

# PERPETUAL PRACTICE

VOLUME 8 of *Primal Mediation*  
the complete oeuvre of the poetry of Châtillon Coque

Published by The Châtillon Institute



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# THE ARRIVALS



## PERPETUAL PRACTICE

The poet Chatillon Coque was a Jungian teacher during his later life and was profoundly influenced by the work of Eckhart von Hochheim, commonly known as Meister Eckhart born c.1260-c1328. Meister Eckhart was a German theologian, philosopher and mystic, born near Gotha, in the Landgraviate of Thuringia in the Holy Roman Empire. His theological vision was that God is primarily fecund. Out of overabundance of love the fertile God gives birth to the Son, the Word in all of us. This is rooted in the Neoplatonic notion of 'ebullience; boiling over' of the One that cannot hold back its abundance of Being. Eckhart had imagined the creation not as a 'compulsory' overflowing (a metaphor based on a common hydrodynamic picture), but as the free act of will of the triune nature of Deity (refer Trinitarianism). Another bold assertion is Eckhart's distinction between God and Godhead (*Gottheit* in German, meaning Godhood or Godliness, state of being God). These notions had been present in Pseudo-Dionysius's writings and John the Scotus's *De divisione naturae*, but Eckhart, with characteristic vigour and audacity, reshaped the germinal metaphors into profound images of polarity between the Unmanifest and Manifest Absolute.

Châtillon Coque described his oeuvre of poetry *Primal Mediation* as consisting of the following periods. Volume 8 falls into the 3<sup>rd</sup> period.

1<sup>st</sup> Period: Becoming Conscious

2<sup>nd</sup> Period: Self-identity

3<sup>rd</sup> Period: Coincidence of Opposition

4<sup>th</sup> Period: Conclusion

1<sup>st</sup> Period - Becoming Conscious

*Erupting Evolutions*

*Mediterranean seasons*

2<sup>nd</sup> Period: Self-identity

*Cosmic Quintet*

*Ekstasis*

*Luminous Roots*

*Blue-White Death-Diamond*

3<sup>rd</sup> Period: Coincidence of Opposition

*Perpetual Practice*

4<sup>th</sup> Period: Completion/ Conclusion

*Eagle observations*

*Baskets small poems*

ARRIVALS AT PSYCHIC  
STATIONS OF CONCRETISATIONS AND  
OTHER MOST APPROPRIATED  
LANDING-PLACES



## NOTES ON *ARRIVAL* POEMS

1. In the first line of each poem the words *arrival* or *to arrive* or a derivative of *arrive* is present.
2. Each poem is a state of consciousness where psychology and mysticism unite. An immediate experience.
3. Each poem is a dramatic and lyrical musical composition. An artwork.
4. Each poem is closely related to dreams which are cinematographic.
5. Each poem is either one frame or several frames, as in a film.
6. The progress of the images, their numerical order, is the psychic movement of the poem.
7. There are either 95 ( $9 + 5 = 14$ , a quincunx) or 209 ( $19 \times 11$ ) of such poems in this sequence: 19 = just four words of the Qoran appear 19 times or a multiple of 19 in the rest of the Qoran; 11 is the way of the Tau.  
*Religio 7* (16:vi:2011). *Arrivals* are either one section (29 poems) or two sections ( $29 \times 2 = 58$ ) or three sections ( $29 \times 3 = 87$ ) or four sections ( $29 \times 4 = 116$ ) or five sections ( $29 \times 5 = 145$ ) of ‘Transfixations at Unflinching Observations Penetrat <...><sup>1</sup>
8. Many of the poems have the transcendent function, the coincidence of opposites.
9. Each poem undergoes extensive *religio*.
10. All the poems turn inward, introspect.
11. All the poems deal with the psyche.
12. Most of the poems descend to concretisation; a few go upward to be released.
13. The metier of my poetry is the analogous image. *That* makes it

---

1 Editor’s note: The remaining section of this paragraph was not completed by Châtillon Coque during his lifetime.

poetry. *That* makes each image a symbol. The image can be in any of the five senses.

14. The sequence of poems is about conclusion, coda and final cadence, fulfilment, fulsomeness, an arrival at a resolution.
15. I must deeply assimilate each poem. Each poem is a complex. I must own them consciously, poem and complex.
16. Always based on speech. Each poem must be spoken aloud by an actor. *That* is its music. Each poem is also an acting piece, a miniature dramatisation, a miniature dramatic monologue.

A radiant arrival at a glowing intelligence  
where the stillness is central to a  
furnace stoked by extravagant but  
appropriate archetypal images in whose nightly shadows  
glow-worms spark  
their star-like lights to integrate great and small in a  
rightness  
most cleanly conscious in a  
togetherness  
within an uncommon evenness of two  
differing lines manifested on a runway of a  
steely balance  
ever steady, ever stable  
and concretely there.

13:ii:2011  
*Arrival I*

Arrival at a place, some sort of palace  
where the artwork (much of it) is poetry, a place  
where I came to stay as a teenager, a place  
where I left twenty-nine years ago to travel  
(as a bold necessity) in Jungian lands and  
so to acquire the fine skills of understanding  
while deeply assimilating the paradoxical  
ways of spirit,

not contradictory but  
wayward in their mutuality and their opposition  
facing one another (in friendly gesture) and  
over which I attain some sort of  
authority (foreigner in this land though  
I be and am ever happy to be) for  
my place is poetry and plays of many  
sorts in which barrels I pour alcoholic content  
for those to drink and be drunk on

while  
containing in this wine (a most puzzling  
image) the deep ranging lands into islands  
within oceans of the spirits

for in all this  
I am in service, a service to the  
uncontainable, confusing psyche.

15:ii:2011  
*Arrival 2*



bold sound-sequences) where little or nothing is repeated and everything is conjoined, everything is related in these numerically ordered, cleanly articulated film-frames

freshly initiated by a chord, an interval, a note, a cluster of notes (not often recognised by old music's aged authority) while this now releases the whole roll of frames now cast in aikido's formerly shaped, curved clusters of movements that cadence into concretisation when steeped in a clean-cut intention, a psychic pre-knowledge of completion where all relate to all else and not one note is too much nor is one interval (nor one chord nor one pulse) to assess for now (paradoxically) all this permits of profuse peaking and pronounced plenitudes in all their parts that are more than a mere short, seasonal and often wasteful, profuse but often confused prolificacy;

all this

then allows (in the freedom after each new compositional move) my appropriate choice to construct, to recall whatever went before in past centuries of western art-music-making (through my introverted intuition and my extroverted evaluation) with an expectancy,

a foresight (beyond rigid reason) of the content  
of centuries to come

and always to be thus  
ready (on the rim of arousal) to ensure  
fertility which for the man involves his  
feminine counter sexuality, his androgyny, and for  
the woman

the converse her masculine  
counter sexuality, her androgyny,

a fertile  
foursomeness (completion) found in the  
steep, aroused breakers of sound from  
the sea of the deep and dark world which  
court clairvoyant birds (in their flight  
and cry) to counterpoint all this (in the sea)  
in the sky

and yet (notwithstanding all this)  
this newness roots in old (sometimes  
ancient) ways where music yields this  
seldom-found shamanistic healing from  
objective and unknown sources.

12:vi:2011

*Arrival 5*

It arrived last night this archetype of  
transformed integration in a rhythmically  
paced premonition, nów vividly visionary,  
nów placed in this verse, nów evolving  
in serenity, nów more than fifty  
years old, nów pointing to a beginning-time<sup>2</sup>  
when this selfsame archetype-erupted  
in a volcano, a tornado in  
the archetypes of animal, caveman,  
human, drowned the globe in  
the archetype of the deity, ice-encapped  
the whole world in the archetype of  
the Supreme God (perhaps this is  
Meister Eckhart's Godhead)

while all

this evolving in destruction by  
eruption or similar disruptions  
(a paradox ringing in clarity in  
spite of its dual actuality) is  
well packed and preserved at  
immeasurable depths in Erupting Evolution  
(itself a symbol of the negative,  
dark-night side of this evolutionary archetype  
and a poem)

and then (with this measured  
pace) it evolved (in fifty years or more) and  
evolves even more so and faster now to  
this serene summer of a speculative,  
an assumed, a further twenty five years

---

2 (0) Quantum Physics



(nów but an expectation, nów but  
a promise perceived in a vision) of  
multiple reapings, each in themselves  
peaking prolifically in their hidden  
giant-skills and prime-ripe contents  
for hére

(in this particular time-bridge of  
fifty years) opposites have collided and  
still do collide and (afterwards, almost  
always but with few exceptions) these  
same opposites (now heavy with their  
collision-history) conjoin and continue  
to conjoin until (once more) they  
collide (but always in new ways)  
to conjoin (once again)

until the  
alteration between collision and  
conjoinment transforms to inseparable  
amalgamation (assimilating attributes of  
steel) in an orbicular wholeness,  
encompassing this evolutionary archetype  
and capturing its two conflicting aspects<sup>3</sup>  
(before their steely amalgamation) separately  
in two epic poems (each poem symbolised  
as a ship voyaging within its own poem), one  
at the beginning (called Love's Fluid Faces)  
and another towards the end in the full cadence  
of repose (called Eagle Observation)  
of a vast collection of poems, a lifetime of

