

EMMANUEL GEORGE CEFAI

THE CANTOS II

Malta 2014

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Emmanuel George Cefai is a Maltese poet, scientist and philosopher. He was born at Victoria, Gozo in 1955 studied Laws at the University of Malta graduating Doctor of Laws in 1977. Cefai studied science and philosophy largely on a personal basis.



The poems of Cefai are regularly published in reputable sites, particularly *Poemhunter.Com* and frequently acclaimed by connoisseurs. Cefai began writing philosophy in about 1977 at the early age of 22 composing around those times his only philosophical work published to date, a work named *The Spirit of Metaphysics*. In this short but seminal-intentioned work Cefai embarked on a new philosophy and science and the resultant reform in the methodologies, history and discoveries of civilization very much in the same way as Bacon had done centuries before. In this work Cefai also brought together Philosophy and Science, put forth revolutionary reforms like the elimination of the gap between actual and potential, theory and fact, hypotheses and science. Not only that but Cefai in a part of this work for perhaps the first time in history described the arising of life processes from non-living processes. Cefai went on to write scientific papers bearing revolutionary and landmark proposals like the elimination and engineering of Death and disease and the establishment of Immortality. In fact Cefai has written about a hundred of these scientific papers and these appeared in the learned site of *Academia.edu* and also in the site of Cefai himself at *Weebly.Com*. These papers are apart from papers in the two scientific e-books *Fifty Scientific Papers* and *Sixty Scientific Papers*. In the note to this work Cefai declares that he has still as yet in draft form unpublished works in drama, epic and longer poetry, sociology, economics, politics, philosophy of law, philosophy of logic, philosophy of metaphysics, philosophy of aesthetics, ethics and other branches of philosophy and of civilization including more revolutionary and landmark scientific proposals.

NOTE TO THE READER

Besides this work I have put forth other works but which I still have in draft form and wish to put forth other works in almost all branches of civilization including in drama, epic and longer poetry, sociology, economics, mathematics, politics, philosophy of law, philosophy of logic, philosophy of metaphysics, philosophy of aesthetics, philosophy of education, philosophy of history, philosophy of religion, ethics and other branches of philosophy and of civilization including more revolutionary and landmark scientific proposals. In a particular draft scientific work I overturned the laws of Newton, put forth an ever-expanding universe eliminating the Big-Bang Theory in the process and explaining the origin of things as per my draft work *On the Ultimate Origination of Things*. In another work I explained step by step and through precise scientific methodologies the origin of living processes and also how these processes can be originated. Much of my life has been devoted to the reforming and furthering of our present civilization; the civilization of this, our planet, that I love so much.

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CANTO 1

Through my weary way
I shunned the remaining lights of day
The dusk was climbing up the hill
Where twilight and the azure dark
Veils
Of the Night were kissing passionate :
Through my weary way :
The fields stretched and they will
Stretch for centuries :
A star was rising new
A star was being born new
Across the skies flew
The shrieking bat of black :
Across the skies fled
The last remaining flocks of birds
The trees
To which they fled already
Were peopled with their kin :
And the humming in the night
Was austere, taut and thin ;
And the electric poles hummed
And their wires hummed
And below
The ponds became lakes
Lakes of wonder they become
And increased their wonders
In the moon light that shone
Though
There were no rains of beauty
Though no snow graced
The naked breasts of raw rocks
Of the blue mountains :
Though
There roared not thunder :
Though
The threats of Jove on Earth
Threatened not to split asunder :
The trembling Earth
Like mother in parturition
Giving birth
To the night's sundry delights
In those strange hours and lights.
Strange rang the chapel bells
Of the abandoned chapel
And no human hand pulled

18-IX-2011

8.49 P.M.

CANTO 2

In the thread mill of life
I labored and labored :
Yet I sang and versified
Determination makes time
And time makes Ages
And in Age you produce

*

Slow the music
Make the music low
Low
Low
Low
The night is on
And the Inner Soul
Knocks at my door

*

I know that I must open to the Inner Soul :
The moon dictates so
So say the burning stars
And then a Voice from heavens
Above
Ordains :
'Let in the Inner Soul;
It is at the door;
Let it not wait.'

*

Not every year
You will do sixty cantos
Or more :
Who will tell me
What in the next twelve months
How many cantos will be done?
I say :
What be done is done

*

Leave the rest to the Muse.
Over the months
Week in week out
You will produce a canto
Here and there
Hear the music of the Muse
Ring

In your ears though
The computer loudspeakers
Be silent

*

You will write a love—letter now
See where the epic has evolved :
Far from the sieges war and deeds
Of bravery, sanguine, bloody :
Yes
The epic in my verse
Has now arrived at this

*

Yet let the future epic lines advance
Experiment upon experiment
Will lead of Evolution
A whole broth; a whole dance.

*

18-IX-2011

10.51 P.M.

CANTO 3

*

River of flowers; broth of bones
That from the pebbled
Shore of Drear were washed
Into the Sea
Be fast to demonstrate
Be fast to manifest
Without Immortality where
All of us finish :
Therefore our duty be
To look together
To work together for Immortality

*

In the Shore of the Night Watch
The Night Watch by the castle
Watched :
And it was the Renaissance
Ah! how the eyes burn red
Those times!
By the Shore of the Night Watch
So many nights
So many nights

*

By the Shore of the Night Watch
Let me pace and think
Grey Philosophy will visit me
That be
An appropriate place :
Behind the prehistoric walls
Of rock of geological periods
Lie fact upon fact
Principle upon Principle to
Discover :
Then,
Once discovered like a rosary
Of flowers join together.

*

By the rivers that flow
Only on rare nights
By the rivers that show
Themselves

Only to Poet-Seers :
Let me weep, my Muse.

*

18-IX-2011

11.03 P.M.

CANTO 4

Floating on waters, the towers reflected
The reddening leaves towards
Become sere-yellow defected
From the beauty that was
From the beauty of summer
From the beauty of ease
And less suffering :
Aye! That beauty was merited :
For in Winter suffering
Was more than the rest
And in summer to balance
Much less than the rest :
Yet
Beauty shone still
In the suffering transposed
From the winter.
The Chorus of Fever now sang :
But the song was not merry
Nor was the song sad
But it was as a parting song
For when leaves become yellow and sere
Do they no part and
Befitting
To sing the parting song?
The teeth become sere too :
Live leaves they fall, slower :
And demonstrate.
And demonstrate.

