, as
Expressed in early surrealistic works

(And in poetic free association.)
The truth you found in paint but not your heart.

Wildflowers

The wasteland where the wild flowers blow
And desert souls receive the gifts of grace
Not planned, planted, ploughed nor harvested
By human hands they grow and show your face.

I thank my father for you every day
Who gave me everything there is to give
You showed forth his face and made his hands
Embrace me with a love no other knows.

The Inner Mystery of Woman

In midwinter man becomes interior,
A creature of the inner world, while gloom
And dark and cold take hold of the world outside.

And as at night stories relate the stuff
Of subjectivity, the common, shared,
Inner dimension of experience.

When all that makes a person is visible from
The outside, and yet we know from ourselves
It is within that human being takes place.

And so the heart too has its reason, as much
As the midsummer or noonday truth of outer
Experience, the objective world outside.

Presences II

I have a trinity of demons on
My shoulder whispering into my ear
And when I do what they suggest I too
Become one of the separated ones
Until a company of angels comes
To take me back where I belong into
The light of love that is infinity

Gothic

In the classical the measure of art
And architecture is man, so everything
That's made is on a human scale, and not
Designed to point towards what lies beyond.

In the clearing in the woods the trees
Point up to our eternal destiny,
The inner self is shown to be made of
The self-same substance as the universe.

So in the gothic arches of the city
The same experience is reproduced,
And the universe is shown to love
Us more than we can possibly imagine.

Words

It is these words by which everything
Was made, and is re-made perfectly.
It is these words by which we betray
Perfection and deny that we are made
Of words, and are re-made perfectly,
If we allow, and we do not deny,
Because we wish to give our own new words
To things we do not know the meaning of.

The Empire

I have to destroy an entire empire in me,
To breach the ramparts of the living hell,
To storm the citadel, take on the legions
Of the dead, attacking day and night,
With only faith to keep me in the fight.

I have destroyed the sweetness of your grace,
With words and deed of hands and mouth and feet,
I cannot see the sweetness of your face,
And yet I know in truth that all that you
Intend for me is that my heart is true.

The Communion of Saints

The element in which the spirit lives,
Like fish in water, birds in air, is this:
Silence, where communion is not
With those on earth, but is in solitude.

The element in which happiness
Exists is contemplation, where we see
The nature of the universe within
Reflected in the universe without.

One Flesh

A woman feels the truth more keenly than
A man, who sees it with his intellect.
But now I feel your blood pumping through
My veins, my heart speaking to your brain.
Our thoughts entwined in telling of our lives,
Outside our hands make music play within.

The Natural Law of Love

The need that only the human person can meet
Is given flesh by meeting someone new,
But like the dream of morning nearly forgotten,
All that remains at noon is the feeling:
The taste of hope reawakening,
Like the parent returning to the child.

2011

Anatomy

Speak then heart, beating in my breast,
I lend to you my tongue, my mouth, my breath.
The rain began to fall upon my head;
Grieving for someone who was not dead, but
Alive, grieving for their life, their presence,
Not their death, their going hence, their absence.

This Mortal Heart

In quelle parole che lodano la donna mia

Her voice is like the atmosphere to me,
That which contains all human history,
A thin layer in all the universe,
It is earth's skin which keeps its life within.

Her voice speaks of all this history,
And all the distant galaxies and stars,
And all my memories wrapped up within
That life her voice reveals in harmony.

And all the things she says and does explain
The unity that lies within the heart
Of everything and shows me that our lives
Are truth and purpose written into being.

She charms new life into me every day,
Like the rising chorus of the sun
As it reaches vernal equinox,
And sings the earth into expectancy.

And she remains a constant like the moon,
By an unseen power of mystery,
Eternal love has come upon the earth,
And entered into this my mortal heart.

Benjamin

This pen waits for emotion to arise,
Like an angel in the night, watching
For morning, in contemplation, of when all
Calculation and evaluation
Leads on beyond logical conclusion.
The new covenant replaced the Law
Given to Moses in the wilderness,
So be now at your peace, your law is love,
Not revenge or bloody sacrifice,
And so for truth alone fight to the death.
Ye who taught us how to wash our skin,
Teach us how to wash what lies within.

