

EAGLE
OBSERVATIONS

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VOLUME 9 of *Primal Mediation*
the complete oeuvre of the poetry of Châtillon Coque

Published by The Châtillon Institute



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BIRDS



Woodcock I

Fall

is what we
name the criminal of a
large contingent of
immigrant woodcocks.

Fall?

fall of
snow? is a tumble,
a fall in bang
tripped up?
fall as in autumn?

What other associations
am I able to draw to
myself? Fall of
an empire of
a business corporation?

The bird

(that the
night and
black embraces)
heralds
dusk and night
trundling.

Then of a sudden
(birds generally do
things suddenly)
the woodcock hen
(I assume she is a hen)
lifted her chick between her
tail and her claws
and
flew west with it.

I am deceiving myself
and
I want to deceive myself;
I want to believe
I saw a woodcock
hen fly off with her
chick being carried by her in
flight beneath her.

17.ix.2014

Woodcock II

Two types of woodcocks.
I encounter the American
one, the Eurasian one;
both types excel at camouflage and
 on both sides of the
 Atlantic (Britain, United States),
though plentiful similar to
France, Holland, Italy
 and many
bird-watchers
 have not seen a
woodcock
 and I am here
writing these poems
 (promoting woodcocks)
in an initiative haze,
 a second-sighted torch which
 possesses more weight of
meaning than physical
reality.

 The woodland
flower permits of such a
 selection of browns as
 the comparison with the
 woodcock hen itself
disappears in the total
disguise:

a sense of
absence prevails,
a potent intention of
birds hiding
naturally.

18.ix.2014

Rock Pigeons¹

Carrier-pigeons deep-dive the clear air of a
spring-morning in their need to deliver
but what?
What message?
oh no, no message;
what these
carrier-pigeons require
is a steely-spiritual,
a
human-spiritual
communication,
flames of
spirit
intermingled
with
chants of ritual
but where
to release such spiritual chants?
not in their feral-pigeon ancestors, not in their
cousins
(the tumblers),
not in the
the fantail pigeons,
not in their

1 *The Complete Book of South African Birds*, PJ Ginn, WG McIlleron and P le S Milstein: Struik, Winchester, Cape Town 1989.

selective breeding
for special attributes,

But séé!
over thére
the messages
(that are no messages)
occurring from
spiritually-archetypal sources
and all is transformed
carrier-pigeons, humans, chants,
spirituality.

Four times
is
about
approaching
computation
(chants the universe),
four times is sacred,
is holy
and
it is
four
that holds
together a totality,
that very Four
of a-four-seasons-toned
holiness

in all its white wholeness.
We are all
arriving
at the airfields
of eternity
nów
but
(very nów)
be
clean-cuttingly
aware of
any
brutality
in any
sentimentality
or hidden
elsewhere.

18.ix.2014

Peregrine Eagle

A world enhanced,

A Falcon Peregrine (a golden eagle)
the collective unconscious imagination
and then the pieces of suavity stuck to emerge
the reverse

whatever
that might be
if something simply happening

These two pieces are heavy with archetypal
meaning

for their order is beyond the
tomb
stretching far and freshly into
eternity.

They are silky with

epitomized excellence;

transformation

is the newly-balanced order.

18.ix.2014

Tawny Eagle

– 1 –

Directed hovering, piercingly cruel.

The tawny eagle in the air eye-pierces the bird
unidentified in the autumn grass.

The once-green grass overlaid with
the brick-brown of seed and maturity;
the brick-brown eagle overlaid with black blotches on her
plumage;

the sand-road cutting a pale pink-brick-brown passage
through the trees.

The unidentified bird is brought into sight
by the passage closer to the confrontation between
bird and bird:

tawny eagle and harlequin quail.

The rufous, red-brick-brown plumage of the quail
is overlaid by streaks and flecks both white and black.

– 2 –

The brilliant glassy blue of this sky is (at its horizons)
dyed by dust to a mauve, a dusty blue.

The silence is dense and tangible,
pierced here and there by
insect-sounds, animal-calls, bird-calls, movement in the trees.

– 3 –

Death permeates this mid-morning atmosphere.

The drama of collision between the dual forces of
death and life

is everywhere.

This stillness is tense to tearing point.

– 4 –

Then (swiftly) flashing sun-gold on diving plumage, claws
and beak plunging, the eagle pierces the quail and (with
terror) anaesthetizes him for his now-swift dispatch to
death, for this brief passage that merges living into dying.

– 5 –

The eagle with her prey

(now torn, bleeding and dying)

settles on the upper brown-black branch
of a grey-to-blue-green-leafed tree.

Her mate descends powerfully through the air

with under-carriage down,

his powerful baggy-plumaged legs

and

their bird-of-prey claws

in readiness to settle on this same branch.

– 6 –

Swiftly the break of the first eagle
tears away the flesh of the now-dead quail,
while her claws nail his carcass to the branch.
Her mate mounts her to intimidate her
(with this display of masculine force)
to relinquish her kill.
She will have none of it and shrugs him off.

– 7 –

Death now sustains life: the quail died, the eagle is fed.
Living and dying together preserve
the same balance, the same order, the same
design, the same perpetuation of creation.
The way of affirmation and the way of negation together lead
to the same point.
But in isolation one from the other,
neither could arrive at this destination that is this
same point.
Quail dying, eagle fed enact at once blooded cruelty
and operative compassion:
neither cruelty nor compassion lives without the
interpenetration
(non-genital but sexual all the same)
of one into the other.

Eagle eating dies,

quail dying lives:

this is the unity that pains and enthrals.

In perfection all opposites coincide.

From the beginning,

from the conception of this eagle,

from the conception of this quail no contradictions exist.

All is the same forever:

everything is a variation of this same all.

18:v:1982

FLOWERS



Little Athanor² | Flowers

Clouds of spirit. Suddenly they arrive. Just before this
summer's morning dawn.

An unexpected visit. To these eleven rose gardens. At this
redbrick mansion.

Too fast. The clean, clean air dances. But too fast. Neat,
keen steps

At this presto tempo. Still too fast. Intricate steps.

Too light, too fast. For those in the too-heavy cages. These
heavy cages of the Old Law are crammed. And now they
are all damaged. By an ancient abuse, well perpetuated.
The abuse is irrelevant speed: far too fast. Inappropriate
speed.

Destructive impatience. A boulder on a highway. The speed
the boulder.

The spirits of the Redbrick Mansion (its entire estate)
prevails. An allegro. But no more. A rhythmical allegro
moderate, appropriate. At least; probably so.

Vast sprays of millions of fine drops.

Crowd of spirits. Suddenly arrive. Just before this summer's-
morning dawn. An expected visit. To these eleven rose-
gardens. At this redbrick mansion.

² The poet's red bricked home in Upper Houghton in Johannesburg where his respite was peaceful and a time where he reached completion before the devastating effects of his Parkinson's disease.

Vast sprays of millions of fine drops.

