

COSMIC QUINTET

VOLUME 6 of *Primal Mediation*
the complete oeuvre of the poetry of Châtillon Coque

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THE TRAGIC QUINTET
OF THE
CLYDESDALE
COAL-COLLIERY



To those Damned in a coal mine some five-hundred-and-
twenty-five feet below the earth's surface

I have grown into the wrinkles of
age in the mirror of time but have not
understood nor seen in a shimmering of
light,

what must be the cosmic law that
governs these sudden executions on those
who die and know not their crime but
the crime to exist?

how often yet will
the siren-wail of weeping swell and
die, how often yet the same drama-trilogies
on the caving stages of the burdened earth,
how often yet the ravish-burnings of poverty
paining further in the murky passings?

are
we never to be redeemed from life-obscurity –
the eternal eraser?

are we forever obsolete in
controlling these dyke-cracking seas that
suddenly nullify our lives?

23:i:1960

Tragic Quintet I

Four-hundred-and-twenty-nine Black and six White workers were trapped in a coal mine, the Clydesdale Colliery at Coalbrook North in the Orange Free State of the Union of South Africa. At the time of the writing of this poem, though attempts were being made, hope had worn thin. The Iscor (the name of an iron and steelwork plant) tungsten drill of seventeen tons had arrived on the tragic territory, but the rain and further earth-moving had on Sunday, 24th January 1960, made it impossible to drill down to the damned by 1.15pm. They have been trapped since late Thursday, 21st January.

Oh women, oh children I send my
spirit to you not only to mourn in you
but to feed you, feed you on the ancient
herbs of bitter courage or what of it my
being's packing houses hold

and to yóú

(silenced in the dark of beyond-dying with
life heaving yet in your limbs), to yóú
severed from the body of life, to yóú
my blood slowly streams to give you
substance to fulfil the time-patterns in thís the
cosmos,

if there be the God (who is the centre
and the all, from whom all start and to
whom all converge) what are Yóúr laws? what
Yóúr brag of bleeding righteousness? is this
become as sounding brass? and the more
magnificent boast of love, of charity? is that
a tinkling cymbal?

24:i:1960

Tragic Quintet II

Only one-hundred-and-forty feet of the five-hundred-and twenty-five had been drilled today, Wednesday, 27th January 1960, in order to bring fresh air to the Damned Men in the mine. Despite a new diamond bit sent from the United States of America, the progress of the drill is tortuously slow.

Numbed by the colourless iced
rain drops of hope-sucking despair,
cold in the slashing blast of
fever-bitter uncertainty growing grotesquely
to solidify into insensible marble –
white in its dumbness of diamond-hard
non-perception we wait and
fate is rattling the teeth of teasing
in her laugh at our attempts to
bring drink to scorching of the dammed
sulphur-blazing pit!

Cannot hope bring
her old light? can
time not bring this
once the running
ointments for deep burns?
cannot the scented breath
from relief-gardens come
even but faintly on the
air?

Dear God

I fall into the
depths of the quiet night in the
mind to pray, to send the
radiating lights from the deepest
caves of my old being to You –
must my prayer burn into the
night air unobserved and dive
unheard into the dark void of
the naught? must my hands
fall lifeless, shrivelled in
helplessness from their stretching
strainedly for the fruits of Your
bestowing in whose juices is
the remedy for the redemption?

27:i:1960

Tragic Quintet III

It is hoped that by 11pm tonight, Sunday, 31st January, one small drill would have penetrated the inanimate, yet living earth for the five-hundred-and-twenty-five feet necessary to reach the Damned trapped in the Clydesdale colliery, and then the decree of fate shall be known. Now it is 7.30pm.

The waiting is like low embers
in an ash-crowded grate, the
waiting is the numbing of the frost-edge
of the bitter winter wind and the
hour has taken on a death march
in its burdened second-tickings –
who will know,

surmise,

prophesy?

who will feel the runnings of the
fate-streams in the cold but burning
air?

and we wait to feel the rumblings,
will it be a death?

Will it be

a birth?

will the flaming prayer of the
night sky be the illusion of unreality or
will it be the torch to guide to the
enacting of an ancient miracle?

will

the Godliness come and its timeless rulings
of the eternal be stated, stamped in life
on life or will it but give the cold

sneer of frozen indifference iced in thís théir
glaciered doom?

31:i:1960

Tragic Quintet IV

Elegy to those who died in the Clydesdale colliery since the whole mine had caved in and they must have all been crushed to death on the very first day, 21st January 1960, of this tragedy.

Oh,

óh téárs – nów is the time for
your flood! nów water my cheeks –
let ús móúrn nów in the heavy
purple of a deep diving sorrow for
these children of humanity torn from
the breast of life rudely, unheedingly
and oh heart burst your boundaries
for what good is it to fill with quiet
sorrow when all is gone and an
old emptiness fills the days tainted
with death's dark?

wéép (old eyes) wéép
for we stand isolated on the islands
of nothingness where our prayers do not
rise but weigh on us a thick smoke –
how I bleed unceasingly for them
that have evaporated, I know not to
what places! is thís the end in steel
finality? or is thís perhaps even a
redemption for them? why am I éver
sealed from knowing these teasing answers
when they flit past (unexpectedly past) in
dead of winter-night?

Oh móúrn, wéép and móúrn you
old trees, stand still day and be

flooded in sorrow, hours move not
on for the grave is before and behind
and oh mother humanity how you
in silent grief have become black
as an ever-sign of your children's sudden
unwarranted, untimely unexpected
death and they who pass under your
sky-sign shall laugh not again since
then of death they are and we (the deads'
brothers) wail suddenly but fall forever
in the dark dive of time's ever-sorrow
since our sisters shall béár others only to
be torn from the breasts of mother life
(as you were) before beyond a suckling –

Oh,

óh téárs – nów is the time for
your flood! nów water my cheeks –
let ús móúrn nów in the heavy
purple of a deep diving sorrow for
these children of humanity torn from
the breast of life!

1:iii:1960

Tragic Quintet V

*Subsequent to the writing of this poem it was found that the while mine
had not caved in and hope for some survivals was revived, but to no avail.*

SHIMMERING
INVOCATIONS



DEDICATED
TO
ROSEMARY KERR-CROSS
AND
DAVID PRECIOUS
IN APPRECIATION FOR
THE KINDNESSES OF
1954 TO 1955



The stars flow a bridge over the arch of light in the late evening's silk-transparent dark where the darts of yellowing gold pin-pricks the night in her Elizabethan gown flowing down the hours till near the stately white home it catches on to the little-girl pink of the morning-yawning day and streams of living blood become a beloved for the race to the rain's fine freshness-spray where beauty is cradled being born in conclusion to the nights of oneness, of shattering away into fragile pieces of this fertile vase from clearly-lined China but time your tyranny is the sadness-tint in the colours flowing over the arch of light in the late evening's silk-transparent dark.

25.iii:1960

Shimmering Invocations I

Strangely the forms come in orbs to squares, in subtle
rectangle to pentagon existences but (floating timelessly
in the ever-void of the night soundlessly singing)
they are the sign-givers of the realities of tomorrow
from yesterday, they change into hours and years,
into pink spring of pollinating fertility to languishing
(yet wealthy) autumn or from heat of summer to the
quiet ice of the winter for thus is the blood's
journey (through heart to feed again at the
lungs of life) put in to the revolvings of time's
rule to bring the string quartet's elegy floating on
night air and the girl's last kiss before the sealing
of the nunnery's envelope that carries the white stripe
of birth next to that of black death and so the
previous-emeraldéd lást is the ribbon in this
hour's greying dark hair that is veiled eternity itself.

25:ii:1960

Shimmering Invocations II

Your love has come to press too closely
its warmth-face of burning health near mine
made delicate in the years with death's
dyeing bít yét territory of the five hundred units have
cut us apart as the merciless scissors the taut string of
ancient love – oh to feel you in the full measure of
the heightening dance across the glassed sky, to know
that if my hand breaks through the air (precious with your
breath) it shall in reality know your earthly existence
and now the longing grows like shores from the aircraft
but nót yét, nót yét have your arms locked me in the
long drawing-rooms of your spirit's being.

29:iii:1960

Shimmering Invocations III

Thus in the orange warmth of a wild dance you have
at least come and here on the rich soils of the
late afternoon we are bound in a Cossack
rebounding melody that spurts in curling movements
in the arena of immense beauty's covering in
the waking grasses whose juices of sweetness are
engrained (as ours is) in the rich strength born in
the mosque-monumental unity of the high-healthy
earth.

29:ii:1960

Shimmering Invocations IV

She was not seen till the mists came and the
air vibrated in sympathy with the mystery note
coming rain-water clear through covered air and
he knew not till of a sudden she was there as real
as blood in his panting veins and her closeness
burnt him painfully,

 he stretched out his hand
through the tightly-packed fear of an illusion shattered
but reality gave the concrete of security,

 then
he accepted the all unquestioningly to find it had been
erased one morning and himself totally isolated as an island
out at sea.

20:iii:1960

Shimmering Invocations V

The sounds of whispering voices woke me and as soon
as the robes lay in adornment on my being I
descended the broadly sweeping staircase low down
through dark secretive passages so that when
I left this house I was at the foot of the hill it
dominated as a heavy crown,

then a long low
limousine came and (in the mists) took me
on a road guarded with a thick widely
spreading marsh (hidden in these mist-mysteries)
stretching symmetrically on either side,

suddenly out of
this marsh a hill stood looming largely from out of the
white dark of mist mingled with night and its
buildings had more than two centuries on their
walls,

through this quiet of agitatedly intertwining
mist we drove up the steep of the cobbled street
and out of the dark of a tall house you
came (beloved) and clasped my hands in the
warm furs of love and surrounded me
momentarily with the muscled arms of unity
that ascended higher each hour as a tall
prayer

but then unexpectedly the strange call of the
marsh's dark clarinet-toned bird broke the silent air,
'I am decreed to leave, yóú (beloved) must return now
to cast sadness' pains for me in the eternal parting',
quickly the limousine descended the cobbled
hill-road and speeded yet further away (with me) from

the home where I had slept in high hopes of a
love now passed far, infinitely far into history.

20:iii:1960

Shimmering Invocations VI

Ungainly in the weight of a body
pulled by time out of shape,
waddling on legs tired with the carrying
that is the burden-baggage of breathing
I must still live in the hot
consciousness of my mouth-crooked
existence and feel the piercing scissors of
youth's hidden half-laugh at what is my
guilt of being unchangeably an unspecified
animal –

and yét there was a
moment when the beckoning love-lights
waved flags in a boy's eyes while they
charted out minutiae of the visible portion of
my caged life.

21:iv:1960

Shimmering Invocations VII

I came through the archway vapoured in a
dream and in the light of the passage you were
indistinctly distinct so that walking towards you your
fingers ran down my glowing cheeks in their rain-water
streamings –

I stretched my hand out but
nothingness whirled around it in her teasings
and I could not carry the distilled clarity in the
diamond of knowing I touched you to myself always
swimming through the high swells of black-green
not-knowing.

Later I descended to the garden but the mist was
thrown heavily in the winds high in the
blood of Othello-black confusion for the search
between Desdemona's white and the Othello's black –
equalled in the scale of nobility where weighed as
equals but unabatedly in the opposites of night and
day.