---

3 Poetry Oeuvre: its archectonic structure

poems, fifty and more years of poems,  
many recorded, many spoken in  
conversations, many suddenly there in  
the dramatisations of texts, many seen in  
imagination, many heard as messages  
from the unconscious, many felt as  
patterns in premonitions, many dreamt in  
dreams, many caught while travelling  
and all these poems are beaming and  
directing (in arresting sounds and  
detail-illuminating lights) beacons,  
stretching to beyond a double  
thousand, beyond two thousand poems<sup>4</sup> and  
(collectively) they are called Primal  
Mediations while together they are  
symbolised as a city under this  
same name-image, this same  
Primal Mediations

for in the same way  
Erupting Evolution symbolises the entry-gates  
and Integrating Evolution symbolise the  
departure-gates of this city (itself a symbol  
for the entire, mystical poetry-oeuvre of thousands of  
poems) which (city and poetry-oeuvre) share  
equally the symbol and name Primal  
Mediations;

it is this name and symbol  
of the oeuvre of poetry of many volumes  
that starts with Love's Fluid Faces and

---

4 Aristocratic, Achievement, Action Mysticism (City)

ends with Eagle Observations

thus

Primal Mediations, Love's Fluid Faces,  
Integrating Evolution at once act out  
the roles of their names and perform psychic  
transformations and magic as symbols

while

now the long poems

unify themselves by

embracing a mystical marriage in which  
volcanic eruptions in violent winds and  
summer-morning, serene integration  
are made one through a virtuoso  
conversion of where both sides (hidden,  
without excess exhibition) play out  
this conversion at an adagio

and it is hére

that the balance between thís and thát<sup>5</sup> is  
established meticulously

for it is on this

account that paradox upon paradox ostensibly  
parade the integrating process from naked  
eruption in order to build the city  
named Primal Mediations (itself a symbol,  
being at once a volume of more than  
one thousand poems and a city) while  
its main, well-shaped structures (skyscrapers)  
consist of many poems, some long,  
some cycles of medium and short poems;

---

5 Jungian Psychology (paradox)

it is this city (with the effective unknowability of a symbol) that completes the concretisation of this self-same city (Primal Mediations) with an epic poem (itself an architectonic structure)

but completion waits on the arrival and establishment of the intuited twenty five years of the summer-morning, serene period to proceed to the perpetuity of a supernatural world where fecundation peaks, creativity peaks, maturation peaks, youthfulness peaks, finish (as polish and completion) peaks;

as yet intuition, foresight has not much grown in perceiving such a world which man dimly senses but does not see since humankind remains poor-sighted children beyond the reach to receive such an adequate set of photographs (much less a cinematographic film) of this future and its supernatural implications,

nevertheless such psychic sets of photographs, such psychic cinema graphic films (well directed and drawn from valid, cosmic plays) exist,

housed in the vaults of the objective, collective unconscious, a negative name for a potent cosmic and psychic entity of

sheer positivity, involving negativity to just  
such a degree to lend this positivity  
high potency in the coincidence of  
opposites, a cosmic electricity generated  
by this self-same collective unconscious:

what

then amazes (in a fearless and  
fierce blaze and its piercing light,  
penetrating to a point of unequalled  
validation) is the peaking and  
potency (never passive) of appropriateness  
(internally and externally) in the psyche,  
the body, the personality, the spirit,  
all of whom house and husband  
this evolutionary and epic drama  
(some call it archetypal, some call it  
spiritual) and all this is coupled to a  
further and equivalent (still paradoxical,  
still unique) as well as awed amazement  
at how all this evolved (eruptingly and  
integratingly) in a steel orb of  
protection against a crude, short-termed  
collectivity

but notwithstanding which  
the personal (after a vast, half-century  
pregnancy) gives continuous birth (even  
now) to this cosmic world-order.

08:vii:2011 - 11:vii:2011

*Arrival 4*

## Notes on *Arrival 4* Poem

- (0) Conversation with Patrick Hunter: first on Friday (16:ix:2011) and second, a telephonic conversation, on Sunday (18:ix:2011). In these conversations, we discussed the mandala structure, the quincunxal structure (symbolising wholeness) of *Arrival 4*.
- (1) The fifth aspect is the loud reading of *Arrival 4* by a trained actor, for the speech-language of this poem is difficult. This actualises the musical composition aspect of the oeuvre of poems in *Primal Mediation* and, simultaneously, the theatrical, dramatic (drama from drama, 'to do') aspects of all the poems in *Primal Mediation*.
- (2) The performance of these poems by a well-trained, vocally and theatrically actor with a well-modulated, dramatic voice, man or woman, integrates and unifies every poem in *Primal Mediation*.
- (3) The quincunxal structure of *Arrival 4* is as follows.
  - (0) Quantum Physics;
  - (1) Poetry Oeuvre: its architectonic structure;
  - (2) Aristocratic, Achievement, Action Mysticism (City);
  - (3) Jungian Psychology (paradox);
  - (4) Aloud performance, releasing the music composition, the drama, the theatre in the poem.
- (4) In the quantum physics the psyche descends in matter. In the city (*Primal Mediation*) and the city of *Arrival 4*, I mate with the Beloved, called the wholeness archetype (the Self) in Jungian psychology and God in mysticism. This is spirit.

18:ix:2011

# HAPPINESS



COLLECTION OF CYCLES:  
PERPETUAL PRACTICE OF MEISTER  
ECKHART'S *ABGESHEIDENHEIT* (ALONENESS  
EXTRACTED FROM ALONEMENT)





the  
 pale virtuosity  
 of the limp ideal,  
 the equivalent of a  
 bland,  
 aimless  
 balloon  
 (pointless  
 even in its  
 floating)  
 and  
 floating  
 a little pompously  
 but not even that  
 with steel-wires of  
 conviction,  
 rather  
 with acid-drenched ropes  
 of convention  
 but  
 (nerveless)  
 in this  
 air-gymnastics  
 he supersedes  
 this bleached  
 blandness  
 of  
 a but-merely-ideal  
 and  
 in the overflow of his



happiness  
but  
the luxurious happiness  
of an appropriate  
epitome  
accommodating  
an asymmetrical happiness  
with its billions of  
deep-coloured,  
fertility-flowering  
buds  
bursting forth  
superabundantly  
and everywhere  
on this entire earth  
in this  
pin-prick-provoking freshness  
of this mid-morning  
and calm  
air  
and yet  
now will  
these buds  
flower?  
how will these  
flowers fruit?  
how will these fruit  
ripen?  
with the  
moderation

of the ideal  
neatly and symmetrically?  
or  
haphazardly?  
roughly?  
asymmetrically?  
and  
(perhaps)  
a little robustly.

4:v:2013  
*Happiness 1*  
*Youth with Chestnut Hair*



tests of fairness,

lists for truth-telling-dilemma  
ah but there is the decreasing gaping hole  
factual truths can conceal psychic truths  
according to the language, the vocabulary  
employed for complex combination of words  
skilfully can hide rather than reveal  
but simplicity of word and  
much praised plain language can effect the same deceit.

29:iv:2013

*Happiness 2*

*Happiness in Corruption*



enacted by a skill

known

only

to the rare, while parasitic orchids as they do their rare work (not understood by electing but in its effectivity) on the branches of the rare family of trees found in a solitary forest on earth while this orchid it grows in air of all-year-round of contentment (with rare silver delight at the centre of this happiness (itself strongly winged and skilled in flight)

that (in turn) gives bold potency to the butterfly-breeze

nów this very

moment in this very morning

and this then is the rare here-now-point of silver happiness enfolded in an appropriately-paced breeze sealed in epitome.

30:iv:2013

*Happiness 5*

*Silver Happiness*



# CONTENTMENT



Winged! Winged!

Contested flight!

And the warm morning's

soft,

sparkling

light

brings

myriads of loads

of contentment

to fill,

to

fine-power spray

golden pollen

into the

air

at this

fertile,

fine-grained

sea-sand

place

that is

this garden,

this beach,

this

particular,

sea-water,

swimming

beach-pool

where

contentment flourishes  
in the very first most place  
to  
remind  
the whole of creation  
that this is  
most rightly so.  
and  
sée  
thére!  
the gleaming,  
emerald-green  
sun-birds  
bestow  
yet another  
prized attribute  
to  
warm even more,  
to be felt  
more keenly  
at this  
most central point  
of the whole world,  
this  
world  
in its entirety  
excluding nothing.

Here  
 (dense feathered  
 and with strong flight  
 on  
 buoyant air)  
 potent care  
 carries  
 (compassionately,  
 comfortably  
 and  
 with consummate skill)  
 crowned contentment  
 compactly constructed  
 to ensure  
 all caring power is  
 concentrated centrally  
 and conserved  
 in congenial  
 conditions  
 allowing  
 all the necessary equilibrium  
 that high prizes  
 just such  
 a contentment  
 as this.

25.v.2013  
 Revision 27:v:2013  
*Contentment 1*

Contentment's need to be

So that is the solution

to contentment's puzzle!

on a

formal

mutilation

alone

will he visit

home

or individual.

Tall,

he could be John Donne's

cousin;

same long,

lean face,

same

long

elegant

fingers,

same

sensuality,

same the intense measures

of devotion.

But he

who gives

relaxedness,

at-one-men



transforms  
into a compassionate,  
empathetic  
understanding.

This wife's discontent centred  
on her marriage  
with  
a socially-suitable, psychological unsuitable,  
rich, vain, philandering, wilful man.  
She has been sick  
To the point of near death,  
  
(an emotionally shrivelling,  
dehydrating  
experience)  
in the grotesquery  
of his painfully howled  
boasting  
caterwauling sound-shards  
of baboon-screams  
  
(certainly so psychically)  
about his  
high ill-matching  
of his emaciated,  
heavy,  
locust-resembling legs

As contentment touched her,  
as if shocked  
by  
electricity  
she gained  
this shocked insight,  
this  
shocked  
foresight.

Her husband's mother (a  
woman who courted coarseness to an  
uncommon degree) would have her  
son  
(the husband of this drama  
in the poem)  
exceptionally ordinary  
to ensure that he 'belongs':  
to that  
end  
this mother  
avoided  
praising her son as  
a boy  
and a teenager.

The son grew up  
crookedly:



his youth contained neither expertly  
pruned growth  
nor the minerals for just  
such a stimulated trapping growth  
to be so  
pruned.

