

LOVE'S FLUID FACES

Six Cycles of 164 Epical, Psychological, Metaphysical, Mystical, Musical and Erotic Poems with an Epitome at the beginning of the 6 Cycles and at their end.

VOLUME 1 of *Primal Mediation*
the complete oeuvre of the poetry of Châtillon Coque

Published by The Chatillon Institute



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Primal Mediation

The oeuvre of more than a thousand poems of Châtillon Coque's poetry could be regarded as a single epic poem. This oeuvre consists of twenty volumes of poetry (epics and collections of cycles of poems) and nine volumes of sets of notes and monographs of the psycho-literary techniques, employed in the writing of these poems. The twenty-nine volumes are unlikely to be published in the order in which they were written.

Poetry

1. Erupting Evolution (epic)
2. Luminous Roots (collection of cycles)
3. Naked Unfolding (collection of cycles)
4. Mediterranean Seasons (epic)
5. Orientations (collections of cycles)
6. Cosmic Quintet (epic)
7. Love's Fluid Faces (love poems; a collection of six cycles, which is the seventh volume in the oeuvre of poems)
8. Ekstasis (195 poems, mostly metaphysical, one cycle)
9. Fluid Blue Flame (epic)
10. Facet-Cut Planes of the Blue-White Death-Diamond (95 poems on death)
11. Genesex (collection of cycles)
12. Chthonic architecture (epic)
13. Equipoise (a cycle of poems)
14. Aikido of Piano-Playing and its Keyboard-Creations (epic)
15. Perpetual Practise of Meister Eckhard's *Abgescheidenheit* (Aloneness distilled from Alonement, an Uninfluenced Value-Judgement, a Lone Judgement) (collection of cycles)

16. Eagle-Observations (collection of cycles)
17. Eleven Shaped Energies toward a Just-Right Closure
(collection of cycles)
18. Thirty-Five Attributes, Attitudes and Images of Love-
Mysticism (epic)
19. Integrating Evolution (epic)
20. Last Verses (collection of cycles)

Psycho-Literary Techniques

1. Two *Rothmannia capensis* Trees and the Divine One and a
Monograph on Prosodies
2. A Monograph on the Poetic Line and the Ends of Lines
3. A Monograph on the Suggestions of Various Forms of
Movement in this Poetry and their Accompanying Sounds, ie.
the stampeding of a herd of buck
4. A Monograph (in the form of notes) on the Attributes of
Primal Mediation
5. A Monograph on the Lay-Out of Primal Mediation
6. A Monograph on how every poem is at once a One-Character
Theater-Play, a One-Character Cinematographic Film and a
Psychic-Portrait
7. A Set of Notes on the Vocabulary of Primal Mediation
8. A Set of Notes on the Placing and Spacing of Each Poem
9. A Set of Notes on the Archetypal Images Enacting their Work
mostly through the Attributes of an Entity

EPITOME



Time there is
 when the
day is urgent for the
long flesh-nights
 and their
milk-silk unities.

 Passing
to take more,
 to lose another,
to take yet another,
 to dream of
one tomorrow.

 We think
we kiss it in nightly
revelries,
 we think we hear
it in piano-concerti,
 we
wait for the flush of
fruition
 but pass on
indifferently before their
arrivals.

Later we doubt
this sensuous light
that
caresses us
intoxicating us
too much
to feel the spin of time
that satisfies
but stands still.

Later still
we walk the
same passages
but see
(without observing)
these half-open
doors
and then continue out
into the street
not to return.

Here hope is irrelevant:
in this other light
eternity is
tangible
and the Lover

neither
demands
nor takes.

This Lover
(being Absolute)
confuses
us with excessive light
so that
the darkness
of night
we once
demanded
is functionless.

Now God
we search in these beams
of high-powered light
whose organic
electricity
issues from our
blood-drawing contemplation.

And the first
 crack in our
confusion
 is knowing this
 is what
we called for
 in our first
cry at birth.

7:iv:1963

Epitome

MUSIC-MARRIAGES



Through the spiritual, psychic and poetic image of
the human lover
to the archetype of
the Self
(the archetype of wholeness)
and
(potentially)
to the erotic consummation with
God
on the spiritual and psychic flights
(among others)
to
eternity
and to infinity and to immortality

These were the first annotations on 25.vi.1960 made on the first version of Music-Marriages (the first cycle of poems of the collection of six cycles of poems in Love's Fluid Faces while the second last amendment arrived on 07.viii.2011, 51 years after the first attempts to collect, collate and epitomize Love's Fluid Faces; the last amendment arrived on 25.xii.2015; the psychic flight to completion (fulfilment) and the psychic flight to oblivion.

Clear and yet delicately
the voice calls and the quiet
chamber-music of fullness is the
touch of my loved one – that personality-
enriched aristocrat whose title is harmony,
whose first name is song and
whose family-line is robed in the ancient
names of noble-blooded music.

Come and let us
dance – you
who know the
distilled gem-waters
that make the
moments pregnant with
the ripened substance
catching the light
here and over there
to make it a drop of
eternity, you who kiss
me with a high-heaving
peace!

Come my music and drive
hard my fingers so that the
great patterns of creation
stand in the ultimate dimension of
burning sound, come to make
me play over the vast paths that
climb the air to fill it with
fine-sculptured fulfilment, come to
make me but a mirror of the
last existence in the height of the
hierarchy!

25:vi:1960

Music-Marriage I

When you walk quietly and
I hear your footfall
I love you with a breath
scented with all of my long
existence;

I burn (even in my
sleep) with a subtle radiance since
you kiss gently every second of
my oscillating life-movement through
the human country.

And when your
ancient palaces
of such Rome-
reputed and
Athens-spirited
architecture loom
distinctly into the
absolute in front of me
I defy gravity to
become at one with
them so that
they are and I am
speedily immersed to
be no longer.

Ah and deep in the
night your hand rests on
mine and then a flush of
wholeness spreads over
me while the night becomes
soft with a sleep that
sweeps far into space to
a warm silence

singing

me into the rest
integrating all into
the cosmic structure whose
symphony is the rhythm that
maps out Godliness!

25:vi:1960

Music-Marriage 2

To adore you is to warm the rhythm into curving through
the air like a cloak in the wind, to let you kiss me
is to emerge as a virginal moth from her
cocoon, to caress my forehead is to lead
children stampeding wildly down the staircase on to
the earth!

2:vii:1960

Music-Marriage 3

Quietly (as if merely touching the
earth) this music spreads like an unrolling,
swelling mist

and úp,

úp branches the
light rays until (in the curves of
a plait)

they become a bond between
earth and the clear blue (but
contourless) beyonds;

then down

sink chains to

the burning

cement which is

yet cold in

its earthboundness

while

a rose arises

and (indisputably) this divine
rose-scent provokes this arousal's
upward spiral

that shimmers away into
the air-layers of God's magnificence.

4:vii:1960 | Revised 24:ix:2011

Music-Marriage 4

I cánnót live (Beloved),
I cánnót!
 Pléáse,
 burningly please
dissolve me into sounds that are
yet silent,
 kiss me until I am
air –
 dissólve, dissólve me
 Beloved!

7:vii:1960
Music-Marriage 5

To have my spirit
dissolved into drops of music
is
the passion that calls
all thoughts
else
to its obedience.