22:iv:1960

Shimmering Invocations VIII

You came close to me in a flood-cascade
of gold and the touch of illuminated eternity
glowed in your kiss while I felt our firm
transcending of the weighty iron-rusted time into
a freedom beyond magnetic gravity to be in the
unity of ever-spreading others of infinity.

Then in your
cradle I (the child
that was old and am
now in the mist-wonders
of a child again) fell
far into the softening
cushioned airs of
sleep surrounded in
the throbbing intensity
of your muscled
protection.

Later I woke on the cold concrete
bench in the obscured garden drenched in the
dew of a winter's night and the tinned
whistle of the omen-black bird called out a
mangled heraldry for stalking death in the
mist of cave-hollow loneliness – of you not a
naked thought now existed in the stone-arid
deserts of my ever-crumbling existence weathered by
the hot yet cold blasts of high-beating destroying
disappointment.

28:iv:1960

Shimmering Invocations IX

In the afternoon light of throbbing golden-brown
the dream deepened into the tree-mass of
blood-rust merging to cream's velvet ochre
interrupted by the greens of black to burn
low in the lazy sun elegantly streaming
through the age-curving clouds to where
our quiet voices spiralled in silver

but the
later evening became of wine and black-dusted
maroon while we were in the lull of old orange
eternity.

5.v:1960

Shimmering Invocations X

It could not stay (the strange disembodied
petal that I caught on the night wind) it could
not stay since it was no petal but a brittlely
dried leaf whose death of dirty mud-brown was
transformed in my dream to wine touching (in its
shimmerings) into the white gentleness of the purifying
cream.

The morning came, smothered the mystery airs and
their light submerging hypnotism, the dream cracked
and the milk split into a vacuum.

Gone! yes gone but in going erased partially
into distortion – the beginning is a lie and the
end is a lie and I am worn too old to try to brave
it all again.

18:v:1960

Shimmering Invocations XI

Graciousness is the pearl that is the centre of your being (my sister The Princess Estelle) and 'tis your long eyelids that have beauty continually caressing them while those large eyes see deep (in clear lines) the vast patterning that annuls poor past and faded future, 'tis those very dark eyes that harbour in inner granaries corn-rays for the maturing of the sympathy-wines.

And when you
talk the creation
(that carries the delicate
balance of intricate
circles) is in the air
and when you
listen you touch that
moment with gold
and reds to maroons
of a ripened autumnal
day in the fulfilment-lull
and when you laugh
crystals (that burn of high
refracting subtlety) fountain
in curves through the
evening sky.

None deny your greatness but who dare
question your aristocracy alone in all the land

for its autumnal purifications, alone for its
travellings through the ages? each gem on your
royal spirit's robe is an age of your breathing
and 't would take a year, a day and a month
to count them but once –

how unexpectedly
your nine physical circles disintegrate to a circle
of multiplied tens when you open the Leonardo da Vinci'd
rooms of your mind's smoothly worn antique-shell!

22:v:1960

Shimmering Invocations XII

I thought you would have come on the dawn breeze,
the dusk rustle but the expectation was the telegram
without the arrival of fulfilment so that now the
silence of standing statuesquely still in white
(veinless) marble is the last formation of this substance –
'I', so that now even if you came with volcanic eruption
of lava I will not move the dot of the 'i' to the
magnets of memory-past and teasing future but be
only the invisible indifference of this substanceless
silence.

25:v:1960

Shimmering Invocations XIII

'Erupting volcanoes brought new terror to the battered inhabitants of southern Chile today...

... In Santiago, the tortured earth produced a strange phenomenon – a quick temperature fall, a purple sky, then thick fog which hampered airborne operations which were going on continually. The official toll is given today as 574 identified and 812 missing presumed dead... At least 400,000 are homeless.'

The Cape Argus: Wednesday, 25th May 1960

Another genocide, another crack in the crystal of
life, another signature to the legal document
declaring the vacuum-absurdity of existence, another
burst of burning highly explosive chemical powder
from that reality that the illusions (emulating from the
unreality) tabulates as the immorality of the seweraged
unusual, of the sucking lie but which is the
only oil that will keep alive the truth-flame
large with the child that is never born!

Oh humanity where
is the concrete pillar in
this muck-mud of a
living marsh, where the dry
road to the orchards that
are promised but never seen?

Even the lies becomes lies of lies! death is no answer
and birth a compulsion, breathing a mangling
in the lion of time's jaw and claw!

there are talks about redemption but they are flies
irritating a pearl but the pearl produced is
a brittle bit of granite, a blind thing, a
deaf thing, a dumb thing – colder than the nails
rusting in an iced gutter!

26:v:1960

Shimmering Invocations XIV

Already old I found receiving them (the young) a
climbing of horizontally ruled cliffs but almost without
knowing I breathed that the one was of noble birth and
(in the spirit's castle) gave me the dishes to awaken a
Frozen youth into that high-headed-carriage dance
the pavane.

Yet the dream
became too clearly
coloured and contoured
for the breathers, became
too real for reality, became
too awake for the
consciousness' orbicular worlds.

Later I walked down the road, pulled the coat closer
against the intruding wind, accepting myself as in
the shell of the alone when immediately, suddenly
the noble one of good fortune's blood-lineage was
throbbingly there and said (in drops heavily laden with
distilledly crystal rainbow-coloured sounds) that such
had been the reality-flames for many more hours than
shafts of light stream from any white diamond refracting
the rays of early day.

31:v:1960

Shimmering Invocations XV

I love you, love you in the low murmur of the morning hours, in the sweep of dusk's transformation and your kiss comes on the laugh of the wind, in the subtlety of the light for the air to be filtered and then tinted by your being's nobly unrolling song coming in a long stream curving into the circle-suggestion of old Athens to stretch up far in its blaze through the dark of time as a vibrant monument to the spirit's monarchical rule of the cosmic hierarchy carved into the forms for the pattern by your hand's deep wine-intoxication drawn from the crowded cellars of your understanding that lulls me into the lap of greatness.

4:vi:1960

Shimmering Invocations XVI

The crack in eternity grew vast and before me
swept all eternity in the high reaching
peaks of the greatness' mountain ranges so that
then Godliness rolled in golden clouds to make
the completed cycles of the cosmos burn
with the high stretching flame – there she was
(born of the powder-dust essences of creation's
rainbowed good) and moves like the spring's East
wind carrying the message of the miraculous chemicals
that are buried in the existence of the dawn
and from her life came the oceans of the music
dimensions in curling rivers that dictate the
rhythms, the movement in the dusk cloud, in the
historical sequences for the great cathedraled
whole of whom she is ever a mirror!

4:vi:1960

Shimmering Invocations XVII

It rained and the day smudged away into grey
but presently the diamond emerged and the night
was clear but brittle in its rebirth of iced clarity –
then grey and black-blue burnt far into each other
and I hated less to love less but stayed one
though still the Antarctic is in death's white cold and
still the Equator's in the black of this same death's
raw heat.

7:vi:1960

Shimmering Invocations XVIII

My sucking was
plucked violently from
my naked breasts
 and thrown
 to the snarling
 hungry cats that
 feed on human
 greatness.

As I grew blue and
stiff with grief my
love for my child
grew berserk and
 it plunges into
 my mind to
 gash it inches
 deep for an
 eternal bleeding.

Sleep, sleep and fill
the hours to death
with this drug, this substance
 to forget into the
 black blots of
 human existence
 your grief, sleep
 till death comes
 at long last I

murmur to myself
incessantly.

But what if death is
but another door that leads
to another cycle of nights in
the thumb-screws for the
suffering demanded by the
cosmic laws?

8:vi:1960

Shimmering Invocations XIX

**On Recalling a weekend at Hermanus,
a Seaside Resort in the Cape**

It all became a one
in the autumnal light
of goldening brown

(the regal princess
whose fifth dimension
was the musical high
rhythms, the Alsatians
racing over the yawning
beach, the pillared poet
and the lazily lulling sea)

for eternity to encrust with its borderless
quiet this all.

Then a bridge-night and the
morning brought a hyena wind
howling through the ships
of slave-driving
rain partnered
by the nibbling cold
till the light fell
into the dust-dark
of half night and
its semi-consciousness since time
had again pulled a muscle!

16:vi:1960

Shimmering Invocations XX

I love you (love) but not in love
of youth-love (love) for you are an
age (love) and spread out arms further
than my horizons (love)
and will
be when I am a not (love) so that
to love you (love) is to love
beyond my breathing days (love).

2:vii:1960

Shimmering Invocations XXI

At last you have come,
 you for whom I
have waited through all the ages
 but if
I commit myself in life to the large
granaries of your love, will you know
that my blood is king's blood, emperor's
blood, pope's blood?
 will you know
that all the ages robe me?
 will you
see that creation flawed and placed me
centuries too late on this orb?
 will you
understand that the miserly small, the
bitingly mean is antipathetic, in large
antithesis to the train that bears dominance in
safety defying defiance, that carries me in
a cradle which wards off time?

10:vii:1960

Shimmering Invocations XXII

To my Doctor Elsie Hall on her playing of Beethoven's
Waldstein Sonata

Like a breath of the spring's first breeze
she came in the quiet of the night
 and
then the barren orchard trees burst out
a cascade of blossoms scented by the
kiss of music
 and in the morning
she travelled across the sky in the
dawn's colours enriching the cosmos
 for
who shall doubt the divinity of her royal
spirit born into eternity's arms?

11.vii:1960

Shimmering Invocations XXIII

There was a time when rock turned sand in
the vision of my inner eyes and decay (in
distintegrating robes) ruled the day powdered
to a brown-red dust

but as I strolled in
the cool of the evening in the fir-lane (now
more of salmon than nature's greens) I saw you
momentarily through the trunks

and assuming
that the cracked-pottery of the aged's face carried
little of interest's gloss for you I turned aside to
find your voice swelling into a symphony
immediately behind me –

then rushing far
into the night's sky you were like a flaming
streak in the dark drawing me far into
the regions where the jewelled ladies of
the heavens dance to the high ordered
rhythm in the music of creation so that the
divinity's blood, your blood, my blood flowed
as one through the mists of time belying but
not diminishing with history our eternity.

17:vii:1960

Shimmering Invocations XXIV

If between eyes and limbs
I should choose,
 if between the
spirit and the blood I was divided
to gain my unity the spirit of the
eyes must hold high preference
to the transient blood of the limbs.

20:vii:1960

Shimmering Invocations XXV

To Those of my Immediate Family

Not even death can kill us for
our blood is charged high with
distilled nobility and eternity is our
reality,

 though our children may not be
what we are that which we are
flashes through time's night and not
even death can deny our infinity.

22:vii:1960

Shimmering Invocations XXVI

That you nów must go 'tis not moulded in
parting,
 that nów we are to have land between
the grip of our hands stretched out from two continents
is never the realization in the cold of the watery
afternoon of end
 for fúll is the new life forming in
my life, fúll the passage through the blue
air where time is not in fearful rotting
 but
blazing clearly is a love that was born of
the archduchess of emotion from the marriage with
the intellectual prince of all the wisdoms.

And as the night
quietly walks his
course and I think
in sleep of you I know
you owe me your
land – the ancient heritage
of thé entourage that
streams through the ages to
fall into my lap through the
Brahmsianly tender magnificence
and the light leaps of
high-perfected poetry.