The wife  
(with Contentment's touch)  
caught  
(for  
the first  
time and at once)  
her authenticity;  
surprisingly  
its very  
essence  
is puritanical restraint;  
as air is to breath;  
so relentless  
epitome  
(its discipline embraces  
a subtle cruelty in  
substantial measures)  
is to the achievement of  
peaked,  
unadulterated,  
aristocratic,  
essence and  
For some time

the husband  
has urged  
their travelling  
on different  
highways  
without the unnecessary imposition  
of a relationship-  
coarsening divorce  
so that  
each highway  
is  
more appropriate  
to one  
or the other  
of husband or wife  
but  
barren  
to both of them  
together  
when enforced,  
when  
imprisoned  
to this  
single highway  
prescribed  
by their marriage,  
a highway  
ill-suited to  
both of them  
and their marriage.

Contentment

has (in his service)  
two exceptionally-efficient administrators  
of cosmic strength  
and  
forty entire  
weeks of cosmic  
transmutation and adjustment  
(transmutation)  
Husband and wife  
keep  
a garden-hut  
where  
(through  
insightfully-eloquent  
and precise conversation) main and  
significant  
highways are evaluated with auspicious expectations,  
with sculpting  
clean appropriation  
and with a fine sculpting (as to  
detect)  
epitome.

29:v:2013  
*Contentment 2*

She eighty-one-year old pianist had just played the last chord  
of the Aria as theme of Bach's Goldberg Variations this  
evening for the second time

for Bach demands the theme be played at  
the end and the  
beginning of these 3 variations

and the radiance of  
contentment

enshowered the pianist as  
a stream flowing of perfume while spring flowers

in their lens  
descending on the  
old pianist

for thirty  
years

this woman has practised this score

(composed for a two-  
manual  
chord and

not for a concert pianist)

daily and tonight  
for the first time in  
these three decades

this old pianist played it to a public

where Bach, each

note of the  
score, the pianist, the piano, the hall, the audience were  
(in

Contentment)

indissolubly intermingled  
to be creative work in  
its own right,  
an artdish,  
cosmic dance  
spreading to be in a cosmic entity, an  
archetype beyond an excellence  
and  
an archetype of fulfilled completion  
for hére God blazes  
into endless eternity  
effortlessly

2:v:2013  
*Contentment 3*  
The Goldberg Variations:  
Performance of Happiness and Contentment



whatever the wise children did  
learn the fruit as wisdom of the two young people  
(more than children, younger adults)  
for the brazen display of wisdom of  
the young  
offended the old sorely and youth and age  
are now in a boxing match neither warning  
the wise couple married  
started a small business  
of  
superior  
clothes  
and then went into finance  
and  
all the old people  
thought them inappropriate, unwise.

Contentment showed the couple's prime pursuit  
And  
many a set-back  
(mostly small)  
Held them back  
until (of a day) this couple were rich, then they became  
most

plutocratically so.

And then the elderly conservative said they  
must have robbed others  
or did some illegal things

to accumulate all that money, those riches  
While the couple  
(now in early middle life)

continued to  
pursue Contentment as a psyche may  
As some would follow a creed  
not only of achievement

but all the way to infinity  
in which  
all is in order

Finding-sit as a contentment

cultivated

but not

coarsely enforced.

The couple understood that it is not contentment that gave him  
the pliancy but the naked grace of archetypes, contentment that  
enhanced

and made pleasant the temper of his existence,

contentment

with it supreme privilege of well-mannered  
satisfaction, the refining factor.

29:v:2013  
*Contentment 4*



TIME



PERPETUAL PRACTICE OF  
MEISTER ECKHART'S *ABGESCHEIDENHEIT*  
(ALONEMENT)

Many times we have spoken of death  
in long, epic conversations,  
dark-night conversations and (in these dark, desert places)  
we found  
an unnatural light with no centre  
penetrating the strange  
partitions  
(dividing death and life)  
and  
as bright and uncentred in  
death as in life.

Then death and life were neither  
but  
a third unknown thing  
(also no thing) as well as a paved path  
(flat and straight)  
leading to a place not anywhere but  
with a ten-ton (and then a million ton) heavy load of  
meaning  
of which  
we understand nothing  
but  
this we know  
(then and now)  
it is an epitome that peaks





all our skill and expertise) we know not  
what we do:  
we still are  
where we were  
at the point of those death-conversations.

Yet all this while  
muscular, athletic intuition shoots fine, slim bullets  
and  
they hit pin-points  
while trumpeting  
plutocratic riches for you  
and  
ill-fitting fame for me  
but then  
(suddenly)  
all changes,  
all is transformed  
(in  
a mystical movement of dark unknowing)  
while we arrive  
(propelled  
by an  
aikido roll<sup>6</sup>  
epitomising extended excellence)  
at the centre of the

---

6 Aikido-roll = body in a ball rolling on the floor

field twenty-eight times, twenty-nine times

drenched in warm

contentment

and

we are rejuvenated.

28:vii:2012

*Midday Woman*

Coalesced  
are these three radiances, psycho-physical radiances  
and  
(although incomplete  
as a five-theme, five-voice,  
contrapuntal  
music-composition,  
this music-composition's steely intention and  
potently-direct drive  
are to embody  
the epitome of completion in the  
detail-defining and appropriate destination  
of a coda  
in all its  
indestructible finality)  
then  
these three radiances are a massive  
movement  
towards a singular, integrated, polished majesty –  
this then is the Money Princess.

And there she stands

royal, exquisite, small  
but not a miniature  
while these three  
radiances  
(the huge, ice white, facet-cut diamond,  
the mid-morning





by that measure of  
beauty  
that renders  
appropriateness  
the ultimate authority.

This  
is the First Woman  
in whom archetypal architecture,  
engineering astuteness,  
the number-order  
meet in a multitude of  
nuggets of meaning  
on every level  
of human existence  
from  
archetypal spirituality  
to  
financial materiality  
and all  
this  
is accomplished  
with the high-honed,  
clinical  
expertise  
of this First Woman's epitomisation in banking, in  
financial analyses  
and her peaked, paced and poised  
performance

of every detail in a rightful order,  
in the vast,  
spacious patience  
allowing ample time  
to complete  
the task on  
hand,  
patience being an acquired skill  
not naturally given to  
the Money Princess  
but without which  
her performance  
disintegrates  
to verbal fragments.

Not underground,  
poison-snake-like repression  
but airy, spacious containment is  
her-sun-golden triumph  
to act  
at once  
precisely,  
appropriately,  
purposefully.

The applicable images  
 (symbols) of the  
 archetype of  
 Elizabethan-Shakespearean-  
 High-English-Renaissance  
 arrive  
 (at the  
 Money Princess)  
 as a most-richly-bestowed  
 privilege,  
 a magic-  
 enmeshed,  
 ideally-fitting,  
 finely-wrought,  
 elastic-psychic,  
 secondary skin  
 (for all the world to see)  
 to infuse,  
 to  
 intermingle  
 Renaissance values  
 and Renaissance epitomisation  
 in the  
 royal life-work of the Money Princess  
 and  
 she epitomises  
 whatever  
 she does

as the greater part  
 of her tall radiance  
 in the old, Elizabethan  
 Club  
 a secret society of epitomisation  
 as in the new, global  
 community  
 since whatever she strategises  
 she concretises  
 in an  
 all-pervading radiance  
 with steadfast and steely supremacy.  
 The glowing  
 psychic process  
 of fine planning  
 in the strategy  
 and  
 supreme-point achievement  
 in the meticulous concretisation  
 are  
 reminiscent  
 of a female-leopard's lone-hunt,  
 all carefully  
 ordered  
 while  
 ideally paced  
 and  
 each such paced measure  
 is poisedly  
 negotiated

in such a way  
as makes majesty manifest  
in the very lacing of  
the air  
at once  
with many-diamonds-enmeshed lace,  
steel lace,  
gold lace  
and  
notice now  
how the radiance-revelation  
(reinforced by this triple lace-  
enmeshment)  
derives from three primary sources:  
thús the huge ice-white, facet-cut  
diamond,  
thís clear, calm, mid-morning, early-summer sun,  
thús a  
psychically-enriched personality  
out-radiating  
thís diamond and  
thís sun altogether  
and then ascends  
straight to the upper  
reaches of finance  
where the diamond-embedded crown rests on  
banking  
renewed,  
reconstructed,

revitalised,  
 re-ennobled,  
 radiant.

Such multiple-sourced radiances  
 somehow  
 (for none seem to know how now)  
 infuse  
 (if permitted)  
 the whole world with this diamond, this  
 summer's sun, this white-gold personality  
 so that her two scarring  
 blemishes  
 (in their now-darkening day  
 of perniciously-harsh  
 dissonance)  
 now heal and resolve themselves  
 on the  
 linear level of this particular theme  
 and this particular theme as  
 against the rest of the themes in this music composition  
 while these  
 blemishing sores  
 (in this Money Princess)  
 show themselves  
 as being her  
 sudden attacks  
 of unaccountable female sullenness  
 and plain paranoia,  
 both versions of scarring attacks  
 being transmuted to flawless

psychic, white gold  
in her richly-integrating personality.

Curse and cure rest in the Money Princess  
and  
if cure becomes universal,  
becomes archetypal,  
the curse in her  
is cured  
and só is the curse in the bank  
and só too is the curse in  
the whole world.

The rich and all-encompassing light  
of this woman  
elevates this woman,  
banking,  
finance  
and money  
and transforms  
all  
to  
a well-constructed-and-steely  
reconciliation  
between  
this  
process,  
money,  
finance,  
banking.

champagne-celebrates  
money  
and this Money Princess.

