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**COLLECTED POEMS,
1934-1952**

DYLAN THOMAS

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Collected Poems, 1934–1952 by Dylan Thomas.

First published in 1952.

This ebook edition was created and published by Global Grey on the 3rd January 2024.

The artwork used for the cover is '*Still life*'
painted by Jožef Petkovšek.

This book can be found on the site here:

globalgreyebooks.com/collected-poems-1934-1952-ebook.html

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Note

The prologue in verse, written for this collected edition of my poems, is intended as an address to my readers, the strangers.

This book contains most of the poems I have written, and all, up to the present year, that I wish to preserve. Some of them I have revised a little, but if I went on revising everything that I now do not like in this book I should be so busy that I would have no time to try to write new poems.

I read somewhere of a shepherd who, when asked why he made, from within fairy rings, ritual observances to the moon to protect his flocks, replied: 'I'd be a damn' fool if I didn't!' These poems, with all their crudities, doubts, and confusions, are written for the love of Man and in praise of God, and I'd be a damn' fool if they weren't.

November 1952.

Author's Prologue

This day winding down now
 At God speeded summer's end
 In the torrent salmon sun,
 In my seashaken house
 On a breakneck of rocks
 Tangled with chirrup and fruit,
 Froth, flute, fin, and quill
 At a wood's dancing hoof,
 By scummed, starfish sands
 With their fishwife cross
 Gulls, pipers, cockles, and sails,
 Out there, crow black, men
 Tackled with clouds, who kneel
 To the sunset nets,
 Geese nearly in heaven, boys
 Stabbing, and herons, and shells
 That speak seven seas,
 Eternal waters away
 From the cities of nine
 Days' night whose towers will catch
 In the religious wind
 Like stalks of tall, dry straw,
 At poor peace I sing
 To you strangers (though song
 Is a burning and crested act,
 The fire of birds in
 The world's turning wood,
 For my swan, splay sounds),
 Out of these seathumbed leaves
 That will fly and fall
 Like leaves of trees and as soon
 Crumble and undie
 Into the dogdayed night.
 Seaward the salmon, sucked sun slips,
 And the dumb swans drub blue
 My dabbed bay's dusk, as I hack
 This rumpus of shapes
 For you to know
 How I, a spinning man,
 Glory also this star, bird
 Roared, sea born, man torn, blood blest.
 Hark: I trumpet the place,
 From fish to jumping hill! Look:
 I build my bellowing ark
 To the best of my love
 As the flood begins,

Out of the fountainhead
 Of fear, rage read, manalive,
 Molten and mountainous to stream
 Over the wound asleep
 Sheep white hollow farms

 To Wales in my arms.
 Hoo, there, in castle keep,
 You king singsong owls, who moonbeam
 The flickering runs and dive
 The dingle furred deer dead!
 Huloo, on plumbed bryns,
 O my ruffled ring dove
 In the hooting, nearly dark
 With Welsh and reverent rook,
 Coo rooning the woods' praise,
 Who moons her blue notes from her nest
 Down to the curlew herd!
 Ho, hullaballoing clan
 Agape, with woe
 In your beaks, on the gabbing capes!
 Heigh, on horseback hill, jack
 Whisking hare! Who
 Hears, there, this fox light, my flood ship's
 Clangour as I hew and smite
 (A clash of anvils for my
 Hubbub and fiddle, this tune
 On a tounded puffball)
 But animals thick as thieves
 On God's rough tumbling grounds
 (Hail to His beasthood!).
 Beasts who sleep good and thin,
 Hist, in hogback woods! The haystacked
 Hollow farms in a throng
 Of waters cluck and cling,
 And barnroofs cockcrow war!
 O kingdom of neighbors finned
 Felled and quilled, flash to my patch
 Work ark and the moonshine
 Drinking Noah of the bay,
 With pelt, and scale, and fleece:
 Only the drowned deep bells
 Of sheep and churches noise
 Poor peace as the sun sets
 And dark shoals every holy field.
 We will ride out alone, and then,
 Under the stars of Wales,
 Cry, Multiudes of arks! Across
 The water lidded lands,
 Manned with their loves they'll move,
 Like wooden islands, hill to hill.

Huloo, my prowed dove with a flute!
Ahoy, old, sea-legged fox,
Tom tit and Dai mouse!
My ark sings in the sun
At God speeded summer's end
And the flood flowers now.

I See The Boys Of Summer

I

I see the boys of summer in their ruin
 Lay the gold tithings barren,
 Setting no store by harvest, freeze the soils;
 There in their heat the winter floods
 Of frozen loves they fetch their girls,
 And drown the cargoed apples in their tides.

These boys of light are curdlers in their folly,
 Sour the boiling honey;
 The jacks of frost they finger in the hives;
 There in the sun the frigid threads
 Of doubt and dark they feed their nerves;
 The signal moon is zero in their voids.

I see the summer children in their mothers
 Split up the brawned womb's weathers,
 Divide the night and day with fairy thumbs;
 There in the deep with quartered shades
 Of sun and moon they paint their dams
 As sunlight paints the shelling of their heads.

I see that from these boys shall men of nothing
 Stature by seedy shifting,
 Or lame the air with leaping from its heats;
 There from their hearts the dogdayed pulse
 Of love and light bursts in their throats.
 O see the pulse of summer in the ice.

II

But seasons must be challenged or they totter
 Into a chiming quarter
 Where, punctual as death, we ring the stars;
 There, in his night, the black-tongued bells
 The sleepy man of winter pulls,
 Nor blows back moon-and-midnight as she blows.

We are the dark deniers, let us summon
 Death from a summer woman,
 A muscling life from lovers in their cramp,
 From the fair dead who flush the sea
 The bright-eyed worm on Davy's lamp,
 And from the planted womb the man of straw.

We summer boys in this four-winded spinning,
 Green of the seaweeds' iron,
 Hold up the noisy sea and drop her birds,
 Pick the world's ball of wave and froth

To choke the deserts with her tides,
And comb the county gardens for a wreath.

In spring we cross our foreheads with the holly,
Heigh ho the blood and berry,
And nail the merry squires to the trees;
Here love's damp muscle dries and dies,
Here break a kiss in no love's quarry.
O see the poles of promise in the boys.

III

I see you boys of summer in your ruin.
Man in his maggot's barren.
And boys are full and foreign in the pouch.
I am the man your father was.
We are the sons of flint and pitch.
O see the poles are kissing as they cross.

When Once The Twilight Locks No Longer

When once the twilight locks no longer
 Locked in the long worm of my finger
 Nor damned the sea that sped about my fist,
 The mouth of time sucked, like a sponge,
 The milky acid on each hinge,
 And swallowed dry the waters of the breast.

When the galactic sea was sucked
 And all the dry seabed unlocked,
 I sent my creature scouting on the globe,
 That globe itself of hair and bone
 That, sewn to me by nerve and brain,
 Had stringed my flask of matter to his rib.

My fuses timed to charge his heart,
 He blew like powder to the light
 And held a little sabbath with the sun,
 But when the stars, assuming shape,
 Drew in his eyes the straws of sleep,
 He drowned his father's magics in a dream.

All issue armoured, of the grave,
 The redhaired cancer still alive,
 The cataracted eyes that filmed their cloth;
 Some dead undid their bushy jaws,
 And bags of blood let out their flies;
 He had by heart the Christ-cross-row of death.

Sleep navigates the tides of time;
 The dry Sargasso of the tomb
 Gives up its dead to such a working sea;
 And sleep rolls mute above the beds
 Where fishes' food is fed the shades
 Who periscope through flowers to the sky.

When once the twilight screws were turned,
 And mother milk was stiff as sand,
 I sent my own ambassador to light;
 By trick or chance he fell asleep
 And conjured up a carcass shape
 To rob me of my fluids in his heart.

Awake, my sleeper, to the sun,
 A worker in the morning town,
 And leave the popped pickthank where he lies;
 The fences of the light are down,
 All but the briskest riders thrown
 And worlds hang on the trees.

A Process In The Weather Of The Heart

A process in the weather of the heart
Turns damp to dry; the golden shot
Storms in the freezing tomb.

A weather in the quarter of the veins
Turns night to day; blood in their suns
Lights up the living worm.

A process in the eye forwarns
The bones of blindness; and the womb
Drives in a death as life leaks out.

A darkness in the weather of the eye
Is half its light; the fathomed sea
Breaks on unangled land.
The seed that makes a forest of the loin
Forks half its fruit; and half drops down,
Slow in a sleeping wind.

A weather in the flesh and bone
Is damp and dry; the quick and dead
Move like two ghosts before the eye.

A process in the weather of the world
Turns ghost to ghost; each mothered child
Sits in their double shade.

A process blows the moon into the sun,
Pulls down the shabby curtains of the skin;
And the heart gives up its dead.

Before I Knocked

Before I knocked and flesh let enter,
 With liquid hands tapped on the womb,
 I who was shapeless as the water
 That shaped the Jordan near my home
 Was brother to Mnetha's daughter
 And sister to the fathering worm.

I who was deaf to spring and summer,
 Who knew not sun nor moon by name,
 Felt thud beneath my flesh's armour,
 As yet was in a molten form
 The leaden stars, the rainy hammer
 Swung by my father from his dome.

I knew the message of the winter,
 The darted hail, the childish snow,
 And the wind was my sister suitor;
 Wind in me leaped, the hellborn dew;
 My veins flowed with the Eastern weather;
 Ungotten I knew night and day.

As yet ungotten, I did suffer;
 The rack of dreams my lily bones
 Did twist into a living cipher,
 And flesh was snipped to cross the lines
 Of gallow crosses on the liver
 And brambles in the wringing brains.

My throat knew thirst before the structure
 Of skin and vein around the well
 Where words and water make a mixture
 Unfailing till the blood runs foul;
 My heart knew love, my belly hunger;
 I smelt the maggot in my stool.

And time cast forth my mortal creature
 To drift or drown upon the seas
 Acquainted with the salt adventure
 Of tides that never touch the shores.
 I who was rich was made the richer
 By sipping at the vine of days.

I, born of flesh and ghost, was neither
 A ghost nor man, but mortal ghost.
 And I was struck down by death's feather.
 I was a mortal to the last
 Long breath that carried to my father
 The message of his dying christ.

You who bow down at cross and altar,
Remember me and pity Him
Who took my flesh and bone for armour
And doublecrossed my mother's womb.

The Force That Through The Green Fuse Drives The Flower

The force that through the green fuse drives the flower
Drives my green age; that blasts the roots of trees
Is my destroyer.

And I am dumb to tell the crooked rose
My youth is bent by the same wintry fever.

The force that drives the water through the rocks
Drives my red blood; that dries the mouthing streams
Turns mine to wax.

And I am dumb to mouth unto my veins
How at the mountain spring the same mouth sucks.

The hand that whirls the water in the pool
Stirs the quicksand; that ropes the blowing wind
Hauls my shroud sail.

And I am dumb to tell the hanging man
How of my clay is made the hangman's lime.

The lips of time leech to the fountain head;
Love drips and gathers, but the fallen blood
Shall calm her sores.

And I am dumb to tell a weather's wind
How time has ticked a heaven round the stars.

And I am dumb to tell the lover's tomb
How at my sheet goes the same crooked worm.

My Hero Bares His Nerves

My hero bares his nerves along my wrist
That rules from wrist to shoulder,
Unpacks the head that, like a sleepy ghost,
Leans on my mortal ruler,
The proud spine spurning turn and twist.

And these poor nerves so wired to the skull
Ache on the lovelorn paper
I hug to love with my unruly scrawl
That utters all love hunger
And tells the page the empty ill.

My hero bares my side and sees his heart
Tread, like a naked Venus,
The beach of flesh, and wind her bloodred plait;
Stripping my loin of promise,
He promises a secret heat.

He holds the wire from this box of nerves
Praising the mortal error
Of birth and death, the two sad knaves of thieves,
And the hunger's emperor;
He pulls that chain, the cistern moves.

Where Once The Waters Of Your Face

Where once the waters of your face
 Spun to my screws, your dry ghost blows,
 The dead turns up its eye;
 Where once the mermen through your ice
 Pushed up their hair, the dry wind steers
 Through salt and root and roe.

Where once your green knots sank their splice
 Into the tided cord, there goes
 The green unraveller,
 His scissors oiled, his knife hung loose
 To cut the channels at their source
 And lay the wet fruits low.

Invisible, your clocking tides
 Break on the lovebeds of the weeds;
 The weed of love's left dry;
 There round about your stones the shades
 Of children go who, from their voids,
 Cry to the dolphined sea.

Dry as a tomb, your coloured lids
 Shall not be latched while magic glides
 Sage on the earth and sky;
 There shall be corals in your beds,
 There shall be serpents in your tides,
 Till all our sea-faiths die.

If I Were Tickled By The Rub Of Love

If I were tickled by the rub of love,
 A rooking girl who stole me for her side,
 Broke through her straws, breaking my bandaged string,
 If the red tickle as the cattle calve
 Still set to scratch a laughter from my lung,
 I would not fear the apple nor the flood
 Nor the bad blood of spring.

Shall it be male or female? say the cells,
 And drop the plum like fire from the flesh.
 If I were tickled by the hatching hair,
 The winging bone that sprouted in the heels,
 The itch of man upon the baby's thigh,
 I would not fear the gallows nor the axe
 Nor the crossed sticks of war.

Shall it be male or female? say the fingers
 That chalk the walls with green girls and their men.
 I would not fear the muscling-in of love
 If I were tickled by the urchin hungers
 Rehearsing heat upon a raw-edged nerve.
 I would not fear the devil in the loin
 Nor the outspoken grave.

If I were tickled by the lovers' rub
 That wipes away not crow's-foot nor the lock
 Of sick old manhood on the fallen jaws,
 Time and the crabs and the sweethearting crib
 Would leave me cold as butter for the flies,
 The sea of scums could drown me as it broke
 Dead on the sweethearts' toes.

This world is half the devil's and my own,
 Daft with the drug that's smoking in a girl
 And curling round the bud that forks her eye.
 An old man's shank one-marrowed with my bone,
 And all the herrings smelling in the sea,
 I sit and watch the worm beneath my nail
 Wearing the quick away.

And that's the rub, the only rub that tickles.
 The knobby ape that swings along his sex
 From damp love-darkness and the nurse's twist
 Can never raise the midnight of a chuckle,
 Nor when he finds a beauty in the breast
 Of lover, mother, lovers, or his six
 Feet in the rubbing dust.

And what's the rub? Death's feather on the nerve?
 Your mouth, my love, the thistle in the kiss?

My Jack of Christ born thorny on the tree?
The words of death are dryer than his stiff,
My wordy wounds are printed with your hair.
I would be tickled by the rub that is:
Man be my metaphor.

Our Eunuch Dreams

I

Our eunuch dreams, all seedless in the light,
 Of light and love, the tempers of the heart,
 Whack their boys' limbs,
 And, winding-footed in their shawl and sheet,
 Groom the dark brides, the widows of the night
 Fold in their arms.

The shades of girls, all flavoured from their shrouds,
 When sunlight goes are sundered from the worm,
 The bones of men, the broken in their beds,
 By midnight pulleys that unhouse the tomb.

II

In this our age the gunman and his moll,
 Two one-dimensional ghosts, love on a reel,
 Strange to our solid eye,
 And speak their midnight nothings as they swell;
 When cameras shut they hurry to their hole
 down in the yard of day.

They dance between their arclamps and our skull,
 Impose their shots, showing the nights away;
 We watch the show of shadows kiss or kill
 Flavoured of celluloid give love the lie.

III

Which is the world? Of our two sleepings, which
 Shall fall awake when cures and their itch
 Raise up this red-eyed earth?
 Pack off the shapes of daylight and their starch,
 The sunny gentlemen, the Welshing rich,
 Or drive the night-gear'd forth.

The photograph is married to the eye,
 Grafts on its bride one-sided skins of truth;
 The dream has sucked the sleeper of his faith
 That shrouded men might marrow as they fly.

IV

This is the world: the lying likeness of
 Our strips of stuff that tatter as we move
 Loving and being loth;
 The dream that kicks the buried from their sack
 And lets their trash be honoured as the quick.
 This is the world. Have faith.

For we shall be a shouter like the cock,
 Blowing the old dead back; our shots shall smack

The image from the plates;
And we shall be fit fellows for a life,
And who remains shall flower as they love,
Praise to our faring hearts.

Especially When The October Wind

Especially when the October wind
 With frosty fingers punishes my hair,
 Caught by the crabbing sun I walk on fire
 And cast a shadow crab upon the land,
 By the sea's side, hearing the noise of birds,
 Hearing the raven cough in winter sticks,
 My busy heart who shudders as she talks
 Sheds the syllabic blood and drains her words.

Shut, too, in a tower of words, I mark
 On the horizon walking like the trees
 The wordy shapes of women, and the rows
 Of the star-gestured children in the park.
 Some let me make you of the vowelled beeches,
 Some of the oaken voices, from the roots
 Of many a thorny shire tell you notes,
 Some let me make you of the water's speeches.

Behind a pot of ferns the wagging clock
 Tells me the hour's word, the neural meaning
 Flies on the shafted disk, declaims the morning
 And tells the windy weather in the cock.
 Some let me make you of the meadow's signs;
 The signal grass that tells me all I know
 Breaks with the wormy winter through the eye.
 Some let me tell you of the raven's sins.

Especially when the October wind
 (Some let me make you of autumnal spells,
 The spider-tongued, and the loud hill of Wales)
 With fists of turnips punishes the land,
 Some let me make of you the heartless words.
 The heart is drained that, spelling in the scurry
 Of chemic blood, warned of the coming fury.
 By the sea's side hear the dark-vowelled birds.

