

Love is today. and the promise of tomorrow
rides on its ~~unful~~ wings unfurled, a prophet
of what has been, remembering what is to be.
Its cry is the One that is Light
and in the nocturne's shadow comes to be.
The secretive electrom heads
the fall and rise of its two-cadenced-pulse
staccato-glancing..dancing to th~~e~~eternal calculus
of Lady Possibility.

What is possible requires no cause
The universe is possible
No cause requires the universe.
Possibility therefore is necessity, ie is.

The rats are real, real my friend in the ghetto
They threaten and destroy
They succeed where men fail
They will learn from us
And evolve into our masters.
They lurk in darkness, for their ~~eyes~~
Have not yet learned to receive the light
That will speed their manseeking
And etch into their consciousness
The terrible anagram of inter^{NICENE}~~stine~~ imagination.

The restless kaleidoscope concreces
the children of lady possibility
they are many and contemporaries
yet the lady is one, and their being
is the lady's motherhood

Pray, respite from these all-devouring thoughts

And from their grim negation of all good.

Respite and the sweetness of forgetting

And peace that is the eclipse of reflection.

Let the mind's ear list to less dismal echoes

And search the evening air for sounds of peace

Within the waterfall, within the lark's sweet chant

Yet let its eye search out a merrier spectrum

Within the region of a wooded dale or in the stars

Away from this earth-bosom of despair.

Watermelon strawberries beauly marked in black
Saced with trim viridean veins
Stalking their way to blue yellow pink skins
Satyring in crystal diadems and diwy drops

yes I have received your
love gift.

~~and warmed ~~to~~ me~~

Its white heat did penetrate me
flawlessly.

~~and touched the prism of my soul~~

I spilled a million
~~shuddered myriad~~ rainbow-blessings
of delight on the earth.

I am not beautiful, you write;
but I have love.

Your flawless soul is pleased

~~thus ~~in~~ abscond itself to vulgar ~~eyes~~ sight;~~
~~behind ~~the~~ scarred ~~and~~ clay.~~

~~love laboured ~~luckily~~~~

to see the superficial eye,
behind scarred clay.

What luck that day in Florence,
(Or if some Drity Bannvolant, so much the better!)
Tanged me to search the deep serenity
of your of love indwelling eyes.

YES, BRIGHT EYES ~~THE~~ GOLD FIECK^S SPARKING
FROM DEPTHS OF LUMINOUS BROWN
I SEE LIKE CORAL SCULPTURES ~~SWAYING~~^{EDUCHING}
IN ~~DEEP~~^{CLEAR} WARM AZURE WATERS
THE SHAPES

The amercement made of long ago
has spread their green over
subtle unbroken again wonder of the sky
all year overland

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The Poet when his pen he doth take up
To tap the wondrous visions of his brain,
And cause them, now transformed to parade
Upon the glistening Marching ground of parchment
Doth something wonderful.

Out through the channel of his pen come forth
Wild gushing rivers and the tranquil valleys,
New worlds and unexplored dimensions.

Out comes a Hector, an Andromache,
A Dido, an Aeneas and a Romulus.

Out of the hero-fertile womb of his great pen
The poet doth bring forth such Towering Men
As out of woman's ever are erupted.

Hail to thee, thou Poet, hail to thee,

That from the task of vulgar ancient jester
Hast to Olympus Mount boldly ascended,
And, Jupiter O'erthrown, thou sittest enthroned Creator.

OCTOBER 25

Winter comes

And wreaks upon the trees

With airy, rake-like fingers

The malice of a thousand deflorations.

In the sky

Apollo cruelly laughs;

His impotence on Daphne now revenged.

NOVEMBER
(~~SEPTEMBER~~) 65

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L'infinito (Translation of a poem of the
same title by Giacomo Leopardi)

T'was always dear to me this lonely hill,
And yonder hedge that for the greatest part
The gaze excludes from uttermost horizons.
But sitting here and gazing out, unending
Spaces on all sides and superhuman silences,
And the profoundest quietude.

I conjure in my thought; where but for little
The heart is not affrighted: and as I hear
The wind whispering through the trees, I,
That infinite silence to this voice
Wonderingly compare. Then comes upon me
The Eternal and the lifeless seasons and the present one,
Alive, and its music. In this immensity
My burdened thought is drowned;
And shipwreck is delight in such a sea.

