## **EKSTASIS**

VOLUME 3 of *Primal Mediation* the complete oeuvre of the poetry of Châtillon Coque

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# DEDICATED TO My Former Music Mentor, Miss Rosita Gooch

\_\_\_\_\_

We are all waiting for something around the corner. First it is the prince. Later it is money. Later still it is fame. And eventually it is infinity.

We fear death and these are escapes. And yet those who have seen death know it is indestructibly beautiful.

Bach, whose music purifies, is always at his most profound when he sings of 'Sweet Death'.

- Rosita Gooch In a telephonic conversation on 12.xi.1961

### Editor's note

The following poems from the *Ekstasis* collection, although reprinted in this volume, have been previously printed in *Erupting Evolution Volume 2 of Primal Mediation* – the complete oeuvre of the poetry of Châtillon Coque (2015):

Ekstasis 177 (With introductory letter by Mrs. S. Garnett). Ekstasis 187. Ekstasis 190.

## EKSTASIS PART I

-----

From the late autumnal and cool, late afternoon, through dusk to cold evening.

Ekstasis 1 to Ekstasis 70

From 29:x:1960 to 20:ix:1961

Who would know the long wait through the ages but here in the lap of Godliness I hear the high quintet of the cosmos;

burning far down on the ancient ladder of time is the lamp of humanity whose sparks rise and ignite the heavens for thus the immortals are born whose streams of breath pass through creation's night as torches to call to life that light which leads to eternal plains where the fugue proclaims the first womb from whom all are born sired by That Which wills the weaving of the pattern with the threads of time.

Oh the age (that falls to me) bears ages and yet what is it to the carpet but a fine thread of deepened red and black and old gold hardly discernible?

what am I but a drop of the cosmos which reflects the rainbow of life awhile until metamorphosis demands my bondage and I become part of other parts?

all

one and in one none but thus we are saved for not an atom is lost in the endless moulding of the rhythmic patterns on which creation blazes.

29:x:1960

Ekstasis 2

It is only in the eternal 'I' (who am of the eternal all) that the garments of freedom flow caught in the breeze of reality for who can breathe in the human ego of petty need while suffering the irritating abrasions of daily existence?

oh I am tied but yet redeemed for a Bach\* exists and his is a draught that smudges the small into the whole leaving an ordered architecture in what the eye saw as ruins of chaos.

<sup>\*\*</sup> This, and subsequent references to 'Bach', refers to Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750) and not to any of his sons or numerous ancestors who were also composer-musicians (these terms being synonymous until long after Johann Sebastian's time) of varying merit.

### Rosita Gooch

In the long hiatus of the human passage through space I wait for a stream of air that defeats time and makes nothing of that nothing from where we come to return (through the caves of death) to this same nought

 that nought so deeply buried in the avalanche of the unknown and the stone unperceived is not there.

But surprisingly suddenly there is in this night one of the strong shafts of light and in its radius rules a mind with royal serenity to still the sea-storm of time's surging into further

caverns of the dark

and so this mind opens the door to the marble-room where the silence-symphony issues out far the transparent liquid spray that perfumes eternity.

### Daphne

Like a blaze of flames in the tightlypacked particles of the night-sky hér graciousness leapt past while all the crests on the horses in her sympathyentourage were carved from understanding and the spirit's princes dismounted to pay homage to their monarchical lady;

when the

morning came she had gone but a white trail in the eastern sky reminded us of this visit of wealthy Sheba
Queen of all the Spirit.

On the Venerable María Vela, who lived in the Convent of Santa Ana in the Castilian city, Avila, in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. As was the case with St. Teresa of Jesus, who was born in Avila, and St. John of the Cross, also of Avila, María Vela was a mystic.

Long (in the low lie of the night) the burning sounds blaze and in their trumpetings the heralding of the parting in the clouds is mixed

for séé there in the sky stands one who hears the ages and talks with them, who announces the birth of new times and traces their long ancestries, who casts life in the moulds of eternity.

It comes (that voice within voices that have form for sight) and with it the earth of the mind parts to reveal the depth of the revelation-caves where burn the candles in the light of which the vast façade is clearly traced

and the chariot becomes a carriage, becomes a motor car, becomes an aircraft

but the Architect is still one while time's dimension remains His design and no more than an integration of a part into a part of the completed structure.

Vast (in the prologue of time's drama) lie the desert sands and (in the wind's rising climb) red the sun of blood proclaims the sacrifice that bleeds away the spirit but bleeds continually to try to free the metaphysical physique of the pain in the contaminating disease where human life breeds –

there has been no redeemer of this for (falsely created) the violent forces of wrong and right scar incessantly the life that had best been left before its birth: right is wrong and wrong right and human iustice the justification of primeval destruction

since

who pays pain with pain is too punctured for the endless growth from animal temporality to spiritual immortality.

The refiner's fire is now for pleasure remains a burning flame and happiness a violent negation of the structure of truths;

if

nothing alone is peace (for what is not cannot be battered and bruised) then all I wish is to die to nothing and that só forgetfulness should drug those whose perception caught the forces of my personality,

hat

só at most their pain is erased since what is forgotten never was and my nothingness is só assured:

but is death the shadowed gateway to nothing? how do I know it is not

another step down into the cellars of pain?

The beam of light falls straight to the path's beginning that leads to the warm rooms of fulfilment and (in these night-hours of earliest morning) there is (through silence) a phrase sung and so preserved in liquid purity to become a call that opens the long avenues in the forest of my mind's reminiscences –

yóú

I loved and yet love by-passed me so what was to be fruit to you fell to the feet of Bach whose life sings in fugues through two and a half centuries;

yóú are covered by time with clouds of transience but this óther source is a fountain elect that issues wines which make me drunk with eternity.

The bond

that flows a river in a beam of light,

that makes you one with me (me with you) is immeasurable in its immensity -

só it defeats time

for time's decay does not disease it and yesterday and today are one since the same brotherhood knotted our blood then and now.

This alone makes the weightless substance of living substantial enough to realise a reality.

### On considering the illness of Rosita Gooch

A thousand years will pass and birth and death will still be and the desire will not have failed nor the piercing pains nor the dry-mouthed bitter disappointment all in one ever-making ever-breaking mould,

all different and the

same through time

bút thís,

thís dive

deep into the ocean of the reality beyond reality

(this seeing of the Designer's plan behind the balanced complex pattern)

this alone

is the crane's arm to save all from the mud-marsh, the gale, the rocking seas for in its working creation is reborn – só with the birth of a Beethoven sonata, a Shakespeare drama:

and still there remains this other aristocracy who knows afresh these mysteries in the revolution of each year united with every other year to weave history and it is in the immeasurably quiet penetration of understanding that each member of this nobility descends from Socrates.

4:xii:1960

Ekstasis 11

### To Mrs W.B. van Lennep-Klink on trying to assist me financially with Music Education

Ages will age trebly before this generosity (which first gave the human a spirit) will lose its tongue

for hear you not its voice in this beacon of light suddenly making day of the tarred night on the high breakers of the life-sea?

and you and

I shall disintegrate but this incandescence shall remain as a light for the children of eternity.

Through the long baroque passages of time I wander and (as the breeze of the shimmering late afternoon flirts with my robes) a thousand dreams have I

but far off.

indistinctly I perceive the advancing army whose war is death and (before the century turns) these passages, these robes, and I shall be dust making golden the shimmerings of these afternoons.

A millennium might march in dissonance but these notes remain undisturbed and the days (connected) flow out – passing yet ever static for change is change within the unchangeable and the vast marble-hard determination of the pattern succeeds in its sun-object that makes the moment a ton of gold (burning with eternity) and the memory a nightmare (black in unreality) for it recalls that lie which is the concept of a year, a month, a week, a day.

Abundance entered time through him,

what then to Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart is in death the forgotten grave, in life the freezing neglect, the infectious indifference?

thóse who treated him só are now remembered only for their callousness to him

and hé,

he has eternal youth, eternal health rejuvenating every age:

in this sun greatness germinates, in this soil music generously perpetuates her orchard bearing her fertile fruit in every age.

It is a dream, a fragment of a dream, a pebble in the ball of the earth and yet I cling to this life drowning in an ocean of insignificance.

Yesterdays and illusion of tomorrows are the beads on the string that threads my days and should it snap not a tear will survive the first wind erasing neatly this valueless and frail memory I call life.

It is the fool that hopes for more since the barren plains of hopelessness alone can hold human life which for Godliness must be magnified to be seen.

You sing carols with weight since the promise has failed for the condition faltered and then fell and your voices contradict your words rudely;

the birth of Christ has become a funeral and His death a hollow cavity since this leaking vessel of human life cannot hold His transparent omnipotent Godliness.

Who would know that you and I are melting in one mould so that your name, my name will disappear gradually and the entity (new born) shall be of a nobility whose cosmic power dictates unity?

Is this that oneness which makes passion anaemic and its heat an erratic spark in nothing?

is

this the absolute state that makes love seem green in its hard heave for fulfilment in what can know none such?

### This is known -

you and I are the same blood-lines and our bleeding is the essence of birth since rays dart from our eyes through the unstructured chaos of existence to the ordered reality and to this reality we are bound for too tall, too strong are our spiritual physiques to take part in the erratic game of human society.

Yet words are unnecessary overgrowths

for

our lives converse soundlessly and what is stated is more than Sophocles expressed - we make an hour an eternal day!

Then too we are opposite poles in the magnets of creation and só the marriage is ensured.

Long are the streams of light, warm the flush of consciousness of the other, vintaged the knowledge of the delicate chain that links one to the other on the eternal plateaux - thús is built (in invisible architecture) that which words strain to contain until they split and crumble.

On the death of Clara Haskil, the Rumanian-Swiss pianist who was one of the most authoritative exponents of Mozart's piano-music in this age and probably for all time. She held the secret whereby her own existence was entirely dissolved in the music so that her audiences were only aware of the composer's design and not of this frail pianist re-creating the music. Clara Haskil died in Brussels on 29th December, 1960.

Her light tread is now still, this light (once a beacon for battered ships on the life-ocean) has diminished and died

and the night has come thicker, blacker than before.

What reason now for light when empty is the day divorced from that blazing energy which made the high-charged rhythm of blood-pumping pulse-throbbing?

I cannot wish to die, too frozen am I now that shé is ashed who unaided gave humanity warmth to breathe

and so

made the scaling of life's rock-faces possible daily in the arctic climate of being human. Oh but to evaporate now, to disappear into air for what is all this but callous transience humiliates it with coarse-fibred, false-twanging negations?

The human construction (being of creation) must follow the exacting laws of creation;

when the floodgates of this construction are rusted beyond using

then the river over-feeds this man-made life-lake and the bursting walls creak with the cacophony of death filling the air with the myth of end that is not end but the beginning of disintegration from whose womb creation is reborn.

Mary, daughter of King James I, when dying at the age of three, cried aloud: 'I go, I go, away I go!'

- An introduction to a poem by John Press

She was no more than three and (as hot-headed her head swelled in pain) she cried 'Mother, why must I suffer so?'

'Oh child, oh child!' her mother's despair whipped the air 'cry not so, cry not so!

the innocent, the guilty are one, we suffer in the name of humanity cóld in the indifferent landscape, cóld for the warmth of the blood (that is love) has left us.'

'Hold me, mother, before I go! I go! I go! I

the child called and clutched her mother's gown with strength of a man.

Wild, wilder than pain her mother's eyes danced,

fierce, fiercer than a plague her limbs beat to the heart's disease, the heart's fear blazing on a fir-forest of uncertainty;

'Leave me not,

oh leave

me not my child! oh Christ have mercy, a drop of mercy for my parched life that understands not!

leave me

not my child - leave me not!'

But before the last word travelled the air

the child rose tense in death and cried 'I go! I go! away I go!'

And one death was of the body and the other of the spirit.

Séé, séé how the millennia float from us, lóók, oh lóók 'tis twelve suns singing praises!

observe,

observe

creation smiles

for

in these ten seconds (that you and I connect our cosmic electricity into one) a completed vision catches the air and the whole miracle of beginning is basic in its obviousness –

who would have thought that one kiss can hold the heated breath that first made life, who could have surmised that such a touch of fingers gave existence to all that is concrete, who could have perceived that the marriage of two minds thus gave powerful birth to that dictator of forces – oh most róyal spirit?

That two should be one so not Sophocles discovered or Shakespeare perceived, that this unity retains its virginity defies the sequence of the thinkers and makes analysis evaporate, that the growth is growth continuous annuls the law of rise to ripening to fall rapidly to death.

## Continue, oh continue our kiss for so is compressed the architectural plan of creation in a mortal two in one!

Do you now understand that another fountain issues in me and that the cosmos is reflected in each of the trillion drops – each a star in the heaven of eternity?

do you

now understand that I am not an ego but only a castle carrying the cosmic art-hoardings where reflected are the streams of Godliness?

do you now understand that to travel through this estate (that is I) brings with it the high growth of the spiritual limbs, the integration of existence that is the robe and crown of a cosmic nobility?

> 1:iii:1961 *Ekstasis 23*

What are we but grains of sand blown a lifetime through space with the callousness of old newspaper swept into the street?

what

are we that is more than minutiae of cells and how little our weight in worth for who (what) shall be stilled a second if you or I were not?

nóne,

nóthing!

and with what momentum we crash forward and yet how more immobile could be our lives magnified in their encircling insignificance?

We believe that this moment of this love lost is eternity crumbled in waste and yet how much less is this love than the rising or setting of the sun each day of each year of each millennium?

nothing

and what more than

nothing can be that which lives without birth and dies not in death since absolutes to it are but an unmapped nightmare?

> 7:iii:1961 Ekstasis 24

I love you:

that the sun comes not in the morning nor the moon in the night alters not one line in the Architect's plan since so decreed it must persist for the castle of life to subsist;

time alters not a hundredth part of the letter and the volume (illuminated in love) burns in love making the flame of the candle at the altar cast (in quiet beams of eternity) the validifying light (for this my love) over my head

bowed in resignation.

13:iii:1961 Ekstasis 25

#### Rosita Gooch

Like a dream the contours of her life are merged one into the other so that neither the black opposes the white nor the hour passes for só the colours of concentrated eternity issue out and (in the quiet light) this rainbow rises continuously, equally until all is one and she then holds (in this her oneness) mirrors of the cosmos.

That this was só I do not deny, that for some time past I was divorced forcibly from me is a historical fact

but what a rush of relief, what a gale of freedom it is that another storm has come and freed me from the tree of wild possession so that I return to me and live within another reality.

I half believe that I am cutting the flesh-biting leather fetters which make you at once my brittle dictator and supple slave and so I yours

- but it
is a marriage, a twist of light
casting the objects wrongly in the
unexpected symmetry of order
for

you know, I know these fetters hold firmest.

The fight

(trying to free us into separate entities from the umbilical chord that makes us a one – a 'me') only holds all the firmer the asymmetry of a love denied the life of a love

and yet this love lives (without dying) in its starving.

The plea for peace pierces neatly the cancerous air, burning beauty in its conflict but holding the tongs of pain

 no you are miscalculating for this equation (by which beauty equals pale purity) is impossible

and

oh to rest... yet not to rest in death but rest where opposites do not exist so that to rest I need not conflict to tell me I rest;

ah – but this desire is the seed that germinates into conflict, this wish is for a state ruled by laws not found in the lowlands of life merely holding off the rising oceans

and it is only this knowing that is my antidote...

We think we remain concrete in forgetting that less than ether is óúr state, we think of gold to be blind to the coal (wé hold) blackening our fingers –

> the illusion lost we see death and thát torture-glare makes breath more futile than death itself;

> > the

illusion found we drown in the ocean of lies breaking the surface only occasionally for a breath of anguished reality.

And the one says religion and another philosophy, yet another holds hobbies and some even say a wife will make living possible but it is breath squandered and energy spilt

for the slaughtering starts before birth and possibly

ends with death neither being extraordinary.

The only escape route from this crumbling house of life, the only passage out of this palatial maze

is the paradoxical

sharing

of the secrets of individuality with the high arts

whose territories otherwise make of life a triviality in the functional details of the harmonic sequences for só breath is supplied with reason, só alone are the shares in death an investment and only só the key turns in the lock to free imprisoned meaning.

A thousand things do I wish this night as I stand before the judge in the court of life and if three were granted it would be three more than allowed by the law of life and so I wonder what is this war of life that remains a spinning cycle in a cycle in yet another cycle until all is a cycle?

Why do we wish when that very wish is conditioned by something that is not in the cycle and so outside conception?

The war will be and the years will still be wounded while the resolving of the friction (of the unresolvable impossibility in the marriage of animal and spirit) is as remote at ninety years of war as at three years of war;

who can deny that I was old in the womb and burdened?

Is death the life-restoring breath in the black sea of drowning

or is death another trap-door into some functional disintegration providing the humus to accelerate growth?

Gently lies this night and deep encrusted in silence since far and near are one enveloped by that union, that integration which makes motion static and breaks the illusory sprint of time.

# Imperceptible itself

this integration reveals the depth of burning truth melting all opposites to mingle inseparably in its fine fibres filtered through which the light of this revelation lies as honey on the time

but here in time there are only momentary mirrors partly reflecting this completed truth that becomes too much for the mass-mind so that even those who see but a fraction of this revelation are accused of giving inroads to seeming insanity.

Destroy this twelve purple-tongued, ten green-tongued lie claiming civilization has moved to light a hundred-millennia part of an inch in twenty millennia - destroy,

destroy

this mirage!

Justice but dispersed with the witch-hunt to instate another label for the same blood-congealing poison

- só nów (hidden behind this lie) one human annihilates another to honour

thát sádist - justice!

Oh that this imbalance is so (and more so than any counter-weights can bring back to balance) denies the natural growth of human unity who stands naked in the frost of my grieving on this winter's morning

Do not console!

it will be madness to be other than a symbol of mourning through all time

here where the night is the master of the day!

17:v:1961 *Ekstasis 34*  Now far into the night I hear you come on the gentle dance of the breeze and run your glowing fingers over my face to light the lamps of my life.

And out in the streets
the quiet waits motionlessly for the birth cry of this love that must sit on the throne of the united constellations.

But still I wait and I see expectancy is time's ruthless agent that turns to dust, to dust the cloth of your being that must clothe me against the cold, the face-twisting cold, the scrotum-shrinking cold that would have me arid in a dehydrated fertility. And observe! look!

the bats of disintegration are out in this night and the whistle of the slaughtering marchers has been heard –

deceitful time runs through our paralysed fingers as water through gauze and we shall be washed into obscurity before the month is out if we catch not the gems to raise them (for our redemption) to wrinkled eternity.

From this I cannot return and on, on must go my life and not a moment will it wait - onwards!

and yet it is a lie for not a thing, not a thought moves in eternity!

Here I stand before this iron gate and beat my soft fist against it endlessly - yet

move it not the dot of the iota!

The need for the orchard beyond, the gnawing hope for its fruit of eternity fall as stones on my head while my frustration leaps high to fall back to slaughter me

and not a tenth of an inch have I moved!

You (that hold the gate's keys) swim in a sea which grows with the hours,

just as your confused foolishness grows fatter hourly

but still you hold the keys!

my clear vision shall rot before you escape the clutches that clamp you,

time

will be silently still and death and birth dissolved in infinity before you spread your eagle wings (golden in muscled beauty) and fly from the marches to me to open this gate to completion!