When, Like A Running Grave

When, like a running grave, time tracks you down,
 Your calm and cuddled is a scythe of hairs,
 Love in her gear is slowly through the house,
 Up naked stairs, a turtle in a hearse,
 Hauled to the dome,

Comes, like a scissors stalking, tailor age,
 Deliver me who timid in my tribe,
 Of love am barer than Cadaver's trap
 Robbed of the foxy tongue, his footed tape
 Of the bone inch

Deliver me, my masters, head and heart,
 Heart of Cadaver's candle waxes thin,
 When blood, spade-handed, and the logic time
 Drive children up like bruises to the thumb,
 From maid and head,

For, sunday faced, with dusters in my glove,
 Chaste and the chaser, man with the cockshut eye,
 I, that time's jacket or the coat of ice
 May fail to fasten with a virgin o
 In the straight grave,

Stride through Cadaver's country in my force,
 My pickbrain masters morsing on the stone
 Despair of blood, faith in the maiden's slime,
 Halt among eunuchs, and the nitric stain
 On fork and face.

Time is a foolish fancy, time and fool.
 No, no, you lover skull, descending hammer
 Descends, my masters, on the entered honour.
 You hero skull, Cadaver in the hangar
 Tells the stick, 'fail.'

Joy is no knocking nation, sir and madam,
 The cancer's fashion, or the summer feather
 Lit on the cuddled tree, the cross of fever,
 Not city tar and subway bored to foster
 Man through macadam.

I dump the waxlights in your tower dome.
 Joy is the knock of dust, Cadaver's shoot
 Of bud of Adam through his boxy shift,
 Love's twilit nation and the skull of state,
 Sir, is your doom.

Everything ends, the tower ending and,
 (Have with the house of wind), the leaning scene,
 Ball of the foot depending from the sun,

(Give, summer, over), the cemented skin,
The actions' end.

All, men my madmen, the unwholesome wind
With whistler's cough contages, time on track
Shapes in a cinder death; love for his trick,
Happy Cadaver's hunger as you take
The kissproof world.

From Love's First Fever To Her Plague

From love's first fever to her plague, from the soft second
 And to the hollow minute of the womb,
 From the unfolding to the scissored caul,
 The time for breast and the green apron age
 When no mouth stirred about the hanging famine,
 All world was one, one windy nothing,
 My world was christened in a stream of milk.
 And earth and sky were as one airy hill.
 The sun and mood shed one white light.

From the first print of the unshodden foot, the lifting
 Hand, the breaking of the hair,
 From the first secret of the heart, the warning ghost,
 And to the first dumb wonder at the flesh,
 The sun was red, the moon was grey,
 The earth and sky were as two mountains meeting.

The body prospered, teeth in the marrowed gums,
 The growing bones, the rumour of the manseed
 Within the hallowed gland, blood blessed the heart,
 And the four winds, that had long blown as one,
 Shone in my ears the light of sound,
 Called in my eyes the sound of light.
 And yellow was the multiplying sand,
 Each golden grain spat life into its fellow,
 Green was the singing house.

The plum my mother picked matured slowly,
 The boy she dropped from darkness at her side
 Into the sided lap of light grew strong,
 Was muscled, matted, wise to the crying thigh,
 And to the voice that, like a voice of hunger,
 Itched in the noise of wind and sun.

And from the first declension of the flesh
 I learnt man's tongue, to twist the shapes of thoughts
 Into the stony idiom of the brain,
 To shade and knit anew the patch of words
 Left by the dead who, in their moonless acre,
 Need no word's warmth.

The root of tongues ends in a spentout cancer,
 That but a name, where maggots have their X.

I learnt the verbs of will, and had my secret;
 The code of night tapped on my tongue;
 What had been one was many sounding minded.

One wound, one mind, spewed out the matter,
 One breast gave suck the fever's issue;
 From the divorcing sky I learnt the double,

The two-framed globe that spun into a score;
A million minds gave suck to such a bud
As forks my eye;
Youth did condense; the tears of spring
Dissolved in summer and the hundred seasons;
One sun, one manna, warmed and fed.

In The Beginning

In the beginning was the three-pointed star,
One smile of light across the empty face;
One bough of bone across the rooting air,
The substance forked that marrowed the first sun;
And, burning ciphers on the round of space,
Heaven and hell mixed as they spun.

In the beginning was the pale signature,
Three-syllabled and starry as the smile,
And after came the imprints on the water,
Stamp of the minted face upon the moon;
The blood that touched the crosstree and the grail
Touched the first cloud and left a sign.

In the beginning was the mounting fire
That set alight the weathers from a spark,
A three-eyed, red-eyed spark, blunt as a flower;
Life rose and spouted from the rolling seas,
Burst in the roots, pumped from the earth and rock
The secret oils that drive the grass.

In the beginning was the word, the word
That from the solid bases of the light
Abstracted all the letters of the void;
And from the cloudy bases of the breath
The word flowed up, translating to the heart
First characters of birth and death.

In the beginning was the secret brain.
The brain was celled and soldered in the thought
Before the pitch was forking to a sun;
Before the veins were shaking in their sieve,
Blood shot and scattered to the winds of light
The ribbed original of love.

Light Breaks Where No Sun Shines

Light breaks where no sun shines;
 Where no sea runs, the waters of the heart
 Push in their tides;
 And, broken ghosts with glow-worms in their heads,
 The things of light
 File through the flesh where no flesh decks the bones.

A candle in the thighs
 Warms youth and seed and burns the seeds of age;
 Where no seed stirs,
 The fruit of man unwrinkles in the stars,
 Bright as a fig;
 Where no wax is, the candle shows its hairs.

Dawn breaks behind the eyes;
 From poles of skull and toe the windy blood
 Slides like a sea;
 Nor fenced, nor staked, the gushers of the sky
 Spout to the rod
 Divining in a smile the oil of tears.

Night in the sockets rounds,
 Like some pitch moon, the limit of the globes;
 Day lights the bone;
 Where no cold is, the skinning gales unpin
 The winter's robes;
 The film of spring is hanging from the lids.

Light breaks on secret lots,
 On tips of thought where thoughts smell in the rain;
 When logics die,
 The secret of the soil grows through the eye,
 And blood jumps in the sun;
 Above the waste allotments the dawn halts.

I Fellowed Sleep

I fellowed sleep who kissed me in the brain,
 Let fall the tear of time; the sleeper's eye,
 Shifting to light, turned on me like a moon.
 So, planning-heeled, I flew along my man
 And dropped on dreaming and the upward sky.

I fled the earth and, naked, climbed the weather,
 Reaching a second ground far from the stars;
 And there we wept, I and a ghostly other,
 My mothers-eyed, upon the tops of trees;
 I fled that ground as lightly as a feather.

'My fathers' globe knocks on its nave and sings.'
 'This that we tread was, too, your father's land.'
 'But this we tread bears the angelic gangs,
 Sweet are their fathered faces in their wings.'
 'These are but dreaming men. Breathe, and they fade.'

Faded my elbow ghost, the mothers-eyed,
 As, blowing on the angels, I was lost
 On that cloud coast to each grave-grabbing shade;
 I blew the dreaming fellows to their bed
 Where still they sleep unknowing of their ghost.

Then all the matter of the living air
 Raised up a voice, and, climbing on the words,
 I spelt my vision with a hand and hair,
 How light the sleeping on this soily star,
 How deep the waking in the worlded clouds.

There grows the hours' ladder to the sun,
 Each rung a love or losing to the last,
 The inches monkeyed by the blood of man.
 An old, mad man still climbing in his ghost,
 My fathers' ghost is climbing in the rain.

I Dreamed My Genesis

I dreamed my genesis in sweat of sleep, breaking
 Through the rotating shell, strong
 As motor muscle on the drill, driving
 Through vision and the girdered nerve.

From limbs that had the measure of the worm, shuffled
 Off from the creasing flesh, filed
 Through all the irons in the grass, metal
 Of suns in the man-melting night.

Heir to the scalding veins that hold love's drop, costly
 A creature in my bones I
 Rounded my globe of heritage, journey
 In bottom gear through night-gear'd man.

I dreamed my genesis and died again, shrapnel
 Rammed in the marching heart, hole
 In the stitched wound and clotted wind, muzzled
 Death on the mouth that ate the gas.

Sharp in my second death I marked the hills, harvest
 Of hemlock and the blades, rust
 My blood upon the tempered dead, forcing
 My second struggling from the grass.

And power was contagious in my birth, second
 Rise of the skeleton and
 Rerobing of the naked ghost. Manhood
 Spat up from the resuffered pain.

I dreamed my genesis in sweat of death, fallen
 Twice in the feeding sea, grown
 Stale of Adam's brine until, vision
 Of new man strength, I seek the sun.

My World Is Pyramid

I

Half of the fellow father as he doubles
 His sea-sucked Adam in the hollow hulk,
 Half of the fellow mother as she dabbles
 To-morrow's diver in her horny milk,
 Bisected shadows on the thunder's bone
 Bolt for the salt unborn.

The fellow half was frozen as it bubbled
 Corrosive spring out of the iceberg's crop,
 The fellow seed and shadow as it babbled
 The swing of milk was tufted in the pap,
 For half of love was planted in the lost,
 And the unplanted ghost.

The broken halves are fellowed in a cripple,
 The crutch that marrow taps upon their sleep,
 Limp in the street of sea, among the rabble
 Of tide-tongued heads and bladders in the deep,
 And stake the sleepers in the savage grave
 That the vampire laugh.

The patchwork halves were cloven as they scudded
 The wild pigs' wood, and slime upon the trees,
 Sucking the dark, kissed on the cyanide,
 And loosed the braiding adders from their hairs,
 Rotating halves are horning as they drill
 The arterial angel.

What colour is glory? death's feather? tremble
 The halves that pierce the pin's point in the air,
 And prick the thumb-stained heaven through the thimble.
 The ghost is dumb that stammered in the straw,
 The ghost that hatched his havoc as he flew
 Blinds their cloud-tracking eye.

II

My world is pyramid. The padded mummer
 Weeps on the desert ochre and the salt
 Incising summer.
 My Egypt's armour buckling in its sheet,
 I scrape through resin to a starry bone
 And a blood parhelion.

My world is cypress, and an English valley.
 I piece my flesh that rattled on the yards
 Red in an Austrian volley.
 I hear, through dead men's drums, the riddled lads,

Screwing their bowels from a hill of bones,
Cry Eloi to the guns.

My grave is watered by the crossing Jordan.
The Arctic scut, and basin of the South,
Drip on my dead house garden.
Who seek me landward, marking in my mouth
The straws of Asia, lose me as I turn
Through the Atlantic corn.

The fellow halves that, cloven as they swivel
On casting tides, are tangled in the shells,
Bearding the unborn devil,
Bleed from my burning fork and smell my heels.
The tongue's of heaven gossip as I glide
Binding my angel's hood.

Who blows death's feather? What glory is colour?
I blow the stammel feather in the vein.
The loin is glory in a working pallor.
My clay unsuckled and my salt unborn,
The secret child, I sift about the sea
Dry in the half-tracked thigh.

All All And All The Dry Worlds Lever

I

All all and all the dry worlds lever,
 Stage of the ice, the solid ocean,
 All from the oil, the pound of lava.
 City of spring, the governed flower,
 Turns in the earth that turns the ashen
 Towns around on a wheel of fire.

How now my flesh, my naked fellow,
 Dug of the sea, the glanded morrow,
 Worm in the scalp, the staked and fallow.
 All all and all, the corpse's lover,
 Skinny as sin, the foaming marrow,
 All of the flesh, the dry worlds lever.

II

Fear not the waking world, my mortal,
 Fear not the flat, synthetic blood,
 Nor the heart in the ribbing metal.
 Fear not the tread, the seeded milling,
 The trigger and scythe, the bridal blade,
 Nor the flint in the lover's mauling.

Man of my flesh, the jawbone riven,
 Know now the flesh's lock and vice,
 And the cage for the scythe-eyed raven.
 Know, O my bone, the jointed lever,
 Fear not the screws that turn the voice,
 And the face to the driven lover.

III

All all and all the dry worlds couple,
 Ghost with her ghost, contagious man
 With the womb of his shapeless people.
 All that shapes from the caul and suckle,
 Stroke of mechanical flesh on mine,
 Square in these worlds the mortal circle.

Flower, flower the people's fusion,
 O light in zenith, the coupled bud,
 And the flame in the flesh's vision.
 Out of the sea, the drive of oil,
 Socket and grave, the brassy blood,
 Flower, flower, all all and all.

I, In My Intricate Image

I

I, in my intricate image, stride on two levels,
 Forged in man's minerals, the brassy orator
 Laying my ghost in metal,
 The scales of this twin world tread on the double,
 My half ghost in armour hold hard in death's corridor,
 To my man-iron sidle.

Beginning with doom in the bulb, the spring unravels,
 Bright as her spinning-wheels, the colic season
 Worked on a world of petals;
 She threads off the sap and needles, blood and bubble
 Casts to the pine roots, raising man like a mountain
 Out of the naked entrail.

Beginning with doom in the ghost, and the springing marvels,
 Image of images, my metal phantom
 Forcing forth through the harebell,
 My man of leaves and the bronze root, mortal, immortal,
 I, in my fusion of rose and male motion,
 Create this twin miracle.

This is the fortune of manhood: the natural peril,
 A steeplejack tower, bonerailed and masterless,
 No death more natural;
 Thus the shadowless man or ox, and the pictured devil,
 In seizure of silence commit the dead nuisance:
 The natural parallel.

My images stalk the trees and the slant sap's tunnel,
 No tread more perilous, the green steps and spire
 Mount on man's footfall,
 I with the wooden insect in the tree of nettles,
 In the glass bed of grapes with snail and flower,
 Hearing the weather fall.

Intricate manhood of ending, the invalid rivals,
 Voyaging clockwise off the symbolised harbour,
 Finding the water final,
 On the consumptives' terrace taking their two farewells,
 Sail on the level, the departing adventure,
 To the sea-blown arrival.

II

They climb the country pinnacle,
 Twelve winds encounter by the white host at pasture,
 Corner the mounted meadows in the hill corral;
 They see the squirrel stumble,

The haring snail go giddily round the flower,
A quarrel of weathers and trees in the windy spiral.

As they dive, the dust settles,
The cadaverous gravels, falls thick and steadily,
The highroad of water where the seabear and mackerel
Turn the long sea arterial
Turning a petrol face blind to the enemy
Turning the riderless dead by the channel wall.

(Death instrumental,
Splitting the long eye open, and the spiral turnkey,
Your corkscrew grave centred in navel and nipple,
The neck of the nostril,
Under the mask and the ether, they making bloody
The tray of knives, the antiseptic funeral;

Bring out the black patrol,
Your monstrous officers and the decaying army,
The sexton sentinel, garrisoned under thistles,
A cock-on-a-dunghill
Crowing to Lazarus the morning is vanity,
Dust be your saviour under the conjured soil.)

As they drown, the chime travels,
Sweetly the diver's bell in the steeple of spindrift
Rings out the Dead Sea scale;
And, clapped in water till the triton dangles,
Strung by the flaxen whale-weed, from the hangman's raft,
Hear they the salt glass breakers and the tongues of burial.

(Turn the sea-spindle lateral,
The grooved land rotating, that the stylus of lightning
Dazzle this face of voices on the moon-turned table,
Let the wax disk babble
Shames and the damp dishonours, the relic scraping.
These are your years' recorders. The circular world stands still.)

III

They suffer the undead water where the turtle nibbles,
Come unto sea-stuck towers, at the fibre scaling,
The flight of the carnal skull
And the cell-stepped thimble;
Suffer, my topsy-turvies, that a double angel
Sprout from the stony lockers like a tree on Aran.

Be by your one ghost pierced, his pointed ferrule,
Brass and the bodiless image, on a stick of folly
Star-set at Jacob's angle,
Smoke hill and hophead's valley,
And the five-fathomed Hamlet on his father's coral,
Thrusting the tom-thumb vision up the iron mile.

Suffer the slash of vision by the fin-green stubble,
Be by the ships' sea broken at the manstring anchored
The stoved bones' voyage downward
In the shipwreck of muscle;
Give over, lovers, locking, and the seawax struggle,
Love like a mist or fire through the bed of eels.

And in the pincers of the boiling circle,
The sea and instrument, nicked in the locks of time,
My great blood's iron single
In the pouring town,
I, in a wind on fire, from green Adam's cradle,
No man more magical, clawed out the crocodile.

Man was the scales, the death birds on enamel,
Tail, Nile, and snout, a saddler of the rushes,
Time in the hourless houses
Shaking the sea-hatched skull,
And, as for oils and ointments on the flying grail,
All-hollowed man wept for his white apparel.

Man was Cadaver's masker, the harnessing mantle,
Windily master of man was the rotten fathom,
My ghost in his metal neptune
Forged in man's mineral.
This was the god of beginning in the intricate seawhirl,
And my images roared and rose on heaven's hill.

This Bread I Break

This bread I break was once the oat,
This wine upon a foreign tree
Plunged in its fruit;
Man in the day or wine at night
Laid the crops low, broke the grape's joy.

Once in this time wine the summer blood
Knocked in the flesh that decked the vine,
Once in this bread
The oat was merry in the wind;
Man broke the sun, pulled the wind down.

This flesh you break, this blood you let
Make desolation in the vein,
Were oat and grape
Born of the sensual root and sap;
My wine you drink, my bread you snap.

Incarnate Devil

Incarnate devil in a talking snake,
The central plains of Asia in his garden,
In shaping-time the circle stung awake,
In shapes of sin forked out the bearded apple,
And God walked there who was a fiddling warden
And played down pardon from the heavens' hill.

When we were strangers to the guided seas,
A handmade moon half holy in a cloud,
The wisemen tell me that the garden gods
Twined good and evil on an eastern tree;
And when the moon rose windily it was
Black as the beast and paler than the cross.