*

Chorus of Song is the Chorus
Of Fever
There was a Soul that escaped
There is a Soul that in the streets
At night
Helter-skelter walks
Helter-skelter trudges :
Street to street, alley to alley,
They told me that to speak
To the Lost Soul that escaped
Would heal the All,
Would unfold
The discoveries one by one,
Though no Dawn came,
No, no, Dawn withheld
And the Night continued
Till enough discoveries be made :
But ah! ever-increasing are discoveries

And ever-increasing the Length of the Night
And ever-increasing the keeping of the Dawn
At arm's length.

*

*

I closed my eyes
But the Soul that escaped came not
But the Soul of the streets came not
Though
I was in the streets
And it was night, deep night.

*

19-IX-2011

11.07 P.M.

CANTO 5

*

Theater abandoned, theater that weeps
At night :
The constellations look surprised :
The times and Ages haggard
Stop
For a while
For a while

*

For there was the Lost Soul
that was roaming the streets
in the silence of the night under
the watchful eye of the constellations and
the Lost Soul was murmuring and the Lost Soul
was whispering and it said :
“ O I will not go near the giant stones of
the old theatre that fell; too much, too many pains
befell me the last time I passed and
heard the stones cry; for to me I could hear them
cry and saw a tear of blood
trickle from one of the columns.
I am a Lost Soul now and so
will remain till the theater remain as it be
depleted and dilapidated in the years and
in the months,
in the seasons and
in the weathers,
in the ruddy sun and in the storm,
I will whisper, I said, I will whisper, with
the wailing stones to show them that I mourn with
them, that I dress the funereal dress
of sorrow. How many humans are shedding
that dress and yet they smile from behind the Mask.
I do not so.
I was not made so.
Nor will I be.
For me the Lost Soul shines amidst the
gloom the light of sincerity. Though raw and rough
and rude the shining light of the sincere
shines above all. And even if it were
dim I would still choose the sincere.
Prose speaks as verse and song speak and
I speak in both as in one common language. For
that is the language of the heart, where
words are begot in the ecstasy of the Aesthete, the

One for All, and the All for One. And
in this sad dreariness the beauty of verse is
mellow and terse, yet as beautiful. And
in its eyes beauty shines resplendent with
the light of sincerity added thereto.
But I see that I walk and I talk,
no Voice hears,
the Heavens silent remain, and the stars are not moved, and
the moon shines with usual weak pale of indifference
this night. Thus let me end.
I speak not more but mourn inside,
the best way to mourn.' So ended
the Lost Soul and in the Night the
Heavens rumbled slow and inaudible.

*

19-IX-2011

11.51 P.M.

For there was the Lost Soul that was roaming the streets in the silence of the night under the watchful eye of the constellations and the Lost Soul was murmuring and the Lost Soul was whispering and it said : “ O I will not go near the giant stones of the old theatre that fell; too much, too many pains befell me the last time I passed and heard the stones cry; for to me I could hear them cry and say a tear of blood trickle from one of the columns. I am a Lost Soul now and so will remain till the theater remain as it depleted and dilapidated in the years and in the months, in the seasons and in the weathers, in the ruddy sun and in the storm, I will whisper, I said, I will whisper, with the wailing stones to show them that I mourn with them, that I dress the funereal dress of sorrow. How many humans are shedding that dress and yet they smile from behind the Mask. I do not so. I was not made so. Nor will I be. For me the Lost Soul shines amidst the gloom the light of sincerity. Though raw and rough and rude the shining light of the sincere shines above all. And even if it were dim I would still choose the sincere. Prose speaks as verse and song speak and I speak in both as in one common language. For that is the language of the heart, where words are begot in the ecstasy of the Aesthete, the One for All, and the All for One. And in this sad dreariness the beauty of verse is mellow and terse, yet as beautiful. And in its eyes beauty shines resplendent with the light of sincerity added thereto. But I see that I walk and I talk, no Voice hears, the Heavens silent remain, and the stars are not moved, and the moon shines with usual weak pale of indifference this night. Thus let me end. I speak not more but mourn inside, the best way to mourn.’ So ended the Lost Soul and in the Night the Heavens rumbled slow and inaudible.

1

The flower that closes [at Dusk] then opens again [in Dawn] then closes again [next Dusk, next day] does so with Time and the totality of these openings and closings is the constituent of the Ages; and the Ages are the filter of the living processes. Moreover this manifests the propensity of the life processes to cyclicity.

Beautiful is the flower and its petals show a tender and delicate beauty; but when the first touches of the Dusk touches with their chill fingers the borders and edges of the flower, the flower bends and moves in as direct proportion to the touches of the chill fingers on the borders and edges; and from the borders and edges of the flower the chill then spread inward like a disease and spreading inward numbs the flower in as direct proportion to the rate of its spreading and vice-versa.

The flower struggles against the frost and the chill but in the end loses the battle and losing bends its head weeping and it also bends its head to hide its tears. Then the night comes and watches over the flower closed and bent to protect itself, and the night pities the flower by ordering the night stars to direct their rays over the flower so that the flower on being hit by the rays of the burning stars feels less chill and cold. So too does the moon; it too sends its rays like legions of soldiers to lessen the sadness of the flower with their tender light. Hour after hour of the night passes and the Dawn battles with the Night. The Night with cunning intelligence counts the hours that have passed and on counting the number of hours voluntarily makes way for the Dawn. Then the dark is banished like a black curtain drawn and instead below shine the first lights of the Dawn and these too fall on the flower that on its being touched

by them and the flower is touched first on its edges and borders that yawn and wake and smile and then further inside the flower walks and makes joy with the Dawn and the blood leaps in joy at the light of the Dawn. The next day the same happens the flower first bends and falls, then rises with the Dawn and thus then closes again [next Dusk, next day] does so with Time and the totality of these openings and closings is the constituent of the Ages; and the Ages are the filter of the living processes. Moreover this manifests the propensity of the life processes to cyclicity.

2

The Poet Seer thinks of visiting secretly a bacchanalian feast in which he is abetted by a diary he knows because of his power as a Poet Seer. He calls on the fairy with the aid of the Muse and the fairy appears to the Poet Seer and that very night takes him to the bacchanalian feast

The Poet Seer thinks of the music and sounds of the Renaissance but as he is doing so he wills to go back further and further in time to ancient Grecian times and even as in to the days of Rome. He remembers that due to his powers as a Poet Seer, the Muse favored him by granting him the power to speak to a friendly fairy and the Poet Seer looks upwards and prays to the Muse and the fairy suddenly appears before him. The fairy asks him what he is in need of, and Poet Seer tells her to guide him to a bacchanalian feast of old. The fairy smiles and the Poet Seer sees that his wish is granted; in fact the fairy takes him over the green lighted by the moon into a wood where sounds of merriment are coming from amongst a certain coppice of trees.

Then the Poet Seer and the fairy move slowly behind the leaves and bushes; they scarcely touch the leaves and the bushes so that they are not seen by the bacchanalian revelers nor disturb these revelers during their feast.