8:vii:1960

Music-Marriage 6

Painted in the passing moment (pregnant in eternal beauty) my love for you awoke and time smiled silently and stood still for me to envisage fully the crystallization of this (my rising love) burning on the essence-fuels issuing from the well-carved physique of your spirit so that the night (elongated) awoke with life quivering in the lush growth of the forest treed in strong emotions lined tightly together in the pulsating intensity whose magnitude is granite-Everest but whose affection is the warmth of the caressing sun gently nurturing (as does your touch) the spring profusion of my love-flowers!

25:vii:1960

Music-Marriage 7

At last you have come – you for whom
I burnt in longing all these centuries and
now you are the dome dominating the
pinnacle of my emotions so that
what have I now to do but tend upon
the hours and times of your desire?
your desire (sensuously tender) that holds me
yet in a caressing vice of warm possession,
that kisses me into a flaming
spring red in the flush of blossoms
bursting the bitter bark of restraint
to fall nakedly into the soft leaf-bed
created in the curve of your arms.

26:vii:1960

Music-Marriage 8

Oh I love and love again to
burn and blaze
 for to see you
(that come on the evening wind to
go with the dawn)
 makes me flame with
a fury
 that wrecks my psyche in the flame-fight of
uniting and disrupting to unite again and to
disrupt again to rush on to the shore to be
frustrated by the sea
 overwhelmingly!

Tied to a mad horse
 I ride high
 until
exhaustion drugs me into a sleep
 still
turbulently lashing
 in intense dreamings!

28:vii:1960

Music-Marriage 9

Let us keep the flame of this
friendship in its sky-garden with
care so that (in the progression of time)
its heightened beauty rises sturdily,
unbrokenly
till its life is an eternity.

29:vii:1960

Music-Marriage 10

I have held court and ruled
despotically for almost a quarter of a
century;

 and yet now I am held in
court and ruled into a melting
unity from which I shall bear
children of sky-sweeping greatness so
that neither the warmth of the calm
autumnal evening nor the symphony of
your kiss

 shall be forgotten!

30:vii:1960

Music-Marriage 11

Like a song silent in sadness
it came and I stand still in
barrenness for again it was still-born,
motionless, never swimming in the circles of
existence,

 again my womb is iced
because my love is a dead thing
and I must live but buried too
is another part of my breathing while
slowly I am forming the cracked husk.

Oh no – I cannot even grieve now
since you (Beloved) left and
our child was never
 but cold is the
wind and the ice is in my
blood for like a song silent in sadness
it came still-born.

31:vii:1960

Music-Marriage 12

Of the spirit, burning on the spirit
how else can I give the
beacon guiding you to me to
give my life a potent
fertility for I
need you in the bursting
immediacy of now?

come not and

I shall live

but as a corpse

cold with death.

30:vii:1960

Music-Marriage 15

Again I love you in flames slashing
the life from me, agáin and
agáin I need your body pressing against
mine like the sea hard against the
cliffs:

oh and my cry (that cracks the
quiet night) is will you sweep up
my body in the iron of your arms to
break the smoke-spell that smothers
to silence my song?
dare I hope (with pain of nails piercing
my flesh on the cross of expectancy) that
you will burst my virginity now so
perfect
and hollow?

1:viii:1960

Music-Marriage 14

Deep in sleep I fall dreamily into your
silk-tender, firm arms and
then your lips race in high speed to
melt my existence into yours:
I awake
to find you have never been
and it is
then that I know I need you as the
body needs breath, it is then you are
the senses of my spiritual physique, it is
then I love you till I glow an
uncontrollable blaze of high-flamed passion.

3:viii:1960

Music-Marriage 16

Deeper than a century, far longer
than history, older and broader than
space

is my love's inconceivable life
when you awake (with glowing tongs)
its primeval power.

3:viii:1960

Music-Marriage 17

When I consider how the iced moisture of
loneliness clings to me, how my transparently-
thin life is dangerously positioned on the
thread-edge of nothingness, of the silence that
holds death clutchingly

I know I must desperately
call the full of my last embers to wake
you into filling my existence with youth's
fertility

and so to place

an absolute monarch

or

else

I must now crumble to be a never-been for
not again can I pass through the torture-chamber of
need

and continue to breathe.

4:viii:1960

Music-Marriage 19

Like a fir-plantation blazes

I flame

in passion uncontrollably and each word
or move from you is more fuel to the
devastation!

cóme Noble One, cóme coolly on
the salmon evening clouds and kiss my
royal cheeks till they are saturated with your
consort-love, cóme and fuse together our bodies and
so 'yóú' and 'I' are 'we' the unity, cóme to
control the uncontrollable continental passion by
further caressings till we sweep across the
sky in a vast cosmic, rhythmic ecstasy!

7:viii:1960

Music-Marriage 20

Now I know you will come, come on the
fleet of the wind's ships, on the high of the
cloud without an autumn doubt,
come and pour your spirit's mineralled
fertility into the soil of my existence
so that in the spring

they

(the oaks, my

children)

shall rise and in the
summer they shall stand

commanding

all the land.

10:viii:1960

Music-Marriage 21

There was a thunderbolt and the continents
woke from aeons of sleep for this was the great
consummation of the two Mountains Everest
moving to marry into the one so that
(hard pressed together) their muscles tensed in the
ejecting of love

and Africa bowed while
Europe curtsied low, Asia came in a
caravan to see and praise, America called a
full homage while Australia travelled
vastly to attend this ceremony

moulding
rapidly another universe for greatness
where these two land-masses are melted into
one order

that (in the intertwining of their
arms) ever-issues the flood of unity!

16:viii:1960

Music-Marriage 22

Quiet (in blue serenity) caresses me and
unaltered am I (once locked to an
iron sinking deeply in a sucking marsh)
for I transcended the battlefield and
(untouched) ran in vast cosmic leaps
across the sky whose air is laced with joy
so that now calmly I walk on the warm
beaches of eternity.

19:viii:1960

Music-Marriage 23

Gently (as the rise and touch of the waves
lazily washing the shore) I spill
through the human existence and give of warmth
and take of warmth in the high weighing of
equality so to draw all into a pattern where
peace can shelter in my love whose bays the
sea of love caresses mildly but continually.

20:viii:1960

Music-Marriage 24

Oh I love you still for
the moments are carved from
gentleness and (athletically) they will run
the full length of our existence,
so to
warm us in a sunlight-flood when
ours is a marriage and the creating of
children!

20:viii:1960

Music-Marriage 25

The coming and the going are but as one and
yet sadness has more rule in the parting;
the mother shall not hold her children for the
hours part them and the years carve out
valleys
 and yét
 of each circle around the old
hearth
 a few embers are left in the memory.

22:viii:1960

Music-Marriage 26

Ultimately fulfilled and ultimately united I
have now rocketed into existence and stand
a new orb in the night-order:

more gentle now
the days climb their way, more gentle now
living carves at the image of my existence.

25:viii:1960

Music-Marriage 27

The passing through me has left the
land of my life barren as the scorching white
frost of the low season leaves the earth
bare and black

but suddenly what is
this, this oak triple-toed leaf? what
this call of night

drenched in warm oceans
of love? what dreams of harvest, of
lavish music-fruits born from the princely
fertility you feed the first-awakening
womb of my mind?