We in our Eden knew the secret guardian
In sacred waters that no frost could harden,
And in the mighty mornings of the earth;
Hell in a horn of sulphur and the cloven myth,
All heaven in the midnight of the sun,
A serpent fiddled in the shaping-time.

To-Day, This Insect

To-day, this insect, and the world I breathe,
 Now that my symbols have outelbowed space,
 Time at the city spectacles, and half
 The dear, daft time I take to nudge the sentence,
 In trust and tale I have divided sense,
 Slapped down the guillotine, the blood-red double
 Of head and tail made witnesses to this
 Murder of Eden and green genesis.

The insect certain is the plague of fables.

This story's monster has a serpent caul,
 Blind in the coil scrams round the blazing outline,
 Measures his own length on the garden wall
 And breaks his shell in the last shocked beginning;
 A crocodile before the chrysalis,
 Before the fall from love the flying heartbone,
 Winged like a sabbath ass this children's piece
 Uncredited blows Jericho on Eden.

The insect fable is the certain promise.

Death: death of Hamlet and the nightmare madmen,
 An air-drawn windmill on a wooden horse,
 John's beast, Job's patience, and the fibs of vision,
 Greek in the Irish sea the ageless voice:
 'Adam I love, my madmen's love is endless,
 No tell-tale lover has an end more certain,
 All legends' sweethearts on a tree of stories,
 My cross of tales behind the fabulous curtain.'

The Seed-At-Zero

The seed-at-zero shall not storm
 That town of ghosts, the trodden womb,
 With her rampart to his tapping,
 No god-in-hero tumble down
 Like a tower on the town
 Dumbly and divinely stumbling
 Over the manwaging line.

The seed-at-zero shall not storm
 That town of ghosts, the manwaged tomb
 With her rampart to his tapping,
 No god-in-hero tumble down
 Like a tower on the town
 Dumbly and divinely leaping
 Over the warbearing line.

Through the rampart of the sky
 Shall the star-flanked seed be riddled,
 Manna for the rumbling ground,
 Quickening for the riddled sea;
 Settled on a virgin stronghold
 He shall grapple with the guard
 And the keeper of the key.

Through the rampart of the sky
 Shall the star-flanked seed be riddled,
 Manna for the guarded ground,
 Quickening for the virgin sea;
 Settling on a riddled stronghold
 He shall grapple with the guard
 And the loser of the key.

May a humble village labour
 And a continent deny?
 A hemisphere may scold him
 And a green inch be his bearer;
 Let the hero seed find harbour,
 Seaports by a drunken shore
 Have their thirsty sailors hide him.

May a humble planet labour
 And a continent deny?
 A village green may scold him
 And a high sphere be his bearer;
 Let the hero seed find harbour,
 Seaports by a thirsty shore
 Have their drunken sailors hide him.

Man-in-seed, in seed-at-zero,
 From the foreign fields of space,

Shall not thunder on the town
With a star-flanked garrison,
Nor the cannons of his kingdom
Shall the hero-in-tomorrow
Range on the sky-scraping place.

Man-in-seed, in seed-at-zero,
From the star-flanked fields of space,
Thunders on the foreign town
With a sand-bagged garrison,
Nor the cannons of his kingdom
Shall the hero-in-to-morrow
Range from the grave-groping place.

Shall Gods Be Said To Thump The Clouds

Shall gods be said to thump the clouds
When clouds are cursed by thunder,
Be said to weep when weather howls?
Shall rainbows be their tunics' colour?

When it is rain where are the gods?
Shall it be said they sprinkle water
From garden cans, or free the floods?

Shall it be said that, venuswise,
An old god's dugs are pressed and pricked,
The wet night scolds me like a nurse?

It shall be said that gods are stone.
Shall a dropped stone drum on the ground,
Flung gravel chime? Let the stones speak
With tongues that talk all tongues.

Here In This Spring

Here in this spring, stars float along the void;
Here in this ornamental winter
Down pelts the naked weather;
This summer buries a spring bird.

Symbols are selected from the years'
Slow rounding of four seasons' coasts,
In autumn teach three seasons' fires
And four birds' notes.

I should tell summer from the trees, the worms
Tell, if at all, the winter's storms
Or the funeral of the sun;
I should learn spring by the cuckooing,
And the slug should teach me destruction.

A worm tells summer better than the clock,
The slug's a living calendar of days;
What shall it tell me if a timeless insect
Says the world wears away?

Do You Not Father Me

Do you not father me, nor the erected arm
 For my tall tower's sake cast in her stone?
 Do you not mother me, nor, as I am,
 The lovers' house, lie suffering my stain?
 Do you not sister me, nor the erected crime
 For my tall turrets carry as your sin?
 Do you not brother me, nor, as you climb,
 Adore my windows for their summer scene?

Am I not father, too, and the ascending boy,
 The boy of woman and the wanton starrer
 Marking the flesh and summer in the bay?
 Am I not sister, too, who is my saviour?
 Am I not all of you by the directed sea
 Where bird and shell are babbling in my tower?
 Am I not you who front the tidy shore,
 Nor roof of sand, nor yet the towering tiler?

You are all these, said she who gave me the long suck,
 All these, he said who sacked the children's town,
 Up rose the Abraham-man, mad for my sake,
 They said, who hacked and humoured, they were mine.
 I am, the tower told, felled by a timeless stroke,
 Who razed my wooden folly stands aghast,
 For man-begetters in the dry-as-paste,
 The ringed-sea ghost, rise grimly from the wrack.

Do you not father me on the destroying sand?
 You are your sisters' sire, said seaweedy,
 The salt sucked dam and darlings of the land
 Who play the proper gentleman and lady.
 Shall I still be love's house on the widdershin earth,
 Woe to the windy masons at my shelter?
 Love's house, they answer, and the tower death
 Lie all unknowing of the grave sin-eater.

Out Of The Sighs

Out of the sighs a little comes,
 But not of grief, for I have knocked down that
 Before the agony; the spirit grows,
 Forgets, and cries;
 A little comes, is tasted and found good;
 All could not disappoint;
 There must, be praised, some certainty,
 If not of loving well, then not,
 And that is true after perpetual defeat.

After such fighting as the weakest know,
 There's more than dying;
 Lose the great pains or stuff the wound,
 He'll ache too long
 Through no regret of leaving woman waiting
 For her soldier stained with spilt words
 That spill such acrid blood.

Were that enough, enough to ease the pain,
 Feeling regret when this is wasted
 That made me happy in the sun,
 How much was happy while it lasted,
 Were vagueness enough and the sweet lies plenty,
 The hollow words could bear all suffering
 And cure me of ills.

Were that enough, bone, blood, and sinew,
 The twisted brain, the fair-formed loin,
 Groping for matter under the dog's plate,
 Man should be cured of distemper.
 For all there is to give I offer:
 Crumbs, barn, and halter.

Hold Hard, These Ancient Minutes In The Cuckoo's Month

Hold hard, these ancient minutes in the cuckoo's month,
 Under the lank, fourth folly on Glamorgan's hill,
 As the green blooms ride upward, to the drive of time;
 Time, in a folly's rider, like a county man
 Over the vault of ridings with his hound at heel,
 Drives forth my men, my children, from the hanging south.

Country, your sport is summer, and December's pools
 By crane and water-tower by the seedy trees
 Lie this fifth month unskated, and the birds have flown;
 Holy hard, my country children in the world of tales,
 The greenwood dying as the deer fall in their tracks,
 The first and steepled season, to the summer's game.

And now the horns of England, in the sound of shape,
 Summon your snowy horsemen, and the four-stringed hill,
 Over the sea-gut loudening, sets a rock alive;
 Hurdles and guns and railings, as the boulders heave,
 Crack like a spring in vice, bone breaking April,
 Spill the lank folly's hunter and the hard-held hope.

Down fall four padding weathers on the scarlet lands,
 Stalking my children's faces with a tail of blood,
 Time, in a rider rising, from the harnessed valley;
 Hold hard, my country darlings, for a hawk descends,
 Golden Glamorgan straightens, to the falling birds.
 Your sport is summer as the spring runs angrily.

Was There A Time

Was there a time when dancers with their fiddles
In children's circuses could stay their troubles?
There was a time they could cry over books,
But time has set its maggot on their track.
Under the arc of the sky they are unsafe.
What's never known is safest in this life.
Under the skysigns they who have no arms
Have cleanest hands, and, as the heartless ghost
Alone's unhurt, so the blind man sees best.

Now

Now
 Say nay,
 Man dry man,
 Dry lover mine
 The deadrock base and blow the flowered anchor,
 Should he, for centre sake, hop in the dust,
 Forsake, the fool, the hardness of anger.

Now
 Say nay,
 Sir no say,
 Death to the yes,
 the yes to death, the yesman and the answer,
 Should he who split his children with a cure
 Have brotherless his sister on the handsaw.

Now
 Say nay,
 No say sir
 Yea the dead stir,
 And this, nor this, is shade, the landed crow,
 He lying low with ruin in his ear,
 The cockrel's tide upcasting from the fire.

Now
 Say nay,
 So star fall,
 So the ball fail,
 So solve the mystic sun, the wife of light,
 The sun that leaps on petals through a nought,
 The come-a-cropper rider of the flower.

Now
 Say nay
 A fig for
 The seal of fire,
 Death hairy-heeled and the tapped ghost in wood,
 We make me mystic as the arm of air,
 The two-a-vein, the foreskin, and the cloud.

Why East Wind Chills

Why east wind chills and south wind cools
 Shall not be known till windwell dries
 And west's no longer drowned
 In winds that bring the fruit and rind
 Of many a hundred falls;
 Why silk is soft and the stone wounds
 The child shall question all his days,
 Why night-time rain and the breast's blood
 Both quench his thirst he'll have a black reply.

When cometh Jack Frost? the children ask.
 Shall they clasp a comet in their fists?
 Not till, from high and low, their dust
 Sprinkles in children's eyes a long-last sleep
 And dusk is crowded with the children's ghosts,
 Shall a white answer echo from the rooftops.

All things are known: the stars' advice
 Calls some content to travel with the winds,
 Though what the stars ask as they round
 Time upon time the towers of the skies
 Is heard but little till the stars go out.
 I hear content, and 'Be Content'
 Ring like a handbell through the corridors,
 And 'Know no answer,' and I know
 No answer to the children's cry
 Of echo's answer and the man of frost
 And ghostly comets over the raised fists.

A Grief Ago

A grief ago,
 She who was who I hold, the fats and the flower,
 Or, water-lammed, from the scythe-sided thorn,
 Hell wind and sea,
 A stem cementing, wrestled up the tower,
 Rose maid and male,
 Or, master venus, through the paddler's bowl
 Sailed up the sun;

Who is my grief,
 A chrysalis unwrinkling on the iron,
 Wrenched by my fingerman, the leaden bud
 Shot through the leaf,
 Was who was folded on the rod the aaron
 Road east to plague,
 The horn and ball of water on the frog
 Housed in the side.

And she who lies,
 Like exodus a chapter from the garden,
 Brand of the lily's anger on her ring,
 Tugged through the days
 Her ropes of heritage, the wars of pardon,
 On field and sand
 The twelve triangles of the cherub wind
 Engraving going.

Who then is she,
 She holding me? The people's sea drives on her,
 Drives out the father from the caesared camp;
 The dens of shape
 Shape all her whelps with the long voice of water,
 That she I have,
 The country-handed grave boxed into love,
 Rise before dark.

The night is near,
 A nitric shape that leaps her, time and acid;
 I tell her this: before the suncock cast
 Her bone to fire,
 Let her inhale her dead, through seed and solid
 Draw in their seas,
 So cross her hand with their grave gipsy eyes,
 And close her fist.

How Soon The Servant Sun

How soon the servant sun,
 (Sir morrow mark),
 Can time unriddle, and the cupboard stone,
 (Fog has a bone
 He'll trumpet into meat),
 Unshelve that all my gristles have a gown
 And the naked egg stand straight,

Sir morrow at his sponge,
 (The wound records),
 The nurse of giants by the cut sea basin,
 (Fog by his spring
 Soaks up the sewing tides),
 Tells you and you, my masters, as his strange
 Man morrow blows through food.

All nerves to serve the sun,
 The rite of light,
 A claw I question from the mouse's bone,
 The long-tailed stone
 Trap I with coil and sheet,
 Let the soil squeal I am the biting man
 And the velvet dead inch out.

How soon my level, lord,
 (Sir morrow stamps
 Two heels of water on the floor of seed),
 Shall raise a lamp
 Or spirit up a cloud,
 Erect a walking centre in the shroud,
 Invisible on the stump

A leg as long as trees,
 This inward sir,
 Mister and master, darkness for his eyes,
 The womb-eyed, cries,
 And all sweet hell, deaf as an hour's ear,
 Blasts back the trumpet voice.

Ears In The Turrets Hear

Ears in the turrets hear
 Hands grumble on the door,
 Eyes in the gables see
 The fingers at the locks.
 Shall I unbolt or stay
 Alone till the day I die
 Unseen by stranger-eyes
 In this white house?
 Hands, hold you poison or grapes?

Beyond this island bound
 By a thin sea of flesh
 And a bone coast,
 The land lies out of sound
 And the hills out of mind.
 No birds or flying fish
 Disturbs this island's rest.

Ears in this island hear
 The wind pass like a fire,
 Eyes in this island see
 Ships anchor off the bay.
 Shall I run to the ships
 With the wind in my hair,
 Or stay till the day I die
 And welcome no sailor?
 Ships, hold you poison or grapes?

Hands grumble on the door,
 Ships anchor off the bay,
 Rain beats the sand and slates.
 Shall I let in the stranger,
 Shall I welcome the sailor,
 Or stay till the day I die?

Hands of the stranger and holds of the ships,
 Hold you poison or grapes?

Foster The Light

Foster the light nor veil the manshaped moon,
 Nor weather winds that blow not down the bone,
 But strip the twelve-winded marrow from his circle;
 Master the night nor serve the snowman's brain
 That shapes each bushy item of the air
 Into a polestar pointed on an icicle.

Murmur of spring nor crush the cockerel's eggs,
 Nor hammer back a season in the figs,
 But graft these four-fruited ridings on your country;
 Farmer in time of frost the burning leagues,
 By red-eyed orchards sow the seeds of snow,
 In your young years the vegetable century.

And father all nor fail the fly-lord's acre,
 Nor sprout on owl-seed like a goblin-sucker,
 But rail with your wizard's ribs the heart-shaped planet;
 Of mortal voices to the ninnies' choir,
 High lord esquire, speak up the singing cloud,
 And pluck a mandrake music from the marrowroot.

Roll unmanly over this turning tuft,
 O ring of seas, nor sorrow as I shift
 From all my mortal lovers with a starboard smile;
 Nor when my love lies in the cross-boned drift
 Naked among the bow-and-arrow birds
 Shall you turn cockwise on a tufted axle.

Who gave these seas their colour in a shape,
 Shaped my clayfellow, and the heaven's ark
 In time at flood filled with his coloured doubles;
 O who is glory in the shapeless maps,
 Now make the world of me as I have made
 A merry manshape of your walking circle.

The Hand That Signed The Paper

The hand that signed the paper felled a city;
Five sovereign fingers taxed the breath,
Doubled the globe of dead and halved a country;
These five kings did a king to death.

The mighty hand leads to a sloping shoulder,
The finger joints are cramped with chalk;
A goose's quill has put an end to murder
That put an end to talk.

The hand that signed the treaty bred a fever,
And famine grew, and locusts came;
Great is the hand that holds dominion over
Man by a scribbled name.

The five kings count the dead but do not soften
The crusted wound nor pat the brow;
A hand rules pity as a hand rules heaven;
Hands have no tears to flow.

Should Lanterns Shine

Should lanterns shine, the holy face,
Caught in an octagon of unaccustomed light,
Would wither up, and any boy of love
Look twice before he fell from grace.
The features in their private dark
Are formed of flesh, but let the false day come
And from her lips the faded pigments fall,
The mummy cloths expose an ancient breast.

I have been told to reason by the heart,
But heart, like head, leads helplessly;
I have been told to reason by the pulse,
And, when it quickens, alter the actions' pace
Till field and roof lie level and the same
So fast I move defying time, the quiet gentleman
Whose beard wags in Egyptian wind.

I have heard many years of telling,
And many years should see some change.

The ball I threw while playing in the park
Has not yet reached the ground.

I Have Longed To Move Away

I have longed to move away
From the hissing of the spent lie
And the old terrors' continual cry
Growing more terrible as the day
Goes over the hill into the deep sea;
I have longed to move away
From the repetition of salutes,
For there are ghosts in the air
And ghostly echoes on paper,
And the thunder of calls and notes.

I have longed to move away but am afraid;
Some life, yet unspent, might explode
Out of the old lie burning on the ground,
And, crackling into the air, leave me half-blind.
Neither by night's ancient fear,
The parting of hat from hair,
Pursed lips at the receiver,
Shall I fall to death's feather.
By these I would not care to die,
Half convention and half lie.

Find Meat On Bones

'Find meat on bones that soon have none,
 And drink in the two milked crags,
 The merriest marrow and the dregs
 Before the ladies' breasts are hags
 And the limbs are torn.
 Disturb no winding-sheets, my son,
 But when the ladies are cold as stone
 Then hang a ram rose over the rags.

'Rebel against the binding moon
 And the parliament of sky,
 The kingcrafts of the wicked sea,
 Autocracy of night and day,
 Dictatorship of sun.
 Rebel against the flesh and bone,
 The word of the blood, the wily skin,
 And the maggot no man can slay.'

'The thirst is quenched, the hunger gone,
 And my heart is cracked across;
 My face is haggard in the glass,
 My lips are withered with a kiss,
 My breasts are thin.
 A merry girl took me for man,
 I laid her down and told her sin,
 And put beside her a ram rose.

