

NAKED UNFOLDING

VOLUME 4 of *Primal Mediation*
the complete oeuvre of the poetry of Châtillon Coque

Published by The Châtillon Institute



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NAKED UNFOLDING

PART I



TRAGEDIES, TRAUMATA, TRANSFORMATIONS,

TRIUMPHS, AND TENDER TOUCHES

From 12:x:1958 to 12:i:1960

DEDICATED TO
MISS ROSEMARY WATSON



something of birth-freshness in
them!

13:x:1958

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches II*

The cool (cooling) streaming wind
(flowing minor-mode flood-styled over
the last quivering glowing of
the hell-day in its hissing-
burning of an infuriated global
heat radiator) comes in tidal
waves to provide iced-lemonade
or cold soda and whisky in
the evening for pleasure in leisure
of our heavily-worn bodies.

And the guillotine-
bladed light melts to
soft cotton dabs picked
from the cotton-fields of
relaxed standing in
cool air under a peach-
pink sky whose mirror
reflectors put the world
under the soft lamp-shade
of throbbing rose deepening
to maroon and then
to purple and his wife –
transparent black.

And so we start to feel
air-borne again and our skins
once more borrow from

milk its creamy texture of
velvet richness-softness;

within

this hour we revive
and breathe yet again
after a tension-spanned
ride in the sky of
brittle blue-white metal-
clangings with the
furnace burning for
metal-melting.

So delicately tender are these
inner petals of the day's flower,
so wine-intoxicating the honey
of these colour-tinted hours
isolated from night and the
white of day!

14:x:1958

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches III*

She has never died
for where she first sang
this creation in Leeds
her voice continues into
the billion beads that each
bear in their bosom a year!

2:xi:1958

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches V*

In the colder streams of daylight
the murky reality of last night
turns to show a clear (less
water-paint-smudged) pattern
of the relationship bound in
feelings of gold chains;

re-instated

in beautiful looking caskets
of blacker ebony whose softer
mahogany reflections show
the shining of a tender light
radiating from soft (grass-
green soft) cream-milk textured
neck and flame-lined arms;

from the

light of ember-burning and soul-
intoning longing (not lustfully)
eye-head-lamps the guide
to a softer pillow of understanding
is found!

‘I love you,
love you –
even adore you
but I come only
once a hundred days
in ten hundred years!’

Yet the image carves
itself relentlessly on the
much-tattooed soul and

the heart beats prestissimo
ballets to the regular sound
of the sculptor's working-music!

'Oh it's a dance –
a wild-child dance,
you love me –
I love you
ten thousand, thousand
million, million billion
times in the dance
whirling in the windy
love-flame!

and I notice the beautiful
arms and neck
around my neck a
cloak has draped of no
ordinary velvet in golden-maroon
royalty

and my fingers
are ringed too now with
super-ordinary diamond-clinging
king-seals

so sign love-decrees
in the iron-strong soft-arms and
milk-cream swan-neck's absence!'

12:xi:1958

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches VI*

**On Seeing Photograph of Brian de la Harpe's Parents'
Farm, 'Bester's Vlei', in the Fouriesburg District of the
Orange Free State**

In the glowing warmth of the
golden ball I linger but
momentarily in the mild passages
of the mind on whose tracks
the inner eye wanders to wheat fields
in their carpet-shaped greenness,
to pools whose topaz entreaties
rise to gently touching, gently
listening willows!

And oh the people!
their laughing movements,
their racing enjoyment
to my senses throw the
stimulants for living in the
way their mouths decree (in
smiles) the creed of
love and living in
undiluted early-sun-simmering
frosted-spontaneity!

Then into the far mountains
emerges my mind and

there the blue solitude flows
over my body as a
morning mist (over the
night-scented earth) casts
its awaking peace of consciousness –
of consciousness of life!

And all this
to me came concentrated
in the protective covers
of but a photo-album
and to the north it
my mind carried on the
eagle wings of imagination's
creation!

Life I love and I
live to love the life
it lastingly lays
in the moment of
unperturbed unity with
its rich limbs of the nature-horse
and its rider – man!

15:xi:1958

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches VII*

I am here including two poems which are not dated, but it was at about this time that I saw Tamara Toumanova and Vladimir Oukhtomsky dance in Cape Town

To Tamara Toumanova

One short intensely-created moment
we waited and then she darted through
the night like fire-flies at midnight
and the air was breathing a
flaming of emotions so lovely
in their flowing frocks, in their tireless
spin of endless dancing of miniaturized painting –
each added to the dominating masterpiece
whose colours fill the spirit with a
drunkenness – a drunkenness with the beauty-
movement that intertwines like the twenty
thousand colours of a gem.

And she danced
on until each
moment, until each
minute inch of the
building was glowing
with a thousand
lights reflecting the
spraying movements of

a million-symphonied
gestures –
and on and on
she danced till
all were dancing,
eyes were dancing,
racing into the very orbits
of beauty's earth!

This woman has more
children than older Solomon of
other times for each dancing-
night is a birth to her!

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches VIII*

To Vladimir Oukhtomsky

He danced with the virile movement
of a prince's command
while to the lady he acted a
mediaeval-armoured knight and
there was a firmness born
of a steady foundationed foothold
in the granite of the ballet-
art.

The tenderness and heated
breath of the lover
he in the velvet strong-draught
gives to me in a
long-breathed drink that
drenches my soul in
the richest well-barrelled
wine.

An artist he indeed is
and that with all the titled and
medalled array.

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches IX*

Is it this time the true
garment of rainbow hues?
is it this time the love
unquestioning and indefinably
rising into an oak?
is it this time the warmth
of a summer's sun on an
afternoon-clear-skied garden
of blooms holding the pregnancy
of moments with oneness,
of moments intensely breathed
into the two then (but one now)
lunged spirits?

Is the redder glow
of cycling through the
wind of loving to flourish
its trumpet-callings on
our cheeks?

Shall the touch of the
hand make the eyes
burn low their oil-lamp
flamings in messaging
thoughts dressed in gold?

Shall the shapely

head rest on my
being as the winged moth
on the night-light of
the lamp?

Shall I feel
the breath falling on
my swan-feathered neck
of white even when
you travel far
and my fingertips will
they stretch out to
you in the night then?

Who can tell?
who can know?
it's not yet our time
to realise this sublime!

Is it possible I
understand your laugh
and you my dance?
is it possible that
we are not desert strangers
in deserted places?
is it possible that
together we fill the

empty jar of the many
moments with the honey of meaning
something?

The answer is
locked in the drawers
of tomorrow
but shall that
answer answer our
expectations?

will it
be eternal bonds in
endless woods passing
over suffering pain

or

will it be a
severing of that limb
from you and from me
that is now slowly growing for you
and for me?

16:xi:1958

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches X*

Afternoon at 'De Waterhof'

Softly, softly falling these words steadily
stand mist-enshrouded in my
mind's old Cape-Dutch house
on that summer's afternoon late
when Brahms played his sonata
there and César Franck sang in
his spirit from a prelude through
a choral to a fugue's many voices!

Oh how
I now treasure
that pleasure
carved in old
oak but as
soft as the child's
face against my
face!