And so we wait and best 'tis not to know to what the wait is aimed for we are to be murdered without the relief of death;

I wíll wáit until I enter or until I rot and dust away – with

one or the other time is defeated beyond dictating insipid middle-pathed mediocrity!

In the lashings of my anguish is born this hope whose adulthood will be the fulfilment of that dream dreamt in the womb of that mind which at one time was yours and mine

and when this is só we shall feel our cosmic nobility in being nothing and all beyond the suffocating delineation of collectivity in all its narrow passages of fears and freezing uncertainties.

Freedom comes swiftly on the sweep of this day and the human barbed-wire fence, electric fence has melted away

- so óút,

óút

I can

stretch my arms more lovely now in their uncut,

unscarred

milk-soft, cream-coloured skin

and oh to breathe

again,

not to have one of two bodies standing in the passage of the air,

oh to laugh again and not have the selfish hand of 'I-hold-you-byyour-consent' squeezing quietly the sound of life from me!

And I can dance a cosmic measure and feel the universe burn in me to be at one with that object,

this being,

the sea,

the air,

the

very fine,

and to be só at one in one time -

lovely

are the tongues of gentle light licking me,

mature the

long drink of freedom runs the length of the throat of my life

and patterned in serenity

the new feathers

clothe me!

12:vi:1961

Ekstasis 38

On seeing three children in a photograph. They were almost naked on an iced morning in the core of the winter.

Blind me!

let me fall deep into silence for to live to see this

must robe
me in the burning black of a mourning from
where no hope can issue out

- congeal,

congeal my blood!

só to give warmth to these that live and yet know no breath!

them Death!

kill them fast and free them,

Death!

### Gina Bachauer, the Greek concert-pianist

Time freezes and before us rise the curvilinear statues that make this air eternal

for look!

lóók over thére

- a thousand suns herald her!

She comes on diamond-beams and (as these lights fall in cascading carpets) we move in grand processions through all history where each age

is but an incandescent sand grain!

Gods bow to her

while she turns (with the swing of her monarchical hand)

every particle in

the air to singing notes till all is aflame with music;

how lightly she wears music's crown blazing with concretization's gems!

For a long time we wait and then there is urgency lying (like frost in the morning) on the days

and later the pain and the bitter aftermath of the pain are in the day but we wait - sometimes silently, sometimes mournfully.

Eventually the days a long sequence of

no longer come while a long sequence of undivided hours tread the blood-drawing carpets of living

and now it would seem pain is over

and the conclusion not a war.

Yet (without a passage in which to flow away)

a new poison fills the body where encaged is a spirit

and so stands another symbol (cut in cold granite) of the flaw that is birth.

Still the love is in me but daily now I watch you grow remote and become but a formless image to my eyes that have observed helplessly how the years have whirled away and become useless.

Yet today I remember the promise at your birth and in your once-rising youth – 'twas to have been monuments, statues of your climb all the way to the old Athens of greatness.

This did not happen for you descended and so (disintegrated in death) you return to primal dust:

and now I must

go for the winds will soon blow this dust away until even the memory of you is tidily erased.

How these nights do come, do go!

we are

slaves who (in freeing ourselves) remain slaves

but séé how the needle of light now pierces the dark,

lóók at the concrete

orb in the void

and héár the rumble in the sleeping womb of creation

- we are

waiting for the awakening of another giant, another life in this close climate of human living

and know not whether he will be ecclesiastical or royal, from the arts or the sciences, a statesman or a mystic

but intuit whatever his station he will stride across creation!

30:vi:1961

Ekstasis 43

The years have come and gone and the patterns were all the same, the years that brought and took and balanced the long equation.

Today I can smile and mind not that the worm of age is in my youthful face

and

mind not that yesterday fell short and tomorrow the granaries will not be filled.

For today I have opened the curtains to another sun and lóók

- its

caress is gentle, hardly felt,

obsérve - I

still exist and the ocean (that is I) still

exists, the day still exists

and (in this eight hundredth year of my life) I need not think of the teaser that is time

for a day, a

year, a minute, an hour are all one - now that I need not measure them.

## On meeting one\* who was far advanced on the mystic way.

With the blades of light

this impenetrable androgynous,

impartial truth-seeker

cuts me to my most naked form and (in this nakedness) throws me back at myself

- this proud watcher, this immovable sphinx enigmatically scorns time and teases life but is pained by the knowledge of the passing of all created things, is pained by its own clear perception of this pattern, is pained by the prowess of the death-wolf.

Ĭŧ

(this serious watcher, this minute observer) has caught the impossible key (to the locked codes) on the ether and imprisoned, impaled this key, bound it to granite mountains, hid it in art forms, dissolved it in the relentless, the pulsating drama coursing through all life.

3:vii:1961

Ekstasis 45

<sup>\*</sup> This mystic manifested the impersonal mysticism as opposed, for instance, to the intensely personal, sometimes extravagant, union-with-

God-through-love mysticism of the Sufis. These impersonal mystics often call themselves atheists to counteract any concept of a personal god. For them God (they would probably call Him the Absolute and refer to Him as the 'It') is *pure nothingness*.

#### Simone Weil wrote as follows about them:

'Saints of a very lofty spirituality, like St. John of the Cross, have seized simultaneously and with an equal force both the personal and impersonal aspects of God. Less developed souls concentrate their attention and their faith above all or exclusively upon one or other of these two aspects. Thus little St. Theresa of Lisieux only represented to herself a personal God.'

'As in the West the word God, taken in its usual meaning, signifies a Person, men whose attention, faith and love are almost exclusively concentrated on the impersonal aspect of God can actually believe themselves and declare themselves to be atheists, even though supernatural love inhabits their souls. Such men are surely saved.'

'They can be recognised by their attitude with regard to the things of this world. All those who possess in its pure state the love of their neighbour and the acceptance of the order of the world, including affliction – all those, even should they live and die to all appearances atheists, are surely saved.'

'Those who possess perfectly these two virtues, even should they live and die atheists, are saints.'

'When one comes across such men, it is futile to want to convert them. They are wholly converted, though not visibly so; they have been begotten anew by water and the spirit, even if they have never been baptized; they have eaten of the bread of life, even if they have never communicated.'

> Simone Weil: 'Letter to a Priest' (Lettre a un Religieux); London, 1953, Routledge and Kegan Paul Ltd., Section 12, pages 35 and 36.

Come lovely princes of the night!

come

now that I can stretch out my arms for you to honour me with the freedom-kiss on my fingertips,

come now that I am away from the wars where victory was not mine and the prize only territory haggishly eroded by the debauched winds blowing with them the gratification of the paunched and bald ego!

oh no - there are no bruises that resting will not remove.

And you whom I leave behind – too long have you been the addict of the spiritual lie's prostitution, too long have you been imprisoned in slavery or mastery

and nó
I do not understand
you – nót for me
are those polluted

nectars, nót for me are your buying-selling habits.

I am amused at your tale of your timidity

- it has not the verity of folklore since what timidness has the habits of vultures?

My love was weighty for it was held in a form imposed as letters are on words and marching on soldiers – all nought without the integration of a blazing ideal but ideals are idiotic if only lodged in the flabby bodies of mortals!

Come lovely princes and hover around my head to tell me secretly again the mysteries and your indifference to the wars of the hours

and later I shall (when rested) come to the table for wine and a new fertility for my now-cold womb:

oh what

human physicians are tomorrows who come and unnoticed diminish (till memory loses sight of) these episodes!

I have long walked the streets but found not why the house of want and the house of rejection are the same house and found not why what I crave I reject when I obtain it or why I accumulate wealth for my children only to become indifferent to them.

I deplore that
I am so infirm
I cannot turn the
knobs of the
doors to the
rooms where the
answers may
be – and the
fools
wish to nurse
me to prolong
my over-long
life – táke,
táke them away!
I wish it so!

I shall not bother about the changes in the will

I thank you

- the pack of wolves will rip each other to death in any event.

6:vii:1961

Ekstasis 47

Wéép,

oh wéép you bitter days!

here (oh God)

what can I do but móúrn,

móúrn,

móúrn?

that this friendship should have cracked so that all love leaks out,

that it should have

come to this

I cánnót bút móúrn...

What more?

who is to know but as the fair-headed leaves the dark-headed enters, who's to know?

and yet I blééd,

but búrn with

blééding

since yóú (who now grow remote from me) have erased years,

a thóúsand yéárs from my existence!

and

the devastation is the idiotic face of grinning black death where (as fine ash) the winds give the last act of disintegration to the spirit. I can feel now in this night how the highways of filtered light (which run from you to me, from me to you) grow steadily feebler, weaker, paler...

and yét

who's to know but this drive into a lightless void is only the purging of bad blood,

the beginning of

another alliance where two and one become indistinguishable and time is upset and so robbed?

yet the pain still grows,

the devastation

still creeps fast on me,

vacuums stíll face me and

life goes on,

and life goes on

and heeds me not.

and

heeds me not...

9:vii:1961

Ekstasis 48

Never before did I draw with such strength and drink so much pain, never before has time had so much to say in the affairs of state and done so little for the balance of power.

But what is

remains 
I am a prince and to
be such is to
rule and to rule
the laws is mine.

Shall the fair-headed or the dark-headed be my prime minister?

and how is the faction of the heart to be reconciled with

that of the mind?

how shall I decide whether the mystical inner flame or the external honours and manners of my court are the most important?

The fair-headed carries heavy beams of light,

the dark-headed spins the yards of graces

and as the one runs from me

the

other holds me in those light yet inescapable grips.

Since the fair-headed fears me the dark-headed claims me

but who has thé right to thís (the highest of the state's honours) is a cosmic matter I have not decided

and yet I know only the fair shall gain entrance to my palace.

13:vii:1961 *Ekstasis 49*  Not one of you, not one of you is me or at one with me – too long have I laid in the oak-woods for my maturity, too long (for you) have I been in the ancient houses where the lie is not necessary.

The fair one lies but sees;

the

dark one sees and takes but cannot hold;

the sensitive touches, holds but cannot be gracious under the sustained stress.

We are not one

 your volcano and your glacier leave me in the same void of indifference

for there is

no nobility to hold the entrance to my living houses,

no graciousness that makes me wish the fires to melt us to one;

lonely is only a word and ill-shaped in meaning since more important is that none of you could hold me in your cages.

16:vii:1961 *Ekstasis 50*  And as the shafts of light came fast through the voided dark the herald in the dawn called out the arrival of this day

in whose soft beams you came with the reality of the grass, the sand - the very earth was in you

and my call for one of my kind had cadenced into an athlete who was of a lineage as old as mine and who (through the peach-pink of

dawn to the purple-maroon of dusk) held the winner's banner in the races with time.

And now at the river (whose waters are the human pageantry) I have the prophetic canvas painted in future's oils with the brush of antiquity to tell me my cosmic journey is completed

and the fertility (for my timeless children) washes me as the sea the shores of the continents.

> 28:vii:1961 *Ekstasis 51*

You (who uninvitedly took my love and gave me yours seemingly unconditionally)

can you

afford the high toll of holding me a thousand years in granite and yet touch me with the feather of a breeze and no more?

can you hold your spiritual muscles so to task that this flight upwards (that is our child) remains a flight strongly upwards?

will you (when the ancient jewellery of my life is seemingly given you) say 'I have the power over the land (that is you) now - that it lies fallow I care not a thought for my triumph is my indifference?'

having

taken possession of my foundations do you mean to meet me in the blood of flesh and flight of spirit in the full cycle (that is I) or do you mean to hoard high only what you need and take leave when 'tis convenient?

do you know

that to know the nine hundred planes of the hierarchy in me you must fill the vacuum of a millennium's aloneness?

no, not the aloneness of division but the aloneness of knowing and the universal unity that is its inevitable progeny;

do you

understand but a syllable of these sounds or are they only the chatterings of the insane to you?

Having come,

cóme agáín so that yet another fanged misbirth (called uncertainty) may at last be weakened, so that I know whether your nobility can encompass me to mate me for completion or whether you are but another thief that steals my life for your ego's game of gratification

- cóme urgently in heated

immediacy!

29:vii:1961 *Ekstasis* 52 This frail thing we would call life what is it but a dream smudge in contour, a straying whisp of a momentary wind gone before its presence is known?

No more, no more than a dish slightly tasted as sweet by a tongue that has known nothing else -

to know!

but knowledge is only in part and that leaves the perceiver shivering nervously in freezing uncertainty.

5:viii:1961 *Ekstasis 53* 

ah

Oh you have gone from me -

gone, gone and not a trace is there now of your ride through my life in the evening sky that must now bring the soft invisible cushions of death in the air to bear me away to the never-been's ever-forgetfulness.

You have gone and quietly this day throws the sands of time's desert over this oasis where we drank long and deeply.

You have gone who gave me youth in old age

but now the mirror shows the embedded scratches of time (diving through ten millennia) in my face now embossed with the twin forces - the birth of youth and the wisdomharvest

reaped deep in the journey and but a yard before its evaporating end.

And the ego has smudged away to nought so that saintliness (for the first time seen through the weighted mists of living) comes and this kiss talks of a freedom in the martyrdom (that within hours now must be mine) whose form is the fires of grief, the purification rites of mourning enveloping my very breath with its purple vapours.

Yes, oh yes

You have gone and

still I love you today in the painful remoteness of yesterday evoked,

still I need your breath

and

your love to plant me firmly into the earth above which I am now floating at high speeds

but séé

the deaths greet
me and if you come not swiftly to house me
I shall be but a breeze come from
nowhere and gone to nowhere - a
mere illusion caused by false light, a
dream

half remembered.

6:viii:1961

Ekstasis 54

You cannot name me - you call me truth, you call me reality,

the

one exaggerates, the other understates:

in

love I breathe, in hate I cut,

in

birth I leap, in death I lie still,

in the

wind I tantalise, in the calm I kiss,

in the

day I walk, in the night I glide:

I am the cracker of the glass whose illusion is contrast,
I am the proof that the physical and the metaphysical are one,
I am that which you search and cannot touch,
I am the pain-giver and the inspirer.

6:viii:1961

Ekstasis 55

The urgent notes repeated, the ride, the air and

come you must for the dance – a whirl, a point, a bow, a click of heels, a turn that takes the room;

old time we'll take and paint her faces so that as youth she'll come to dance and this night through she'll hold the floor:

already the candles burn and the roasted boar steams in the banquet-room, come fast you who can but stay one night, we have time to keep appeased so to have the drink of the dual wine which matured in you and me;

let us be drunk awhile to forget
for then
already the hard lights of dawn impose and in
the grey of day you fade while I sit in the
hovel of my cold loneliness.

6:viii:1961 *Ekstasis 56*  I am air and I am fire, light are my leaps that arch through the years and winged, winged is my life! I am the breath that comes in death, the quiet that comes in birth, my kiss burns permanency through the transient parchments of time! I am not in life and beyond death, when I walk a cosmic sweep curves its journey through creation and when I laugh

eternity blazes through the air!

7:viii:1961 *Ekstasis 57* 

On considering ruthlessly-ambitious people whose actions are exclusively motivated by self-gain (usually taking a materialistic form) or egotism (usually in its most selfish form). Nothing, nobody - not even the human beings to whom they are attached - has any existence for them outside its (her or his in the case of human beings) usefulness to their lives. Frequently, they are successful in what human society terms success, and, consequently, they are held in high esteem by the public and the information (news) media - the press, the television and the radio, etc. (and by the equivalents of these in other ages). These egotists constitute a considerable portion of humanity. Mercifully, not all are *successful* in the sense described above. Besides, the successful ones are frequently destroyed by their own so-called *success* but usually, unfortunately, not before they have caused great destruction to others, sometimes to whole nations, and, in our time, to almost the entire world. These are the collective psyches of the world and their obsession with imitation.

That they should be such liars these insect-children, that they play these festering games

make a burning glow in the frozen nights to show the naked corpse of love whose life they slowly ripped away!

But there they are – real in their unreality, murdering at

fifteen, prostituting at twenty, gently poisoning fatally for the long dyings they inflict at thirty.

Trust them once and you have bought a coffin, touch them once and you have the fungi of death's disease growing unrestrainedly on your skin;

their trade is carpentry in distortion from the living woods of human life,

their achievement is the rotting of the negation of life in the father and mother before the womb.

And theirs is no choice – once the wheels spin these beings make more torturing wheels spin but to stop the production (that to them seems a total reduction) is as impossible for them as to conjure the

sunlight by night and the moonlight by day.

So it is and so it was

for on the days that evil is monarch théy (his slaves) do their intention

but (although the irrepressible returns of good remain uncountable) there is no assurance that he will always have the resilience (slowly drying to dust) to be the victor.

8:viii:1961 *Ekstasis 58*  To Mozart on hearing the Koeckert Quartet (with an extra viola-player) perform his String Quintet in E Flat Major (KV 614) and his String Quartet in G Minor (KV 516).

He was torn from us,

torn from our psyches in the depth of the night!

do you understand

- this

limb was torn from our psyches?

Oh that time would then have been stilled,

oh that

then gentle
death would have
erased these
long lines of
murder on
breath

is the impossibility with

which my wish whips me!

He was torn,

torn from us!

and

we bleed

but now

it is hís

music that heals us and heals us well.

8:viii:1961 *Ekstasis 59*  These doubts that so surge around me!

that

I could but know that our hands (stretching high this time) touch eternity!

yet what if this is only another wind passing valuelessly through my shortened day?

I fear the leaping shadows of these doubts and the smell of death in the hours,

oh that

I could evaporate, turn to air so to know not the disintegration but so to be incorporeally free

should

you stay!

8:viii:1961

Ekstasis 60

You (the last of our noblemen)
have come to
take your leave 
yes

you may kiss our
rings.

Quiet grief
(who has so
long touched
my tattered
being)
quiet
grief your
persuasion has
won and oh
how soothing
is this death!

More marbled than before

I return to

the vaults where my silence is my redemption and the Golgothas are over for here the rejection of life by pain has no need to erode further and human love (the liar!) lies as a heavy dust on corpses it poisoned.

10:viii:1961 *Ekstasis 61* 

## A Prolix Defence

'Don't go to extremes
Rosie' declares defence counsel –
counsel who asks the
question (and the
variation on the question)
fifty times unnecessarily!

This arrogance, this naked arrogance is as repulsive as over-fat women, as meals of grease!

it is the symptoms of diseased blood that when power is enslaved its owners display it like fish-finned motor cars and fur coats in tropical climates!

And suspicion burdens the air

is this collaboration between defence counsel and client (the accused) but a fortress built shrewdly from lies and half-lies to protect one of uncertain measure and so

robbing a naïve and innocent woman of her possession named

credibility?

- what

This repetition
- is the remedy to make the accused's tale (woven from threads that have not the fibres of truth) seem a reality?

My contempt heaps high but higher still is the dung of this occurrence!

> 18:viii:1961 *Ekstasis 62*

They come in their hundreds and they

know not they matter not

but oh the passing is pain and pain embroidered with poetry in the shifting planes, the sliding chromaticism of hours, days and all the measuring glasses of time.

I cannot tell the story for (before I crystallised it) irrelevancy came erasing – yes I must have loved you but I don't now and 'then' is only a vapour.

My life, your life is weightless in time's valueless scale

and yet we gluttonishly clutch this life that is defeated before existing

nor do we understand

that each tumble into the wound-gaping holes of death remains a renewed murder without finality.