'The maggot that no man can kill
 And the man no rope can hang
 Rebel against my father's dream
 That out of a bower of red swine
 Howls the foul fiend to heel.
 I cannot murder, like a fool,
 Season and sunshine, grace and girl,
 Nor can I smother the sweet waking.'

Black night still ministers the moon,
 And the sky lays down her laws,
 The sea speaks in a kingly voice,
 Light and dark are no enemies
 But one companion.
 'War on the spider and the wren!
 War on the destiny of man!
 Doom on the sun!'
 Before death takes you, O take back this.

Grief Thief Of Time

Grief thief of time crawls off,
 The moon-drawn grave, with the seafaring years,
 The knave of pain steals off
 The sea-halved faith that blew time to his knees,
 The old forget the cries,
 Lean time on tide and times the wind stood rough,
 Call back the castaways
 Riding the sea light on a sunken path,
 The old forget the grief,
 Hack of the cough, the hanging albatross,
 Cast back the bone of youth
 And salt-eyed stumble bedward where she lies
 Who tossed the high tide in a time of stories
 And timelessly lies loving with the thief.

Now Jack my fathers let the time-faced crook,
 Death flashing from his sleeve,
 With swag of bubbles in a seedy sack
 Sneak down the stallion grave,
 Bull's-eye the outlaw through a eunuch crack
 And free the twin-boxed grief,
 No silver whistles chase him down the weeks'
 Dayed peaks to day to death,
 These stolen bubbles have the bites of snakes
 And the undead eye-teeth,
 No third eye probe into a rainbow's sex
 That bridged the human halves,
 All shall remain and on the graveward gulf
 Shape with my fathers' thieves.

And Death Shall Have No Dominion

And death shall have no dominion.
 Dead men naked they shall be one
 With the man in the wind and the west moon;
 When their bones are picked clean and the clean bones gone,
 They shall have stars at elbow and foot;
 Though they go mad they shall be sane,
 Though they sink through the sea they shall rise again;
 Though lovers be lost love shall not;
 And death shall have no dominion.

And death shall have no dominion.
 Under the windings of the sea
 They lying long shall not die windily;
 Twisting on racks when sinews give way,
 Strapped to a wheel, yet they shall not break;
 Faith in their hands shall snap in two,
 And the unicorn evils run them through;
 Split all ends up they shan't crack;
 And death shall have no dominion.

And death shall have no dominion.
 No more may gulls cry at their ears
 Or waves break loud on the seashores;
 Where blew a flower may a flower no more
 Lift its head to the blows of the rain;
 Though they be mad and dead as nails,
 Heads of the characters hammer through daisies;
 Break in the sun till the sun breaks down,
 And death shall have no dominion.

Then Was My Neophyte

Then was my neophyte,
 Child in white blood bent on its knees
 Under the bell of rocks,
 Ducked in the twelve, disciple seas
 The winder of the water-clocks
 Calls a green day and night.
 My sea hermaphrodite,
 Snail of man in His ship of fires
 That burn the bitten decks,
 Knew all His horrible desires
 The climber of the water sex
 Calls the green rock of light.

Who in these labyrinths,
 This tidethread and the lane of scales,
 Twine in a moon-blown shell,
 Escapes to the flat cities' sails
 Furled on the fishes' house and hell,
 Nor falls to His green myths?
 Stretch the salt photographs,
 The landscape grief, love in His oils
 Mirror from man to whale
 That the green child see like a grail
 Through veil and fin and fire and coil
 Time on the canvas paths.

He films my vanity.
 Shot in the wind, by tilted arcs,
 Over the water come
 Children from homes and children's parks
 Who speak on a finger and thumb,
 And the masked, headless boy.
 His reels and mystery
 The winder of the clockwise scene
 Wound like a ball of lakes
 Then threw on that tide-hoisted screen
 Love's image till my heartbone breaks
 By a dramatic sea.

Who kills my history?
 The year-hedged row is lame with flint,
 Blunt scythe and water blade.
 'Who could snap off the shapeless print
 From your to-morrow-treading shade
 With oracle for eye?'
 Time kills me terribly.
 'Time shall not murder you,' He said,
 'Nor the green nought be hurt;

Who could hack out your unsucked heart,
O green and unborn and undead?
I saw time murder me.

Altarwise By Owl-Light

I

Altarwise by owl-light in the half-way house
 The gentleman lay graveward with his furies;
 Abaddon in the hangnail cracked from Adam,
 And, from his fork, a dog among the fairies,
 The atlas-eater with a jaw for news,
 Bit out the mandrake with to-morrow's scream.
 Then, penny-eyed, that gentlemen of wounds,
 Old cock from nowheres and the heaven's egg,
 With bones unbuttoned to the half-way winds,
 Hatched from the windy salvage on one leg,
 Scraped at my cradle in a walking word
 That night of time under the Christward shelter:
 I am the long world's gentleman, he said,
 And share my bed with Capricorn and Cancer.

II

Death is all metaphors, shape in one history;
 The child that sucketh long is shooting up,
 The planet-ducted pelican of circles
 Weans on an artery the gender's strip;
 Child of the short spark in a shapeless country
 Soon sets alight a long stick from the cradle;
 The horizontal cross-bones of Abaddon,
 You by the cavern over the black stairs,
 Rung bone and blade, the verticals of Adam,
 And, manned by midnight, Jacob to the stars.
 Hairs of your head, then said the hollow agent,
 Are but the roots of nettles and of feathers
 Over these groundworks thrusting through a pavement
 And hemlock-headed in the wood of weathers.

III

First there was the lamb on knocking knees
 And three dead seasons on a climbing grave
 That Adam's wether in the flock of horns,
 Butt of the tree-tailed worm that mounted Eve,
 Horned down with skullfoot and the skull of toes
 On thunderous pavements in the garden time;
 Rip of the vaults, I took my marrow-ladle
 Out of the wrinkled undertaker's van,
 And, Rip Van Winkle from a timeless cradle,
 Dipped me breast-deep in the descending bone;
 The black ram, shuffling of the year, old winter,
 Alone alive among his mutton fold,

We rung our weathering changes on the ladder,
Said the antipodes, and twice spring chimed.

IV

What is the metre of the dictionary?
The size of genesis? the short spark's gender?
Shade without shape? the shape of Pharaoh's echo?
(My shape of age nagging the wounded whisper).
Which sixth of wind blew out the burning gentry?
(Questions are hunchbacks to the poker marrow).
What of a bamboo man among your acres?
Corset the boneyards for a crooked boy?
Button your bodice on a hump of splinters,
My camel's eyes will needle through the shroud.
Love's reflection of the mushroom features,
Stills snapped by night in the bread-sided field,
Once close-up smiling in the wall of pictures,
Arc-lamped thrown back upon the cutting flood.

V

And from the windy West came two-gunned Gabriel,
From Jesu's sleeve trumped up the king of spots,
The sheath-decked jacks, queen with a shuffled heart;
Said the fake gentleman in suit of spades,
Black-tongued and tipsy from salvation's bottle.
Rose my Byzantine Adam in the night.
For loss of blood I fell on Ishmael's plain,
Under the milky mushrooms slew my hunger,
A climbing sea from Asia had me down
And Jonah's Moby snatched me by the hair,
Cross-stroked salt Adam to the frozen angel
Pin-legged on pole-hills with a black medusa
By waste seas where the white bear quoted Virgil
And sirens singing from our lady's sea-straw.

VI

Cartoon of slashes on the tide-traced crater,
He in a book of water tallow-eyed
By lava's light split through the oyster vowels
And burned sea silence on a wick of words.
Pluck, cock, my sea eye, said medusa's scripture,
Lop, love, my fork tongue, said the pin-hilled nettle;
And love plucked out the stinging siren's eye,
Old cock from nowheres lopped the minstrel tongue
Till tallow I blew from the wax's tower
The fats of midnight when the salt was singing;
Adam, time's joker, on a witch of cardboard
Spelt out the seven seas, an evil index,
The bagpipe-breasted ladies in the deadweed
Blew out the blood gauze through the wound of manwax.

VII

Now stamp the Lord's Prayer on a grain of rice,
 A Bible-leaved of all the written woods
 Strip to this tree: a rocking alphabet,
 Genesis in the root, the scarecrow word,
 And one light's language in the book of trees.
 Doom on deniers at the wind-turned statement.
 Time's tune my ladies with the teats of music,
 The scaled sea-sawers, fix in a naked sponge
 Who sucks the bell-voiced Adam out of magic,
 Time, milk, and magic, from the world beginning.
 Time is the tune my ladies lend their heartbreak,
 From bald pavilions and the house of bread
 Time tracks the sound of shape on man and cloud,
 On rose and icicle the ringing handprint.

VIII

This was the crucifixion on the mountain,
 Time's nerve in vinegar, the gallow grave
 As tarred with blood as the bright thorns I wept;
 The world's my wound, God's Mary in her grief,
 Bent like three trees and bird-papped through her shift,
 With pins for teardrops is the long wound's woman.
 This was the sky, Jack Christ, each minstrel angle
 Drove in the heaven-driven of the nails
 Till the three-coloured rainbow from my nipples
 From pole to pole leapt round the snail-waked world.
 I by the tree of thieves, all glory's sawbones,
 Unsex the skeleton this mountain minute,
 And by this blowcock witness of the sun
 Suffer the heaven's children through my heartbeat.

IX

From the oracular archives and the parchment,
 Prophets and fibre kings in oil and letter,
 The lamped calligrapher, the queen in splints,
 Buckle to lint and cloth their natron footsteps,
 Draw on the glove of prints, dead Cairo's henna
 Pour like a halo on the caps and serpents.
 This was the resurrection in the desert,
 Death from a bandage, rants the mask of scholars
 Gold on such features, and the linen spirit
 Weds my long gentleman to dusts and furies;
 With priest and pharaoh bed my gentle wound,
 World in the sand, on the triangle landscape,
 With stones of odyssey for ash and garland
 And rivers of the dead around my neck.

X

Let the tale's sailor from a Christian voyage
Atlaswise hold half-way off the dummy bay
Time's ship-racked gospel on the globe I balance:
So shall winged harbours through the rockbirds' eyes
Spot the blown word, and on the seas I image
December's thorn screwed in a brow of holly.
Let the first Peter from a rainbow's quayrail
Ask the tall fish swept from the bible east,
What rhubarb man peeled in her foam-blue channel
Has sown a flying garden round that sea-ghost?
Green as beginning, let the garden diving
Soar, with its two bark towers, to that Day
When the worm builds with the gold straws of venom
My nest of mercies in the rude, red tree.

Because The Pleasure-Bird Whistles

Because the pleasure-bird whistles after the hot wires,
 Shall the blind horse sing sweeter?
 Convenient bird and beast lie lodged to suffer
 The supper and knives of a mood.
 In the sniffed and poured snow on the tip of the tongue of the year
 That clouts the spittle like bubbles with broken rooms,
 An enamoured man alone by the twigs of his eyes, two fires,
 Camped in the drug-white shower of nerves and food,
 Savours the lick of the times through a deadly wood of hair
 In a wind that plucked a goose,
 Nor ever, as the wild tongue breaks its tombs,
 Rounds to look at the red, wagged root.
 Because there stands, one story out of the bum city,
 That frozen wife whose juices drift like a fixed sea
 Secretly in statuary,
 Shall I, struck on the hot and rocking street,
 Not spin to stare at an old year
 Toppling and burning in the muddle of towers and galleries
 Like the mauled pictures of boys?
 The salt person and blasted place
 I furnish with the meat of a fable;
 If the dead starve, their stomachs turn to tumble
 An upright man in the antipodes
 Or spray-based and rock-chested sea:
 Over the past table I repeat this present grace.

I Make This In A Warring Absence

I make this in a warring absence when
 Each ancient, stone-necked minute of love's season
 Harbours my anchored tongue, slips the quaystone,
 When, praise is blessed, her pride in mast and fountain
 Sailed and set dazzling by the handshaped ocean,
 In that proud sailing tree with branches driven
 Through the last vault and vegetable groyne,
 And this weak house to marrow-columned heaven,

Is corner-cast, breath's rag, scrawled weed, a vain
 And opium head, crow stalk, puffed, cut, and blown,
 Or like the tide-looped breastknot reefed again
 Or rent ancestrally the roped sea-hymen,
 And, pride is last, is like a child alone
 By magnet winds to her blind mother drawn,
 Bread and milk mansion in a toothless town.

She makes for me a nettle's innocence
 And a silk pigeon's guilt in her proud absence,
 In the molested rocks the shell of virgins,
 The frank, closed pearl, the sea-girls' lineaments
 Glint in the staved and siren-printed caverns,
 Is maiden in the shameful oak, omens
 Whalebed and bulldance, the gold bush of lions,
 Proud as a sucked stone and huge as sandgrains.

These are her contraries: the beast who follows
 With priest's grave foot and hand of five assassins
 Her molten flight up cinder-nesting columns,
 Calls the starved fire herd, is cast in ice,
 Lost in a limp-treed and uneating silence,
 Who scales a hailing hill in her cold flintsteps
 Falls on a ring of summers and locked noons.

I make a weapon of an ass's skeleton
 And walk the warring sands by the dead town.
 Cudgel great air, wreck east, and topple sundown,
 Storm her sped heart, hang with beheaded veins
 Its wringing shell, and let her eyelids fasten.
 Destruction, picked by birds, brays through the jaw-bone,

And, for that murder's sake, dark with contagion
 Like an approaching wave I sprawl to ruin.
 Ruin, the room of errors, one rood dropped
 Down the stacked sea and water-pillared shade,
 Weighed in rock shroud, is my proud pyramid;
 Where, wound in emerald linen and sharp wind,
 The hero's head lies scraped of every legend,

Comes love's anatomist with sun-gloved hand
Who picks the live heart on a diamond.

'His mother's womb had a tongue that lapped up mud,'
Cried the topless, inchtaped lips from hank and hood
In that bright anchorground where I lay lined,
'A lizard darting with black venom's thread
Doubled, to fork him back, through the lockjaw bed
And the breath-white, curtained mouth of seed.'
'See,' drummed the taut masks, 'how the dead ascend:
In the groin's endless coil a man is tangled.'

These once-blind eyes have breathed a wind of visions,
The cauldron's root through this once-rindless hand
Fumed like a tree, and tossed a burning bird;
With loud, torn tooth and tail and cobweb drum
The crumpled packs fled past this ghost in bloom,
And, mild as pardon from a cloud of pride,
The terrible world my brother bares his skin.

Now in the cloud's big breast lie quiet countries,
Delivered seas my love from her proud place
Walks with no wound, nor lightning in her face,
A calm wind blows that raised the trees like hair
Once where the soft snow's blood was turned to ice.
And though my love pulls the pale, nipples air,
Prides of to-morrow suckling in her eyes,
Yet this I make in a forgiving presence.

When All My Five And Country Senses See

When all my five and country senses see,
The fingers will forget green thumbs and mark
How, through the halfmoon's vegetable eye,
Husk of young stars and handfull zodiac,
Love in the frost is pared and wintered by,
The whispering ears will watch love drummed away
Down breeze and shell to a discordant beach,
And, lashed to syllables, the lynx tongue cry
That her fond wounds are mended bitterly.
My nostrils see her breath burn like a bush.

My one and noble heart has witnesses
In all love's countries, that will grope awake;
And when blind sleep drops on the spying senses,
The heart is sensual, though five eyes break.

We Lying By Seasand

We lying by seasand, watching yellow
 And the grave sea, mock who deride
 Who follow the red rivers, hollow
 Alcove of words out of cicada shade,
 For in this yellow grave of sand and sea
 A calling for colour calls with the wind
 That's grave and gay as grave and sea
 Sleeping on either hand.
 The lunar silences, the silent tide
 Lapping the still canals, the dry tide-master
 Ribbed between desert and water storm,
 Should cure our ills of the water
 With a one-coloured calm;
 The heavenly music over the sand
 Sounds with the grains as they hurry
 Hiding the golden mountains and mansions
 Of the grave, gay, seaside land.
 Bound by a sovereign strip, we lie,
 Watch yellow, wish for wind to blow away
 The strata of the shore and drown red rock;
 But wishes breed not, neither
 Can we fend off rock arrival,
 Lie watching yellow until the golden weather
 Breaks, O my heart's blood, like a heart and hill.

It Is The Sinners' Dust-Tongued Bell

It is the sinners' dust-tongued bell claps me to churches
 When, with his torch and hourglass, like a sulphur priest,
 His beast heel cleft in a sandal,
 Time marks a black aisle kindle from the brand of ashes,
 Grief with dishevelled hands tear out the altar ghost
 And a firewind kill the candle.

Over the choir minute I hear the hour chant:
 Time's coral saint and the salt grief drown a foul sepulchre
 And a whirlpool drives the prayerwheel;
 Moonfall and sailing emperor, pale as their tide-print,
 Hear by death's accident the clocked and dashed-down spire
 Strike the sea hour through bellmetal.

There is loud and dark directly under the dumb flame,
 Storm, snow, and fountain in the weather of fireworks,
 Cathedral calm in the pulled house;
 Grief with drenched book and candle christens the cherub time
 From the emerald, still bell; and from the pacing weather-cock
 The voice of bird on coral prays.

Forever it is a white child in the dark-skinned summer
 Out of the font of bone and plants at that stone tocsin
 Scales the blue wall of spirits;
 From blank and leaking winter sails the child in colour,
 Shakes, in crabbed burial shawl, by sorcerer's insect woken,
 Ding dong from the mute turrets.

I mean by time the cast and curfew rascal of our marriage,
 At nightbreak born in the fat side, from an animal bed
 In a holy room in a wave;
 And all love's sinners in sweet cloth kneel to a hyleg image,
 Nutmeg, civet, and sea-parsley serve the plagued groom and bride
 Who have brought forth the urchin grief.