I hold that beautiful
shell in my hands
now and when it
opens the colours will
cast as many
shades as the poet's,
the pianist's poem-sonata
mind – golden shades,
black-prince rose shades
whose depth is draped in

a scent from another star,
whose form this orb calls
the perfection Goddess.

It has not
passed and my
silver-capped head and
well ploughed face
has not harmed the
essence of that epic
afternoon of that Cape
summer; no the
matured vision has
a womanly
beauty now and
shall grow to
mother herself
a Jesus Christ for beauty's
redemption!

That vision
that afternoon in
that Cape-Dutch house
has filled another
empty jar with purified
honey wine!

19:xi:1958

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches XI*

But to feel your breath
in the air radiates my
heart into glowing warmly
through the night air-flight, but
to feel the hand's soft resting
wakens my mind's loving
into a spring of another
year cycle

whose summer
is your love dressed in
the garments the spirit gave
as a duke's due.

Neither now
nor on the
morrow or its
successor does
it matter for
what is breathing
in these other years
is freed from birth
and death's various
commanding demands.

Tomorrow I may not
see you for tonight
I die in the very middle
of it

but the important letter
has already passed and

it is only another occurrence of
nursery importance!

Oh the roses
are quite beautiful,
no they're only dead
to that woman because
she died with them,
no of course not –
I have not seen
you since our childhood
and I am ninety six
next month!

We have lived
for
we kept everything and
lost little concert travels
into só mány orbits
of só mány new worlds –
yes we have lived
and still do live,
strange that we (who
did not try) should have
the golden medals –
perhaps we trusted too much
and did not die in
cynicism though we drank of
it quite thoroughly!

It was the loving
that gave the many birth
pangs – loving that throbbing
blood of joy!

20:xi:1958

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches XII*

Indeed

friendship is not bought by
years but given in a multitude of
matured moments

and time is not
one of the pillars to that Gothic
architecture

nor does the passing
of the intimate instant end the
waving willow-leafed streamers floating
in half encircling dances around
the head in the other time that
is not sleeping not its adversary –
awaking!

Oh and the glow of
emerald depth, of clear
but grape-opaque
delight is the air
of my breathing when
you are my host and
companion in the Renaissance
palazzo of that rebirth into the
deep red velvet, into the soft
silks of that distant Flanders
in our mind's world
where love is spun into
many yards!

I'm not being noble –
not in that procession
and I am lonely too
but my loneliness has
the kindness from a
nun who in her
devotion gave
devotion to the music
of sound-and-words'
abbey
 and its flowering
has given it the
other-worldliness that
drapes tenderly loneliness as
a cloak over her
creative shoulders.

No I am not smug either –
how can I be when
pain is in every meal I
eat?
 though all suffering is
but a passing stab to irritate
the growth of a pearl
 these knife-plunges
do leave their scars!

I wonder how the other
birds survived your playings?

and do they retain their
feathers?

I wonder does it
give you a grandeur scent –
all this, does it give you spiritual
domination from your cruelty-encased
castle?

but the heart of my
question is what cancer (old
child) eats at your spirit so
vehemently?

I know not,
probably never will
but these mysteries
have other powers, other
forces which we know
not, have not heard
about,
cannot fathom
into calculation or
understand in microscopic
thought,
we do not
know these elements ...

26:xi:1958

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches XIV*

On Parting

There is in the music of
moment-unity the hidden dissonant
ring of future parting, of future
lemon-sour in the sweeter gold-reflecting
drink

and, oh, now you
have gone, the Florentine curtains
are hanging heavily and a
slight dust settles in the
drawing-room of my life.

Then I meditate,
then I travel
into the night and see
afar the small million
throbbing star-lights of the
darkened city-heaven and
oh how your voice then
glides to me singing in the
reminiscent keys of so
many beautiful symphonic
concerti where you conducted
while I the solo
lyric-song strongly flowed out
like a stream passing from a
narrowly carved miniature of
grand gateways to the

tunnel whose inner
chambers fondle in their
love the coronation thrones
of our affectionate deepening-rose pearl
lustre in golden chains binding the
particles of intimate seconds that
cover the whole of our
many worlds with their soft enshrouding
transparent night light.

I long to place my royal
seal to the soft life-vibrating
unity-moment of your decree,
then, oh, then do I breathe antelope-fast
in the fast-dancing thinking of those nerve-thrilling
flights we are yet to display in
the water-clear heaven of our
oneness, in the warming sun
of our tomorrow's constellation!

27:xi:1958

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches XV*

In the deep of the night I
stretch out my hand and
my fingertips touch tenderly in
soft dancing movements your sleeping
arm while outside I know the dark
vale is aglitter with the city-festive-
night-light-rejoicings

and so the
hours weave into the pattern of
the cloth that shows the many scenes
from the nightly empire
that issues out
the soft singing melody from a remote
symphony.

And now close to
me I hear your
sleep-talk's inarticulate
intermezzo, I feel your
breath across the pillow-
fields like the warm
fruit-reddening, fruit-ripening
winds of the autumn aura,
like the sun flirting with
the virgin flowers of earliest
spring.

And as the hours grow
closer to day your hand gold-
entwines mine with its

To walk slowly out of life,
to gently move outside its orbit
is the sugar of that sweet dish,
is the fresh rain to this dust-dry
earth!

Oh to fall quietly
into the soft eternal-sleep-
scented, eternal-unconsciousness
coloured linen of the
death-bed and there remain
the many million billion
year-cycles of life yet to
come is rarest rich privilege!

And this longing grows
in me as a city from
a village whose tendrils
only grow stronger with
the minutes, the hours, the days and
the years – the many life-cycles;
to pass to that eternal
unheard symphony, to that
sleep of oceanless,

of landless

dimensions is the thrilling desire
in every atom of a particle that
exists in every fibre within the
architecture of my body, mind and
spirit!

30:xi:1958

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches XVII*

On the Beautiful Peach-Coloured Light in late Evening

Glowing, gliding, golden-edged
dusk flowing on the light-flowering
course from the distant heaven-source of
cloud-shaped forms

do not yóu go,
do not yóu cease!

stay yet an instant to
garment us in the caressing
colour-cameo moments
given once each other
decade to hold the
distilled beauty for the
life of that one cycle!

Peach dusk, you
have entered the inner
chamber of my being and
there dominate;

do not

now leave me
prime-ministerless!

Never must your
ring leave my
finger, never shall
your flame-warm radiating
breath of throbbing colour's creation

pass from the cells of
my blood and being!

Flow on, sing on,
dance on,
this moment has in
it a whole civilisation,
has in it a rounded
millennium and all its
ages are written on the
hands of my spirit to
be as a living history!

21:xii:1958

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches XX*

There is no hour like that,
there is no rain (that so
feeds the plants of mellow moments)
like your love

whose language
soars through the clear
air on warm mornings when
we are walking
in woods with César
Frank and Bach, when
in the beautiful lace
garments of other ages
we walk in galleries
intimately making golden
binding threads with the many
paintings of these other times!

And I (my spiritual guide)
do give you my hand
like a small child in
the middle of the night,
give you my love like
a small son when thundering
lightning shakes his child-spirit
with tiny fears, with minute
pains.