They see men half dressed and dressed on in wreaths of green dancing in two or three spots where the moon is throwing its rays like a search light. The fairy tells the Poet Seer : 'Look! See the moon is the accomplice of the bacchanalians! So pleased it be with their feasting and with their music; so entranced it is with hearing their music and seeing them dance.' With them too dance fauns but these at times fall and reclining sip wines from cool pitchers; even the bacchanalians dance but these carry small pitchers in their hands and sip and drink from these small pitchers during the dance.

The nymphs dance in transparent dresses; but their dresses are cleverly designed to be modest; and the nymphs dance short dances although the satyrs, fauns and the bacchanalians themselves cheer them on continually.

But suddenly a satyr comes running and tells them that he has seen the dark mantle of the heavens being pierced by an immense and ever-growing number of light dots; and realizing that the Dawn was coming, the whole gathering suddenly evaporate into the airs and disappear replaced by a white mist like the mists of the early Dawn.

3

The Poet Seer thinks of visiting a magic beach where the cave of Circe once was. The Poet Seer reflects – as he walks on the sand now, then on the pebbles - on the ups and

downs that characterize human life; that however not all have the same up and downs but then these will come upon times when they are not favored by the Heavens.

The Poet Seer often feels sad because of the efforts made in making verse and song. For verse and song are born of suffering; and the more suffering the better the propensity to better and better verse and song.

Therefore the Poet Seer turns to the Muse for solace at certain intervals; and the Muse appeared to the Poet Seer and like the genii asked the Poet Seer to tell her his wish. The Poet Seer does so and he asks the Muse to take him to the beach where the cave of Circe once was.

Accordingly the Poet Seer rode on a cloud that appeared in his own room where he wrote his verse and song and this cloud carried the Poet Seer towards the beach where the cave of Circe once was.

The Poet Seer started to forget his sadness amidst the sands and pebbles as he felt them cool and welcome under his feet; he also felt his heart leap with joy at the wonder of the immense waves coming on the beach like thunder.

The Poet Seer thought about human life and how this from the very moment of birth is characterized by up and downs : the Muse walking beside the Poet Seer told him that this is necessary because otherwise life would not bear the cyclicity of the life processes on it.

The Poet Seer remarked to the Muse how and why it was that some persons have less ups and downs than other persons; and that this was not fair since that all persons must be equal

The Muse then replied that these persons who have less ups and downs but then these will come upon times when they are not favored by the Heavens. For so is required by Justice. And Justice is Equality. And Equality wins. And Justice wins.

1

The flower that closes [at Dusk] then opens again [in Dawn] then closes again [next Dusk, next day] does so with Time and the totality of these openings and closings is the constituent of the Ages; and the Ages are the filter of the living processes. Moreover this manifests the propensity of the life processes to cyclicity.

CANTO 6

Beautiful is the flower and its
 petals show a tender and
 delicate beauty; but when the
 first touches of the Dusk touch with
 their chill fingers the borders and edges of the
 flower,
 the flower bends and moves in as
 direct proportion to the touches of the chill
 fingers on the borders and edges; and
 from the borders and edges of the flower the
 chill then spread inward like a
 disease and spreading inward numbs the
 flower in as direct proportion to the
 rate of its spreading and vice-versa.
 The flower struggles against the
 frost and the chill but in the end loses the
 battle and losing bends
 its head weeping and it
 also bends its head to hide its tears.
 Then the night comes and watches over
 the flower closed and bent to
 protect itself, and the night pities the
 flower by ordering the night stars to
 direct their rays over the flower so that
 the flower on being hit by the rays of
 the burning stars feels less chill
 and cold.
 So too does the moon; it
 too sends its rays like legions of
 soldiers to lessen the sadness of the
 flower with their tender light.
 Hour after hour of the night passes and
 the Dawn battles with the Night. The
 Night with cunning intelligence counts
 the hours that have passed and
 on counting the number of hours
 voluntarily makes way for the Dawn.
 Then the dark is banished like
 a black curtain drawn and
 instead below shine the first lights

of the Dawn and these too fall on
the flower that on its being touched by
them and the flower is touched
first on its edges and borders that
yawn and wake and smile and then
further inside the flower walks and makes
joy with the Dawn and the blood
leaps in joy at the light of the Dawn.
The next day the same happens the
flower first bends and falls, then
rises with the Dawn and thus
then closes again [next Dusk, next day] does
so with Time and the totality of
these openings and closings is the
constituent of the Ages; and the
Ages are the filter of the living processes.
Moreover this manifests the propensity of the life processes to cyclicity.

20-IX-2011

Eve of Independence Day

7.23 P.M.

2

The Poet Seer thinks of visiting secretly a bacchanalian feast in which he is abetted by a diary he knows because of his power as a Poet Seer. He calls on the fairy with the aid of the Muse and the fairy appears to the Poet Seer and that very night takes him to the bacchanalian feast

CANTO 7

The Poet Seer thinks of the music
and sounds of the Renaissance but
as he is doing so he
wills to go back further and further
in time to ancient Grecian times and
even as in to the days of Rome.
He remembers that due to his powers
as a Poet Seer, the Muse
favored him by granting him the
power to speak to a friendly fairy and
the Poet Seer looks upwards and
prays to the Muse and
the fairy suddenly appears before him. The
fairy asks him what he is in need of, and
Poet Seer tells her to guide him to a
bacchanalian feast of old. The
fairy smiles and
the Poet Seer sees that his wish
is granted;
in fact the fairy takes him over the
green lighted by the moon into a
wood where sounds of merriment are
coming from amongst a certain coppice of trees.
Then
the Poet Seer and the fairy move
slowly behind the leaves and bushes;
they scarcely touch the leaves and
the bushes
so that they are not seen
by the bacchanalian revelers nor
disturb these revelers during their feast.
They see men half dressed and
dressed on in wreaths of green dancing
in two or three spots where the
moon is throwing its rays like a
search light.
The fairy tells the Poet Seer : 'Look!
See the moon is the accomplice of the
bacchanalians! So pleased it be with their
feasting and with their music; so
entranced it is with hearing their

music and seeing them dance.’
With them too dance fauns but
these at times fall and
reclining sip wines from cool pitchers;
even the bacchanalians dance but
these carry small pitchers in
their hands and sip and drink from
these small pitchers during the dance.
The nymphs dance in transparent dresses; but
their dresses are cleverly designed
to be modest; and
the nymphs dance short dances although
the satyrs, fauns and the bacchanalians themselves
cheer them on continually.
But
suddenly a
satyr comes running and tells them that
he has seen the dark mantle of the
heavens being pierced by an immense and
ever-growing number of light dots; and
realizing that the Dawn was coming, the
whole gathering suddenly evaporate into the
airs and disappear
replaced by a white mist
like the mists of the early Dawn.