O Make Me A Mask

O make me a mask and a wall to shut from your spies
Of the sharp, enamelled eyes and the spectacled claws
Rape and rebellion in the nurseries of my face,
Gag of dumbstruck tree to block from bare enemies
The bayonet tongue in this undefended prayerpiece,
The present mouth, and the sweetly blown trumpet of lies,
Shaped in old armour and oak the countenance of a dunce
To shield the glistening brain and blunt the examiners,
And a tear-stained widower grief drooped from the lashes
To veil belladonna and let the dry eyes perceive
Others betray the lamenting lies of their losses
By the curve of the nude mouth or the laugh up the sleeve.

The Spire Cranes

The spire cranes. Its statue is an aviary.
From the stone nest it does not let the feathery
Carved birds blunt their striking throats on the salt gravel,
Pierce the spilt sky with diving wing in weed and heel
An inch in froth. Chimes cheat the prison spire, pelter
In time like outlaw rains on that priest, water,
Time for the swimmers' hands, music for silver lock
And mouth. Both note and plume plunge from the spire's hook.
Those craning birds are choice for you, songs that jump back
To the built voice, or fly with winter to the bells,
But do not travel down dumb wind like prodigals.

After The Funeral

(In memory of Ann Jones)

After the funeral, mule praises, brays,
 Windshake of sailshaped ears, muffle-toed tap
 Tap happily of one peg in the thick
 Grave's foot, blinds down the lids, the teeth in black,
 The spittled eyes, the salt ponds in the sleeves,
 Morning smack of the spade that wakes up sleep,
 Shakes a desolate boy who slits his throat
 In the dark of the coffin and sheds dry leaves,
 That breaks one bone to light with a judgment clout,
 After the feast of tear-stuffed time and thistles
 In a room with a stuffed fox and a stale fern,
 I stand, for this memorial's sake, alone
 In the snivelling hours with dead, humped Ann
 Whose hooded, fountain heart once fell in puddles
 Round the parched worlds of Wales and drowned each sun
 (Though this for her is a monstrous image blindly
 Magnified out of praise; her death was a still drop;
 She would not have me sinking in the holy
 Flood of her heart's fame; she would lie dumb and deep
 And need no druid of her broken body).
 But I, Ann's bard on a raised hearth, call all
 The seas to service that her wood-tongued virtue
 Babble like a bellbuoy over the hymning heads,
 Bow down the walls of the ferned and foxy woods
 That her love sing and swing through a brown chapel,
 Blesses her bent spirit with four, crossing birds.
 Her flesh was meek as milk, but this skyward statue
 With the wild breast and blessed and giant skull
 Is carved from her in a room with a wet window
 In a fiercely mourning house in a crooked year.
 I know her scrubbed and sour humble hands
 Lie with religion in their cramp, her threadbare
 Whisper in a damp word, her wits drilled hollow,
 Her fist of a face died clenched on a round pain;
 And sculptured Ann is seventy years of stone.
 These cloud-sopped, marble hands, this monumental
 Argument of the hewn voice, gesture and psalm,
 Storm me forever over her grave until
 The stuffed lung of the fox twitch and cry Love
 And the strutting fern lay seeds on the black sill.

Once It Was The Colour Of Saying

Once it was the colour of saying
Soaked my table the uglier side of a hill
With a capsized field where a school sat still
And a black and white patch of girls grew playing;
The gentle seaslides of saying I must undo
That all the charmingly drowned arise to cockcrow and kill.
When I whistled with mitching boys through a reservoir park
Where at night we stoned the cold and cuckoo
Lovers in the dirt of their leafy beds,
The shade of their trees was a word of many shades
And a lamp of lightning for the poor in the dark;
Now my saying shall be my undoing,
And every stone I wind off like a reel.

Not From This Anger

Not from this anger, anticlimax after
Refusal struck her loin and the lame flower
Bent like a beast to lap the singular floods
In a land strapped by hunger
Shall she receive a bellyful of weeds
And bear those tendril hands I touch across
The agonized, two seas.
Behind my head a square of sky sags over
The circular smile tossed from lover to lover
And the golden ball spins out of the skies;
Not from this anger after
Refusal struck like a bell under water
Shall her smile breed that mouth, behind the mirror,
That burns along my eyes.

How Shall My Animal

How shall my animal
 Whose wizard shape I trace in the cavernous skull,
 Vessel of abscesses and exultation's shell,
 Endure burial under the spelling wall,
 The invoked, shrouding veil at the cap of the face,
 Who should be furious,
 Drunk as a vineyard snail, flailed like an octopus,
 Roaring, crawling, quarrel
 With the outside weathers,
 The natural circle of the discovered skies
 Draw down to its weird eyes?

How shall it magnetize,
 Towards the studded male in a bent, midnight blaze
 That melts the lionhead's heel and horseshoe of the heart,
 A brute land in the cool top of the country days
 To trot with a loud mate the haybeds of a mile,
 Love and labour and kill
 In quick, sweet, cruel light till the locked ground sprout out,
 The black, burst sea rejoice,
 The bowels turn turtle,
 Claw of the crabbed veins squeeze from each red particle
 The parched and raging voice?

Fishermen of mermen
 Creep and harp on the tide, sinking their charmed, bent pin
 With bridebait of gold bread, I with a living skein,
 Tongue and ear in the thread, angle the temple-bound
 Curl-locked and animal cavepools of spells and bone,
 Trace out a tentacle,
 Nailed with an open eye, in the bowl of wounds and weed
 To clasp my fury on ground
 And clap its great blood down;
 Never shall beast be born to atlas the few seas
 Or poise the day on a horn.

Sigh long, clay cold, lie shorn,
 Cast high, stunned on gilled stone; sly scissors ground in frost
 Clack through the thicket of strength, love hewn in pillars drops
 With carved bird, saint, and sun, the wrackspiked maiden mouth
 Lops, as a bush plumed with flames, the rant of the fierce eye,
 Clips short the gesture of breath.
 Die in red feathers when the flying heaven's cut,
 And roll with the knocked earth:
 Lie dry, rest robbed, my beast.
 You have kicked from a dark den, leaped up the whinnying light,
 And dug your grave in my breast.

The Tombstone Told When She Died

The tombstone told when she died.
Her two surnames stopped me still.
A virgin married at rest.
She married in this pouring place,
That I struck one day by luck,
Before I heard in my mother's side
Or saw in the looking-glass shell
The rain through her cold heart speak
And the sun killed in her face.
More the thick stone cannot tell.
Before she lay on a stranger's bed
With a hand plunged through her hair,
Or that rainy tongue beat back
Through the devilish years and innocent deaths
To the room of a secret child,
Among men later I heard it said
She cried her white-dressed limbs were bare
And her red lips were kissed black,
She wept in her pain and made mouths,
Talked and tore though her eyes smiled.
I who saw in a hurried film
Death and this mad heroine
Meet once on a mortal wall
Heard her speak through the chipped beak
Of the stone bird guarding her:
I died before bedtime came
But my womb was bellowing
And I felt with my bare fall
A blazing red harsh head tear up
And the dear floods of his hair.

On No Work Of Words

On no work of words now for three lean months in the bloody
Belly of the rich year and the big purse of my body
I bitterly take to task my poverty and craft:

To take to give is all, return what is hungrily given
Puffing the pounds of manna up through the dew to heaven,
The lovely gift of the gab bangs back on a blind shaft.

To lift to leave from treasures of man is pleasing death
That will rake at last all currencies of the marked breath
And count the taken, forsaken mysteries in a bad dark.

To surrender now is to pay the expensive ogre twice.
Ancient woods of my blood, dash down to the nut of the seas
If I take to burn or return this world which is each man's work.

A Saint About To Fall

A saint about to fall,
 The stained flats of heaven hit and razed
 To the kissed kite hems of his shawl,
 On the last street wave praised
 The unwinding, song by rock,
 Of the woven wall
 Of his father's house in the sands,
 The vanishing of the musical ship-work and the chucked bells,
 The wound-down cough of the blood-counting clock
 Behind a face of hands,
 On the angelic etna of the last whirring featherlands,
 Wind-heeled foot in the hole of a fireball,
 Hymned his shrivelling flock,
 On the last rick's tip by spilled wine-wells
 Sang heaven hungry and the quick
 Cut Christbread spitting vinegar and all
 The mazes of his praise and envious tongue were worked in flames and shells.

Glory cracked like a flea.
 The sun-leaved holy candlewoods
 Drivelled down to one singeing tree
 With a stub of black buds,
 The sweet, fish-gilled boats bringing blood
 Lurched through a scuttled sea
 With a hold of leeches and straws,
 Heaven fell with his fall and one crocked bell beat the left air.
 O wake in me in my house in the mud
 Of the crotch of the squawking shores,
 Flicked from the carbolic city puzzle in a bed of sores
 The scudding base of the familiar sky,
 The lofty roots of the clouds.
 From an odd room in a split house stare,
 Milk in your mouth, at the sour floods
 That bury the sweet street slowly, see
 The skull of the earth is barbed with a war of burning brains and hair.

Strike in the time-bomb town,
 Raise the live rafters of the eardrum,
 Throw your fear a parcel of stone
 Through the dark asylum,
 Lapped among herods wail
 As their blade marches in
 That the eyes are already murdered,
 The stocked heart is forced, and agony has another mouth to feed.
 O wake to see, after a noble fall,
 The old mud hatch again, the horrid
 Woe drip from the dishrag hands and the pressed sponge of the forehead,
 The breath draw back like a bolt through white oil

And a stranger enter like iron.
Cry joy that hits witchlike midwife second
Bullies into rough seas you so gentle
And makes with a flick of the thumb and sun
A thundering bullring of your silent and girl-circled island.

'If My Head Hurt A Hair's Foot'

'If my head hurt a hair's foot
 Pack back the downed bone. If the unpricked ball of my breath
 Bump on a spout let the bubbles jump out.
 Sooner drop with the worm of the ropes round my throat
 Than bully ill love in the clouted scene.

'All game phrases fit your ring of a cockfight:
 I'll comb the snared woods with a glove on a lamp,
 Peck, sprint, dance on fountains and duck time
 Before I rush in a crouch the ghost with a hammer, air,
 Strike light, and bloody a loud room.

'If my bunched, monkey coming is cruel
 Rage me back to the making house. My hand unravel
 When you sew the deep door. The bed is a cross place.
 Bend, if my journey ache, direction like an arc or make
 A limp and riderless shape to leap nine thinning months.'

'No. Not for Christ's dazzling bed
 Or a nacreous sleep among soft particles and charms
 My dear would I change my tears or your iron head.
 Thrust, my daughter or son, to escape, there is none, none, none,
 Nor when all ponderous heaven's host of waters breaks.

'Now to awake husked of gestures and my joy like a cave
 To the anguish and carrion, to the infant forever unfree,
 O my lost love bounced from a good home;
 The grain that hurries this way from the rim of the grave
 Has a voice and a house, and there and here you must couch and cry.

'Rest beyond choice in the dust-appointed grain,
 At the breast stored with seas. No return
 Through the waves of the fat streets nor the skeleton's thin ways.
 The grave and my calm body are shut to your coming as stone,
 And the endless beginning of prodigies suffers open.'

Twenty-Four Years

Twenty-four years remind the tears of my eyes.
(Bury the dead for fear that they walk to the grave in labour.)
In the groin of the natural doorway I crouched like a tailor
Sewing a shroud for a journey
By the light of the meat-eating sun.
Dressed to die, the sensual strut begun,
With my red veins full of money,
In the final direction of the elementary town
I advance for as long as forever is.

The Conversation Of Prayer

The conversation of prayers about to be said
By the child going to bed and the man on the stairs
Who climbs to his dying love in her high room,
The one not caring to whom in his sleep he will move
And the other full of tears that she will be dead,

Turns in the dark on the sound they know will arise
Into the answering skies from the green ground,
From the man on the stairs and the child by his bed.
The sound about to be said in the two prayers
For the sleep in a safe land and the love who dies

Will be the same grief flying. Whom shall they calm?
Shall the child sleep unharmed or the man be crying?
The conversation of prayers about to be said
Turns on the quick and the dead, and the man on the stairs
To-night shall find no dying but alive and warm

In the fire of his care his love in the high room.
And the child not caring to whom he climbs his prayer
Shall drown in a grief as deep as his true grave,
And mark the dark eyed wave, through the eyes of sleep,
Dragging him up the stairs to one who lies dead.

A Refusal To Mourn The Death, By Fire, Of A Child In London

Never until the mankind making
 Bird beast and flower
 Fathering and all humbling darkness
 Tells with silence the last light breaking
 And the still hour
 Is come of the sea tumbling in harness

And I must enter again the round
 Zion of the water bead
 And the synagogue of the ear of corn
 Shall I let pray the shadow of a sound
 Or sow my salt seed
 In the least valley of sackcloth to mourn

The majesty and burning of the child's death.
 I shall not murder
 The mankind of her going with a grave truth
 Nor blaspheme down the stations of the breath
 With any further
 Elegy of innocence and youth.

Deep with the first dead lies London's daughter,
 Robed in the long friends,
 The grains beyond age, the dark veins of her mother,
 Secret by the unmourning water
 Of the riding Thames.
 After the first death, there is no other.

Poem In October

It was my thirtieth year to heaven
 Woke to my hearing from harbour and neighbour wood
 And the mussel pooled and the heron
 Priested shore
 The morning beckon
 With water praying and call of seagull and rook
 And the knock of sailing boats on the net webbed wall
 Myself to set foot
 That second
 In the still sleeping town and set forth.

My birthday began with the water-
 Birds and the birds of the winged trees flying my name
 Above the farms and the white horses
 And I rose
 In rainy autumn
 And walked abroad in a shower of all my days.
 High tide and the heron dived when I took the road
 Over the border
 And the gates
 Of the town closed as the town awoke.

A springful of larks in a rolling
 Cloud and the roadside bushes brimming with whistling
 Blackbirds and the sun of October
 Summery
 On the hill's shoulder,
 Here were fond climates and sweet singers suddenly
 Come in the morning where I wandered and listened
 To the rain wringing
 Wind blow cold
 In the wood faraway under me.

Pale rain over the dwindling harbour
 And over the sea wet church the size of a snail
 With its horns through mist and the castle
 Brown as owls
 But all the gardens
 Of spring and summer were blooming in the tall tales
 Beyond the border and under the lark full cloud.
 There could I marvel
 My birthday
 Away but the weather turned around.

It turned away from the blithe country
 And down the other air and the blue altered sky
 Streamed again a wonder of summer
 With apples
 Pears and red currants

And I saw in the turning so clearly a child's
Forgotten mornings when he walked with his mother
Through the parables
Of sun light
And the legends of the green chapels

And the twice told fields of infancy
That his tears burned my cheeks and his heart moved in mine.
These were the woods the river and sea
Where a boy
In the listening
Summertime of the dead whispered the truth of his joy
To the trees and the stones and the fish in the tide.
And the mystery
Sang alive
Still in the water and singingbirds.

And there could I marvel my birthday
Away but the weather turned around. And the true
Joy of the long dead child sang burning
In the sun.
It was my thirtieth
Year to heaven stood there then in the summer noon
Though the town below lay leaved with October blood.
O may my heart's truth
Still be sung
On this high hill in a year's turning.

This Side Of The Truth

(for Llewelyn)

This side of the truth,
 You may not see, my son,
 King of your blue eyes
 In the blinding country of youth,
 That all is undone,
 Under the unminding skies,
 Of innocence and guilt
 Before you move to make
 One gesture of the heart or head,
 Is gathered and spilt
 Into the winding dark
 Like the dust of the dead.

Good and bad, two ways
 Of moving about your death
 By the grinding sea,
 King of your heart in the blind days,
 Blow away like breath,
 Go crying through you and me
 And the souls of all men
 Into the innocent
 Dark, and the guilty dark, and good
 Death, and bad death, and then
 In the last element
 Fly like the stars' blood

Like the sun's tears,
 Like the moon's seed, rubbish
 And fire, the flying rant
 Of the sky, king of your six years.
 And the wicked wish,
 Down the beginning of plants
 And animals and birds,
 Water and light, the earth and sky,
 Is cast before you move,
 And all your deeds and words,
 Each truth, each lie,
 Die in unjudging love.

To Others Than You

Friend by enemy I call you out.

You with a bad coin in your socket,
You my friend there with a winning air
Who palmed the lie on me when you looked
Brassily at my shyest secret,
Enticed with twinkling bits of the eye
Till the sweet tooth of my love bit dry,
Rasped at last, and I stumbled and sucked,
Whom now I conjure to stand as thief
In the memory worked by mirrors,
With unforgettably smiling act,
Quickness of hand in the velvet glove
And my whole heart under your hammer,
Were once such a creature, so gay and frank
A desireless familiar
I never thought to utter or think
While you displaced a truth in the air,
That though I loved them for their faults
As much as for their good,
My friends were enemies on stilts
With their heads in a cunning cloud.

Love In The Asylum

A stranger has come
To share my room in the house not right in the head,
A girl mad as birds
Bolting the night of the door with her arm her plume.
Strait in the mazed bed
She deludes the heaven-proof house with entering clouds
Yet she deludes with walking the nightmarish room,
At large as the dead,
Or rides the imagined oceans of the male wards.
She has come possessed
Who admits the delusive light through the bouncing wall,
Possessed by the skies
She sleeps in the narrow trough yet she walks the dust
Yet raves at her will
On the madhouse boards worn thin by my walking tears.
And taken by light in her arms at long and dear last
I may without fail
Suffer the first vision that set fire to the stars.