And oh not in
the time-houses of

ripening autumn-fruits where endless
life is the leaves caressing us, where the
bees of timeless life give us many a
visitation!

21:xi:1958

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches XXI*

**Passengers in an Aircraft of a French Airline
Miraculously Escaped Death when their Aircraft
Crashed near Vienna on Christmas Eve, 1958**

How great is not God!
they who but read of miracles
 off the white plains
 and their black markings
did they know that on the
day Christ was clayed into
human form
 there would be
 a burning miracle
 flaming through
ages in the very brain of
our existence?

No! yet miracles of yesterday
are married-bound
with today and her child –
tomorrow!

21:xii:1958

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches XXII*

we know them,
it's only in the half that
I know I and
you know you
for
you and I are thus much
part of them as of
the unique I and the
unique you.

What's the thread that beads
us all?
it is the plural and singular
– birth,
dying,
love,
hating
on
one rail track,
on
the other
life but
yet one is the very
heart of the other and
the other the very brain of
this heart!

3:i:1959
*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches XXIII*

They (who know not these
paths across the broken-glass-sharp
rocks of the love-cliffs) are
not pruned for the pregnancy of
life

but I (in my cutting)
received the festering of death and
(in isolation) died yesterday
morning while the traffic in
the street below was at the peak of
it's tight canning – the pruning of
life carried death for my
worn soul!

It started when I
had had my first
spring blossom and
was preparing for the
sterility since no mortal
would fertilise my spirit.

Then
of a morning one
stood in the doorway to
my existence and advised
other remedies,
other ointments.

I listened,
gave consent with
the ease of eating in

hunger hours,
found myself
cut into cube-inch and
square-foot chunks and
thrown to the
pet vultures who
grinned peevishly.

And after this
pruning I caught the
cold and died
rapidly a week
later!

But now I live in
the centre of a curtain-of-eternal-
life-draped treasure-room
where the faint breezes fan
my spirit so that delicateness
can flourish on my cheeks and
beauty sea-horse ride in
the ocean currents of
my smiling spirit's visage

—
dying in life I found life,
falling prey to the deep-well-
trap of death I transcended
his lofty skyscrapers!

8:i:1959

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches XXIV*

The young boy yearningly
leaning on the balcony-perched
rails in the aura of
pensive thought is enshrouded till
his face is so mist-clouded into
Impressionism's image-fading
contours

that eyes only extract the
mind (curtained by the facial
features) from these features.

But the mind –
ah, there's the
tank of tense acids
running close to
a violent flame!

What journeys through Erlkings-ish
night must it yet travel into
the hell of an African Congo's
primeval darkness, what scars
must yet gash their gurgling
grippers into that spirit-flesh,
what nights on the night-rack of
time's basic maturing process?

These things we
know, these things
we expect in the wind-
wing's flight

but our
consolation is the conservation
that time has on life's
soul-soil erosion

and we know
too that in another time he
shall be a tree,

a blossom,

a

fruit and ultimately the marvel of
a seed growing into another
tree in another time!

21:i:1959

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches XXV*

in the old China of
noble greatness.

Nor is this soul ever to be
of death's entourage
for
in the caskets
of exquisite wood it mellows forth
into the richness
that is the
continual gift from the life-radiating
second within the beautiful gem
of each hour
so that the
mountainous sea of this voice
can wash over us the other
ages in the full oratorio of
eternal life.

And so the days grow on
into years,
into many a
million years in the harbour of
this timeless country whose smiling
ruler-creator has bestowed on this
our world the ever beauty-patterning carpets,
the finely mellowed draughts of honey
for we only live in our

reliving
into the birth of these monuments of
his mind's design.

Now let us
sing in the concordat
between voice and
magnificent music
of the mellow greatness
of our master in the
molten gold of his
 marvel – the miracle
of his mind!

Now let the psalm of
our lips glitter in the evening
among the stars of timeless life.

Now let us lift our
spirits onto the green-growing grasses
of the paths he gave us in
the flood of his sea-swelling symphony!

Now,
 oh now
 let us listen

and in listening
become particles of
his ever-present spirit

for if ever a red blood-redemption was
sought

in this it is

radiating

like a light shining undimmingly
through the days and their nights
(in the pattern their unrolling sculptures in stone)
from one burning eternity

to another –

endless enthroned

He is our
beauty-breathing

Godly King!

26:i:1959

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches XXVII*

at last
the cycle is sealed
the
curriculum completed while the
cross carried and the crucifixion
suffered,
at last... at long... last... at last...

27:i:1959

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches XXVIII*

From the dark of the dim
night I emerge slowly into the
now half-lit territories between light
and night
 and there
 (filled with
the clear exquisite ether)
 I see the
castle-country of my now-starting
 second life!

Bathed in wine-drenched
music, scented in
The ember-clear contralto notes
of a Kathleen Ferrier
I (in this matured
harmony) enter the
Michelangelo-mind's
cathedral for my
coronation at the clear
hand of
 one that is
three in B –
Bach, Beethoven, Brahms.

And now the ring of blue-diamond
eternity adorns richly my finger,

**On Reading of the Death of Michael Hawthorn, the
Well-Known Ace Driver**

As heavy hail onto fine crops
the whys fall wilfully in my mind?
for the man made but thirty
thread-thin cycles into the middle
of manhood and there the scissors
acted in acidic acknowledgement to a
death whose desire had roots in birth.

Could not another who
needed the nil of this
sleep have sought death's heart?
could not another go
who locked doors to light,
who built bridges to night?
could not another
be the right one for this flight?

Why he (who has a flaming and mortal
heart) was sensitively framed
into the glowing of courage?

But was this pleasure
(he gave)

leisure

taken from the days of living
too wilfully?

did he have
the equation equal between breathing
and it?

As heavy hail onto fine crops
the whys fall wilfully in my mind
now as when I started their cycle
after the naked message.

5:ii:1959

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches XXX*

The light (new from the cone-cocoon)
has flooded the room,

the house,

the

land and now the long night is
submerged into the sinking world of
murky swimmings in unknown seas
of darkness where the horses of
death hard-ride through the wayward
country-side of the ocean's foundations.

And the grey light
(diamond-clear in the
light bounces of its light
mists) softly descends
in a triumphantly tender
clothing of all this our
earth.

Later the sun's gold will
spray into our lives and his
molten streams will fill
the crevices with the reflecting
colours of warmth whose waged
war 'gainst the zero-cold is
zealously clad in the renunciation
of the night-mire demon-monastery!

We now know the light deliverer
has come unnoticed but firmly to
cage the dark horses and their
black coverings.

6:ii:1959

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches XXXI*

be as the kernel of
your joy,
 we rejoice
in our mourning for
you at the feast of which
the wines are made in the
minds of the Gods of unity!

7:ii:1959

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches XXXII*

On the Nature of Death

Slowly the soft earth (damp with tears) is thrown into the thick of the grave from where no breath shall ever rise again and there in that rift into that earth has fallen the last of the physical structure.

Slowly too the night
has come and creepingly
taken the earth from
the light so to mourn
in night-black the
end of the long series
of disintegrations, so to
give the last line to
the long chapter
and
I am sealed into silence.