3:ix:1960

Music-Marriage 28

By what standard do you measure the river of
my love? can't you see 'tis false measure whatever
system?

time's night is long and one
life knows little of the light;

deny love
not then when it comes unconditioned
by the acid-process of time for taller in
its granitic eternity (than you or I) is
my love for you;

and though already brutally
bruised by the fists of rebuff

and yet,

yet

(transfixed)

I burn in my need for you

who

carry the tall limbs of graciousness, whose
movements are beauty's plaits;

how can

you deny me who am a prince and
yet servant to your existence?

22:ix:1960

Muwic-Marriage 30

Who would have ventured a missile to explore this
region of possibility?

far in the gentle caressing
of the night-seas

the hour
stretches its arms (immeasurably long
in terms of existence) and so clasps you
and me into One

until now we hold (in
hoops of iron beyond time, hoops blazing a
love carrying the whole spectrum of eternity's
colours) the existence of the one into the
existence of the other into a wider rippling One
which unites two entities who differ as
water from flame.

Once on a rock foundationed
this
rock crumbled to sand and disintegrated to
a nought

but now this new Gibraltar – is
this the immovable foundation
and whose stone-cemented

love
we are to defy wind-storms, sea-storms and

grow to be an eternity?
grow to be
a new-blooded constellation?

The answer the
lying sequence of weeks (that stand still
eternally) must suggest and crystallise
for
(if of time)
this was the speculation still-born
but (if of infinity)
'tis prophecy making the
depth of night
light.

9:x:1960

Music-Marriage 51

Dear to me more than the wealth of a city
but
an unknown entity without a name is my
illusive monarch
who touched me
with a burning coal of a passion
as black as the
night
and left me blazing relentlessly
without a name.

19:x:1960

Music-Marriage 33

Come, come on the nightly breeze and at
the peak-heat of a simmering summer's day!
come!

and I (who hold royalty) and you (who
hold royalty)

now hold eternity concretely
together to defy the acid action of time on
our metals

for

(as the air becomes over-loaded with
the orange orchard's scent)

so our existence is

carrying

the weight of love

invisible

and yet weighing

a continent.

19:x:1960

Music-Marriage 34

This love that demands to hide in the night
is
no love but love of shame making of the spirit
a desert where the oaks of grandeur once
grew;
ruthless in its tapping of ancient sensitivity
it remains poisonous for the more it desires
the more it demands to destroy –
free
me from this black nightmarish awkwardness
and
throw me back in the lull of the sleep of my
high-blooded mysticism where reality burns
beyond reality and the lie of the temporal is
brilliant in its evidence of unreality to leave
it to the winds of the passing purge
that on immortality bestows the seal of
legality.

29:x:1960

Music-Marriage 36

What waste, what time annulled, bled dry of
meaning are the hours of flesh! transient themselves
their transparent joy is more so

but oh the grip of
desire's distorted hand brands us with its
anarchical urge – fulfilling but humiliating
with colours of disgust the quivering body:

what
waste of breath is the run on unworthy ground of
one night together

– free us from this
we're Godly for the God irons out the
creases of need

but tied
we're considerably
less so

stating our humanity in three-
thousand-foot-high monuments!

30:x:1960

Music-Marriage 57

Time recalled is time lost for then
the present passes unperceived;

I

cannot be bothered with the bridge between
you and me,

you whose mind is
murky with not knowing;

leave

me who stand as a wood hiding
an interior through the day and
night, leave me for I can only
live in I and 'you' there is
redundant;

light and shade fuse
only to make grey but you are
not one, not the other or the
synthesis of the antitheses;

the

Frenchman will not marry the German,
the lion will not mate with the
tiger;

time recalled is time lost for
then the present passes unperceived.

13:i:1961

Music-Marriage 40

Not the rain or wind of a thousand years
shall erase one letter of my love for you
written on the granite tablets of timelessness,
not one letter shall a winter's moss cover,
not another love shall be written over this
love for you;

 though other loves will come and then pass,
their history shall not be written on tablets of
granite.

 And tomorrow you have forgotten
it and I have forgotten but these tablets
remain to testify in these lines far beyond
your life, my life as a lighthouse burning for
others who too journey this sea where
two (in love) are united and divided.

31:i:1961

Music-Marriage 42

Oh let me drink this wine red in your love,
matured in your being until I am drunk,
let me touch the silk of your being and
(as the dawn arises) awake in the bed of your
arms and body holding mine as a bride
her gown; come and breathe the breath scented
with the spring of love on my forehead, on
my neck — oh hold me in a sweep that
places your kisses like blossoms on the early-
spring trees;

 come on the stream of light
between you and me and (whether of the
body or spirit) let the one not part with
the other

 – then let your being and my being
play harmonies that unite in their
flow (from you and me) to become our love as
real as the kings of England

 for

 (together)

we rule a mystical world that makes of
the kiss

 (that is you and me)

 a universe!

31:i:1961

Music-Marriage 45

Like a sudden blaze late in the night
the music-waters rush high into the
sea-sky and

(as the mounting ship
rides the waves)

the song flies in vast
wings covering the night in its silk-sounds
while

(as the movement comes to the point of
creation where breath starts)

it bursts
out a thousand symphonic blossoms throbbing
(in their deep-red blood) the rhythms on
whose breathing creation founded the cycles of
the seasons –

oh let me drink this
wine until trebly drunk I am for this
drunkenness is the only reality
and fill

again and yet again the barrel of
existence

with this vintage!

2:ii:1961

Music-Marriage 45

A millennium will have passed
and yet this orchard (where my
blossoms and your pollen are) will still
be harvested in the autumnal
afternoon whose gold is drawn from
the honey of eternities

and so

each kiss (stamped in wine on
the fine-fibred cream skin of my
forehead) holds a burning that (in
its tall flame) bears a rebirth of old
creation;

not now, not tomorrow,

not in time shall the high
mystical chord of your fourths and
my fifths discord together so

since from

thát derives the seed that brings the
absolute a full reaping.

11:ii:1961

Music-Marriage 48

Immersed in the oceans of your love, freed
in the heavens of your passion
for this once,
for this hour a millennium passed and
as your hand clasped mine
the centuries
(burdened with the weight of history they
carry)
travelled on,
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) our child
(the personality born from the harmonies of
your sprint and my flight)
is named
heavily and lightly in eternity
tapering to
Godliness in a smoke-spiral which comes
from the altar of thanksgiving
that is
óur love!

16:ii:1961

Music-Marriage 50

Do not fight me for 'tis only now
(in this very immediacy) that I can create you
a royal name who are princely yet neither so by birth
nor growth;

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

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 spirits 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:ii:1961

Music-Marriage 51

'Twill be a gap in the chain of time,
'twill be a death that is a slow decay
if you come not and hold not my metaphysical
body in the physically-charged vibrations
of yóu that must bring fertility to my
musico-poetic womb parched in the waiting
for the kiss, the blood-kiss ejecting from
your being.