Martha

In the inner sanctum of the self
You are alone, with whom, who is there?
Who accompanies you on your way?
Who comes along? Your family and friends?

When these vain performances are done,
In the inner sanctum of yourself,
Lies emptiness, where everything begins,
In the readiness of the heart.

The Icon of Perfection

The Virgin of Gloucester spoke to me and said:

You sin because you love your loneliness.
Love yourself the way three persons love
You, and themselves: mind, body and spirit.

Because your purity is your happiness,
In contemplation of the eternal,
Live in this and you will never die.

The gift of love is communion
Between all persons earthly and divine,
So go, and give yourself, and be at peace.

The Death of the Family (IX:MMX)

At the heart of Greek Tragedy
Is the threat to the family
Whether from within or without.

That threat has reached its crisis here and now.
The slaughter of the innocent takes place
Nightly, as spouses defile their union.

And the unmarried unite as only married
People ought, committing the unborn
To the oblivion of selfishness.

One Fine Morning (XVII:IX:MMX)

And then, on one fine morning, it was done,
And we went on our way back home again.
The journey, the dream, was over, and now we had
To come to terms with what we had become.
We had been changed by that which we had done,
And now we found that the beliefs that we
Went out with were no longer good enough.
It seemed as if we had been given them
Precisely so that we would go abroad.
They were good, and what we had done was good,
But now that we had come back we could see
Their inadequacy and weaknesses.
So now we sit here in contemplation of
The places that we came from and we went.
And we begin to see the history
As having a deeper continuity,
That we could not see before, when we
Were living abroad in other peoples' lands.

***Epithalamium* (IX:MMX)**

Designed to make each other perfectly happy,
They entrust their hearts to one another,
Standing on the threshold of the true
Earthly paradise, that the ancient
Paradise foretold, of life within
The Blessed Virgin and the new Adam.

Francesca

You, the first person the poet encounters
On his journey, whose idea of Love
Is so contemporary, the all-consuming
Fire of passion, complete devotion to
Another human being, that it's strange
To think of you alive in Italy,
In the thirteenth century, and now
Entombed in Hell for all eternity!

Resurrection

When in age my body fails to rise,
Yes my dear in morning as at night,
One thing I've learnt that I'll remember clear
Is that the body is reborn in spirit
By rejecting lies and accepting
What was known before the separation
Of the seas from the skies and
Of woman from the body of a man,
That both were first born in the image, and
May daily grow back into the likeness of,
The one who was, and is, and ever shall be.

2010

The Mystic Body

To thee I give a gift freely bought
Not of labour nor of pain but love
So that our two flesh may be one
Our souls together in the sacred garden
The snake of selfishness banished therefrom
As each one's self is given for the other
Naked and without shame in ecstasy
As in the liturgy of love we see
The light that is beyond is also here

The Erotic Gaze

In all the hours that we pass together,
And those we pass apart, Love is with
Us, star and angel of the dawn, in whom
The way I look at you, is how you look
At me, and how we look at one another,
Is how the entire universe shall be.

The Host

Although assent has been there in mind,
I have kept my body for myself,
Kept it as a toy with which to play,
This gift, my life itself, I have withheld,
Yet now, where there was darkness, floods light.

Spirit of summer's dawn freshness, dew
Shining on grass, blue skies, the promise of sun;
You came onto the stage after the first
Act was done, the second just begun.

We watch the ship ease slowly into port,
In anticipation of going aboard,
Bound for distant shores that we know,
Exist already deep within our souls.

The Unquiet Heart

Unquiet heart beat no more,
The peace of God is far from here.
Graceless heart, whose desire
Was satisfied, but will not die;
A care awakened where there was none,
An evil love has all this done.