The flowers feel the
rumblings of the doom
and quiver in the quiet dark
of the dead;
the dove's iced
body has feathers flickered by

the last wind of the dead,
the organ choral of the burial
booms soundlessly in the
turbulence (unseen) of the death
pangs piercing poisonously into
the air the acidic accident of
death,

the dead cry of the
end has closed the nostrils and
ripped raw the red eyes!

The night has
come but the
moon has broken
her orbit and the sun's
been obliterated, time's
turned turgid and space
set solidly in silence
and even the flame has
stayed frozen in the
air for 'tis the dumb
creation of the dead.

Now? what now?
what is to be the thing to
whom we shout a swollen birth-
cry in the next instant,
what flame is to be now

As clear as the slight water drops from
the silent roof in the middle of the
night

her voice sings dancingly through
the rooms gliding through the
wide open doors and windows like the
air-embracing perfume of some
evening-soft lily-pink-petalled bloom
growing among green laws of peace in
their cascading over the vast gardens of
beauty's design.

And like the
breeze of coolness in
the late evening she
sweepingly flows across
the long drawing-room
floor in the sun's
early-evening river-bed
reflecting peach-pinks
and
pouring through the
skyward windows and
doors (in similar
movements) her voice
illuminates the night with
songs of the spirit.

And we who hear her
remember her in another
time when the spirit is freed from
the body for its flights into its
own sunned (yet sapphired)
sky!

11:ii:1959

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches XXXVI*

I the beauty-built yacht of
time's design! no storm shall
ever crash crackingly my royal
glide over all seas, over all the
ocean of light, not even the high
breakers or dark doubt

since I

can know no death

for

I sail to those eternal shores where my
life burns with a sun brilliance for
each fragment of the frail second, for each
trillion years of the geometrical circle in
the evolving of the heaven

heightening the

innermost mind (insulated from
age by the impenetrable fibre of a
divine-existence) into experiences so
constellation-enormous that the everlasting seems
atom-small in their shadowless vicinity!

14:ii:1959

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches XXXVII*

my inner being,
to ask for your
arm-encircled love from out of your
music-making Michelangelo monuments
rising up like mountains in the
middle of the night?

15:ii:1959

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches XXXVIII*

The completed moment, the passing
is not the only death,

a

greater death is that which
looks back over time's destruction!

The expected pattern is not,
yet the
other dark (unknown) gateways are open
since saved they are on the eternal-life
level!

17:ii:1959

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches XXXIX*

To Doctor Elsie Hall

Gracious lady

gliding on the air of endless
charm late in the summer of music's
ripened fruit-crops

you

bring to us the glowing breath of another
sphere from where your life builds bridges to
ours through all time and its space
– it's a prince's cloak you rest
gently on my shoulder with your
monarchical hands.

Let us not
forget the inner
essence you have
drawn from out
music,

let us not
lose sight of the
lighted gem-light
which is your star
in the heavens of
our earth,

let us
not forget the well
mellowed wine we

tasted in your
drawing-room.

You dó wear the ring
in the marriage between this
life and other worlds
where poetic music is the
eternal air.

16:iii:1959

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches XL*

On Doing No Work

In tired movements of a not-
too-tired hand I feel the
guilt jump (in Great Dane strides)
at my particular life!

Lost in a mud-stream
of thick detail
I am smothered into
nought's empty circle – 'tis this
that fills me with fiery confusion!

Lóst, lóst, lóst, oh lóst!
found and nèver found again!
lóst, lóst, lóst, once more!
nów found in the pearl of a moment
and I soar in the sunned
sky of triumph.

23:iii:1959

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches XLI*

Oh Brahms!

through the night of
endlessly cool air you wash me
in the sprays of music mellowing
my mind into its minute cavities, making
me love as the rain the dry
earth.

Transparent and
glowing (with the clarity
of a raindrop) my
soul swells into symphony
and I sing my
remote reminiscent song
through the quiet of
the night.

Oh you, you are my lover
leading me through autumn
woods, summer fields and
spring orchards,
through the caves
of beauty's formations in
her sea visitations,
over the
mountains reaching far into the heart
of the silent spaceless
(even eternal)
night of grandeur.

And I am a
prince whose royal
life is in tender
nobility enshrouded
existing beyond the
erosion of time.

7:iv:1959

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches XLIII*

Two were perched prominently on
different levels and from their
half-climbed-mountain-positions
they surveyed several hundred-
thousand life-acres.

A red bloom had opened between
them and was given one to the
other;

the higher-positioned
asked its return and
half-stretched a lazy-limp
hand to half-receive this
small entity, this rare red
gem;

the
lower-positioned, the giver
stretched nine of the thirteen
units between them
but the would-be receiver's
hand remained lifelessly where
it was – beyond the reach of
this flame-flower;

the
higher-positioned
merely found the blood-flower an amusing
object without money-value.

The higher-positioned turned and
evaporated, the bloom crumbled into
particles – parts of thousand
billion parts, the night came and
no more could be distinguished of
this territory, its

actors

or its history.

(forty three years later)

The one once higher-
positioned, the one once too
indifferent to receive the
red bloom requested,

now

lonely lowly uselessly
murmurs madly of moments murdered
(life lured into lurid lanes) and
all being astray.

26:iii:1959

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches XLIV*

for
this instant throbs through
time on the breath of
Godliness!

8:iv:1959
*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches XLV*

**On Considering the Loss of Sight in One Eye of a
Distinguished Scholar.**

The earth has crowded the deep shaft,
the
one blind has closed forever,
the
chapter finished is
forgotten or smudged in memory.

What now is
is another –
well-barred, door-locked, century-parted
from the other –

the envelope sealed
was open
then closed and forgotten in
a library book until greyed into
ashes when the house flame-fired
straight out of existence!

8:iv:1959

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches XLVI*

I am so old again,
I know not in what century
I am now
 but I know the
heavy harvest-crop of the time and
it is richer than all the cream of
all human milk-joy
 for the sublime now
throbs in my spirit-blood as the
eye (my agéd eye) shines with a clear
joy at the new-born.

Speak not of it!
death is a kingdom!
death is the joy-privilege of
an ocean-great, of a
continent-powerful prince!

The symphonic patterning in the air
is the carpet through the last heart-
gate into the city of wisdom's
architecture and infinite delight-light!

15:viii:1959

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches XLVII*

On the Personality of God

God is contained in and is all things,
God is the inner centre core of throbbing
life in good,

evil is a myth never

seen

for

God is good and all things –
that makes evil an eternal not.

The black and white in
the cycles of creation
are neither 'right' nor 'wrong'
contained

nor in good-bad

structures created

but are in

balance by Life and Death

both God-good;

this is all.

21:viii:1959

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches XLVIII*

On the Personality of Nefertiti

High-headed most harshlessly proud
rises thirty-four-centuries-dominating
your queen-Goddess head

for

you (who be of woman) are born pyramid-great and
stand as a living history of
that time who breathed greatness
but none so ocean-colossal as the
inner wealth-tapestried rooms of
your personal mystery mocking time into
a flaming fury with eyes that tell
ten thousand things ununderstood!