Ah but there is a finality in the completion of eternity – yet we do not know it until time seems to have failed us

for

time moves as a tornado in the illusion of a calm and (in annulling purpose) it finalises all and ultimately nothing in the void of nothing – that obverse of eternal all.

A minute, a millennium is no more than the insane idea flashed through the dark area of creation's mind and the

bank-balance of chaos (that is ordered) is an illusion in time but an illusion engulfed and absorbed by another type of reality

crystallising in eternity.

23:viii:1961 *Ekstasis 63*  A thirty-year-old woman was sentenced to a year's imprisonment for the theft of about £800 which resulted from a desire to please her husband. She is an illegitimate child and the mother of children aged eight, four and two years old.

Oh this weight,

the black intangible weight!

wé áre the

blood-sucking bats -

wé who are the makers of

this non-existent design of human houses,

of the

false walls of security that are named society

- that

negation of the caress of compassion!

Let me mourn

since

this grief has no birth-death cycle and it alone can add the tale of all the lies that (as tyrants) whip the mercy-slaves;

these tears alone are testimony that humanity is left love-denied in a

lifeless spinsterhood

hardened in sterility!

25:viii:1961

Ekstasis 64

In the unravelling of the streams and counterstreams of light

this structure came intact.

and

if of compassion nobility was made you are the first lord in humanity's land

but

burning rapidly are oils of passions unperceived in the lamp-light of your house and still you sleep in the gentle lying passage from day to day

- 'tis this I herald and

fear

for that (which is clayed from understanding) defies (without demolishing) the stone-carved codes of the conventional roadways;

the knower cannot wear the robes of the eye-shaded follower,

the vision-bearer

cannot be the source of the disbeliever's flood killing the fires of revelation.

But in all

this (the nails of light that contradict in their piercing of the ebony of night) stands clearly a bringer of fertility that is giving the fields of love's corn a wealthier fertilizer than that of which I dreamt in the time-rides of my wrinkled search through the yawning millennia.

> 9:ix:1961 *Ekstasis 65*

Time loses time

and (while holding the moment) it has already disintegrated

- that

you and I have met, known and discussed the issues of state (without words) tomorrow will be recorded in the documents on indifference.

Yet

we have done so across deep valleys of differences,

from mountain-ranges rooted in culture-soils as different as sand and sea - the same and yet,

and yet not so.

That this is

só, that for one moment in a lifetime of seventy years

this should occur

is the clear ring of triumph that one drop from the wine of eternity we have sucked in all its transparent clarity – a sea dividing us from transience.

16:ix:1961

Ekstasis 66

Oh now (in the very flush of now) seems it blood-urgent that I should hold you to give you (in the high nights of one) that freedom whose birth comes only of two united.

I fear time and but for half a month (and a few days more)
this 'now' is merely another incident fading in the file of life where once it was entered in red ink.

Náked.

náked is this cry

- héár,

héár it urgently before 'we' die,

before

'you' and 'I' (islands isolated) fall in the cascades of indifferent time! But being nought we can afford nought and all is nought - wé áre time's lie!

Already I know I stretch out my hands into a void and touch you not,

already I know my call dies on my lips

and already I contemplate pioneering new territory!

20:ix:1961 Ekstasis 67 The gentle flames of longing caress me

but what,

what in me can call the flight into being that would bring you (dark one of last year) again to me?

oh that I could but have disintegrated at the kiss you gave and did not give!

It is summer here but how cold is the joke in this wind!

I broke a cable that harboured me to you in the erratically leaping hope that pain would become disembodied and diminish.

## What fool I!

still anguish thickens its ice over my living, still I burn to be in the flame of you so that (caged by your body)

your spirit may soothe balms over the wounds of the years -

but the dawn
speaks of no
hope,
the day
smiles,
the night
yawns and you
come not!

Yet does it matter?

how strange that these accidents of time should so strongly herald eternity!

> 20:ix:1961 Ekstasis 68

On considering the death of Mr. Dag Hammerskjoeld (Secretary for the United Nations Treaty Organisation) in an aircraft accident on Sunday, September 15, 1961, near Ndola, Northern Rhodesia (now Zambia).

Who will nerve it to talk of civilization.

who will nerve it?

Delusions of progress!

I tell you that now we are blacker than at the fall of Rome,

darker than at the inquisitions,

more yellow-striped than that snake called the witch-hunt!

To make humanity only of history would add to creation's gold

for

we have no weight of value

and we deduct heavily by our living from living!

Greed (the earthquake)

has rumbled the

earth again

and (in its earth-tearings) swallowed the largest of the recent human keys to the frozen corridors that lead to the daylight of peace!

20:ix:1961 Ekstasis 69 Oh my Cape\*

- if only I could be absorbed here by the sun to be projected on your soil later (as water is for rain in other places) what relief it would be from this thin-lipped, pursed-lipped territory where the pouncing judgements of black and cold Puritanism take fertility from life and of love make a bitter sequence of needless disappointments.

20:ix:1961 Ekstasis 70

<sup>\*</sup> This refers to the Cape Peninsula at the southern-most point of Africa. 'My Cape' refers to my subjective idea of the Cape Peninsula. This poem claims no objectivity.

# EKSTASIS PART II

\_\_\_\_\_

Frozen, black, silence, still, Midnight in Midwinter, Moving far toward Morning.

Ekstasis 71 to Ekstasis 111

From 26:ix:1961 to 05:viii:1962

Revision One: 28:xi:2011 and Days Following Revision Two: 3:viii:2013 and Days Following

#### Introductory Poem to Volume Two

Frozen and black, silent and still is this midwinter's midnight but then this midnight begins to move and it transmutes towards day, this earth moves. these waters move. these fires move (at once to warm and to threaten) while this winter moves (at her own allotted pace) until (of a sudden) all is doubly alive with strength (in bodyscents and muscles) and with skilled movements of powerful muscularity all pertaining to a tall (erected and impregnant in an unusual and powerful) sound-column

(perfectly-pitched), a single and tonal chord singing strongly, sonorously (with great depth, with great height) within a concordance straight to lean and muscular, athletic and supplely-strong spring: all this progression, all this strong lustiness is a destination, a goal, a peak but to what end? What now does this mean?

Where is this reality, where the unreality? What grotesque uncertainty (inducing a quivering)
pervades this man-achieved, man-contrived goal
alarmingly and persistently unfulfilled?

# Running parallel

to this masculinity

is a fertile androgyny

(as his opposite and not so an acceptable

feminity) and

so incompletion runs as an opposite to conclusion and

not so wholeness:

this then is when poems of the epitome

lie in a trunk

dormant for fifty years

and would appear to

have ceased,

died;

but when all appear as over

and even the

memory of poems in a trunk (poems as outdoing aristocratic excellence)

fade

these poems are remade

and they reach a

flawless

excellence impossible to have achieved before:

they are then

no longer the poems

that were in that trunk:

this is the mysticism of incompletion,

incomplete for as long as thát is affected

thát is beyond

all forms of wholeness as possible and appropriate

but when

wholeness becomes right

just-rightness lies in wholeness and wholeness is brewed from patience,

that waiting on the time to be the waiting on time to be the right time:

sometimes one time alone is the opportunity

and

yet another time a hundred times repeated remains inadequate

to

pluck the just-ripe plums.

Wait not, Beloved, but come fast -

oh that

You (the absolute) could caress me into the leaping joys that from this dark ocean of unexplored love jumps

but

hasten.

hasten

I must warn You

- the

hours are tumbling and the cliffs crumbling into the nothingness of time-devoid (life-devoid and living) eternity! The journey is long and here where we wait the cry of the seamen, the gallop of the horses impede our kiss

but lóók – over there the dawn cruelly comes and my car waits.

The

fields flood past

and soon the mountain country will demand our climb

while

séé the tropical sky threatens with the black weight of rain in the clouds -

you

(my chauffeur) are you by time employed?

This night I find a glass-glaze in the cold

but if you race faster we'll be at the inn within the hour

- ah

yes

there are its lights through the forest!

See that my luggage is taken in and do not forget the rugs.

I'll have of

the roast and some of the wine from the chateau

- I thank you

the fire is warm enough,

does the innkeeper

expect much snow tonight?

or shall

I be able to continue my journey tomorrow?

I find you are not travelling fast enough - the country of old age is too barren for interest;

when

shall we be home?

At last - it is already dusk and there is my last

mansion standing forlornly on the wind-swept planes

- here where there are no gardens I shall remain indoors;

do not be concerned - visitors are not going to brave this wind,

you (the

chauffeur) may put the car away and leave my service –

in old age there is no need to mark the miles of time.

You are the butler (I understand) and you will not see me for the thing I called personality I gave to my great-grandchildren – they are bound to ruin it.

You need not ever arrange a funeral – I shall but gently merge into eternity.

26:ix:1961 Ekstasis 71 Seldom do the gem-studded caves of the inner creation in me open

and when

they opened for you to bring the light (that would make each gem glitter a million shafts from my cosmic existence) you could not afford the expensive business of being complete yourself and breaking with human respectability;

these caves closed,

time moved in a sprint and all that was left were a few grey hairs and the momentary moisture of the eye.

Later

you came and we had discussions of state in the hall of state and the illusions were that agáín the caves would open

but since you

closed them

only you can open them

and

thát (decrees the orange-blazing prophecy in the eternity-sky of the west) would upset your neatly calculated budget of human living too far to be considered.

29:ix:1961

Ekstasis 72

Five years have I waited for this

and tonight

God spoke,

five years have I prayed and have I burnt in prayer

and the anointing oil now drips from my forehead for so I have lost my body and saintliness is promised me – not as a prize, a goal

but as a Godly gift of

filtered cosmic grace

and my marriage with Godliness is complete in the constellations of music, in the oceans of poetry

for 'tis

here that He wills the conception in me of that which I shall bear, of that which will kiss humanity in the enveloping immortality of love.

> 2:x:1961 *Ekstasis 73*

# Oh that this ego would

evaporate!

Your oneness with me is denied me but not me that is I – rather I that is the cosmic channel.

Can you not séé,

héár,

féél

how in each moment we (united) ignite a metaphysical sequence that gives us the harvested sequence that gives us the harvested wisdom of the rolling millennia?

'You' and 'I' become then but travellers whose strength is our metaphysical marriage without which these ways (these broad beams of cosmic light on which we float) are obscured in the mist of minds robbed of their life once called piercing perception.

### Yet so be it:

and not yet has the future come to be written by the scribes of prophecy.

4:x:1961 *Ekstasis 74*  'Tis all nothing

- neither the coming, the

staying

nor the going:

some time have the

lights from your life and mine patterned intricately and tightly in the stepping through sequences of days that built a measure of months

but then I broke from the dance

and

(before that day kissed its successor) that you or you or I were ever so integrated into a pattern was no more than a vague memory half evoked when no weightier matter demanded the decisions in the parliament of the mind.

> All that the event now calls from me is the halfwish that never again shall I hear, see or think of you who came in temporality and so were real

only in your unreality.

Time rolls an ocean over living and forgetfulness (the intoxicator) comes gently erasing so that the corpses of yesterday are buried we know not where and care less since só transience is the lover who brings the high ecstasy of relief

and our aloneness the yeast of our freedom.

15:x:1961 Ekstasis 75 Oh night, oh most sharply defining night yours is not darkness but so much light that eyes refuse the laws of their functions and in this too-much knowing is the rhythmic pattern that is ultimately the silence in a shriek

- oh these opposites!

they

weigh more because they are incorporeal and not in space-definings so to defy luring but lying contrasts!

> 13:xi:1961 Ekstasis 76

The breakers of time roll fast and high and crash on the shores of living for so transience is the salt spray of the day that in its own being has its dissolving into the vast nothingness that is all and so nothing.

> These hours have been with forgetfulness and (like the notes sung) they were gone in being grasped.

Ultimately to fall só away,

só to

erase,

evaporate the warm blood of consciousness is the knowing of the dying that is not dying

for as life

lies so death lies

- ah the hopes

but

they (like cattle) graze to be slaughtered!

The limousine (racing cosmic royalty over the spreading highways of the mountainous liferegion) alone is a reality

alone
thát journey (through
the nights and
days) is passage to
high blazing infinity!

Oh tomorrow,

tomorrow,

come fast.

faster,

come and clasp the life to throw it to the next tomorrow

so that ultimately yesterday, today and tomorrow are melted away and structures of cold doubts are left in the void of unreality –

oh

run the hours at high speed

for thus

we return to the womb of creation in the Godly being of eternity!

18:xi:1961

Ekstasis 77

The vastness of this silence

- the insubstantial
nature of this gap!

dark (as of late afternoon) the
air loses its currents and the
quiet is the gap in the
highway of breath.

Death lies on the particles and motion has disappeared.

The electricity hére gives not fired light and power

but the power of frozen living.

All speak of peace but that is illusion of illusion

volcanoes are infantile against this!

But bordering (as it does) the incredulity-areas (where perception snaps before gripping this reality into the then-powerful vice of the human mind)

there is thát which holds the dimly-lit possibility

that this

is utterance from the source of creation -

that source

which is all and nothing

and being beyond the prison of existence it must be that to which the crude carvings of the rude mind create a remote likeness

naming it God.

To touch

it vaguely in the split atom of the moment releases the energy of infinity

but to the

peasantry (called humanity) it is poisonous insanity.

25:xi:1961

Ekstasis 78

Flames.

flames.

oh fires that come in golden burning and streaked in red again and again,

the red that is the blood of the sacrifice, or the purifier!

oh these flames

burn on the night, they hold the moments apart and still,

still the rolling momentum of

erasing time!

purple and red the filtered lights rush through the air

and there is the

Birth-giver That holds the flames of infinity (leaping vastly over the insubstantial areas of millennia) in His hand

but

neither 'He' nor 'She' nor 'It' to this Giver is an attachable definer

for séé

- the forms in

the changing shapes rush in on the air and the suns blaze in their dripping gold

since joy (like blue diamonds softened by these lights of infinity) integrates all in the refracted rays so that (united) the beams of ecstasy flood through creation a Godliness Whose reality exceeds the touch of the diamond

but has no form or existence in the compounds that could have brought it into creation

for creation is only só in the blinding blaze of thís its unseen light!

> 25:xi:1961 Ekstasis 79

The swell of night comes and so lightens into a burning illumination that glows universality making the moron 'now' and the idiot 'ego' no more than the slight irritation or sea-sand in the winds of infinity on the surface of immortality!

5:xii:1961 *Ekstasis 80*  Streamers of time themselves declare your name in the lists for the titles of love

and this

love bends gently and yet assuredly into the shafts carrying it swiftly to the Absolute where the light is light excessive and hére only the eyes of a saint would dare to see, to know

 ah but it is yóúr skill to discover the hidden accesses to these shafts

and (in finding them) your face is flooded with the golden reflection from this other light.

> 1:i:1962 *Ekstasis 81*

#### An Old Singer Attempts to Sing a Few Notes

This voice (singing straight from infinity) burnt deep into me and (in all its dramatic contours) it floated from the core of roundness so that not again had music hope of such a mate - their children (the rare gem-notes) once filled the air with extravagant sprays but the glare of time had bleached the voice and my pain is that I saw only in a glimpse (a portion of a second) its then-remote but clearest day once the peak of the year. 1:i:1962

Ekstasis 82

We wait

but wait oh so foolishly

- neither the

bite of disappointment

nor the sedative of

expectation

are pens defining our way

but both

merely ink blots on the pages

recording

our irrelevant history.

Oh this move to the

vast (and at once infinitesimal) póínt

is so

absolute

that the Absolute is impossible

in its

dimensions

giving being to blood

but again contradicting

the

state of blood;

this póint cuts slicingly

the

mind

half-perceiving its

fermentations

(the greatness of the dust particle)

for hére

(where God is

mirrored

and perfection

is more at rule

than in the mountain ranges small against the flame of thís energy) the leap (starting the cycle that first ejected motion into the static womb of creation) has its allure of force. And the compulsion-attraction of the pattern hére gains momentum until now we roll in a dust-cloud of blazing desire to recreate this electricity for this endless sprint. But the embittered chill -

why, why

was this pointless

wheel made

and what,

what

is its aimless spin

we insist is life?

8:i:1962

Ekstasis 83

Inexplicable

(but no less real for being só)

is this concrete

passage through this city

where greatness lies in the

houses

unconscious of its flesh

but being so

nó less

royal.

The scent of the night

drives hard the air

that

glosses over the skin

in a film of oil

and the eyes are

confused by seeing the invisible colours

while the

overtones of the harmonies are

(to the ear)

unimaginable

but exist.

Yet the sadism of humanity is still there,

still the

spirting semen issues its negation

but being less

it is more in its fertility

awakening sleeping

(but frustrated)

wombs

for the reshaping

continually necessary.

The pain

is in

the changing

but the beetle

(called life)

still runs the

same circle

and the dress of need on yesterday is tomorrow's garment.

16:i:1962

Ekstasis 84

If only I could have the bricks of knowing whether to build the mansion of hope or to construct firmly a fort to hold off the ruthless onslaught of no-hope's barbaric hordes;

if only I knew whether you will bring your love so that we (united) kiss (as a one) the Absolute and só melt into infinity

or whether you are another time-trick to give the illusion of hope in the dust-cloud obscuring and dehydrating the very demand for hope

but

nó

- suspended in a vacuum and in oxygen I become a lie and the lashing need for certainty itself erases its very existence in the pangs that gash my limbs so systematically.

21:i:1962 Ekstasis 85 The movement of the feet,

the elegant tapering of the afternoon (swaying out into the clear light) give the aroma of this atmosphere

and unquestioningly the day weaves in and out and around this lighted personality of hours

too gentle for touch and yet too tough for illusion.

#### This dream

burns without heat in a tempered warmth throughout the stretch of my limbs

and sleep is and is not in the mists that are a clearer light than the light of natural day

yet this light is clearer naturally.

# Ah yes

- it is in the stream of your talking (and dipping in the interplay of cross-lights) that the darts dissolve in their bulls-eye-piercing being less than touch

but these words would hold that which defies containment.

25:i:1962 Ekstasis 86 In the swelling heat of this aloneness (now more immediate than breath) there is not even the quiver of a breeze (cast in cold loneliness) to give relief

but só freedom has a name and a swaying vote while balance may again be the legislature

since within the voice of the savages in us (rowing the boat of living shoutingly, singingly on the river of existence) the pattern of silence runs fully

and it covers tautly the power-wrought courage to be.

06:ii:1962 Ekstasis 87 The wriggle in pain, the leap in laughter are unimportant and their illusion of contrast is the diseased dust from the dead

 ah to move and then become nothing, not move evaporation but to be erased in time and space alone, alone has the nakedness of the now-unattainable reality;

this

inconceivable orderless pattern of the Absolute alone is complete, being neither poisonous lie nor smug truth.

This suffocating dishonesty is visible tangible creation – an experiment in contrast and só a lashing lie in its sliding relativity;

the very

conception in the womb is a shriek of blatant distortion where the insanity of spinning in time (static in its black fog-jelly of futility) begins its functionless existence.

But so it

is and hope and its fellow murderer called raping despair are high symbols of this flaw named perceptible universe.