Oh and yóur kíss!
 yóur kíss (that burns

the whole oratorio's contrapuntal greatness
in the pain of beauty through my soul) is
unto itself a religion for it and the Christian
love are as brothers in lands covered in human
wheat waving in the warming, ripening winds
of understanding more muscular now than in all the
time previous of my life!

Tomorrow may come for
fear it will not, tomorrow
may come for royal ruler of
it I am; should we not
be in one room once in a
millennium when we meet 'twill
be as if one night alone has
been and in the morning we were
blended again!

Sing choirs of unity, high-arch
the cooling spray of eternity, dance
lightly and deeply old music whose
youth is fuller with the hours, come
and bring the fatted calf and feast
for the going and the coming are but
as one, drink deep from the glass and
be red-touched with wine mellowed in
love for the night may be cold and the
journey long, fill the room with a
laugh to be remembered!

Not today or tomorrow
or their counterparts through
time shall the stream (the
high-graved yet calm sea
of magnetic forces) cease its
interflow between us and years shall
add strength and longing yet
greater power till drawn together
again we are so to race
far into a night sky and
there be swayed asleep in the
wings consummating a marriage
for creation itself will then say
'let me not to the marriage
of true minds admit impediments'!

Ah and our children!

 each of them
shall call a song (endless in its beauty)
into the air and there these shall
dance with the other children of the Great
till we are forgotten in the flesh but
breathe with youth and burn with life
in the unities born from this our unity,
till our kiss is an eternal reality!

 And in our flesh-time we
will work and wait through
the hours that are the distances
between our existences till we

are brought together as one in
a pinnacle piercing the sky into
smile so that again in the
afternoon we shall run on
the beach and our athletic
movements shall again make
monarchical beauty the one undisputed order!

Clear in this prophecy, clear understanding's crystal,
clearer yet the conviction pure in its distilledness so
that of this oneness time shall say it mirrors the
great patterns of the cosmos, it makes of the essence of
all children more gentle and deeper in
sympathy than the human quality can of its own
conceive for out of the pain joy issued
and the suffering was the
beginning and the beginning
a travelling into the harmony of
that testimony to the touching of
one soul and another soul to melt
to one fountain where water is
sweetened in love, where expectation
rises and from the air the decree
of creation drops fulfilment for our
kiss (carved out of infinity) to burn
on the ripeness of eternity!

21:vii:1960

Shimmering Invocations XXVII

COSMIC PRINCES



To Rameau*

'He (Rameau) realised and proved the physical material of music is identical with its artistic material; therefore the nature of this artistic material is identical with the nature of the physical material of the sonorous world. In the final analysis this would mean that the corpus juris of musical aesthetics is acoustics. This doctorinic had been sensed and advocated before Rameau, but it took the unique combination of a great thinker and a great creative musician to realise that the more subjective the art of music the more it has to lean on the raw facts of acoustics. Thus, quite contrary to the naïve claims of certain musical scholars, it is not the physicist and theoretician who makes it possible for the composer to expand his powers – it was not a Werckmeister who made a Bach possible – but the demand of the ears and imagination of the composer, whose naturalistic groupings call for scientific clarification and codification. It happened only once in the history of music that both these factors were fruitfully united in the same person; in other instances such union produced mere fantastic dreams and ephemeral music (Scriabin). This association of intellect and sensibility, clarity with poise, betrays the classic French composer; it incarnates the criterion of the French spirit – the marriage of reason and feeling.'

'Music in Western Civilization' Paul Henry Lang

* Jean-Philippe Rameau lived a long life. Born in Dijon in 1683, he died, age 81, in Paris on 12 September 1764. His life overlapped those of Bach (1685-1750), Handel (1685-1759), Domenico Scarlatti (1685-1757) and Telemann (1681-1767).

Oh my Toscanini in a dream of a flooding reality
you came and threw me high into the air of
music where your baton called to life the
whole assembly who all made love to greatness –
ah but then under your long fingers' sensitivity-
guidance Johannes of Brahms came and most
passionately embraced me in the evening of the
first of the pianoforte's concerts where we sang
in the falling harmonies of intensity in the
grandeur key of D minor

but yóu (Old Prince of
Toscanini) yóu came to unite into palatial harmonies
the goodness of all eternity.

13:3:60.

The Cosmic Princes I

Suddenly through the bottomless depths of the dark of
my blindly wandering mind you (Beethoven) call and
'tis almost immediately with the manly grasp of your
timelessly muscled hand on my shoulder to
lead me to paths to the mountain peaks to see
the far rising sun's first light-stretching in the
awakening of his day

and there in the first of
warmth you show me the contingent of acres
which you have in great fascination-woods planted
to grow richly upwards in the ever-rise of the
Godliness touch

and 'tis in the cool of these tall
trees that the greatness-tones come trickling with
the soft rain's gentleness but with the great power
of the ocean muscled high in the strength whose
sensitivity a delicate leaf can protectively carry
but whose fury can heave high the weight
of cities, of continents, even of ages loaded high
in history

and so (strong athlete from the
human Athens that centres greatness) you run
with your torch alighting yet further torches
in your travels through the cosmos

and so
tireless healer you bring your mysteriously
healing powers to my painfully bruised mind
and cool its mid-African eye-blinding blazing
heat with the gentleness of an English spring where
green bathes the eye into calm clarity.

21:5:60

The Cosmic Princes II

Clear in the head as the clock's
hour-announcements in the night-morning
of the day and etched in neatness
in this Rameau's image in the
mirror the flow of this pen delineated.

And sharp as
the knife's plunge
his intellect cut
to the layer where
clearly drawn are
the architectural
plans of harmony's
formations.

And the breadth (that is pregnant
with the opposing twins of pomp
and delicacy) and the deepened yet
transparent colour (that is the
threads in this well-woven heavy-
and-yet-light baroque cloth)
of the Rameau music-philosophic
worlds can pass unaffected through
the cold lakes of human indifference
with iced forgetfulness for they
remain absolute and untouched.

25:4:61

The Cosmic Princes III

DEDICATED
TO
PROFESSOR R. GUY HOWARTH



REVALUATIONS



The seasons have changed unnaturally
and untimely théy (the lost) sow their seed to
the steel winter for at twenty they burn
with the over-ripeness of the tomato to
rot well at forty;

the umbilical chord of their
youth is out seven months too soon and
sterility is the blood of their nightly adventures
since deeply the strychnine of their reality is
thoroughly in the rich meat-dish of their
external presentation spiced by ancient morality
worn too far into diluting corruption to be pepper
for them who are the scorched trunks in
the blackened landscape once in the tropically
growing forest of a civilization!

To kill the sun
accept – that final
acidic act in the
black nullifying of
the charcoaling end!

21:vi:1959
Revaluations I

Things passing in the cold passage of sad
time have with them the winter grate's burning
last embers and to this dying air there's thrown fast
fading light once coloured through honey'd topaz,
oh

and how my fertile-seeded hours are
thrown on lost soils of lying BA
degrees and a death-dull-agented Old English
lecturer or a buried historian or even
spilling out my moments in sooted social
engagements

when I should be
riding the high seas of music and
climbing the Everests of poetry's long
mountain ranges!

26:vi:1959
Revaluations II

We pass on: the breath-important is ultimately dissolved in
the growth of the eternal spirit and
só the mind is absolute.

Gleaming even bleakly the pale morning
is edged in unseen ice and the
sun (on his winter estate in his
bottomless depth of blue territory) is
bravely braving a hard-formed smile
dissolved into skiing-strips of white cold.

How I mourned
and the tears iced
into diamonds on my
cheeks
but now this is
past and what mattered then is
insignificant-labelled now
since
the passage on death-seas in storm-nights
has landed me on the soil of my
own country remote into mistiness
from reality!

19:vii:1959
Revaluations III

In the murky vault of the bat shrieking
hour birth's life-glass is shattered by the
shrillingly jarring motor brakes' jamming and
down!

down! it comes the grinning yellow
sulphur-rain of death's world!

Who shall deny it?
no I've seen the testimonial
in rat's blood on pig's stomach
skin...

forget not the sucking of the old
marsh and the complicated childbirth,
forget not the gangrened limbs of
cancer's rotten prince and the burning of
the radio-active mortar!

This is the burning before the raining
but look!

look at us! we're scorched
too far for spring's love-touch!

Yes, yes indeed – its another
peace paved in pain
and see the dusk? is not the
last breath tapestried in the glowing
tangerine of time's short redemption?

13:viii:1959

Revaluations IV

Finis

Death is the gentle balsam to soothe
the mutilated spirit, death the cutter
of fire-burning earth-iron bonds, death
the silent rain to smother the simmering
of the lava burning in the sulphur pit
has come and
drugged away the pain from
the festering sore of living,
come and freed me
from the musico-poetic tyranny!

Silence is now (well in the
next moment) my cloak and protector
and you must bolt the doors,
close shutters, cut the telephone
wires, take your salary and go...
be dismissed
for what I am now
and what I was with you
are not the same... divided by
time and space
and the transgressing
away into death's silence.

22:viii:1959
Revaluations V

Bat-winged and eagle-clawed he
came that was conceived in sulphur
pits and the evil-filth dripped from
him like cancer-fingers from the cancerous!

18:x:1959
Revaluations VI

Morituri me salutant;

you have gone from me like the
streams of youth suddenly leave in
middle life,

oh you have gone...

Time has lost its
sequence and the dusk
of the deadly quiet
came to rest on me for
time has lost its
sequences.

Here at your grave I stand...
open and yet closed in iron chains;
born of the spirit's nobility yóu (my
issue) die before the ripe of the
life-seasons.

There's not time – are my
trunks packed? the car seen
to? the palazzo of great living
locked? are the servants paid?

Don't concern yourself with the
jewellery – they're yesterday's gems

and shall not be worn in the light
again! where's my black veil –
no I need it now, nów to hide
my face that has seen death.

Alone now I make
my isolation-journey,
alone I walk the
night of the last travel
for I have become only a
husk and I have not existed beyond
the burial,
alone now I enter
obsolete obscurity and there become
erased.

24:xi:1959
Revaluations VII

In the ruins of life's long devastation transition is clearly taking its letter-form and stands as an announcement of the bridge from where return is 'impossible' labelled.

Yes I hear, dó hear the
monotone hammer-blows of impartial
time in the demolition of the cracked
house of my life and indeed
no I shall not go to look where
my mutilated limbs are spread over
my life's accident

nor do I wish
to see those who were
earth-friends for
the balance-system
has changed since
my youth and now
in my agedness I
am too tinted with
the grey of decay to
transfuse any life
into them...

At last you have come!
I have waited the full hell-burning cycles
of three times five years and

now you have come!

cut the

breath-core, cút it hastily!

nów my spirit is freed, nów the

transition through time is over and

my once-red blood turns gold with

the gradual disintegration of the 'I'

into the wholeness (yet nothingness) of eternity!

