

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
hére 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.

29:x:1960

Ekstasis 1

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.

30:x:1960

Ekstasis 5

* 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.

5:xi:1960

Ekstasis 4

Daphne

Like a blaze of flames in the tightly-
packed particles of the night-sky
her graciousness leapt past while all the
crests on the horses in her sympathy-
entourage 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.

16:xi:1960

Ekstasis 5

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.

17:xi:1960

Ekstasis 6

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.

17:xi:1960

Ekstasis 7

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
justice 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,

that
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?

20:xi:1960

Ekstasis 8

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.

29:xi:1960

Ekstasis 9

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.

1:xii:1960
Ekstasis 10

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 this,

this 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.

8:xii:1960

Ekstasis 12

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.

11:xii:1960

Ekstasis 13

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.

16:xii:1960

Ekstasis 14

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?
 those who treated
him so 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.

17:xii:1960

Ekstasis 15

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.

20:xii:1960

Ekstasis 16

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.

21:xii:1960

Ekstasis 17

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 so 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.

27:ii:1960

Ekstasis 18

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 she 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?

30:xii:1960

Ekstasis 19

*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, 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 cold in the indifferent landscape,
cold for the warmth of the blood (that is
love) has left us.'

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

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

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!

18:ii:1961

Ekstasis 22

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 25

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?

none,

nothing!

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.

19:iii:1961

Ekstasis 26

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.

21:iii:1961

Ekstasis 27

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...

24:iii:1961

Ekstasis 29

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.

30:iii:1961

Ekstasis 50

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?

4:iv:1961

Ekstasis 52

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 sádíst -
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 54

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.

5:vi:1961

Ekstasis 55

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 will wait until
I enter or until I rot and dust away -
with
one or the other time is defeated beyond
dictating insipid middle-pathed
mediocrity!

11:vi:1961

Ekstasis 36

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.

11:vi:1961

Ekstasis 57

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-by-
your-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 58

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!

kiss
them Death!

kill them fast and free them,
Death!

13:vi:1961

Ekstasis 39

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!

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
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.

28:vi:1961

Ekstasis 41

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.

29:vi:1961

Ekstasis 42

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.

1:vii:1961

Ekstasis 44

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 yóu whom I
leave behind –
tóó lóng have you
been the addict of
the spiritual lie's
prostitution,
tóó lóng have you
been imprisoned in
slavery or
mastery

and nó

I do not understand
you – nó 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!

5:vii:1961

Ekstasis 46

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

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 still face me and

life goes on,

and life goes on

and heeds me not,

and

heeds me not...

9:vii:1961

Ekstasis 48

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 the right to this (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

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 yóu 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 agáin 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 –
ah
to know!

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

5:viii:1961

Ekstasis 55

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 wisdom-
harvest

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

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

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

which my wish
whips me!

He was torn,
 torn from us!
 and
we bleed
 but now
 it is his
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

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

- what
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?

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 65

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

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

But being
nought we
can afford
nought and
all is nought
- we are 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

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

* 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

Running parallel

to this masculinity

is a fertile androgyny
 (as his opposite and not so an acceptable
 femininity) and
 so incompleteness 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 incompleteness,
 incomplete for as long as that is affected
 that 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 yóu 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 agáin 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 75

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 half-
wish 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 life-
region) 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

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

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) póint
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
this 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
here 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 85

spiriting 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 *alóne*, *alóne* 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.

13:ii:1962

Ekstasis 89

throbbing tan of meaning (cooled by the
green of understanding) holds in fantastic
realisable formations
this universe!

16.ii:1962

Ekstasis 90

Sée,

sée

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.

15:iii:1962

Ekstasis 91

Music is a pattern of silence in sound

– 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'*.

15:iii:1962

Ekstasis 92

* William Blake

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.

31.iii:1962

Ekstasis 94

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.

16:iv:1962

Ekstasis 95

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.

17:iv:1962

Ekstasis 96

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

Ekstasis 97

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
(my wish denied)
I continue to
lay the foundations for the monumental cathedral
I know will never exist.

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

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

Ekstasis 101

What then is this God?

When all the forces
(electronic streamings of cosmic grace)
unite in creation
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
all while God
(that needs no existence to be)
remains

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
 I who would feast gluttonishly
 on
Godliness?

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

to sand...

Sée

the desert gobbles fast the vegetation of
purpose

denied the caress of God's

rain!

22:v:1962

Ekstasis 105

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.

Sée how the
blood congeals!
sée how grief spills
over until all is drowned in this
deluge against transience!
sée 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
Ekstasis 106

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

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 now eternity links (beyond raw
contradiction) with temporality to be this
union
that carries the reproductivity
caused by
God's universal fertility.

12:vii:1962

Ekstasis 108

Léave, 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,
come 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)
this that cannot be.

29:vii:1962

Ekstasis 109

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!
the steel winter alone has enough
wealth to be!

3:viii:1962

Ekstasis 110

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

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 the 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 115

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

Ekstasis 114

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?”
this 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

Ekstasis 115

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

You have left this world,
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
stands naked and alone.