The regal diamond-ring  
the triumph  
of the marriage between

contribute a fugal construction  
immaculate style (most matching to this music)  
(allowing for pellucid articulation)

The archetype of attributes  
that (in these events)  
play out in  
in appropriate speed  
and in a sonority of cosmic tone  
unequaled for its depths, height and beauty  
while in the  
texture of the music  
(composed by the archetype of completion)

rings out the  
first theme of money, the four now-reconstructed,  
now-rearranged themes of  
the  
integrated personality,  
bold banking,  
peaking finance,  
potent appropriateness,



all contained in balance,  
equilibrium,  
first heard as five individual melodic lines  
culminating into a  
contrapuntal composition  
and then appearing  
as an orb of white-  
coloured gold  
intermingled with golden-coloured gold  
in the right hand  
of the  
money-married Money Princess  
in an unconditionally  
clear like to clear like  
while power-radiance streams out  
on all sides  
in  
spite of this cadence-conclusion  
paradoxically containing all.

1:viii:2012-6:vii:2012  
*Midday Woman*

---

Dictated in four encounters with the collective unconscious between Wednesday  
1:viii:2012 and Monday 6:viii:2012 to Châtillon Coque.

INAUSPICIOUS  
INCIDENTS



The day is bright,  
even too warm,  
calm but  
ominous  
when the cat-lover  
drives down this  
particular road  
to her work.

Unexpectedly  
this day  
turns dark  
when clouds  
whirl in a rolling  
blackness  
across the sky;  
a clear threat  
but  
threatening what?

Suddenly,  
there is the threat,  
the  
brutal inhumanity:  
the brutally mangled body  
of a  
kitten

and then  
another  
brutally mauled body of  
a second kitten  
a little further down  
this narrow  
side-lane  
of massacre  
to the psychic and  
merciless machine  
of breaking bones  
(on this road)  
in an  
inhuman,  
anti-feline curse  
pleased to serve  
(unconditionally)  
inhumanity  
deeply coupled  
to brutality  
on the way  
to  
a cruel death  
by breaking  
(with one-pointed  
pain and  
violence)  
every bone  
in the bodies of those kittens  
and that

violently;  
suddenly  
enacting this slaughtering  
in a  
pain-inducing,  
suffocating insanity  
of a violent murder  
deliberately doing  
its unfettered sadism  
on the  
left side of the road,  
the sinister side,  
the collective archetypally  
shadow side of creation.

Then the cat-lover  
(in a freezing  
shock of her entire existence)  
finds another mauled kitten-corpse on  
the left and shadow side of this road:  
hére there must have  
taken place  
a collective-shadow act,  
a ritualistic act of  
unheard of  
sadistic significance.



just such a way? so appropriately in

Speculation  
as a snow-storm  
(in a place  
where snow does not fall)  
falls thickly:  
who  
enacted this unnatural damnation?  
what psychotic?  
a property-owner  
who abominates cats  
on his property?  
(there is a blooded slick  
on this left and sinister pavement  
with which he could have enacted  
this unconscionable action)  
and  
then there is  
the piano-teaching,  
eye-twitching  
grandmother of a  
renowned surgeon,  
could this self-style-as-civilised  
old woman  
be the murderer of these kittens

since she projects her sickly  
self-loathing  
and low consciousness, compassionless culture  
(in the  
absence of empathy)  
on all cats?  
an inhuman sadist?  
an  
engineer  
whose neurosis about bugs  
finds clean cats  
dirty?

But none knows  
for all this  
is insubstantial speculation  
invalid before the law.

The snow  
(unnatural in this city)  
intends to outsnow,  
to erase,  
to enice,  
to freeze  
this



ritualistic murder  
of these three kittens  
in a sacrificial

propitiation  
hoping  
(possibly futilely)  
to appease  
the frozen-solid and

crude cruelty  
cemented remorselessly in sadism  
and so threatening  
to destroy all life on this earth.

26:ii:2012  
*Inauspicious Incidents*

CHARACTERISATION OF THE  
ARCHETYPES OF  
MALEVOLENCE



PERPETUAL PRACTICE OF  
MEISTER ECKHART'S *ABGESCHEIDENHEIT*  
(ALONEMENT)

Each malevolence (drenched and  
bee-hived with some evil, unknown,  
unassessed, undefined) is precisely  
directed as a pecking birds beak  
aimed at a pellet of food,  
each encompassed by the compact  
compulsion to punish, to take revenge,  
to annihilate

and lies enwrapped  
in the corrupting, corrosive complexes  
of the personal unknowing (some  
still sane, others already insane and yet  
others irredeemably insane) and  
only the ovens of consciousness (and  
only those of the psyches who first house  
these killer-complexes) can transform  
them to psychic, fine gold of the  
old alchemist,

rare in any age.

Christian forgiveness (particularly the  
blighted varieties with a clear  
predilection for the lesser or the  
under) merely allows more licence,

more spilling freedom for more  
corruption of more concentrated  
complexes

all out of kilter.

To the psyches (who condone or are  
compelled to enact these complexes)  
these complexes must return;  
there are no other troughs for  
their transformation to their  
re-revitalisation often to cultivate lush vegetation,  
most particularly after such  
unique (only one of a kind) enfertilising  
transforming,

other only than those  
that would induce, provoke  
rampant sores

(raping with rot  
whatever is human,

whatever is  
itself psychic)

unremittingly,

remorselessly.



appropriate, numerical symbol and  
return it to that psyche (who gives  
it sucker and is its dark source)  
and this is the only recourse for  
those who would have this world  
flourish and grow into its own  
magnitude, its own primal plan,  
unhindered by complexes convoluting  
their way out of creeds and codes.

For our symbolical, multiplication  
number

we select nine thousand,  
nine hundred and twenty two (9922)  
in a one-pointed, compacted  
concentration on a pin-pointed  
precision to yield that precisely  
appropriate, personal and transformatively-  
effective magnification  
instantaneously.

The source or sources of these killer-  
complexes may be one, may be

many and none can be sure  
where it (or they) lurk, where  
it (or they) defy this world to its  
utter destruction and so to its  
uncommonly-complete obliteration.

The sick source or sources (festering  
with one or more or myriads of  
corrupting complexes

from which

the original malevolence took its  
being and direction)

is and are

ruthlessly, unwaveringly slaughtered  
(body, psyche, spirit, in all its  
god-unions) by this returned  
(inverted), richly converted, much  
multiplied (in size, strength and  
stamina) former malevolence

but which

can no longer carry any name of  
any malevolence or assume another  
word for such a name

since its

ultimate wholeness is contained by  
no word in any language.

Thus

this nameless and converted  
completion (in its renouncing it becomes)  
is transformed to an unknown but  
compact concretisation potently  
present with the symbolically  
enskillment of a spiritual aikido  
to fight supernaturally well (most  
coolly) for a deeply-committed,  
deeply-rooted goal and that goal  
(in its deep completion) is to kill  
this original source or sources  
should it or they (self-righteously  
and rigidly) insist on its or  
their defence of the original  
malevolence (no longer there) or  
resist the inverted mirror-image  
transformation (similar to the  
original malevolence, now no more,  
now unnamed) to psychic gold  
or to remain (blandly and



blatantly) unconscious (because it  
can do nought else) of its  
rotten and further rotting self and  
its stenching work in originally  
creating and directing (to targets,  
psychic, human, animal, plant)  
the original, faeces-impacted  
malevolence which (now transformed  
in the Unique, Clearly Contained)  
are glowing and entirely processed  
(not a grain of the original malevolence remains)  
and reprocessed to spiritual gold  
potent beyond any imagery,  
any language and any symbol.

Then all that still remains for anyone  
of these sick sources

is to die,

to be annihilated to cold grey ash  
or to transform to loaves that are  
unsurpassably superior in their rich  
nourishment

of the universal psyche.

This now-nameless, now-transformed

malevolence (in becoming nameless  
and being no more) becomes potently  
non-malevolent, effective in its  
infusing of its deep transformative  
sprays (in the Was, the Is, the Will Be)  
of platinum (red-gold) fulfilment  
reaching an empowering superior  
replacement

                                beyond a mere human resolution  
or a mere human, final cadence,  
only momentarily and mildly  
  in place.

14:11:28

*Attributes, Actions and Character-Traits of an Archetype*

## NOTE ON RHYTHM AND LINEATION

The short lines of the previous poem permit of the pivotal word at the beginning of the line but not of a cadence at the end of the line. The result is a taut texture resembling a tight coil or an enraged wasp (of malevolence,) flying vigorously to sting its poisonous malevolence into the object of its wrath.

*Fellow Poems in the Tray in which this poem is placed:*

- 0 Archetype of Malevolence;
- 1 Archetype of Treachery;
- 2 Archetype of the Resemblance that is more truth than the facts;
- 3 Archetype of Transmutation;
- 4 Archetype of the Second Personality.

- 0 Archetype of Aristocracy;
- 1 Archetype of Plutocracy;
- 2 Archetype of Epitome;
- 3 Archetype of Creativity;
- 4 Archetype of Performance.

- 0 Archetype of Anglo-Saxons and English World;
- 1 Archetype of South Africans and South Africa;
- 2 Archetype of Poetry;
- 3 Archetype of Theatre-Plays;
- 4 Archetype of Archetypes.

COINCIDENCE OF OPPOSITES  
WRITTEN IN THE 3RD PERIOD  
OF *PRIMAL MEDIATIONS*

CLIMATIC CONDITIONS,  
MOSTLY AT THE  
REDBRICK-MANSION\*



PERPETUAL PRACTICE OF  
MEISTER ECKHART'S *ABGESCHIEDENHEIT*  
(ALONEMENT)

---

\* The Redbrick Mansion was the Poet's home in Upper Houghton Johannesburg where he created an Urban forest of indigenous trees.