7:ii:1962

Ekstasis 88

The run of the day lays out its long limbs and to the afternoon carries the summer storage so that old drowsiness dodders down to the houses and touches impishly the people with the twigs of half-sleep.

And here is not the weight of hierarchical order for all is equal in the lazy but persuasive democracy of the day.

Now when weight is not there and care journeying distantly it would be joy to stay

but time (the usurper) decides in contrary movements.

The blazing glory of God

(the Absolute core burning the incense, the vapours of which are eternity)

leaps

and in that time

fulfilment (in

her orbicular beauty) runs in time's narrow territory to harvest the growth of creating that which makes pain an inverted lie and joy impossible,

that is the becoming in conception

and the war itself is blasted to pieces to make the compost from which saintliness has its virginal growth.

In

this time-space the womb is ignited and the golden flow of abundance is mauve grace by the Monarch bestowed,

so demarking in unnecessity the pale face of achievement (the hairy maniac) until its black pallor by this very mapping becomes not.

Thén God is vital in eternity and the

throbbing tan of meaning (cooled by the green of understanding) holds in fantastic

but

realisable formations

this universe!

16:ii:1962

Séé.

séé

the wind (pregnant from the love-bed with God) now sweeps away in its restless smoothness

and eternity etherises our spirits tired with the new chaos

where the war is embedded in peace irremovably.

But again the tender flames of promise spread their spring feelers of the world and so caress unknowingly, soothingly the deep wounds inflicted in these crowded passages through narrow granite tunnels to eternity.

And already the Godly groom has given His bride (life) the fertilisation to bear their sons who will lighten the long night-journey through moist time.

## - Rosita Gooch

When a Bachian fugue measures out the silence God's steps across the cosmos are audible and rise then this grief jealously guarding the purifier whose name is burning glory hailing in lightning the becoming until the bearer is 'a God-intoxicated man'\*

now 'drunk with

intellectual vision'\*.

<sup>\*</sup> William Blake

This knowing (communicated in silence) is so hot in reality

its vocal nature burns my mind into the compact conception which defies the natural passage of being

making my

integration,

my crystallisation thát which becomes before birth

(no before

conception)

so that these words exist

not

and yet their reality keeps me in blazing incandescence.

The sudden.

too, too sudden light drives hard the antiquity sense of the mind and then the grasp falls away but

> it is followed by the search until of

a sudden the flame ignites and

broad the streams (spectrum-coloured to be all white) take the life so that

> I (the observer) and the observed lose our too marked definition

> > to become

slowly as a one a volcano of fire and fertility.

Now is the time of consummation – not in antithesis of husband and wife but in an allness that is too, too Absolute

and so my

virginity is drained of its vacuum that breathed in its negation

for this not-being is the blood 'yes' of all conception.

The fire of the thing eternal is the match to the fuel that is I

and so the

external imposes on these frontiers to make them not so

for séé the electricity in

all creation is the same

but the

passage to its conception is only through the act of unity from where is issued the third existence vital in its penetration (unwavering and direct) to the point where the manhood and womanhood in neuter God meet to annul God's sterile neutrality in the impossibility of creation blooded and breathing,

rooted in

soil of actuality and sucking up the mineralled water of cycled living – to fertilise, to give birth, to die, to be reborn,

to

start the spin again

so to burst open the blossoms of bold creation in red and virginal whites that bear in the autumn the harvests born in the matured caress of summer

- all

conceived deep (deeper than time) in the winter's womb when God fluctuated and became man and woman and ultimately neither:

only when all absorbs me into all through a limb of all is the completeness there for the kiss, the spectrummed kiss of God that is more than all,

that rips my virginity to give me the power of objectivity creating the flaming lights piercing the dark and so killing the obscurity in the black lights of the ego and this new blood then is freed and fresh with eternity.

## To Dame Flora Robson

The vast stream of wisdom floods and floods

again the mind,

painlessly shé engulfs the object (the existence outside herself) to become that thing

and this penetration revitalises the youthful organs of her ancient imagination since now she frees the anointing oils of universality.

It

is in her doubt about her beauty that a Phoenician beauty breathes – time-distant in its immediate spread of powerful flight that draws

and draws evenly but with broad-river-depths of security from the first day of creation, from the womb where this symphony (the red of her blood) is cast in all its athletic symmetry.

The old is new-robed in amazement at her soft but iron clasp and

then words again take their first functions in alluding to that which remains distinct but outside them.

The mind riveted to the point

is the

penetration of the point

and só the continent of

the inner personality is mapped

and in this

mapping comes the becoming of the third (the long-limbed cat-beast that stalks the night)

the purpose of which is to destroy by living to free the land for the new race

taller and more muscled

since theirs

is blood more fertile for the spirit.

Even

now the beating on the coldly indifferent window is for this war of peace

to vent the

air and so stream it with the freshness of virginity lately pierced

- this primordial call and evocation for the heavier minerals to give boldly-defined surety in the manly feet carrying the bodies of yet bolder breathing.

It is hard

this soft inexpressibility

and

(without

existing) is shadowing all in its granite immensity to make of this all a hollow-sounding nought

since this makes

our puppet-faced fears silly

and our pulp-like

aspirations are then the slight moisture on the only wet day of the year.

24:iv:1962

How can I monkey-chatter about my loss of youth

when all the arteries race with the blood of streaming youth?

How can I hail

romantically-sadly the lights and shadows of old age

when the thunders of immeasurable millennia long since rumble in me?

These tittering fools of

time!

they deserve their mock-deaths who feel not the consummation of eternity

and

só hang rabid-curred to the structures of the liar called tradition

as the

versifiers

(whose silence would be their only talent)

hang drowningly to rhyme reduced to impotence

by purposeless

use.

30:iv:1962

In these vacuums lie the answers we dare not touch

for their cold burns

us to death

 there is no gap between the thing built and the plan dreamt and forgotten;

glory and fame are the tin homes of bloated ambitions and the open

fields

(without them and their houses)
alone,
alone are fresh.

The success-desire

(burning

ineffectually)

is equated with death for then already life is lost in the void of canned preservation

diluted to taste of

hollow negation.

There is no reason for

this world

and remember it I wish not:

let me

return and undo the knitting of my journey

for

my life's garment complete has no meaning

but to

add to the failure of earth

fallen and falling

further;

yet

I know will never exist.

(my wish denied)

I continue to lay the foundations for the monumental cathedral

> 6:v:1962 Ekstasis 99

A cry isolated in the night

and the sea

rises

but still we wait.

When the grey dawn comes we imagine a change to light

but we have only changed from the left to the right of the iced night.

Sleep alone is the silence-element where our end is the blade cutting the iron chains – so freeing us from the cement block deluding us with life in its non-being.

8:v:1962 *Ekstasis 100*  There is a new pain in the days now,

now that the

fog has come

and wait we must

but already the

night is apace

and stalking ominously

she shall have her prey

- the suffocating day.

The years have tumbled

and rolling down

what have they meant?

not even a leaf in

the foliage of time

- not even a leaf.

Yet urgently we wait

and expect the torches to come burning (through the dark) along our steep, storm-soaked footpaths

but to the

east or west neither the sunset nor sunrise exist but as artificial miles measuring nothing in its journey to nowhere. This then was birth.

Oh the longing remotely frames its illusive but large spaced and yet spaceless pain;

to return,

to return

to

the time before the flesh

(when spirit was more than

spirit in needing no name)

would be the

becoming where pain is the naked surrender of God.

15:v:1962

## What then is this God?

```
When all the forces
(electronic streamings of cosmic grace)
                                         in creation
unite
      that burning point
                           is less
                                   (in its Godly
nuclear glow)
               than part of God.
It is the element
                  where All exists.
Since more than All
                      of All it robs
orbicular completeness
                         but then this lack of
completion is logic's simpering delusion;
                                          All is
```

(that needs no existence to be)

remains

all while God

outside eternity defying the claws of grasping perception;

yet this God-reality enters the

flesh of the world

piercing a wound of

fulfilment for the flood

of stark

stainless

purity.

15:v:1962

```
Light?
       what light?
                    there is no light!
Where is the eye,
                  the eye
                           to see the formed
purpose?
       All I hear is the crumbling... the
            crumbling... the
                crumbling...
                              crumbling...
Gód.
      Gód,
             why do You beat me só?
whý,
      whý
```

Godliness?

I who would feast gluttonishly

on

Crumble to sand... to sand this ego... crumble to sand... to sand...

to sand...

Séé

the desert gobbles fast the vegetation of purpose

denied the caress of God's

rain!

22:v:1962

When in God I fall

'tis as

iron in heat:

for so iron stays iron and heat

heat

and yet they're white in heat

but

heat without the iron is not there

nor is the

white of the iron without the heat:

thís

then is when I am not I and to be with God is God more so

for this desire to

God is the heating to white heat

that is God

since whén this iron (that

is I) so glows

then have I become that

from

where I came.

6:vi:1962

Winter burnt in frost,

black-white winter how wealthy your expression of transience,

that

icicled transience hanging from the frosted trees of human life

– all life!

how wealthy your expression

burning cold

winter!

On a mystical experience while accompanying the baritone, Norman Bailey, in the Vier Ernste Gesänge by Johannes Brahms.

The sounds had come this hour or more

when

suddenly, shockingly suddenly

it was there

complete in its throbbing, weighted harmonies urging us to a freedom state the insubstantial being of which is eternally undefined

- beyond the

heavy delineation on which perception must be foundationed.

And fear was on me for this light was light too much for sight and blindly groping

my ego had melted and

you disappeared

- we had melted into

Godliness

and in this Godliness

we

were a liquid

and that liquid

eternity.

Then the sounds ceased.

the sounds that carried the electricity from our primeval roots sucking the waters from the core and beginning of creation

now dark with mourning at our sudden, too-sudden separateness.

Séé how the

blood congeals!

séé how grief spills over until all is drowned in this deluge against transience!

séé how this

grief becomes too crystallised in silence for a sob,

too iced in

helplessness for tears!

But not yet

has the deliverer

(most monarchical

Death)

arrived to evaporate us.

22:vi:1962

On another mystical experience while accompanying the baritone, Norman Bailey, a second time in the Vier Ernste Gesänge by Brahms.

The cut turned through the curtain-mist and then clearly large drops of gold (burning in eternity) floated down from the roofless sky into the endless void

where now gravity

had no hold

and you and I were afloat while our patterns in the sky drew out Brahms in the same gold oils.

It was in this time that unity was re-robed, re-crowned, re-evoked into the flame that does not burn but is the source of birth:

then Godliness (in colourless colour) declared this music deified.

That these

sound sequences are over,

that time could

control them and destroy them into the nebulosity (that itself is time)

slashes me,

burdens me with

universal grief.

Stop me not!

let this

grief continue, flood creation

- flood

eternity

since só it is a monument to Godliness.

Now that God and God-created are one, now that the energy of eternal momentum (drawing each formation to completion)

takes its unwavering dive (too static for transience, too swift for death) through time
the
justification for creation is caught in this
crystallisation uniting all in one.

Now

impossibility is frosted away in winter, evaporated in summer

and summer, winter, spring and autumn are on thread colourlessly the same colour to hold infinite colour.

Now there is no braking the machine systematically clearing away the weeds of time to plant the blood-grain ejected by God

– this grain that will yield eternal abundance! Now the blade-sharp journey (once slashing and re-slashing the confused spirit) leads to the glowing city of fulfilment

for these

wounds (inflicted by it) have bled away the bad blood

so that nów eternity links (beyond raw contradiction) with temporality to be this union

that carries the reproductivity caused by

God's universal fertility.

Léáve, leave,

forget this world,

this world

that is eternal time's negation!

Forget this world!

Death the soother.

the water-spray on the summer's day, the

blaze in the winter's night,

cóme this déáth to

erase, evaporate, encompass

this life that

claims it is I

but is not so

for it is the irreprievable

prison-sentence

served beyond my being.

Caressing Death

come nów to free

(into the nothingness

absolute)

thís that cannot be.

29:vii:1962

And so the glazed light is afoot,

afoot

and again a

spring is heralded

but it has come and brought nothing for a quarter century

other than this semblance of new blood re-appearing each year in eternal time.

What is the difference but a change of dress?

only the winter dare brave the naked encounter with the naked path to death irretrievably gaining momentum at conception.

Nor do delicate spring,

provincial summer

and

gracious autumn

hide the wound

in the balm

they apply futilely, kindly.

Can we dare the crest-ride on these reckless waves of illusion again?

What purpose in wanting

when wanting is

energy wasted

in the birth

of what cannot be?

Poor spring!

wealth to be!

the steel winter alone has enough

It was twelve at night

when the temple

started to crumble.

Before the dawn

it was

dust and before noon

dust was vacuum.

And in this is perceptible

that

(sometimes

erroneously called illusion)

which

is the undisputable and unique corpse

called reality.

5:viii:1962

Ekstasis 111.

## EKSTASIS PART III

-----• ------

Just before Dawn on a warm but stormy and dark

Spring-Morning

Ekstasis 112 to Ekstasis 194

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

What is this call from the cold wall that makes night small

and day not at all?

The blood!

oh the blood!

it tells of fruition

but

it is the life

being tapped from the

body!

Death,

cold Death

come in your

ice-cubes to free us from this steaming, static

lava pit

and

(once frozen)

disintegrate us

into the

invisible particles

(beyond existing)

of wind-sweeping

oblivion!

5:viii:1962

The search expands,

contracts,

this search

penetrates (with light, white with blindness) to curl slowly, restlessly in the sleep-languor of the night.

Só for a reality

the research scientist

(named man)

seeks the element

(that started the reaction creation)

in

the love-bed

(where the mistress or the lover is thé possibility)

only to sink deep into the woollen obscurity— there to remain impossible but to give the illusion of possibility infinitely.

The ambition-wrought statesman,

the divided

priest

trying to unite church-honour, church and the Absolute,

the doctor in the illusion of

passionate necessity,

the artist in his studio

gambling all for vision,

the constitutional

monarch

all seek in desperation the solution-pattern

where being remains intact in the disjointed moments

and in the acid becoming that has turned cannibal.

Yet the knowing of the

fraud

(that is man)

is the beginning of the

prayer-journey

rhythmically beating out the

pathless way

to the womb of eternity

where

creation

is no longer necessary.

17:viii:1962 Ekstasis 113 The cosmic dream has its fine-porcelain reality shattered only when we wake –

sleep,

sleep,

oh sleep

cover the hours,

drown the days,

erase the years!

oh

misty oblivion absorb,

absorb this breath,

this headstone-weight of living!

18:viii:1962

The horses (galloping away into the night)

cannot

escape this insubstantial film spreading over the world now so vague,

so lost in the lumbering sway

away,

away

from day

that has no light anyway.

"Life began

but why, why?"

thís is my cry

hits the

high breakers

of doubt

crashing relentlessly onto

the steel

of sterile futility

- that denied

condition encroaching on infinity

to swallow eternally

all meaning into its spaceless,

timeless void.

Time!

oh time how still you are!

and the

breeze

in the quiet warmth

of the summer's afternoon

exists not in preluding the fugue of nought;

who

then dare speak of harvests

in the autumn

and

frost in the winter?

the summer,

the spring

have not been

and what can be that has

no birth,

no childhood,

no youth?

5:ix:1962

On considering the death of Miss Rosita Gooch on 28th June, 1962

You have left this world,

stands naked and alone.

evaporated from its marshes and breathe now in needing no air.

No longer the night-light of your human pain animatedly darts in the two-o'clock morning breeze across the isolation of the street where each being

No longer the

doubts tease your silver mind aged to its infinity in the passages of metaphysical translucence;

só my sweating

life feels more its cemented bondage in knowing this

your flight;

but already your freedom promises

me

this same unconditioned,

uncontained,

non-existent

vapoured state of death.

11:ix:1962

A crack rips the concrete of this night

and

red flames

(red in congealed blood)

pierce,

pierce

the

thickening air

jellied by the ill-fitting joint in

the cosmic body

hardening and crumbling in

an unknown fear epidemic.

There is no

knowledge-transfusion available at the cold hospital of the mind

and séé

- the unrestrained

bleeding away into eternity!

Why is there growth?

growth to what?

a growth of

distortion on the brain of predestination

so that what

was to have been

is what never will be?

Fear smokes from

these smouldering doubts

but what of the

fall into them?

does redemption have the power of flight to rescue-carry away the victims of this dislocation of time?

25:ix:1962 Ekstasis 117 Freedom sparkles freely and fresh is my skin so bathed.

For as this free sea surges around me
the touchless contact of eternity smoothly covers me
so that I
become a nothing to be in this all that needs nothing in not being
but concretely so.

First it was the energy-sucking discarding but then indifference came in a white glaze until now there is no need to be fore all is one and this one-is-all means none

needs the ego

and so the ego can know nothing: millennia are wasted in the insane search for this crystallised beauty-formation

- absolute death alone can bear (in its cool dissolving of infinity) the blaze of this sea-shell.

2:x:1962 *Ekstasis 118*  The pain impinges,

the heat vapours,

the cold ices

and

yet I remain I:

in the day we need the night and at night our sights are the day

- the

one lies with light,

the other with illusion.

But

slow is the metamorphosis

and doubt wraps the hard observation of growth when death is measured against birth

for as one annuls the other

so the purpose is

again painted in obscurity

since where is the city of

promises

the architect of which is the Godhead?

No

design of reason's weaving can I see in this carpet

where the colours of living race wildly, futilely  $\mbox{and} \label{eq:colours}$  and yet remain in their failure of movement.

9:x:1962 *Ekstasis 119*  We pass alone through this world and religion, music are but a few rags with which we clothe our naked bodies. The things we think matter eventually fall from us like leaves from a dead tree.

- Rosita Gooch

We storm in high wind through time hoping to Glaze, to shape the jutting cliffs

but exhausted

we fade

and rougher become these rocks.

As the

moisture of the drizzle tinsels slightly the winter's night so the leaves curve to the ground their pointless flight,

so the weight of our speculation,

our over-stretched

ambition falls to crumbs

for the wind to waste.

And

then in the naught of birth we meet the vacuum of death

where neither death nor birth

exists.

10:x:1962

In this small principality

(that is time)

the magnetism of

earth holds,

binds and rebinds

the granite-weighted

feet we carry;

oh this gravity

is the girdle of pain

that is our covenant to be bondsmen

to nothing!

The longing for the float of freedom,

this leaping

longing grows until in death we evaporate, ultimately are erased

leaving longing and the covenant virginal in their age-arid unfulfilment.

Só

in accepting neither bondage nor freedom we become an after-thought,

a practical joke

creation played on itself at birth.

4:xi:1962 *Ekstasis 121*  There is a time for all things,

a time to

gain and a time to lose:

the horses

rode hard

and when the messengers arrived they announced our conquest;

we showed

pleasure and forgot about it.

There is a

time for all things:

the commonwealth of

countries has lost its identity

and now we

have only provinces to rule

but our reign

had its day

and still our laws persist.

A time for the feast now:

drink well,

drink well my wives

- tomorrow I

abdicate and my heir is a puritan;

ah yes!

one night more as monarch
- a round with the spying envoys

and I shall be with you my wives.

Look through the window!

the

drizzle greys the light

and the wind

mocks the day:

my coffin is arriving!

8:xi:1962 *Ekstasis 122*  There it was in the clouds

(this new birth)

heralded in the streak of blood

and the

urge was on us to find

(in the vacuum-state of this evening)

the King,

the King!