21:iv:1959

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches XLIX*

To Boerneef (the Afrikaans Poet): On the Personality of His Poetry

You ride high into the night and
dance not on the stones of great
desolation

for

the smoke-black of
the inner room's creation is now
aflake in the globe of your mind-life
where time is curbed into timely
timidness and you are the master of
that hound holding the heat of
love-rings, hate-flames, tender-tears in
threaded pitch-black frustration for the
atmosphere of our poetry-existence!

29:iv:1959

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches L*

On the Miraculous Escape of the Dalai Lama

Who shouted that scream that
miracles died in the morning of
the world – who?
And now in wrinkled old age
has not another Christ made
another Christianity breathing with
life by another miracle?
The highway snow-capped with
winter became an untimely spring and
the trees gave unnatural birth to
their autumn children-fruit for him to
feed that out of inner circles in
the deep caves of life comes slowly but
undisturbedly unfolding an unreal
reality!
Who will doubt the blazing orange
revelation in the desert evening sky?

29:iv:1959

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches LI*

On the Personality of Jane Austen

Needle-sharp she dives ruler-straight into
the essence-personality of life and
the human-life within its contours

for

there she detects the creation-workings in
folly's shoes and nature's tracks
forming their pattern on the fields and
woodlands clothing cleverly the
orb of the human mind and the
air-atmosphere of its workings in
designs and architectural constructions
amusingly created and by her
recreated (remirrored) to give it to
us as a gallery of Rembrandt van Rijn
canvases existing in another equally-
mountainous-in-the-old-eyes-of-time
climate and country

and her

symphonically-satirically sculptured statues
(if slightly bodily) are high riders in the
horse-chase of pulsating deathless life and
its timelessly-medalled honours!

1:v:1959

*Tragedies, Traumata, Transformations, Triumphs,
and Tender Touches LII*

NAKED UNFOLDING

PART II



RHAPSODIC RIDES

From 17:iii:1963 to 18:i:1969

DEDICATED TO

ELSIE HALL



In appreciation for ALL the Music she has played to me
at Chester House, Rondebosch, Cape

Praeludium

The high ride is one sweep of the
eternal gold across the greatness-sky
and in it is the rise of vast Godliness reached
only through the martyrdom of the mind
at the old shrines of the world to free
the spirit once more in the swift ascent of these
Rhapsodic Rides that burn on immortality!

7:ii:1960

Rhapsodic Rides

An Apology to Miss Rosemary Watson

Not the all time can so crack the
brittle-jet-fragile bond of the air in
the atmosphere of two human entities
as the isolating ice issued from a
nerve-devoid-of-life mind in that moment creating conflict.

This dying has in
it eternity and to bridge the torrents of
that leaping river
takes more than one
store-room of autumn-harvested
graciousness.

But you goddess-rule over
vaster graciousness-granaries than
all eye-perceptible pyramids together –
accept now this flaming supplication in
the burning aroma of a
high-towering prayer-apology from
your servant-priest.

18:v:1959
Rhapsodic Rides I

On the Personality of Late Autumn

Already deep into the long year the
sun laughed for the last time before
the white-night of the sleep-dark and
tall the whimpering oaks gazed
up for the last lover's day with him
(their king) who through their aged
children (old a day, a month, a year
outside the clock's time) he stretched his
long loving fingers to play in shadows with
their lighter greens running slowly but
undisturbedly into older yellow and wrinkled
brown and the air was clearer then than when
youth was the fashion of the nature-day –
clearer in this shortened hour
salvaged for warmth-infiltrating
life-joy.

18:v:1959

Rhapsodic Rides II

On the Personality of a Winter's Day in Amsterdam

Weep rivers of grey-entwining sky!
weep

for

this hour has opened the murky-
thick tomb of the day's fond light and
the widow is weeping in black
already at half past nine in the
dying morning running on to the red-
glowing fear of midday but to
ultimately die into the smoke of
undilutedly-blackened night once more;

for

this day weeps its own premature
death and its thickly-salted tears
flow down in a white water to
reincarnate an old
grey Amsterdam-day!

19:v:1959

Rhapsodic Rides III

wine of beauty's life-dust and so
endlessly, timelessly they move on and
on into the sky till all time and space
sings into eternity's ever-far, ever-glimmering caves!

28:v:1959

Rhapsodic Rides IV

*Living-room at de Waterhof.

On the Personality of a Mystical Visitation from Tant Euske

In the dark of ages unwombed, in
the rift between the break-crack of
day and last breaths of night (where
time burns amber) she appeared,
 clasped chainedly
 my hand and we
 wandered out to
the summit from where we looked back over
the flat of the desert in brown-red
orange-brown dust early-light-glowing and
the cloud-birthless sky was deep in
the metal-glaring night-blue ember-glowing
crevices of the space ravine;
we smelt slightly (and heavily) the
perfume in the fast-blowing-over-
desert-sands wind of blazing infinity!

3:vi:1959

Rhapsodic Rides V

**On the Personality of the Graciousness of My Dear Friend,
One Edna Burt (née Macbeth)**

Like the burning filament in the glowing globe
throbs out your graciousness through the
honey-thick texture of the deep mist-night and
its darkness of worldly (even earthly) living
for
such is its night-light that fascination
surrounds it in her warm cloak to
harbour life in the cold dead of the
sleeping hours and their winter length
while we (the nature-moths) come to be
enamoured by these fascination-scents and
live to cross twenty more such icy
seas of the deep snow's winter-nights by
its grace-life-giving!

8:vi:1959
Rhapsodic Rides VI

On the Particular Personality of the Elegant Finger'd Sun-Shafts Through Tall Pines Streaming Stream-Running-Continuously in the Winter Mornings' Older-Textured Air onto the Shivering but Health-Blooded Soil

Deeper and deeper they athletically run
down in long passages of golden ribbons across the
warmth-absorbing iced ground and the pines
majestically state soundlessly the rapid
passing of the topaz autumn-era and its
fur-moss-surrounded barrel-streams of maturity-pulsating
wine from the burning honey'd sun,

so enclosed in
the silks of this large-fruit-swollen orb
moment in the pearl cycle of the natured
degree

I live centuries from old Egypt to
the endlessness's-blazing-skied evening-
country of ages in their supreme
all-life-mirroring crystal-centring
velvet Godliness.

12:vi:1959
Rhapsodic Rides VII

Softly the kiss falls like gentle pollen
on my eyes and the hand (carved
in the old world) surrounds mine in a
wealth of crystal rays that form the rainbow
of love in my petal-soft, my petal-velvet
heart now aquiver at the breeze-gentle
touch of your deep-love-illuminated lips and hand.

And through the long
night we swim in the
deep clear love-pools – alone
and united as two pink
pearls in the right of a
queen
 and your breath
down my neck is the first
warmth of the first spring day,
your hands holding my
head (cascading long locks
of love-awaking gem-glittering
lights) are the opening
shells of the poet's mind
where the wealthy peach
is intermarried with royal
mauve and gently-cooling
blue, your lips such
instruments of silent symphony!

And now the day is
an hour away: grip me into

your branch-arms before I
must fall to the ground from
our sleep-cloud

for who is the
prophet who sees the painting of
tomorrow?

this moment past,
who knows? but eagle-wings carry you to
summits which in time-future I
shall wearily eternally by-pass.