Unluckily For A Death

Unluckily for a death
 Waiting with phoenix under
 The pyre yet to be lighted of my sins and days,
 And for the woman in shades
 Saint carved and sensual among the scudding
 Dead and gone, dedicate forever to my self
 Though the brawl of the kiss has not occurred
 On the clay cold mouth, on the fire
 Branded forehead, that could bind
 Her constant, nor the winds of love broken wide
 To the wind the choir and cloister
 Of the wintry nunnery of the order of lust
 Beneath my life, that sighs for the seducer's coming
 In the sun strokes of summer,

Loving on this sea banded guilt
 My holy lucky body
 Under the cloud against love is caught and held and kissed
 In the mill of the midst
 Of the descending day, the dark our folly,
 Cut to the still star in the order of the quick
 But blessed by such heroic hosts in your every
 Inch and glance that the wound
 Is certain god, and the ceremony of souls
 Is celebrated there, and communion between suns.
 Never shall my self chant
 About the saint in shades while the endless breviary
 Turns of your prayed flesh, nor shall I shoo the bird below me:
 The death bidding two lie lonely.

I see the tigrion in tears
 In the androgynous dark,
 His striped and noon maned tribe striding to holocaust,
 The she mules bear their minotaurs,
 The duck-billed platypus broody in a milk of birds.
 I see the wanting nun saint carved in a garb
 Of shades, symbol of desire beyond my hours
 And guilts, great crotch and giant
 Continence. I see the unfired phoenix, herald
 And heaven crier, arrow now of aspiring
 And the renouncing of islands.
 All love but for the full assemblage in flower
 Of the living flesh is monstrous or immortal,
 And the grave its daughters.

Love, my fate got luckily,
 Teaches with no telling
 That the phoenix' bid for heaven and the desire after

Death in the carved nunnery
Both shall fail if I bow not to your blessing
Nor walk in the cool of your mortal garden
With immortality at my side like Christ the sky.
This I know from the native
Tongue of your translating eyes. The young stars told me,
Hurling into beginning like Christ the child.
Lucklessly she must lie patient
And the vaulting bird be still. O my true love, hold me.
In your every inch and glance is the globe of genesis spun,
And the living earth your sons.

The Hunchback In The Park

The hunchback in the park
 A solitary mister
 Propped between trees and water
 From the opening of the garden lock
 That lets the trees and water enter
 Until the Sunday sombre bell at dark

Eating bread from a newspaper
 Drinking water from the chained cup
 That the children filled with gravel
 In the fountain basin where I sailed my ship
 Slept at night in a dog kennel
 But nobody chained him up.

Like the park birds he came early
 Like the water he sat down
 And Mister they called Hey mister
 The truant boys from the town
 Running when he had heard them clearly
 On out of sound

Past lake and rockery
 Laughing when he shook his paper
 Hunchbacked in mockery
 Through the loud zoo of the willow groves
 Dodging the park keeper
 With his stick that picked up leaves.

And the old dog sleeper
 Alone between nurses and swans
 While the boys among willows
 Made the tigers jump out of their eyes
 To roar on the rockery stones
 And the groves were blue with sailors

Made all day until bell time
 A woman figure without fault
 Straight as a young elm
 Straight and tall from his crooked bones
 That she might stand in the night
 After the locks and chains

All night in the unmade park
 After the railings and shrubberies
 The birds the grass the trees the lake
 And the wild boys innocent as strawberries
 Had followed the hunchback
 To his kennel in the dark.

Into Her Lying Down Head

I

Into her lying down head
 His enemies entered bed,
 Under the encumbered eyelid,
 Through the rippled drum of the hair-buried ear;
 And Noah's rekindled now unkind dove
 Flew man-bearing there.
 Last night in a raping wave
 Whales unreined from the green grave
 In fountains of origin gave up their love,
 Along her innocence glided
 Jaun aflame and savagely young King Lear,
 Queen Catherine howling bare
 And Samson drowned in his hair,
 The colossal intimacies of silent
 Once seen strangers or shades on a stair;
 There the dark blade and wanton sighing her down
 To a haycock couch and the scythes of his arms
 Rode and whistled a hundred times
 Before the crowing morning climbed;
 Man was the burning England she was sleep-walking, and the enamouring island
 Made her limbs blind by luminous charms,
 Sleep to a newborn sleep in a swaddling loin-leaf stroked and sang
 And his runaway beloved childlike laid in the acorned sand.

II

There where a numberless tongue
 Wound their room with a male moan,
 His faith around her flew undone
 And darkness hung the walls with baskets of snakes,
 A furnace-nostrilled column-membered
 Super-or-near man
 Resembling to her dulled sense
 The thief of adolescence,
 Early imaginary half remembered
 Oceanic lover alone
 Jealousy cannot forget for all her sakes,
 Made his bad bed in her good
 Night, and enjoyed as he would.
 Crying, white gowned, from the middle moonlit stages
 Out to the tiered and hearing tide,
 Close and far she announced the theft of the heart
 In the taken body at many ages,
 Trespasser and broken bride
 Celebrating at her side
 All blood-signed assailing and vanished marriages in which he had no lovely part

Nor could share, for his pride, to the least
 Mutter and foul wingbeat of the solemnizing nightpriest
 Her holy unholy hours with the always anonymous beast.

III

Two sand grains together in bed,
 Head to heaven-circling head,
 Singly lie with the whole wide shore,
 The covering sea their nightfall with no names;
 And out of every domed and soil-based shell
 One voice in chains declaims
 The female, deadly, and male
 Libidinous betrayal,
 Golden dissolving under the water veil.
 A she bird sleeping brittle by
 Her lover's wings that fold to-morrow's flight,
 Within the nested treefork
 Sings to the treading hawk
 Carrion, paradise, chirrup my bright yolk.
 A blade of grass longs with the meadow,
 A stone lies lost and locked in the lark-high hill.
 Open as to the air to the naked shadow
 O she lies alone and still,
 Innocent between two wars,
 With the incestuous secret brother in the seconds to perpetuate the stars,
 A man torn up mourns in the sole night.
 And the second comers, the severers, the enemies from the deep
 Forgotten dark, rest their pulse and bury their dead in her faithless sleep.

Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Deaths And Entrances

On almost the incendiary eve
 Of several near deaths,
 When one at the great least of your best loved
 And always known must leave
 Lions and fires of his flying breath,
 Of your immortal friends
 Who'd raise the organs of the counted dust
 To shoot and sing your praise,
 One who called deepest down shall hold his peace
 That cannot sink or cease
 Endlessly to his wound
 In many married London's estranging grief.

On almost the incendiary eve
 When at your lips and keys,
 Locking, unlocking, the murdered strangers weave,
 One who is most unknown,
 Your polestar neighbour, sun of another street,
 Will dive up to his tears.
 He'll bathe his raining blood in the male sea
 Who strode for your own dead
 And wind his globe out of your water thread
 And load the throats of shells
 With every cry since light
 Flashed first across his thunderclapping eyes.

On almost the incendiary eve
 Of deaths and entrances,
 When near and strange wounded on London's waves
 Have sought your single grave,
 One enemy, of many, who knows well
 Your heart is luminous
 In the watched dark, quivering through locks and caves,
 Will pull the thunderbolts
 To shut the sun, plunge, mount your darkened keys
 And sear just riders back,
 Until that one loved least
 Looms the last Samson of your zodiac.

A Winter's Tale

It is a winter's tale

That the snow blind twilight ferries over the lakes
And floating fields from the farm in the cup of the vales,
Gliding windless through the hand folded flakes,
The pale breath of cattle at the stealthy sail,

And the stars falling cold,
And the smell of hay in the snow, and the far owl
Warning among the folds, and the frozen hold
Flocked with the sheep white smoke of the farm house cowl
In the river wended vales where the tale was told.

Once when the world turned old
On a star of faith pure as the drifting bread,
As the food and flames of the snow, a man unrolled
The scrolls of fire that burned in his heart and head,
Torn and alone in a farm house in a fold

Of fields. And burning then
In his firelit island ringed by the winged snow
And the dung hills white as wool and the hen
Roosts sleeping chill till the flame of the cock crow
Combs through the mantled yards and the morning men

Stumble out with their spades,
The cattle stirring, the mousing cat stepping shy,
The puffed birds hopping and hunting, the milkmaids
Gentle in their clogs over the fallen sky,
And all the woken farm at its white trades,

He knelt, he wept, he prayed,
By the spit and the black pot in the log bright light
And the cup and the cut bread in the dancing shade,
In the muffled house, in the quick of night,
At the point of love, forsaken and afraid.

He knelt on the cold stones,
He wept form the crest of grief, he prayed to the veiled sky
May his hunger go howling on bare white bones
Past the statues of the stables and the sky roofed sties
And the duck pond glass and the blinding byres alone

Into the home of prayers
And fires where he should prowl down the cloud
Of his snow blind love and rush in the white lairs.
His naked need struck him howling and bowed
Though no sound flowed down the hand folded air

But only the wind strung
Hunger of birds in the fields of the bread of water, tossed
In high corn and the harvest melting on their tongues.

And his nameless need bound him burning and lost
 When cold as snow he should run the wended vales among

The rivers mouthed in night,
 And drown in the drifts of his need, and lie curled caught
 In the always desiring centre of the white
 Inhuman cradle and the bride bed forever sought
 By the believer lost and the hurled outcast of light.

Deliver him, he cried,
 By losing him all in love, and cast his need
 Alone and naked in the engulfing bride,
 Never to flourish in the fields of the white seed
 Or flower under the time dying flesh astride.

Listen. The minstrels sing
 In the departed villages. The nightingale,
 Dust in the buried wood, flies on the grains of her wings
 And spells on the winds of the dead his winter's tale.
 The voice of the dust of water from the withered spring
 Is telling. The wizened
 Stream with bells and baying water bounds. The dew rings
 On the gristed leaves and the long gone glistening
 Parish of snow. The carved mouths in the rock are wind swept strings.
 Time sings through the intricately dead snow drop. Listen.

It was a hand or sound
 In the long ago land that glided the dark door wide
 And there outside on the bread of the ground
 A she bird rose and rayed like a burning bride.
 A she bird dawned, and her breast with snow and scarlet downed.

Look. And the dancers move
 On the departed, snow bushed green, wanton in moon light
 As a dust of pigeons. Exulting, the grave hooved
 Horses, centaur dead, turn and tread the drenched white
 Paddocks in the farms of birds. The dead oak walks for love.

The carved limbs in the rock
 Leap, as to trumpets. Calligraphy of the old
 Leaves is dancing. Lines of age on the stones weave in a flock.
 And the harp shaped voice of the water's dust plucks in a fold
 Of fields. For love, the long ago she bird rises. Look.

And the wild wings were raised
 Above her folded head, and the soft feathered voice
 Was flying through the house as though the she bird praised
 And all the elements of the slow fall rejoiced
 That a man knelt alone in the cup of the vales,

In the mantle and calm,
 By the spit and the black pot in the log bright light.
 And the sky of birds in the plumed voice charmed

Him up and he ran like a wind after the kindling flight
Past the blind barns and byres of the windless farm.

In the poles of the year
When black birds died like priests in the cloaked hedge row
And over the cloth of counties the far hills rode near,
Under the one leaved trees ran a scarecrow of snow
And fast through the drifts of the thickets antlered like deer,
Rags and prayers down the knee-
Deep hillocks and loud on the numbed lakes,
All night lost and long wading in the wake of the she-
Bird through the times and lands and tribes of the slow flakes.
Listen and look where she sails the goose plucked sea,

The sky, the bird, the bride,
The cloud, the need, the planted stars, the joy beyond
The fields of seed and the time dying flesh astride,
The heavens, the heaven, the grave, the burning font.
In the far ago land the door of his death glided wide,

And the bird descended.
On a bread white hill over the cupped farm
And the lakes and floating fields and the river wended
Vales where he prayed to come to the last harm
And the home of prayers and fires, the tale ended.

The dancing perishes
On the white, no longer growing green, and, minstrel dead,
The singing breaks in the snow shoed villages of wishes
That once cut the figures of birds on the deep bread
And over the glazed lakes skated the shapes of fishes

Flying. The rite is shorn
Of nightingale and centaur dead horse. The springs wither
Back. Lines of age sleep on the stones till trumpeting dawn.
Exultation lies down. Time buries the spring weather
That belled and bounded with the fossil and the dew reborn.

For the bird lay bedded
In a choir of wings, as though she slept or died,
And the wings glided wide and he was hymned and wedded,
And through the thighs of the engulfing bride,
The woman breasted and the heaven headed

Bird, he was brought low,
Burning in the bride bed of love, in the whirl-
Pool at the wanting centre, in the folds
Of paradise, in the spun bud of the world.
And she rose with him flowering in her melting snow.

On A Wedding Anniversary

The sky is torn across
This ragged anniversary of two
Who moved for three years in tune
Down the long walks of their vows.

Now their love lies a loss
And Love and his patients roar on a chain;
From every tune or crater
Carrying cloud, Death strikes their house.

Too late in the wrong rain
They come together whom their love parted:
The windows pour into their heart
And the doors burn in their brain.

There Was A Saviour

There was a saviour
 Rarer than radium,
 Commoner than water, crueller than truth;
 Children kept from the sun
 Assembled at his tongue
 To hear the golden note turn in a groove,
 Prisoners of wishes locked their eyes
 In the jails and studies of his keyless smiles.

The voice of children says
 From a lost wilderness
 There was calm to be done in his safe unrest,
 When hindering man hurt
 Man, animal, or bird
 We hid our fears in that murdering breath,
 Silence, silence to do, when earth grew loud,
 In lairs and asylums of the tremendous shout.

There was glory to hear
 In the churches of his tears,
 Under his downy arm you sighed as he struck,
 O you who could not cry
 On to the ground when a man died
 Put a tear for joy in the unearthly flood
 And laid your cheek against a cloud-formed shell:
 Now in the dark there is only yourself and myself.

Two proud, blacked brothers cry,
 Winter-locked side by side,
 To this inhospitable hollow year,
 O we who could not stir
 One lean sigh when we heard
 Greed on man beating near and fire neighbour
 But wailed and nested in the sky-blue wall
 Now break a giant tear for the little known fall,

For the drooping of homes
 That did not nurse our bones,
 Brave deaths of only ones but never found,
 Now see, alone in us,
 Our own true strangers' dust
 Ride through the doors of our unentered house.
 Exiled in us we arouse the soft,
 Unclenched, armless, silk and rough love that breaks all rocks.

On The Marriage Of A Virgin

Waking alone in a multitude of loves when morning's light
Surprised in the opening of her nightlong eyes
His golden yesterday asleep upon the iris
And this day's sun leapt up the sky out of her thighs
Was miraculous virginity old as loaves and fishes,
Though the moment of a miracle is unending lightning
And the shipyards of Galilee's footprints hide a navy of doves.

No longer will the vibrations of the sun desire on
Her deepsea pillow where once she married alone,
Her heart all ears and eyes, lips catching the avalanche
Of the golden ghost who ringed with his streams her mercury bone,
Who under the lids of her windows hoisted his golden luggage,
For a man sleeps where fire leapt down and she learns through his arm
That other sun, the jealous coursing of the unrivalled blood.

In My Craft Or Sullen Art

In my craft or sullen art
Exercised in the still night
When only the moon rages
And the lovers lie abed
With all their griefs in their arms,
I labour by singing light
Not for ambition or bread
Or the strut and trade of charms
On the ivory stages
But for the common wages
Of their most secret heart.

Not for the proud man apart
From the raging moon I write
On these spindrift pages
Nor for the towering dead
With their nightingales and psalms
But for the lovers, their arms
Round the griefs of the ages,
Who pay no praise or wages
Nor heed my craft or art.

Ceremony After A Fire Raid

I

Myselfes
 The grievers
 Grieve
 Among the street burned to tireless death
 A child of a few hours
 With its kneading mouth
 Charred on the black breast of the grave
 The mother dug, and its arms full of fires.

Begin
 With singing
 Sing
 Darkness kindled back into beginning
 When the caught tongue nodded blind,
 A star was broken
 Into the centuries of the child
 Myselfes grieve now, and miracles cannot atone.

Forgive
 Us forgive
 Us your death that myselfes the believers
 May hold it in a great flood
 Till the blood shall spurt,
 And the dust shall sing like a bird
 As the grains blow, as your death grows, through our heart.

Crying
 Your dying
 Cry,
 Child beyond cockcrow, by the fire-dwarfed
 Street we chant the flying sea
 In the body bereft.
 Love is the last light spoken. Oh
 Seed of sons in the loin of the black husk left.

II

I know not whether
 Adam or Eve, the adorned holy bullock
 Or the white ewe lamb
 Or the chosen virgin
 Laid in her snow
 On the altar of London,
 Was the first to die
 In the cinder of the little skull,
 O bride and bride groom
 O Adam and Eve together
 Lying in the lull

Under the sad breast of the head stone
 White as the skeleton
 Of the garden of Eden.

I know the legend
 Of Adam and Eve is never for a second
 Silent in my service
 Over the dead infants
 Over the one
 Child who was priest and servants,
 Word, singers, and tongue
 In the cinder of the little skull,
 Who was the serpent's
 Night fall and the fruit like a sun,
 Man and woman undone,
 Beginning crumbled back to darkness
 Bare as nurseries
 Of the garden of wilderness.

III

Into the organpipes and steeples
 Of the luminous cathedrals,
 Into the weathercocks' molten mouths
 Rippling in twelve-winded circles,
 Into the dead clock burning the hour
 Over the urn of sabbaths
 Over the whirling ditch of daybreak
 Over the sun's hovel and the slum of fire
 And the golden pavements laid in requiems,
 Into the bread in a wheatfield of flames,
 Into the wine burning like brandy,
 The masses of the sea
 The masses of the sea under
 The masses of the infant-bearing sea
 Erupt, fountain, and enter to utter for ever
 Glory glory glory
 The sundering ultimate kingdom of genesis' thunder.

