

BLUE-WHITE DEATH-DIAMOND

VOLUME 7 of *Primal Mediation*
the complete oeuvre of the poetry of Châtillon Coque

Published by The Châtillon Institute



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WAITING ON DEATH
BLUE-WHITE DEATH-DIAMOND



On the Death of *Les Elus Linquenda Quicote* (known as 'Kiki'), an Abyssinian male cat, who died yesterday. Yesterday the apricot tree, under which he was buried today, was without any flowers. Today it is laden with spring blossoms.

Death-fires roar destruction
through the world,
death-fires lick and preserve
in distorting
charcoal
the dried grass of life,
the spray of
ethereal white blossoms
that are you,
death-
fires scorch the earth
till the world
curls and dies.

We take you
(rigid in cold
sculptured death)
and bury you beneath the
apricot tree:
suddenly its branches
(barren
Yesterday)
burn with thousands upon ten thousands
of white blossoms.

cruelty
of Subjective God,
brings all to order
*all in the end is harvest**
yóúr death
abundantly

In spite of the
Objective God
'and nothing is lost and
for in
the fertility of spring
returns
and eternally death exists not.

25:viii:1971
Waiting on Death
Blue-White Death-Diamond 1

* Dame Edith Sitwell *Eurydice*

On the Death of *Carmen Batseba*, daughter of *Bernina Sasba* (see *Ekstasis Volume 3: Just before Dawn* on a warm but stormy and dark Spring-Morning, *Ekstasis* 186) on 12:viii:71.

Your playful leaps
and jumps
laced the air;
your slender body arched
and expanded
in these
intricate movements
tattooing time
and in these
love games
you imprisoned
Kiki
Yielding most
willingly.
Through the curves of your games
he stared
lovingly at you
and his large oval eyes
(golden
brown)
set in his heart-shaped head
(with sharp,
large ears)
saw in detail
and perpetually

structures of all eternity. the

Then on the twelfth

day of the eighth month in the lateness of

the warm afternoon you died:

a widower, the bridegroom

three children the only visible

tangible statements of your marriage.

On

the twenty fourth day of this same month

same lateness in the

of the warm afternoon his heart

yielded to the enticing demands of death:

gold as his coat as

is your marriage again

complete
and your web
of playfulness

now
preserves him
eternally – this most
resplendent
of all suns.

25:viii:1971
Waiting on Death
Blue-White Death-Diamond 2

I am nothing
and to nothing
I must return to
be what I am:
death dissolve,
dissolve me
then
until all desires,
all pains,
all joys
are as
nought as I
oh that there had been no
need to have created me!
something
is to be an obstruction
To be
for only
nothing
(totally purified nought)
Neither
death
not life
– cannot need,
has no end,
no beginning,

no weight of yesterday,
no
hope of tomorrow.

And all,
all
is as
nought as this
but believes in yesterday's
tradition
and
tomorrow's hope
neither of which
can exist:
time lies with illusions
of
movement,
of growth
for
eternity remains
absolute
in its stillness
and in its
goodness.

Death
free me
then
from these
illusions

(case as lifeless,
weighty
boulders)
perpetrated by all things.

25:viii:1971
Waiting on Death
Blue-White Death-Diamond 5

Buildings
towering towards infinity,
expansive
houses
mark this city Creation
in the
centre of which
a palace dominates
where the
Architect and his city,
Creation and Creator, are
united undistinguishably,
indissolubly
in
this palace,
these buildings,
these houses,
this very city
are this palace.
But beyond this union,
beyond this
merging
(irretrievably dissolving)
Architect,
palace,
city
(one into the other)
there is nothing;
the only purity,
this nothing,

is
Architect,
city,
palace,
buildings all
things at once and eternally.

Death
(cold in its
concrete nature)
is a mirage,
a cruel joke
played on the senses of creation
for all begins,
exists
and ends
in no-thing
and no-thing
decays not,
dies not.

5:ix:1972
Waiting on Death
Blue-White Death-Diamond 4

At conception
 life
 conceives death
 and loves
 but to give
birth
 to death:
 yet in her dying
 death
revives,
 rejuvenates
 crabbed life
 and
lavishes
 perpetual youth on her
 by aiding her
reabsorption into nothingness.

Why then,
 restless
race of humans,
 do you bargain
 futilely
 for a
tinsel heaven
 beyond death
 in order
 to
annihilate death?
 Generous death

illusive order
frees you from the
structured in contradictions
for if
death is false
so is life
and the
nothingness
beyond death and life
is
death and life
and more than the sum of
these:
this nought
(itself complete)
completes yóu
and transforms
yóur
restlessness
into the absolute silence of
repleted immortality.

6:ix:1971
Waiting on Death
Blue-White Death-Diamond 5

'Everything in the *Godhead* is one, and of that there is nothing to be said. *God* works, the *Godhead* does no work, there is nothing to do; in it is no activity. It never envisaged any work. *God* and *Godhead* are as different as active and inactive.'*

Meister Eckhart, translated C de B Evans; 1924;
London; John M Watkins; page 143.