20-IX-2011

Eve of Independence Day

7.31 P.M.

3

The Poet Seer thinks of visiting a magic beach where the cave of Circe once was. The Poet Seer reflects – as he walks on the sand now, then on the pebbles - on the ups and downs that characterize human life; that however not all have the same up and downs but then these will come upon times when they are not favored by the Heavens.

CANTO 8

The Poet Seer often feels sad because
of the efforts
made in making verse
and song. For
verse and song are
born of suffering; and
the more suffering the
better the propensity to
better and better verse and song.

Therefore the Poet Seer
turns to the Muse for solace at
certain intervals; and
the Muse appeared to the Poet Seer and
like the genii asked
the Poet Seer to tell her his wish. The
Poet Seer does so and he asks the
Muse to take him to the
beach where the cave of Circe once was.

Accordingly
the Poet Seer rode on a cloud that
appeared in his own room where
he wrote his verse and
song and
this cloud carried the Poet Seer towards
the beach where the cave of Circe
once was.

The Poet Seer started to forget
his sadness amidst the sands and
pebbles as he felt them cool and
welcome under his feet; he
also felt his heart leap with joy
at the wonder of the immense
waves coming on the beach like thunder.

The Poet Seer thought
about human life and how this
from the very moment of birth is
characterized by up and downs : the

Muse walking beside the Poet Seer told him that this is necessary because otherwise life would not bear the cyclicity of the life processes on it.

The Poet Seer remarked to the Muse how and why it was that some persons have less ups and downs than other persons; and that this was not fair since that all persons must be equal

The Muse then replied that these persons who have less ups and downs but then these will come upon times when they are not favored by the Heavens. For so is required by Justice. And Justice is Equality. And Equality wins. And Justice wins.

A

Of many things the brain rambles about even in times of adversity : the night dulls this eager search of the brain, this fervent curiosity with the potions of Morpheus and the spells of Mnemosyne.

And would that it were so, for it were otherwise the human brain and with it the human as well would suffer so much as to put forth the candle of reasoning and lead the brain into a confused madness.

It is not the task of the brain to stay in madness; it is not the task of the brain to rave; nor should stress, or rather too much stress rack the brain, but madness is the acme of all these ills put together.

To suffer to the required extent is the genesis of the ecstasy that will have propensity to lead to the flowered path of brilliant shining genius; but to exceed that limit of suffering is the madness that has been described above.

Yet the propensity of the brain to madness in the case of too much suffering is a cure that I wish for : for such the stress of my enemies racks my brain that the flood gates that keep and rein in the river of the brain would yield very soon.

Then it will not be of use to suffer that suffering that is the genesis of the aesthesis that has the propensity to genius; then the sun will weep with the stars of the night and the paling moon in seeing this ruin

And it is a ruin just like when one is passing through the country side and in the midst of the fields instead of flowers and waving green finds bare land and prickly thorns; and the leaden clouds frown above threatening with waters and pain, and the thunder rumbles away in the distant mountains and hills, very far, yet approaching with the distinctive flashes of light.

B

I wait for the drear of each day that comes now : sadness now is firmly established as my companion as the Muse is; indeed on one side sadness and on the other side of me the companion Muse.

For in verse and song there is the seed of consolation : and what better remedy for this than some consolation? Indeed so great is the storm that rages around me and so loud the thundering that not a little amount of consolation will assuage it.

I now have arrived at seeing the shores of the next month so far like that an Ocean vast and immense separates us; and the land that be the next month I see not, no, not even on the horizon.

I, that labor so much, I, that suffer so much, I, that have seen adversity on my face so many times : I look to the heavens but no Voice comes, much less the spirit of energy to redeem me from these chains of sadness.

I will not go further : I am resigned : even to arrive to the next month is like traveling over a vast Ocean and even so I am tired and exhausted and my soul and spirits are so down that at the setting of the voyage I think of not setting at all.

I can only versify and sing : but my Voice often stops in singing, and in its cadences the sounds of my weeping : the sounds of a terrified Poet Seer, whose heart is sunk and whose spirits are as low as the nether Earth.

You see my Monsignor, how I ramble in my verse and song; innocent children prattle like me; I feel no shame if you equate me with innocent children that play with baubles; you will be describing, my Monsignor.

C

Amongst the many things that sadden me is that I do not bear children; children are the crown of everything to me; and in as direct proportion my misfortunes in these regards grow and grow.

You blue-eyed nymph can change this? But when I saw you, you shied away from me. But you did that slowly, cunning woman; the cunning of women is in you and it is difficult for it to leave you.

From many sides I hear the calls of the sirens; from many sides I see the glistening of their golden hair; like thunder in the winds of the raging storms when the cataracts unloose their entrails into the nocturnal floods of the small valleys.

Time alas! Passes; Time has passed; Ages grow. My fears grow that any remedy will be late now; but then my Inner Soul speaks to me and I hear my Inner Soul calming me with its soothing words.

And to rely on the Inner Soul soothes me; because of the depth of the Inner Soul; its depth is deeper than the depth of the blackest Ocean where the glad rays of the morning sun that pass through the liquid reach not : so deep, so deep, deep down.

I change my styles with variety; I came from my gloom and be better for some time after I have finished singing; but then the gloom descends again over me; every day that passes is a day that is lost and gained.

I hear the shouts of my mother calling me; I obey like a small child though it I be now fifty six; should I feel shame? But the calls of the Muse are more to me and for these many years I have obeyed at once, and do not regret it.

A

CANTO 9

Of many things
the brain rambles about even in
times of adversity : the night
dulls this eager search of the brain,
this fervent curiosity with
the potions of Morpheus and
the spells of Mnemosyne.

And would that it were so, for
it were otherwise the human brain and
with it the human as well
would suffer so much as
to blow out the candle of reasoning
and lead the brain into
a confused madness.

It is not the task of the brain to
stay in madness;
it is not the task of the brain to
rave;
nor should stress, or
rather too much stress rack the brain,
but madness is the acme
of all these ills put together.

To suffer to the required extent
is the genesis of the ecstasy that
will have propensity to lead to
the flowered path of brilliant shining genius;
but
to exceed that limit of suffering
is the madness that has been described above.

Yet
the propensity of the brain to madness in
the case of too much suffering is
a cure that I wish for :
for such the stress of my enemies racks
my brain that
the flood gates that keep and rein in
the river of the brain would yield very soon.