I:xii:1959

Revaluations VIII

Cold isolation lays thick the air of
my occasional breathing as the summit of my
grey'd spirit's aim-devoid high-heart-beating
restless pilgrimage to nowhere

and nów

in this night that has smothered out all
living my once-urgent cry (drawn deep from
the ages of life) is still-born and I wait...
not for the avalanche of a changing, a
happening but I wait,

yet if God was a
truth-vibrating all-containing force why should
now His yet-never-moulded visitation be frozen
in unreality seas, where now His tireless
blades to cut through to rebirth-redemption?

divided

from the belonging instinct of the warm embracing
outer-world, divided from the mind-spirit's
pre-issued knowledge of eternal blooms
into life

I am more of cold not, of
nebulous never-was... not through stone death
but within a pulsating body.

12:xiii:1959

Revaluations IX

Episode forms a painting, fades off,
is now past and only a dim
reminiscent echo in the hollow of time,
is the remnant whose importance-dominance
was in that time electrocuting my soul...

passing – remember –
a pageant, a dream,
a passing – a remembering –
times lost are ever dead
and all the suffering is
condemned and left in a
heap to be ashed away into
nought's never-nights...

the breeze came, the breeze disappeared...
I saw you, loved you, forgot you...
those lips were on me but I know not
of it now... the three hundred
year-circles of branching oaks were
cut to root and not a member of
this generation even vaguely recalls this –
we waited for the aircraft and then
the train, neither came, we went to
bed and were forgotten...
the beginning, then the end
were lost not to be found in the salt
lake of life!

15:xii:59
Revaluations X

What is the Christmas Reality?

Yesterday (and that night before) they sang
sombre greyed songs whose words proclaimed
pompously the joy-rillings in the earth at
the coming birth of the Prince but the
music was over-burdened camels in the
wastes of deserts

and at later hours

I was bungled to church where a priest
monotoned like hammers on solid granite
and though his words spelt out some
miraculous purification his voice creaked
under an over-load for this place
was tired since the aged orange of the
message had hardened in dryness.

Then I dared to wander in the mind
on Christian territory but found no fountain
and little vegetation; we had awe
overshadowing us under carnivorous wings
yet it was all the acidness of the said Godly
revenge that tore the muscles in our
lives and smashed our skulls in death
... of love there were only cold mummies.

26:xii:1959

Revaluations XI

'Tis not in human relationships that
happiness is hatched or revived!
Our view of the other is our view of
ourselves with the other inserted in an
appropriate spot!
Our feelings are more whiskey-intoxicating
when the being is not known in
personality to our fickle minds for
exceedingly then is our understanding and
kindness' film-projections!
Yet happiness of the one is a howling
lie – even the martyr finds his
mystical oneness with an outsider to his
mind!
If we had a maker there's no praise
laurels for His pottery work which
has little of the delicacy ingredient!

26:xii:1959
Revaluations XII

Talk – walk – talk into a stalk;
incessant chatter, instant clatter
back to burning, the beginning of Babel
yellowing with pink a-yelling,
a-jankling of incessant chatter.

cursing-biting
into hitting-spitting,
feet fall – feet fall –
feet fell
and it began again!
this age of madness –
moaning madness murdering
into muck macabre!

Wealth's victory in viceroy's whipping –
'tis a great age, slaves abundant,
the machine does the mangling
and the mind's mountainous
Much committed its suicide strongly soundly
confoundedly...

There was a time
where such a one
would wine in weltering
martyrdom or so is
said most amiably!

The blind did the seeing,
the lame the driving,
the deaf the telephoning,
the dumb the oratory
and we believed the all bluntly...
oh it's burst, the bubble's burst, the bull-frog's bloated!
save us from the saturation with the self!

26:xii:1959

Revaluations XIII

Black nights linger into the
low of nordic buildings in ugly-
duckling-ice shapes, in stealing-space
thieves' shape; oh and it's
been humid-hard to know you who
would be only at the I-enslaving
prize...
the years have run wild into yellow weeds
for why no warmth-kiss at your delayed coming?
the key was F minor though I played wrongly
in B flat before obscurity chords obliterated
you in the rain storm from my dim view...
don't let the noise disturb – 'tis only my
coffin arriving; the funeral? couldn't
be bothered, will be dead then and
have paid heavy insurance for the cremation;
oh, the doctor?

when will I be dead?
tomorrow? oh that's thankful-knotched news!
the flowers have pollen in spring and the
trees fruit in summer, the autumn has
ripening-business

but the winter, oh the
winter, what a place the winter, an
affair the winter, my watery home the
winter... oh yes the winter...
dear winter, watery winter...

26:xii:1959
Revaluations XIV

Once nobility mounted thrones,
rule fell to fat bourgeoisie to fall
once more into maliciously snug
intellectuals' sour lap and there it
sits distortedly for this faded
generation.

Once aristocracy gave
orders drawn from times
past, then bourgeoisie
talked suburbanly of
democracy, now the
professor (whose vision is
through a small water-pipe)
dictates unrestrainedly.

Once we lost heads,
then we grew smug
and respectable with
filth under cover,
now our lives run
amok, our human
dignity ripped into
strings, our spirits bruised
into festering purple-blue
and the Freuds and
the madhouse-released
pursing-lipped professors (who

carry the foul odours of
vulgarity and of over-sweetened
conceit, who carry the
death of civilizations)
they have the validity-seals to their distorted laws!

27:xii:1959
Revaluations XV

The blackness suddenly graciously
parted momentarily and a long-road-
travelled moonbeam of intense hope
revealed the high curling sea of
earthly life in all its rise and fall
into, over, through old civilizations
till the think skins peeled from my blind
eyes to dimly perceive (in the far) high
mountains on the stretching shores of
immortality!

28:xii:1959
Revaluations XVI

Why the haste (you ask unceremoniously)
why the hot-heated haste?

you know

not the pebbles' fall to the unfathomed
lake's dark floor, you know not the
black sign in the sky at dawn and
dusk, you have not heard the hoarse
call of a death bird (never seen) in the
middle of the tarred tropical night, in the
middle of the black polar night, you
know not the flaming urgency new in
the voice of the stranger who visits
me suddenly, unpreparedly at all hours
of night and day, of these you know
not

but the signs herald the time
and of my narrow existence but few
drops are left;

let me work in the waves
of strength when they come to preserve
(in the refrigeration of words) some of
what worth I might be, only some
since time's decree bars (in electric
barded wiring) more than but a small degree.

1:i:1960

Revaluations XVII

The transition preparations must be soon seen
to so end any waiting, any skin-pricks
of delay since what was must now
be radically eradicated and little of
swaying choice is there but to consider the
wild riding speculations of what is to
be if death be not but the disintegration
into minute dusk particles.

3:i:1960

Revaluations XVIII

It is not time but the myth of time that
destroys us!

glaciers and mountain rock
roll – dówn!

dówn!

dówn!

up on the crest of the wave, up
on the one fine feather of the rising
gull, up on the carpenter-bees' high
mate-flight!

tumbling to crashing
cascade coming in the storm of hail,
the wind up-rooting of the three-
centuried oak, the tearing wound
of soil-flesh in the earthquake epidemic
expeditions!

then quietly the freezing
moonlight plays sleepily with the
drowsy warm evening and the
velvet-creamed cooing of the tropical
African dove in regular harmonic
rhythm sings out his lieder recital.

5:i:1960

Revaluations XIX

A second Hitler and another world war could be produced if anti-Semitic outbursts in Europe... and this week South Africa... took a grip on the world, Prof. I. Abrahams, Chief Rabbi of the Cape, said today. He referred to the rash of swastikas and anti-Jewish slogans which have appeared throughout Britain since the synagogue at Cologne was desecrated on Christmas Eve as 'sinister'.

Eastern Province Herald: 6th January 1960

In the black tar of
the sucking shame-marsh
sink you rotting Christian
nations, sink and suffocate
for what brain in human
frame can calculate the
high toll of your seweraged
guilt? sink you nazi
untermenschen for in the
ethics of honour the uttering
of your names is equated
to the death-penalty for all
that is human and
risen above the muck-waters
of a thousand orange-tongued
evil!

If prophecy be mine
to know the time each

Christian nation must
again fall to shatter
on the hard granite
of righteousness if
Jewish genocide has
been of their dirt-ducoed
lust-hours for what
child can claim life
if matricide makes
her being?

Oh Jews I weep, in
black mourning I weep
with you not only for the
'was' but also for the 'is'
and where I sit this hour
the elements of the day are
mourning with me until now
the outer world has become
a slivered mirror to reflect
the large tear whose form
my innermost being is taking.

6:i:1960

Revaluations XX

A basket of deep rose and white carnations
among deep pink, white and mauve
to purple asters.

Only in the once shall you be that basket's
accessories (ladies of nature's mystery tales), only in
the once for as I see you your moments are
countable but the deep rose calls out the old
myths from their trance, the sly pinks captivate the
old heart of the air and the white? what of the white?

Breath-stealing in the blending of basket
and blooms (whose taint leaves this hour uniquely
in beauty's ever-caressing hands)
but pássing,
passing is all existence and you and I are (in
this eighth of a second) túmbling, túmbling for
tomorrow you shall be to compost and I? what of the 'I'?

19:i:1960
Revaluations XXI

To Grumiaux –
The Belgian Violinist

Like the sudden discovery of buried greatness
in excavations of relentless searchings you
brought embalmed Brahms to me unaltered, undecayed
in the rough passage of time's high seas and
then you gave him a new spring, a new autumn
so that for this once the hour stood motionless
until we were too drunk to care for the pain of
poignant passing.

19:i:1960

Revaluations XXII

HUMID HUMANITY



DEDICATED TO
ESTELIANA
IN WHOM
SYMPATHY AND SATIRE
UNITED ULTIMATELY IN UNDERSTANDING



Oh quite charming –
but that is the prick to the
nerve of suspicion
and he knows how to entice
sympathy until she is in
his arms –
then she's for pulp in
those the most elephant of tusks
and trunks where muscles are
made in the mangling.

Oh and he's
Christian-enshroud and Christian-conscious
which is quite acceptable
if the night is neatly erased.

Quite human with
as many costumes to wear as
the play-persons he acts
 who are actual
and real on this side
of the foot-lights
 but do
not notice the nature of
the make-up markings – their
unnatural lines will unnerve
lonely whistles of warfare
in your internal self if seen!

Oh kind too when the
haul is good, otherwise
a little less so than Biblically
accepted.

Not marked by the chalked
word 'Extraordinary' on the
crate containing him

his ordinariness

is the ordeal-ovary in the
sperm's (manufactured in his mind) fertilization
of the conflict-child!

31:iii:1959

Humid Humanity I

The crimson flame of her love became
smouldered in the dark night of his
purple arrogance and while she grew
to a fire-tornado he calmly crusaded and
unholy did holy acts so to carry his
shield of cool Christianity over his murky pretence
till her burning dagger carved deep into
his covered soul so that her dying
drew from him the spirit's blood leaving
life erupting in the volcano of torment!

28:ix:1959

Humið Humanity II

In the heat of life's smoke-filled room
he burst out his heaving turbulence in
all the corrugated-iron waves of a heavy
sea and there suddenly appeared in the
furrows the rays dyed in their travels
through the deep gems prominent on the soils
of his existence

for out of the murkiness of
his inner-world's hell-descent his energy
comes to oscillate far into the spheres' heaven
spraying out orbs of deep red, tan-amber
beauty perfected previously in the iron-tongued
purification and thus the balance of the scale
in time's weighing is yet again the reality of the
history-circle.