The desert rocks
rose slightly from the sand
and in this transposition of
light
(where the day heralded this cosmic-royal
birth

in its dying

and where the night in her

first-born

(- a star -)

marked this same birth on the

charts of the sky)

the becoming grew

until at the

point

(that was this birth itself)

eternity's womb

opened for all the millennia in a child

- our King!

Flood,

flood

oh our tears

for so fall to the lap of

the King

time-erasing gem-stones

which He will

wear in His crown

when law-giving from the

omnia-throne

that is creation.

14:xii:1962

This concentration

(of created blood on God)

must feed on the

seed from which it germinated

having no sun of revelation,

no rain of knowledge.

Oh the blackened iron of this

cloak

weighs on me immeasurably

for the Beloved (in

strength-chiselled limbs)

races through eternity while

my crooked legs

(infirm and faltering)

continue to

restrict

my love-chase.

Exhausted am I

but

still there is no causeway to the island holding infinity's mansion

although I have built incessantly for a thousand millennia

- God

gash me not so!

give me violent youth to build

successfully

or erasure

in bleached oblivion!

17:i:1963 Ekstasis 124. The earth falls from me!

what nakedness,

what bold

nakedness is this

I see?

the way is an ice

desert

hot in desolation;

where are the fountainheads,

the

womb's gate

from where we issue?

-2 -

But now the Beloved has seen me

and my iron-feet

(holding

me earthbound)

no longer bind me;

the light

(cold but

there)

cracks the chaos of the cloud

thickened by the

fog of quest in the dim valleys of nowhere;

love ravishes

me

and I become not 'I'

in carrying the fertility

now placed in me.

**–** 3 **–** 

Séé the glow,

the light

that kills all shadow!

I see the Architect's

plan of this mansion

creation;

here knowledge

dyes the God-filtered air!

**-4-**

The magnetism of creation has died soundlessly! attached to nothing

I am prepared for the winds

that delineate

the Beloved's demands;

and through the

narrow passages shown me Ι (knowing no other attraction) carry now the torches of eternity. -5-Adored One! my senses sold for one sense (That is You) I can but stretch out for the caress of Your tide covering me in the spray of Your salt-sea (tasting of the Absolute) to give fuel (through me)

intensifying of the light

for the

that draws my mind into You.

'Too much,

too much'

I

(that am fading)

say!

this light drowns me

now that I am in

You Beloved!

this black soot of doubt

covers me;

what claim have I

(the flawed

gem)

to be You

in Whom all starts and is

dissolved?

I know not in this cloud

but not-knowing

know You have sucked me into You.

*−7−* 

Now I

(that am You

the Absolute)

am the water in

the tide

and You are the ocean

of this tide:

indissolubly one

we are yet two

for You are God and

I am not so;

now I am the rise,

the fall of

creation

that is You

- yet creation became at

Your will

while I became creation

(and so

You)

only by Your election:

no more.

17:iii:1963

This black-ironed desertion of the Godly mate leaves blank the bleached page in light enforced excessively – I am a prince but (knowing princeliness) I still cannot find it. lost in this wind and sand tumult of this nightly desert-tornado: God have Yóú forsaken me?

> 24:iv:1963 *Ekstasis 126*

This flame-flickering,

flame-destroying hope,

this

taut lie we breed

within.

this hope for a

fertilised realisation

is our distortion

reflecting an enamel-thin gloss over our nebulous desire

for a return to our primordial estate,

our

God-dipped,

God-gripped roots!

And we continue to

slash the metaphysique of our bodies with blades of loveless passion-recreations,

with desire for

disease-coated coinage,

for criminal fame

when

all we need

is the love-bed of God!

Man's fall is man's breathing,

mind and

body conspire against all dignity

of body and

mind

- thus this pointless joke,

God's casual

after-thought

named human endeavour.

14:v:1963 *Ekstasis 127*  Shape fructifies shape

and the fugue

is the declaration by space

of cyclic conception

leading us straight to eternity

but what

weight of power lurks in these deliberate curls

resembling the cascade of God's hair?

Time has the rule and we pass mercilessly,

painlessly into the rooms of our disintegration

to become another

event in cyclic seasonal proclamations.

There

was a time when lingering at dinner to stave off

the journey

had the

illusory purpose of mastery

but

now even the moisture of the sea-spray (as we

hard-ride heavy-cargoed

to the coast)

is valuable

in this changing currency of our

lives

where the interest-rate increases incessantly.

Later the matters of fluctuating state will need

our attention

but first the

despatches

from the war of the hours must be opened

- the chancellor dead?

pity,

we will elect another tomorrow:

shape fructifies

shape.

7:vi:1963 *Ekstasis 128*  What infertile sand is this

that makes

barren even the air it obscures in its dust explosions?

what questions

tear away their limbs to be lost in a patternless movement engaged energetically in going nowhere?

what

answers cut in rock to crumble to dust, to mud, to cement

and then to

crumble yet further?

This knowledge some

damnation encompasses:

the more the

observation

the less the insipid draft for understanding can keep its plan

conceived

but

impossible.

Is this one flaw

or

is

all a flaw?

19:ix:1963 *Ekstasis 129*  The flush of fertility is upon me:

what magnet,

what integrator is this Monarch?

this health

streams, floods repeatedly the once-rarefied air

and our millennium-slumber is over!

Spééd,

spééd

that is my need:

my

royal robes are creased in centuries of disuse,

my rings are rare with static dust and all this must away,

be over within the

hour

– for séé,

great wisdom's

caravan is upon us

and my being's

illumination (dispelling

from the womb

my restless sleep-nights

as light)

is demanded by

this monarchical Manipulator of ages.

25:ix:1963

This God-vibrating desire

(burning peach-opaque

coloured)

moves to light;

I must leap as fire and

moving so

curve a line through the air giving current to the motions that lead swiftly to eternity.

But awhile and my confined

life

(briefly locked between the jaws of birth and death)

is aired in the love-stroll that walks to a melting with God.

Already the

light of spacelessness greets me racing through this narrow tunnel

forced on

me by this return to the womb from where the life-limousine will speed me through this moist night to freedom

– already I

feel

(in not feeling)

the dissolving in

the unbecoming

to the condition before

creation.

3:xi:1963

When through your being

I fly in a

love

(driven passionately

by passionless

calm)

then God-encrusted.

God-light-bathed

I am.

But you (the human being) áre nót Gód

as these words are not I

but

only the cosmic thoughts

issued through

me.

You are a passage,

a direct canal,

an

electric current,

a sweeping highway to

God;

you are the heat melting me into the Absolute;

you are the light

to the

flora

that is my life-estate.

Yet in developing

me so

you fulfil cosmic obligations

unknowingly

having no promise

that from them

you too

have this God-mating.

10:x:1963

The long limousine is ticking softly and royally (in a second) we must speed straight to nought casting importance in delusions of air where the oxygen is running out. Later exhausted I lie in a bed of unknowing when suddenly the Lover is (all-enveloping) there and for the first time I manage breath effortlessly.

The flush of light then in maroons (gold-touched

while encircled in

mauve

and the clarity of white)

enscribe my

nobility

on the reflecting sheets of eternity.

Nów there is no probing

in the growing,

nów the growing does not antithesise decay,

nów the ultimate limb-locking embrace with the beginning is possible yet never making possibility more valid.

What spiralled leaps

tattoo the air!

again I become That

Which begets me!

23:x:1963 Ekstasis 133

```
The sudden discovery
                       of the loss
                                   of the particular lock of
hair
     of his mistress
                     from
                            a locked
bedroom-drawer
                  lashes his psyche,
burns his psyche
                  instantaneously
                                    with thát
particular
           fire-slicing-by-lightning imagery
                                                to
shock-actualise
                 the full-but-scorching realisation
(scorching,
             burning,
                       provoking
                                   by just such an event)
                                                          that
love
      (irrationally)
                    contains
                               (in her dish)
                                            ingredients of
sharply-tasting agony-distillation
                                   and
                                        bitter-cake hate
```

for the lover now blames (an irrational punishment) his mistress for his loss of hér lock of hair which she gave him as a gift of her irrationally-possessive love's assumed generosity. Disruption is now the order of the day and this love is particularly irrelevant, particularly barren today.

Of her blonde lock of hair (she

cut it

```
from her forehead
                          in front of him
                                          for him)
                                                    nothing
remains.
           He had felt
                       that he had held
                                        creation,
                                                  that he had
held
infinity
      by that lock of hair
                         which now
                                    (torn from him)
                                                       leaves
him
    in a boiling
              lava-river
                      caking and burning
                                         him
                                              mercilessly
                                                           in
a black,
```

grief.

blind.

obsessive

```
But this grief
                                                  is too, too
excessive
      (by far,
             by long beaches
                         of whole, vast continents
                                             too excessive)
                                                         for
this slender reality!
              what sturdy-steel,
                           mental aberration,
                                           obsession
                                                      might
not
hide behind
             such
                   consuming-to-ashes,
                                          fiery,
                                               uncontrolled
and
uncontrollable grief?
Piercing pain
              and unendurable discomfort
                                             of obsession,
                                                          of
addiction
```

are the experiences

that persist today, experiences of a near-bursting

collapse

of an organ

when

(most, most suddenly)

thís obsessive

expectancy

converts, transmutes

to an expectancy

of shamanistic

healing

moving fast

to a most cardinally-potent and blazing

health

and so

to the steel-strength

and

to the goal-orientated

freedom.

The man and

his mistress

accept that

the Is is sacred and well,

the lost lock of hair

needs to be

so lost (as an act of faith) for the negation promotes, strengthens, reinforces the affirmative (the negative entrenches the positive) and all this enacts uncommonly rightly since this is beyond all knowing, beyond the prison-chains of obsession and beyond a purposeless,

12:xii:1963
Revised and reconstructed 27:vi:2013

Ekstasis 134

goalless addiction.

The Reconstruction of *Ekstasis* 134 – 50 years after the first version was written.

There have been two unsatisfactory versions of *Ekstasiu 134*. The oldest version is 50-years-old, dated 12:xii:1963. The third version, this version, dated 27:vii:2013 is about to enter the *door* into the outside world (the *door* into the outside world is a lock of blonde hair). The poem's destination in the outside world is its formal writing out or printing on the white page. This printing follows two definite sets of principles and procedures of prosody which collectively I name *Châtillonesque*. The first set is founded on poetic lines (lineation) and the second set is founded on stanza of verse (in prose, these would be verse-paragraphs) and clusters of words. The cluster, I define from the capital letter of the first word of the cluster to the full stop at the end of the last word of the cluster. The cluster may induce one, two, three, four, five, six words. Occasionally, the cluster contains more words, even an entire sentence.

The  $\partial oor$  has attributes in common with a psychopomp, particularly the psychopomp as a guide to the destination of the poem in the outside world. The  $\partial oor$  guides the poem, fully formed in its words, lineation, lay-out and resembling, in some measure, a music score, a painting, a photograph, an ornate page from a sacred manuscript. Once these tasks of this  $\partial oor$  are accomplished, this  $\partial oor$  sinks into hibernation. It is active no more, nor does it die. Long is its sleep; never again does this  $\partial oor$  guide a poem into actualisation. The action of such a creative  $\partial oor$  is always unique. It takes place only once. *En masse*, the attributes of the poems are unique, although individually each poem is not so. Jung would call the action of the  $\partial oor$  a symbol, a bridge between the known and the unknown.

These  $\partial oors$  are concrete images. The themes of *The Architectonic Structures* of *Primal Mediations* are all  $\partial oors$ . I rely on the finest scholarship I can find for such  $\partial oors$ . I act with particular care as the physical, psychical, spiritual, cultural, scholarship aspects of such  $\partial oors$ . My attitude to the

poems is a different matter. I rely on the archetypes of the collective unconscious and my individuation for that. I shall borrow if I deem it fit. I shall challenge and contradict if I deem it right.

The process of *doors* and their function is overtly extravertive. It draws from outside. The process of forming the poems from spectres that are not even verbal to living works of potent language, imagery, music, meaning, shapely architecture and many other attributes, art-works of high-prize – valued through centuries, even millennia – reminding humankind of their archetypal destiny (for poets are the high priests of the wholeness archetype, the self-archetype) is overtly introvertive. It draws its material from the inside.

There are three, related poems that enter through this  $\partial oor$ . They tell a complex, psychic tale (a myth) of obsession, addiction, projection and love-hate relationships, which are chaotic and disorientated. The unconscious opposite in the human relationship of this poem manifests itself quietly and surreptitiously: what was a love-hate relationship of disorientation becomes a relationship in which all the parts of this relationship are reconciled, each one to all the others, to produce a psychic structure by the integration of all its parts<sup>1</sup>, all coordinated and appropriately ordered in an exceptional patterning. This patterning permits of particularly-effective matching, by way of transmutation. Such matching is dependent partly on the language used and partly on the arrangement of the material to be so matched. This specific patterning is the quintessence of this particular matching so that it is not possible that from the original aberration arrives an epitomisinglyrobust, psychic, physical and spiritual (that is to say, archetypal) strength. This process is the multi-faceted subject of the poem but, as a title, it is inadequate as it would probably only yield confusion and vagueness.

Usually the poem takes its title from its  $\partial oor$ . But the poem and  $\partial oor$  are not the same. I adopt Debussy's practice. I place the name of the  $\partial oor$ 

<sup>1</sup> This process Jung calls, after Heraclitus, *enantiodiomica*. (Carl Gustav Jung: Collective Works vol. 6; par 708-709; pg 425-426.).

at the end of the composition (poem). That name is named the gateway to the poem. That name is not the poem itself, which operates on many levels: epic or cycle of lyric poems, stage-plays, film, music composition in verse, vision, or painting, or photograph. The language of my poetry is conversation as it is enacted on the stage but with an incantatory element. It is not the conversation of the drawing-room. Sometimes it is an incantation, pure and simple, done in the range of speech. Whatever the individual reader or listener associates with the words is, for the reader or listener, correct. The argot for *come* is ejaculation. Such an association should not be repressed on any account. There should be no suppression or repression on any account. The richness of language, its ability to contain and sustain images, music and penetrating thought, are the objectives of *Primal Mediation*.

I have known, introspectively, the first version of this poem for 50 years and I have known about this *door* for 50 years. Poem and *door* started to work together two days ago (on 25:vi:2013). I began to write the final version of this monograph on 27:vi:2013. The content of the three versions of the poem are intermingled, to the advantage of all three versions. The three versions become one poem. In their primitive, unconscious state, however, the three versions of the poem are undifferentiated, the one very much like the other. They remain separate until they separate of their own accord. Until they clarify, there is little reason why they should be recorded.

When the poems start to clarify, they (the various versions) start to join together to become one poem. At the same time, they pass through the  $\partial oor$ , into the outside world, into actuality. They leave the creative womb of my mind. They are being born. The whole construction of their prosody is happening, and the  $\partial oor$  culminates and ends its work in literary, poetic midwifery.

I have not found a way to stimulate and to facilitate their clarification. I merely have to wait until it happens. I waited 50 years in this case. After the poem starts to clarify, it characterises, it differentiates. It becomes the order of words printed on the page, according to certain principles. That

order of words, its pattern on the page, is the authentic character of the poem. It is possessed of huge psychic power. The poems dictated by the collective unconscious are mostly unified and distinguished.

The collective unconscious dictates the words of a poem to my consciousness with clarity and uncommon ease. But the lineation is another matter and, on many occasions, the lineation (its communication to me by the collective unconscious) has caused me distress. For the most part, the words are communicated to me aurally, although some vision is involved. The lineation is communicated to me visually. The lineation is the psychic and visionary product of extraverted-evaluation and is altogether a delicate, awkward and subtle matter, involving sight, sound and rhythm as well as many other delicate considerations, some of them paradoxical, if not downright contradictory, and some puzzling to an extraordinary degree, if not downright insoluble.

The collective unconscious that presents the problem, also resolves the problem with superior replacements. All's well that ends well. But that depends on my patience. In the case of *Ekstasis 134*, I had to wait for 50 years for this superior replacement.

Sometimes, however, the passage of the poem from collective unconscious through my conscious is confused to the point of irreparable damage. Such a poem is irredeemably spoilt. Again and again it takes the wrong turning. It is wilful in its pursuit of being wrong. It is aberrant. Every such a poem has an aberrant will. These poems should not be destroyed, but nor should they be published with non-aberrant poems. It is cardinal that they should be printed and published. They are part of our humanity. I do not care for the word 'should' and its cohorts. But these aberrant poems stay part of poetry. Humans would be wronged if their literature did not reflect their personal unconscious, their collective-shadow archetype to them. These failed poems do just that.

I seldom know how the poem will end. When I do, this is an inauspicious omen: then the inferiority of the poem is mostly assured and clear. I had

better write prose in such a case. Aeons and planets divide my practise in writing poetry from my practise in writing prose on the one hand. On the other hand it is the same language I use in writing poetry as I use in writing prose. The difference is in the arrangement of the words and their meaning and music.

The clarity of these intricate insights which led to this monograph was not presented to my consciousness until two or three months ago. Until then, I simply could not explain what I had done or was doing, even moderately adequately enough, although some of these images are 50 years old. The outlines of the images were in my consciousness but not so its detail and meaning.

```
In the summer-shimmer
                         of the hot afternoon
this vision
            ravished
                     the eye;
                               the God-being
(tracing lightly
                but clearly
                            through antiquity
                                               the
poised symmetry
                  of His existence)
                                     I saw.
                                            As a
king
      excited
               by an unknown
                                gem,
                                       as
                                          a prophet
I caught
         the air
                 (that held Him)
                                  and engraved it
indelibly
          on the safest regions
                                (beneath consciousness)
                                                         of
my mind.
```

```
We wait until death
                                 for the arrivals of
these princes
               and yet
                        miss them
                                    in public places
                                                     when
time
      is racing us
                   into transience.
What distinguishes
                     these heirs
                                 of divinity
stays obscure
               in the regions
                              before conception
                                                  but
they
      (unknowingly)
                       carry
                             the flaming
                                           torches of
faith
      for séé
               - already
                           I perceive
```

a new

dawn

by giving

vibrant honour

in

blood-homage to

this God-prince.

13:xii:1963

```
Long time
            has the day
                        promised light,
long time
          the expectation
                           (cloud-poised)
                                           moved
clearly
        over my head:
                        but this
                                wild
                                       God-prince
what cargoes
              He brings,
                          what cloth,
                                      what fibre
                                                  and
notice
       – He walks
                     as one of
                               a royal
house!
        You
              (my counsellors)
                                answer
me well
```

```
(omitting your sheltering
                                    ambiguity):
dó
    I do well
              to bring
                        Him
                              to this house?
dó
    I do just-dealing
                      in our diplomacy?
Since He
          is weighted
                       with veil
                                 what
ray
    have I
            by which to read
                             the ancient
manuscript
            of His life?
                         am I
                               to bleed
out
    my love
              so
                  or
                      is it
                           wasted
congealing
```

in the

frozen vault

of

indifference?

You answer

me poorly:

I know

less now

than before

I carved

these questions:

but leave

me –

this God-prince commands my attention!