Incarnate Love

As the divine once took flesh, so
Our bodies are our souls, revealing the
Operations of intelligence.
A high culture and civilization
Weds wealth and imagination,
Yet all that was born of Greece and Rome
Was nothing without the Jew who made it home.
And so, there are no accidents, only
Providence and Disobedience.

In Memoriam CI

In the place in which I was a child
With my brothers and sisters, together all
The fruit of our parents' love, an endless love
Surrounded us and enfolded us.
And as we all pass into dust, as yet
The first one only has, these memories
That dwell within us, and make us who we are,
Will live forever as spirits of these places.

Darkness Visible

Darkness over England, short quiet
Days, young girls laughing in the streets,
As the old man in silence prays for them,
Alone with his memories of the beginning,
The knowledge of the end of things, for him,
And for them, and for England, darkness,
Deepest darkness over England, in Winter.

Presences

At the shrine of the Blessed Virgin I
Confessed my sins. When I came home again
I found three presences waiting there.
I looked straight into their faces and saw
Their long tails and fur and fleet feet.
They told me that my sins were animal,
And that the cure was to get them out.

The Lost Soul

In the room the lost soul and I
Were alone together. We spoke of many
Things, of our pasts and our futures,
Of our hopes and fears and dreams. And then
The lost soul left and I felt a ghostly
Dread descend. Where is this soul going?
Will it end up above or below,
Eternally blessed or damned? My fear was that
It was the latter that was the more likely.

The Mystic Rose

From the shanty-towns of India to
The barrios of Havana, the Mystic Rose
Walks in all the glory of her image
Of the God who made her in his own,
And there too walks the man from whom she came
And from whom later he would come again.
The Mystic Rose is grace, the thorns truth.

Chartreuse

The old hermetic monk drinking wine
At night amid the great silence of God;
Still his feet are shod of clay. Alone,
He prays for all he needs: humility,
That his spirit be returned to dust.

2009

Habanera

For fifty years this flat has been my home,
Atop this nineteen-thirties tower block,
The sea a few dilapidated streets
Away, the city wall once nearby too.

From sea and sky I've seen this city fall,
And I have seen decay like fire consume
These streets where children play and lovers walk,
Whom too I've seen decay like fire consume.

My parents brought me here when I was small,
To this first city of The New World that's
The world we all seem to inhabit now,
As cities rise, like lives and fires, and fall.

Christ On Dover Beach

Consider that divine choice to come,
To bring the love of heaven down among,
The subjects of authority from Rome:
To the most eloquent of poets, home,
Prepared, taught, enlightened by the Greeks -
As we beyond these cliffs were soon to be

The Great House

My forbears were all Roman Catholics,
Of course, they had to keep it private then,
They couldn't do much in public life for years,
But stay devoted in and to this place.
It's my turn now to keep the flame alive,
Which may sound strange to some outside, well
known
Am I for dwelling on the wilder side.
But no, however much it may surprise,
The experiences I had then, have led
To me embracing all those things and more:
The mystic understanding of the way
They see the world, reminds me of
The visions and detachment that I knew
Before, the transcendental moral code,
Exactly what we all were looking for.

Philosophy

The tyranny of subjectivity
Prevents agreement more than that, "I will
Not harm you if you will not harm me,"

Beyond that disagreement reigns:
A war of broken hearts and unquiet minds,
That leaves us fighting with and for ourselves.

Yet, midst this devastation of ideas,
The reconciliation of the peace
That passeth understanding, yet remains.

Ars Amatoria (A Satire)

It took a long, long time for me to find
Much out about the fairer sex. My dad
Knew little more than I, and wasn't there
Much anyway. The hurt and pain of that

Propelled me on to find out all there was
To know. I learnt as much as possible
From sisters and my mother, but that left
A lot to be desired, so I learnt

From those who knew the ropes and strings to pull.
And now I take whatever, whenever I want,
I prowl around this city like the Lion,
The King of the Jungle, top of the food chain now.

Biology (A Satire)

What could a consecrated celibate
Tell me about the sexual life of men?
A virgin, latest in a line of them,
Propounding teachings of a sinless man.