The sheer vitality of it all! Sun-drenched. God-scented.
Saint-caught. All to
contain:

Sun,
Scent,
Sanctity.

All to soak (in this warm morning) these eleven gardens
and their roses in this hundred-fold flowering of them!
The rose spells sanctity silently and perhaps secretly.

Perhaps too loud for secret now.

The roses and the Redbrick Mansion's estate together sing
The spirits arrived just before this summer-morning's dawn
to

visit the eleven rose-gardens at the redbrick mansion
and

the clear, keen air dances to a fast neat step at a
presto-tempo that is too fast, too light for those in the
too, too-heavy cages of the Law

(where these aged bodies of old law are
crammed)

and now

are badly damaged

by an ancient abuse perpetuated.

Vast spray of vitality

(suit-drenched

God-scented

saint-caught

to contain

Sun,

scent,

sanctity)

soak at eleven gardens

and

their roses as they

(now hundred-fold) now

Together sing a Palestrina Mass,

a Bach Mass

in an exquisite harmony

where the Spirits

clear night in

sight,

soft light on head can archetypally apprehend

for it's a matched

double hearing

simultaneously

High Renaissance

and High Baroque

blended in a

high inapplicable completion

and shot through

and high most thoroughly

with most

integrated contrapuntal lives

made beautiful sound sequences
most subtly by
unfolding undesirable Renaissance
and Baroque contrapuntal practices
as if these only one of this
is indistinguishable from styles as one
ranging in its potency,
drawing its power from two centuries of
practices
celebrating their steel strength in pass
as much charged with
consistency in bold
heard only here on this peak
unique in to epitomized
rose flowering
with a measure abundance.

The perfume
pervading
the ultimate-people
pale-petalled,
old rose
itself a point
pinnacle
so peaking its supremacy
(heavily)
In
the goodness
superior to
(but nevertheless conjoining badness).

In a
particular badness
but now converted
to a rose-garden goodness
unheard of
in creation
before this morning.

And there
He stands
the God
never crucified anything
to punishment
and now its need to
punish.

He transmutes
to a festival
of strong scented
rose-wine
to celebrate
the conjunction
of Good and Bad
where Bad converts to
the Scented Supreme Good
in this wine Conjoinment
beyond (far away from)
the bleeding division between Good and Bad

so favoured
by
corrupt human consciousness
whose facts so frequently
lie.

He
(not emaciated)
As male, muscular, athletic,
(androgynous in mind)
peaks in youthful maturity
leads
the fine spirits
(with no truck with the spirits
By
divine fine negotiation)
into the just
southern courtyard
garden
scented with divine presence
and smelt
everywhere
in this garden with
those of fine spirit present everywhere.

The other three wings of this quincunx of illusory
impossibility
power-enter this world with a strong-wind flourish
announcing they come to
enhance the world with a creative energy

reacted by
shining to a
goal
but not by adducing a goal
until suddenly and
unexpectedly
a
dark cloud of unconsciousness engulfs
these creators
enabling them to outdo their creativity
beyond any goal they might have set and the
dark cloud does this
first in the creator's dark
unconsciousness and then in their consciousness
while these creators then
epitomize beyond
any epitome,
peak
beyond all peaking
and
what occurs (what transformation into place) in
the dark cloud
who none know
other than it is the winged work of a
religious archetype, a mystical archetype whose flying images
directed the transformation with precision unknown before
and
all these changes happen universally

for the delicate wings of
dragonfly, butterfly, bee, moth, wasp
now fly higher, stronger, faster, more efficiently than the
power-wing of time.

27:ii:2013 Religio1: 28:ii:2013 Religio 2 :08:iii:2013: 2.xi.2012
Reconstruction: 09.vii.2013

The Agapanthus

Blue mauve

proud the Agapanthus parade on
this day

in a

sky (gem

brilliant blue

quite clean without a blemishing

fleck of cloud)

for fine laced

in summer it is at its

centre a

droplet encased in summer's

brushing per feint drops

only sweeps along

While

warm

this day at its eleventh morning hour

champagnes

its wine-intoxicating way

into sparkling

C major

In a piece of chordal behaviour

Where

the bank of white agapanthus blind with

white reflecting the sun's summer

where stillness

distils, distils

again and again to arrive at
the point
 where royal agapanthus dispenses and distils
a rule
 with aspects of adaption
to air, to water, to earth, partly protective of fire
and through all these ages it evolved its long, elegant-like
leaves ravelling its mauve-blue or its white flowers in
beauty-stakes now loaded in leaves and deep mauve, mauve-
blue and white.
Now all the evolution of wholeness in the agapanthus
 delineates completeness
 where potent flower concentrated beauty is bedded in
nutrient soft and deep black soul
 and those perfumed beauty regulations
are hosted and housed in the
 tall agapanthus
 parading blue-mauve, parading white
on this summer's day at eleven in its distilled morning.

30:xii:2011

Mr Lincoln Rose

Outside the southern window

a Mr Lincoln

(the

fullest

of red roses)

draws attention

startlingly;

blazing

(within its velvet

sheen)

there is

this cold call

from

eternity

caught

in the middle of a

sunbeam;

what does

this lone call

signify?

The naked transience of it all!

brief,

too brief the time!

even now,

too constricted,

too narrow

this slithering fragment
of time!

Within the heady
and heavy
perfume
of these rose-petals
evasive time fades:
to where
does it
go?

Now
it is
but ten o'clock
in
this morning's approach
to noon
while this
is
no goal,
noon is not
a goal,
is not an
arrival,
is not a destination.

Eternity,
eternity
is that goal
in its
even alwaysness,
in its low,
slow-flowing immediacy
and the
double-day life
of this rose
rises
(united)
to eternity
but now.

6:i:2012

The Side Plate Size Rose

A side-plate to a dinner-plate.

The side-plate is the size.

I speak of four roses.

Four roses on a five metre rose tree.

No longer a bush.

Everything is larger, excessive,

but proportion and colour of this day.

And the day is in these roses.

All face north.

Ivory their colour. Tinted with the mildest lime. Deep the petals.

Perhaps fifty-six of them.

Lime-ivory converge towards

the centre of each rose.

Faint the scent.

What is the message

they are trumpeting to me?

(They remind me of Trumpets.)

A God-message?

Yes that is so.

Since He lives in

my house,

why does He not speak to me directly?
Some people, some things, some plants are clearly
from Him to You.

Not everything.

By far, not everything.

Most carry no message.

The four large roses are in service to Him. From Him to
you, they trumpet a word:

continue.

09:i:2012

To Dr Pamela Heller-Stern who bought me a pot of pink cyclamen to celebrate the near-completion and finally completion of the manuscript of Love's Fluid Faces which is more than 50 years old and all that time on 'Mercy' friendship has flourished.