20.ii:1961

Music-Marriage 52

Close the gates to the castle! close them
I tell you and hasten, hasten!
the storm bubbles
brew high and the spy
(once entered)
will try to enter again,
close them! I
demand this obedience
– bother me not
with veils but murder my senses,
pierce my eardrums, rip my eyes from
me so that I know not that that I loved (still love)
is an insatiable sponge absorbing the smug
poison of ‘I-am-flattered-by-your-attentions’ and
no more!

Come, gentle death, come and caress in
the lake of lifelessness this oh-most-grotesque
(grotesque with pain) face of a prince –
tear my limbs from me and búrñ thém, búrñ
thém and the ashes give them to the
wild south-easter to distribute and so make
my reconstruction a cosmic unreality
– destroy me, I order it, destroy me!
thén shall this love have no house where to exist,
thén shall this pain (three thousand times the
size of my life) be without a form, without
a power

and the 'I' (that mamba-fanged cycle of
ego me mihi me) not be there for Yóú
(Most hitlerian Yóú) to use for target-shooting,
bow-and-arrow practising, sword practising
for blood-sucking and crocodile-chewing!

26:ii:1961

Music-Marriage 55

THE MONARCHS



*Through the human lover to the archetype of the Self
(the archetype of wholeness) and, potentially, to the
erotic consummation with God.
(A careful consideration (religio) and with the
above addition on 07.viii.2011)*

*The first 20 poems were written on
07:xii:1961, and read consecutively
they reveal a distinct development of a
certain consciousness. The last poem
was written on 27:xii:1961.
In imagery, nature and form it is linked to
the preceding poems.*

Oh how the ice of my loneliness hangs around
my head and longing for you (my
princess) makes the hours rise up in
a whirl that speaks of autumn for
now that you are not here

winter has a
herald in the minutes

and féél

—
the wind bites sharper,

the night grows
longer!

Tears, sting cuts like barbed wire!

The Monarchs 4

Evenly comes the call and a
cosmic ride now awaits me
to the symphonic plains of
universality where you (oh most
noble woman) sweep over these
time-stretching lands in the
wind of ethereality whose
perfume is drawn from the
oaked recesses of mellowed
timelessness.

The Monarchs 5

There is broken glass in this parting
and oh
that there were no need for you to be of
this world!
and yet such a wish is
mad
for since all creation travels in the
lake-depths of your eye-oceans
(that hold
me in tongs of fire)
since you are
part of all worlds
but still the
weaving of this dream of
freedom is with me.

A dance
through the skies are we that
are children and aged in the
weighty millennia.

The Monarchs 7

Liquidly the contours are there and
not there and gravity has no hold on
this the dancer of the high music
that has beauty for its counterpoint

– a toe,
 a point,
 a whirl,
 a sweep
and round and round the pattern
turns
 but suddenly
 there is the end
before us
 and I am frozen.

The Monarchs 8

Drunk am I on the spurts of
Wine
 mellowed a long time in memory
while rolling past fast and intensely
are the caressing visions
 and the moments
when
 (like the pinnacle to the Gothic
spire)
 we become one point in time.

There you are in a blue breeze,
 here you
have the white of rationality,
 there
you have the green of peace,
 closer
 you
are a sea dark with storm,
 touched
with purple mourning
 and now
yours is the loveliest cloth
 richly woven
in warmth.

 But how remote you are
 and
yet
 how close your cosmic personality!

The Monarchs 9

Antiquity is the wealth of this woman
whose Athenian temple is filled with
incense-smoke curling around the offerings
of oranges and bullocks burning to
her godliness

and séé how the vines
of her city are graped in eternity,
how the sea of understanding (blue-diamond
clear to its depths) caresses the laughing
shores of her state,

séé how these shores
stretch to fertile fields carrying
the harvests of humanity!

The Monarchs 11

When she sailed down the aisle
air alone contained her and
the whiteness of lace was but
streaks of cloud for incorporeal
was this beauty whose simplicity
belies its highly-architected
counterpoint

and so white was
laid on the spring flush of her cheek
where the cream of loveliness was
transparent while it surrounded
the warm blood of her mouth.

The Monarchs 12

Love is transient
but when the remoteness
is the water to this poor-banked river
its bed
does not dry
and the vapour of its
nature is then not pressured need that
erases in evaporation rapidly from the heat
of friction
but remoteness is high spiced
with sadness and the biting chill of
longing
and these preserve the love
beyond living or dying until ultimately
it is infinitely beyond time's need for
demarcation.

The Monarchs 15

The rats (called fear) gnaw at me and
doubts enfold lice-infested bat-wings
around me for it seems the jewels (in
the crown you gave me) are plucked from
their natural home and so your
presence (like the light thrown through
stained glass of reds and blues, old
gold and tranquil greens) will now
fade and ultimately all that will be
left is a page blank in its barren
whiteness.

The Monarchs 14

The forms of her limbs are of a civilization
(linear in design) that holds discretion as
its religion

and her tapering fingers have
the devotion of a saint

while her harvested-wheat-
coloured hair is fibre from the winnowing
furnaces of purification so that its waves spell out
idealized growth and adorns a head
shaped from the clays found only once in
each civilization

and when she walks
cosmic rhythms are in a human body

while
the stream of her voice is honey through the
mesh of poise that holds the granular
harshness away from the lilt of uniqueness.

The Monarchs 16

My eyes lost their physical sight but
their vision opened the iron door
of the future and the vapours of expectation
came with the odour of greatness; here
the shapes came and went in the
mists:

first there was a wind
whose indecision refrigerated me
but
later a staircase turned matronly through
the air and mounting it (in gold and white)
were you

while I (on a higher platform)
in the robes of my ancient houses
awaited
you;

ultimately we floated up and
fell deep into eternity's sleep.

The Monarchs 17

Stately the procession flows in tribute to this
friendship that has brought into the house of
unity the paintings of the ages and for some
time held two monarchs (a queen and a king)
and now the forces of creation bring
the homage in universality to this same
friendship that stands as a cathedral to
highly-blended minds whose aristocracy
is ringing in the proud dignity of
their parting where graciousness dyes the
cloths (stained in pain) in the aloneness
that is their majesty.

The Monarchs 20

Most nightly-enveloped of flyers
that
through the space of spaceless time
sweep your scents, what art lies in
the curve of your kiss, what dreams
burn in the call of your name?
ah but the
forms are of blood, of blood and yet
air is defeated by this lightness for
the weight of evil you drop
and
gently-laced wholesomeness is your
weaving,
weaving endlessly in time's
talking at which you laugh and by
laughing annul since eternity first
pierced your virginity as the bridegroom
of your cosmic marriage;
oh the
beauty of your stream is the source
where the saint built the church and
here birth sails apace the message
inherent in the dawn of hope and faith;
since the end is yóu, the beginning of
the lines of greatness start in you
and so you knit closer the ages
till one and ten are one
– and
who else could so make ready pollens of
the transcendental for the sun to kiss and

moon to caress, who else has the canvas for
the paints of pattern?

not women who
walk as women and men who mail
themselves in manhood but yóú are
not contained in any yet remain a
woman;

so the dream is possible and
the promise of life perched in balance
of non-compromise (who is a nobleman)
is realised

– see how tomorrow heralds
you, yesterday remembers you, today
embraces you

and you sail on
time

himself bewitched but not blind.