* All italics in the above quotation are my own – Author's note.

Subjective God

turmoils

ever-creating

Creation;

Objective God

(the purity of nought)

proceeds not

beyond silence

beyond stillness.

Meister Eckhart

names

creativity towards completion

God

And

completion itself

Godhead

placing one in the

centre,

the other

beyond all,
 so dividing with
 divine perception
 the indivisible.
 Yet Objective God
 (the
 Godhead
 invisible in nought)
 flames
 with jewels
 the
 fires of mergence
 melting all into one
 this
 one completing All
 but all accomplished in
 inactivity:
 Subjective God
 (Eckhart's God)
 to be the
 Creation
 He created
 moves in the dramatic
 cycles of Creation
 counterbalancing
 special
 life
 with vacuous death:
 yet ultimately death
 outweighs

life
to preserve
life
since
nought alone
enters to merge
with the beyond-Allness
of
the Godhead
(eternally no-thing)
and life
to be
itself
must suggest something
while being thát
nóthing
which distinguishes Death.

21:ix:1971
Waiting on Death
Blue-White Death-Diamond 6

Blood-purge me,
fire-purge me,
Death!
exterminate my ego
and its desires
distorting and cracking
the universe!
acid-purge me
of lying hope!

Allow me but this:
let me expect only
nothing,
nobody,
Só emptied
(now merely a
container)
I cannot chip
the brittle
workings
(through me)
of glow-softening shapeliness
of
fragile goodness,
of finely-wrought
completion
for só
indestructible life

intensifying)

(forever

invades me.

5:i:1972

Waiting on Death

Blue-White Death-Diamond 6

L'ATTENTE DE MORTE*



* Translation – 'The Dead' wait

The jewel-fires of death,
 these transfixed fires
 blaze
 and through the branch-patterns
 (heavy with fruit)
 of life
 I see these death-
 fires;
 marvelling
 I am burnt
 And
 burnt
 purified.

5:i:1972

L'attente de Morte XXVI

Death

(thát potent diuretic)

alone,

can

dislodge the water from the water-logged
life-tissue

só draining the uric acid of
self-hate through the bladder of
unconsciousness

out of the created

being,

this death alone can dissolve
inseparably

(in all-encompassing, all-persuading passionate

love and compassionate

acceptance)

body,

mind,

personality,

psyche

and

spirit

and só invigorate all these.

Come then these deaths,

these diuretics

daily to return the being to primal

shape where the pride of repulsive
awareness of self yields to the

warm penetration into the light of
that objectivity

shedding on the universe that
acceptance where flaw and perfection are
inseparably necessary to that formation
we have called primal.

22:iv:1972

L'Attente de Morte XXVII

The salts of life all contain the mineral Death
 – too much of this mineral induces
Death,
 too little causes
Death
 and from the stillness of
Death
 emanates the motion of
Life
 but no need has this
motion of manifestation
 being totally
preserved in the stillness of
Death:
 só heaven is an ancient
lie
 as is hell
 for there never was
 nor will be
any damnation,
 any salvation
 other than the
coeval* descent and ascent
 of the
'ú'.

22:ix:1972
L'Attente de Morte XXVIII

*coeval meaning contemporary

With howling storms
of hail and fire
You,
Death,
ravish
the immature,
tender crops of
hope,
love,
compassion.

But after this plunder
granitic achievements
(archetypal monuments)
rise in their stead
to dissipate the
corrosive judgment of time
and so
testify to infinite cycles of
rebirths
in these wrought from the cold
rock of death.

12:x:1972
L'Attente de Morte XXVIX

'Then Death appears and cries out, It is I!'

WAITING IN PATIENCE



SOURCE OF THE FOLLOWING 'IT IS I' POEMS

From Ali Dashiti's: 'In search of Omar Kheufysin', translated by L P Elwell-Sutton in *Persian Studies Monographs*, General editor Ehsan Yar-Shater (London, 1971, George Allen and Unwin Ltd).

Part Two, Chapter Seven: *The Selected Quatrains*: Quatrain 25 (page 191).

Once in a while a man arises boasting;
He shows his wealth, and cries out,
'It is I!'
A day or two his puny matters flourish;
Then Death appears and cries out, *'It is I!'*

This quatrain is given as the one the heading '*The Passage of Life*'. It is also among the 36 quatrains that have 'the greatest likelihood of authenticity' (page 129). Of the 75 selected quatrains (Chapter Seven, Part Two) Ali Dashli writes: 'Nevertheless I do believe that the margin of doubt is relatively small, amounting to ten of fifteen per cent of the whole.' (page 185).

Negation came beguilingly of an evening and, in her
sensual movement of desire-shaped limbs, seduced me
into craving her,

then sleeping with
her
and dry passion-winds spread desire's fires until
they consumed us;
scorched
my innocent skin was desire-burnt with nought,
my conniving with negation freed me
and robbed me of my virginal innocence:
all this then what the moralists call sin.