Two days ago it was the authentic event. Snow. Storm none could call it. It snowed for four hours. At the redbrick-mansion. And on her gardens. Late morning. Early afternoon.

Every winter for a decade, there has been a limp attempt at some sort of snow-event. Usually early August. Late winter in the southern hemisphere.

Tuesday (seventh August) the snow-show was there. Concretely. Lighter than down. Not an attempt but the event itself. Icy in its white clarity. Particularly at the redbrick-mansion. Particularly at the southern aspect of the redbrick-mansion. High on the ridge of the southern side on which stands the redbrick-mansion. Particularly at the redbrick-mansion and its gardens. Its urban forest.

Its stillness. Heavy and motionless. Its whiteness. Even the light possesses a tint of white. Uncommonly little (or perhaps no) shadow. Uncanny. Where has shadow fled?

The Southern-African plants at the redbrick-mansion are now weighed down with snow. Usually they are bathed sometimes in a golden sunlight, sometimes in a champagne sunlight.

And warmly enveloped in just such summer-temperatures and in just such summer-light. For most months of the year. But not so on this Tuesday. On Tuesday snow weighs on these Southern African plants. So too on the international roses. So too on the French-colonial redbrick-mansion.

Has Southern-African, archetypal reality been transmuted to another archetypal reality? To another order of spirit? To another order of place? To another space altogether? To another country?

To New England? To old South of England? To Germany? To Japan? But (or so it would appear) not to St. Petersburg. No, not to Russia.

Where and in what lies this transmutation? In weather or in spirit, that is to say in spirit as archetype, that is to say, in spirit as God-agent? Would weather not be spirit as a God-agent?

Does snow universalise and so cause an archetypal rearrangement or replacement, in which the known laws convert to allow of a universe beyond an unsure reality

(perhaps an irrationality) and its rigid reason, unreasonably só,  
inexplicably só, nevertheless só.

9:viii:2012

*Skies, Weather and Atmospheric Phenomena*



This Wednesday is a warm, spring-day,  
calmly encased in a sky-blue  
serenity.

Unusually early  
(on the morning of the Thursday)  
turbulence  
initiates itself  
to assert itself  
in an unusual, climatic aggression  
dressed in winds  
whirling in short, spiralling circles  
while cumulonimbus  
clouds accumulate  
covering the sky-dome  
in its entirety  
with their  
towering configurations  
growing ever taller  
within their upward  
draughts  
and it is  
in this reaching  
to the sky-heaven  
that  
destructive hail  
accumulates with an acceleration  
while screaming

shrilly  
destruction to all the world.

And then  
(at three on  
this dark Friday-morning)  
gravity of earth  
pulls the hail away from its  
heavenly quest  
and tumbles it downward  
in its hail-bombing  
of earth  
where trees are ripped apart,  
birds killed,  
plants destroyed  
reminiscent  
of the psychotic intervals  
in millions of  
men,  
women,  
children  
whose psyches are reduced to nought  
in the onslaught on  
them  
of exploding,  
bombing,  
malevolent



On the Friday  
we mourned for a world  
deep frozen in ice  
but  
(as the  
priestly poet points out)  
we call  
this Friday  
good  
in spite of its  
archetypal death.

On Saturday  
the day is drenched  
with sunlight  
and  
serenity.

The white sky-horses of promise,  
hope,  
joy  
come a-riding, a-flying  
right around  
the earth.

10:ix:2012  
*Weather Conditions*

Coins. Coins as fruit. Fruit on a tree.

Abundance.

This is not a poor country. Overloaded. But uncommonly contained this fruit-over-load is heavy but only with value. The summer breeze. Whirl-blows in the leaves. Gold coins everywhere. In between these large leaves these easy-observably-weighty coins. For all that, lightness sprinkles through the day and place.

In between these coins and leaves, notes. Rich notes. Large denominations. Paper notes. Sound notes. Written notes. Music notes. Informative notes. Obvious similitudes. Note how the smallness (in size and value) is little presented. Not shown in a clean presentation. At least not over *hére*. But over *thére*, all is too much the same. A too-much a balance-factor that obviously balances. Or only just manages such balance. Balance also almost in accounts. Poor balances in this sluggish Currency. But they are just there. Just operative.

Quiet, quiet the mild drizzle falls.  
Consistently. Gentle but also deep-soaking.  
As apt as such wetness is to such water. A  
mild  
trill of regular drops. Poised. Balanced.  
This drizzle a mesh-curtain. Seen through  
but not clearly. Nevertheless, in  
minute detail. Clearly forward forward  
drives. Yet still. On this still (almost silent)  
journey through the air! This poise on a  
point in prime stillness. The same poise is  
still flight. Still. This rain-cloud barely  
is moving. Still. And still it is barely moving.

The soil in which these several orchards  
grow is black in its  
fertile looseness. Abundantly created.  
These deep-soul, rain-soaked soil-smells  
are as if a fine drain rained on its intensity  
faintly and that is so everywhere. This smell  
slightly spicy, slightly sweet is everywhere,  
only slight. Appropriate. A slight scent,  
scent but slightly to the whole world,  
remains slight, however often the

mildest, slightest film of this fine mist-  
drizzle drenches this  
soil rich in so many minerals. The black soil  
of the orchards.  
Rich.

Strong (mostly massive) these trunks of  
these orchard trees. These  
fruit trees. These fruit-money trees. Almost  
a cream-golden light filters through these  
trees. Through the leaves of the trees. This  
mind-morning light is unusually clear this  
mid-summer's morning. It is the midway.  
Clear representation of the tree. The shafts  
of sunlight illuminates (spotlights) early-  
summer ripening fruit. This fruit is a highly-  
achieved, a highly-bred fruit. (Seventeen  
generations of select breeding.) Perhaps  
now a generation or two away from being a  
nectarine.

But now closer to bring a pear but still not a  
pear. Barely related to the pear family. A  
juicier fruit by far, this now-fruit. Not a pear

all the same. Better bred. Better money  
bred, than a pear.

This now fruit is filled to capacity with super-  
sweet fruit-juice. But not cloying. Sweet  
(but not bitter-sweet). Sweet with the  
balanced money-fruit-sugars of plutocracy  
which (personified) the puritans trample on,  
reject by persecution. But these very  
puritans (in secret) crave, lust after. Filled  
with conflict in themselves, these Puritans  
strengthen their determination to crucify  
noble Plutocracy whose history is itself full  
of corruption. It tries to obscure that  
corruption. With inadequate deceit.  
Inadequate truth, so deeply suspicious.

Sweet. Yet rightly so. Copious. Yet rightly  
so. The seventeen generations from  
copious fruit to copious coins. To notes. To  
billions of pounds sterling bills. Every  
category filled and fulfilled with such money.  
This is the orchard that makes of the place,  
the province an abundance-place and of  
rare epitome. Two words together



determine the journey forward. Well (almost well) they chant together. But all the white ray spill fruitions from the abundance and the excess.

Abundance-copious. Abundance-copious.  
Abundance-copious. Abundance-copious.  
Abundance-copious. Abundance-copious.

Spirit. Myth. The mystery of the money. At once spirit and matters the mass-mystery of the orchards. The mystery, even the mistresses of fruit and coin. Concrete the matter. Concrete the money, but nevertheless a spiritual matter. At other times as inconcrete as air. Never grasped in its paradox. This is not quite so. Nevertheless that is not quite so. What they (fruit and coin) are, are not known. What they are not, not much is known either.

Coins. Coins as fruit. Fruit on a tree.  
Abundance. This is not a poor world.  
Overload. But contained.

Much more makes the wrong-myth and hire  
is but the first of layer of myth but, as to  
meaning, it is all absorbed in speculation.  
Orchard. Fruit. Coins. On their own  
insubstantially. Together  
Unusually substantial. Orchards Fruit.  
Coins. The charge of insubstantially fits only  
in part. The greater part, concrete  
substantially. For all uncertainty as to  
belonging.

23.iii.2014

*The Archetypal Process Operative in Money Mysticism Fast Time:  
Coins as fruit. Fruit as an Abundance*

Ornamental. Immediately prized.  
Immediately observed. By man.  
By nature. Always in prime service to the  
embolden beauty of shape. In service to the  
primary sun-service. Obsessive with sun-  
warmth. Both trees sturdy. Each tree with  
its own ample canopy. This 11 o'clock-  
morning summer warmth. Canopy and  
summer sun play, interpenetrate one  
with the other.

Two such *Rothmania capensis*, two such  
candle-wood trees in twó, such, sun-baked,  
terracotta pots. Placed next to a warm log-  
cabin  
in the south Eastern corner of this estate's  
garden. The estate of the red-brick  
mansion.

This morning these trees are sprinkled by  
the turned-in petalled flowers. They range  
from yellow to beige. These flowers are  
streaked with maroon. The points of their  
petal turn inwards. Inwards. Inwards.

Deeply so. Divinely so spotted with maroon.  
Many and deeply so spotted. So marked.

On the mountain-ridge *Rothmania capensis*  
and  
*Rothmania capensis* loose-wood. Finds a  
flowering Rothmania tree.  
Finds a wood as a cluster of *Rothmania*  
*capensis* trees.

*Rothmania capensis* finds them ideally  
in its filled station. This is a primary advice  
for celebration.

*Rothmania capensis* then celebrates.

Zealously. Pointedly.

Passionately. Compassionately.

Celebration is best

centre to this celebration

is the double avenue of five metre

tall trees in their deepest bath ring in

penetration

sunlight for the whole world to embrace the

cosmic

illumination of its entirety.

That here the Divine One epitomised.

These are the stations. Stations where archetypal images work out their divine plans. Implement them.

Divination. Implementation. Now we arrive at creation.

Such skilled performance in Divination!

In Implementation!

This planting performance burst out abundance.

Here and now. In these most present performances.

Present attributes. Present stations. This abundance

Is all into epitomisation. Too much everywhere.