28:x:1959

Humid Humanity III

They are gall in black bile
for theirs is the slow murder of
the mind mercilessly executed in the
violence-bulldozering of the human
vegetation into théir pattern since
into what is not the black of their
ideas their copious ambition plants
his purple nails to slowly cause
the septicaemia of any streams whose
passage passed through beauty-soils!

And all this atomic
warfare they throw to
the world shielded by
the grotesque advertisements
of good Christians, understanding
and money-liberal
parents, moral-selfishlessness
and outwardly acquired
middle-class hard-working
Cannibals!
feeders on human
existence, civilization-demolishers!
yóu are the death-disease carriers!
yóu the infant slaughters!
fall curses, fall thick and unremittently
for every age of eternity on these arrogant eaters!

26:xii:1959
Humid Humanity IV

The Young Israeli

Burnt into the health of bronze by the
ancient desert-sun of his Israel, proud
in the muscle-working hours that resuscitated
his antique-valued dignity he strides
across the road

and the life-beggar is
the horror of the nightmare
that is attributed to the barbarians' human
attainments by the impartial psychiatrist of
time

and yét is this glass-brittle pride
the answer to the complicated algebraic
equation of existence, is this relentless
mountain-climbing to dominate the reins
in the intricately curving paths of human to
human bonds (untouched by the high fevers
of nation-consciousness) the life's painting
crystallizing the unheard words of human
oneness, is this the answer to build bridges
from midnight to midday?

But who
can erase that hé carries the lion's
royalty for strong princeliness, who dares place a
question mark to his ancient aristocracy?

14:i:1960

Humið Humanity V

To Dieter Mahncke

Sense being more his degree to the surface
he yet carries the fertilized embryo of sensibility
in the deeper reaches of his being from where
the delicate light rays ride fast to contact
some inner melodic line sometimes breath-holding
in its perfection-forms, sometimes carrying the
slight ruffles of uncertainty tempered by
the symmetry-imposing intellect and sometimes
giving in a shimmering a blurred vision of
passing pageantry growing in greatness to
come on the measures of future times

but always
of delicacy-edges developing into the firm clasp
of friendship with a greater strength from
manliness-fruits in its texture than ever have the
rock-cut rough-blunt outwardly-granite
man-act whose core is disintegrating sand
and

clearly he becomes hourly a new pillar
in the great buildings of ancient humanity's
mind-attainments where the eternal princes
bring their offerings in their perfection-products rising
high into infinity's airs.

1:ii:1960

Humid Humanity VI

To Tercia

A little girl somewhat more than on the fourth
step on life's ladder but the wisdom sceptres
are at your disposal and under almost complete
rule house to parent, brother and sisters come
when you give your autocratic commands either with
a cry or a smile or an immovable silence
immeasurable in its aristocracy drawing dignity
from the immense wells of time's particular
histories so that we are caught in the
wonder-infusions before older monuments than
your earth-body's years could in material-logic
store

but who shall dare calculate
the high sky-stretch of your great age's
pinnacles?

1:iii:1960

Humið Humanity VII

To Frouke Brandt

How strange this sudden clear light showing
old gems I have not seen glitter before for
when could I have drunk so deeply from
the undiluted ether-grasped eternal-wined waters?
when? when all of humanity seem cut from
the lines of life, when all kindness was only
in the unbelievable creation of the child's
untouched mind before he died at the third
gate-passing into the slightly colder fourth year?
oh yes it comes like drops to the parched lips
– too late and yet a relief for the second
before the run of the last crisis...

how strange it is
that you carry these children in your womb
and are you the last one of this long line?

2:ii:1960

Humið Humanity VIII

**To The Right Honourable Harold Macmillan on his
speech from the Castle in Cape Town this evening**

This voice to whom all listen as if it's the
church-message of the Sunday, as if it carries
the one sole solution to delicate intricacies whose
subtleties
evade the mind to lead unavoidingly into marshes,
this voice that tunes the radio-streams of great
history into the words carved completely from strong
ripeness, it is this voice that has greatness
in its blood vessels, that calls out of the deep floorless
wells of understanding

and who shall not see
its nobility of ancient dignity who was born
of kindness and her husband righteousness?

4:ii:1960

Humid Humanity IX

Who would surmise the spirit's strong body
in him who (under the elegance of youth's deceiving)
can talk more of immaturity in words when the
reality carries a full load of ripeness in the
lower reaches of his personality textured out of
the finer fibre to weave a pattern that (in touches)
suggests the perhaps of future nobility in the
drawing-rooms where his own will be well formed
against the of the spirit's other princes?

But what I could uncover of turbulence-rides
through the high nights of painless pain,
through the grey-cold morning of descending
disappointment, in what Sparta was this noble
Athenian made a man beyond the three
dimensions and who can calculate
the full of his deep-stored strength?

Listen not to his words but hear the
lie in their overtones! kind sensitivity has
here a tall home built in the older
architecture of vintaged delicacy all
dormant in the low of this being yet to blaze out
in one day of the future's many and then shall time
degree his full honours in understanding's high
attainment only alive in the fields beyond the first
high hurdles, beyond the deceitful first skin!

11:ii:1960
Humið Humanity X

To Roma

In the hourless hour above life you come to me and seem to me like the thin-skinned orange whose hold is an eternity of human life's sweeter juice and I feel in your breath the ancient substance of majestic kindness, of the old myths of towering humanity and 'tis as if the meanness-cast of the earthly-levelled sojourn is your mind's bold acceptance but the great being of yóur timelessly winged spírit cánnót, will nótt éver be thus boundaried, be thus put into contours that has none

and oh hów I búrn, how I strétch out the hands to come to the close of your being and in the vision of unabated night (that my inner eye perceives in the dried life of humanity) who would have known that such a flame burnt for the spirit's honours? burnt and knew not it burnt a living monumental torch for the greatness-reality's cosmic-vast truths in its deep sleep always unconscious of its ówn óther life

but I (who am ever-old, who carry always the centuries in my life) I know these vast patternings, I know thís that striving words can yet not hold its meanings and it's at your half-way house that I drink again (once in each of the millenniums) to continue my lengthening ever-journeys.

17:ii:1960

Humid Humanity XI

I love you – what móre but I love you?
unasked for, uninvited I love in the high passions
of youth's ravings yet am ever tempered by my
antiquity, it's not yóú but the spirit of
you that I (in mystical rites) evoke and
I bow to the fullness of your nobility, to the
muscular strength of your humanity

and yét,

yét

are you in indifference's robes, careless of my
spirit's honours, callous to my very breathing?
but then the duo-question of is this the cast of
the outer for protection? or is this the fibre to the
life-core?

unanswered I stíll lóve yóú and
the need to fill the empty vases of artists' high
designing in my waning life with the great
strength-wines of your being's endless storehold
becómes a hígh fláming bláze úrgent in its
callings to your unheeding existence.

18:ii:1960

Humið Humanity XII

In the morning I need you like the lungs air
at birth, in the night how I used you as
the body blood

bút you yóu need never grant
me one miserably-vague thought and yét hold
health as a pebble in your strong hand –
too, too old am I, too wrinkled and now in
the autumnal light of my existence I have
drawn weighty from my youth-sources sorely
dried by the grave flowers that adorn sombrely
my head's hair in their arum-lily white for
the last heart-beating effort to spring's fertility
that nów ónly yóu can give graciously –

too

late, too late and now I must fall like
petals into the grave, like the gold of autumn's
leaves,

alone is my only home now since not
again shall your flaming eyes bring warmth
to my freezing rooms of living.

18:ii:1960

Humid Humanity XIII

I have not seen your flesh nor (in the probability-prong's probing of the future) even shall yét you have caught me in a net of interest and
I spark out questions like stars shooting in the dark of the night to find the symbol's meaning of the laughing dimples (are they of kindness?), of the regularity of co-ordinating features (are they of balance's clothing), of the muscular fullness of face and neck (is it of the spirit's indomitable strength?)

You would be amazement-drenched should the mysterious night reveal my mind's tendrils that search to know the spirit in the mind armoured in the head of a swimming star in the local newspaper's pages
but yet I ask
and must yet remain in speculation's long winding passages as to Neil of the Old Ridge.

20:ii:1960

Humid Humanity XIV

That I vibrated with the love for you did not matter in your
travellings, that need of you made me pale as my
hopes washed away could not be considered and
each hour with you was dying again but you
realised and used your domination;

time has had
considerable interlude and many days parted
us mercifully while the ginger of complexion no
longer races me to unwanted excitement nor does Dvorak's
symphonic New World (which recall the nobility trends of
you to my unwilling mind) wake fast-stabbing longing
in me but love you, need you I still do!

yet
prophecy is my cult (for yours of 'scientific'
religion you use only as a weapon and
believe little its oddly assorted proportions) and
I draw from future time seven-faced isolation
for your mate and sympathy of understanding shall
thén not exist to soothe your child-whims though
still I love you!

21:iii:1960

Humid Humanity XV

Suddenly the high shriek of the cacophonous cackle in the discord-cracking coarse sequence has caught the sympathetic vibrations of oneness's high-lyric symphonic sonata where you (the violin) and I (the piano) sing the spacious harmonies of the spirit's duo fusing into the ever-unity

and where you lead I follow for you to let me sing my momentary-alone chordal song of masculine individuality in high integration with the yet future passages.

And now (my prince)
we dissolve the essence-powders
of the spirit's pleasant
tropically-exotic garden
in the landscape where
the orchid-mauves suggest
eternity and the throbbing
greens continued-strength in
the subtly mingling fragrances
of our strength-increasing
understanding.

Who would have wished it thús?
who could conceive an apex-architecture
arising superiorly to thís the stately
gabled (limb-stretching) giant that promises
to hold a full measure of our friendship
that would lead to an entourage of
strength built into tallness's fair children – each

an aspect of our friendship-carvings for
the casts of mountainously monumental constructions
in the spirits' vintaged cantata?

26:ii:1960

Humid Humanity XVI

NOTES ON THE CONTRAPUNTAL NATURE OF *HUMID HUMANITIES XVI*

The notes on this poem were originally made when I first wrote the poem. This manuscript was lost and I have now had to rely on memory to record the notes again.

The notes deal primarily with the fugue on a vertical level; that is to say with the fugue of images. The horizontal fugue, or the fugue of 'music' has been used to further illuminate the themes (the groups of forces) in the poem. I am here referring to my essay, 'On the Personalities of the Poet and Poetry' at the end of the Tragedy, Triumph and Tender Touches group of poems.

PRELUDE

The first section of the poem is a prelude. The harsh sounds of the 'k' and spitting 's', 'z', and 'sh', which make the 'i' and 'ee' sounds in high and shriek harsh as well, (suddenly the high shriek of the cacophonous cackle in the discord-crackling coarse sequence has caught) of the disturbance in the friendship are first resolved to light staccato sounds and rhythms (sympathetic vibrations of oneness's high-lyric symphonic), the neutral sounds (sympathetic, lyric, symphonic) and the ringing 'i' sound (vibrations, high), and ultimately into the high integration of the duo (violin-piano) sonata.

In sound and rhythm the poem now becomes more lyrical. It flows more, is more harmonious, and so gains greater breadth. '... sonata where you (the violin) and I (the piano) sing the spacious harmonies of the spirit's dup fusing into the ever-unity'.