But when to God I again turned I grasped a million times
more than

before
for as evil seduced Him and deprived Him of
innocence

so negation,
nought
(what some call sin)
Seduced me and
deprived me of innocence

and as evil
left Him intact
and more
essentially God than before
so negation
left me intact

and more
essentially the micro-cosmos of God than before.

And Now Meister Eckhart's words
sing through the universe of
my mind:

'In this way man
does without God, for God's sake
and is
cut off from Him: *this is the only true repentance for sin*, and
by it my sin
becomes painful to me *but does me no harm*,
just as evil is painful to God but
does Him no harm

and we
Pray that God's will be done on earth,
meaning
in us,
as it is done in heaven,
meaning
in God Himself.'*

* *Meister Eckhart: A Modern Translation* by Raymond Bernard Blakmeyer (New York, 1941, Harpel Torchbook edition of 1957, Harper and Brothers) From *The Book of Divine Comfort* (page 50).

'If you lock the doors, the gates and
throw away the keys,
if you
burn all your bridges
you will be
destroyed,'
his friends and relations
told him.

He answered:
'There can be no progression,
No
change,
no growth if I run
back through a door, a gate,
over a bridge at the sight of
every shadow
which (not knowing) I shall
call a ghost, an undefined monster;
birth and
death come only once,
as each minute
comes only once
for yesterday and
tomorrow to be today I must remain in
today
– proceeding at the allotted pace
for to
move slower or faster is to move not at all:
I shall burn all bridges, lock all

doors and gates and throw away the keys;

if

so I am destroyed

so be it.'

His friends and relatives decided not to have anything to do with such rashness, such exposure to death.

Some decades later a new monarch was to be crowned.

– one secretly elected by the Counsel of Elders for his wisdom, courage and achievements;

All were out early on the coronation-day to see who their new King would be.

He appeared at the palace
gates

and the relatives and friends
gasped and exclaimed: 'It is hé –
our long-forgotten friend and kinsman.'

In the

weeks following

they all asked for
audiences with him

but none were
granted and none of them could
understand his reasoning for he
said:

'I have long since passed through

the gateway between my friends, my
relatives and myself;
true to myself
I have locked that gateway and
destroyed that key.'

'These new-tangled ideas will destroy the
economy,'
claimed the friends and relatives
but their
businesses grew, they built imitations of
stately homes
and the arts, sciences and
economy flourished.

Then when he
died
they all declared he was a
good man and they feared none could
replace him and the country would go to
ruin.

'Then Death appears and cries out, It is I!'
Waiting in Patience No. 1
5:xii:1972

Three young men (claiming not to be
greedy but being nevertheless so in their quest
for immortality) came to speak to
Omar Khayyam.

The first asked the aged
mathematician and poet:

‘What say you to the idea that it is easier for a
camel to climb through the eye of a needle than for a rich
man to enter
heaven?’

‘I say’, answered Khayyam,
‘that is so
for what is easy we leave
undone
and so being difficult
more who are
wealthy enter heaven than those who are
poor!’

‘How so?’ asked the young man.

‘Those who fill every minute of life live,
those who seek in yesterday or
tomorrow for immortality have died’
answered Khayyam.

‘Do you not
believe in a life after death?’ asked
another young man.

'I still do not understand why
more wealthy people enter heaven than
poor'

the first young man said to
Khayyam.

'Each being's existence is contained between
birth and death,

and so wealth
(material, spiritual, intellectual, sensual,
physical, mental, emotional, rational)
all wealth makes his heaven in his lifetime.'

The three men left the poet and were
disturbed; they remarked that Omar
Khayyam made fools wise, sinners
saints and criminals honest men.

Khayyam heard about these remarks and
sadly observed

'vanity and greed make
Fools of us all.'

'Then Death appears and cries out, It is I!'

Waiting in Patience No. 2

5:xii:1972

*'... it behoves us to emulate the dead in
dispassion (niht betrueben) towards good and ill and
pain of every kind.'*

Meister Eckhart Suzuki pg 8: Evans p 206

Die first to live, care not to gain –
indifference is power for power of will is
dissipated in the willing:

'they also

*Serve who stand and wait'** when
waiting is what is needed:

to do the

right thing at the right time is
all that is needed to live

but we (in

craving life) distort the right thing and
distend the time beyond its rightness;
death, then, alone can free life so that
living (not dying) remains life's natural
function.

Then Death appears and cries out, 'It is I!'

Waiting in Patience No. 3

14:xii:1972

* John Milton. Last line of poem 'On his Blindness'

On the personality of a certain type of accountant

Small with tennis-ball shaped muscles,
frame out of proportion, the sight clouded,
the

hearing distorted,

robbed of manhood by

fears begetting fears

he grows in his

own estimation but this growth is
malignant and makes of him the
host of parasitic destruction who (wearing a
common face) is acceptable because no
laws are broken

and resentment at his
own inefficiency, resentment at his
own third-class condition makes him
project on his superiors his sluggish
self-hate – a condition not changed by
a change of occupations:

sometimes he

meets his own kind and they
combine to remove their superiors, sometimes these
superiors remove them:

where destruction has such harbourage
compassion toward him becomes fuel for hate in
him

and not the murderers, the rapists, the
thieves endanger society half so much of these
midget men whom (because they destroy within

the law) society protects:
just death
alone can restore the balance between itself and
life in its destruction of these
human-shaped cancers.