20:xii:1963

This vintaged grief in me at last spells light in letters of darkness which (carrying light) are more than black or white: nów let me sleep until the sun has far-travelled the day. 20:xii:1963

```
Nervously
               (a bride)
                         now wait
                                    to yield
my virginity
              to Your Godliness:
                                   at once
                                             I know
You desire me
               yet will but
                             cautiously
take me
          to possess me.
                          In this our marriage
there is
         no impediment:
                          nor You nor I
is male nor female and
                        (so complete)
take
      my cosmic nobility
                           (limb-locked
                                         in a
love-bed)
           I am at one
                        with You
that is God.
                                           29:xii:1963
                                           Ekstasis 138
```

What care I

that You are God?

this

flame-fringed love

You induce in me,

this

love consumes You

to smudge You with me

for

this love is You.

And these mirrors

(shaped

as

humans)

I watch

I love but for their

reflection of You

since what are they

but

Your love-pain

from the concurrence of

birth and

conception

in You?

## I perpetually

love-burn

re-love

this perfected nebulosity,

this purified

negation

tracing Your Godliness

- no matter who the

mortal,

always in him

(her)

the microcosmos

that in

You is the macrocosmos:

when I love

You so

what

care I

that You are God?

27:i:1964

My love for You surges through the seas of time

for this tide bears the liner that brings my body,

my mind,

my psyche

into Your country:

this then I know – not another condition have I loved so.

Take

me,

take me speedily

I urge You

and then protect me

through the centuries!

When You have kissed me só

then I can

die

since the heat-radiating life

(Your

love projects into me)

makes of death

nothing

and encircles life with

infinite indestructibility.

18:ii:1964

The leaping pain

engulfs me again

and this grief

(because it's faint)

purifies and remains.

The questions knot

and reknot themselves

while

the entangled ropes

(now a pattern,

now a conglomeration)

fluctuate in meaning

only to regain bolder

meaning.

If only my love for You

were

answered

(I silently cry

in agony's contractions),

if

only the flood of molten metal

(that I have become)

could set in Your mould,

could congeal into

form

in the long night

too short for Your

embraces

and

Your clothing of my limbs

with Your

touch.

if only...

But what is it all?

can it matter

in this swiftly-curving,

steely-defined

passage to nought

that You over-fill with

meaning,

being omnipresent?

This purified negation

this nought

is the answer to the equation:

how

immortally crystallised

is this love

for in You

my becoming

is the purified nothing

that evolves

into something

mirroring all -

that other face

of nothing.

Late February, 1964 *Ekstasis 141* 

The waiting makes a frame

in flames

for this

marriage

and as I enter the portrait

I notice

Godliness is contained

in this frame.

If in You

I am dissolved

then in God

I am dissolved

for You

are God

and to be so dissolved

the ice of

human time melts.

Is there warmth enough in

Your love for me

to evaporate

the uncertainty

that

refrigerates me?

## I cannot know

and not-knowing

bleed

but bleed to what purpose

if this Faith-encrusted

hope

exists not?

Yet I have no choice

but to believe

this dissolving in You

(and Your enveloping love for me)

can be so

in the liquid patterns

of time

swiftly

moving my life

to the infinite sea

which annuls all.

Late February, 1964 *Ekstasis 142* 

The world tears in two! the granite splits in the mountains and spits fire! the night (hungry, prowling) stalks this man's soaked spirit! There is chaos in this order; revelation and lie have married - oh to have escaped the necessity of being! I bleed but do not die. 6:iii:1964 Ekstasis 143

When of You I think

all history floods

through me:

who could have thought

that You

(complete and undefined God)

would

so claim

the slender structure

of my

ancient being?

But already the marriage-night

is promised

and from it shall rise

further

fertility

that through human time

shall blaze

the torches of immortality.

9:iii:1964

These are the robes of this love:

as symmetrically

athletic as my love paces

to You

Your love for me

trebles the speed:

this

marriage will need further millennia

to measure it.

9:iii:1964

The vigorous glow

wine-rushes into the night

and far and near

the city-lights unite

to invite

this invisible cloud

drugging us with muscle-curved

breathing.

This dance

(mind preserved)

soaks the bread

of daylight existence

with a honey

drawn from this

hive

induced by this night-cloud.

The weights of

knowledge and experience counterbalance

high expectation:

what we forgot

we own;

what we preserve

we erase.

7:v:1964

```
My life
         is an ejaculation
                           of movement:
                                          nevertheless
(in this
        frosted air
                    of ice-clear
                                 timelessness)
I am crystallised,
                  I am photographed
                                       in
a single moment of my long
pencil-point movement
                        recording (on the white
gloss
      of infinity's paper
                         woven with the imperishable
fibres
       of many ages)
                       each moment in the infinite
pattern
        of my
                indestructibility.
God's kiss
            mulberry-stains
                             my mind -
that
```

cello sounding-belly

behind the vibrating

strings

cutting the singing line in life-sounds

with

the bow of my God-infused

will!

8:v:1964

The barbs of knotted possession

poison's possession:

if no desires, nor aspirations

grip the

mind

then what might seem (incorrectly)

the realisation of

such aspirations

and desires

yield themselves to the

unknowing mind

in over-abundant crops.

The blinding, glaring light of

obsessively exclusive consciousness

in destructive harshness

misdirects the mind;

this mind is fertile and proliferate when

since contemplations grow

only with fertile, potent roots

in the fertile soils

of its unawareness-manures

of its

immeasurable unconscious

and then manifests

its luxuriant growth

in moderate and moderating consciousness.

What I leap

to

clasp in the bursting urgency

of need

I miss

fat-fingerly;

what I look to see

and

forget

comes and yields to me

itself

so that

I know

not I own it.

10:v:1964

```
This fine-point
                 and refined
                             pressure-system
                                                of this
psychic,
          sophisticated
                         instrument
                                     (weeding,
                                                 cleansing,
feeding,
          the deep,
                    rich
                          soil and air
                                       of this.
my potent psyche)
                    need no further electricity
now
      for
           (as I flight-arise
                            and
                                  as the night arrives)
I become
           distinguished
                          as a strong
                                      light-symbol
beaconing
            (with surprising sun-reflections)
                                             on ocean-foam
                                                       while
nów
```

I call

the Kingly to creation;

Í ám thé

King's són:

divinity blood my veins.

Rewritten on 19:viii:2013 First written on 26:v:1964 Ekstasis 149 Cloak me well and fast:

through all creation

I shall ride

swiftly into eternity

for I

bear the documents

planning the ages

in the

ancient volumes

printed on my psyche:

I melt

into God.

26:v:1964

We were dust-dead:

then there stood this

our lighthouse-love

indestructibly indifferent

guiding

the storm-invested ages

that threw the living sea

mercilessly high;

they came in a convoy through

unrelievedly black air

(a thousand kings)

and

high-loaded the

recesses of this tower

with volumes

on the time-proof pages of which

burnt the daylight

straight

through the fog

recording só

the heavy

history

of our love.

27:v:1964

My sight split sight to beget thrice sight: she mounted (God-gold-clad) the mountain; each stone turned burning light at her encompassing ascent and then this mountain rose (flaming) from the earth to be what the earth is becoming: a new sun has taken the night.

> 20:vi:1964 Ekstasis 152

This night my love

turned flame

and loop-curled

in

its ascent

past the dim pallor

of earth -

through You

(God)

high-ride

the stallions of

white eternity

to me

to remind me

again

I am

the

King's son.

1:viii:1964

Spring's fresh desires burn

throughout this orbicular world;

already the bark breaks

and through it prolific

primal and white blossoms

(hot odour-spreading with an about-to-be-burst virginity) are flooding each moment with a spicy scent.

Soon too

the aroused stallions

will take care

of this universe

and

creation will be reborn

in the ordered ideas

pregnant with God.

18:viii:1964

Marina de Gabarain, the Spanish mezzo-Soprano.

Flames athletically leap

this night

in cathedral

design

and lóók,

oh lóók

she comes swiftly

(ice-white enveloped)

into this world

holding all history

in her impenetrable

eyes:

mark this my prophecy:

she guards eternity!

23:ix:1964

Long have I ruled this realm,

long have I

(in my court)

been isolated

the monarch

but

no issue-heirs

have I

and others must now this

statecraft inherit

in long generations.

Myself

I banish to the desert-edges

of this country

green in eternity,

myself I banish never

to return

and being a royal decree

you dare not

(I dare not)

disobey.

27:x:1964

Out His breath throbbed,

out burst the

twelve suns

and into this black world

came primal light

flooding disintegrating

chaos

with fluid order:

naked God

became Himself!

1:xi:1964

Completion spins

at last

its inexplicable

orbs

out of my liquid life

and séé

how

swiftly

the time-winds

sweep them

poisedly

into white eternity!

2:xi:1964

As the dark questions group

their structures

the answers blaze suddenly

(through the arches)

the prophecy

of fertility;

in the fall of the old

city

rises the foundations

of another state.

10:xi:1964

These beacons turn to torches, turn to lighthouses and then suddenly the dawn-light reveals the Planner's architecture against the glass sky-screen: for humankind this confusion is excessive light, this light excessive hope: this oppositeless adundance engulfs too much but not so an eternity where all is balance. all poised order in elegant trays of strong, fine-muscled appropriateness.

> 10:xi:1964 *Ekstasis 160*

This in time is subtracted

from time

but what body-blood-absorbing

knowledge

is this to me

prejudicing me

against

nature?

Yet nature itself

(being in time)

is illusory;

all death

then

is impossible

and this vibrant

life

thrice so.

How body-blood-absorbing

is this

knowledge

that much in time

is shaped by

distorted dreams

and fantasies

of sickly

psyches.

18:xii:1964

What fortunes

You (Beloved)

bestow in pain-gems,

in gold-wrought disappointments

on me,

what kisses

of burning redemption

are all my frustrations,

what

high-powered limousines

(racing to eternity)

are all

my failures;

For só exercised

my spiritual physique

grows

athletically,

for só

more direct,

more swift

becomes my sprint

to You

Beloved!

26:xii:1964

When I read the catechism of the Council of Trent, it seems I have nothing in common with the religion there set forth. When I read the New Testament, the mystics, the liturgy, when I watch the celebration of the mass, I feel with a sort of conviction that this faith is mine or, to be more precise, would be mine without the distance placed between it and me by my imperfection.

## from 'Letters to a Priest' by Simone Weil

Beloved,	
I implore You	u,
*	strip
	untie
	fréé me
	from
those boldly-sculptured	
1	laws of
	Your Church
	when
	they
encased,	
encrusted,	
er	ntrapped
	me in Her black falsehood
	Beloved,
(I ardently beg You)	

allow me

that naked kiss,

that

brutality of indestructibility

that brings

that

disintegration,

that dissolving,

that nullifying of

clever

and sly

lies!

10:i:1965

Absorb me, oh absorb me (Beloved), absorb me out of the vacuum that is I into you! Break down these bars (Beloved) and burst burst the locks holding me prisoner of my ego! If I should die I forbid yóú (world) to mourn since that day I am wed (joy-robed) to God! 11:i:1965 Ekstasis 164 On seeing the jewellery and silverware of Kurt Jobst, the Austrian gold- and silversmith. His work reminded me of Romanesque cathedrals.

Weight,

gold-eternal weight,

silver-granite weight;

this weight is dust

to which,

from which

runs creation.

But séé

how the immeasurable

movement of the spirit

(steel-chained,

copper-chained

here)

cuts away

from the symbols

of knives and

forks,

of rings,

bracelets!

In this place

the spirit

is cathedral-placed,

here

operative God

saturates

copper,

silver,

gold -

só too

God enscribes

old orders

in the light-directives

from doming gem-stones.

26:i:1965

```
God
      my Beloved!
                    since
                           I (nought) am
                                          (by Your
decree)
         become
                  a God-prince
                                grant me this
coronation gift
                since I (nought)
                                 am
                                      (by Your
decree)
         to rule
                 high-estate enrobed
                                     as representative
of the Absolute:
                 give that
                           my legislating muscles
may evolve within;
                    without
                             give that
                                       my royal
life-limousine
               passes
                       through the cool,
```

# distilled tranquility-air imperturbably, immeasurably, impossibly until my mortal end is (with incredulity) embossed on the imperceptible but infinite air

of

immorality.

28:i:1965 *Ekstasis 166*  Dame Edith Sitwell

'The English literary world has suffered a great loss by the death of Dame Edith Sitwell, for apart from being one of the most colourful

personalities of her time, she was a poet and prose writer of no mean

distinction'.

'Dame Edith was the sister of two brilliant litterateurs - Osbert, noted

for his satirical poems, short stories and plays, and Sacheverell, for his

lyric poetry and art criticisms'.

'This amazing trio - eccentric but outstanding - of noble Norman and

English ancestry, spent their childhood at Renishaw Park, a family

estate built in 1628. Edith, born in 1887, was the eldest.'

'Their father, an affluent baronet, was also scholarly and eccentric.'

'In appearance she was, according to a recent report: ... a majestic

throw-back to the Middle Ages managing to combine in her long life the "Grande Dame" and the "enfant terrible". Her mode of dress was

unusual and spectacular - long, flowing gowns of heavy brocade with

elaborate hats or turbans, and her arms and hands laden with jewellery.

"Queen Edith" was the sobriquet by which she was known to many of her friends.'

Sources: Unknown

275

Softly,

softly falls the rain

'Dark as the world of man, dark our loss -'

for more softly falls the rain

as she (re-representing

antiquity-enveloped

queen-defiance)

passes into air

insubstantially

immovable;

this medieval-decked

symbol

(of

emerald green

and bold tangerine)

being beyond

erasure

still remains vibrant poetry

distilled in her

sound-shaped

spirit

observe

- she rules again!

31:i:1965

# On considering the life and death of T.S. Eliot

You (who lived in death) now in death live youth-blushing unrestrainedly; from half-light to dim-light your life evaded living. Non-attachment you enticed disreputably and só fertilised generations of English acres. And yet your buying of

mediocre

respectability

in middle life

left you

perpetually

bankrupt

in old age.

31:i:1965 *Ekstasis 168* 

## On the funeral of Sir Winston Churchill

Hard-drawn child-passions

you recklessly

spill

over

all London:

even in bleached age, in

withered death

you make the world

your estate,

you air-element,

you make

vain-hollow

pageantry

high filled

with illusory meaning

inestimably tangible.

2:iii:1965

God-acid

drench me

to dissolve me

into

universality

nakedly void,

indestructibly

time-released!

Relentless truth

peel off

the old paint

so letting

the cumulation

of the years

fall

vacantly,

weightlessly

from me!

2:iii:1965

I die into painful liquidity but watch my spacelessly laced flight shifting through the planes! and then (enveloped in blood-drawing pain) I bleed straight to eternity free for the final dissolution to return me unconditionally to my God-lover - He Who begot me, fertilised me, nullified me! Agáín, agáín and yet agáín I am made crowingly earth-weighted with cosmic nobility. 10:iv:1965 Ekstasis 171

This door is locked, this lock rusted and só this room is lost: to this incident I shall not return; not to return means you are dead whom I wish not to see (nor shall see) again. The relief at this break itself has left me: weight escapes me at last! 30:iv:1965 Ekstasis 172

# The Dark Night of the Psyche

The following 24 poems are here presented as one poem – *Ekstasis 173*.

They should be read consecutively.

The first 16 poems were written in the early hours after midnight on 5th December, 1965.

The rest of the poems (but for the 24th and last one) were written between 10 am. and 11 am., while the 24th poem was written at about 8:30 pm. of the same day.

The careful consideration (religio), reconsideration, minor revision and slight rewriting took place on 27-28-29:viii:2011, 46 years after this poem was written.

Your perfection is moth-holed

with delay!

what purpose

in this unthreading

delay?

promise

You stockpile upon promise

but when do

You redeem Your honour

divine at that?

-2 -

You lodge

word-weaving

and music-casting

in me

– You

(God and all)

You

weigh me

down

heavily with these!

but where is the food,

the meat and milk

to feed these wild cats?

where the leisure

to lead them unwittingly

to order?

**-**3 **-**

How trimmed in unnecessity

are my garments!

a glut of flattery

I have

but no money-grant

to create

actuality;

possibilities

obscure

the

tiic

air

but no legal document

binds any of these

proposals:

immeasurable

veins of gold

I have

but no capital

to mine them.

```
Why give
           me
                 this vaporous,
                                 superfluous
sexuality?
            táke it.
                     tie it in ribbons
of
    desirability
                 to give to those
                                   who want it!
                                                 then
compensate me
                 with water-abundance
                                         for
the
     orchards
                of my words
                               and
                                     the forests
                                               of my music!
```

What would forty thousand pounds sterling be to You?

less than

a billionth portion

of a

minute drop!

yet such meagre matchheads

could be melting fires

for Your gold

in

me

and what interest

would

this red-gold glow

not yield

in illuminating

time's naked lie?

**−6 −** 

Much need has Your plan

of revision!

this blueprint shows severe architectural flaws: infinity You may be but thát of You in me to be You eternally must be so in the cold-blue illusion of time: heed this. move swiftly; waiting wastes God! *- 7 -*This list of Your demands is asking for a wheat-crop

binds the seeds,

yet

that desert

from a desert;

the sun, the fertility - give but Your rain and the centuries shall be fed! -8-Your sluggishness appals me! where are the honours (void in themselves) You promise to rise as fortresses guarding Your delicate vases horded in me?

my femininely-slender

reconnoitre

the barbarian hordes

house:

restlessly

there

will be a raping

of God

if God

moves not

strongly and soon!

\_ 9 \_

You lightning and thunder

and blow

awesomely

but is

this smothering

dust-storm

Your rain?

**–** 10 **–** 

What divine madness

is this

that spills

the minutes,

the hours,

	the years	
	into this	
insatiable vacuum?		
wh		
wn		
	<ul><li>is God become</li></ul>	
		chaos?
	1.1	
	– 11 –	
You		
(God)		
if You		
	are to crush	
•		5.7
	to grains	
		promises
at least,		
at least		
relea	ise	
	Your	
1 •	mercy	
and give me		
that sedati	ive	
	<pre>- death!</pre>	

Being God

You need not couch Your answers in

the equivocal

terms

of Puritanical hypocrisy!

clarity

(You

told me)

is indistinguishable

from unruffled order;

why then

seal this order

in these

shafts of cool-night

contaminating this

poorly-balanced orb

with their

impenetrably black

anarchy?

-13-

Why this shapeless battalion

of morons

the oxygen
from the rooms
of my
life?
what good
am I
(holding Your
illuminated manuscripts
away from the
scorch of human-erasing)
when faint?
I need a cabinet
of prophets and
priestesses

to guide and cast
a valid state

- not merchants

peddling mediocrity

wrapped in

lies and pretence!

**- 14 -**

How do You intend cross-pollination

in this

absurd isolation

with which

You

mist-surround

my mind?

is this a divine obsession

with

dehydrating futility?

I have but one life

and so

óne spring,

óne summer:

speed needs

to generate

Your plans

if from me

You intend

a yield

or else

my life will long-stretch

its winter

straight into

trash-like uselessness!

**– 15 –** 

Strip Your directives

from these super-imposed

embellishments

and straight let me have

Your decision

granting or rejecting

this

intricate building's

arduous completion:

só

I'll know

whether life or death

beds me.

-16-

This trivial

bread-hunting

(with which You fetter

me)

dissipates

my flame-curling

breath

and

disintegrating exhaustion

sticks my wings

to indestructible

poles

of merciless failure.