The Pink Cyclamen

Burning,
 pink-flamed
 twenty-three
cyclamen
 climb-flight
 right
 to eternity
singing
 (all the while)
 potent-and-power notes

 in power-columns
 similar
 to a water-jet's
upward
 (screw) power-spurt
 that in
 this
bold timelessness
 finds infinity
 (bold itself)

eternity
transmitting
to a white-cream
immortality
that
once was
no more
than a twenty-three-flowering
cyclamen plant
nature to Europe
to hold the most
in
its archetypal-pink hovering
above all earth
and so
turns creation
into a
bold,
a bright pink
at
least for
a considered,
momentary while,
a
pink praise
intended for an archetype of
attribute
manifested
in these pink blooms
well surrounded in

broad,
 circular,
 fan-shape
 leaves
 to
 protect
 pink as an archetypal colour,
 pink as an
 archetypal flower
 in a pink archetypal
 formation
 being (at once)
 a flowering plant
 and
 praise song
 formed in an operative power
 producing
 high climax-note
 in an opera-aria
 landing
 pink as a spirit-force
 of
 androgynous strength
 in a masculine, muscular
 male ballet dancer
 boldly bulged
 for
 all his refused efficiency
 resembling a
 pink Siamese stud

(tough, fertile but slender)
 and a
 ballet-dancer-male and slender Siamese
 male
 arouse blue-lilac pink masculinity
 strongly
 in
 all senses
 (even to its warding off
 stench sense)
 as any poet could wish to imagine.
 While the gaping contribution of the cyclamen as
 a flower
 is the absence of scent
 but the
 initiative ingenuity
 prevalent in manufacturing
 mankind
 (this ingenuity is itself a
 bushing in flower
 symbol of an archetype of attribute)
 finds its proposed-
 perfumed- fulfilment,
 its objective in the transmutation
 of the searching pungent,
 syrupy, whitish-yellow
 substance
 secreted in the
 perennial glands
 of the genital region

the substance merely being called civet
in the long
civet being to cat and hyena

and this stinking mush
is an ingredient of worlds!

most priced and potent perfume
involving civet musk and
related to male-Siamese cat! urine itself

to
High Heaven
in the priciest and epitome of perfumes
treasured by a large portion of
Humankind

all this bold pink and this piercing perfume
combine to peak a human achievement
of pink cyclamen prize
taken perfume and pink colour as a pink
this then gives the archetype of
Fulfilment, of skilled beauty
a concrete conclusion of a potency and having arrived.

19:iii:2013

The Elina Rose

The four roses are in the
same 'rose tree' named
'Elina'³

Such a rose tree grows in
the South East corner of
the gardens of Little Athanor,
the Roman Garden.

It grows next to a peach tree

In the primary style of Châtillon Coque's prosody, the line
and lineation,

the images and their juxtaposition,

the words containing the image, the

music of the words (that music itself being a
psychic image)

in the speech or the conversation

or the chant or all these combined

and

the meaning (sometimes mythic,

sometimes mystical, sometimes rational, sometimes
conceptual) constitute this style.

In the secondary style the line

³ Ludwig's Roses Catalogue 2011/2012, p 9.

and lineation is replaced
by the paragraph.

The influence of St John Perse.

The image and its juxtaposition
is the

‘soaring flight and the evocative nature of his poetry’.⁴

21:iv:2012

⁴ **Saint-John Perse** pseudonym for Alexis Saint-Léger Léger (31 May 1887–20 September 1975) was a French poet-diplomat, awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1960 for ‘the soaring flight and evocative imagery of his poetry’.

The Garden Queen

Deep the pink.

Touched by blue.

This rose I notice in passing.

In the fading, soft light of the dying afternoon.

The inner eye remembers it, moderately.

But

the outer eye barely sees it.

Later I might pay photographic attention to it.

After a dull dinner.

Social obligation.

Travelogue a lit-up city.

Imposing mansions.

Trees play counterpoint to light.

A recollection of the rose.

Night moving forward into its own darkness. I find this
only and this night in fairy-tale word.

A myth

a slurry of trees, streets, lights, alleys, many mansions.

I live at the treed-brick mansion.

So this is home? I had almost
forgotten.

The world is a vast journey.

The spirits, the

Archetypes are everywhere present.

They infiltrate and mould.

Would what?
Bring Britain to this mountain.

My psyche is at the rose.
Not in the red-brick mansion.

I
am in the world but not here. Here in this red-brick mansion.

I go to sleep in it.
Had (in dream) I am not at this mansion.
The rose is in the garden of this mansion.

The dream. Night. Winter. Snowing. Where in Britain am I
In the South? No. In northern France? Could be Belgium. I
like it not. I return to France. I return to Britain. I return to
England. The Southern part of it.

I am in New England in this dream. Dark the night
Deep the winter.

The rose has gone, Gone. Gone. Snow killed it.

I awake to a warm summer's morning. The air bubbles. This
morning is diamond-brilliant. I am at the mansion
and its gardens. A blueness. A clearly differentiated oneness.

There is the deep pink (magenta) rose and its slight defer
to blue.

Full there. With buds. With scent. With double buds. With
double
scent.

This rose-scent fills the estate of this mansion.

I hear the sound of a simultaneous and triumphant
Chopin étude. Perhaps in C minor.

26:ii:2012

WOMEN



Chain-Flights I | To Estelle⁵

Longer than the road across
the African
continent
is her love and older than
the pillars of the ancient Athenian temples,
gentler
than England's green
and
higher than
Asia's mountains ranges for when she
runs her stream across the sky the
evening vibrates the burning salmon eternity
and
there we know she has in her womb the godly in
humanity.

22:iv:61

5 Chatillon Coque's sister

Chain-Flights II | Estelle | Lady of the Mists

Not now can I know but in now
is that flow of blood that has washed
into once yours and mine and who
can untie the knot in the law of time?

Move fast and
feathery through
the mist, come
in a moment, go
in a moment but

still be a presence
of flesh dominating
the land of my living
as a high-peaked
mountain range.

We know not and so we know more
of eternity for in the natural
rhythm of the unrolling carpet in our
lives we drink that which makes
us drunk with infinity and the
rule of autumn rests heavily and
easily on those whose labours are the
highly rhythmical harmonic sequences
that make of the day
 and the night
(the birth and the death)
 one thing in
one time and so transient and trivial.

Chain-Flights III | Angela

In one moment she's the Elizabethan lady
graciously but broadly making her way
through the tall halls of time,

in another

moment gravity is defied and the child
is more than a child in cutting swiftly
from the materials of living high statues of
fantasy,

then comes the autumn lady half
shaded by her knowing of the secret decisions
that spring and summer made, sealed, hid
in deceiving cemented walls,

later the girl

(with her hair from wheat fields and eyes
cut away from the doming gem of the
sky)

runs high-blooded across the fields
of existence and laughs at the deserts raring in
their hunger for human existence

but deep

lies the encaged spirit that flies to heaven
for moments in the night to fall again to
the tormenting mud-marshes of the dark
descent and there have the feathers of freedom
glued together mercilessly,

yet só alone

can she be that which triumphs in the casting
of the time-erasers.

Of many parts the play
runs on but be the end tragedy or comedy
'tis one in her scale of value.