'Then Death appears and cries out, It is I!'
Waiting in Patience No. 4
15:xii:1972

On the Personality of greed

The invite ambition into their bedrooms but greed enters these bodies and this greed (they call him ambition) impregnates them with destruction which (when born) can only destroy

for to prevent it from being itself it must itself be destroyed;

then

devastation grows like cancers over the skin of the bodies used for the creation of destruction, so that in the chaotic work of destructions work its sire (greed) can fulfil this futile lusts

for he violates what he neither needs nor wants until he kills himself with his own gluttony;

merciful

death alone can release these bodies of their brain-wrought motherhood to compulsive destruction whom unconsciously they invite into their wombs by seducing greed whom euphemistically they continue to call ambition.

'Then Death appears and cries out, It is I!'

Waiting in Patience No. 5

29:xii:1972

On the personality of a certain type of musician

Fall with an angelic face (giving the quick impression of a small-symmetrical flower on a thick two-metre tall stalk): she walks as if she were about to fall forwards – unbalanced by her large posterior and thighs

and (always in haste) her ungainly movements are extended to her harp-playing for she cannot complete a piece before breaking down or leaving out parts,

but she thinks highly of her own musicianship, her moral integrity (between Protestant and Catholic) and her rightness in all things.

And yet suitors are middle-aged or unsuitable and not numerous;

she is compelled to make friends with neurotic homosexual men

themselves caught in the hysterical whirl of armlessness and (believing themselves authorities on all matters from music to mathematics) they perpetuate dissolution for the men (they craved) prefer to satisfy the girls.

Then it happened – a concerted German (tall, blonde, clever, handsome, athletic, rich) showed some interest in her and *simply everybody* told her he was *a catch* until one night at eleven she telephoned him in desperation because she was ever so frightened by a man watching her

and the German gallantly agreed to go to defend her.

On his way he called at the night-chemist and bought

expensive condoms just in case she was not on the pill;

he arrived, she smiled, three hours later nothing had happened and he left;

three weeks she told herself that a girl must have dignity, cannot *just* give in to a man but still he stayed away;

then finally she decided to discard dignity and in agitation went to his penthouse at ten at night;

she knocked once, then again and yet again, he opened the door, he was dressed only in his underpants, she gasped at his semi-nudity and in admiration for his body and its maleness, she looked past him and saw on the carpet another woman lying naked under a blanket;

he asked what he could do for her; no answer; he wouldn't have opened the door (he said) if he had known it was her but he thought it was another girl come to join his sex-party;

she screamed and ran down the stairs, he closed the door and return to his fleshy pleasures.

She now again gives dinner parties for her arty homosexual male friends whose wit and malice she repeats to whomever will listen;

she still looks radiant in her girlishness but appears more taut and (for more than before) she now covers frustration under a brittle cheerfulness;

she still practises regularly on the harp and daily her performances become more disjointed and littered with wrong notes;

the only excitement since
that traumatic night at that man's flat was the murder of
her special and homosexual friend in a public toilet where
(all her other homosexual friends said) he was no doubt
soliciting;

to all but
herself it has become clear that 'Miss' had become a
permanent appendage and still she
hopes

for some gallant to come to ward off the corrosion of
time and the development of death.

Then Death appears and cries out, 'It is I!'

Waiting in Patience No. 6

1:i:1973

On cannibalism as the only means to survival

Not *scientific materialism*, but the total degeneration of all sensibilities,

not the *universal neurosis* in the sadism of traditional moralities shall end man, but

this freedom which is a bondage more annihilating than all other bondages

for it is a bondage to what cannot, does not exist;

since man is God incarnate and immanent God is man and God bears completely the responsibility for His own nature and the consequences of His being from eternity to eternity

God must give to Death death's

due

and to life

life's due

to be

Himself;

to distend the time of His physical death is to distort His own being, to eat the image of Himself is to deny death and His own divinity –

so He

has no more existence in preserving (against Himself) his physical life for life without death (even in delaying death) loses all being and this undivine extension in times for life is bondage to what

cannot, does not exist – this is
desecration of God-nowness, of sacred
is :

fear of death is fear of life for
death and life are ever inseparable and if death is to be delayed
by cannibalism, by organ-transplants for no other reason than
to continue breath

then futility has become the new god and the old
false gods of superstitious religions and scientific materialism
revenged their sterility by the inoperancy of immanent God in
each man:

only if a
Bartók, a Bach, a Newton, an Einstein, a Danté, a Shake-
speare or any of those (whó have raised themselves into the
divine mobility by their own Godliness) should desire to stay
death awhile to complete their expositions of their divine
illuminations to physical man (and for no other reason) only
then can the suspension of sensibilities about the interchange
of human flesh be sanctified by divine humanity

for as the excess of inhibiting sensibilities diminishes us
so the
absence of inhibiting sensibilities
annihilates us

and the choice to
live because of the flesh of another man or to die depends
(at the moment of choice) on the evidence of creativity
(driving the frontiers of collective man's divinity
forward) in the chooser's life;

since man does not face extinction for lack of fertile specimens but by gross overbreeding there is no other choice:

death for the non-creative man is a privilege – the only contribution he is likely to make to the health and continuance of that humanity

bearing immanent God and His creativity – even if only (in most of its specimens) genetically.