Then
it will not be of use to
suffer that suffering that is
the genesis of the aesthesis that

has the propensity to genius; then
the sun will weep with the stars
of the night and the paling moon
in seeing this ruin

And it is a ruin
just like when one is passing through
the country side and
in the midst of the fields instead of
flowers and waving green finds
bare land and prickly thorns; and
the leaden clouds frown above threatening
with waters and pain, and
the thunder rumbles away in
the distant mountains and hills,
very far,
yet
approaching with the distinctive flashes of light.

21-9-2011

Independence Day

9.39 A.M.

B

CANTO 10

I

wait for the drear of
each day that comes now :
sadness now is firmly established
as my companion as the Muse is;
indeed on one side sadness
and on the other side of me
the companion Muse.

For in verse and song there
is the seed of consolation : and
what better remedy for this than
some consolation? Indeed
so great is the storm that
rages around me and so loud the
thundering that not a little amount
of consolation will assuage it.

I

now have arrived at seeing
the shores of the next month
so far like that an Ocean
vast and immense separates us;
and the land that be the next month
I see not,
no, not even on the horizon.

I,

that labor so much,

I,

that suffer so much,

I,

that have seen adversity on my face
so many times :

I

look to the heavens but
no Voice comes, much less
the spirit of energy to redeem me
from these chains of sadness.

I will not go further :

I am resigned :

even to arrive to the next month is
like traveling over a vast Ocean
and even so I am tired and

exhausted and my soul and spirits are
so down that at the setting of
the voyage I think of not setting at all.

I
can only versify and sing : but
my Voice often stops in singing, and
in its cadences the sounds of my weeping :
the sounds of a terrified Poet Seer,
whose heart is sunk and
whose spirits are as low as the nether Earth.

You see my Monsignor,
how I ramble in my verse and song;
innocent children prattle like me; I
feel no shame if you equate me with
innocent children that play with baubles; you
will be describing, my Monsignor.

21-9-2011

Independence Day

9.53 A.M.

C

CANTO 11

Amongst
the many things that sadden me
is that I do not bear children;
children are the crown of everything to me; and
in as direct proportion
my misfortunes in these regards grow and grow.

You blue-eyed nymph can change this?
But when I saw you,
you shied away from me. But
you did that slowly, cunning woman; the
cunning of women is in you and
it is difficult for it to leave you.

From many sides
I hear the calls of the sirens;
from many sides
I see the glistening of their golden hair;
like thunder in the winds of the raging storms
when the cataracts unloose
their entrails into the
nocturnal floods of the small valleys.

Time alas!
Passes;
Time has passed;
Ages grow.
My fears grow that any
remedy will be late now; but
then my Inner Soul speaks to me and
I hear my Inner Soul calming me with its soothing words.

And
to rely on the Inner Soul
soothes me; because
of the depth of the Inner Soul; its
depth is deeper than
the depth of the blackest Ocean where
the glad rays of the morning sun that
pass through the liquid reach not :
so deep, so deep, deep down.

I
change my styles with variety;
I
came from my gloom and

be better for some time after
I
have finished singing; but
then the gloom descends again over me;
every day that passes is
a day that is lost and gained.

I
hear the shouts of my mother calling me;
I
obey like a small child though
it I be now fifty six; should I feel shame? But
the calls of the Muse are
more to me and for these
many years I have obeyed at once,
and do not regret it.

21-9-2011

Independence Day

10.01 A.M.

CANTO 12

Give me
legends that I may
dream and dream though it
be yet not to sleep; though
the red dusk is not yet on the wing; nor
the bat a black dot in the Heavens with
its eerie shriek;
nor the night—stars are out trembling.

Get
me to the centuries before;
rewind the clock of Age;
you will reward me thus; when
the street of the old town of Valletta were
as they are now, but
not lighted with neon and electric
light, but with the light of
fire and lam-posts.

And
there was dark in the streets
more than in these days;
the murderer's hand rose more
often for it felt safer in that dark; even
the hand of thief felt
safer especially when the
moon abrogated its light to the stars.

And
Then
I will that the Night will
continue hour after hour,
forego the Dawn, the
splendid beginnings of the day, for
the drear and dull rote of
the day that trudges wearily and sad.

And
I will set this Night as an example to
other future Nights;
I
see that my hopes for richness and
fame have flown so far away that
what remains is that of begetting
children in the hope of their
doing what I did not do.

Centuries

to come make Justice where there
has been so much toil with so
little guerdon; where there has been so
much suffering with intellectual production
with little appreciation.

And

Then

I will lie and breathe the breathing of my
heart with a low and slow key; and
the bat will wing its way over me; and
the dusk will redden over me; and
the firs and oaks rustle and shed their leaves over me.

21-9-2011

Independence Day

7.29 P.M.

CANTOS OF THE 24-9-2011

A

CANTO 13

There
was a man who
loved his mother tenderly and
took care of her; for
in his childhood and
in his youth and
indeed in all his age he
had been cared for by her when
she was strong
and in full health

No brothers,
no sisters had
this man; so
the bond between him and
his mother was rather
greater than in the case where
there be several siblings; and
the man heard his deep
Inner Soul speak to him
often times

He had not had a
family though he had wished to
have a family and
his parents
(his father also while he was still breathing)
encouraged him to do this and
have a family in one way but
in another way kept him in
habits of staying at home

These habits
inculcated in the man a
difficulty
of making a family;
the months passed one after the other and
then
a year and after other
years passed and
he yet remained without a family.

He had many
opportunities of finding a girl with

whom to form a family : and
he was not averse to this in any way,
indeed he desired this very much; but
at the moment of plunging into
commitment
he shrunk away each time.

The girls
Then
formed families with other men; and
the man could see that he
had lost one opportunity
after the other; and
he rued each
and every opportunity lost by him; but
still this notwithstanding he
remained in the same ways.

His heart bled
continually
and his emotions were warped; he
worked and worked and worked and
was disciple to the Muse
in poetry,
to the Science too he was disciple; but
first of all, in time included,
he was disciple of Philosophy.

24-9-2011

5.11 P.M.

B

CANTO 14

But
his dispositions to
solitude and to
remain alone while
they aided him in making
works of considerable
intellectual worth, as
yet brought him in
the situations that his
works were not open to
the public,
or very little, and
he was little known or recognized.

He
was intelligent and
he saw
that he had made
mistakes including his
reluctance to commit to
family and
his reluctance to commit to
the publication of his works and
the opening of them to
as wide a public as
was necessary.

And
one day
he no withstood the
pain he was feeling in his heart; and
he went like a madman about
the city;
till he
arrived at the Garden of the City;
he had been there before;
and the Garden of the City
was for him the best
part of that City.

For
there people went to sit under
the high firs and
the solid oaks and
hear the rustling of the
boughs and the

occasional rustling of the
grass and the soil when
a lizard or hedgehog passed or
the leaves fell
to the ground.