The sea of your being
touches then recedes
to return to touch
and this delicate (beyond
believing) china is
made from a
clay that has no
colour but all colour,
that is never felt
but there is the absolute

state of always
and
(when the spray arches)
sparks of purity burn
the night's salt-air
from where runs the
mineraled milk for the
babes of creation
that (in tomorrow's
lap) will be another
generation for the
eternal city

– but

here too yóú (the
dowager-duchess of the
city-state) will
head the coronation
drawn by horses whose
white tells of humanity.

Long the tender fingers of light caress
the night into the harvest of day
where the first burst of fertility is the
white bloom fresh in the dew of infinity
and here you are the sky-sweeping
streaks of strawberry that bring the warmth
of breath

that is the lilt in the complex

rhythms of the burning cycle where drops
(transparent and yet opaque) each are wombs
on the verge of valleys of birth

– and here

then your Chinese triple across the sky
again tells of the completion in the apples
from creation's first orchard.

The Monarchs 21

PURIFICATIONS



Grief lies motionlessly beyond calm masks

The first poem was written on 23.ii.1962.

The other twenty were written on 24.ii.1962.

*Read consecutively, they delineate an expansion
of consciousness.*

The former music mentor of Châtillon Coque,

*Miss Guanita Severeplay, points out that by our very natures,
we inflict pain on those around us.*

Certainly grief can purify. It can also be voluptuous.

Here where I stand
I still wonder –

the long line of anguish,
plaited and
replaited and still the pain grows.

Oh that
you would understand but this –
with you
God I kissed in all the nature of
eternity's completeness
but without you
only this void exists.

I feel this cold
drizzle more than yesterday and
sée the grooves of dehydrating age
cut deep in me!

Purification I

Today I wonder again
and the doubts
hurl their boulders again
– are you (Beloved) a
breath from the winds of eternity's casting
houses
or are you an illusion and your
love the vapour on the windowpane that is
no more in the light of the sun?

Purification 2

Yesterday
 – ah yes yesterday,
 there was
 the disembodied conversation when you
 spoke but were not there;
 I woke later
 neither knowing the dream nor the
 reality
 and wondering whether the reality
 (naked and tall)
 was in the dream
 or the
 vagueness of the reality was the shifting
 chromaticism in an ill-defined,
 half-conceived
 illusion.

 I still know not which is day
 and which night.

Purification 5

This thought impinges
its personality on
me –
what matter (that has weight) is
there whether you come or come not?
in
time all must be 'come not' in the final
weighing
and if it is today or
tomorrow
who can measure the difference
when the purpose of time is its bruising
lack of purpose?

Of course the thin
wounds of anguish
but these
remain tantalising trivialities.

Purification 5

Were you ever?

Was this but a world
built concretely in my child-fantasy
mind?

And as the day runs its
relentless course
must I grow to
adulthood
and its knowledge that
transcience pierces with night the light
of eternity?

Was the talking, the becoming
one unit,
the kissing of God together
as one
the lie to pacify the child?

Purification 7

How indifferent is the urgency in
the dry rain
that
today is
running out
rapidly

– what
importance has the past creation that
suffers the romantic rose glow of history?

Since
you cannot come
our oneness is a
memory
on which there is no force to
keep the relevant details.

Purification 12

The vast spread of the lawns of
tomorrow is slightly clear through
the mists;

and yet the expectation is
stilled since the weights of yesterday
need not the counter-balance of
tomorrow

and oh how relaxed is
my sleep!

Purification 13

Yet to say that spiced sadness is
out of the day
is a lie.

I loved and
love you but as a part to the
puzzle of the cosmos
and so as a
channel to the vaulted area where
Godliness burns in the eternal ethers.

Purification 14

Weep
 blood tears
 weep!

 Now I
know my loss;
 I have no house where to
exist,
 no fire to burn
 and the rain
freezes my blood!

 You
 (whom I loved)
have turned to air
 and turgid is
the granular day!

Purification 16

The thunderbolt of doubt rips
me in two
and divided against division
I turn
and turn upon myself
for this
spiral leads to death that knows no
silence.

I stretch out my hands
and call imperatively in my need
across the oceans of time
and only the
echoes of futility's grim cliffs answer me
in
this night.

Purification 17

Beloved death
 now more than before
do I need consummation with
you.

 Come and take from me
this painful virginal life
 for
time has pulled a muscle
 and the
yesterdays are confused with the
tomorrows.

 Please,
 I implore you:
cease this 'I'.

Purification 18

Yes I shall dress now
for the funeral –

black clothes?
why not white?

I cannot see,
hear,
taste,
feel,
smell
since
yesterday I died
but am alive
and
shall live another fifty years
energetically
doing nothing.

Purification 20

Here are my cosmic breasts
the milk of infinity but
is my cosmic child
the unnatural end to my mind's pregnancy
(induced by God) creeps ghoulishly on
me;
oh that my Christ-child could
have sucked my love-milk!
easy then would have been my pointless pain
that God is denied me.

Purification 21

POLYPHONY



*Pointers to the archetype of the suave, high-Roman-Renaissance polyphony of Palestrina, then to the archetype of the Self (the archetype of wholeness) and, potentially, to the erotic consummation with God.
(A careful consideration (religio) yielded the above addition on 07.viii.2011.)*

Séé
the finger-flaming torch mounts clearly
this night
and the trail of the melodic
line embellishes
the forms that each
encompasses another
till all and one
merge
to bring the lie of time
and
testify to eternity
but hásten,
hásten
I implore you
for séé already the
day is apace
and its lights thrust
the scar-furrowed face of blind
confusion
on translucent understanding.

25:ii:1963
Polyphony 1

Hope
gains its germination only
in the
time-manured soils
of faith
but doubt
(the
drought)
carries death
and its cold
companion
(static loneliness)
to make a
desert of
this
the forest of promise.

Cóme
then
rains of hope
so that
these promise-plantations
may bring to
fruition
the orchard-harvest
half-promised
in half a day.

This laced light
 alleviates the air
 that now
 loops long
 the curved flight
 of
 the air-carried gull
 caught in the
 motionless design
 of line against line.

Unperturbed
 the plan persists
 and
 the lazed gentility
 of light
 permeates
 the equilibrium
 with fine-grained foam
 for this flight.

Ah this flight!

 here two and one
dissolve in the streaming flight-lines
co-existing independently
 and yet
 tightly
webbed
for completion's composition
 clearly
drawn
 imperceptibly.

26:ii:1963
Polyphony 3

The liquid
 calls for shape
 in the
rock-formation
 that locks
 lover
 and
loved.

 Here there are no disjointed
needles
 to jerk the line
 leaping lightly
in the ice-clarity
 of its invincible
 flow.

Só
the fountain
unquestionably
takes
its spray
to feed this air
preluding
the birth
that painlessly,
neatly cuts
the irons
of disturbed time.

27:ii:1963
Polyphony 4

These sound-lines
 leap in their flaming
stretches
 towards
 the point of penetration
fountaining
 to Godliness
 that issue
from us who one
 are two
 and
more so
 since
 enveloped in defiance
to definition
 is our estate.

4:iii:1963

Polyphony 5

As you ice-slide
from me
my need
for
you
grows twice-sized.

This cold
burning for flesh-filters
to melt
the
minds to a unit
gives me gnashing
plurality:
sée the festering of doubt
is in the day.