Then Death appears and cries out, 'It is I!

Waiting in Patience No. 7

6:i:1973

in its journey
across
this night-sky!

I know not where you were,
who you were
hére
but through
your death
wé áre redeemed
to
taste
again
and yet again
the very
sustenance
of eternity
scented
with the
subtlety
of yóúr saintliness!

Then Death appears and cries out, 'It is I!'
Waiting in Patience No. 9
2:vi:1969

Death how rich you are! How rounded! How whole!
How completed in every detail! Final to be again at once
end and beginning, beginning and end; great bestower of
instant perfection! Opposites at once expanded and overtly
reconciled, the one living in the other! What life, vast
oceans of life you surround, contain, keep, nourish in the
very centre of you!

Then am I

so gross as not to know you? You, the agent of self-fertilizing,
self-rejuvenating life? You who clean out the house of
creation, cut away the coarse ornamentation of imitated
baroque living to free the clean lines that (as opposites)
run parallel in opposite directions and contain their co-
existence in a harmony Old Greece revered as life itself?
Conflict so contained creates those waves, those rhythms,
those contrapuntal lines the contemporary metaphysician
(the micro-physicist) calls neatly (even nicely) energy.

Energy! The very word energizes me! That
electricity of creation that sets creation glowing, burning,
illuminating, enlightening, clarifying: the one that never
was two but is still paraded as two; the other plain word for
these plaited waves of energy is unity.

We wrong you (death) when we would have you delayed,
wrong you the more the more we fail to see how you integrate
us, how you strip us of the unnecessary accumulation of
illusory promises whose fulfilment is encased (beyond
release), in dead cold and nebulous never, we wrong you
by ignoring you for to look into you is to see our primordial

face before the birth of our ancestors, that primordial face we
must again be to be what we are

however hidden now.

Ruthlessly you cut away all that divides us from ourselves,
that hides us from ourselves, you engender in us the power to
know that that is so and this is so and that on this contradict and
complement once the other in equal measure in the same clutch
of paradoxes that are primordial, those foundations, those roots,
those beginnings, those first stirrings that are us in the very first
of all beginnings and the very last of all endings.

When I consider death, contemplate it, keep it dead ahead of me
all is easy, I need no more;

I float

towards death and in the very act of such effortlessness

I become everything I was, I am, I shall
again be

as whole, as finished, as fresh in every
detail as death itself.

Then Death appears and cries out 'It is I!'

Waiting in Patience No. 10

11:x:1983 24:x:1983

This death that invades this night (made the more brilliant with primordial lights darting), confounds me to illuminate me so that I know (in a spiral of not-knowing that adds paradox to paradox, serenity to resounding significance) that calmed só I am again what I was in my beginning before I was conceived, before I was set into this crude concretion, my beginning in that taut archetypal constellation that is what I am now manifesting in the naked unfolding of that same primordial constellation

for fresh is this night in which this death (this cosmic surgeon) cuts away (with the perfected skill of its archetypal divinity and with the flashing scalpel of those same primordial lights)

unreality, fresh as the first dawning after the Godhead (wishing to see itself) released those Creator-God thought-formations (those archetypes) from which, in which, through which God the Creator (the androgynous reflection of the neutral Godhead) creates

and I am everything I was,
am, shall be, but most I am what I was before I became in
the human womb that so unceremoniously gaol me

that womb that was the prison
to this night, that so encapsulates me, this en fleshed private
unconscious, this life.

Spééd, spééd forward,
forward to the concretion of those symbol-goals that are
the rude reasons for this my gaol-term from conception
to death, those symbol-goals for which the archetypes

constellated to be me and (once actualized) free me from coarse living as completely as from these completed symbol-goals each once then realised to its finest details, its final detail, free me to let me reflux to my source before my existence, that source that is most I, free me só so that in that surgical cut I return to my primordial noughtness where those archetypes that constellated to be me are unyoked, unharnessed, unencumbered, dispersed, freed, my primordial noughtness from which I (now living in flesh) am partly, painfully alienated for once the flaming face (facing two ways) of that divine spark is faced this in-flesh-living must be amputated and once this in-flesh-living mould is so removed

I am free in a death that supercharges me with another life, a most primordial life, a motionless Godhead-life, that life I once knew directly I my archetypal origins and know now as if a half mirror-reflection now made more lucid by this death's visitation to this night.