Today we all live in a market-place,
A de-sanctified society,
Where men and women are returned to
The state of nature. So I'd rather hear

From the biologist, who tells me I
Am too a sinless man, driven by
My genes, but able too to rise above
Them, so to love my fellow man, and girl.

Blue

Each day breaks into the darkness of
Unending night, where all the friends I have
Are left a million miles away and more -
Not too far to see, but too far to hear.

Enclosed within another universe,
I wave and see, and speak and watch for a
Response, which comes but makes no sense, and
my
Reply is lost in light-years in between.

And I, a million miles away within,
Engaged upon this battle with myself -
My past, my future, present, all my soul -
Trying to find my way back home again.

Wales

From deep within the blacking hills perhaps
Will come a King, come back to lead us from
This barren plain, come back a King who shares
The founding faith of Kings, the King of Kings!

2008

HYMNS OF THE DEATH CULT

*Come down my dark and bitter muse help me
To compose these hymns of the death cult*

Whispers

Into the mind an idea,
From behind the curtain,
An actor appears;
A stone plunges into water,
Splashes and fizzes.

An emotion,
Breathing quickening,
Music, an air, behind the action,
Always an emotion, an idea,
A woman, a dream, a fear.

On Thames's banks

Fire on the Ganges,
Awake, Shiva, awake;
Mississippi mud,
Slows the tide.

Embankment,
Disembarkation,
Tonight, tonight,
The city is alight.

2000

Youth

The strangeness of life
In all those years,
When all decisions
Brought only agonies

Hopelessness, tormenting love
Intoxication, idleness.
Searching, seeking,
Beyond the emptiness,

Beyond all things
Without justification,
And all the answers
Without questions.

The Flesh Follows

Your body now is needed next to mine,
And yet your heart does not agree,
Although your true heart dies for me,
Childishness and youth are in you still.

The body of another lies alongside mine,
Until the day your body so pleases
Your soul, that it shall be allowed
To become one with mine. And so,

As the spirit leads, the flesh follows;
And as it leads, suffers the flesh.

Whitechapel

Down among the slum-dwellers,
Of India and the East,
And the fallen angels of the streets,
Helen and her friends all speak,

In tones of exaltation -
Ring the bells of Stepney and Bow.
In the primal hours of the week,
The sirens of electricity call

Sailors from the street,
Into darkest heavens, of
The old light that bleeds,
And harbours to deceive.

Keels which break on rocks,
In breaker's yards by docks.

Under the eye of the pacific,
Where islands countless lie
And trade winds rush prolific,
Ships stilled in harbour sit -
While that work of greater wit,
Swifter brings you to my side,
Through the blue and restless sky,
And my patience rests undenied.

Allegretto

The flyover rises like melody
Between harmonic tower blocks,
The grand theme of a flight path
The trill of a row of shops.

Vehicles fly like birds,
Snake through city streets,
Trains ride in the skies,
Planes like ships collide.

While I in my corner room
Wait on restless hours,
That pass me by like cars,
While the lamps glow still.

When in whispering hours
Our hearts their secrets tell,
They bring into communion
These perfect things of ours,
As a ringer to a bell,
Our souls, in perfect union.

In the extinction of all that was not the true light,
Only the true light is seen.
Fleeting, dimly, obscured,
By the manifold monstrosities of the human heart,
Hideous kingdom of the human heart.
And now I pay tribute to an imperial force.

Aubade

The cold flesh of the ocean breathes,
High politics of imagination -
High streets and suburbs of the mind,
Rent the ocean's skin with leaves.

Basest molecules of physical being,
Buzzing flies in the window pane.
A conductor forms lightning sound,
The orchestra performs - all sound, all seeing.

On the waters of the lake the flock rises.
The goat it dies a mannered death.
A chrysalis hangs from a fig tree branch.
The damp beneath the drainpipe drips,

The dry beneath the doorway walls.
This homeless emotion, marauding dreams.