And
he was there that
day in the garden solitary and
alone; and
he saw that he
could weep putting his head
between
his hands; and
he wept silently and without noise; and
all around was silent and without noise.

But
Then
suddenly he felt around a
whirling wind; at
first he took not heed; but
then he looked around and
was astonished to see a
whirling mist almost in
front of him, and that the
mist was becoming thicker
and thicker.

And
Then
the mist also became whiter
and whiter; and
from the mist a Figure emerged ; and
he saw that the rest of the
mist surrounded this Figure just
as a mantle surrounds a
lady of nobility.

24-9-2011
6.11 P.M.

C

CANTO 15

And
Then
he looked with his brown eyes at
that lady that was the
Figure that
was before him; but
he spoke not; and
the Lady smiled to him and
at first spoke not too; but
then she broke the deep silence and
started to speak to him

Thus
she spoke :
'My disciple, honorable
Poet Seer, scientist, philosopher : hear me.
I know of your plight;
I know of your woes; but
you must no longer
succumb to these woes.
For
if you succumb to
these woes they will grow
larger and more deep.'
'From these woes
therefore arise. But
to arise you must raise your
Spirit Soul; and to raise your Spirit Soul you
must raise your Inner Soul and
to raise your Inner Soul you
must deepen your Inner Soul and
to deepen your Inner Soul you
must esteem yourself, and
to esteem yourself you must go
public, make your works accessible
to the public view'

And
then
the Lady whose shawl were
the golden mists stopped
speaking.
And
then she drew her
Shawl of Golden Mists
around her

And
then she smiled;
and
together
with the Shawl of Golden Mists around
her started
ascending to the skies.

And
Then
the man went away from
the Garden of the City.
And
he bethought himself of
building a family; and
sought women.
Although he did not marry he
had children from diverse women.
And
with this began a new life; and
a new
chapter in the life
of the man.
And
then the Man said to the Muse :
'You can now take me with you;
children have been born; and
children are all to me; and
now that these are given me I
leave them to the care of
their mothers; and I will go to
join you.'

And
having said that he
looked
to the heavens so
that the Muse come and take him up
in to the
heavens with her.

24-9-2011
7.21 P.M.

CANTOS OF THE 25-9-2011

CANTO 16

A

*

In the Well of Treasures
The experiments I made
In verse and song
Turned and turned
Without a measure
Random and chance
Through the wall of Motion
And Time advanced.

*

On the vessel of mysterious pilots
Embarked I by the special
Permission of the Muse
Twilight had gone
And red dusk had come too
But yet
Yet
Into the night still trembled
The twilight in the dark
Where the dark aided was
By the moon whose particles
And waves of light
The density of the nocturnal
Mantle penetrated

*

Now you have asked me :
'So large the variety of emotions;
Yet
Too restricted
Too limited I view your verse
And song where ring emotions.'
To which replied I :
'For the emotions
These the Artist sets accordant
To the setting : if the setting
Changes then the emotions change
And in as direct proportion.
Would you want that we change
Our setting?

Should I change my sitting from
The moon, the dusk, the night, the stars,
The seas, the summer, the autumn,
The spring, the white winter,
The nymphs, the satyrs, Graces
And the rest for more mundane settings?
Put your hands on your breast
And hear the Inner Voice then speak
Tell me, my Monsignor, what did
You hear.'

*

You should moreover read
Read fervently
My lines, put down a list
Of times, of places, of settings,
And then see where that list
Will lead you :
The times will come when from
Your youth to beard with old age
And wrinkles you will grow :
Then
Tell me whether that has lasted
And echoes more of things,
The universe,
Than other settings?

*

Down
Down
The hill had a crown
That was of gold
And in the night
Stars lit moon's light
And the hill slept
And dreamed :
And the white rays
Of the white moon
They gleamed :
When goblins green
Descended
Running down the hill
The hill that of magic scented?
In the night I saw the satyrs carry
A bier or a box full loaded :
I scent fruits from it just picked
From secret trees and shrubs
In secret times and ways.
I looked at the top of the hill and

Saw a Citadel : its line
Cut against the dark lit by the moon
That was less darkening for
Midnight had passed.
And then of sudden I saw the
Glory of white light, and it was Dawn.

*

25-9-2011

10.37 A.M.

CANTO 17

B

The rind and kernel of Beauty
 Ah! my Muse give me verses
 In the dark stage when
 In the midst of a play
 The lights go out
 They say :
 Lights! Lights! Lights!
 So I say
 Give me verses!
 But in equal measure
 Give me Beauty to treasure.
 There be a wealth of beauty worth more
 Than the wealth of gold, the green of earth
 That earth yields from her store,
 That store half-hidden in the summit clouds
 And the other half above the clouds in
 To the summit heavens soaring high
 The heart speaks well and then
 Types the computer keyboard, why
 So many words appear writ on the face
 Of the magic heavens; I saw the skies
 And they were deepening : those skies
 The heavens are wherefrom
 The Voice of the Heavens like ingots
 Of gold fell, attar of roses,
 Drop by drop, into the airs below
 That however current-like so
 That through the rather chill
 Lower layers fell on to more nether
 Fields and slopes of magic hills
 Wherefrom sprung up from sprouts
 Thousand of random placed magic rills
 And then those rills went down
 Clambering down merry and fast
 Merry and fast down the green
 Swathed wet by them; down, down
 They went not noticed neither
 Cared for by the human trembling
 Hands; for the hand trembled
 Trembled for their human and
 Trembled for the beauty of
 The Inner Soul, that well of depth
 Cool and calm, that wealth of
 Gold and land and building
 Shares and assets of the ilk
 Has not, nay, shuns,
 But still most wealth is in

The possession of emotions
Large and wide as the immense
And running Oceans

*

Time will pass, time will pass
Through the wide long tunnels
Of the Night the time will
Pass :
The water gleam with shouting
The turrets of the gold
Glistened in my eyes
Glistened the slippery lights
Of the red mosque minarets
Kremlin—like and semi-tall
Against
the blinding magic lights glittering.
Red rose a hand and it rose
In the skies; the azure eyes
Of my gold haired beauty
Winked and trembled as
The light of twilight in
The magic night and in
The early Dawn.

*

The people shouting were, the revelers
Of wine with Bacchus in
Their midst on a high throne
High more than a storey and
Stepped with gold and topaz diadems
From the Far East with trembling
Hand collected or by the sea-diver
Amidst his bubbly toiling and
Sufferings, selected.
Break, break the wall
I could not break the wall
Resisted as much as an iron door
For
There was a Heaven made of Seven Doors
And in the wider Heaven this heaven loomed
Amidst the heavy clouds lead-lined
With looming rains and tempests
Where ignite
The flashes and the light
Of thundering
The sacred secret delight
Of winter windy nights

When tempest takes over the city
And the land and on the sea
And Ocean Zephyr lets
Unloose all his conspiring winds

*

25-9-2011

11.29 A.M.

CANTO 18

In the tempestuous seas that in
I am navigating; my vessel calls
For help from any side, in time
Before it founders in the billows
Midst.