Then Death appears and cries out 'It is I!'

Waiting in Patience No. 11

11:x:1983

FACET-CUT PLANES
OF THE
BLUE-WHITE DEATH-DIAMOND



To
unite
sensuality
and
chastity
inseparably
in
coeval opposites
where sensuality
is each
lens
and chastity
the sight,
both
harmed and distorting
without each other.

Facet-cut Planes of the Blue-White Death-Diamond: No 1 °
21:x:1969

* Editor's note: Some of the *Facet-cut Planes of the Blue-White Death-Diamond poems* could not be located.

This pneumonia-like sickness invades him desperately
while he
rows down the river
which passes the lake of dark waters
deep-spaded by
the shadow of Death
and he is about to turn into the very
same lake (from where none return)
when
(of a sudden) a
large, muscular, Black, African athlete
plucks him
from that
death-boat into the air
beyond the area
over which Death
has jurisdiction
while this Black athlete then pulls him
swiftly
into the
sky-clinic in which curing is a daily occurrence and
feats of health-inducing strength
are even more frequent:
meanwhile

(in this sunlit and elevated area above earth)
it is health (and
seldom, if ever, illness)
that pneumonia
(and its related diseases)
die here from a disinfectant
to end
the desperate need for
protection
for the patient into a rude, robust health in
vigilant perspicuity
which the sick man claims is his
justifiable right.

Facet-cut Planes of the Blue-White Death-Diamond: No. 2
23.vii.2014

'A miserable tuppence'
he begged
whose
face
(baked
in the
sun-furnace)
was
glazed
with liquor
into a
clumsily-furrowed
and brown
ceramic.

Crustily
I hurled
At
him:
'What good
are you to the world?'

'Skipper'
he grandiosely
replied
(swaying unrhythmically
to
bring
my face
into

the focus
of his
faded blue
eyes
made marble-like by
cheap wine)
'I'm a mirror
to show
you
what
not
to do!'

Suddenly our
laughter
spontaneously
sparkled
through the
day
muted by the trivialities
of human
greed.

And his wit
(empowered enough
to
survive
an alcoholic deluge)
illuminated
brilliantly
a small area

of that
 death-dark day
 dedicated
 (as the most other
 days)
 to the oppressive,
 endless funeral
 of
 lusting after,
 earning,
 stealing,
 hording,
 spending,
 losing
 (in ever-spinning cycles)
 those
 dull,
 hollow-sounding
 coins,
 and
 those crowns of
 commerce
 against the gold-making
 of the creatively active
 mint
 initiated by the athletically active imagination
 sprinting away
 to the stored hordes
 to conquer
 and to claim them.

'And Death once dead, there is no more dying then'

(Shakespeare, Sonnet 146)

*Facet-cut Planes of the Blue-White Death-Diamond: No. 7**

* Editor's note: This poem has no date.

STILLNESS



* Editor's note: Châtillon Coque's *Primal Mediation* comprises his completed works of poetry, as well the work that he did not get to write before his death. His notes on *Stillness*, indicate that five *Stillness* poems were to be written in total. Searches through the records of Châtillon Coque, left to his trustees in his will, have only unearthed three of these poems.

Stillness is still not there

and yet again
the shading of the shadow (mottled with afternoon light)
is supreme but the stillness of the pool is still not there for
the current ran deep and deeper, deeper still is forever the
passage to the sea, the vast ocean of primordial images that
take their shape in the first of everything, the archetypes
that are the beginnings of everything.

The pool has its dreams of the sea, its dreams clear, lucid,
brilliant-lit and yet not of the order of links that make a
thesis for the tissue that so links the dream-images that?
are simply not there and there is no cause for no-cause is
everywhere.

The sun and the shade are not at one but sun could link
with shade to make the sun the more brilliant, the shade
the more dense and so complement, not compensate, not
contradict one another

but till sun and shade
link

their conflict is
a stillness that is a stalemate and stillness as stillness (pure,
simple) is not there.

Now the turmoil (stirred over by the boiling primordial
images) is that sun and shade will (in the night) reverse
positions for the cold pale sun (the moon) is now where
the shade was and the sun is nowhere to be seen and so is
a shade.

Then Death appears and cries out, 'It is I!'

Stillness No.1

16:iv:1984

Then the sun (of a morning) has a dream of the shade in the pool and this clear dream of the sun-light then accepts the shade as a complement to itself to be the dance that flows down the same course in an intermingling of sun, shade, pool, integrating in exactly equal proportions and now suddenly a most-dynamic stillness is there

but because this stillness is dynamic (superlatively so) the great sea-energies of the primordial images will burst again to create again a conflict of interests and then (yet again) this once-dynamic stillness will not be there.

Then Death appears and cries out, 'It is I!'