Augmentation by candlelight

The waking cat,
The braying horse -
The engine hums,
Then roars.
Minute by minute,
Scenes of a drama.
Extraordinarily
Large spot of rain,
A humid sign.
At the blending of the blood,
An orchestra turns,
To the litany of rain.

The Pilgrim

Anger, the storm, whips away the doubts,
As he forces the boat hard into the restless
Shore, millions on the land from which
He has come are ignorant of him, many
On the land to which he comes expect him,
But know not of his name nor of his means
Of coming. The cool and calm reflection of
The eyes, the tidal pool high up nearby,
The limpet on the rock holds fast, the cool
Crab in the lightning blast, wicker is
The furnace that burns, flickering the candle.

On the platform

Shadow of electric skies
Down deserted streets,
Where we have spent our lives
A thousand times.
In desert tents
And jewelled cities, spent
Our lives, a thousand times.

Mountain of the night sky,
Standard of the moon.
Rivers of men's dreams,
Ribbon of steam.
Side by side
We have spent our lives,
Alone, a thousand times.

Tear down the cloth,
Lay bare the wall.
But, do not throw away
The gentle cloth,
That keeps you warm-
When you tear down the wall,
Or tear apart yourself.

1998

Catacombs (im Daniel Brudney 2013)

Transported through streets, between streets and houses, gardens and public parks.

Trees contoured and contorted by their closeness to dwelling places, dwellers and their agents.

Whistle down the wires, the lines, the track. The garden of light, breasted by dereliction.

Coarse carpet, rubble, pictures on ads. Richness and wellbeing, courted by disfigurement.

Punching the ticket, wresting the passage. Clear clarity, clear as a bell. Crystal clear.

All the old practitioners, glorifying God - or a single God. Not glorifying man, not least himself. Glorification, my hand is not moved, it moves.

My hand is not moved, it moves, in time to the voices of the void. The emptiness, The empty spaces, filled with fullness, repetition.

The pool sounds when the water drops.
The Roman here bathed, and slept, The Saxon there prayed, and wept.
In sight of the Father, their Fathers, their sons, their holy, holy spirits.

Spirit of the place, the bank, the brook, alongside the track the benighted mound
the benighted stone. Spirit of the train crash, the motorway, the accident, the meaningless accident.
Spirit of the track, garnered into galvanised steel, spirit of the journey, spirit of the jam
on the outskirts of the city, at the intersection. Spirit of the soul, and the soulless.

Torment of the benighted dwelling place where spirits
do not stir
except in momentary agonies, life changing
episodes, and the recovery -
the humanistic interest. Reawakening the interest in
the human terrain
the locality, the neighbour, my neighbour, yours. The
momentary, episodic
agony that challenges the ordinary view, the ordinary
views.

Whistle down the wires, the lines, the track. Whistle
down the alleyway, the winds, the trash.

Holy, Holy place. Holy, Holy words. To signify what?
Why have the words
without a meaning, is this meaning false, are these
words lies? Who lies
to me now? I shall find my own truth, and when I find
it I shall call out loud.
Who chose these words? Why put them together like
this?

What a ridiculous way to look at times gone past,
through the filter of today. Let us let the voices
of the past speak in their own words. In their own
voices.

Holy, Holy, Holy is the land of God
Are the chosen, is the lamb of God.

This is how the voices of the past speak,
all learning contrary to this is vain.

Enlighten my darkness Lord, enlighten my soul.
Give me the gift of reason to help me live
In a better way, to glorify your world.
To glorify the world to the greatness of God.

The Christian of the Underground, *ubermensch*.
Spirit of the journey, keeper of the flame
Lighter of the torch, back into the early days
When the pagan empires led their way.
Pagan empire cradled in this day.

1997

***"Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear ?"***

The day I wandered after dusk
Across ploughed field and shadowed copse
And wondered of the busied world
If I should ever step there again.

For my heart was bleak as the plain ploughed field
And my mind was dark as the shadowed copse,
Where roosting fowl did cluck and screech
And flitting bats did dart among the flies.