Once Below A Time

I

Once below a time,
 When my pinned-around-the-spirit
 Cut-to-measure flesh bit,
 Suit for a serial sum
 On the first of each hardship,
 My paid-for slaved-for own too late
 In love torn breeches and blistered jacket
 On the snapping rims of the ashpit,
 In grottoes I worked with birds,
 Spiked with a mastiff collar,
 Tasselled in cellar and snipping shop
 Or decked on a cloud swallower,

Then swift from a bursting sea with bottlecork boats
 And out-of-perspective sailors,
 In common clay clothes disguised as scales,
 As a he-god's paddling water skirts,
 I astounded the sitting tailors,
 I set back the clock faced tailors,
 Then, bushily swanked in bear wig and tails,
 Hopping hot leaved and feathered
 From the kangaroo foot of the earth,
 From the chill, silent centre
 Trailing the frost bitten cloth,
 Up through the lubber crust of Wales
 I rocketed to astonish
 The flashing needle rock of squatters,
 The criers of Shabby and Shorten,
 The famous stitch droppers.

II

My silly suit, hardly yet suffered for,
 Around some coffin carrying
 Birdman or told ghost I hung.
 And the owl hood, the heel hider,
 Claw fold and hole for the rotten
 Head, deceived, I believed, my maker,
 The cloud perched tailors' master with nerves for cotton.
 On the old seas from stories, thrashing my wings,
 Combing with antlers, Columbus on fire,
 I was pierced by the idol tailor's eyes,
 Glared through shark mask and navigating head,
 Cold Nansen's beak on a boat full of gongs,
 To the boy of common thread,
 The bright pretender, the ridiculous sea dandy

With dry flesh and earth for adorning and bed.
It was sweet to drown in the readymade handy water
With my cherry capped dangler green as seaweed
Summoning a child's voice from a webfoot stone,
Never never oh never to regret the bugle I wore
On my cleaving arm as I blasted in a wave.
Now shown and mostly bare I would lie down,
Lie down, lie down and live
As quiet as a bone.

When I Woke

When I woke, the town spoke.
 Birds and clocks and cross bells
 Dinned aside the coiling crowd,
 The reptile profligates in a flame,
 Spoilers and pokers of sleep,
 The next-door sea dispelled
 Frogs and satans and woman-luck,
 While a man outside with a billhook,
 Up to his head in his blood,
 Cutting the morning off,
 The warm-veined double of Time
 And his scarving beard from a book,
 Slashed down the last snake as though
 It were a wand or subtle bough,
 Its tongue peeled in the wrap of a leaf.

Every morning I make,
 God in bed, good and bad,
 After a water-face walk,
 The death-stagged scatter-breath
 Mammoth and sparrowfall
 Everybody's earth.
 Where birds ride like leaves and boats like ducks
 I heard, this morning, waking,
 Crossly out of the town noises
 A voice in the erected air,
 No prophet-progeny of mine,
 Cry my sea town was breaking.
 No Time, spoke the clocks, no God, rang the bells,
 I drew the white sheet over the islands
 And the coins on my eyelids sang like shells.

Among Those Killed In The Dawn Raid Was A Man Aged A Hundred

When the morning was waking over the war
He put on his clothes and stepped out and he died,
The locks yawned loose and a blast blew them wide,
He dropped where he loved on the burst pavement stone
And the funeral grains of the slaughtered floor.
Tell his street on its back he stopped a sun
And the craters of his eyes grew springshots and fire
When all the keys shot from the locks, and rang.
Dig no more for the chains of his grey-haired heart.
The heavenly ambulance drawn by a wound
Assembling waits for the spade's ring on the cage.
O keep his bones away from the common cart,
The morning is flying on the wings of his age
And a hundred storks perch on the sun's right hand.

Lie Still, Sleep Becalmed

Lie still, sleep becalmed, sufferer with the wound
In the throat, burning and turning. All night afloat
On the silent sea we have heard the sound
That came from the wound wrapped in the salt sheet.

Under the mile off moon we trembled listening
To the sea sound flowing like blood from the loud wound
And when the salt sheet broke in a storm of singing
The voices of all the drowned swam on the wind.

Open a pathway through the slow sad sail,
Throw wide to the wind the gates of the wandering boat
For my voyage to begin to the end of my wound,
We heard the sea sound sing, we saw the salt sheet tell.
Lie still, sleep becalmed, hide the mouth in the throat,
Or we shall obey, and ride with you through the drowned.

Vision And Prayer

I

Who
 Are you
 Who is born
 In the next room
 So loud to my own
 That I can hear the womb
 Opening and the dark run
 Over the ghost and the dropped son
 Behind the wall thin as a wren's bone?
 In the birth bloody room unknown
 To the burn and turn of time
 And the heart print of man
 Bows no baptism
 But dark alone
 Blessing on
 The wild
 Child.

I

Must lie
 Still as stone
 By the wren bone
 Wall hearing the moan
 Of the mother hidden
 And the shadowed head of pain
 Casting to-morrow like a thorn
 And the midwives of miracle sing
 Until the turbulent newborn
 Burns me his name and his flame
 And the winged wall is torn
 By his torrid crown
 And the dark thrown
 From his loam
 To bright
 Light.

When
 The wren
 Bone writhes down
 And the first dawn
 Furies by his stream
 Swarms on the kingdom come
 Of the dazzler of heaven
 And the splashed mothering maiden
 Who bore him with a bonfire in
 His mouth and rocked him like a storm

I shall run lost in sudden
 Terror and shining from
 The once hooded room
 Crying in vain
 In the caldron
 Of his
 Kiss

 In
 The spin
 Of the sun
 In the spuming
 Cyclone of his wing
 For I was lost who am
 Crying at the man drenched throne
 In the first fury of his stream
 And the lightnings of adoration
 Back to black silence melt and mourn
 For I was lost who have come
 To dumb founding haven
 And the finding one
 And the high noon
 Of his wound
 Blinds my
 Cry.

 There
 Crouched bare
 In the shrine
 Of his blazing
 Breast I shall waken
 To the judge blown bedlam
 Of the uncaged sea bottom
 The cloud climb of the exhaling tomb
 And the bidden dust up sailing
 With his flame in every grain.
 O spiral of ascension
 From the vultured urn
 Of the morning
 Of man when
 Theland
 And

 The
 Born sea
 Praised the sun
 The finding one
 And upright Adam
 Sang upon origin!
 O the wings of the children!
 The wound ward flight of the ancient
 Young from the canyons of oblivion!

The sky stride of the always slain
 In battle! the happening
 Of saints to their vision!
 The world winding home!
 And the whole pain
 Flows open
 And I
 Die.

II

In the name of the lost who glory in
 The swinish plains of carrion
 Under the burial song
 Of the birds of burden
 Heavy with the drowned
 And the green dust
 And bearing
 The ghost
 From
 The ground
 Like pollen
 On the black plume
 And the beak of slime
 I pray though I belong
 Not wholly to that lamenting
 Brethren for joy has moved within
 The inmost marrow of my heart bone
 That he who learns now the sun and moon
 Of his mother's milk may return
 Before the lips blaze and bloom
 To the birth bloody room
 Behind the wall's wren
 Bone and be dumb
 And the womb
 That bore
 For
 All men
 The adored
 Infant light or
 The dazzling prison
 Yawn to his upcoming.
 In the name of the wanton
 Lost on the unchristened mountain
 In the centre of dark I pray him

That he let the dead lie though they moan
 For his briared hands to hoist them
 To the shrine of his world's wound
 And the blood drop's garden

Endure the stone
 Blind host to sleep
 In the dark
 And deep
 Rock
 Awake
 No heart bone
 But let it break
 On the mountain crown
 Unbidden by the sun
 And the beating dust be blown
 Down to the river rooting plain
 Under the night forever falling.
 Forever falling night is a known
 Star and country to the legion
 Of sleepers whose tongue I toll
 To mourn his deluging
 Light through sea and soil
 And we have come
 To know all
 Places
 Ways
 Mazes
 Passages
 Quarters and graves
 Of the endless fall.
 Now common lazarus
 Of the charting sleepers prays
 Never to awake and arise
 For the country of death is the heart's size
 And the star of the lost the shape of the eyes.
 In the name of the fatherless
 In the name of the unborn
 And the undesirers
 Of midwiving morning's
 Hands or instruments
 O in the name
 Of no one
 Now or
 No
 One to
 Be I pray
 May the crimson
 Sun spin a grave grey
 And the colour of clay
 Stream upon his martyrdom
 In the interpreted evening
 And the known dark of the earth amen.

I turn the corner of prayer and burn
In a blessing of the sudden
Sun. In the name of the damned
I would turn back and run
To the hidden land
But the loud sun
Christens down
The sky.

I
Am found.
O let him
Scald me and drown
Me in his world's wound.
His lightning answers my
Cry. My voice burns in his hand.
Now I am lost in the blinding
One. The sun roars at the prayer's end.

Ballad Of The Long-Legged Bait

The bows glided down, and the coast
 Blackened with birds took a last look
 At his thrashing hair and whale-blue eye;
 The trodden town rang its cobbles for luck.

Then good-bye to the fishermanned
 Boat with its anchor free and fast
 As a bird hooking over the sea,
 High and dry by the top of the mast,

Whispered the affectionate sand
 And the bulwarks of the dazzled quay.
 For my sake sail, and never look back,
 Said the looking land.

Sails drank the wind, and white as milk
 He sped into the drinking dark;
 The sun shipwrecked west on a pearl
 And the moon swam out of its hulk.

Funnels and masts went by in a whirl.
 Good-bye to the man on the sea-legged deck
 To the gold gut that sings on his reel
 To the bait that stalked out of the sack,

For we saw him throw to the swift flood
 A girl alive with his hooks through her lips;
 All the fishes were rayed in blood,
 Said the dwindling ships.

Good-bye to chimneys and funnels,
 Old wives that spin in the smoke,
 He was blind to the eyes of candles
 In the praying windows of waves

But heard his bait buck in the wake
 And tussle in a shoal of loves.
 Now cast down your rod, for the whole
 Of the sea is hilly with whales,

She longs among horses and angels,
 The rainbow-fish bend in her joys,
 Floated the lost cathedral
 Chimes of the rocked buoys.

Where the anchor rode like a gull
 Miles over the moonstruck boat
 A squall of birds bellowed and fell,
 A cloud blew the rain from its throat;

He saw the storm smoke out to kill
 With fuming bows and ram of ice,

Fire on starlight, rake Jesu's stream;
And nothing shone on the water's face

But the oil and bubble of the moon,
Plunging and piercing in his course
The lured fish under the foam
Witnessed with a kiss.

Whales in the wake like capes and Alps
Quaked the sick sea and snouted deep,
Deep the great bushed bait with raining lips
Slipped the fins of those humpbacked tons

And fled their love in a weaving dip.
Oh, Jericho was falling in their lungs!
She nipped and dived in the nick of love,
Spun on a spout like a long-legged ball

Till every beast blared down in a swerve
Till every turtle crushed from his shell
Till every bone in the rushing grave
Rose and crowed and fell!

Good luck to the hand on the rod,
There is thunder under its thumbs;
Gold gut is a lightning thread,
His fiery reel sings off its flames,

The whirled boat in the burn of his blood
Is crying from nets to knives,
Oh the shearwater birds and their boatsized brood
Oh the bulls of Biscay and their calves

Are making under the green, laid veil
The long-legged beautiful bait their wives.
Break the black news and paint on a sail
Huge weddings in the waves,

Over the wakeward-flashing spray
Over the gardens of the floor
Clash out the mounting dolphin's day,
My mast is a bell-spire,

Strike and smoothe, for my decks are drums,
Sing through the water-spoken prow
The octopus walking into her limbs
The polar eagle with his tread of snow.

From salt-lipped beak to the kick of the stern
Sing how the seal has kissed her dead!
The long, laid minute's bride drifts on
Old in her cruel bed.

Over the graveyard in the water
Mountains and galleries beneath

Nightingale and hyena
 Rejoicing for that drifting death
 Sing and howl through sand and anemone
 Valley and sahara in a shell,
 Oh all the wanting flesh his enemy
 Thrown to the sea in the shell of a girl
 Is old as water and plain as an eel;
 Always good-bye to the long-legged bread
 Scattered in the paths of his heels
 For the salty birds fluttered and fed
 And the tall grains foamed in their bills;
 Always good-bye to the fires of the face,
 For the crab-backed dead on the sea-bed rose
 And scuttled over her eyes,
 The blind, clawed stare is cold as sleet.
 The tempter under the eyelid
 Who shows to the selves asleep
 Mast-high moon-white women naked
 Walking in wishes and lovely for shame
 Is dumb and gone with his flame of brides.
 Sussanah's drowned in the bearded stream
 And no-one stirs at Sheba's side
 But the hungry kings of the tides;
 Sin who had a woman's shape
 Sleeps till Silence blows on a cloud
 And all the lifted waters walk and leap.
 Lucifer that bird's dropping
 Out of the sides of the north
 Has melted away and is lost
 Is always lost in her vaulted breath,
 Venus lies star-struck in her wound
 And the sensual ruins make
 Seasons over the liquid world,
 White springs in the dark.
 Always good-bye, cried the voices through the shell,
 Good-bye always, for the flesh is cast
 And the fisherman winds his reel
 With no more desire than a ghost.
 Always good luck, praised the finned in the feather
 Bird after dark and the laughing fish
 As the sails drank up the hail of thunder
 And the long-tailed lightning lit his catch.
 The boat swims into the six-year weather,
 A wind throws a shadow and it freezes fast.

See what the gold gut drags from under
Mountains and galleries to the crest!

See what clings to hair and skull
As the boat skims on with drinking wings!
The statues of great rain stand still,
And the flakes fall like hills.

Sing and strike his heavy haul
Toppling up the boatside in a snow of light!
His decks are drenched with miracles.
Oh miracle of fishes! The long dead bite!

Out of the urn a size of a man
Out of the room the weight of his trouble
Out of the house that holds a town
In the continent of a fossil

One by one in dust and shawl,
Dry as echoes and insect-faced,
His fathers cling to the hand of the girl
And the dead hand leads the past,

Leads them as children and as air
On to the blindly tossing tops;
The centuries throw back their hair
And the old men sing from newborn lips:

_Time is bearing another son.
Kill Time! She turns in her pain!
The oak is felled in the acorn
And the hawk in the egg kills the wren._

He who blew the great fire in
And died on a hiss of flames
Or walked the earth in the evening
Counting the denials of the grains

Clings to her drifting hair, and climbs;
And he who taught their lips to sing
Weeps like the risen sun among
The liquid choirs of his tribes.

The rod bends low, divining land,
And through the Sundered water crawls
A garden holding to her hand
With birds and animals

With men and women and waterfalls
Trees cool and dry in the whirlpool of ships
And stunned and still on the green, laid veil
Sand with legends in its virgin laps

And prophets loud on the burned dunes;
Insects and valleys hold her thighs hard,

Times and places grip her breast bone,
 She is breaking with seasons and clouds;
 Round her trailed wrist fresh water weaves,
 with moving fish and rounded stones
 Up and down the greater waves
 A separate river breathes and runs;
 Strike and sing his catch of fields
 For the surge is sown with barley,
 The cattle graze on the covered foam,
 The hills have footed the waves away,
 With wild sea fillies and soaking bridles
 With salty colts and gales in their limbs
 All the horses of his haul of miracles
 Gallop through the arched, green farms,
 Trot and gallop with gulls upon them
 And thunderbolts in their manes.
 O Rome and Sodom To-morrow and London
 The country tide is cobbled with towns
 And steeples pierce the cloud on her shoulder
 And the streets that the fisherman combed
 When his long-legged flesh was a wind on fire
 And his loin was a hunting flame
 Coil from the thoroughfares of her hair
 And terribly lead him home alive
 Lead her prodigal home to his terror,
 The furious ox-killing house of love.
 Down, down, down, under the ground,
 Under the floating villages,
 Turns the moon-chained and water-wound
 Metropolis of fishes,
 There is nothing left of the sea but its sound,
 Under the earth the loud sea walks,
 In deathbeds of orchards the boat dies down
 And the bait is drowned among hayricks,
 Land, land, land, nothing remains
 Of the pacing, famous sea but its speech,
 And into its talkative seven tombs
 The anchor dives through the floors of a church.
 Good-bye, good luck, struck the sun and the moon,
 To the fisherman lost on the land.
 He stands alone in the door of his home,
 With his long-legged heart in his hand.

Holy Spring

O

Out of a bed of love
When that immortal hospital made one more move to soothe
The cureless counted body,
And ruin and his causes
Over the barbed and shooting sea assumed an army
And swept into our wounds and houses,
I climb to greet the war in which I have no heart but only
That one dark I owe my light,
Call for confessor and wiser mirror but there is none
To glow after the god stoning night
And I am struck as lonely as a holy marker by the sun.

No

Praise that the spring time is all
Gabriel and radiant shrubbery as the morning grows joyful
Out of the webegone pyre
And the multitude's sultry tear turns cool on the weeping wall,
My arising prodigal
Sun the father his quiver full of the infants of pure fire,
But blessed be hail and upheaval
That uncalm still it is sure alone to stand and sing
Alone in the husk of man's home
And the mother and toppling house of the holy spring,
If only for a last time.

Fern Hill

Now as I was young and easy under the apple boughs
 About the lilting house and happy as the grass was green,
 The night above the dingle starry,
 Time let me hail and climb
 Golden in the heydays of his eyes,
 And honoured among wagons I was prince of the apple towns
 And once below a time I lordly had the trees and leaves
 Trail with daisies and barley
 Down the rivers of the windfall light.

And as I was green and carefree, famous among the barns
 About the happy yard and singing as the farm was home,
 In the sun that is young once only,
 Time let me play and be
 Golden in the mercy of his means,
 And green and golden I was huntsman and herdsman, the calves
 Sang to my horn, the foxes on the hills barked clear and cold,
 And the sabbath rang slowly
 In the pebbles of the holy streams.