Mother + Child

Of late it had that dear form come to love
That daily o'er it bent with blessed warmth,
Angelic visitation from the vacillating world
That from his cradle bed he could espy.
The wide black strands of hair that did enshrine
The loving face by fingers first explored;
Her red and supple lips he loved to part
With pink-fleshed fingers to delight
In the flashing of her white and even teeth;
Her (smiling) caring eyes that smilingly assured him
Of safety and protection and well-being.
How sweet, when, hugged against her breast,
The warmth in which he sucked the milk of life
From her most intimate being.
What sweet and sure abandon when his hand
Lid from betwixt her locks precipitate
Upon her breast, a rose on snow,
As in an ecstasy of warmth and love
The eyelids shadow o'er the shining eyes.

nov. '65

Forever in the darkness.

Forever stubbing our toes at night
On things we can't see in the light.
In the light we can see they're not there,
But at night they come back
To stub our toes.

Nov. 16, 1965

We are the men in black
Muttering our to be's
In dark penumbral Elsinores.

With spilling elixirs
From tumblers raised high
We toast the quickening Flame
Around which course
Th' arterial avenues of Life.

We are the men in black
Muttering our to be's
In dark penumbral Elsinores.

NOV. 18, 1965

By Cynthia's muffled glow I could discern,
That quiet humid melancholy night,
A mass of pinkness there upon the road
That seemed with stubby limbs to be at play.
A child, perhaps two years or three,
With silver plaited curls that sparkled gold,
With creamy pink and healthy fingers
Exploring the gray brownness of the dust.
Whence risen, whence derived? a mystery!
Could nature by some mishap most unique
From fish or hairy ape have fashioned him?

NOVEMBER 65

Like the lowly worm
Humanity crawls in its path of progress.
Extending first the exploring hand
Of its feet and men of vision,
We thank Thee God for things we haven't got
Which having had, Thy grace we would have not.
And for those things which Thou did'st deign to give
That, poor in heart, we should not poorly live.

Thanksgiving, 1965

Like the lowly worm

Humanity crawls in its path of progress.

Extending first the exploring head

Of its poets and men of vision,

And then pulling up the rest of itself

In slow belabored contractions.

From this grudging taskmaster,
Study, let us take flight my Soul!
And with unconfined and liquid spirit
Let us gambol in the star lit paths of heaven.
Soar mind! aloft into the infinite starry canopy.
From that blessed careless height
Let laughter at our unrelenting duties
Resound in heaven's high vault.
But let it be, I pray,
A laughter more of pity than despair,
More of abandon than of pity,
More of exultance than abandon.
In the inky reaches thee I fain would take
Where sparkle silver like with rainbow wreaths
And silent flames the stars.
Amidst this cosmic splendor I would have thee shout
"Man, why dost thou fret in futile misery."

DECEMBER 1965

What wondrous night is this,
Fraught with the miracles
Of a thousand angelic visitations.

The Angelic Host moves o'er the world
And in its wake are wrought
Miracles of gentleness and balmy peace.
As to the Sacred Cave they make their way
Their airy forms in crystal flashes
Spark across the jet black firmament
And from the far-flung points of the ethereal hemispheres
Converge with wondrous focused light
Upon the lowly cave,
Where lies in helplessness their Lord.

DECEMBER, 1955

Come most wished night
And in the ebonied convolutions of thy mantle
Engulf my wearied spirit.
In its warmth and lonely darkness
I will nestle and will brood in freedom,
Till my shivering laughter make its way
With wondrous hollowness
And fill its empty arctic folds.

DECEMBER, 1965

JANUARY, 1966

I dreamt that through a honeyed wood I walked
Alone. I had no brain and in its place a heart.
O what delight I felt and O what joy,
As through the shady, sheltered path I walked,
And felt inside my head a blessed emptiness
Of urgent tasks and age inciting care.
The tall and stately columns of the trees
Rose on my right and left in verdant majesty;
And yet there were not lacking other hues,
For here with Autumn Spring held no contention
And where a leaf fell flaming red
A tender shoot of green appeared.
On along I walked that blessed path
And saw that all that God had made was good.

JANUARY, 1966