13:vi:1959

Rhapsodic Rides VIII

To Dr Elsie Hall on her Performance of the Bach Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, the Brahms E Flat Major Rhapsody (op. 119, no. 4) and the Bach Choral ‘Thy Love Mortifieth Us’

Through the arches of ancient cathedrals
she dancingly leads us (red robed) and what
airs are air-borne in our admiration-garlands
fall on her timeless shoulders like light rays
at dawn!

Oh beloved lady – first in all
the land of music, you come like a
diamond-gem out of the deep cavities of
the earth’s treasure hoards and sparkle through
twenty-million nights and days to fill
time with the orange blossom scents of music’s bride!

13:vi:1959

Rhapsodic Rides IX

Once I vaguely floated past and saw
you in luke-warm currents too dull to be
more than a mere life-fish and forgot you
like a pin in my sea-rides from Ophir to
equator through the blue-iced Mediterranean
and over the long-limbed beaches of the
woollen-warm Pacific

but now I notice a
new rock in the polar dark and it's breathing
hotly through the ice-night of the cold while
its white-in-black natural-array (unnatural to
my eyes) pulsates,

yet I know these shapes are
earth-real and momentarily I see the majestic
wide-winged white bird in the endlessly deepened
blue sky hovering over this half-disguised
half-spied rock in the horizonless night and
the strange call of a night-gull heralds
the spring-birth of a lately-conceived personality.

19:vi:1959

Rhapsodic Rides X

of kisses over the brow, the arm
and the breast; sweep away onto
the tree heights to dart over oft-
appearing firefly lights in the dark
of the love-perfumed night and
so fully swell our richly feathered
bosoms out into winds winding
the ancient tapestry in the
poetry of the union when
finger-tips touch so to
rise to the very mountain summits
from where the territories (blue-
moon alight) are the eye's heavily
draped royal robes in one climbing
of the rock-incline in the glazed dark!

Yet broader runs the river of this
world and its faery creatures fill time
with richly wooded parks in the rising
smoke of greatness and to the end
we are in the open heavens flying
timelessly into the thick-winding whirl
of the silent singing star-symphony!

23:vi:1959
Rhapsodic Rides XI

The Prize for the Final Victory of the Several Days'
Financial Bull-Fight was for Him a Motor-Cycle.

Sleekly-lined she is dressed in the
black evening gown of her owner's
pride and stands horse-powerfully to
be as a statue of speeding beauty
to him!

25:vi:1959
Rhapsodic Rides XII

Your fingers (quivering in their athletic muscles of lines curving into suggestions of perfect circles) lift high my face glowing now mysteriously in the newly-uncovered sapphire-emerald (even diamond and deep amethyst) soul-hoards and thickly (as the cooling rain on the fever-heated day) the seal-impressions of your ember lips burn themselves into my transparent petal-textured flesh.

Then closer the angle
of your arms (high-breaker
beautiful in wind-sweeping
curves) enclose my being
that is the casket of my
oil-burning love
and
thus golden-locked my
life burns its constellations
of love in the curve of your
chest-heaving existence.

Yet now calling from the innermost dark
of the frost-night I beg
(more beggarly than any
of my line or blood cells):
do not destroy this with those mad flames
dancing their horns into the thick

of the black
for
their drunken feast is on
the endlessly fire-howling fir-gum of envy
and mouldy jealousy intermingled to be the
glass-crashing torrents of every-freezing
possession and its bitter streams of
usurped dominance!

2:vii:1959

Rhapsodic Rides XIII

Quietly (when all was dark and
slept the prince of the hour) you travelled
one and a half thousand miles to
bring a visitation not given in five of
your year cycles and warmly we were
one
for the contour lines
(which contain you
and barrier me)
were smudged into
obscurity.

And so we
lived on red-soiled
farming estates and
in old Cape-Dutch
houses through the long
night too short for our
flooding delight but
time rang death bells
and before the hours of
day away you raced
leaving again the half-built
ruins of five years'
moss and grass unchanged!

And through the gluing cold
of the day's birth-hours I searched

in wandering, in shouting for your
warm-blooded being but all I saw
was the wall and all I heard was
my own footfall surrounded in the
hollow echo of my own voice.

6:vii:1959

Rhapsodic Rides XV

Mysteriously it streams in from out of the
warm night and in low and high shapes
phantomly appears the poetry of the
hour while we sweep up into the
star-world and hear
from the ancient Greek theatre's symphony
the remote song filling the night with the blue drops
that reflect glitteringly the dancing heavenly
lights – then in swelling choirs we enter
into the soft breezes and through the great
gate of the unknown's earthly, wealthy gemmed
world.

6:vii:1959

Rhapsodic Rides XVI

This very evening we went to
dine with an art gallery of
princes and our hostess was a lady
who in queenly graces commanded
them to their various creations so
that within seconds each
particle in the air was a music
diamond surrounded in the gold
telling of greatness.

21:vii:1959

Rhapsodic Rides XVII

The Triangle of the Timeless I

I

Deep fountains have opened in me
and in the deep earth's water-veins
my roots are foundationed to rise
high into the sky in music's tree
and these openings of the caves
(shafting down into the dark of the
earth) are its mulberry-to-gold fruit!

II

Both bride and bridegroom in one
as red and blue in mauve to purple
and dual is the existence highway
in its parallel double-carriage-way
for 'tis wife to muscled music and husband
to profusely beauty-permeated poetry!

III

And now on the vast mountain
ranges in the fast blowing winds of
eternity I stand in the thickening
dawn of a new time where death
is no agent of existence
for let a proclamation be written in

the spirit blood that birth and death
(and the eternal good and eternal evil)
are but specks of dust here.

24:vii:1959

Rhapsodic Rides XVIII

**To Mrs Peggy Goodwin on Presenting me with T.S.
Eliot's Translation of St. John Perse's 'Anabasis'**

Graciousness was deep in the red of
the wine and she gave the glass in
the curve of kindness so as to be
the light for a new journey into the
long island of beauty's shapes where
the mind may drink mildly from these
waters in their deeper essence of vitality
vibrating well in the dawn of
another being's new world looming on
the shore of the poetry continent.

30:vii:1959
Rhapsodic Rides XIX

To Doctor Karl Tober

Let us not forget that all are not of the same fibre: the spirit's aristocracy are few to the nought circle and they who hold territory are in isolation surrounded.

Like a flame-torch running fast through the darkest of night his energy blazed out into a dark heaven-light-devoid sky suddenly and of that moment the landscape of art's territory came into the circle of light and into the clarity it gives the eye

for

'tis a land of high mountains and deep valleys with the gold of men's minds and imaginations particular gem-stones hidden in deep-cut caves

and then too in the rich of this pearl mellowed light his tangerine glow reveals time's own heritage-gifts.

21:vii:1959

Rhapsodic Rides XXI

Oh hear you not the call
from the ancient monastery, from
the broad river of a song sung in
the old days in the castles by the
minstrel when all the world was
clothed in the beauty of night forms?
Do you not feel the pulse of
the other-worldly air in the low glow
of the chapel when near the
altar passes the greatness in her
saintly robes flowing in the
beam of light cast from white Godliness?
Do not you know this hour is the
flame of the candle which shall
lead us to the meadows where
the pilgrims ride to the Canterbury
of the mind's martyrdom for the
blessedness of the inner creations which
are in us like tapestries from the
East?