The two elements in the friendship (where two instruments blend so well they sound like one) are its breadth ('spacious harmonies') and its fusion ('spirit's duo fusing into the ever-unity').

The breadth and union, in turn, lead to a freedom, a lack of possessiveness, where the retaining of 'individuality' is entirely at one with the present and future existence of the friendship. 'and where you lead I follow for you to let me sing my momentary-alone chordal song of masculine individuality in high integration with the yet future passages'.

The 'momentary-alone chordal song' alludes to the second (chordal) theme, which is first introduced on the piano, in the fourth (presto agitato) movement of Johannes Brahms's D Minor Violin-Piano Sonata, No. 3, Opus 108.

CHORAL

The second part is a choral. The pace of the poem becomes slower, more even, and more stately. And the nature setting brings the poem into the domain of peacefulness, which in turn leads to universality (does this friendship now become a religion?). A oneness with the infinite consequently-dominates ('the orchid-mauves suggest eternity').

The 'singer', the bard (poet) addresses himself quietly and with dignity to the prince. A spiritual nobility ('the essence-powders of the spirits') and a richness ('tropically-exotic garden') are the elements in the placid tenor of the song.

The 'essence-powders of the spirits' pleasant tropically-exotic garden' are to be dissolved into 'the landscape where the orchid-mauves suggest eternity'. Thus through this friendship the friends are to gain a greater perception of eternal things and with that comes a storehold of strength ('continued-strength) in the subtle mingling fragrances of our strength-increasing understanding').

The oneness of the friendship, which mirrors the infinite, is brought out in the rhythmical flow of the lines and in the way the images gently 'smudge' into each other.

FUGUE

The third part of the poem is a triple fugue, that is to say there are three themes. (A 'theme' in these poems stands for a group of forces. I here again refer to the essay 'On the Personalities of the Poet and Poetry'.

The themes are:-

- i) The friendship theme ('Who would have wished it thus?').
Inherent in this question is the fact that the actuality supersedes expectation. There is, consequently, a sense of amazement.
- ii) The 'apex-architecture' theme.
This theme gives the sense of a hierarchy and thus of order. And the quality of stretching towards the unattainable ('apex'), which is inherent in this image, bestows a sense of 'greatness' on the form this friendship takes.
- iii) The 'stately gabled (limb-stretching) giant' theme.
Here the allusion to Cape-Dutch architecture suggests this 'giant' is one rather of breadth than length.
The 'arising superiorly' of the 'apex-architecture' theme to the

‘stately gabled (limb-stretching) giant’ again brings out the element of amazement. It seems impossible for anything to go beyond the ‘stately gabled (limb-stretching) giant’.

- iv) The ‘apex-architecture’ theme, since it rises upwards in imagery and rhythm, suggests that nobility of the spirit. But in the ‘stately gabled (limb-stretching) giant’ theme, which is broad in imagery and rhythm, it is the nobility of the flesh that is portrayed. In the first theme (Who would have wished it thus), which also rises upwards rhythmically, the ordered and superior nature of the friendship is shown.

It is the rhythm in the statement of the themes that emphasize this.

‘Whò wòuld hàve wíshed ít thús?
whò còuld conceive an ápèx-árchitèctùre
arísing supèrìòrlý to thís the státelý
gáblèd (límb-strétching) gíánt’

In the first theme (Whò would have wished ít thús?) the movement is upwards and although it broadens out at the end, it continues to climb.

Similarly the second theme (whò could concéive an ápèx-árchitèctùre) works upwards and tends to broaden towards the end.

We then have a codetta (arísing supèrìòrlý to) which leads to the ‘flesh’ or third theme (thís the státelý gáblèd (límb-strétching) gíánt, which is broad and on earth.

‘to hold a full measure of our friendship’ develops the first (‘friendship’)

theme ('of our friendship') and the 'stately gabled (limb-stretching) giant' theme, since the latter theme must house 'a full measure' of the wine of the friendship.

'that would léad to an èntóuráge of stréngth' in imagery and rhythm, develops the broad, earthy theme ('stately gabled (limb-stretching) giant').

'built into tallness's fair children' develops the 'apex-architecture' theme ('tallness's') and the 'friendship' theme ('fair children') – the children are the unity born from the friendship).

'– each an aspect of our friendship-carvings' puts the second ('apex-architecture') and third ('stately gabled (limb-stretching) giant') themes in relation to the first ('friendship') theme.

'the casts of mountainously monumental constructions' develops the second ('apex-architecture') and the third ('stately gabled (limb-stretching) giant') themes concurrently. Mountains are broad ('stately gabled (limb-stretching) giant') and high ('apex-architecture'). Both the 'stately gabled (limb-stretching) giant' and 'apex-architecture' themes are monumental, and since both these themes have architectural images, they are constructions. Rhythmically, as well as in sound, the 'music' fugue has broadened considerably, as has the fugue of images ('mountainous monumental').

'in the spirits' vintaged cantata' (where the broadening is maintained but where the fugue of sounds and rhythm and the fugue of images start an upward movement as well) develops all three themes at the same time! 'spirits' develops the 'apex-architecture' theme; 'vintaged', which suggests earthiness, develops the 'stately gabled (limb-stretching) giant' theme as

well as the 'friendship' theme (the vintaged wine of the friendship); and 'cantata' which, as is the case in the prelude, refers to the music in the friendship, develops the 'friendship' theme.

The last word of the poem, 'cantata, unites the fugue with the prelude, where the friendship not only becomes highly integrated and 'harmonious' (as opposed to 'cacophonous cackle') music for the first time but where this process of 'musical' union is the very core of the prelude itself. In this way the poem becomes a cycle.

28:viii:1961

Can I ever obliterate in my mind the memory
of Dachau's ovens? shall I ever-mourn? yes, yés not
only for the grotesque child of the murdered twentieth
century
but for the dehydrated pageant of all history, for its
blue-face inquisition, for its rotten-toothed war of
Thirty Years, for the guts-ripping, blood-poisoning,
arched-nailed hitlerian misbirth of greed, of visions of
dunged greed – who can say there is a God?

And now tears
what good in your
pouring, what good
oh tears?

Historian you lie hideously – your doctorate is in
distortion

and you humanity, with you I must in
devastatingly passionate grief mourn the quinized
widowhood
of all life,

tell me not of the happiness-remedy – 'tis the
decayed
illusion in the blind's eye, the deaf's ear, the mad's
mind, on the dumb's tongue!

oh lét mé móúrn, do not
abate these strychnine-pains for I am crucified for
what I (as a human) am.

28:ii:1960

Humid Humanity XVII

Beloved how now I your warm flow of unity-wines need,
now after the short moments of the bracelet of your being
around my delicately carved wrist in the short unity-
passage
of last night when too your spirit's flaming lips burnt
deeply
into the milk-textured skin of my love-vibrating forehead
– oh Beloved I crush the last juice-drops from the memory
so smudged by time's cruelty for to be thus ever, thus
closely
fused into the kiss of the spirits' merging into one would
be
another Olympus, another mythical heaven!

Cannot you come sweeping
in on the afternoon's lazy wind
to hold hard and high
the small body of my fragile
life in the play-game of unity?
cannot your magnificently
sculptured hands (created by
consecrated beauty herself) come and
touch my pale-with-urgency cheeks?

When again shall we dance the stately pavane
In our nobility-home where we are beyond time's
soilings and breathe immortality's ethers, when again
shall our dual presence weave the greatness-

embroidery into the tapestry of understanding dyed in
unity, when again your burning kiss in the cool
night of life

when áll thís now that sea (with land
and reckless time) has drawn us so tortuously apart?

28:ii:1960

Humid Humanity XVIII

**To D.J. Opperman, the Afrikaans Poet who read his
poems of the Human in the Old Cosmos in the SABC
Afrikaans-Poetry Broadcast this afternoon**

I did not know you in this frame before and did
not see how these curving lines of the cosmos cut
deeply your mystically upward stretching existence
(yet ever in gravity's victory down) until the blood clotted
só into unmistakably transcending forms incisively mirroring
the spirit's long journey through humanity.

28:ii:1960

Humid Humanity XIX

To Her Royal Highness The Princess Margaret on her
engagement to Mr. Anthony Armstrong-Jones

The long happiness-fingers have run across the
sky and in their touchings are the glitterings of radiance
born for our Princess who must feel the full impression
from the warmth-kiss of nobly-robed unity,
 nów flames
a new coned-torch in her richly pathed future, nów
we are singing the choral of ancient gratitude for
Her Royal Highness, Our Princess
 and nów too we
send thought-gifts to her good-fortune bearer who
(’tis told) carries the vintaged-mellowed aristocracy of
the spirit’s timeless lineage.

28:ii:1960

Humid Humanity XX

'... Marita Gier, 18, who has been forced to resign as head-girl of a dual-medium school in Parys (South Africa) because she is a Roman Catholic. The school principal asked her to resign after some members of the school committee objected to her religion. She has been chosen head-girl by her 16 classmates, all of whom are Afrikaans-speaking and members of the Dutch Reformed Church. Marita, who came to South Africa with her parents eight years ago, speaks Afrikaans flawlessly and is one of the most popular girls in the school.'

Eastern Province Herald, Tuesday, 1st March, 1960.

Yét another death, yét another funeral procession in
black bleaching to grey – in blood of Christ blood
is spilt, in blood of righteousness righteousness is
bled pale to ashen death, sháll thére be not a
break in these loops of devastation's chains, sháll
the coal-tar sink uncurbed eternally on the
ant-life of humanity murdering humanity?

Will the skull of
my prayers be smashed
against the irons of
endless falling, the thick
concrete of unheeding
without the lull for a
hundredth part of the
atom-invisible second?

Oh tears of thickened blood pour down
my high-vibrating face for there cannot be
an end to this river of blood whose flow
moves further and further down to the subterraneous
seas where the high waves of tragedy break on
the shores of unredeemed pain in the bleeding
black-blue fury of the hate's erupting
flame-pointed fusillading hurricanes!

1:iii:1960

Humid Humanity XXI

I (who am old, aged I measures of millenniums)
how can I (my children) tell you the all of
the many things (encrusted in ancient clarity)
which I know, which are in the drawing-rooms
of my silver-capped and aged-gowned life?
Do you not know that now as I write a
thousand years have passed though to you 'twould
seem less than the five of the hour's sixty minutes
– and I have fully aged through the tall
Gate of one and the three noughts that carry ten?
Do not you know that in each hour I become
and live an eternity from where the words
recorded are burnt on humanity for the healing
of death's (and fear of death's) decayed sores
so that my spirit may gain its full cosmic nobility?

5:v:1960

Humid Humanity XXII

Oh 'tis the weight of age that bows me low
and I (who had no youth) stand in the
full flow of the greyed symbols, óld – wrinkled
before my time is it not then of the mercy-embalmment
that nów I must die to free my soul from
these mountainous granites that burden, over-burden
my ever-shrinking life?

Dear God (to whom
the despair-voices all
raise their yells) cannot
only once my will be granted so to free
my rawly bound being from this hourly pain?
tell me not of its end for no tomorrow thát
shall carry since suffering is synonym to humanity!
cannot You (who are all), séé, féél thát blóód
burning in the urgent cry for my death-redemption
lashing (as a whip on a naked back) through
the nights of existence into the voluminous
blood-seas that flow from my cracked being?