4:iv:61

Chain-Flights IV | Miss Rosita Gooch

The whirl of the gull and the straight
flight of the swallow –
 such is her movement
in the murmuring days from birth to death
but now can assess the pearls she strings
together and lie hidden in her
 grand-duchess
being
 for (as an Byzantine Cathedral)
 she remains
part of the mysteries that secluded
the birth of creation
 and far off there is a
call heralding
 (as did Gabriel the angel)
 that
she shall be the bearer of a new messiah
who will not take human shape
 but be more
concrete in the phantom-life he holds in the
music hierarchy
 that from her flows and
to her brings the defied secrets
 making of the
un-understandable daylight.

7:v:61

Chain Flight V | Miss Rosita Gooch

Long is the merciless night and cold
the day; the hours climb their course and
so dragging us, unrestrainedly with them across
the precipice edges

 but suddenly
the sun slices through the grey tension
of this thickening cloud-sky so that
shé can give (in this light) the guild's
highly guarded secret craft of
cutting from the raw primeval granite
those statues that remain securely
indifferent and unaffected by
this heaving sky-space and
só they entirely enslave these bitter
black agents of spitting time.

21:iv:61

Chain-Flights VI | Lady of the Psyche

That this was so I do not deny,
that for 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
return to me and live within
another reality.

21:iii:61

Chain Flight VII | To Monica Wesson

God outdid Himself
 at your casting –
so moulding slender dignity
of tall infinity
 into your statue.

Poised grace
 (riding the crest of time’s
breakers)
 has in you the indestructibility
of line
 untouched by minutes,
 unfolding
in broad centuries.

 Too firm,
 too clear
this linear cure
 (that is you)
 delineates
the estates
 of your nobility:
 transience
cringes at your authority.

 God-wrought
for a God-bride
 your womb yields
the sons and daughters
 of infinity.

The waiting flames
 a frame
 for a marriage
 but as I enter the portrait
 I notice
 you
 cannot even see the frame.

If in you
 I am dissolved
 then in God
 I am dissolved
 but to be so dissolved
 the
 ice of you
 must melt

 Is there warmth enough in
 my love for you
 and your love for me
 to evaporate
 the fear
 that refrigerates you and me?

 I cannot
 know
 and not-knowing bleed
 but bleed to what
 purpose
 if this faith-encrusted hope
 exists not?

Yet I have no choice
but to believe this
can be so
in the liquid patterns
of time
swiftly moving my life,
your life to the
infinite sea
which reached
annuls all.

ECSTASIES⁷



⁷ Many poems in the Ecstasies cannot be located or were not written at the time of the poet's death.

Ecstasies XXX

I believe in halves that I
am cutting the flesh-biting leather
fettters that make you at once my brittle
dictator and supple slave and
so I yours

but 'tis a mirage, a
twist of light casting the objects
wrongly in unexpected order's
symmetry

for you know, I know that
the fettters hold firmer; the fight
(first started to free us into separate entities
from the umbilical chord that makes us
a one – a 'me') only holds firmer
the asymmetry of a love denied the
life of a love and yet it lives without
dying in its starving.

23:iii:61

Ecstasies XXXI

The plea for peace pierces neatly the
cancerous air burning beauty in
its conflict but holding the grinders
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 that desire is the seed
that germinates into conflict;
this wish is for a state ruled by
laws not found in the lowlands
of life just holding off the rising
oceans

and its only this knowing
that is an ointment.

24:iii:61

Ecstasies XXXII

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

the illusion lost
we see death and
thát torturous glare
makes breath more
futile than,
the illusion
found: we drown in
the ocean of lies

breaking the surface
only occasionally
for a lung-load of
painful reality air.

And the one says religion and another
philosophy, yet another holds hobbies and
some even say a wife will make living
possible but its breath squandered and energy
spilt for the slaughtering starts before birth
and possible ends with death
neither being extraordinary.

30:iii:1961

Ecstasies XXXIII

The only escape route from this crumbling house of life,
the only passage out of this palatial maze
is the selling of individuality to the
high arts whose territories make life a triviality
in the functional details of the harmonic sequences
for breath is supplied with reason,
só alone are the shares of death an investment and
only só the key turns in the lock to free
imprisoned meaning.

14:iv:61

Ecstasies XXXIV

Thin-bladed knives of urgency cut sharply the
frozen air of grief, the prayers fall fast and
frenzied for against this sentence
(of money missiles crushing
history's house that for two and a half centuries
has treated with time and the rough seasons for
its life) must come rapidly some reprieve, some
delay in execution, some restraint on the muscles
of the hand which will sign the
death warrant!

That it
should come
to this, that
ideals shall
be smashed (as
easily as
Venetian glass)
and powered
to poison the
day with scheming
in shillings and
twisted
pennies!

Come mercy for your quality is not robbed of its
stomach and give count and measure to the
trial, come fast and furiously to cut the
firm jelly of this fate,
or thís I swéár
with my pen I will bleed away all the
bad blood of these murderers!

19:iv:1961

Ecstasies XXXV

A large advertisement in the *Rand Daily Mail* Wednesday, April 19^{*} informs us that the historic home and grounds of Waterhof, Cape Town are for sale.

The old world charm and historic association of this Cape homestead are almost poetically described, and almost in the same breath, we are told the grounds, over 3 acres in extent, 'carry municipal flat rights, sub-zone E; and is a magnificent site for development'.

This horrible sentence is also almost inevitably the death sentence of the old house and garden, whose old-world beauty and charm will be bulldozed into a heap of rubble to make way for the glass and chrome 'modern luxury flat'.

* Year unknown.

MUSIC AND MARRIAGE



Music and Marriage LI⁸

Still I love you in the wealthy
orchards of my cosmic dream
for in so binding my metaphysic
in the strength of you I see
through you a vision clear
in its delining of the cosmic laws
and in this chagallians creation
(that is a mirror of creation) the
kiss that moulds you and me
in one structure flames firmly on
eternity.

9:iii:1961

⁸ Poems 1-49 in Music and Marriages cannot be located or were not written at the time of the poet's death.

Music and Marriage LII

A millennium will have passed
and yet this orchard (where my
blossoms and you are) will still
then harvest in the autumnal
afternoon whose gold is drawn from
the home's eternities

and so

each kiss stamped in wine on
the fine fibred creamed skin of my
forehead holds a burning that in
its tall flame bears a rebirth of old
creations,

not now, not tomorrow,
not in time shall the high
mystical chord of your fourths
and my fifths crack since from
it comes the seeds that brings the
absolute a full reaping.

11:ii:61

Music and Marriage LIII

Almost like the dance of pain I beat
hard in the long sequence without cadence
for at one, one and not so

 but not só shall
my nobility suffer for equalled I must be met
equally;

 the gulf came in the cliff when
'twas neither and so unidentified is this
love whose name itself erases itself.

Nó,

 no I will execute before the state
suffers the pins of poison which allowing my love
for you bears in high pregnancy.