25:vii:1959

Rhapsodic Rides XXII

Coolly as a dream from the unknown
timeless space her eye's sparkle told
of the tale that was faery-borne but
had its first tapestry-existence in the old
world of Solomon whose kingly wisdom
she spread freshly over us as the breeze
brings the spring orchard into our breathing
for this is a process of the spirit's territory
while understanding is her law and the
low life beat of compassion her heart's
ticking of the fullness of time.

Touched by the night-beauty
of greatness she carries it
in her womb to be the bringer
of the new seasons of another
cycle of life-blood.

5:ix:1959

Rhapsodic Rides XXIII

A beam of direct light from
the sun-path casts in its ray to lead
us to the steps leading to old Greece's
temple and there at the altar we
were in the incense draped of a Priestess
and Music's monastic High Priest to give
us power for the high ride on white
horses over great seas so to reach the
heavenly-bodied continents where we would
stand on the high mountains of timeless
greatness in the flame-light of eternity!

16:ix:1959

Rhapsodic Rides XXIV

noble procession lead on and on to
the vast areas where the high
lord of the spirit's domain calls the
regally-robed nobles for the great day's
grandeur-display!

21:ix:1959

Rhapsodic Rides XXV

Majestically the eternal call comes on
golden wings to wave the flame of the
spirit into a high blaze reaching up
far into the night of existence as a
Godly guide for the footfall-tread of
the ages that weave time's territory into
the architecture of tumultuous history.

26:ix:1959

Rhapsodic Rides XXVI

With the chop-sticks of childhood she
eats from the rice bowl of fantasy and lives
unbrokenly in her China-garden of
exotic hours crystally beautiful in their
butterfly-dancing and Buddha-praying
for undisturbed is her cosmic dream
that rests always afresh on the earth
as the dawn in the East.

27:ix:1959

Rhapsodic Rides XXVII

**On the Expectation of and Speculation on the Mystical
Coming of the Prince of Good Fortune**

How will you come out of the
night of the future to claim the old
land of my heart which your gentry owns?
Or will you come in these passages through
which we in deep dream live when
all is but the passing painting in
the fantasy-eye of that who wills ages and
the contents of ages? Will you come of
a sudden and call me from one night
dream to another dream glowing in the
quiet of the night's thick dark, in the
mystery of the unhuman hours? Or am I to
expect your visitation in the moment's
break of the mind in the day when the
God-hours of deep night and the endless
existence on the other sleep-textured
time are caught as one in the
knot of a speedily passing vision drawn
deep from the remotest inner recesses of
being?

5:x:1959

Rhapsodic Rides XXVIII

Come, cool prince – come and spray your
soft, soft-dripping soft-scenting evening evenly
over the landscape level in the lilting light
dance; come and we'll sail on the river to
the sea-castle where burn the hundred palace
lights of the spirit's high-domed home –
wait not!

come now –

nów we are a quivering
in the breeze of expectation, oh evening
weaver, come sweeping across the clouds
of the sky in your salmon tinting, in
your making undisputedly this the tall mosaic
panel in time's design!

8:x:1959

Rhapsodic Rides XXIV

On the Arrival of the Mythical Prince of Good Fortune

You have come! you have come on
the sweep of the laughing wind in the
high laugh of the year's high day,
you have come and thrown the crystals of
good fortune into the air of the
happiness-sun and breathed a breath
thick in the clear gold of love on my
blood-living cheek to fill me with
strawberries of dreamings in oceans and
spaces filled with the sap of high-life's
wine wells;

 you have come and
taking my hand drawn me to
pyramids' tops to see the acres of flowering
experiences scenting out heart-beating
intensity in her creating of a warm
summer's day whose hours spell out
perfection!

19:x:1959

Rhapsodic Rides XXX

The tall kiss of your timelessness burns
its ageless happiness into my inner
life where the pyramid stands as a
monument of the history unravelled
in my travelling through time into
the very centre cores of the greatness
whose smile is the sun from the Godly
onto the earth of these living moments!

19:x:1959

Rhapsodic Rides XXXI

**On the Recurrence of a Mystical Experience, First
Experienced During Dr Elsie Hall's Playing of Bach Works
in the Diocesan College Chapel, Cape Town, on Sunday,
8:vi:1959, with Particular Emphasis on the Prelude and
Fugue in C Sharp Minor (No. 4, Book I)**

Through the altar-burning of the
heaven-facing candles the fugal
pattern sang itself out over all the
ages so that the robed God was
revealed to us in all the gold-throbbing
glory of his burning greatness and we breathed
no longer since in that time we
were filled with the essence-substance
of eternal waters;
for on the divinity-heavenly
level of that hour we transcended
the darkened iron barriers of time
into the deathless-lifeless silk-silent
(but eternally burning) spaceless
air of the infinite landscape from
where the drama-trilogy of present
and its cliff-towering guardians
(past and future) are deeply drawn
In the countless flow of epoch cycles!

17:vi:1959
Rhapsodic Rides XXXII

George has completed the cycle
of his second medical story
in the building of becoming
a healer, a doctor

and

now we'll watch the architecture
of his medical studies become
silhouetted against the sky
of success until in the sixth
year-cycle the roof is reached –
then shall the house to hold
his ambition be completed!

22:xi:1959

Rhapsodic Rides XXXIII

Oh royal
spirit's prince, I have come riding
across the ages and bring the
candle-throbbing wealth of all
eternity to place in peace-offering
in your gracious lap so that
now all time, aged time stands still
at my homage-flight;

and all
farewells are now dissolved in the
glowing light of our eternal presence
that shall burn even through
the nights of earthly living till
again we sit on the thrones of
beauty's greatness!

25:xi:1959

Rhapsodic Rides XXXV

In the light break between the clouds
after the rain-day when the sun
fills the visible streak of the sky's
world with paling yellow to peach colouring
I stretch (in long rolling vineyards
at the feet of masculine mountains)
my fingers far out to you and
(in the burning yearning of the
early evening fire) pray for your
coming, recalling older times when
in your arm's surrounding me we
had wandered along these paths
surveying the farm of our years
of living in union to become one
but now nothing came...

yet the antique
intensity of the thoughts
stored in this time
now blaze in me and
memory is delicately
robed in time past
for even the tears
(to which it gives
birth) carry in them
the radiating lights that were cut
from the deepest of gem-drawn rays
hanging in that time in the air
when our voices interplayed in the
intricate patternings of inner soft-talkings.

4:xii:1959

Rhapsodic Rides XXXVI

The longing wakes in me (now far into
the dreamily sleep-filled night) to touch
the curving muscles of your arm
and sense your warmth-breath near
my face, to feel that arm and its
symmetric hand embossed on my
back in the surrounding of your
gentleness, in the deep flame burning
from your urgent love!

And though I call
loudly through the
flaming skies of
ancient telepathy I
hear not your footfall
on the path below
in your coming to
chain into one the
'I' and the 'thou'.