The waiting kills
the mating:
the hope threatens
to fall
prematurely
to the ground
unfertilized.

Gó,
if you are going but go
swiftly,
cleanly:
if you are to stay
claim me
indelibly.

7:iii:1963
Polyphony 6

Drop-fluid,
rain-permeated, this love takes
a name
and earth swells
to burst out
the roots rising
for the plucking of the promise.

Ah yes
a promise and already more
for this womb
(wearing us inwardly)
gives shape
to our becoming.

The blood
grows red
with rhythm
for
the breath-throb
beats out
the map
of

From
 the crater
 of time
 we flood-flame
our glow
 as a monument
 of line
woven
 into line
 to be this
 the
 indestructible
birth
 femininely robed
 in manly
 purpose.

Hére
 then
 is the claim
 for creation
since two
 (thus woven into one)
emulate
 God
 on the first
 day
 of
His creation.

8:iii:1963

Polyphony 9

Staring deaths
greet me!

The illusions, those
vapoured illusions
that clothed me
were
burnt
from me
and scorched naked
I stand
in the moon
of contracted,
stultified
disillusion
black
in the polar
night
– that mocking
triumph
of
futility.

This chance
I took,
these cards
I played:
that the game is lost
is
my fault
but being over
all
need not
be over
—
béwáre fóól!
hoping
for what might be
is another illusion in
whose game
you must lose!

Having paid these debts
I am
bankrupt
and dare not
brave more.

Life!
you are out-staying
your
welcome.

Mid-March: 1963

Polyphony 10

THE MARRIAGE OF TRUE MINDS



A set of 21 juxtapositions with Shakespeare's Sonnet 116 as pointers to the archetype of the English (Shakespearean) Renaissance, then to the archetype of the Self (the archetype of wholeness) and, potentially, to the erotic consummation with God.

(A careful consideration (religio) yielded the above addition on 07.viii.2011.)

These poems were written between noon and 9 p.m. on 1.i.1964. Read consecutively, they delineate a distinct state of consciousness.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments, love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.

O no, it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken,

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come,
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom:

If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Shakespeare: sonnet 116

The wind of your love throws me
high into the sky of freedom and
now near the clouds

(cushioned in
kisses)

I feel you grip me
gently

into this inescapable union
that as a flame

(from our dissolving
bodies)

heralds

ages yet unborn

to

tell that here

love has a name.

The Marriage of True Minds I

If all the earth's gold were held as one
it would be as nothing to my love
for you,

if all the planets were
weights they would barely balance
my love for you,

the heat of
the sun is cold against the flame
that is my love for you,

all space
is too small to hold my love
for you,

life itself is but an atom
in my love for you.

The Marriage of True Minds 2

Ah my love!

the acid of time
may tomorrow corrode this love
but we win!

although time turns turgid
at our swift tunnelling away
to infinity

and although division may gain
the reign

our kiss (burning an
inextinguishable torch through history
born and unborn)

hand-cuffs destruction.

The Marriage of True Minds 5

As we meet
 two millennia meet
for who can doubt our triple-crowned
authority?
 what sage grasps our
passion
 making desire seem lifeless
sand against the expanse of this
insubstantial glow
 infiltrating every
cell of life?
 this penetration of one
into the other
 beats out the cross-rhythm
that from nothing
 makes all.

The Marriage of True Minds 7

Your curved limbs
 take my linear
limbs
 and a new civilization is
born:
 both project and both receive;
the giver, the gift, the receiver
 are
indistinguishable
 for here
 opposites
reconcile
 and coeval is this state
bordering the emerging of all into
one
 to give eternity
 a name.

The Marriage of True Minds 8

Your fingers leap across
my sleeping
back
and then swiftly we sprint
to the mansions
where hang
the paintings
each recording a
second
in our love-melting
– but
quickly look across those hills into
tomorrow!
sée how our issue
gape at the magnitude
of the
porcelain-delicate heritage
we leave
them!

The Marriage of True Minds 9

When the tall white marble walls of
my mind encase my remote
existence
 you curve and
strain and hurl your
weight
 against them until
yóu crack them
 so freeing me
from the poverty of virginity:
 and yet in
all this time I do the talking
 and
you
 the listening.

The Marriage of True Minds 11

Strange,
subtle melodic lines
spring in my
ear
and on hearing these I change;
I yield
'I' to You
so that dissolved in You,
dissolved
in this rhythmic harmony
I have become
more than I:
this subjection to a
new estate
is a blood-transfusion for
my cold antiquity.

The Marriage of True Minds 12

Speak not now of pain!
it is with us
hovering ominously:
by this véry áct
of life
we impose the metal weight
of pain on the beloved
and beloved
already I am distorted by the scars
you
inflict
while you bleed badly from
the wounds
I have delved into your mind.

The Marriage of True Minds 15

Not the destruction of all creation
will obliterate one second of my
love for you,
 not a thousand other
loves shall stand for you in
my house,
 neither the gloss of fame
nor the mud of failure shall cover
one limb of my love
 for you
 and
when we are forgotten in dust
 these
lines shall leap the air with flame
preserving the history
 of this love
finely wrought in immortality.

The Marriage of True Minds 14

Come fast
and reaffirm this treaty!
the
light of day returns too rapidly
and
shortly I must away
for when the weight
of my time clothes me
I must bow
to the impartiality of indifferent fate
and then
only the imperceptible areas of my mind
will guard
my love for you:
come fast
I urge you!

The Marriage of True Minds 15

Gently the wide night spreads and
coolly the wind splashes your love
on my slender body
 holding the drops
each recording the change of light
that your stellar being
 diffuses
for shadows to yield their darkness,
to flow away
 allowing the clarity
of the linear pillar
 marking love's
long victory through crumbling ages.

The Marriage of True Minds 16

Your hand comes out of the
dark deep in this night
and clasps
mine so that for the first time
in this century my blood regains
its primordial fire:
now You awake
me so that the portals of my bones
glow their timeless light
drawing history's
vast pregnancy to the present:
there will
be a birth this night.

The Marriage of True Minds 17

My love,
 come,
 leap into the air
where I wait to fly out,
 out
with you into the space
 clasping
the equilibrium of cold and heat
to breathe the air
 that made our conception
possible
 changing the river of time
and its relentless course to the
sea of oblivion
 and so freeing
meaning from the web of deception.

The Marriage of True Minds 18

The horses ride hard against
the sand and wind;
 a message must
to the capital tonight
 for freedom has
come in a democracy (spun in the
love of an Akhenaten
 and his Nefertiti)
to change the land from
famine
 to abundance.

The Marriage of True Minds 19

My vision spreads out rapidly,
the lines grow clearly, I
see two walk down the
desert and all they touch spring
to green,

I see two walk with
day following them and night
receding before them,

I see two
disintegrating war with their stare
and reviving frail union with
their breath:

and over there
the white horses
of love gallop towards them.

The Marriage of True Minds 20

Apace,
 apace,
 we dare not wait!
swiftly every minute we must agilely
catch
 (my love)
 for the hours race on
mercilessly
 and the tomorrows
fall tempestuously:
 oceans of darkness
we must erase with one torch
 burning
from one love
 imprisoned in one
life-cycle:
 apace,
 apace
 (my love)
 we
dare not wait!