The commodities

You sell

are odd!

who will buy deprivation,

disappointment,

structureless hope?

and só You

enforce

them as gifts!

-18-

Your saint-secretaries

spend their meagre

efforts

in bickering conferences;

their advice

is debased by procrastination:

heaven needs

a revolution!

What an inefficient custodian

of Your wealth

is Your Church!

who locks granite chips

in a safe

and leaves

the emeralds.

diamonds,

rubies,

sapphires

on the pavement?

what

is the convention-encased man

(who died at

birth)

but the agent of mediocrity

diseased with

strife?

why are Your princes

wandering the

cold streets

of this depraved city?

You boast

extravagantly of love;

note then

how covered I am

in sores

from the lack

of this vitamin:

if I am deluding

myself

about the veins of gold

(I think

You

gave me)

it would be love

to deface

this

distortion:

yet all

I notice

is Your

corrosive inactivity.

```
What
       does my request
for the basic
              salary
                       to live with the weighty load of
responsibilities
                 You determined
                                   at my birth
                                                 make you
stubborn?
                                                       are
You
surly
       at my
               pleading
                         to retain
                                    a friend,
some pets,
            some books
                          - Your miserly gifts
to me?
```

Futile are requests,

useless are rebellions!

Your possessive temperament

blankets Your

knowledge,

evaporates Your tenderness:

it was

a perversion,

an expansive

cruelty

to have

created me!

-23-

Much talk have we had

on faith:

but since

You demand

evidence

in historical

fact

of love for You

what foundation can

I give

my house of faith

in You?

the lover

who reveals not

his love

is insane!

a bridegroom

lavishes well

on his bride!

is it then

not time

You do duty

to my

nuptial spirit?

*−* 24 *−* 

My God

mind not

that I castigate

You so!

I hurl

third-degree questions

at You

because

I am being burnt

to ash with love for You and knowing Your unpredictable kiss dare not trust You: besides. often enough You have castigated (with scorpions) this world and if perfection You guard then do só perfectly: let us be done now with plait-twisting schemes, let the irrigation be direct, the crop swiftly and cleanly harvested and outgrow this obsession

and delay! 30:iv:1965. *Ekstasis 173*.

with deviation

This vapour I disperse into the reckless air where insignificance webs to hold the spray of futility static in the bright, artificial light of illusion. There has not been a cause. a reason for me: why thén should gross redundance in me become lean, athlethic meaning? only erasure has meaning but too shapeless am I to arrive at this

and nothing.

named never

uncreated void

Instead I bicker

with transitory death

whose one

wing

flies in functionless time

and the other

in pointless,

motionless

eternity.

8:v:1966

I look at my hand

to see its clay

and a dehydrating,

searing death-wind

disintegrates it to dust.

I see but partly:

this hand is a hand by God emitted,

how then dare I

(preserved in destructive

reason)

try to define

a pattern

in the plan

of which

I am myself

a thread?

Of distortion

I've built

a house;

to another city

I must

now move.

5:xi:1966

On considering the death of my Siamese cat, Jonathan of Wenlyn. I called him Swa, a corruption of sua, which is the Siamese for 'tiger'. He died in the early afternoon of September 21, 1966.

What death?

the completion of your oval

life was your life itself:

nothing now is

more or less to its incomparable

completion.

If your life were in futility bathed

futility is

luminous, facet-cut,

permeated with eternity's

scent.

The meaning I wanted was

time's meaning

(heavy-footed in its sluggish

run to nowhere)

but you leap poisedly

through eternity

and that leap remains indestructible through purposeless time giving time some reason for being.

5:xi:1966 *Ekstasis 176* 

## Prelude 3 of Fluid Blue Flame

## On the death of Anderida Vanya, grandfather of Anderida Rostislav

The cherry trees are not in bloom yet, but the branches are full of flower buds. All my life I have loved cherry blossom, yet it has more than once been involved with sadness for me.

On 8th of August, 1965, Charlie was born. He just a male Russian Blue kitten, or so it seemed at first. I had no conscious intention of keeping him, but I never offered him when people came to buy kittens, and the day came when I found I could not part with him. He was no ordinary cat. He was serene and dignified so that we soon changed 'Charlie' to Charles. We gave him titles — 'Prince of Pussens' and the 'King of Cats', and he accepted them graciously. He was always ready to show affection but never demanded attention. He had no need. He shone. I had only to look at him and my blackest moments were lifted and lightened. I care for all animals, but I loved that cat. He loved me, he loved life, he was Happiness. He did everything other cats do, but with complete dignity.

I did not know everything about his private life, and on 8th April last year his first family of eight kittens was born. (I had not planned this.) The cherry trees were bursting into full bloom, glorious pink against the blue sky.

Three days later he came to me in great pain. Eight hours later he was dead. He died of a large dose of arsenic. A cruel and brutal end.

When I next walked along the avenue of cherry trees the sky was leaden and the blossoms were covered with thick snow. The result of a freak snowstorm. English weather can do anything, but it seemed to me in my unhappiness to be a fitting gesture from the heavens, shrouding the too bright trees in sympathy and sorrow for the passing of that bright spirit.

He has been dead nearly a year – longer than his entire life, for he was only eight months old when he died. His second family was born on  $8^{tb}$  June. Strange how the figure eight featured so strongly in his life.

From a letter by Mrs. S. Garnett, breeder-owner of Anderida Vanya.

25:iii:1967

Great one, more cosmically royal I for your vivid visitation: then I return to the divine 'I'

(where you are dissolved

Great One) and infinity

undeniably defined is lodged

in my inward eye.

Your godliness eliminates

(in eternity)

the degeneracy of decay

to annihilate destruction

and so you defy death

Great One.

29:iii:1967 *Ekstasis 177*  I am flame-light;

the bridegroom

enters the bride - flames,

fertile flames whirl in the womb!

out of the

dark of light (sealing eyes)

I fly

directly to the way

weaving upwards

in air!

I am becoming what before conception I was:

diving,

divine this dew

drenches my Persian-patterned wings

reflecting

the shades God saw when the beginning He begot!

28:v:1967

I celebrate my Beloved with my senses!

I am the bird and He the air; I am the racing car and He the driver; I am the missile and He the space I pierce!

Time is amber and eternity gold, peach, rust; death is a regal blue and birth a white to match.

I taste my Beloved – the salted sea;
I smell my Beloved's first burst of spring's
rain-sodden soil;
I hear my Beloved – building the city infinitely!

He weds me repeatedly in air and His bridal gift is a flame carrying me on the electricity of calm ecstasy!

28:v:1967 Ekstasis 179 The night curls

and envelops the lights -

só curls Your love,

só You envelop me!

what pace in this bridal music

Beloved,

what uncharted freedom

in this void

that is our bridal bed!

You penetrate

my spirit with divinity

and You (God)

eject

Your condition of completion

into the emptiness

that is I:

só

futility fades

for eternity to spread through

my mind's

womb.

19:xii:1967

What an ambassador

to the Absolute

You (the Absolute) make me!

séé my credentials!

and pain (pinned to joy)

is the athletic triumph

of my marathon

from birth!

Green,

green is this country

where the abundant

crops clothe the fields

fertilised with

the minerals

liberally spilt from

the hand of the Absolute!

My beloved

séé how eternity

salmon-stains

Your sky

leaping from before to beyond

existence!

and You the Absolute

(my

Beloved)

how you ravish creation with

Your silence

making the fruit

(bearing meaning)

burst

(with the juice of fulfilment) their time-tender skins!

My God-Beloved

now,

in this eternal now

let the womb

of my spirit

carry Your children

- só to

return to creation

her divine citizens!

12:xii:1967

Movements pattern the air

and my royal

caravan waits for me

- away, away!

we must

travel swiftly

to the plains

where my Beloved

fills the land

with the air

filtered through

eternity

carrying the particles of

the Absolute!

Hére in this land

there is

drunkenness on timelessness,

hére order

(escaped from the clay vases of time)

in order

unbreakable!

I become Yóú Beloved –

indistinguishable from Yóú,

invisibly

locked

in Yóú

I cannot see You

for

you

are I

but You remain God

and I

Yóúr employee,

Yóúr secretary,

Yóúr bride!

12:xii:1967

To Giovanni of Selworthy, a Brown Burmese male cat. His body was found by Russell Thomassen on Tuesday, 20th February 1968. Gio had not been home since Wednesday, 7th February.

Sun-treader Browning called Shelley, Browning did not know you – Sun-maker, Sun-distiller, Sun-prince, Sun-laughter!

And still you are here – there on the roof,

romping in athletic leaps with your Siamese cousins!

thére – you've

lightly brushed my nose again in your playful way!

No you have

not died, my prince

 not while those who care for you (continue to care for you) live, I live,

my verse lives

for deep

are the lines your life draws indelibly on our minds.

And what subtle secrets of freedom
you told us for even possessive life could not contain you
Sun-prince!

In you the dynasty of love restates its royal power!

28:ii:1968 *Ekstasis 183*  As I hear the soundless summons

of Godliness

I burst into the white petals

each an

entity uniting in that desire

that feeds off

the sprays from eternity.

No purpose

have I in this world

where the spirit's commerce

is purposeless:

oh noble-named

Death

when will you claim me

(that is your estate)

and return me

to your Monarch

(the Absolute)

That is my Beloved?

I have dressed myself in

my finest robes

(woven with the skills

entrusted to me)

and await your arrival

(Death)

anxiously, nervously

for then with you

 $I'll\ return\ to\ the\ completed\ nothingness$ 

(vibrant

with Godliness)

from where

I came.

19:iv:1968

On reading of the death of Boerneef (Professor I.W. van der Merwe) the Afrikaans poet whose untranslatable poetry cast in the dialect spoken in the districts around Ceres in the western part (Western Province) of the Cape Province of South Africa. Here universality mated individuality, for the eternity-studded voice of this poet (as I understand it) surely carries the coincidence of opposites (so eloquently expressed by Nicholas of Cusa five centuries before) in that he (Boerneef) at one and the same time sings of temporality and of timelessness.

Boerneef and his wife greatly loved music and regularly attended concerts in Cape Town. I recall vividly how he, often wearing a brown beret, used to attend, with his wife, the concerts of the Cape Town Municipal Orchestra about ten years ago.

What talk of death is this?

I hear.

I hear you now, in this room I hear you!

Séé the wings you've

embroidered,

séé the flight you take

in

the autumnal Cape-golden afternoon

what talk of death

is this?

That

triumph

(that from its own insubstantial

material

weaves itself)

lays itself

(as

architectural in design

as a Bachian

fugue)

in you unendingly

and what

talk of death is this?

Alone (without

loneliness-distortions)

you have walked

with your Godliness

until you have

become thát Godliness

and now you live

vibrantly:

your pulse beats clearly,

unhesitatingly

through all time.

22:iv:1968

On Bernina Sascha (known as Rufus), a Red Abyssinian male cat, son of the famous English double champion Red Abyssinian queen, Champion Bernina Heidi.

High the head

(cast in iron nobility)

sits on the shoulders

containing thirty

centuries

and the eyes see the

dim distances

of infinity.

Coloured

like the soil

you are at once

that soil

and the

distillation of all creation.

Here hate is annihilated

and love

unnecessary

for at conception

you

were the final integration in

divinity

that is the mystic's

painful consummation

after

his cruel,

life-long,

desert-dry

journey.

As complete as a circle

what of humankind

can grasp

your cosmic

royalty,

can defy

your authority

standing

and

(as a time-erasing pyramid)

on life

on death?

When you walk

the day is made blindingly

brilliant with Godliness!

22:iv:1968

### On Anderida Rostislav (known as Roske) a Russian Blue male cat

Royalty takes its name from you, graciousness has adopted your manner, love wears a soft, seal-coat of blue like yours.

Oh Great One

when

you walk the day is as light as air

and

the sun saturates each minute!

When you

call me

I hear the vast-spaced polyphony of eternity!

When you sleep peace-mists fill serenely, gently the hours

and all

opposites, all animosities (co-existing through all time)

embrace and mate

to yield such

divinity as in you takes its form.

And

man (when he perceives your joy leaping through the cosmos) knows he is as much the spent noughtness of dust and ash as he is the indestructible monument (in the strongest, most shapely, grey-silver stone)

of nobleness

which you share with

him

but you have no similar (to him) admixture in your unconditional nobility;

your nobility

(being eternally there)

is eternally incorruptible.

25:iv:1968

Ekstasis 187

Reconstruction of last nine lines (from 'man (when he perceives your joy leaping...') on 7:ii:2012

From without beginning+ (Beloved) Your love encircles us. to without end Your love enmeshes us; in our cold nothingness You drench-love us in tropical warmth, through our vacillating becoming You guide-love us for (as Dame Julian saw when she telescoped the ages) all in Your sumptuous love (even a little thing, the quantity of a hazel-nut<sup>+</sup>)

Slender good

and

perpetuates abundance.

muscular bad

You bind in the marriage-bed of Your love;

Your love

seeps through all created things

and

uncreated conditions then germinate in this moisture.

It behoves + You

to permit the

cross-rhythm of opposites

which only court

antitheses

(while remaining coeval from without

beginning

and

to without end)

in the

untarnished unity

of Your engulfing love.

27:iv:1968 Ekstasis 188

<sup>†</sup> Revelations of divine love (the Sloane manuscript in the British Museum edited by Grace Warrack and published by Metheun) by Dame Julian of Norwich. Dame Julian was an anchoress at Norwich at the end of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth centuries.

'Nearly 50 horses sadly made their way to the knacker's yards.

'Theirs was a short journey to oblivion instead of long days of work delivering meat to city butchers.

'The horses, unexpectedly released from their shafts at midday, crowded in a bunch and started to trot towards their familiar stables.

'But the last trip home was not to be – instead, they were herded in the direction of the abattoir, nostrils flaring and eyes dilated with fear.'

- Source unknown

```
You

(labourers)

how free you are now in death

while my tears burn as coals in my living eyes!
```

```
Ríse,
ríse
my
love
and in your luxuriant fields
feed
these horses,
```

these companions!

let

them

breathe in yóúr air

fresh with freedom!

here in eternity

they need have no knowledge

of pain and fear.

Who dare doubt

the purity

in the solid gold

of these

patient spirits?

18:v:1968

# On the death of Anderida Rostislav at about 6:50 p.m., 9:vi:68

You contain me as the ocean encompasses a water-drop,

you hold me in

freedom

cutting the supple ropes

of life

that still partly bind me,

you are the deliverer

who precedes

me into death

to show me

gently

this thin path down the cliff

named life

into the oblivion-fields of

eternity

guarded by death,

your

being cloaks me against the slashing wind

that has raged here

since you

left to prepare for the journey

to my dissolution

into universality:

I wait only for you to

beckon me

and I wait nervously

but

I am prepared.

10:vi:1968

#### To Russell Thomasson

To you, our ermine-purple thank-you, to you our ruby-glowing gratitude. As we mount the broad stairway (in the oakwood high-grained with life) to the marble-carved entrance into imperial death, as we carry our weighty robes slowly, uncomfortably up this stairway your unwavering hand aids us and aids us well

in

thís

our cosmic-royal task.

Lighter have

you made

this steep climb

and the warmth

of eternity

you have infused

in these

icy days

that are our life.

As we

now

approach

the marble gateway

of death

to you

our ermine-purple thank-you,

to you

our ruby-glowing

gratitude.

7:ix:1968 *Ekstasis 191* 

## To Anité

You who have climbed this face of this Everest (snow-draped in the death that life nurses) before me. you help to draw me to the peak (where I disintegrate into God) with the ropes of orders and commands, with the warmth of your blazing faith, with the multiple instruments

of

your

guiding mysticism.

And when the

winds lash

deep wounds

in me

you apply

the balm

of love

and

again

and yet again

you point out

the

path

that

undisputedly

is my direction.

And soon

when the Beloved

claims me

I shall be wrapped

in the fur-soft

materials

woven from your words

and dyed

in your prayers.

7:ix:1968 *Ekstasis 192*  To Josquin des Prés – that 'Prince of Music', as he was called, whose towering figure dominated music in the last quarter of the fifteenth century and the first quarter of the sixteenth. As late as 1520 Josquin, ever young in spirit, offered a collection of 'new songs' to Charles V. Josquin died on 27th August, 1521, aged about 81 years, according to the copy of his epitaph preserved in the Municipal Library at Lille.

Your music washes

further forward

with each

of its time-tides

and slowly

all the

centuries

will be preserved

in thís

your sea.

Not again

is eternity

to be

so sealed

in the bubble of time

giving

this very time

the oxygen

for the

rejuvenation

of that eternal body

- that

spirit of humanity!

When I hear

you

I speak directly

to the One,

the Spring

Itself

- inconceivable

but there.

7:ix:1968.

To Giovanni Pierluigi, known as Palestrina after the Papal State of that name where he was born about 1525. His suave, mystical, polyphonic music is the culmination of the Roman High Renaissance.

On the breath of your polyphony I sweep through the inter-stellar spaces of the cosmos into the being of my Beloved! My body you take back to its primal state and (as you disperse this dust in eternity) each particle glows rainbow-colours

to

. 1	
remind	creation

loving God

remains

operative!

Farewell,

farewell

old world!

embalmed

in these

vocal lines

eternity drenches me

and I am

too young

for you!

7:ix:1968

# EKSTASIS PART IV

More than 50 summers, 50 years it took to reach this morning's particular midsummer's midmorning with her warm and affable abundance, her gracious epitome eloquently expressed in her rich and potent fertility in her peak-ripeness and in her super-abundant fruitfulness

Ekstasis 195 to Ekstasis 208

Here then the opposites coincide,

dissolve

and these

bruised passages lead

to the purposeful consummation

with erasing time:

óút,

out slide the cold flaming

noughts of infinity

enhancing so motionlessly the

advent of creation.

10:xi:1964 Ekstasis 195 Pinned, pierce-pinned here

I remain regal:

when now I walk that passage

I remain

the prince

but so alone by Your absorbing

that makes

me You

since you have become my mind

like coals diamonds:

so indistinguishable the

division

that I (who am not God)

become God.

27:v:1964

In shade, now time-encased tall You (God) engulf me sea-drenchingly! how strangely Your soundless sequence echoes in the old-worn cave of my mind! And if I say this is love once locked in two I simplify coarsely this fine-meshed vacuum-affection: how You (God) spray liquid equality on my arid redundance! 29:iii:1965 Ekstasis 197

With the cheese after-taste of the night I ride a grass-blade (sinew-wrought) to know this blaze of God-honey alone I brew my liquor that intoxicates me until the brilliant substance of reality I touch and see *ó*útsíde the maze of illusion's bubbles born and exploding simultaneously - hére nought means more than one.

No wind of

mortal embrace

can lift

my feather-heavy,

age-dyed

wings

spreading the span of long arms,

no promise

(emoting the gilted gloss

where soot has a right)

can burden me

with leaden-lifeless hope.

To universal

pyramid I

(encompassing me

minutely anchored)

turn my face.

4:v:1964

This vision (in eternity's colour of gold and orange drenched) demands the recalling of this same vision (as a pageant) led by the concrete but improbable sound-sequence as image (nevertheless clearly perceived) to compel us to the fountain spraying out translucent gems of psychic and cosmic, archetypically-piercing insights unlike any other and cut by pain, transformations to reveal the contours of intricacy carved. meticulously-carved

prescience,

a precise

vision

of tomorrow

and the century that follows.