14:iii:1961

Music and Marriage LIV

Immersed in the oceans of your love, freed
in the heavens your passion

for this once,

for this hour a millennium passed and
as your hand clasped mine centuries
(burdened with the load of history they
carry)

travelled on

as your fingers caress as

if of egg-shell pottery my arm (slender
in youth, muscled in age) a whole
Renaissance caught the air,

As your kisses

ran down my neck and your being
curled around my structure
the golden ages were issuing into existence so
that rising up as one together óur child
(the personality born from the harmony of
your chord and my chord) is named
heavily and lightly the eternity tapering to Godliness
in a smoke spiral which comes
from the altar of thanksgiving
that is óur love.

16:ii:1961

Music and Marriage LV

Do not fight me for 'tis only now
(in this very immediacy) that I can create you
a prince who are princely yet neither so by birth
or growth,

do not now fight me for now,
nów alone can I be your eyes of the cosmos
so that accustomed to that light you are
weened and your blood becomes blue with your
aristocracy

but fight me now then I can
not curb the high tide of time and so my love
will return to its castle for it cannot remain
in the rain of waiting rusting with disuse
and over this I rule not,

these points together
to be preserved together must be guarded
together – once lost not in óne lifetime
shall the forces pass the same high decree
for a completed unity.

20:iii:1961

Music and Marriage LVI

Close the gates to the castle! Close them
I tell you and hasten, hasten!

the storm bubble
grew high and the spy once entered
will try to enter again,

close them! I
demand this obedience

worry me not
with veils but rip my eyes from me,
pierce my eardrums, give me hemlock
so that I know not that that I loved
love is a granite boulder whose smug poison is
'I-am flattered-at-your-attentions' and no
more!

Come gentle death, come and caress
in the lake of lifelines this oh most hideous
(hideously pawed) face of a prince,
carve my limbs from me and burn them
burn them and the ashes give them to be
twill be a gap in the chain of time.
twill be a death hideous in its rotting
if you come not and hold not my
body in the physically charged vibrations
of you that must bring fertility to my
musico-poetry womb parched in the waiting
for the kiss, the blood kiss erected from
your being.

20:ii:1961

Music and Marriage LVII

This is guillotined punishment by trial,
this wait
for the burst of fulfilment or for the denial of
fulfilment makes the medieval's thumb-screws
an act of mercy in the unavoidable comparison
which by its very existence weighs heavier
on no,

 só caught in the web of eternity,
só watched by the spinning spider of time
we have more than a mere purgatory
for the purging of us is the slow erasing
of us
that is at one two beings and
one being;

 Oh that you would but come
and once reinstate that those drinking of
the intoxicating fermentations of greatness
alone can know,

 Oh that the body and
spirit are indissolubly one in a Chagallian
moment and the high fantasy of carpet-thick
colonies make you and I one unit,
the Brahmsonian kiss that must sweep 'us'
that one is 'I'!

21:ii:1961

Music and Marriage LVIII

Oh no, alone I stand at death
and that it has come to light tells for the eye cannot see and
what is
unseen is never there,

 It was a dream
that became a nightmare and passed
leaving a devastated landscape where
the trunks of hope stand black against
the sky,

 tomorrow twill be otherwise, ever
half forgotten but the scars (twisted in
ugly plants) not time shall gloss away.

26:ii:1961

Music and Marriage LIX

Wild South-Easter so to distribute so
that reconstruction is a cosmic 'reality
– destroy me, I order it – destroy me!
thén shall this love have no house to exist.'
thén shall this pain (three thousand times the
size of my life) be without a form without
a power and the I not be there for yóu
Most Hitlerian Yóu to use for targets looking,
bow-and-arrow practising, sword practising
for blood-sucking and crocodile-chewing.

26:iii:1961

KRITIKOS



The Soul's Solar System

The trumpeting
core of
this solar system (that
is the
universal
human psyche)
is
that
divine sun,
that
great conflagration of
divine
and
human
union,
that
threefold union
sweeping through
the Trinity of
God the Creator to
this
divine sun's
central condition
(being before
existence,
before time,
before space,
before

being before)
called
roughly,
imprecisely
The Godhead
that
great
blazing orb
disintegrating
man into
his Maker,
created into
Creator!

The Divine Sun's Three Fires

In the
outer circle of
this
divine sun-fire the
human psyche
dances with,
(then in a
passionate
tactile
progression)
dissolves in
that god that
now appears as
this the
human psyche
conceives
him:

 this the
is the subtle
persuasive
and
pervasive,
informing
and
transforming
work of the
Holy Spirit
Himself the
blazing essence of

the ignited
bond between the
Father and His
Son:

 in this
burning the
Holy Ghost
reminds the
psyche (simultaneously
universal
and
individual) of
her
divine origin.

This
Outer fire of
the divine globe
burns with a
heat
so super-terrestrial that
were the
earth to
be as
close to
this
divine heat as
it
is to
its own
physical sun

earth would
be
instantaneously
ignited

and in a
millionth of a
second
reduced to
glowing ashes!

Inward
(beyond
this outer fire)
the
middle fire of
this
divine sun
blazes
neither with
this
divine sun
is a
fire that
contradicts
all fire
(all fire that
burns with
heat,
all fire that
burns with

cold) and
contradicts
itself
 for
 monads¹
those (collectively
remaining
forever
but a single monad)
that
reach here
reach
nowhere
 since
then
no longer
are they
monads
 in
this
fireless fire
they
are
what
they
were
before
they could
be

1 Divine Supreme being

either singular
or plural
 Of
His
Godhead-dissolution, of
this
inseparability in
an oneness that
is
before all oneness,
all unity
nothing can be
said,
 there
is nothing to
say
 for
categorizing distinctions
have
not yet
come into
being
and there
is only
this
no thing.
Triple-layered
this
divine sun
consists
solely of

three categories of
fire
 burning on
four
divine essences
known as
Holy Spirit.
Son,
Father,
Godhead
 but
only one fire
burns on
the two
uncreated essences of
Father and Son
 while
this
whole globe
is held
together by the
gravity of its
total divinity
that makes the
triune
God the Creator, the son
and His
Godhead
Inseparable.

Six Planets in Three Groups

As this
divine orb
centres the
solar system (that
is the
universal
human soul)
six
rotating planets
orbit around
it:

Two in a
small cluster
are known to
language-astronomers as
Innocence
and
Desire:

 Another
larger,
 more
dynamic cluster
contains
three planets
named (by
language-astronomers)
Homosexuality,

Heterosexuality,
and
Bisexuality.