The memory, the inner re-embrace of
your pulsating being I crush passionately
into my lonely night travels searching
tirelessly, restlessly for the bond that
shall call you irresistibly to me!

16:xiii:1959
Rhapsodic Rides XXXVII

The desperate needing of your seldom-touch
burns me to aridness with nervous
longing's wild blazes in the deepened night
and on the day's human-packed beaches
when loneliness gnaws me to rawness

for

it was once an almost title for our
oneness – yet now the pale remote burning
of a dying ship's light on the fading
horizon is our love's remnants.

Come, yóu who carry the heat-infuser
my blood needs, come and sweep
me away onto the afternoon cloud of
soft touchings where the contours of
your breathing and mine are
smudged to fade into one dream-existence!

19:xii:1959

Rhapsodic Rides XXXVIII

I have felt a new rumbling in my
old womb and there are new voices,
new mysteries in the time
for a
new miracle shall unroll itself
over the forests and fields of history.

Mother, how do you know, how
do you know these unknown patterns
in the thin thread of sheen-thread
human living?

Because (my child) I was not born
in mortal womb's blood – 'twas only my
body, through the many beaded ages I
have come in different forms as
mother to Messiahs (even as a Mary
for Christians' Christ), I have been
the bringer of the redeemer-message
under the early sign of the water carrier.

What (mother) am I, who I?
what sign on my forehead?

All those I touch touch immortality
for I am not an ego that must

To Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II of England

Last fortress, last castle!
Royal Majesty of ancient England!
You, the last fortress, the
last castle of constellations' grand
nobility, the last large torch
in the encroaching night of
chaos, the last scroll whose
vast arm sways order for
the global forms of human
existence!

Oh, Your Majesty,
we call to you in
cold nights for the guidance
that your being exhales,
for the torch You give
to see these mountainous
paths, these cliffs to
turbulent seas!

Nów it is known
that our Queen is
of nobility enrobed,
that our Queen has

the early glitter of
graciousness in her
hair, that our Queen
has brought the kiss
of greatness even in the
dawn of her reign.

Through the morning-mist
of the future the
new lands of new
continents loom (sometimes
clearly, sometimes dimly)
where You shall
walk and the old
womb of England shall
give new birth!

Thus the fugue of this
age shall unroll its vast
self and You shall weave
Your nobility-theme endlessly,
timelessly into great clouds
that in the sun's tinting make
their guidance-glidings through
the night-sky for your peoples!

27:xii:1959
Rhapsodic Rides XL

**Ludwig Van Beethoven's 'Missa Solemnis' – Time's
Monument to Eternity**

The fall into the gaping ravine,
the rise to the moon-rimmed clouds,
the winds blowing through time's thin robes,
the sea's touching of all lands,
the full creating of the God-encrusted magnitude,
the night-peace of sleeping sheep-fields,
thú in great triumph's mirror this
pageant climbs from thís
spirit's deep God-washed sea-caves
for on
hís time-broad shoulders rests
heavy immortality!

27:xii:1959

Rhapsodic Rides XLI

**On Receiving a Christmas Card from One who had Not
Written for a Considerable Time**

Clear (as a silver song on the
breath of the quiet night when I
lie and half-listen to the silence)
your card came, like the kiss
of dew on the warm evening,
like the sudden scent whose
origin's unknown in the summer's
night-garden it floated in on
the cooling breeze, on the refreshing
spray

and the finely intricate fern
of our friendship (whose roots
draw fertility from five years)
stretches out a new night of touching
spirits' finger-tips.

28:xii:1959

Rhapsodic Rides XLII

To Tercia

Little princess, when you dominate us
into dancing your tune, when you
pounce on us dazed by five-o'clock
morning sleep, when you make
faint each one with sharp-shrill
shouts you guess not that you
burn deep your own brandings
into slaves.

31:xii:1959

Rhapsodic Rides XLIII

Ludwig Van Beethoven's String Quartet in C Major
(Op. 59, No. 3)

They pull in power-fingers the
strings which must again vibrate
the infinity-air into a glow of the
Godhead in whom triumph runs
as blood, in whom the heart beats
out the mysteries folded deep into
the landscapes of the lowest mind-
regions;

who can deny it, deny
these testimonies that come phantomly
from these immeasurable harmonies
to sing greatness into reality?

1:i:1960

Rhapsodic Rides XLIV

I have no death-fear but that it
comes when preparations are still so
suspended from completion
for who
shall deny my royalty now near
the end of the caravan-journey through
evening's heaven and the night's
hell, who shall deny my crowns
which were created in the burning
of volcanic craters, in the evening-
decorated clouds, in the heater's
electric burning into flesh, in the
powdering of spring's pollen on
floating petals?

oh that that sleep
would presently come and (in the
freshness of clean sheets) coolingly
cover my limbs so to throw me
gently on the soft pillows of
ever-dreamings in the mild floatings
of the tender rise and fall
within the warmth-waves of freedom's
vast estate!

3:i:1960

Rhapsodic Rides XLV

Can it be? can it be that I am
in the lap of fate-destroying Beethoven,
can it be that again a fifth symphony's
to be enacted on the very flesh-existence
of a being, what strange calls come
thick and fast from this high-sea-stormed
music, what is this new texture in
the air, who can tell of this future
tale, when shall we know the decree,
when the clear revelation?

3:i:1960

Rhapsodic Rides XLVI

Illusively I again hear-touch your
existence but remote, isolated are
your visitations (beloved) and single
the calls that the low heated
radio in the mystery-ship of my
being records suddenly in the
unexplored continents of the historical
dark but who are you, what
your incarnations, you who lurk
momentarily in the music forests
of high Beethoven and stately
Brahms, who breathe heavily in
Bachian beyond-time-vintaged
countries?

10:i:1960

Rhapsodic Rides XLVII

**The Triangle in the Coming of Long Love-Elongated
Yearning**

I

Still I love you quite uncalled
for, still I am consumed in the
furnace of my attachment that
no iced waters from you has even
subdued, still the remote decree gains
land between us!

Insensible was the
title to the chapter
for our groups in blood
could not mingle
(Montague and Capulet)
but still I hope with
high-heart-beating intensity,
still I break down the
old architecture of my
being (part for part) in
half-waiting, half-despairing
for you.

If only you would come and
touch my inner being with
your scents as you promise

how great then the display of our
creations in the fireworks of the
old night sky.

12:i:1960

Rhapsodic Rides XLVIII

II

June was the first month of unity
opening out the inner territories
hidden far into the being's draw –
never open beyond the moment.

Coming coolly the year expanded
over the risings and fallings until
late it drew together the two half-arches'
longing into a vast gateway
encrusted in the statues of hope –
yet all only remained 'hope'.

12:i:1960

Rhapsodic Rides XLIX

III

As a rocket-star moves suddenly
into the darkened night-sky so
your love has come and stands
immediately ahead on a cloud
burning the blames of eternity from
the cone of endlessness as a
torch to lead me through the
distilled air onto the greatness's
places where your soft kiss enrobes
me to stand with each century's
wonder-princes, since from your
mind (my dark sonnet) issues
the air that confers on me a
nobility decree!

12:i:1960

Rhapsodic Rides L

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