

The Letter

on se remarque toujours, un projet d'amour, ou un projet de l'âme? [1979]

devoid of ideal
cruel hedon and rude matter
replace and rule
where once humans dwelt

nature banished from their world
god they mock childish
new realm unfurled
ascent of man
and so fall further
farther from grace

I

dear lilith
how have you been?
sun grass sky sea
how i long for the old desire
to find joy in these

the angel of evening unseen by humankind
yet ministers to individual men and women
as they sit in parks and tryst
the sadnesses of a thousand generations of bereaving

as we lay together you and i
watching the breeze through broken window panes
making love
feeding cats drinking tea
disputing matters of philosophie
in the park beneath the stars
in the grass by the river
in the moonlight among the reeds
in the calling of the water hens
each to each

an old man in an iron coffin passes by
floating in the river meads
singing to his memory of ancient half-begotten sons

II

as the sunset spreads across the sky
i in darkness below perceive the spirits of the blessed realm
so radiant that one can't be sure whether they are clad in sumptuous robes
or in each others nakedness
there all are married
each to all

the cathedral bells ring out calling us to worship
but instead we stimulate our selves
put them on the mantelpiece

"*Postscript in autumn many years later...*" [1999]

III

after a sleep the mind returns
long pointless autumns ebbing from drab summers grey
yet the dreamer recalls clearly in real life one with pointed footnote

warm breeze dappled through broken sunlit panes
dark hole in the ceiling
wake in fright to find your face above
wonder if it is right
turn on the light
now it's OK to laugh

sung hauntingly by vacuum left in nature
meaning finally met in absence

IV

now on the subject of herself
a note to stave off heresy

transcendental self
it is not that it does not matter which,
personal not human, angelic not angel,
ardent not male, most loving not female,
you love gender so much
you divide it into your essences
why not?

a world without gender, tree or leaf?
yet in ancient poems
Spirit's ever sung a goddess
you told me not to drink alone
your father died like that

have you ever seen the moon divide beneath the trees
in the day of solar night?

*In homage to Eliot & Blake, 1979 & 1999, with polish applied,
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