5:iii:1960

Humid Humanity XXIII

Elegy to the Ten Thousand killed when several earthquakes reduced the city of Agadir in North Africa to the ruins of the ghostly – totally collapsed, totally devoid of any human life, wild dogs and jackals now run wild through these ruins

Yét anóther fall, anóther civilization crummed and the dust-powder blowed out on the hot whirl-wind mercilessly twirling life in the spinning of the textureless nothingness – is hope for all humanity ever to be suffocated before the passage from the very womb? in the violently red temper of brutal time's slashing sea-wave ten thousand bodies were washed in bruised blood from the map of existence!

A city is throbbing
heatedly in activity
tonight; tomorrow in
the morning two
thousand (and the five
hundred more) years have
fallen into the ruins
of a mouth-bleeding
cold corpse!

And nów, what nów?

death you agáin burn
deep your markings on life and in my life
for agáin the tears issue from me until the

large forest is dripping from every leaf in its
cold mourning, agáin the dim lights of redemption
are smothered by the black crêpe that must
eternally blindfold the breathers, agáin they
are rudely cut into slices who had suck
from the air but yesterday!

5:iii:1960

Humid Humanity XXIV

Oh my Cape Town 'tis the first of autumns since
our marriage that you and I are splintered apart
and I am shrivelling in the longing needing
your autumnal ripeness to enfold me in the
kiss of three months in honey light – cannot
yóú cóme and draw me back, yóú (who are
laden in the shimmering vapours of rising
mysticism) cánnót yóú (who make the pageantry
of visions in me) draw circumstances together with
your magnet so that I can fly high to sink into
your muscled arms?

6:iii:1960

Humid Humanity XXV

Purification only comes in atonement and só
I sink deep into my motionlessly silent grief
where my being is cold as of marble when
I think of you (oh Jews) and the wounds, yóúr
wounds of the ages are open in front of my
wide (lustreless, stareless) eyes, open and into
them run my tears of blood unrestrained
in their slow flow;

it is ríght that óne of
Christianity must bleed só, it is ríght that
this Christian shall also be a Jew in a
timeless bridge built stone for stone in tears of
pain from an ailing love;

but 'tis more that
is mourned – 'tis the black widowhood of all
humanity whose loss is the kindliness-kiss of
the deeper manly righteousness whose symmetrically
fair body was carved from the eternal muscles
of understanding.

13:iii:1960

Humid Humanity XXVI

**On considering the sudden death of Dirk Jacobus Klink,
husband to Eugénie Hélène Klink van Ketwich Verschuur**

What is life but a short indistinct dream,
the flame of a candle which is no more
when the night's over and the candle gone?

Yet there is still a reality when the visions
of fulfilment journey through this dream
and are remembered isolatedly in the morning,
it is this same reality when the flame of the
candle reveals the pattern of the cosmos kneeling
at the eternal altar of fulfilment so that later
(in the night's dark) we remember it clearly
illuminated in this flame's old-gold light.

17:iii:1960

Humid Humanity XXVII

I know you touched me in the depths of the
long night but at that time I was half of
sleep and understood but in halves
and now
here where I stand at your open grave that
touch burns on my forehead like the nails
into Christ on the ancient cross of the cosmos
but
presently 'twill have passed and then for eternity's
every-cycle I shall be of eternity.

3:iv:1960

Humið Humanity XXVIII

The yellow poison of the unallied alliance
is the rope-chaining of spirit and animal
to equate temporally humanity and its watery
consequences of the changelessly changing battle
that bleeds blue but bleeds before the beginning
and beyond the end,

if only I could be
sure that death would fundamentally finally
cadence this unharmonious symphony but death is
a chord (often discord) in the development
that holds the voice of the opening and that of
the end in the same statement of key –
the dark minor key of living;

now I live on when
far beyond old age – a vibrantly practical
joke as is all humanity.

5:iv:1960

Humið Humanity XXVIX

Not a wisp of sound but silence is
fermenting with noise and not hearing I know
you are talking while what you are saying is as
clear as words without words but as illusive as
words,

‘this is life’ you tell me and I believe
you in halves until I see momentarily that all
and nothing is life,

to confuse the confused
papers further it becomes discordantly clear
that the opposites of white and black, hell heaven,
death and birth are illusion of structure when the
structureless structure is in the evolving and
motionless universe annulling understanding.

6:iv:1960

Humid Humanity XXX

Mourn,

mourn unremittingly, howl timelessly
old heart that now falls into the ever-dark ever-deepening
numbing void from where no return is ever cut through
the
ice of its lifeless air, from where the regular but soundlessly
cacophonous beat is the death's march snarling out its
eternally
accelerated coming without the finality of ever arriving.

15:iv:1960

Humid Humanity XXXI

A heightening shriek slashed the shattering
air and that man (belated
in his growth of six cycles) sank in front of
the bulldozing success-man's over-grown
carriage-machinery snorting indignantly,
insensitively enraged.

How long shall I yet móúrn, hów lóng?
I became the man,
it was mý pain that ripped me yawningly
open with gorilla claws, I felt, faltered
and fell far into a sucking void!

Oh small brown one-bag how I could
have drawn you to my being whose
womb has carried strain-faced
barrenness so long in all its
bleak paleness, how my fingers could have
gently trickled over your forehead and
parted away the rat-tailed hairs, how
perhaps I could have pressed you in
intense closeness and vibrated in my
worn blood to your heightened pulse-beat
of hot life

but 'tis now forever never
since I know you have already passed
beyond time.

26:iv:1960

Humid Humanity XXXII

Black are the drops of blood as rain,
blue the anaemic hour of a choking justice,
naked (humanity) naked in the dynamite blast of
an iced tornado you are in yóúr cannibalism.

Be Chessman a murderer, dancing with high
exhibitionism yóú (who call yourself articulate
American, human justice) are a growing
purple lie!

3:v:1960

Humid Humanity XXXIII

Come now (old one) come and take to bed the blankets
of age to sleep, to sleep old one; you must now
swim deep into the peace of unconsciousness's ruling
after these journeys over the iced fields of humanity
bleeding with wounds that make humid the air
of time,

 come (old one) to bed, to bed to forget (old
one),

'Yes, yes I am old and have the centuries for
the pillars to the vines of my life but see! see
they bear no more grapes!

 how can they in this
atheist winter?'

To bed (old one) to bed and forget the funeral
procession, the mutilation of this suffocating spirit,
smudge away the amputation of your limbs of
living, kill the frost-bite in the soft wool of the
coal-glowing-warm blankets, to bed old, old
one...

15:v:1960

Humid Humanity XXXIV

NOUGHT NEBULOUS



I am and am not
but to what angle
is my motionless life
to move, to what anchorage
 can it claim
 a claim since
 in each hour
 I am out of
 joint with the
 historical moment

and the culls reward-belief
of objectivity in the basket
of compensations is another
quarter to three-quarter
lie while burning truth
 checked closely
 together in the
 long-nailed
 hand of deception
 that alternates dark
 distortion and thin
 clarity as the
 cloak of non-est
 but red reality.

I hope I die and live
and then do neither but
why?

20:vi:1960
Nought Nebulous I

That we were smudged
badly into one once
is nightmarish and
green-black to black-deep
blue strange is that memory –

to meet you
now is to
see something
half recalled
from a dream
moved well into
yesterday.

On moves the road
to another plain, another
field, another mountain –
yesterdays are the desert
sands of the world's dry barren
spaces, on runs the sequence,
on the movements of the beads
of prayer –

notice the
spin of the
wheel, notice
the turning years
walking fast in
the dance of the
changing passing!

Who would call the
Priest for is it a birth

Or a dying? or neither?

you wére to
me but are
not now, others
come and passed
through the same
marble rooms of
my life bít (like
you) they did not
reach the inner warm
recesses of the old
palazzo who swallowed
them in her
detail.

You hold my hand
but I feel cold –

was ever
like glowing stream
from one to the other

or was that but another
inexplicable dream that burns
with a life never found?

21:vi:1960
Nought Nebulous II

Why did you
not come? was it
because the
gate was closed and
you locked the
key to my
home?

Was it because
you guessed not that
you were invited?
Was it because you
feared the wind
of night to come
out for the
passing through the
garden of my
existence?

Too late now
and that you
know for music
has burnt the
marriage-kiss on
the tall of love-creamed
forehead

yet in the quarter
of the moment I suddenly
search for you to discover
you never were.

But then why the
nightmare that was
and 'is' to 'is not'
the reality, why
these passage-journeys
of suggestion when
the night fresh
with distilled
beauty of caressing
velvet-touching cream?

25:vi:1960
Nought Nebulous III

On considering the Death of Mrs Lilian Burton after she was attacked and burnt by Sub-Human Monsters. Her two small daughters were also attacked

The man who found Mrs Lilian Burton and her two children after they had been attacked with petrol on the Mufuliera (Northern Rhodesia) road described in court to-day the condition in which he found the 39-year-old mother.

'She was screaming all the time and was holding a small piece of material in front of her. She was naked apart from that', he said.

She was burnt and her face was terrible to look at. Lumps of her hair had been pulled out.

Passing the Chifubu turn-off he was hailed by a small girl. He stopped, got out and found the girl crying and distressed.

A long track into the bush he saw a European woman with a girl. There was an old African with her. He appeared to be guarding her.

The Cape Argus: Tuesday, 28th June, 1960.

This happened on May 8th, 1960.

Blééd! Blééd!

Nów a deluge of tears
must drown creation for the raw
cuts of death by naked to the bitter winds
of the men in their smoke-drenched
brutality in the swaying stone hanging in the

void between primarily watered animal-plants and
the humanity-cliffs!

Áshes ráín, líght smóther óút, tíme
frééze stíll, lífe be erásed!
let me not in eternity leave the drains
thickly clogged in sorrow-weeds, let me
cry without a sound and live to cry
without breathing!

When the chemicals of resentment and hate create
the nuclear charcoal then thé Dark Ages become
illuminated in the calculation of this coal-burning
time
and are the burnings of mother and daughters
not the fog-signs of it?
Are the risings of the
black Germani in their formless raw-material murky-
asserting acts not the brutal signatures to the
document of the falling age where the pinnacles
of the reason and the volcano pits of naked emotion
(raw with distortions) slush together in the
marsh-lakes that carry the granite antithesis to
clear ascending and its master – high light?

28:vi:1960

Nought Nebulous IV

Robots – red robots!

Two in two minutes
and the ear charges
onto the sea-cliff!

Robots – reddening lights!

Unconcerningly rushing unconscious
of the blaze of violins in seventh
tones and crash-collapsing
Roman buildings!

Raw is the day and raw
the night for the
screw shall crack the
air about unheeding
unhearing he runs into

radio active waves flaming the
death whose validly-warrant
the robots were sighing –
too largely to be seen

Where in life

4:vii:1960

Nought Nebulous Nought Nebulous V

To give is to be disintegrated,
to refrain is the suffering of suffocation,
to live is natural to nature's ordered desires
but to die is the time for breath for relieve.

7:vii:1960

Nought Nebulous VI

To die as gently as moving from
a chair to another,
 to pass as unobserved,
water-obscure, unattractively as the
bleak winter moment of sun cold in it
valuelessness
 is my pain-cry.