Darkening skies of grey and silver and blue
With bursting coloured sunset nearly out of sight,
As India from my nations realm withdrew,
And peaceful evening skies let no respite.

Fate from afar

The water delivers a coffin of innocence
From the town. Through the ordinary districts,
The housing estates and the shopping centres,
Underneath the bypass, alongside the roads.

From the candlelit window of dawn,
To the cathedral arch of noon,
From the funeral march of evening,
To everlasting eternal night.

The heron lopes across the city,
The fox drifts down the alley,
Geese graze the playing field,
The woodpigeon inhabits the square.

The traffic mourns encroaching time,
But only the birds comprehend fate.

1996

In taking of her hand
I thought that I had stepped
From cold waves that leapt
To steadiness of land.

Washed up on the shore
Of her I take my leave
And what must us bereave
According to its law.

The lark's last call at nightfall
Sets off asail my thoughts
Of you in distant ports
While pains I call my own
That ache within my bones
Are yours not mine at all.

1995

**Verse setting forth a Vision of Humanity in its
Habitude (*A Vision*)**

Blessed are the moors and the myriad watercourses
of this land,
For they feed the roots of the forests.
Holy are the brave shoulders of the downs
For they lift us up to heaven, and closeness to
eternity.
Sainted are the mothers and daughters of the towns
For they give the gift of Joy in childhood.
Hallowed are the toilers for they create subsistence
And provide all with leisure with which to contemplate
majesty.
Now is the time for recognition to be expressed
That all is not money, existence and law
That Eternals graze alongside us,
That tomorrow is a time
When the good day is done
And the next good day is begun.

1994

Fractures

The pool lay,
With all its sorry significance,
Like the past of a ghost
In tears.
The dreams shattered,
Like the crippled limbs,
Asleep.
The shed shrouded,
Like the corpse of the sun,
Rusted, reading
The drift into action,
And out
Again,
Express
The labyrinthine channels of the brain.

Pastoral

The homecoming soldier lies,
On the wooded slopes of Arcady;
Where the wild lily grows,
At the foot of the willow tree -

The whispering brook flows,
To the sound of buzzard cries.
Silent is death's rattle,
As the drums and trumpets of battle.

Words For My Mother

Mother
Your emergent son
Is here.
He eats, sleeps,
His spirit is awake
Like flame from sulphur fire.
He cares, dictates,
Destroys, creates,
Like petals from a bud
Is here.
And every day the leaves fall,
And every day the sprouts come.
And every day the tide flows,
And every day the tide ebbs,
Older.

England, my Queen, cry not.
Though your heart is black and riches lost,
Soldiers sad and hair all chopped,
Spirits choked, voices soft,
England, my Queen, cry not.
For the soil is wet and summers hot,
And your soul like sand shall never rot.

See how it changes
As the river winds
Some places slow
Still in its fatness
Some places torrid
With torrents and rockfalls
See how it wages
As the river winds
See how it rages
As the weather fights
Winter and summer
Daybreak and nightfall
See how it lazes
As the ocean rises

A Lyric

And so I could even say it then
When the days fell dark upon me
As we walked down towards the Abbey
On that crisp clear day at winter's end,
As she pressed and asked it of me
Did I believe in God in heaven ?
And I could answer yes !
Through grave thoughts
That tended to depress
I answered as I ought
The way that still could bless.

The Craftsman

The craftsman sits alone
In intimate embrace
His companion sits awake
With patient, heroic power.
Between broad shoulders stretch
Tender tall heartstrings.
And the two together sing.
As the craftsman's angelic fingertips
Dance lightly over shiny steel progressions,
His fingers footsteps emit the brightest beams
Of patter pretty sound
And the air is filled with being.
As the soft swirls rise and fall
I am a plaything of his mind,
With gasping breath for all but this am blind.
These meagre notes, from nothing, tell all.

Come hither with me
And walk free in the
Fields of green England
Where we shall consecrate
Our love in awe
And afright with passion.
Birds scatter like great waves
Breaking against brave rocks
As we kiss.