But right. Rightly so. Too much is most rightly.

On this ridge *Rothmania capensis* finds (as wood, as trees and the wood of a tree cluster) its ideal in its divine station and celebrate double avenue of five-metre-tall trees in their deepest bathing of strong, penetrating sunlight for the whole

world to embrace the fellowman  
that have the Divine One epitomised.

On this mountain-ridge, *Rothmania*  
*capensis* finds (as a wood).

On this mountain-ridge, *Rothmania*  
*capensis*

three derivatives of itself. Smaller woods  
than itself. Twigs

2014

*The Archetypal Process Operative in Forests*

MEN AND WOMEN WITH  
THE MAXIMUM OF EVIL AND  
MINIMUM OF GOOD  
AND GOD MADE THEM SO\*



PERPETUAL PRACTICE OF  
MEISTER ECKHART'S *ABGESCHIEDENHEIT*  
(ALONENESS DISTILLED FROM  
ALONEMENT)

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\* C.G. Jung: Aron: Collected Works, Volume 9, Part 2

– I –

The evil stuck out from her fair flesh as  
spikes  
    poisoning all  
                    of this now-ill-balanced  
environment  
                    soaked in the acid-odour  
                                    of some unknown  
yellow substance  
                    for  
                    this fourteen-year-old  
disguises  
                    her coarsening and expanding  
                                    corruption.

– 2 –

A corruption  
    growing in layers  
                    of black,  
                            blinding,  
                                    too-dense-to-  
be  
seen-through,  
    the thickets gauziness  
                    that eliminates  
                            all forms  
of  
sight  
    (be they physical or perceptual),



even those of second sight,  
a spontaneous  
second sight,  
even those with cultivated,  
carefully-husbanded,  
intuitively-trained  
second sight,  
foresight,  
insight,  
hindsight.

– 3 –

She then does  
what  
perception-destroying evil  
prompts her to do  
and that is to  
activate  
distrust of others in herself  
and distrust of hér in herself  
recklessly,  
unconcernedly.

– 4 –

While these  
human attributes  
flourish  
independent

of encouragement  
in both women  
or of any  
provocation  
by evil-intent  
but nevertheless  
both are the blind bearers  
(unconscious but  
compulsive)  
of psychic evil and world-evil  
in granddaughter and grandmother alike  
both unconcerned  
with the rampant wreckage  
wrought by both their evil craft  
unconcerned  
indifferent to evil-defying  
good  
for so  
limited in these two women  
is any good  
of any kind  
neither  
granddaughter nor grandmother know  
insight being obliterated by  
evil in both of them  
since for them  
evil self-righteousness permits them (in  
a fake, a false perpetuity)  
to be

in a brazen deception  
for each fact  
is bold in its factual truth,  
combined however  
(in that very particular way)  
this type of deception  
poses  
as an inauthentically-and-ill-assumed  
right  
and for all its inauthenticity  
that right is a factual truth at least  
so accepted  
but acceptance is no guarantee of validity and apparent  
validity can harbour some invalidity sometimes shiningly or  
sometimes imperceptibly.

– 5 –

While such self righteousness and  
spite  
commenged  
bear (in evil air)  
the bitter black berries  
of evil for all the  
world,  
for granddaughter,  
for grandmother  
and these two witches  
brew the snake-poison-laced concoction  
and all this is barely

perceptible – in evil, berries, air, concoction, snake-poison but are potent to the mutual purpose of granddaughter and grandmother alike which purpose is the demolition (or any other destruction, fire for instance) of all that is.

– 6 –

In this cloud of dark unknowing  
(an evil-spirited mysticism),  
granddaughter and grandmother carry rampant evil skilfully into  
various self-righteousness  
demolishing plain righteousness by an  
easy infiltration  
of fast-acting evil.

– 7 –

This is so  
until evil becomes  
paramount, dominant, a peck-potency in the play presented  
about  
detail-enacted evil,  
always played out at the school of the  
granddaughter  
where neither schoolgirls nor school-teachers  
care for her and wish she were gone  
so that she is forced out  
by at least half the school  
(through their evil and spiteful wishes

towards her), this school (itself rotting with sores of evil)  
where she leaves abruptly.

– 8 –

She joins another school  
where the same  
poisonous pantomime  
(of teachers hating her, of girls loathing her)  
plays out the quirks  
of a sick  
(a sick and a sick-  
inducing) spite  
fed on  
(and bred in)  
bitter herbs,  
in bitter,  
undomesticated  
plants  
causing boils sometimes,  
rude health other times  
without a  
modicum of ease at any times,  
a physical discomfort ever present.

– 9 –

All those commonly corrupt discomforts  
hatched out in a

meat-rotting, neurosis baring nest,  
to all faeces applied this  
(and densely so)  
with a thick and  
sticky gum  
to trap, to catch  
a quick death  
in a pain  
extending far beyond  
what is experienced as excruciating.

Granddaughter in service to evil.

25.v.2014  
*Maximum of Evil*

Like an unrefined, a rough kind of rock.  
To the animus, the male in the woman as  
she stands on women tally in balance in this  
Ode to a healthy and noble Animus.

16.iii.2014

*Women*

Dark. Too late. So often, too late.  
Dark: the callous inappropriateness of  
it all.

Dark. Fake Saving Dial,  
sour-gashed and so badly burnt.

Black this dry night. Dry water.  
No Stream of Light, nor so wanted.  
Shadow begets shadow in  
greedy, engulfing unconsciousness,  
Badly breeding. Death-Birth.  
Lop-sided, too overtly masculine. Too unbalanced.  
Most só for the woman in this encounter.  
Where hides balancing androgyny?

Huskbound in shrivelling  
grimace-entrapped  
'I am right and you are wrong.'  
But I (who write this)  
this dark-death world  
Rejéct.

Oppóse.

Fresh as this three-o-clock-of-a-Spring-  
Morning,  
New Arrived, Brilliance-Based  
Awareness,  
Churning to Rich Compost  
this dark and sluggish,



old and repressed corpse, still  
moving.  
Light Ejaculates Conscious spurts of  
Light.  
Cléár in its Sculpted, Shaped  
Fertility.

8.x.2008

*Crude And Sensitive Men*



sporting an amber  
forest garden

and she uses thé contemporary and commercial computer  
on these manuscripts  
with the potent,

freely-honed care and skill  
of old China with a superior epitome

and all its aristocratic excellence  
while she  
treats the delicate 50 year old manuscript

with radiant and royal respect  
becoming of a Chinese woman.

30:ix:2012  
*Women 2*

# SNAKES I (MAMBAS)



PERPETUAL PRACTICE OF  
MEISTER ECKHART'S *ABGESCHIEDENHEIT*  
(ALONENESS EXTRACTED FROM  
ALONEMENT)

– 1 –

This midsummer's day  
is converted quickly  
into a  
midwinter's day  
and this day  
is fast  
becoming night at noon  
with a sharp-bladed, swift  
dismantlement-machine  
that reduces all to dust –  
unseen, unheard of  
before.

– 2 –

In a dehydrated,  
desiccated  
garden  
(restlessly)  
wait  
two mambas  
(cousins, one black, one green) aggressive  
to each other,  
restlessly  
waiting for what?  
for what unnatural darkness  
to annul

creation,  
to  
cancel creation  
unconditionally,  
unconcernedly?

– 3 –

The day fast darkens,  
fast dies in its own darkening.

– 4 –

Now it snows;  
death is in this snow;  
this snow  
now embalms, dissolves, sometimes dissipates  
everything.

– 5 –

The fast melting  
of this fast dissolving  
is the  
fastest way  
to seemingly-fast oblivion  
or (if assimilated)  
the  
reverse-journey,  
to immorality.

– 6 –

Psychic paralysis  
(a  
contagious disease)  
is everywhere,  
in everything,  
everywhere  
unrelieved.

– 7 –

Two symbols of humankind appear:  
a Titian-haired  
man (in earliest manhood,  
barely  
beyond a youth),  
athletic,  
muscular,  
a lion has  
no more maleness  
(a honed masculinity)  
than he:  
a black,  
onyx-Black woman  
just at the beginning of  
her womanhood,  
tall, graceful,  
unusually-peak-proportionately  
peak-shaped,  
about to pass

into the orbit  
 of where the  
 images  
 of beauty and shape  
 of the archetype  
 of the  
 oryx  
 (the gemsbok of Namibia,  
 creation's most comely  
 antelope)  
 penetrates and permeates  
 her psyche,  
 her body,  
 her  
 own archetype  
 in a contrapuntal admixture of images of  
 the archetype of oryx-antelope-beauty  
 and images of the  
 archetype of her  
 black-,  
 semi-precious-stone-,  
 onyx-beauty  
 while a rarer  
 beauty than these reside  
 in both sets of images.



– 8 –

Blandly

to apply the epithet

of beauty

to

this onyx-Black woman

is inappropriately limp

since

language

has no word

for the epitomised loveliness of

this onyx-Black woman

nor the peak-beauty of

this oryx antelope.

– 9 –

In conjoining the images of the archetype

of the onyx-

Black-woman's beauty

and those

of the archetype

of the oryx-antelope-

beauty

some minor justice is effected

but that is only in part;

the

language

failure to accommodate  
the archetypal spirituality  
of the world's  
beauty  
remains abysmal.

– 10 –

The Titian-haired man and the  
onyx-Black woman  
enter the dying garden  
and  
instantaneously  
(in less than five minutes)  
the  
black mamba strikes hím  
three times,  
the green mamba strikes  
hér  
four times.