The Marriage of True Minds 21

CHAIN FLIGHTS



*Through the human lover to the archetype of the Self
(the archetype of wholeness) and, ultimately, to the
erotic consummation with God.
(A careful consideration (religio) yielded the above addition
on 07.viii.2011.)*

The air is purified and so frilled in the
delicate ice-edges of revelation and we (that
are three) floated free of gravity and
time's clothing, we (the three
fair) are called Birth, Life and
Death – séé how we merge with the
early evening sky!

 thus long our fair-
complexioned limbs floated in
cosmic lines in the sky of midnight
blue where the features of divinity are
reflected and to the west the orange-gold creation
blazes its flames intensely on eternity.

Oh with laughing eyes (three
pairs of blue) we go till
rings, rings of roses we danced,
we three and round and in
the round shé (of ashen blonde
hair) that is Death, hé (of
gold-white) that is Birth and I
(of more brown) that is Life
became a round of one
till suddenly one to three
returns –

 then away, away
to the west of orange-gold
eternity we float.

18:ii:1961
Chain-flight 1

And there were five born in five
years and the quintet of children
(Christian-named Grace, Compassion,
Generosity, Understanding, Empathy
and surnamed Love) entered
a world from which they did
not have their foundation-source;

then

too

(unlike children)

they dressed
as sages and spoke like prophets
and the city feared them saying
“these must surely be high priests
of a higher hierarchy”

but the
children (knowing this) used their
cosmic power to issue out unity

and

the fathers of the city (and their
wives and children) then for the
first time knew of the dynasty
of Love.

A new quiet fell on
the citizens

while the sun and
the moon spoke more to

them of eternity than in former years
– and yet the five children were
pale
and tension rushed through
them as a sword pierces an
unarmoured knight.

What was it? why? why did
they suffer so?
for the evil they
held away
and hoping wrongly
that ailing good would somehow vanquish
(knowing well otherwise)
they
continued and the city knew
(for the first time) peace in all its
transparently illusive,
colourless subtlety.

But the black sea of egocentricity
rose high in ice and higher in
boiling and their power could not
hold it off the shore of the city:
in exhaustion one in each
year fell in death and

A millennium was in a moment
and as you and I melted to one,
the gold (refined in these ages) came through
sky to crown us monarchs –

and then away, away on a
cloud we floated and for all
eternity I fell asleep in your
arms that warded off time and
made the beasts and reptiles our
guardians.

How long have I waited,
quietly waited for the return to this
kiss that makes us spray out
cosmic rays
 nullifying the long human
night.

l:iii:1961
Chain-flight 3

I know you in the far
and hear you call
remotely, I love you
in the hardly heard sound-
sequence and feel you at the
distance of summer from
winter

and no more than
this but for more I wish
not

for you in the distance
of dream are complete in the
antithesis to you in this room.

4:iv:1961

Chain-flight 4

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 mountain-ranges
for when she
runs her stream across the sky
the
evening vibrates the burning,
salmon-eternity
and then we know she holds in her
womb
the godly in humanity.

22:iv:1961

Chain-flight 5

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

Move fast and
featherly 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
heavy yield of autumn rests
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.

28:iv:1961

Chain-flight 6

In one moment she's the Elizabethan woman
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;

 later she is the autumn-woman half
shaded by her knowing of the secret decisions
that spring and summer made, sealed, hid
in deceiving cement walls;

 later the girl (with
her hair from wheatfields and eyes
cut away from the doming gem of the
sky) runs high-blooded across the fields of
existence and laughs at the deserts roaring in
their hunger for human minds

 but deep
(at times) her spirit lies encaged
in the tormenting mud marshes of
oppressive night where the feathers
of freedom are mercilessly
glued together:

 yet only by these kisses of
opposites (that emulate the same kiss) can
she be that which triumphs in the casting
of the time-erasers.

4:iv:1961

Chain-flight 7

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 none can assess the pearls she strings
 together and lie hidden in her

grand-duchess

being
 for
 (as a 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 deified secrets

making of the

inexplicable
 daylight.

7:v:1961

Chain-flight 8

Far and deep this night comes
and

(being the enveloper of you
and me)

we are now that which
the day would not allow in
the bladed dividing of his steel-
glittering light

but this kiss
(that I need and fear) needs
constellations for battlements against
the spears of time piercing unity and
dying in congenital bleeding –

oh

that you should be here now and
lift me high in the pinnacled muscles
of your taller being so that we
become one ocean, one mountain-
range making of time a naughty
child in our nursery!

oh

that I should feel the blooded
warmth of your fertility in
my womb (barren too many
centuries) so that my children
(breathing through words and the
architecture of ancient music)

may issue from me!

Cóme

fast over the hours, come
and touch my face and
chain (in the gold of your being)
my hands,

 come before
this autumn is over and the
winter takes me to the marbled
worlds of the dead for coming
thús the seasons are defeated
and we know only the spring
of conception and the autumn
of fulfilment!

3:viii:1961

Chain-flight 9

Now half of sleep
I feel you here and your
kiss breathes on me a
night's sky where gravity
is asleep –

oh that this
half-forgetfulness were
so, that só we were locked!

but
time's rule allows this only
in the evasive dream.

5:viii:1961

Chain-flight 10

That you could but come now
and string the minutes into a
long line of love (lovely in each pearl)
that is a kiss from you, a kiss
from me in the creative airs of
caressing infinity and so to embalm
gently in history the victory of
our love in time's war for
oblivion!

6:viii:1961

Chain-flight 11

Where are you this night my
love, where are you oh light?

Is there no hope that you'll come
before the seas of time drench
my shores cold with loneliness,
is there no hope that you will
hold me

warm against the wintery
cutters felling the forest of hope?

Where is the fire of your love's
sun to melt this ice-night to day?

8:viii:1961

Chain-flight 12

Oh my Chagall

– what a winged
time we have been brothers and what
winged fish the clock of time
has sent in the bankless skies!
the stretch of the contradistinction and the
cocksmine of the horse (that rides
the sky) are the flights we must
make for so the tragedy spices the
beauty

but again the lovers lie in
the flowers that hide a city and
again the married pair step the sky.

31:viii:1961

Chain-flight 13

The air its own light effuses
into itself and this makes
the corporeal
 intangible
 in
an illusive invisibility that
hides without erasing reality.

Oh my love!
 how close you
now are to me
 and yet
I see not you but know
that now you feed my
hunger
 and how tender now
is this bathing caress of
your light!

25:iii:1962
Chain-flight 14

When you bring the oceans of
your vast personality to press
against my ancient cliffs
this
caress calls all the world into
a lull drunk with fulfilment
for
then all wombs feel the spark
that conceived itself into creation
and
time (smiling) allows us to defeat
his iron-gripping proclamation.

1:iv:1962

Chain-flight 15

Come fast
 I do implore you
for
 now I need most your
distinctive draught drawn from
timeless honey by the bees
 that,
steal the grape's juice to bring
this liqueur into time's defining.

And once when drunk
 how
we shall laugh at gravity and
float to eternity in the sun
of growth-infusing unity –
 that
drug of Godliness!