Stillness No. 2

16.iv.1984

a dung-encased
and worm-rotting
warranty
enrobed
(and that deep in inappropriate character)
in an over-sweet-
scented
respectability
of upper-
middle-class-possession
(of those clothes,
of
those manners,
of those educational qualifications,
of those
commercial titles,
of those investments
and
at all of those
(and
more)
decency
screams
indecently,
meaninglessly,
in great ineptitude
purposelessly

at least must easily infixed enshrined global and plain
collective consciousness

always drenched in batter, brown disappointment, a
discolouration

but
never an enhancement in even a momentary joy-light-
laughter

Stillness No. 5

26.x.1982

Come death
so that dying
I live!

This merciless knowing,
this brutal clarity of the
pageantry of tomorrow,
this visionary river that (full spate)
carries me to the creative sea
where I do
not
expect to be
mocked
metaphysically
my nervous system,
my
psychological system,
my mind,
my emotions.

I
(the puppet
manipulated
by my intuition)
am no more I
but this puppet.

Yet
it is I
who invited intuition into me to

create with mý imaged thoughts,
with mý imagination

those
mountain-ranges
that I
(as a puppet of intuition)
am becoming;
the fool
fooled by his own foolery
is no longer the fool
but his foolery,
the

creator ceases
in order to be his creations.
Intuition combines with creative fantasy to
consume me
in blazes that
transmute me:
dying I live.

Yet humanoid
my psyche
is not constructed to bear
such perfection,
my body
is not formed to contain
such perfection,
my mind
is not designed to program

such perfection;
 over-wrought as I am
metaphysical intuition
 (universal,
 objective,
 collective,
impartial, immovable)
destroys me to refashion me:
 in my dying
is my living.

What then of me
 who thus dead
thus lives?
 trapped by my
cosmic crown,
 monarch by the
grace of intuition
I fulfil meticulously my prophecy.
Intuition
allows me no mercy,
 no respite;
my
spirit
boy
mind
emotions
all in disarray and
só
I am best equipped to

rule the rich mountain-realm I
allow intuition to
create for me to
rule:
 here I am then
– at once
royal warrior-monk
and
mystical warrior-monarch
fighting with the perfection of divinity
those wars that
initiate those changes that
ensure the quintessence of
creation is (in all five its creating contents)
change;
 yet I change not that
am forever
not I
but
puppet
fool
co-creator of creation
royal warrior-monk
mystical warrior-monarch.
Come then death
 so that dying
 I live:

Then Death appears and cries out, 'It is I!'
Waiting in Patience No. 12
26:x:1982

On the personality of Innocence

On giving a bunch of grapes to the two-and-a-half-year-old daughter of my African gardener Elias Muloyi in Johannesburg, Elias was born in the Butalima Manowe District of Rhodesia. The child's mother Stoo Uмба comes from Swaziland.

The small black child hand takes the
black grapes I offered and the small
black face remains impassive;

I had
brought an offering to a queen, a
great queen of Africa and the
uncompromising royalty of all
African womanhood was lodge in
this being barely beyond babyhood;

her
gratitude was but a formality for I
owed those grapes to her and of
this she (regally) had no doubt.

With lack of
Balance (as if trying to resist a
tornado) I restrained my impulsive
desire to fall to her feet in humble
homage
and in this wrecking turmoil
cruel prescience grasped my confused mind.

I saw her grow out of
the freshness of childhood into the
bladed light that discriminates
black from white, into the maze of
superstructures illogically constructed to
prove her royalty part of some
subhumanity to protect her ancient
civilization inferior to a code (misnamed
Christianity) by which greed is named
justice, crudity wit, cruelty consideration, a
heated system of living (contradicting all
living) where the grotesque is called
beautiful, the twisted straight.

And she
will know the bitter tang of humiliation
daily, the icy indifference of her white
overlords to her humanity, the double and
cancerous poverty that nibbles at her
stomach but tears away from her mind and
spirit in large chunks without
respite. And cruel though her white master
were and remain
would her own
kind have been
kinder to her?

And cruel though her
white masters were and
remain would her own
kind have been

kinder to her?
What improvement for
her when
black overlords
replace white
overlords.

After this the '*masters*
and overlords' are
not distinguished
between black and white.

In her ignorance and disruption how
the protections of
tribal customs (carefully
cultivated by her white masters) she will
beget more African children to
increase the suffering – hers and
theirs for many of them she will bury although
(in time-sequences) children are meant to
bury their parents, not parents their
children.

Ultimately (in old age)
she will have the untarnished
dignity of ancient African women without a
speck of resentment but abuse in all its
subtle and crude forms will not have
or been diluted.

Yet with death she will
now have an understanding by which

she will not question his sudden
actions (often violence) for she now will know
he balances all and in good time releases all,
her serenity all now have been
made indestructible by her simple knowledge that
death soon will release her African
spirit from her African body and
só from the oppression plunder which her
African ancestors have lived (like herself) from
generation to generation.