While the
central piece (the
mesmerizingly-brilliant, the
largest, the
solitary gem
suggestive of
some esoteric
mystery) in
this
solar systems
orbicular
and
orbicularly-arranged
jewellery
orbits the
divine orb
alone in
its
regal loveliness
and
it
the
language-astronomers
call the
Great
White Celibacy,

the
White Celibacy that
attains
actively the
outrageously-paradoxical
second virginity,
that
perpetrator of a
pristine
white-glowing
purity the
first
physical virginity
possesses only
passively
and with
this second
complete virginity
White Celibacy
becomes the
consistently-vital
embodiment of
calm
mid-summer's-day clarity
that
is (in
all its essence)
this second innocence
whose very
existence

makes of the
awkward
under developed
first innocence
 a
vacuum
 in
contrast to
which
this
second innocence
is fashioned from the
refined
and
refining clays in
the unrelenting
merciless
keen of
lucid
and
surgically-diagnostic
understanding to
produce the
barely-perceptible
quiver of a
green-ming-vase luminosity
that
is
ever-active
ever-radiant compassion

penetrating every
atom (in the
solar system of
the universal soul) to
its
every election,
every proton,
every neutron
 and
thís green
ming vase
luminosity (that
is
this second
virginity)
is contained
completely in
thát equally-complete
fusion of
all colours to
be the very
whiteness in the
penetrating brilliance of
thís ice-white
diamond
named
the Great
White Celibacy
 whíte
facet-cut flawlessly to

every advantage
this
ice-white-diamond
star (White Celibacy)
reflects
every
season of
sexuality (from
innocence to
union with god),
reflects
every
degree of
union (from
every form of
genital coupling to
the absorption in
the Godhead)
while
White Celibacy (as
a totality)
is (within
itself) the
final the
complete actualization of
that
powerfully-projected
white light that
makes it
magnificence

definitive for
every variety of
sifted
uninflated
shapely splendour!

World,
 all worlds
 I leave
 you!

Curved leaps
 measure
 flight,
 down and
up
 until out,
 out into
 the cool
clarity
 of this blue light
 the fine
mesh of which
 borders ever further
 into
the continent-sea
 before conception.

The One
 envelop me,
 the One
evaporates me;
 my rhythm
 becomes
indivisibly,
 indestructibly,
 in counterpoint
locked
 cosmically.

 Formless
Form,
 begetter and fertility-bringer
of that
 called I
 with what equality
 of sweep
your
 paced force
 draws me
(rid of consciousness)
 further into the
disintegration
 and
 integration
of
 ordered nebulosity!

Being not white
nor black
I become
all,
being nothing
I become
more
than all:
world,
all worlds
I leave
you!

29:xi:63

*'I sought God for thirty years; I
thought it was I who desired
Him, but, no, it was He who
desired me'*

Abu Yazid, Mystic

*"The Bridegroom is not only loving, he
is love ... God demands to be
feared, as Lord; to be honoured,
as Father; as Bridegroom, to be
loved. Which of these is the
highest, which the noblest? Love,
we cannot doubt. Without love,
fear hath torment and honour hath
no grace."*

St. Bernard of Clairvaux, Abbot

Divine Love

World,
 all worlds
 I leave
 You!
Curved leaps
 out,
 down
 then
up
 until out,
 out into

the cool
clarity
of this blue light
the fine
mesh of which
borders ever further
into
continent-sea
beyond conception.

The One
envelopes me,
the one
evaporates me;
my rhythm
becomes
indivisibly,
indestructibly,
contrapuntally
locked
cosmically

Formless
form,
begetter and fertility bringer
of what
called I
with
what even sweep

your
 paced strength
 we file
of that
 called I
 with what equality
rid of consciousness
 further into the
disintegration
 and integration
of
 ordered confusion.
Being not white
 nor Black
 I become
all,
 being nothing
 I become
 More
than all:
 world,
 all worlds
I leave
 you!

The centre of
this constellation (that
is the
universal
human psyche)

is
the divine-sun –
 in
that
great conflagration of
divine
and
humane
union,
that
threefold union
sweeping through
the Trinity of
God the Creator to
this divine sun's
central condition
(being before existence,
 before
time,
 before
space
 before
being
 before)
called
roughly, imprecisely
The Godhead.
(Neither in
time
nor in

space
nor in Creation)
called roughly Godhead.
Great
blazing orb
dissolving
man into
His Maker,
Created into
Creator!

In the
outer
circle of
this sun-fire
the
human psyche
dances, with,
then
dissolves (in a
passionate,
tactile
progression) into
that god
that now
appears as
this human psyche
conceives
him:
this

is the
subtle
pervasive
and
persuasive,
informing
and transforming
work of the
Holy Spirit
Himself the
flaming essence of
that
ignited love
between the
Father and His
Son and in
this
burning the
Holy Ghost
reminds the
psyche
universal
and individual) of her
divine origin.

Be ground
this
outer fire
 the
middle fire of

this divine sun
blazes
neither with
heat
nor with
cold
 but
disintegrates
all in
it compasses and
thousand fold
sooner than
ever could this
 fire
defining the
external shape, of
the divine sun
 the
first fire that
is the
flaming surface, the
blazing sun of
this divine globe.

Into this
middle fire the
human soul
enters through
that
which in

itself
is
uncreate –
 that
divine point, that
divine spark,
that
monad that
is the
just
emanation from
the triune
God the Creator
acting
in the
primal condition of
His
Procreative function in
His
primordial process of
begetting.

None that
is created
can
distinguish
this monad
from
God the Creator

And

this monad
is
at
once at the
core (both) of the
soul and
universal
(and
eternal) and
contains
this
soul
 where the
disintegrating of
the soul in
this
middle fire
is the
work of the
Son and through
the Son
 the
Father
 for
 in
only the
Son
can be Soul
so know the
Son's unknowability in

which
lies hidden the
barrier; the desert-dry
impossibility of
knowing the
inconceivable unknowability of
the Father.

Lastly
at the
core of
this
divine sun
is a
fire that
contradicts
all fire,
all fire that
burns with
cold
all fire that
burns with
heat) and
contradicts
even itself
 for
those souls
that
reach here
reach

nowhere for
no longer
are they
souls:
in
this
fireless time
they
are what they
were
before
they
were:
 and
this
Godhead dissolution, of
this
inseparability in
and oneness that
is before
all oneness,
all unity
nothing
can be
said,
 there
is
nothing to
say
 for

categorizing distinctions
have not yet
come into
being and
there
is
only
this
no thing.

Three-levelled
three-fire- was
this
divine sun
centres the
gallery
constellation that
is

around it
circle
rotating planets:
two in a
small cluster
known to
language-astronomers as
Innocence
and
Desire;
Another

larger more dynamic
cluster
contains
three planets
named by
language astrometry's
Homosexuality
Heterosexuality
and
Bisexuality,
loveliest, most
lustrous
white-glowing star of
this sky
circles the
divine sun or
her own
and
she the
language astronomer
call White Celibacy.

While the
central piece (the
most
mesmerizingly brilliant, the
largest, the
flawlessly-unique
gem
most suggestive of

mystery) in
this
solar system's
orbicularly-arranged
jewellery
orbits the
divine orb
alone in
its
regal loveliness
and
it the
language-astronomers
call the
great
White Celibacy,
while the
central piece, the
most mesmersingle
brilliant glittering, the
largest, the
unique gem in
this
solar-system
orbicular-arranged
jewellery
orbits the
divine sun in
alone in
her

regal loveliness
and
she the
language-astronomers
call the
great White Celibacy.