– 11 –

Both snakes  
hold their victims  
uncommonly firmly  
with  
their large teeth  
in the front part  
of their lower jaw

to ensure  
their outrageously-large fangs  
inject their victims with  
liberal doses  
of lethal mamba-poison  
to induce and to  
facilitate  
painful but quick death  
and to give  
substantiated credence  
to the mamba-reputation  
of acute uncertainty  
in a  
quick-changing and pathologically-varied  
mamba-temperament  
while  
mamba-speed is  
always there  
and always in service of death.

– 12 –

The very second  
these mambas  
strike  
these archetypal humans  
the total electric lights of  
creation  
(the symbol of consciousness)

instantaneous  
explosion  
of less than a quarter portion  
of a minute.  
go out  
in an

– 13 –

In life  
mamba-victims  
(once dead)  
change colour  
instantaneously,  
start to putrefy  
instantly;  
in this steel-bladed, mamba-fanged  
execution of creatures  
this slaughter is enacted  
so confusedly swiftly  
that  
forward-racing time  
(the time of this slaughter)  
robs time from  
time-past  
but time in time-past  
has long since  
been spent  
and there  
is no time to rob  
and yet

time future  
steals from time past,  
impossible though this would appear to be:  
now time is in disarray.

– 14 –

For fifty years  
creation is (from now on) a void,  
a vacuum,  
an  
absolute no-thing,  
an absolute non-creation,  
beyond death,  
no more  
and yet  
anything absolute  
has not  
(as yet)  
been created.

– 15 –

Then in the fifty-first year  
there would appear  
to be  
a flicker of life  
at the centre  
of the deeply-comatosed,  
motionless  
planet-earth.

– 16 –

It takes another fifty years  
for the full-  
summer's day  
to be restored  
to what it was  
at the  
beginning  
of this cinematographic poem-play.

– 17 –

On that first  
whole  
summer's day  
nine, elongated  
mamba-eggs  
(three-inches  
long)  
are hatched  
and nine, twenty-inch-long mambas  
are in  
this slenderly-restored  
(insecure in its uncertainty and weakness)  
creation.

These infant mambas  
are partly green  
and hidden in  
lush-tree-foliage  
while their parents  
are black  
and these  
infants too  
(when adult)  
will be black,  
the black  
of their  
merciless destruction,  
their cruel trade,  
their cruel profession  
of the  
mamba-snake clan  
but never  
the onyx-black of the comely  
Black woman  
in the personification  
of the archetype of  
human  
woman-beauty  
caught in eternal  
reverence.

– 19 –

half-an-hour old,  
an infant, female mamba  
But barely a  
strikes and  
kills  
(with uncommon skill and speed)  
an adult, agile  
kangaroo-rat,  
a youthful but fully-grown  
male.

– 20 –

In this weakly-reconstructed world  
the North America of the  
Kangaroo-rat  
collides with the Africa of the mamba  
and  
conflict is there as it is and was (cosmically) as ever before  
since  
for  
this yoking together is  
uneasy,  
uncomfortable  
but  
(paradoxically)  
remains  
an epitome



of noble  
authenticity  
while huge beacons of authenticity  
(blazing through these  
expanses of the  
African night)  
are the cradle of humankind  
and yet  
(in spite of that)  
a  
psychic-degeneration  
permits  
(with uncommon ease  
and freedom)  
the  
unconscious contamination  
with psychoses  
(the most morbid of morbid  
complexes)  
all operating in the destructive side  
of conflict  
in all its  
slaughtering and incineration.

a purity  
but hiding a painful, slow death  
on every level of life,





whatever the common sniggers  
 against  
 such just, generous attitudes  
 might say  
 and these sneers  
 are mostly  
 from  
 the harsh, puritanical camps  
 where such human judgements are  
 encouraged and entrenched  
 by self-righteous church-law,  
 state-law and  
 (above all)  
 the disorder of common,  
 social convention  
 in all its  
 ruthlessly-savage attitudes  
 (cruelly, unrestrainedly, crudely  
 enacted)  
 while mindless of any consequence whatsoever.

– 22 –

Archetypes yield apprehension  
 (the flash-lights of insight,  
 the  
 many suns of foresight)  
 most often in their mounting passage  
 to

noon-day;  
    théy are  
        the creative force  
            of God as He is Creator,  
                                    théy  
(these  
God-spirits, God-agents)  
        release many millions  
            of archetypal images  
spontaneously and  
    (while archetypes are in different,  
                                    ranking  
hierarchies)  
    together  
        théy are always  
            the steel-structured  
protectors  
    of the resilient integrity  
        of creation  
            while théy are  
always ahead  
    and so  
        (from the very beginning)  
            they are  
what is yet to be;  
    théy are St. Paul's  
        angels, archangels, seraphims,  
thrones,  
théy are Plato's ideal ideas

and forever (in eternity)  
they are  
primal spirits.

– 23 –

The archetypes are the energy-shapers of  
creation  
and it is  
they  
that are the source of  
this  
energy  
(physical and psychic)  
filling these energy-  
shapes  
to their capacity  
of their vastly-constructed  
(and  
continuously-continually-reconstructed)  
containers  
(these huge orbs of  
steel)  
in their spilling-and-splashing  
overflow,  
in their  
ever-fertile and fertilising  
validity  
while  
simultaneously



to its last finest detail  
 and so  
 encompass the  
 absolute  
     absolutely  
         while (about these powers)  
             we (who are human)  
 can speculate  
 imprecisely  
         but to little purpose  
             for we remain knowing  
 nothing  
 although  
 (notwithstanding  
 that)  
     this comparatively-complete  
         conclusion and its final (some call  
 it perfect) cadence  
 serve creation with archetypal excellence,  
                                 are unrivalled  
   for théir  
 singularity,  
 théir  
 supremacy  
         in théir  
             epitomising  
                 shape,  
                     strength,  
                         théir sound,  
 archetypal solidarity,



théir infinite and indestructible charisma,  
théir  
sun-blazing beauty  
but (surprisingly,  
unexpectedly)  
from the dark  
centres of  
creation:  
paradox pervades  
persistently and everywhere;  
in this universe  
paradoxical logic antidotes rationalistic logic  
while both are always  
in need of attention to  
revitalise their  
almost-always  
impoverished psychic state,  
a perpetual  
process,  
never  
entirely completed.

– 24 –

Instincts activate specific actions,  
sometimes rigidly,  
sometimes relaxedly,  
sometimes with relaxation  
in activity,  
sometimes appropriately,

sometimes so inappropriately  
 as to pass  
 straight into  
 pathology;  
 only with the supremacy  
 and elasticity  
 of archetypal  
 matching  
 and only this peak-right  
 (more than merely being appropriate)  
 matching  
 is this matching  
 that human relativity  
 (always chronic  
 in its poverty)  
 has  
 not even touched  
 much less embraced  
 but this matching is not  
 human  
 being archetypal (spiritual)  
 and (being so empowered)  
 it is  
 drenched in  
 the flood-light  
 of God's Grace  
 at which divine level  
 perfection and  
 completion  
 (humanly an impossible conjunction)

are touched, are possible,  
are embraced  
while the issues of their disagreement  
 (between archetypal apprehension and action as instinct  
at an archetypal level)  
 resolve with perfection and completion  
in the admixture of that  
 agreement  
 but  
 the self-same resolution  
(on a human level)  
has no prospect of a  
 resolution  
containing at once  
perfection and completion  
since  
 creation  
(at a human level)  
permits of no such accommodation  
while  
 everything human carries its opposite  
and this second opposite  
manifests  
 itself  
when the first opposite is inflated  
(psychically)  
in the  
 manner of a puff-adder

and so strikes  
the poison of excess into  
the world  
while  
(when this is not so,  
when resolution is at  
an archetypal level)  
resolution in perfection  
and (simultaneously)  
in  
completion  
blazes through creation  
but the provision  
(immutably,  
ruthlessly)  
prevails  
at an archetypal level  
without any accommodation  
whatsoever.

– 25 –

Archetypal matching  
(mostly expressed  
through attributes)  
is  
unendingly  
operative (mostly  
through adjectives, adverbs  
and their derivatives)



for those who take these  
 medicines  
 (as symbols)  
 and those who practise these rituals  
 (as  
 symbols)  
 while  
 this is so  
 throughout creation  
 but delight (however  
 impossible)  
 in these medicines and rituals,  
 celebration (however  
 extraordinary)  
 of these medicines and rituals  
 are cardinal conditions for  
 igniting  
 Great Cosmic Health  
 and bringing it to being  
 through  
 the subtle, psychic  
 machinery of cosmic transformation to permit  
 of a perpetual revitalisation  
 of  
 creation  
 consistently,  
 continually  
 and straightway  
 into  
 morning-fresh  
 eternity.

Where there is any life  
there is invariably  
the conjunction of  
bad and good  
(the dual media  
for life itself),  
this is so always and  
without exception:  
to preach  
the absence of evil  
is rampantly-cancerous  
deceit  
in all its manifold,  
deceitful parts,  
a near-absolute deceit  
cast in a near-absolute blockage  
to eternal good,  
to  
infinite good,  
even to an incomplete, fragmentary good,  
even to a good of  
most mortal frailty,  
even to an near-absolute absence of a  
mystical union with God  
and running recklessly  
to an outright denial of  
God Himself  
but what  
if It is

Gód Itsélf?

a Neuter God only?

a

genderless God?

an Impersonal God?

an Indifferent God?

Nothing to deny as God?

– 27 –

In spite of that

evil is God-ordained in all its parts,

whatever may be

the nature of

God:

without such evil

the coincidence of opposites is impossible,

is no more

and

then God as All is no more.

– 28 –

But I am not God

nor am I a member of His

legion of His

administrators-co-creators

(although often enough Creator and co-creators  
assign cosmic tasks to me

as divine privilege)



but my humanity (most  
especially  
in the congenial,  
humid and lush growth  
of its variable climate)  
demands of me  
that I choose  
which of the architectonic plans in  
my astutely-planned ground-plan  
I build;  
In  
that choice  
and its actualisation  
I serve God  
and humankind.