My eyes

turned again to the small dark
face made lustrous by her oval-shaped
eyes (still unexposed to suffering) and her shining
deep mulberry-red lips curling upward at
the corners

and there was no grief in
me for I knew she had the unrestrained
power of vital death in her and will be
(unlike her overlords) her innate self from
birth to death to allow suffering to
facet-cut further her spirit into brilliant
reflections of spiritual light (illuminating the
ever-increasing blackness of the cruel
night into which her white masters
recede ever further) and in death
she will become part of the inexplicable
jewellery the luminosity of
African's limitless spirituality.

14:iv:1973

**On the Personality of the conceit evident in the conduct of
many contemporary medical men**

The child was four years old and experimented
playfully;

She went with her grandfather to
His house;

for a short while he did
not hear her playing;

on searching for her
he

found her

face-downwards
in a

fishpond

now forty years old:

after dragging the
drowning child

from the slimy water

he

applied artificial respiration

and the child

revived:

this was ten o'clock in the
morning.

The child

(now in his own bed)

calls his mother

(now eleven o'clock)
and
complains of heat;
the mother takes
the child's
temperature
and is alarmed by the high
fever;
she telephones a doctor;
*'Only
Shock.'*
Diagnosed this doctor.

At twelve
o'clock the child's fever
had increased;
again the mother
telephones the doctor;
again the doctor
curtly
tells her
the
child is suffering
*'only from
Shock.'*

At one o'clock,
The child is
fighting (in panic) for breath;
the doctor now

agrees to see her:
 one look
 and he
knew
 the fever was beyond
 his medicine
 to
cure:
 he called
 a specialist physician.

 As the
specialist physician
 enters the house
 at
two o'clock
 the child died.

 The uncle of
the child
 turns
 with a venomous
passion
 on the doctor
 and the doctor
hits the uncle
 on the jaw.

 An hour
later
 an old man

(knowing something of
medicine acquainted with
and the family
of the child)

remarks to a chemist:

*'how could this
doctor
be so sure of shock
without
examining
the child?
What organism
lurked stagnant
in that pond?'*

The doctor
(on
entering
the chemist shop)
heard
the old

man:
*'You
I will
sue!'*
he tells the

old man
'Proceed'
answers the old man

calmly:

The doctor
Leaves the chemist shop
In

high agitation.

At the funeral
Of the
child

the doctor
apologises to the old
man:

*'I want
to leave
medicine
and
start
a fish-and-chips shop'.*

*'Do
that'*
replied the old man
*'if you have
not been emptied
of yourself by this death –
but if you
have become attached
from yourself
continue you
medical practice;*

knowing
in
so doing
and lie to myself
for the
fluidity
that is I
'only feed from itself
When
made more fluid
by its flooding away into
death'.
There are those
for whom
life
has an
earth-attachment:
I am
not
of
their
number.

To me
The love
(from
and for
others)
has more so joy
success is

handsome
 and failure
 small contradictory featureless fear.
 Good is
 harmless
 while bad
 yet
 this life
 (for which I asked not)
 Presents
 me
 with a vital thought
 robust with illusory
 I ask now
 only fortitude
 to play skilfully at living
 when
 death is all I require.
 Balances oblivion
 (inconceivable
 but rich
 in finality)
 only
 when
 dissipated
 in you
 am I the uncontained thought
 he claims I am
 but denies me

in
making me live
in a body (registering a million delights)
yet constructed of
decaying materials
while retaining
an illusion of
life
to ward off
what life
itself
remains –
all death
all dying
that alone is alive
and well
that alone is alive.

1:viii:1973

– 1 –

Death
 You
 are
 the detergent
 of human
destruction
 for you
 alone
 can paralyse
 the
desire
 to kill
 as sensual
 as the
 desire
 to
copulate.

– 2 –

Death
 wave
 then
 your
 purifying
fires
 through
 this
 world

men
are
the
keepers
of the
infected
brothels
of
cruelty.

where
respectable

Date Unknown

Twenty-three school-children were killed on 28th January, 1970 when a train hit a school bus at Highbury Crossing near Henley-on-Klip, South Africa. It was the worst accident of its kind in South Africa's history. The children were on their way home after the day's classes had ended.

'O Tod,
 O Tod,
 wie bitter
 bist due!'
sings the Brahmsian baritone
 dramatically
to hail Yóú
 (Death)
 and to warn (too late)
of Yóú
 (Death);
 Yóú
 (Death)
 possess the potent
prophetic to prevent the pernicious obsession
with perpetuity
 but now
 (instead of
putting the old to bed)
 you kill the young.

Yóú
 (Déáth)
 came
 racing
 in that train
carrying
 your one-pointed passion
 for their untimely
death
 (paradoxically)
 In apparent purposelessness.

 Yóú
Déáth
 (cleanly ruthless in your cold cruelty)
caught them
 raw with youth,
 soft with
childhood.

 But young ones
 come here,
come closer
here on the plains of
eternity
 pain has perished:
 neither

hot nor cold
 hére
 you know
the nakedness of joy.

 Sée
 How
this very hour
 this crabbed earth
is vitalized,
 is rejuvenated by your
osmosis
 through Death
 (young ones)
to glowing eternity
 in another juxtapose
purpose.

29:i:1970

– There is no more dying then –