As each of
these six
stars
rotate
they
move through a
single day with
seven divisions:
dawn is
that insoluble
uncertainty between
awareness
and
unawareness;
morning
comes as the
just
clear knowing, the
fulfilling

First Experience

noon
carries with

it the
disruption through
its over-awareness in
excessive clarity,
brilliant and
blinding;
the afternoon
contains the
second
rounded
and
satisfying

Second Experience

Dusk
brings a
dissipation through an
Over-Intensity
and
doubt that
this time of
day
(disappointingly itself)
diffuses
evening
lavishly
bestows the
total fruition in
this the
complicit.

Third Experience

finally in
the evenness of
her dark
even-spread night
Equilibrium
commands the
last part of
the one
day
and the first part of
the next
day
and
this day
is further and equally
divided into
God (the
Morning of
night
and
light)
and a page (the
after-morning of
light
and night)
the
one
being the
mirror image of

the other,
neither one
preceding the
other
nor succeeding the
other

 while for
lurking in the
unconscious of
the feminine eros
is the
oneness of
agape

 while
lurking in the
unconscious of
the masculine agape
is the essence of
eros.

In their
circling of
the divine sun

 the
six plants
pass through to
the first season that

 a
year of psychical-mystical
evolution.

Spring
provokes the
pre-genital
sexuality that
is
closest in
its
attributes to the
cluster that
contains
Innocence and Desire

Summer's
Robust and
super-abundant
genital sexuality
flourishes
best on the
stars of that
powerful
rhythmically-speeding
star-cluster, on
Homosexuality,
Heterosexuality,
Bisexuality:

the
all containing
and contented
post-genital sexuality of autumn

finds her
ideal ripening on
only one
star

in

the sky –
(for a Meister Eckhart
observes objectively
there is childbirth in
God)
noble
White Celibacy:

Then the
fourth season
great winter,
season of
divine mating,
season that
is
everything
it appears
not to be,

the

season of the
greatest fecundation

and

this ceaseless
divine fertilization
is forever

only in
this
season where
God the Creator
absorbs the
Creation He
created to
recreate it
back into
Himself,
back into
His very
Sperm.

Meister Eckhart
observes
imprecisely.

The centre of
this constellation (that
is the
universal
human psyche)
is
the divine-sun –
in
that
great conflagration of
divine
and

humane
union,
that
threefold union
sweeping through
the Trinity of
God the Creator to
this divine sun's
central condition
(being before existence,
before
time,
before
space
before
being
before)
called
roughly, imprecisely
The Godhead.
(Neither in
time
nor in
space
nor in Creation)
called roughly Godhead.
Great
blazing orb
dissolving
man into

His Maker,
Created into
Creator!

In the
outer
circle of
this sun-fire
 the
human psyche
dances, with,
then
dissolves (in a
passionate,
tactile
progression) into
that god
that now
appears as
this human psyche
conceives
him:
 this
is the
subtle
pervasive
and
persuasive,
informing
and transforming

work of the
Holy Spirit
Himself the
flaming essence of
that
ignited love
between the
Father and His
Son and in
this
burning the
Holy Ghost
reminds the
psyche
universal
and individual) of her
divine origin.

This
outer fire
burns with a
heat
so super-terrestrial
that were the
earth to
be as
close to
this
divine heat as
it

is to
its own
physical
sun
earth would
be
instantaneously
ignited
and in
millionth of a
second
reduce to
glowing ashes!

Be ground
this
outer fire
 the
middle fire of
this divine sun
blazes
neither with
heat
nor with
cold
 but
disintegrates
all in
it compass and
thousand fold

sooner than
ever could this
 fire
defining the
external shape, of
the divine sun
 the
first fire that
is the
flaming surface, the
blazing sun of
this divine globe.

Into this
middle fire the
human soul
enters through
that
which in
itself
is
uncreate –
 that
divine point, that
divine spark,
that
monad that
is the
just
emanation from

the triune
God the Creator
acting
in the
primal condition of
His
Procreative function in
His
primordial process of
begetting.

None that
is created
can
distinguish
this monad
from
God the Creator
And
this monad
is
at
once at the
core (both) of the
soul and
universal
and
contains
this
soul

where the
disintegrating of
the soul in
this
middle fire
is the
work of the
Son and through
the Son
the
Father
for
in
only the
Son
can be Soul
so know the
Son's unknowability in
which
lies hidden the
barrier; the desert-dry
impossibility of
knowing the
inconceivable unknowability of
the Father.

Lastly
at the
core of
this

divine sun
is a
fire that
contradicts
all fire,
all fire that
burns with
cold
all fire that
burns with
heat) and
contradicts
even itself
for
those souls
that
reach here
reach
nowhere for
no longer
are they
souls:
in
this
fireless time
they
are what they
were
before
they were:

and
this
Godhead dissolution, of
this
inseparability in
and oneness that
is before
all oneness,
all unity
nothing
can be
said,

there
is
nothing to
say
for
categorizing distinctions
have not yet
come into
being and
there
is
only
this
no thing.

Three-levelled
three-fire- was
this

divine sun
centres the
gallery
constellation that
is

around it
circle
rotating planets:
two in a
small cluster
known to
language-astronomers as
Innocence
and
Desire;

Another
larger more dynamic
cluster
contains
three planets
named by
language astrometry's
Homosexuality
Heterosexuality
and
Bisexuality,
loveliest, most
lustrous
white-glowing star of

this sky
circles the
divine sun or
her own
 and
she the
language astronomer
call White Celibacy.

While the
central piece (the
most
mesmerizingly brilliant, the
largest, the
flawlessly-unique
gem
most suggestive of
mystery) in
this
solar system's
orbicularly-arranged
jewellery
orbits the
divine orb
alone in
its
regal loveliness
 and
it the
language-astronomers

call the
great
White Celibacy,
while the
central piece, the
most Mesmerizing single
brilliant glittering, the
largest, the
unique gem in
this
solar-system
orbicular-arranged
jewellery
orbits the
divine sun in
alone in
her
regal loveliness
and
she the
language-astronomers
call the
great White Celibacy.

As each of
these six
stars
rotate
they
move through a

single day with
seven divisions:
dawn is
that insoluble
uncertainty between
awareness
and
unawareness;
morning
comes as the
just
clear knowing, the
fulfilling

Third Experience

finally in
the evenness of
her dark
even-spread night
Equilibrium
commands the
last part of
the one
day
and the first part of
the next
day
and
this day
is further and equally

divided into
God (the
Morning of
night
and
light)
and agape (the
after-morning of
light
and night)
the
one
being the
mirror image of
the other,
neither one
preceding the
other
nor succeeding the
other
while for
lurking in the
unconscious of
the feminine eros
is the
oneness of
agape
while
lurking in the
unconscious of

super-abundant
genital sexuality
flourishes
best on the
stars of that
powerful
rhythmically-speeding
star-cluster, on
Homosexuality,
Heterosexuality,
Bisexuality:

the
all containing
and contented
post-genital sexuality of autumn
finds her
ideal ripening on
only one
star
 in
the sky –
(for a Meister Eckhart
observes objectively
there is childbirth in
God)
noble
White Celibacy:
Then the
fourth season

Meister Eckhart
observes
imprecisely.