All the sun long it was running, it was lovely, the hay
 Fields high as the house, the tunes from the chimneys, it was air
 And playing, lovely and watery
 And fire green as grass.
 And nightly under the simple stars
 As I rode to sleep the owls were bearing the farm away,
 All the moon long I heard, blessed among stables, the nightjars
 Flying with the ricks, and the horses
 Flashing into the dark.

And then to awake, and the farm, like a wanderer white
 With the dew, come back, the cock on his shoulder: it was all
 Shining, it was Adam and maiden,
 The sky gathered again
 And the sun grew round that very day.
 So it must have been after the birth of the simple light
 In the first, spinning place, the spellbound horses walking warm
 Out of the whinnying green stable
 On to the fields of praise.

And honoured among foxes and pheasants by the gay house
 Under the new made clouds and happy as the heart was long,
 In the sun born over and over,
 I ran my heedless ways,
 My wishes raced through the house high hay
 And nothing I cared, at my sky blue trades, that time allows
 In all his tuneful turning so few and such morning songs
 Before the children green and golden
 Follow him out of grace.

Nothing I cared, in the lamb white days, that time would take me
Up to the swallow thronged loft by the shadow of my hand,
In the moon that is always rising,
Nor that riding to sleep
I should hear him fly with the high fields
And wake to the farm forever fled from the childless land.
Oh as I was young and easy in the mercy of his means,
Time held me green and dying
Though I sang in my chains like the sea.

In Country Sleep

I

Never and never, my girl riding far and near
 In the land of the hearthstone tales, and spelled asleep,
 Fear or believe that the wolf in a sheepwhite hood
 Loping and bleating roughly and blithely shall leap,
 My dear, my dear,
 Out of a lair in the flocked leaves in the dew dipped year
 To eat your heart in the house in the rosy wood.

Sleep, good, for ever, slow and deep, spelled rare and wise,
 My girl ranging the night in the rose and shire
 Of the hobnail tales: no gooseherd or swine will turn
 Into a homestall king or hamlet of fire
 And prince of ice
 To court the honeyed heart from your side before sunrise
 In a spinney of ringed boys and ganders, spike and burn,

Nor the innocent lie in the rooting dingle wooed
 And staved, and riven among plumes my rider weep.
 From the broomed witch's spume you are shielded by fern
 And flower of country sleep and the greenwood keep.
 Lie fast and soothed,
 Safe be and smooth from the bellows of the rushy brood.
 Never, my girl, until tolled to sleep by the stern

Bell believe or fear that the rustic shade or spell
 Shall harrow and snow the blood while you ride wide and near,
 For who unmanningly haunts the mountain ravened eaves
 Or skulks in the dell moon but moonshine echoing clear
 From the starred well?
 A hill touches an angel. Out of a saint's cell
 The nightbird lauds through nunneries and domes of leaves

Her robin breasted tree, three Marys in the rays.
 Sanctum sanctorum the animal eye of the wood
 In the rain telling its beads, and the gravest ghost
 The owl at its knelling. Fox and holt kneel before blood.
 Now the tales praise
 The star rise at pasture and nightlong the fables graze
 On the lord's-table of the bowing grass. Fear most

For ever of all not the wolf in his baaing hood
 Nor the tusked prince, in the ruttish farm, at the rind
 And mire of love, but the Thief as meek as the dew.
 The country is holy: O bide in that country kind,
 Know the green good,
 Under the prayer wheeling moon in the rosy wood
 Be shielded by chant and flower and gay may you

Lie in grace. Sleep spelled at rest in the lowly house
 In the squirrel nimble grove, under linen and thatch
 And star: held and blessed, though you scour the high four
 Winds, from the dousing shade and the roarer at the latch,
 Cool in your vows.

Yet out of the beaked, web dark and the pouncing boughs
 Be you sure the Thief will seek a way sly and sure

And sly as snow and meek as dew blown to the thorn,
 This night and each vast night until the stern bell talks
 In the tower and tolls to sleep over the stalls
 Of the hearthstone tales my own, lost love; and the soul walks
 The waters shorn.

This night and each night since the falling star you were born,
 Ever and ever he finds a way, as the snow falls,

As the rain falls, hail on the fleece, as the vale mist rides
 Through the haygold stalls, as the dew falls on the wind-
 Milled dust of the apple tree and the pounded islands
 Of the morning leaves, as the star falls, as the winged
 Apple seed glides,
 And falls, and flowers in the yawning wound at our sides,
 As the world falls, silent as the cyclone of silence.

II

Night and the reindeer on the clouds above the haycocks
 And the wings of the great roc ribboned for the fair!
 The leaping saga of prayer! And high, there, on the hare-
 Heeled winds the rooks
 Cawing from their black bethels soaring, the holy books
 Of birds! Among the cocks like fire the red fox

Burning! Night and the vein of birds in the winged, sloe wrist
 Of the wood! Pastoral beat of blood through the laced leaves!
 The stream from the priest black wristed spinney and sleeves
 Of thistling frost
 Of the nightingale's din and tale! The upgiven ghost
 Of the dingle torn to singing and the surpliced

Hill of cypresses! The din and tale in the skimmed
 Yard of the buttermilk rain on the pail! The sermon
 Of blood! The bird loud vein! The saga from mermen
 To seraphim
 Leaping! The gospel rooks! All tell, this night, of him
 Who comes as red as the fox and sly as the heeled wind.

Illumination of music! the lulled black-backed
 Gull, on the wave with sand in its eyes! And the foal moves
 Through the shaken greensward lake, silent, on moonshod hooves,
 In the winds' wakes.

Music of elements, that a miracle makes!
 Earth, air, water, fire, singing into the white act,

The haygold haired, my love asleep, and the rift blue
Eyed, in the haloed house, in her rareness and hilly
High riding, held and blessed and true, and so stilly
Lying the sky
Might cross its planets, the bell weep, night gather her eyes,
The Thief fall on the dead like the willy nilly dew,

Only for the turning of the earth in her holy
Heart! Slyly, slowly, hearing the wound in her side go
Round the sun, he comes to my love like the designed snow,
And truly he
Flows to the strand of flowers like the dew's ruly sea,
And surely he sails like the ship shape clouds. Oh he

Comes designed to my love to steal not her tide raking
Wound, nor her riding high, nor her eyes, nor kindled hair,
But her faith that each vast night and the saga of prayer
He comes to take
Her faith that this last night for his unsacred sake
He comes to leave her in the lawless sun awaking

Naked and forsaken to grieve he will not come.
Ever and ever by all your vows believe and fear
My dear this night he comes and night without end my dear
Since you were born:
And you shall wake, from country sleep, this dawn and each first dawn,
Your faith as deathless as the outcry of the ruled sun.

Over Sir John's Hill

Over Sir John's hill,
 The hawk on fire hangs still;
 In a hoisted cloud, at drop of dusk, he pulls to his claws
 And gallows, up the rays of his eyes the small birds of the bay
 And the shrill child's play
 Wars
 Of the sparrows and such who swansing, dusk, in wrangling hedges.
 And blithely they squawk
 To fiery tyburn over the wrestle of elms until
 The flash the noosed hawk
 Crashes, and slowly the fishing holy stalking heron
 In the river Towy below bows his tilted headstone.

Flash, and the plumes crack,
 And a black cap of jack-
 Daws Sir John's just hill dons, and again the gulled birds hare
 To the hawk on fire, the halter height, over Towy's fins,
 In a whack of wind.

There
 Where the elegiac fisherbird stabs and paddles
 In the pebbly dab-filled
 Shallow and sedge, and 'dilly dilly,' calls the loft hawk,
 'Come and be killed,'
 I open the leaves of the water at a passage
 Of psalms and shadows among the pincer'd sandcrabs prancing
 And read, in a shell
 Death clear as a bouy's bell:
 All praise of the hawk on fire in hawk-eyed dusk be sung,
 When his viperish fuse hangs looped with flames under the brand
 Wing, and blest shall

Young
 Green chickens of the bay and bushes cluck, 'dilly dilly,
 Come let us die.'
 We grieve as the blithe birds, never again, leave shingle and elm,
 The heron and I,
 I young Aesop fabling to the near night by the dingle
 Of eels, saint heron hymning in the shell-hung distant

Crystal harbour vale
 Where the sea cobbles sail,
 And wharves of water where the walls dance and the white cranes stilt.
 It is the heron and I, under judging Sir John's elmed
 Hill, tell-tale the knelled
 Guilt
 Of the led-astray birds whom God, for their breast of whistles,
 Have Mercy on,
 God in his whirlwind silence save, who marks the sparrows hail,

For their souls' song.
Now the heron grieves in the weeded verge. Through windows
Of dusk and water I see the tilting whispering

Heron, mirrored, go,
As the snapt feathers snow,
Fishing in the tear of the Towy. Only a hoot owl
Hollows, a grassblade blown in cupped hands, in the looted elms
And no green cocks or hens

Shout

Now on Sir John's hill. The heron, ankling the scaly
Lowlands of the waves,
Makes all the music; and I who hear the tune of the slow,
Wear-willow river, grave,
Before the lunge of the night, the notes on this time-shaken
Stone for the sake of the souls of the slain birds sailing.

Poem On His Birthday

In the mustardseed sun,
 By full tilt river and switchback sea
 Where the cormorants scud,
 In his house on stilts high among beaks
 And palavers of birds
 This sandgrain day in the bent bay's grave
 He celebrates and spurns
 His driftwood thirty-fifth wind turned age;
 Herons spire and spear.

Under and round him go
 Flounders, gulls, on their cold, dying trails,
 Doing what they are told,
 Curlews aloud in the congered waves
 Work at their ways to death,
 And the rhymer in the long tongued room,
 Who tolls his birthday bell,
 Toils towards the ambush of his wounds;
 Herons, steeple stemmed, bless.

In the thistledown fall,
 He sings towards anguish; finches fly
 In the claw tracks of hawks
 On a seizing sky; small fishes glide
 Through wynds and shells of drowned
 Ship towns to pastures of otters. He
 In his slant, racking house
 And the hewn coils of his trade perceives
 Herons walk in their shroud,

The livelong river's robe
 Of minnows wreathing around their prayer;
 And far at sea he knows,
 Who slaves to his crouched, eternal end
 Under a serpent cloud,
 Dolphins dive in their turnturtle dust,
 The rippled seals streak down
 To kill and their own tide daubing blood
 Slides good in the sleek mouth.

In a cavernous, swung
 Wave's silence, wept white angelus knells.
 Thirty-five bells sing struck
 On skull and scar where his loves lie wrecked,
 Steered by the falling stars.
 And to-morrow weeps in a blind cage
 Terror will rage apart
 Before chains break to a hammer flame
 And love unbolts the dark

And freely he goes lost
 In the unknown, famous light of great
 And fabulous, dear God.
 Dark is a way and light is a place,
 Heaven that never was
 Nor will be ever is always true,
 And, in that brambled void,
 Plenty as blackberries in the woods
 The dead grow for His joy.

There he might wander bare
 With the spirits of the horseshoe bay
 Or the stars' seashore dead,
 Marrow of eagles, the roots of whales
 And wishbones of wild geese,
 With blessed, unborn God and His Ghost,
 And every soul His priest,
 Gulled and chanter in young Heaven's fold
 Be at cloud quaking peace,

But dark is a long way.
 He, on the earth of the night, alone
 With all the living, prays,
 Who knows the rocketing wind will blow
 The bones out of the hills,
 And the scythed boulders bleed, and the last
 Rage shattered waters kick
 Masts and fishes to the still quick stars,
 Faithlessly unto Him

Who is the light of old
 And air shaped Heaven where souls grow wild
 As horses in the foam:
 Oh, let me midlife mourn by the shrined
 And druid herons' vows
 The voyage to ruin I must run,
 Dawn ships clouted aground,
 Yet, though I cry with tumbledown tongue,
 Count my blessings aloud:

Four elements and five
 Senses, and man a spirit in love
 Tangling through this spun slime
 To his nimbus bell cool kingdom come
 And the lost, moonshine domes,
 And the sea that hides his secret selves
 Deep in its black, base bones,
 Lulling of spheres in the seashell flesh,
 And this last blessing most,

That the closer I move
 To death, one man through his sundered hulks,
 The louder the sun blooms

And the tusked, ramshackling sea exults;
And every wave of the way
And gale I tackle, the whole world then,
With more triumphant faith
Than ever was since the world was said,
Spins its morning of praise,

I hear the bouncing hills
Grow larked and greener at berry brown
Fall and the dew larks sing
Taller this thunderclap spring, and how
More spanned with angles ride
The mansouled fiery islands! Oh,
Holier than their eyes,
And my shining men no more alone
As I sail out to die.

Lament

When I was a windy boy and a bit
 And the black spit of the chapel fold,
 (Sighed the old ram rod, dying of women),
 I tiptoed shy in the gooseberry wood,
 The rude owl cried like a telltale tit,
 I skipped in a blush as the big girls rolled
 Ninepin down on donkey's common,
 And on seesaw sunday nights I wooed
 Whoever I would with my wicked eyes,
 The whole of the moon I could love and leave
 All the green leaved little weddings' wives
 In the coal black bush and let them grieve.

When I was a gusty man and a half
 And the black beast of the beetles' pews,
 (Sighed the old ram rod, dying of bitches),
 Not a boy and a bit in the wick-
 Dipping moon and drunk as a new dropped calf,
 I whistled all night in the twisted flues,
 Midwives grew in the midnight ditches,
 And the sizzling beds of the town cried, Quick!--
 Whenever I dove in a breast high shoal,
 Wherever I ramped in the clover quilts,
 Whatsoever I did in the coal-
 Black night, I left my quivering prints.

When I was a man you could call a man
 And the black cross of the holy house,
 (Sighed the old ram rod, dying of welcome),
 Brandy and ripe in my bright, bass prime,
 No springtailed tom in the red hot town
 With every simmering woman his mouse
 But a hillocky bull in the swelter
 Of summer come in his great good time
 To the sultry, biding herds, I said,
 Oh, time enough when the blood creeps cold,
 And I lie down but to sleep in bed,
 For my sulking, skulking, coal black soul!

When I was half the man I was
 And serve me right as the preachers warn,
 (Sighed the old ram rod, dying of downfall),
 No flailing calf or cat in a flame
 Or hickory bull in milky grass
 But a black sheep with a crumpled horn,
 At last the soul from its foul mousehole
 Slunk pouting out when the limp time came;
 And I gave my soul a blind, slashed eye,

Gristle and rind, and a roarers' life,
And I shoved it into the coal black sky
To find a woman's soul for a wife.

Now I am a man no more no more
And a black reward for a roaring life,
(Sighed the old ram rod, dying of strangers),
Tidy and cursed in my dove cooed room
I lie down thin and hear the good bells jaw--
For, oh, my soul found a sunday wife
In the coal black sky and she bore angels!
Harpies around me out of her womb!
Chastity prays for me, piety sings,
Innocence sweetens my last black breath,
Modesty hides my thighs in her wings,
And all the deadly virtues plague my death!

In The White Giant's Thigh

Through throats where many rivers meet, the curlews cry,
Under the conceiving moon, on the high chalk hill,
And there this night I walk in the white giant's thigh
Where barren as boulders women lie longing still

To labour and love though they lay down long ago.

Through throats where many many rivers meet, the women pray,
Pleading in the waded bay for the seed to flow
Though the names on their weed grown stones are rained away,

And alone in the night's eternal, curving act
They yearn with tongues of curlews for the unconceived
And immemorial sons of the cudgelling, hacked

Hill. Who once in gooseskin winter loved all ice leaved
In the courters' lanes, or twined in the ox roasting sun
In the wains tonned so high that the wisps of the hay
Clung to the pitching clouds, or gay with any one
Young as they in the after milking moonlight lay

Under the lighted shapes of faith and their moonshade
Petticoats galed high, or shy with the rough riding boys,
Now clasp me to their grains in the gigantic glade,

Who once, green countries since, were a hedgerow of joys.

Time by, their dust was flesh the swineherd rooted sly,
Flared in the reek of the wiving sty with the rush
Light of his thighs, spreadeagle to the dunghill sky,
Or with their orchard man in the core of the sun's bush
Rough as cows' tongues and thrashed with brambles their buttermilk
Manes, under the quenchless summer barbed gold to the bone,

Or rippling soft in the spinney moon as the silk
And ducked and draked white lake that harps to a hail stone.

Who once were a bloom of wayside brides in the hawed house
And heard the lewd, wooed field flow to the coming frost,
The scurrying, furred small friars squeal, in the dowse
Of day, in the thistle aisles, till the white owl crossed

Their breast, the vaulting does roister, the horned bucks climb
Quick in the wood at love, where a torch of foxes foams,
All birds and beasts of the linked night uproar and chime

And the mole snout blunt under his pilgrimage of domes,
Or, butter fat goosegirls, bounced in a gambo bed,
Their breasts full of honey, under their gander king
Trounced by his wings in the hissing shippen, long dead
And gone that barley dark where their clogs danced in the spring,
And their firefly hairpins flew, and the ricks ran round--

(But nothing bore, no mouthing babe to the veined hives
Hugged, and barren and bare on Mother Goose's ground
They with the simple Jacks were a boulder of wives)--

Now curlew cry me down to kiss the mouths of their dust.

The dust of their kettles and clocks swings to and fro
Where the hay rides now or the bracken kitchens rust
As the arc of the billhooks that flashed the hedges low
And cut the birds' boughs that the minstrel sap ran red.
They from houses where the harvest kneels, hold me hard,
Who heard the tall bell sail down the Sundays of the dead
And the rain wring out its tongues on the faded yard,
Teach me the love that is evergreen after the fall leaved
Grave, after Belovéd on the grass gulfed cross is scrubbed
Off by the sun and Daughters no longer grieved
Save by their long desires in the fox cubbed
Streets or hungering in the crumbled wood: to these
Hale dead and deathless do the women of the hill
Love for ever meridian through the courters' trees

And the daughters of darkness flame like Fawkes fires still.

THE END

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