1:iv:1962

Chain-flight 16

Thése moments fall nakedly from
eternity and só,
 só the burst of
the concentrated brandy intoxicates
us for the red sweep into the
regions past the horizons in
the lakes of the sky's dome;
 hére
to know the maroon velvet and
lie still in the roaring winds
that cause the spray on the
sea of the tropics,
 hére to watch
the wealthy cargo of purple-dyed
garments pirated from spirituality
to be our coronation robes,
 hére to kiss
in flames and so melt the
gold to honey,
 hére, oh hére
to harvest the vineyard on
a Mediterranean day
 and then
to lie in the still sea of peace
in our saturation!

10:iv:1962

Chain-flight 17

Long,
 long
 the icicles taper down
for the winter's night is crusted
in ice
 and waiting are the
hours to tread to day.

 But she defies
the season
 and in the grate of time
burns her fire of affection
so that warmly we sleep in its
glow
 forgetting the bite of loneliness
awhile in these deep-frozen
dark-nights of the year.

29:v:1962
Chain-flight 18

In this dream she touched
me a long while and then I
saw her tall being rising
clearly in a curved white
line

while the eternity-bathed
beauty of her tapering fingers
were drawn in fire

and só
her life became a candle
in that dark passage (paved in
obscurity

now brittle with
death)
through which all life
passes.

26:xi:1962
Chain-flight 19

This love (that had its roots
in me
and its branches
near you)
has no knowledge
of time and space
and in
blatantly ignoring both
I
love you with the urgency of
all the earth's fires
without
touching, hearing, seeing
you.

26:xi:1962
Chain-flight 20

Not one line has changed
since first we charted this
our continent
 and our
empire grows without wars
since rulers we remain
whether we weep or laugh
light-heartedly drunk with the liquor
of our own love's liquid.

Indistinguishable and
inseparable are the roots
of the two oaks
 that are
you and I.

26:xi:1962
Chain-flight 21

The potter is fast at work
but who cares now
 that the
lights of tomorrow come to
give today's decay-shadows?

The movement is endless,
 the
curve is never the circle
 since
new curves intercede incessantly.

But again you tread the gold of love,
the liquid gold
 and the impurities
escape into voids to be voids
 for the
unifying lines of the fugue you draw
together
 and the space
 (you built for
this love-gold
 in the
 inner lay of the
city)
 soothes my heated feet

while my heated
forehead is cooled
in these retired
passages
unfevered in the crushing
race from birth to death.

Here then
is the air stilled beyond the
fire-drive of night's momentum
to nowhere,
beyond the diplomatic
bickering in the ceaseless wars
and
so love is placed.

6:xii:1962

Chain-flight 22

This hope had disaster in its
stomach

for the soldiers march
across the sky to the battle of
calculating forces

– here victor
and conqueror are both losers.

But

lók

– the sumptuously-coloured
cockrel mocks the dark dome
with flame

and life is again
freed by love from the reptile
jaw of destruction!

1:i:1963

Chain-flight 25

Charged high
 is this eternity-hemmed
love
 plunging
 into the point
that centres
 away to creation's
navel:
 a thousand millennia
flood through
 between each
breath
 and we stand still, more
motionless
 than at the first
gesture of God
 when He
conceived the beginning.

5:ii:1963

Chain-flight 26

I must prepare for the grave
– the
long marble grave.

Yet again
I think:
if in a billionth fragment
of an insignificant moment
two
mortals merge into insoluble
one
thát chip of time
would hold
chase with
the highest call
for eternal honour.

This
achieved
man is God
till
time tears this rock
since all
other architectural plans in
the cities of our lives are
to dust,
to ash ...

10:ii:1963
Chain-flight 27

Interspersed with winks and
cat-playfully
the boy demands a filled cellar
of affection.

Later the nobleman
(subtly steeled in high carriage)
passes across the courtyard
and
with subtler lightings of dignity
distributes an earth-warm justice.

Then
(in serious weight)
the man his wide
responsibilities maps
anticipating
nervously
but fearlessly
the unknown
ride of night.

Of evening the heat
of the lover
reddens his blood
and then

women cast their furnaces of
possessiveness
 to imprison themselves
in his swift flight away
 or they
feint the marbled symmetry
 of
indifference
 to bind him with the
merciless handcuffs
 of freedom.

In the
morning
 the scholar casts concepts by
the mind sculptured into bold order
effortlessly restraining wild explorations.

But loyalty to his own mind's blood
on him
 the equality of royalty
bestows
 for a prince instantaneously
grasps
 the delineation of
 other princes.

10:viii:1963
Chain-flight 28

Her dignity-wrought
being holds
a quietness of centuries
and
unknown to herself
she is the
restatement
of an empress
whose
blood preserved
reverberates now
a
millennium later
to reaffirm the
continental magnitude
of those
who yield
their virginity
to the pierce of
infinity!

6:xi:1963
Chain-flight 29

The minute
 blades
 itself into the static
movement of infinity
 and God returns
again to ensure my fertility
 – in what
warmth
 He liquid-bathes me!

 My
Monarch
 that You should honour
me with this
 cosmic consortship
 frees
me without cutting
 with death my
umbilical cord
 tied to life:
 that Your
desire for me
 blazes a billion cycles
more
 than I can perceive
 amazes me.

18:xi:1963

Chain-flight 50

If I should die
 my lords,
 feast,
 feast,
dance a joy-carnival
 but dare not
mourn
 since on a linear flight
 my
last breath
 takes me to the piercer
of my cold virginity
 for warm
eternity to spread in my womb
 and
so I become Him
 that begot me,
I become His bride,
 I become 'I' called
infinity
 but since He hovers
beyond existence
 (being the elements in
which eternity and All swim out
their existence)

I cannot name Him.

26:xi:1963
Chain-flight 31

You One,
 You desire me at once
more than the eruption of a boy's
first love-volcano
 and more controlledly
than the scientist conceiving the inconceivable
law-realities of flamed energy
 and yet
You have no need for me
 being
but redundant thought
 in Your
creative speculation.

 While I am
only I in You
 (being but void without
You)
 and yet
 my love for You
 against
Your love for me
 is a sand-grain
against
 all creation's planets.

26:xi:1963
Chain-flight 52

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 curve
 (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.

28:xi:1963

Chain-flight 55

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
 envelopes me,
 the One

evaporates me;
my rhythm
becomes
indivisibly,
indestructibility,
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!

EPITOME



Time there is
 when the
day is urgent for the
long flesh-nights
 and their
milk-silk unities.

 Passing
to take more,
 to lose another,
to take yet another,
 to dream of
one tomorrow.

 We think
we kiss it in nightly
revelries,
 we think we hear
it in piano-concerti,
 we
wait for the flush of
fruition
 but pass on
indifferently before their
arrivals.

Later we doubt
this sensuous light
that
caresses us
intoxicating us
too much
to feel the spin of time
that satisfies
but stands still.

Later still
we walk the
same passages
but see
without observing
these half-open
doors
and then continue out
into the street
not to return.

Here hope is irrelevant:
in this other light
eternity is
tangible
and the Lover

neither
demands
nor takes.

This Lover
(being Absolute)
confuses
us with excessive light
so that
the darkness
of night
we once
demanded
is functionless.

Now God
we search in these beams
of high-powered light
whose organic
electricity
issues from our
blood-drawing contemplation.