This is the symbol
the
image I hold before me to
represent
what I do not know,¹
the
symbol whose function is to
transform psychic-energy,² the
symbol of the peach and its seed.

Flesh (fibres, juices, colour, scents, tastes) and the
skin
that holds this golden (often apricot-coloured)
mass with its structural integration in its
rounded shape and with its seed-centre (oval egg-shaped)
stands for the integration of parts (at once
delicate and gross) of the thing that we
call psyche being but a name³ for
what we surmise and speculate about
but
do not know
for what could penetrate this
black hole, this womb of quintessential but
insubstantial integration for which we have
but a symbol
that solitary word *psyche*?

nursery picture-box is but a story of stringed puppets
(strumpets, commercial war-lords, middle-age women
more masculine than their manipulating young
lovers and sons or grandsons)

puppets of a human
impossibility that nonetheless inhabit our collective
psyche in its black-hole recesses

but the
tumid ego will not see that what it sees
is the hinterland behind it
in that mocking screen before it.

And so this
flesh of this peach
instead of being whole and
wholesome

rots in whole areas from the
infection of the army of self-protecting worms
beholding the beams in their eyes in the
eyes of the whole world⁵

while the high-priestly
chaplain of this army is the money-making
media and self-delusion, self-deception its
generals

more intent on ego-willed stupidity than any
strategy of any insecticidal military campaign that
would rot the worm-army and not the
peach-flesh whose function is individuation by way of
integrating health

to reach and support its uniqueness, its

self-identity

and as peach-fleshy aspires to

individuation

so peach-seed aspires to

self-identity where all things are possible, a

zero full of infinite possibilities, a void of inexhaustible contents⁶

but the army-worms of neuroses and psychoses will rot this seed of Buddhistic emptiness, this self-identity⁷ as surely as it will not be peach-flesh of

individuation

and not until the

collective norms and their infantile media of entertainment, news, gossip, trivalities and advertisement (particularly self-advertisement)

can be

grasped by the ego (now swollen and inflamed) as but a symbol of what at once threatens and gives energy (in its opposition) to the symbol of the peach (its flesh and seed) will the wholeness and wholesomeness of the individuating peach flesh and the self-identity of peach-seed support one another in an equal opposition that is no Orchard of Eden⁸ but the inexhaustible creative energy wholly healthy by receiving, absorbing and transmitting it from

sickness wholly into its own being

being wholly human.

This is the symbol

the

shape with its seed-centre
(oval egg-shaped)
by receiving, aborting and transmits
it on sickness wholly into being wholly human.

15.ii.87

And we were dust-dead:

Then there stood this our
our lighthouse-love indestructibly indifferent
guiding

the storm-invested ages

that threw the living sea
mercilessly high:

they came in a convoy through
unrelievedly black air

(the thousand kings)

and

high loaded

(in the recesses of this tower)

volumes whose

time-proof pages burned the daylight straight through

the joy

recording so

the heavy history

of our love.

Pinned, Pierced-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

as coal diamonds:

So indistinguishable the
division
that I (who am not God)
become God.

20.i.85

Howl winds,
weep seas,
crack the desert!
days fall wrongly in your order
and night
and day divide,
divide wrongly,
berserkly the hours
– óút,
óút
of joint are the limbs in the body of
reason!

Whores are to goddesses elevated
and virgins
slaughtered for purity!
Revenge,
Revenge,
drink revenge screams the cancered
carcasses living on the putrified liquid
of death!

Hideous is the human race,
a breed crossed between rat and bat –
the flaw of God's hand!

20:xi:61

Time

We think we have knowledge
– but I know,
 you know
we float on the sea of ignorance.

See the ignorance,
no I hear it –
damn, damn, the
damming ignorance!

Love came in the night, was
lost and came to death who
raped her of her beauty so
now we sit with the lies.

Time is fibbing
but that's
nothing to the
lover's tale which
becomes more
complicated with
each new chapter.

Do you know what is missing?
do you know?
 a face (I tell you)
a face is what we need but
need for what?
 to see – you

fool!

see what?

oh do not ask so!

Down the lane they walked but
before the end neither one nor the
other was there and it did not
matter –

matter, matter
what is matter
that is not
dust, that is
not dung?

I can hear it, smell it in this
cold winter's night – this death
is in me, I see it on my
skin –

I wait and wait not,
know not and cannot!

Come not again
murderer for you
lie to me – a
mincing machine
to human life is
your lies!

And the sulphur pit of death is that
we die not!

8:vi:61

Pain, the Metamorphosis

The pain impinges,
 the heat vapours,
 the cold ices
and yet I remain I:
 in the day we need the
night and at night our sights are the day
 the
one lies with light
 the other with illusion
 but slow
is the metamorphosis
 and doubt wraps the hard
observation of growth when death is measured against
birth
 for as one annuls the other
 the purpose
again is painted in obscurity
 since where is the city
of promises
 whose architect was the Godhead?
 No
design of reason's weaving can I see in this
carpet
 where living's colours race wildly, futilely
and yet remain in their failure of movements.

9:x:62

Notes pp. 127–130

- 1 C.G. Jung Vol. VI: Psychological Types. London, 1971 Routledge and Kegan Paul para 814-829 pp 473-481.
- 2 C.G. Jung Vol III: The Structure and Dynamics of the Psyche. London 1960 Routledge and Kegan Paul par 88 pp 45-46.
- 3 C.G. Jung Vol VI op.cit. par 49 p 32.
- 4 The First Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians, Chapter XIII: Verse 12.
- 5 (a) St Matthew Chapter VII : Verse 3.
- 6 D.T. Suzuki Mysticism Christian & Buddhist. London 1957 George Allen & Unwin p 28.
- 7 D.T. Suzuki op.cit p 30
- 8 Man and his Symbols, Conceived & Edited by Carl Jung London 1978 Picador (Pan Books) Ltd (first published by Aldus Books Ltd 1964) pp 73-75.

The Poet's Commentary for pp. 89-132

The virtuosity of this poem its distained image of peach (its flesh and seed) and the echo effect of several words and images: i.e.

- whole, wholesome, wholly, hole (pure) and multiple associations, many by suggestion
- dark
- black hole
- unsubstantial
- inexhaustible
- integration, integrating
- collective
- attention
- ego
- worms
- individuation
- news media
- commerce, commercial
- health
- rot
- tumid, swollen, inflamed
- symbol
- army

- psyche (psychic)
- energy
- I do not know
- human, humanity
- psychic, psychological psyche

N.B. It is in the mass of detail that the subtler solutions of the poem's symbolic meaning lie.