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

Ekstasis 116

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

where the colours of living race wildly, futilely
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

Ekstasis 120

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!

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

Ekstasis 125

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 –

Sée 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

– 6 –

‘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
Ekstasis 125

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

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

Ekstasis 150

– already I
feel
 (in not feeling)
 the dissolving in
the unbecoming
 to the condition before
creation.

3:xi:1963
Ekstasis 151

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 nótt Góð
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
Ekstasis 152

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

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,
blind,
obsessive
grief.

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)
this 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,
 goalless addiction.

12:xii:1963

Revised and reconstructed 27:vi:2013

Ekstasis 134

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

There have been two unsatisfactory versions of *Ekstasis 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 *door* has attributes in common with a psychopomp, particularly the psychopomp as a guide to the destination of the poem in the outside world. The *door* 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 *door* are accomplished, this *door* sinks into hibernation. It is active no more, nor does it die. Long is its sleep; never again does this *door* guide a poem into actualisation. The action of such a creative *door* 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 *door* a symbol, a bridge between the known and the unknown.

These *doors* are concrete images. The themes of *The Architectonic Structures of Primal Mediations* are all *doors*. I rely on the finest scholarship I can find for such *doors*. I act with particular care as the physical, psychical, spiritual, cultural, scholarship aspects of such *doors*. 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 *door*. 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 parts¹, 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 epitomisingly-robust, 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 *door*. But the poem and *door* are not the same. I adopt Debussy's practice. I place the name of the *door*

1 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 *door*, 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 *door* 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.

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

Ekstasis 155

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

Ekstasis 156

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

20:xii:1963

Ekstasis 157

Nervously
I
(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)
I
take
my cosmic nobility
(limb-locked
in a
love-bed)
I am at one
with You
that is God.

29:xiii:1963

Ekstasis 158

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
Ekstasis 159

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

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

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

Ekstasis 145

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

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
Ekstasis 148

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

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
Ekstasis 155

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

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
Ekstasis 162

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,
strip
untie
free me
from
those boldly-sculptured
laws of
Your Church
when
they
encased,
encrusted,
entrapped
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
Ekstasis 163

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

Ekstasis 165

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:

gíve that
my legislating muscles
may evolve within;
without
gíve that
my royal
life-limousine
passes
through the cool,

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

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 so 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

Ekstasis 169

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
Ekstasis 170

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!

Agáin,
 agáin
 and yet agáin
 I am made
 crowingly
 earth-weighted
 with cosmic nobility.

10:iv:1965
Ekstasis 171

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.

– 1 –

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 unnecessary
are my garments!
a glut of flattery
I have
but no money-grant
to create
actuality;
possibilities
obscure
the
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?
take 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!

– 5 –

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!

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?
the barbarian hordes
restlessly
reconnoitre
my femininely-slender
house:

will be a raping
of God
if God
moves not
strongly and soon!
there

– 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?
what
– is God become
chaos?

– 11 –

You
(God)
if You
are to crush
to grains Your
promises
at least,
at least
release
Your
mercy
and give me
that sedative
– death!

to suck
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 óne 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.

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?

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
 with deviation
 and delay!

30:iv:1965.

Ekstasis 173.

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 then
should gross redundance in me
become lean,
athletic meaning?
only erasure
has meaning
but
too shapeless am I
to arrive at this
uncreated void
named never
and nothing.

Instead I bicker
with transitory death
whose one
wing
flies in functionless time
and the other
in pointless,
motionless
eternity.

8:v:1966

Ekstasis 174

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
Ekstasis 175

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.

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

but You remain God
and I
Yóúr employee,
Yóúr secretary,
Yóúr bride!

12:xii:1967

Ekstasis 182

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 yóú 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

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

Ekstasis 184

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
and
what talk of death
is this?

That
triumph

material (that from its own insubstantial
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
Ekstasis 185

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

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

⁺ Revelations of divine love (the Sloane manuscript in the British Museum edited by Grace Warrack and published by Methuen) 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!

Rise,

rise

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
Ekstasis 189

beckon me
and I wait nervously
but
I am prepared.

10:vi:1968
Ekstasis 190

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
 this
 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

woven from your words
materials
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 this
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.
Ekstasis 195

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

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 194

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
Ekstasis 196

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 redundancy!

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
outside
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
Ekstasis 198

prescience,
a precise
vision
of tomorrow
and the century that follows.

13:iv:1964
Ekstasis 199

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

I
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

Ekstasis 202

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

When I die
I die 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

When towards God I move
if I were still this flight more moron I
become self-encased and so
run their yellow distortion for thén opposites
of not-knowing, into the black
entered for thén neither God is
nor creation left.

God I move But when towards
through it into creation I move and
where opposites to the condition before it
are unnecessary.

all is nothing Then
of God and the distillation
alone exists.

12:xi:1963
Ekstasis 206

Pain
 slight-crusts
 this stone
 I God-cut
 from God-
 wrought rock:
 but cóme yóu 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

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.

– 2 –

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-monk.

– 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

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

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 incompleteness 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 missile-
straight 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.

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Ekstasis 209

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