– 29 –

To be in such God-and-human service  
with so little time,  
with a time so  
brief  
(as these considerations  
of my life  
will permit me)  
is to be soaked  
in the  
concentrated, selectively-spiced  
perfumes of goodness  
and even of



sanctity  
(such as it is,  
imperfect  
and  
incomplete)  
to enact  
this purpose of service,  
to be seeped in this perfume of  
this service of goodness.

– 31 –

In this service  
I choose  
(carefully)  
the  
facet-cut gems and the gold-chains  
of my goodness  
but I  
(deliberately)  
do not  
choose  
the fake jewellery  
of self-righteousness  
against the mamba-  
snake's  
purposeless  
(purposeless  
according  
to my perception)



– 34 –

Thus

I write poems,

thus

I

(as a

psychic poet-photographer)

take

psychic photographs

(in these poems)

of the psyche

(itself)

while

the psyche (itself)

acts as the camera

for its own self-

photography

and

(through this process)

the psyche

spontaneously analyzes

the poems,

evaluates

them

and then places

them

in a cosmic context

with floodlights from

the future

to build

them



waters were  
frozen  
but a month ago)  
of humanly-unanswerable questions  
(these  
questions  
being the last ice-blocks  
in the tumbling waters  
of this waterfall)  
for it is  
just in this  
irrational matching  
that comes  
thé júst-ríght,  
thé aprópriáte  
but this  
exceeds  
the logic known to man  
while  
this self-same logic  
is fully  
known,  
assimilated  
by archetypal spirit  
in a spiritual world  
where  
good  
(whatever it might be)  
works  
with bad  
(whatever it might be).

Thus consider  
the humanity-considered badness  
(often unadulterated)  
against the  
archetypal working-together  
of bad and good  
to measure of supreme  
good  
with bad transmuted  
to the same supreme good  
where good and  
bad  
reach a transmuted substance  
of the Supreme God  
without any,  
traceable  
bad whatsoever in its ingredients, its constitution  
and yet  
bad and good  
together  
initiate the process  
to supreme,  
epitomised  
good,  
to this superior replacement,  
a superior replacement  
beyond  
human apprehension.



Is the mambas'  
rigid, killing-instinct  
essential  
to the order  
of creation?

if all mambas  
were to be removed  
from earth  
what loss would there be?

do mambas part-rule  
the earth  
because of the instant-death  
powers  
they

yield?  
what to global good  
do mambas  
contribute?

should  
this snake  
release  
so much  
poisonous fear,  
pain,  
death  
into  
this world?

In the end  
all these questions  
remain  
unanswered  
and  
unanswerable  
and they are still further-frozen,  
in the still,  
the  
silent lake  
at the conjoinment-point  
of this lake  
and the confluence  
of  
two rivers  
of black waters  
(an apparently-incomprehensible  
paradox  
in  
this conjunction  
of a frozen, still lake  
and  
these slow-and-deep-flowing  
rivers  
of black waters)  
while these questions  
continue  
to sink still  
further into black clay,

an attributes-admixture  
of obscurity,  
annihilation  
and  
dismemberment,  
then (finally)  
embalmmment.

– 38 –

But creation  
would be  
brilliantly  
illuminated  
most advantageously  
shóuld these questions  
be answered  
and  
shóuld they be  
brought  
into the midsummer's sun  
of consciousness  
but for thát  
there is not much hope  
now.

– 39 –

For fifty years  
these questions have lain hidden

motionlessly  
    in black clay-earth  
                    and then  
                                one dark morning  
  a  
leaf appears  
    to tell of rebirth  
                    and yet  
                        this leaf  
                            tells of death  
  in equal  
measure:  
    the potently-vibrating  
                    coincidence of opposites  
                                is again alive  
  and  
uncommonly awake  
    announcing  
                    the negative-night  
                                with a primal  
baboon-scream  
    tearing the fabric of creation  
                                into irregular  
strips  
    pitched potently  
            against the sun-rising  
                    sparkle-day positive  
                                with primal  
elephant-trumpettings.

– 40 –

And there is a cosmic hovering  
now  
over the huge,  
negative  
archetype  
(enfolded in a baboon-scream)  
and  
over the huge, positive  
archetype  
(enfolded in an elephant-trumpeting),  
all co-mingling uncommonly  
well,  
too well  
since psychic processes  
that run  
too well  
are threatened  
by compulsively  
running their reverse-course.

– 41 –

Suddenly  
all creation  
is startled  
and quickly  
it  
is transferred to being shattered  
(momentarily),

to being deeply, penetratingly  
shocked into a solid-steel rigidity  
and the colossal size of noise-sound  
(of  
combined cosmic baboon-screams  
with cosmic elephant-trumpettings)  
to being  
engulfed in colossal noise  
and then being penetrated  
(through-and-through)  
by a  
cacophony  
threatening  
to crack  
the entire cosmos.

– 42 –

But suddenly  
cacophony  
settles into symphony  
and creation is saved  
from being shattered into  
shards  
in this disintegration  
of unadulterated noise:  
the baboon-scream

settles in the containment  
of the trough of a clarinet-passage in  
this cosmic symphony,  
the elephant-trumpetting  
settles in the  
containment  
of the trough  
of a French-horn passage  
while the  
hiss of the mambas  
is contained in a trough of a threatening timpani-roll  
to  
remind this world that the swift changes in it  
(sometime dynamic, sometimes  
degenerative)  
are intense in their treachery.

– 43 –

The baffling metaphysical questions  
(in this  
world)  
have not been answered,  
much less explained why they should be so  
while

this Is remains Sacred  
as it always has been  
and yesterday  
(with few  
exceptions)  
needs more to be  
moderately satisfactory  
since its chronic  
incompletion  
confuses badly  
and the many misty tomorrows  
have frequent and  
expansive commerce  
with insubstantial apparitions  
but what is heavily assured  
are these  
paradoxes  
and the psyche and its archetypal spirits  
are constructed of just such primal  
paradoxes in their solid insolubility  
and these paradoxes might  
be (though unlikely)  
dammed as defective  
by collective humanity



such primeval  
 paradoxes (as these  
 potent coincidences of opposites)  
 yield centres of copious, uncommon superior energy  
 and  
 this  
 occurs nowhere else  
 in creation  
 (whatever the pronouncements  
 of pinched reason  
 and  
 its bitter judgements  
 set solidly  
 in sterile purity)  
 but in these paradoxes  
 where they  
 become limitless storeholds  
 of perpetually-renewed  
 buoyancy  
 in this  
 the sacred sixty-per-cent overlay  
 of the two opposites  
 existing coevally  
 in an  
 epitome of balance  
 throughout creation  
 and it is this cosmic overlay  
 (all sixty-five  
 percent of it)  
 in which creation is recreated continually,

in which meaning is imbued  
continually into creation anew,  
in which the effective design of creation  
is strengthened,  
renewed continually  
in which the robust health of creation is assured continually  
and  
this then is the appointed palace  
of the reigning coincidence of opposites  
and there  
they  
rejuvenate this old cosmos.

28:xii:2012 to 08:ii:2013

#### NOTE BY THE AUTHOR

About 23 dictating sessions by the collective unconscious to my ego, some of which were pellucid and others were in great confusion. Conscious evaluation and matching made this poem from the material (image in verbal music) from the collective unconscious possible. Not words but their lineation presented the greatest challenge.

## NOTES ON 'SNAKES' BY CHÂTILLON COQUE

This poem is a cinematographic, stage (theatre), one-character, theatre-event, as play and film. It is also an epic.

The emphasis is on a one-character play and film to reach the essence of the poem, and preferably the same actor or actress plays in the theatre-play and acts in the film. Such an actor or actress would possess considerable skill as stage actor and film actor, a powerful, flexible voice with a large vocal range, a cultivated use of this voice with fine sensibilities of vocal sounds, modification. Rhythm, poetic practice, music, social manners as far as speech is concerned, pacing and characterisation. Only when the stage-play of the Snakes is acted is the poem fully realised as to its significance, context and meaning.

Not one word of the poem should be changed. It is a musical composition in verse. It is a psychological tract. It is metaphysics. It is a mystical revelation. The fullness of the poem and its multiple strands of 'piracy' from many sources are only realised in such a stage-performance and film-performance in which these 'legacies' and 'piracies' become assimilated as my property in this poem-play-film. This is best done after the text of the poem is read carefully. It is a virtuoso, vocal (speech) piece. It has much in common with Bach's solo works and continuo where single lines in the score have suggestions of other melodies contained within these single lines when they are performed. The single actor or actress acts all the roles as well as that of narrator. It is on that account that it is important that he or she is dressed in black; to be suitably attired for all the parts so performed.

I prefer *legacy* to borrowings or inheritance. What has been written or composed or filmed or created in any way before me, comes to me as a legacy. What I take and freely use for purposes for which it is not intended (as sort of robbery), I call a *piracy*, a sort of raid on what has gone before.

This is a suavity, a sort of 'silkenness', in the poems of *Primal Mediation*, Châtillon Coque's poetry-oeuvre as already written or planned. This relates to the music of Palestrina and Mozart. Paul Henry Lang, in his famous history of music, *Music in Western Civilization*, relates Ovid's dictum (*Ars adeo latet suo arte Palestrina*) which Lang translates as *so art lies hidden by its own artifice* to the music of Palestrina (Paul Henry Lang: *Music in Western Civilization*, London, 1942, J M Dent and Son Ltd; p618, p637). This suavity (polish, finish) should be present in all the performances of this film-play-poem. This suavity is the elastic, flexible conjoinment-factor in these films-plays-poems. In *Primal Mediation*, suavity hides a penetrating, piercing quality elegantly but ruthlessly, relentlessly, precisely and correctly exercised.