7:vii:1960

Nought Nebulous VII

If life is nought-nebulous its very
nothingness is as filled of beauty's
concentrated juices as the orange of
orange puree in the highest day of
its existence,

 if life has the pain
of sordid grey in the nightmare
it also carries the dream where oneness
breathes the fumes of fullness.

9:vii:1960

Nought Nebulous VIII

To feel the steeled much-nights of the
pain-poisoning is of the primarily sunken
plains,

to trans-dance through to
out of space into the golden-blue of
eternal wholes kissed by flaming
divinity is of the high prime vally
high thrown levels

but 'tis

civilization that carries the calm
that detects the one and the
other in one – co-existing, inter-existing
complete in the absolute circle.

9:vii:1960

Nought Nebulous IX

Neither the hour nor the day has
removed,
 neither the house, the
garden nor this bridge from the
old world
 but still the best of
the memory blakes undoubtedly
for she that was carried fourteen
centuries of high charged blood.

20:7vii:1960
Nought Nebulous X

**On the Raping of 27 nuns by the Congolese Mutineers
after the Independence of the Belgian Congo**

Óld, dried and óld

I am

and tired, worn thin as the soles of
the tamp of living's shoes

but

this my prophecy (that is not carved
from superstition's rock) still beats hard
on the walls of doom –

for every one

of twenty seven temples besmirched
this primeval land shall fall another
millennium into the dark away from
humanity!

14:vii:1960

Nought Nebulous XI

The widow mourned but now
mourning has ended for the
grave in its night is the all.

When twenty four hours will have passed
twenty four waits will burn through me out of
the cross that holds this inscription

here having

hé who holds not with the laws of parting;

oh góne

góne (in the calm of the day) is the unity and notice
the house has gone cold, notice the light comes
not now through the weeping windows.

blue

rains gently in sadness and still I bleed pain for
the balsam is what cannot be.

23:vii:1960

Nought Nebulous XII

Via Mortis

Tóó late, tóó late, tóó late
– echo ‘too late’ is thousand million tinges,
Too late!

the rock was poison-crusted
and in the sea storm I clung to it –
yellow is my poisoning, black my death!

It rushed me in steel arms high onto
the wind-glazed cliffs and for one moment
poised me in the yellow kiss of love warmed in
hell’s grate –

then (as is the moral custody with the misshaped
in front) smashed my black ordins out on the yellow
poison cruusted rock!

Dark is the world of man, black our loss –
blind as the nineteen hundred and sixty nails
upon the cross;

Cold is the love of man, cold our gain
like nineteen hundred and sixty blood drops
frozen upon the cross!
dead is the day and nought is the night
the amoral have sway to smother the light,
amen.

3:ix:1960

Nought Nebulous XIII

A flicker,
a kiss,
a grouping together
and a-tumbling to the bang!

A flicker,
a kiss,
a kicking together
and a-rolling to the crash!

Tens and thousands,
they come and
go
and come
and go
and go.

It's a dance,
a hard dance
a-one
and a-two
and a-one
and a-two
through three
to sixty three.

It was grapes,
a peach or two
battle on three
but five lost
'tis believed.

But where to?
not a line,
not a line
but a curling,
rounder,
rounder
to nowhere.

Transience is clothed in amusement,
Amusement
east from transience,
constancy lost construction is
lost,
there is no saying what the intrigue is bringing
but time past is time lost – flirt now to pay
later
but paying at death is the forgetting
which was
for what the flirting (so an anti-biotic) was used –
purpose failed is purpose never begun.

9:ix:1960
Nought Nebulous XIV

The Imperial Purple of Commerce

Coarse-faced, coarse-limbed, coarse-tongued
ill-becoming

 he is now to graze
where others have been
 in measures

of centuries.

Not rude enough to intrude

 he is
pumped up as the prince of potions
but is further muscled in patronising
than in any holding
 of prince

In doing

 the 'right' of things
he falls hard on
 the 'wrong'
 but

being sand-paper
 no delicacy can
be cracked into
 broken pottery.

Amusing,

 money is the certificate to
high occupations
 and the inherent
is covered in the

ostentation
of shoes
and
of suede
charcoal of cloth.

In the heat of a tropical day
I find myself cut,
callously cut
my Mediterranean element
from the Cape Peninsula why!

For the over-dried raisin-reward
of forty pounds with some odd pounds
and odder shillings and pence over
at the end of that
that death dance
the end of the month?

Why give a talent in gold
to smother it in the pitch of not
being used?
questions stay questions
and answers lie
but the
result is a nothingness perceptible conspicuous
by its lack of existence!

29:ix:1960
Nought Nebulous XV

The soul becomes like old leather hardened and
worn in its salt rides across the sea of existence
each year, becomes like the face of a spray-tanned
sailor, like an old peasant's weather-eroded

but

does it learn the alphabet of living to read the
storms of rain and wind from other souls who
eat its soil?

the friendship's beginning

is the youth with its spring anticipation, its vibrate
for oneness and fusion to come,

yet soon the parting starts

its rusting work and disappointment is a frost to hasten
the process so that the last disintegration is a
high heaving release in a sigh and a smile!

3:x:1960

Nought Nebulous XVI

The tunnel burrowed into my house's
foundation is the long urge of those
who would hold me to their possessive
demand for gloom and yet they
would have me hold my house.

'tis their miscalculation for I am
building yet another house and
its foundations are in rocks too
impenetrable for them
crack.

6:x:1960

Nought Nebulow XVII

'Whether accepted or not this unity is of the moment'
'I don't agree.'
'You disagree with findings on facts.'
'What facts?'
'Scientific facts.'
'Which are his.'
'How?'
'They have one eye which sees only the first world.'
'Such as?'
'The physical unity of the moment.'
'And what's the other?'
'The state of "we" breaking the sound barriers of death.'

3:x:1960

Nought Nebulous XVIII

In the crater of the night
 the cosmos lies
in a hound-sleep of half awake
 and half
relaxed in sleep
 but the hour shall come again
and burning incessantly will be the golden-yellow
liquid of the light.

19:x:1960

Nought Nebulous XIX

Would that time were less a cage
but captured
we are –
and yet,
yet
since time has
no point of beginning, no knot of end
it is
no thread in time
that name which is a lie
yet holds us captive in it.

21:x:1960
Nought Nebulous XX

Blow not the trumpet nor sound the horn for
'tis a lie the landing one down of man,
black we are and black we stay,
'tis the mad that think of sin and the
blind that dream of light,
 to be light
is to lie with illusion for heavy we
are in heat of human heart-heaving!

The only answer is the never-cut before
existence for the after in the fermentation of few
fills light (that ferocious fool fulfilling vacuums)
into the night of now!

l:xi:1960
Nought Nebulous XXI

Wisdom and silence are one but
in marriage;
 when silence acts
as possessive mistress to the mind
in the darker alleys of avoiding
sound it is wisdom abused.

9:xi:1960

Nought Nebulous XXII

My bones are broken in the wait for
the coming that brings fire and rains
in one, my bones are crushed in
the want that I need not, do not
want –

still unfulfilled 'tis not
in the granularly coarse brew of love
imaged into realisation by cleaved beings
that hold a tenth of a drop of oneness –
the man, the woman, the child, the beast
remain yet the lie of a man woman child
and beast;

the answer is brutal in its
crystallised transparent clarity –
music

alone can bring fertility
but 'tis from
music that time sobs time for the body's
life

and the spirits desert encroaches
fast on all the miles of my life.

15:xi:1960

Nought Nebulous XXIII

The cooling breeze (gently tickling the Mediterranean
night that in heat loss exhausted on the earth and
sails down the Nile of the hours as the queens of
Egypt) is the bringer of the message night heard in
his Georgics
and pastorally what was is again.

10:xii:1960

Nought Nebulous XXIV

'At least 134 people are now known to have died when two grant airliners collided over New York. The two aircraft, instrument-flying through a snowstorm, plunged to earth in flames with 128 aboard, three of them babes-in-arms:

Only 11-year-old Stephen (Sandy) Baltz Survived... Sandy's parents and sisters are with him in hospital here (New York). He has told them of the terrible plunge to earth before he landed in the mound of snow that saved his life. "I remember looking out of the window at the snow below covering the city", he said, "It looked like a picture out of fairyland, mother. Then all of a sudden there was an explosion. The plane started to fall and people started to scream. I held on to my seat and then the plane crashed. That's all I remember till I woke up here."

As he lay on the snow before being taken to hospital, Sandy murmured to spectators: "Mother... mother... she's meeting me... am I going to die."

Later it was announced that Sandy also died.

Eastern Province Herald: Saturday, 17th December 1960

Nought Nebulous XXV

Nót joy, nó't the synthetic jollity
pasted onto faces, nó't the leaping
hopes of tomorrow and its cliffs
ambition dreams to conquer shall
stay the black hand a moment.

Its touch,
the breath,
perhaps a
sequence of
words, the final
cadence and
what was is
a weightless,
valueless memory
better lost yet kept.

Lets on
and in driving on
we arrive nowhere for started
in nothing all things travel
in beyond-sound speed to
nothing
since so the prophecy of
oneness is fulfilled in the nought.

17:xii:1960

Nought Nebulous XXVI

Tíme,
 oh timeless tíme,
 again the crack in the
cosmos has widened and the gap of the wound
bleeds, bleeds pale humanity always anaemic
since trebly held in the treble-handed spiked vice
of not-knowing, of the unassessed yet sure
in this alone
 - that the suffocation of the march
must come and so evaporate to a husk in the
merciless heat of death!
 why cannot the
gentleness of passing be freed from the raping
of dying?

Questions fall,
questions return,
remain unanswered,
pass to fall to
return to remain
unanswered.

This crocodile shall suck the woman's
breast, this knife shall skin us
alive, this poison shall harden the
guts to granite and seat pain (the
emperor of life) on it!

 not a moment but
we are calcified and the redemption?

who can perceive but it is another cycle
of arrow-heads (lodged beyond extraction) in
living yet purpling flesh?

17:ii:1961

Nought Nebulous XXVII

What is this that comes like a hideously patterned
moth through the door of my life? what, what these
dislocated fingers making their pathological dance
across the floor?

Did you hear?
did you hear
that Lear the king
was made with
consideration, did
you hear that
love unrecognised
passed through the
night unheard?

The clanging motor car crumbled at
the start of the hill which made the
bulldozer fall from the precipice into
the sea and the sailor beserk raped three
and four, came back for more but was
thrown dead as stone to the floor.

Oh tired, tired
is the day but
relentless the fated
pattern for yet
still it was births
unwanted and children
entered the gate of hate

in birth pang, in
birth cry.

Who spoke of peace?
the liar!

 dare he (it)
breath such a brutal
bait for the believers?
grace is no more
than to know that
malicious distortion
 but
again to what purpose
when the purpose of a
purpose is to be purposeless?

Oh history you bring weight but
time is the illusion of change that
cannot change and history is time so
that the weight is a lie and thus ether
is thick with historically hoarded loads.

Oh to end but end is not nor is
beginning and so I can be (do) neither –
 expect
nought alone for of nought alone is the
whole nought of being.

30:ii:1961

Nought Nebulous XXVIII