13:iv:1964

Brown

this brooding

(calf-skinned)

envelops

closely the emerald-core

(calling it

concentrated God-light)

to the point

that

draws the eye

into this centre's essential state

wine-engulfing us

with infinity.

19:iv:1963

These leaping explorations

of this world

leave

bare,

leave bare

the faun (named the mind)

and

so all clothing

(made of care)

fades into air.

What freshness

in this freedom

following

the bleeding away of pain-blood,

what

unbondedness,

un-in-lovedness

leaps in the

fire warming the irrelevantly cold night!

All is just right

and so all falls in

magnanimous perspective

organically evolving

the melodic patterns

for not a particle

weighs

too much

nor too little

and so the excess-burning

of any violence

(emoting energy unnaturally)

is annulled

by this freedom

from which subtraction,

to which

addition

crack in impossibility.

18:viii:1963 *Ekstasis 201*  Ι

the sponge

and You

the sea

penetrating me,

containing me -

what blade

can now divide us

that were two

but are one,

are

more than 'all'

but so remain one

beyond time's splitting

into triviality,

beyond eternity's shattering

into universality,

beyond the capsulising

of reason,

beyond the dissemination

of passion?

Yóú

(God)

thick-coat me

in undefiant

air-borne indestructibility!

12:xii:1967

Ah

what an impelling call,

a full touch

wake

me to Your God-being

enveloping mine

in this my

yielding to union!

Unaware I become

You and drink of You

to look like You

so that now

Your love

and my need

are not

divided

but so welded together

that You

and

I are dissolved in one

but You remain

God

and I of your making.

Only one thought

(that itself is You)

drives me

until high

I am released in You

and then

(in falling away)

I already

initiate

the next flight

to unite again

with You

inexplicably.

29:xii:1963

```
When I díé
             I díé in You
                           (God)
                                   to live
                                           a
gemmed life
              studded
                        in diamonds.
                                       emeralds.
amethyst:
            now I know
                         but in a half-
unknowing,
             half aware.
                          half unaware,
                                          all
contained
            in paradoxical gems
                                 that are more
so
     (if not bemused)
my psyche
            of
                great antiquity
                                and
part something of eternity
                           beyond
comprehension.
```

You crystallise

hopefully

forcing time to plan

but speak not to rob not

for already

this love's alloy

(God and I)

usurps the Dream of

the Planner

who are You who condone

this but only in Your science

inexplicably.

Mid-July 1964 Ekstasis 204 In this intellectually blue vapour
shapes of time
momentarily come into clarity
— that cold arbitrator
returning indifferent growth
to voided obscurity
— its
begetter.

10:xi:1964 *Ekstasis 205*  When towards God I move

more moron I

if I were still this flight

and so

become self-encased

for thén opposites

run their yellow distortion

into the black

of not-knowing,

for thén neither

God is

entered

nor creation left.

But when towards

God I move

into creation I move

and

through it

to the condition

before it

where opposites

are unnecessary.

Then

all is nothing

and the distillation

of God

alone exists.

12:xi:1963

Ekstasis 206

Pain

slight-crusts

this stone

I God-cut

from God-

wrought rock:

but cóme yóú battalions:

I (the God-prince)

defy you:

no

war have your wind and stand,

no power have your

hatchets:

when tomorrow I wake

I shall still

torch-burn my swiftly-direct flight

ever-further into the

static whirl

of eternity's

insubstantial crystallisation.

2:viii:1964

Ekstasis 207

This cloud-blowing wind

(transcience-forged)

curls

relentlessly around

these mountain

ranges

but away,

away

– I leave

in a flight iron-winged

against this

eternal momentum's

uncharted invasion!

Soon words

will be the foreigners

and

my need

for them

will drop

in rags

from me

as I nakedly yield 'I'

to the silent pattern

traced in sound.

Farewell!

this chattering is time-devouring

triviality:

meaning has body

only in the

freedom

beyond words

so poorly capsulising

incomplete concepts:

farewell!

follow not

for invisible nought

am I.

Late October, 1965 Ekstasis 208

## EKSTASIS PART V

\_\_\_\_\_ • \_\_\_\_

The Symbolic Existence and Compassionate Nature of the *Ekstasis* Poems-as-Birds.

Ekstasis 209

03:xii:2014

Supersonically, faster than light are these accuracy-spears as observations permitting of no extenuating circumstance and (where none are even suspected) it holds there is no lack of compassion since the plentitude of compassion has a long history of effectiveness and its genealogy stretches back millennia; this compassion that is the very air in which these *Ekstasis*-birds fly and where they have their very being and it is hére these bird-poems fly out their hunting need in their accuracy-quest for knowing and recording this knowing in accurately-imaged verse (their flight symbolising their texts, their texts symbolising their flight) and all this is contained in skilled images assimilating, promoting, provoking, entrancing, rejuvenating poetry in its visionary, all-encompassing imagery as poetry for it is hére in various fast and appropriate speeds of ordered movement bringing number-order to the day in order to be thus well peak-paced while away it drives all early-morning mists with their penetrating and sparkling midsummer's sun as yet in its morning phase of primary freshness.

In direct but dark-with-not-knowing contrast (even conflict) at once with this summer's morning of the *Ekstasis* poems-as-birds and so with the dusk-to-black midwinter's midnight that precedes this revitalised morning (one part-day includes midnight and another part-day includes dawn-to-early-morning) and these two part-days juxtaposedly conjoin with the images-as-symbol in the pattern and culture of *Ekstasis* 

based on its own mythological storyline and its own *Ekstasis*-history.

-3-

The third entity (to the two part-days) is the undomesticated fourth volume of *Ekstasis* poems as four huge wine-filled clay-vases of deep-note sounding significance and as four carefully-selected libraries of leather-bound volumes (each *Ekstasis*-poem being a single volume) and these four libraries are in four leather-bound square rooms while the superior leather tells of superior culture in a psychic context and a physical form all bound in an ageless strength-duration deep into

timelessness pointing to wholeness and all this relates to all the poems in *Primal Mediation*, this number and this name denote and contain the entire poetry-oeuvre in its particular version of its completion.

**-4 -**

Number in *Ekstasis*, in *Primal Mediation* (as steely psychic image) is the potent, primary, muscle-tough stamina archetype through its symbolism of containment and order, often asymmetrical but always poised, always relating to all else in these poems and their special hierarchy of potent attributes.

**-5-**

In opposition to the supersonic speed, the faster-than-light speed the entire *Ekstasis* (of two hundred and nine poems) in conjunction with the midwinter midnight part-day now move into a barren slowness, beyond the slowness suggesting pain, beyond the slowness suggesting dying,

a slowness difficult to distinguish from the total static state of death, a slowness devitalised by this midwinter's dark and freezing season and its degeneration which is but another appearance of apparent (but incorrectly so) death.

**−6−** 

The first two volumes take place in the first part-day with its slow and as-if-dead no-motion (or if any) it is imperceptible

and this first part-day also takes place in a solitary day in midwinter encompassing only the dark part of this solitary day starting late in the afternoon and proceeding through dusk, evening, night before midnight, midnight, night-morning from midnight to just before dawn or when just light while the third volume of Ekstasis just enters the second part-day but goes no further and the first two volumes are at symbolic stations from the late afternoon of the one symbolic day to near dawn of the next symbolic day and this symbolic part-day (the first of two part-days) symbolise

millennia as does the second part-day for four potent symbols which interact (two take as their images mythic part-days and two take as their images mythic full-days) while their interaction sounds well, works well as a well-constructed fugue (itself a symbol where one symbol is juxtaposed to another in an order of images) and simultaneously there are sounds of another order of full-throated music full of majestic, fugal skills and the driving and potent energy for huge ocean-breakers that crash against the cliffs with a colossal sonority.

*−7−* 

This then

is the psychic drama of the first three volumes of *Ekstasis*, the dramatic portrayal of an order of music-making, rich sound and meticulous matching with deeply-mined meaning from a mystical score that deals in a paradoxical silence but in this rich city named *Primal Mediation*, a symbol for the complete oeuvre of poetry, while *Ekstasis* is also an elegant (one of twenty) suburb and each such suburb symbolises a volume of poetry while each volume of poetry symbolises a

music score, the one now being performed is *Ekstasis* and its key-themes and style of composition tell of death in midwinter and then a prolific and voluptuous resurrection in the sudden spring oneness of this music score in these poems.

**-8-**

The cameraman and cinematographic camera has filmed (in varying frames) these volumes of *Ekstasis* meticulously, skilfully but

Ekstasis consists of four volumes,

the turbulence of the enstonement of fourteen poems are in the fourth volume.

\_9\_

The fourth volume is recalcitrant for (after half a century) fourteen poems (now more stones than birds) are being dredged up from this death-static lake now turned thick mud with forgetfulness

while to

these fourteen bird-poems is added another *Ekstasis* bird-poem (this one)

hatched out

in November 2011, fifty years after the rest of the *Ekstasis* bird-poems and which bird-poem helps to convert these fourteen stones to fully-fledged *Ekstasis* bird-poems.

-10-

The totality of *Ekstasis* 

partly

drives *Primal Mediation* in its flight to eternity for deep are *Ekstasis* sources, and passages to (paradoxically) the collective unconscious which those who reject Jung's sophisticated psychic model call Gód (or the Only-One) and which God is the same as the Divine Entity I call God and He (my God) holds in the grip of His right hand the whole of my humanity, particularly my complicated sexuality and its all-encompassing relatedness to all in creation,

an involvement not held by purulent puritanism (not all) and its festering anti-sexual, moral stance

but nor does

my God give licence to licentiousness for my psyche and its culture (psychology) favour some forms of severity (thus disciplines) and the delight in the performance (and discipline of such a virtuoso-performance being hidden by its suave skills) of a Beethoven sonata, a
Bach fugue, a Chopin etude but (most particularly)
the performance of this hidden virtuosity in my
writing of my poetry with the virtuoso discipline of
my prosody in service (an authentic, Divine
Service in its ritual and my submission to it) to
the psyche and its many mystical no-ways
while (to the point of an aggressive
encounter and with supernatural skill)
I ward off puritanism's neurotic
compulsion to apply the discharge of its diseased
aversion to eros on all the earth, this world and
all humankind:

I am a royal warrior-

## -11-

Few escape puritanism's blight and the numbers disclosed increase; most creeds are corrupted by it; many are raped by it, perhaps the majority of humankind; puritanism's cruelty exceeds (possibly by far) the cruelty of sadism at the court of sadism where the Emperor of Sadism rules; the Queen of Masochism is an archetypally absolute despot and compulsion is her expertise peaking high (far and wide); all nations, all classes of society, all manner of humankind degenerate when

puritanism invades their psyches as would worms flesh.

-12-

This is the black night, the black death puritanism presents to a parched earth: purportedly rich yieldings from puritanical, of the moral structures (of whatever type) that puritans present to humankind,

puritans shrilly shout to
all the world (often to the point of
cacophony) while such puritans believe
themselves always unconditionally right in
every moral and legal sense and (superficially) so they
often are
but (nevertheless) puritanism (in all its forms)
remain repressive and where retribution and
punishment (not compassion) are the puritanical
laws of the day.

-13-

Primal Mediation (in every one of its poems) serves the psyche (the peak of cosmic and perpetually-operating creations) and only when morality serves the psyche

has morality any validation in terms of *Primal Mediation*.

-14-

In my protection of eros

psychic

fuels generate the journey of *Primal Mediation* to eternity where (in its endless freedom and endless vastness) it contains (paradoxically) all healing, all resolution, all initiation, all completion, all creation, all beginning, all end.

-15-

It is in all this that the gallery of *Primal Mediation* reveals itself (in a hovering vision) with twenty beauty-strength-made display-cabinets, each one unique, each one matches ideally all the others, ten of them house the ten collections that contain the cycles of poem-verses of just-right shape, of immeasurable price, of a concentrated beauty (in shape, colour, texture) that infuses the unique, penetrating style of *Primal Mediation* 

and matching those

ten collections (with their specific number of poem-cycles) are ten epic poems each in a skilfully-shaped vase and each housed in its own appropriate cabinet (itself artfully-shaped) and all this (the ten epic poems, the ten collections of cycles of poems, the entire oeuvre of *Primal Mediation*) is empowered by the ovens of supernatural, transforming, symbolisation to create potently

this completion-driven aristocracy

to promote

number-oneness

that oneness that constitutes all the attributes and poem-vase-entities

declaring (with

clear articulation to all the world) that here is *Primal Mediation* in its uniqueness deeply secure in its tactile closeness to comparative completion;

completed completion remains illusory; to the absolute degree that completion is complete (an impossibility), to that degree it is dead and none die so completely.

-16-

This architectonic construction (in clear psychic photographs,

Meister Eckhart's *Abgescheidenheit*) is the peak achievement of what is humanly (sometimes superhumanly) possible as non-attachment

a concept, lioness-mauled by what is poor, inappropriate, ill-mannered, ill-positioned, misnamed and misevaluated for this concept has to do with the just-right distances well-adjusted from many angles (as artists would when viewing paintings) and not with any form of attachment, neither by affirmation nor by denial

while total objectivity (often boldly claimed by journalists, lawyers, doctors and deluded churchmen) is as impossible as midnight at a sun-blindingly-brilliant midsummer's midday

which does not prevent such professional groups from defending such black midnight at midday; Abgescheidenheit and relative objectivity run an undefinable, not-understood parallel

itself

apparently impossible,

so little, so minute is their human understanding (much less assimilation) of the gulf and simultaneously fine-fibre divide between incommensurate and paradox

and despite these professionals,

these rationalists, these avid accumulators of facts,

Jung's psychic model burns as a unique beacon, even if universal, psychic assimilation of this model is six centuries into the very depth of tomorrow

for the confused incompletion of this model trips itself, makes it stumble over its own inadequacies,

sometimes (and

often) unnecessarily so;

whatever Carl Gustav

Jung had to say and write

his

volumes prove his mysticism and metaphysics overpoweringly

and this body of

work is frequently abused by those of kleptomaniacal inclinations

for Jung and

his stance permit of such abuse of his metaphysics, his mysticism, his psychology, his integrity;

Jungian psychology is the superior cement used in all the buildings of the city-state *Primal Mediation*;

Jung

serves the psyche unstintingly and so does every poem of *Primal Mediation* 

while the

thieves that rape Jungian psychology (in droves or individually) to serve uncooked Jungian meals to starving humanity (children in these matters) disadvantage the whole earth

but let them and the whole world be mindful that Jung is an avatar of the archetype of the Wise Old Man, the Magician

while Jung and the Wise Old Man take for their aright-setting not punishment, not crucifixion but compulsion to run the opposite course (and that backwards) when excessive one-sidedness becomes obsessive and so puritanism or libertinism stand unconditionally opposed by enantiodromia.

and its hidden, psychic language is enfolded in patience and waiting.

*−* 17 *−* 

The patterning of juxtaposing imagery in this poem (*Ekstasis 209*) reflects (as in a mirror) the intricacies and activities in intensities and architectonic construction in clean (and particularly clear) psychic photographs and

psychic films of the entirety of the *Ekstasis Collection* of two hundred and nine poems;

then the process of the Ekstasis

Collection repeats itself in each of nine
epic poems and nine (of the ten) collections of
cycles of poems so that with the Ekstasis Collection
the world has access to the total oeuvre that
is Primal Mediation and then (through these nine
epics and ten collections of cycles) the world reaches
each one of the individual poems of the total
Primal Mediation

while each one of these poems is a returned, reflected, psychic mirror-image (as a psychic photograph, a psychic film) of the entire *Primal*Mediation in embryo;

the city-state, the poetry oeuvre of *Primal Mediation* divides into the nine epic poems as nine public buildings, the ten collections of cycles of poems as ten suburbs and the individual cycles of poems as mansions and houses on roads and avenues

architectonically all

matching;

this stanza seventeen defines a fugue of images (in extensive images) as used in the construction of this poetry and these poetic plays; this usage itself is an image of the juxtaposition and musical movement, often intricate and complex for perpetually the psyche can only be perceived (on the psyche's terms) in psychic images and this fugue of psychic images mirror-reflects the paradoxical and contrapuntal movement and music of the psyche as a symbol

while

these skills (incorporating these psychic movements in prosody, in poetry-highway-building, in poetic play-penetrating) serve the psyche for without the psyche the world does not exist nor does that contrapuntal music composition that we call Creation.

-18-

Number imbues (often drenches) with its own attributes and deeply delineated characteristics

all that is attached to and associated with it

while number (as the prime archetype of order and evaluation) at once

bestows attributes and characteristics on those (and on that)

attached to it

and then it

(number) provokes, stimulates, facilitates, even enhances the assimilation of these attributes and characteristics

for with number (so entrenched) the personality (by which the entity so attaches to number)

is restored (at least in part) to its primal authenticity in its return to its oneness after its momentary paralysis

induced

by its shock at the rightness of its missilestraight return to primal wholeness and that wholeness being steely revitalised and grown handsomely tall and athletically muscular in a masculine strength, shape, subtleness, stamina within all its encompassing, potent and paradoxical androgyny

but not

withstanding all this

(rather more because of

it than not)

dark (and ever darker) become numbers' ever-deepening roots

in their

growth to further darkness

until they become

unfathomable

in the immeasurability

of the collective

unconscious

while (in deep, ever deepening contradistinction of consciousness from the collective unconscious)

number

(as a

universal complex,

as an archetype most effective in its pellucid-midsummer's-sun consciousness)

as the potential hyper-clarity of that consciousness

particularly

in the fine (and ever-finer) differentiations of that self-same consciousness.

this very number then penetrates and permeates to whatsoever entity this number attaches itself and

simultaneously

to whatsoever entity attaches itself to this number

for such an entity has this number in it in a way beyond all conscious apprehension

being the business of

archetypes

and thus

(through a sequence of

uncommonly particular acts, a veritable ritual)

number

(thoroughly, meticulously,

skilfully, guilefully)

transforms to the

finest order of containment

(permitting of

no leakages)

as the archetype of number and

order

and in Ekstasis 209

number bestows eleven imprints:

the first imprint

is eleven,

the second is seven,

the third

is eight,

the fourth is six,

the fifth

is twelfth,

the sixth is nine,

the seventh

is five,

the eighth is two,

the ninth is

four.

the tenth is three and the eleventh is ten.

Eleven double highways cover well the world seen from *Ekstasis*-world (an elevated world where broad highways are airways, seaways) and together the psychic world and the physical worlds track (without repetition) all means of travel and those who achieve their individuality – always expressed as a badge or a broach, mostly psychologically expressed (but not invariably so) – possess this magic (which is not a creed): such ones unerringly know which highways they may follow and which they dare not pursue, even if a hundred creeds would say so

while wilfulness blinds them not with the promise of all being well whatever they do for the psyche is at once individual, not once is it repeated and knows clearly what is not right for it whatever the arrogant creeds proclaim but the psyche (however pummelled by collectivity) lets these *Ekstasis* sets of maps give clear directions and take on knowledgeable forms of wise birds intent on leading no one astray,

allowing all to arrive at their rightful home and ordering (often by way of number) with clear foresight this universe to precise just-rightness whatever its inclinations toward deviation and delay: consistency is at all times the consummated enactment in its fulfilment.

> 03.xii.2014 Ekstasis 209

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