*

I am the Tempest
I the Poet-Seer
In rage I am the Tempest
Expelled from Earth by humans
I come back in rage, my rage
To castigate the Earth
That way
Justice be done but best
If Earth her lessons learn one by one

*

There were short lines.
These were short lines.
But the anvil of the great had struck in them.

*

On the argosy loaded thousands
Of souls saw I
And the tempest waves rose
And sneered the high winds
And with every time that
The vessel down into the trough
Of the angry wave went
Roared the thousands of souls
Roared with fear
Yellow and white alternately
Their faces turned the
Faces of the lost soul on
The Vessel of the Nether World :
That wandered hath from
Its place in the Nether World
And
In to the upper world where
The tempests roar more than the
Fiery hail turns round and round
In restless orgy of the nights
Turns round and round restless.

*

In to the confused verses
For so the Poet-Seer
Deemed in his humility
In to those verses there rose
Experiments new and found
Without the will and intelligence
Express of the Poet-Seer.

*

In the wit of fear
There lies many a tear
But whether of laughter
Or otherwise?

*

Clanking with hoof of iron
We hurt the mountain side
But not deliberately but
For dear life;
Below
The gaping abyss, the
Hideous levels of heights
One upon one
Blue in the assured fall,
The free fall,
The fall to the Nether Earth.
No body wanted that Fall.
No body looked from the ledge
That we had reached.
No one looked down; all
Looked up and saw
With a few meters the
Glory of the conquest, the
Shining sun breaking,
Melting
The sundry clouds that below
Dwindling already were
Into mists that white in genesis
Were turning blue, blue, blue.
And before red dusk had
Cast its ennobling shadows on
The mountain—sides
On high
On top we waved to the sky
On top of the mountain
Human in success

Relative
Before red dusk had
Cast its ennobling shadows on
The mountain sides
Before
Before.

*

In the night calling
The black shrieking passing through
The blue clouds became blue

*

Down we descended with lighter hearts
And discussed how we mastered
Such a high mount of snow by arts.

*

25-9-2011

1.51 P.M.

CANTO 19

*

Red dusk of delight
Where the sweet sea waves
Color change with every second
As challenged by a fright :
Red dusk of delight
Father of waves trembling and twilight

*

In the Canto
The Poet-Seer in his emotions
Varies in his ecstasy :
Like temperature moving
Up and down
As Brownian motion

*

In the brilliant desperation
Find the inspiration
For verse and song
New methodologies,
New evolutions.

*

New
Styles
Descending
From
The
Night
Stars :
Tonight
Is
A
Night
For
The
Descent
Of
new
styles
I
Go
To

THE CANTOS II

The
Rooftop
Tonight
And
Lie
In
Wait
For
The
Falling
Of
The
New
Styles
As
Night dews
Fall

*

The Dawn I see and see again
And in that the more sights
Each Dawn I see the One
In the Plurality of Dawns :
And in as direct proportion
I know the Dawn

*

7-10-2011

7.57 P.M.

CANTO 20

*

In the darkness I see and fetch
the Figures
I fetch the rising mists
The hard earth, the desert
Red and bleak, and wild,
Restless,
Restless,
Figures whirl themselves
Round and round and
Round and round and round
The lions of the night
Become wilder with
The densification of the mists :
But
In all this
There be advantage
The music of the stars
The music of the heavens
The music of the bodies of the
Heavens turning
Turning
Turning
In their solemn noble
Majesty
Burning

*

In the closeness of the night
The heavens will turn bright
Intermittent blinded the
Leaping light :
What wonder of bodies
Heavenly in the sight
What wonder!

*

There was a pilgrim
Hidden in a corner of a
Cave :
Grey his clothes and smelling
Yet in the cold his brain
More whetted became
In the ecstasy of the brain
That needs not necessarily

THE CANTOS II

The warmth of summers
The sweat and the humidity :
The heavens will turn bright
And then the pilgrim said :
'Night loves Poet Seers; therefore I
Will in this frosty landscape thrive
And in the Deepings of night
When dance the nymphs around mid-night
I will dare the splendid awkward sights'

*

7/10/2011

8.35 P.M.

CANTO 21

*

All over the Earth to multiply existing
Wealth all humans sitting on
The tongue of Earth must ply :
Each in his own in front he looks
Not to the sides : like a train
That forward moves and looks
Not to the sides; nor to competitors.
In the Economics we already let
This be as of our aims yet more
All this in future Economics must be

*

In this direction plying
Though competitor with competitor
Vying
In healthy competition, yet not in
Green destruction and war applying :
Oneself direct, in front, to front
For ever in ever-increase looking
Not turning round to give a blow
Overt or underhand to a competitor.
For that in the whole points
Its finger to Malthus. Let not be.
All of their numbers irrespective
Can live, will live, stay live,.
Can increase, will increase, stay in increase.

*

Man other man must not exploit.
There is no sake in the prohibition
Of man other man to exploit :
But Principle shining gold without exception.
Where man other man exploit
One or few forward move, the others
Fall behind; but worse,
The whole fall behind .

*

Man with Man must unite and thrive.
I will tell Man : Stretch hand to
Hand; keep fast; then,
Together forward move :

Look not to the sides, but
Ever in ever-increase in front of you.

*

And all this you must wreak and do
Together but as by intelligence too :
Calm and intelligence hand in hand
Go and quiet thinking so.

*

Then all together as described
All humans without race or state
Together as one Whole, the All
In One, and the One in All,
Must together rise : such power
Together wield and more
If the brains work and in as
Direct proportion too

*

For when man to other man sideways
Looks
Then in as direct proportion there be Malthus
In satisfaction wringing his hands :
'The cat is in the bag,' I heard him say.
And next to Malthus, Marx is on display.
They then each other compliment
And shaking hands reciprocal complement
To see man to other man sideways
look

*

Therefore Man to you the task
To listen first and learn and in
Your mind and brain insert
But
Then above all in an Iron Will
Which will work as an Iron Fist
You will put Malthus upside down
And Marx too you will put similar :
And then together hand in hand
You will together march as in one band.
And ever, ever, in ever-increase look
Ever in front of you; hold hand in hand.
Yet

8/10/2011

8.45 A.M.

CANTO 22

*

To feed himself, Man, is a priority.
Not his brain says, but body.
The mass requires not the energy.
Yet feeding of the mass will be
As direct proportionate to fuelling energy.
Man, what in historical genesis,
Has first as a necessity
Then becomes logical priority :
Look well, reflect, Man and see
And note a Principle supreme of Logic
Here : *That what in historical necessity
Arises and its genesis has
Into as direct proportion turns
Transforms and goes to Logical Priority*
Let this Principle therefore, henceforth
Be termed *The Principle of Genesis of Logical Priority.*

*

Yet,
Look around Man, and note and see.
Note the birds in the forest in
The heavens and midst the thorns
And bushes ply to find
The seeds to feed their young whereby.
Not less the Fish in the liquid reign
Of Neptune green their course
Navigate.
And on each other feed, on shrubbery
Of liquid salt : and their young cry.

*

Next Man go out of your house.
Go out in to the woods.
Cut off the beauties and cut off
The chants of wondrous birds and
Colored and plumed wealth :
Throughout the day you see
The woodland animals alive to seek
The food whereby to nourish them.

*

Then see, Man that Economics lies
At the foundations of your civilization :
The corner stone the whole of building

Lies on it : it that from historical
Necessity became logical priority
And once become, evolved thus,
Will not back rewind to its arcane
Origin.

*

But as the building on foundations rests :
So the building the foundations mirrors.
The foundations are mirror to the building.
The building mirror to the foundations be.
So a Civilization that needs be Just
On just foundations to rest must :
Therefore Man note : a Just Economics.
Foundation Just to Civilization Just

*

And then next to the Just, the Intelligent.
For as Man with Man joining hands
Into a levee-en-masse arise and wend :
So with the Just must walk the Intelligent.
And then the Earth with itself at peace is.
And then Man with himself at peace too
Be.

*

8/10/2011

9.27 A.M.

CANTO 23

*

Poet-Seer who took the lyre and
Straightening it the chords to string
Prepared yourself : then to the
Heavens high and immense looked :
Poet-Seer you can string
Your lyre now that the Muse
Inspired; but though the Brain
Revolving start to Thought, in
Chronological priority comes
Beauty before Thought; therefore
Man, Poet Seer celebrate Beauty.

*

Pine not, Beauty, except for Beauty's
Sake.
Then let Beauty pine if in as proportion
Direct Beauty shine

*

There lay old Saturn weary on a log
Of his dethronement recent thinking :
Pensive and restless in his hand
The first small spines of a white beard
He felt grow under his hand

*

Beauty rises from what be around
And as the chain one ring to other
Ties and holds so with Beauty.
Ring after ring like to a serpent
Dancing to the music's ecstasy
So beauty rises from the low
And higher. Higher as in ever-increase
The Beauty rises
Man makes prizes to measure
Intelligence, discovery, beauty
And gradations in these and the rest
Of them finds and discovers :
For after all the universe be relative
And in the universe relative
The Earth from the low that we
Term porn rises; for even
In porn a grade of beauty
Resides; but where Beauty

Be better accompanied with
Nobility porn shirks its shoulders :
Yet verse itself could from this level
Rise and like a pillar cloud arising
Rise to such summit heights
That nobility indwells there arising.

Hectic and feverish the Poet-Seer
Stood wake at night : through
The panes the moon and the stars
Glide and wind and spy :
Romantic the ancient watch-clock
Strikes and its arcane sacred stones
With every strike the mood reverberate.
Such Beauty be, such Beauty be.

8/10/2011

10.31 A.M.

CANTO 24

*

Man primeval and naked in the wood
Wandered around wild and raw
And desperate for warmth and food :
Around him hostile animals and
Thorny plants :
Colors as the rainbow has :
Man primeval and naked in the wood

*

And Man felt weary as the
Day entered its sunset
Glaring was the ray
Of the orange sun
Made faint the heart of Man
Nor did uplift it the
Red beauty of the dusk
And
The pink trembling of the
Twilight waves
And the vibrating waters :
No, no, no,
Nor the lightning of the stars
By night on his chariot car
Of gold
No, no, no.

*

Thus wandered man and sad
He wandered looking with sad eyes
At the dark heavens :
But the dark heavens spoke not
And grumbled in an under breath
The Man 'Unkind heavens.'
And stopped.
No sooner had
Man these words uttered than
A Bird of color Black appeared
Suddenly with fluttering on a
Bough that foliaged hung
Over the head of Man

*

And Man looked up

And
Silent was and spoke not.
Then spoke the Bird of Black :
'Man rise and see around you
To you is given to see and
To observe and understand
Discover and thrill, look round
And see around you the dusk,
Night, sunset, midday dawn
The seasons, colors, animals,
The woods, the beaches, pebbles
the moon on high, the stars that burn,
See, see how much there be around you
And you will satisfied
And you will never finish
To surprise yourself though in ever-increase
You observe and discover :
Learn then Man and observe.'
With this there disappeared the Bird of Black.
And underneath the bough where that Bird stood
Pensive Man stood and without word.

*

9/10/2011

1.47 P.M.

CANTO 25

In the masked faces there was blood
And that was in Venice
And that was 1755 :
And that was a night yet to begin
Not even just a single star
Shone over the waterways and
Dreaming idle gondolas :
But already before dusk by sunset
Lay a thousand silent whispers
In the place and site where
The Bridge of Sighs all arched lay.

*

Ah! Bridge of Sighs mirror of Earth
Mirror of life and
King of times when red
The first Venetian heavens at the edge
Of the old city blow : the first red of
Dusk.
Beauty is all we need; money and
Wealth and power go some way
But Beauty is the light of each new day
And shows to Heaven the pilgrim his way

*

Into this world
This year 1755 –
This red dusk over the city
Where light after light was spent
House after house then early dreamt
Whilst in the palaces the radiant
Lights one by one began to light
In preparation for the feasts of night.
Into this world
The musicians too prepared
And with them the Venetian violins
Silent as yet in preparation
For nights of musical jubilation :
Not always!
Not always!
For often in the sadness of the strain
And in proportion thereto lay
The foot prints of Beauty's train.

*

THE CANTOS II

Shone the palaces in the dark of night
That panted on his golden chariot
That
Had landed him at every site
Of every star he lighted patiently
One by one, one after one,
The eyes of night and of his reign
He lighted

*

9/10/2011

4.51 P.M.

CANTO 26

When the wind neighs and neighs
Will it do so in runes
That sing of ancient war
Of blood shed in the evening
At close of battle
Before Night pitying
Brings closing eyes and sleep
To warring men?

Will the Night watch the tree tops
Swinging in the winds
Like dancing jazz whilst
Heavy the walls of the rain
Fall on the dark and damp woods?
To-night the rains wanted to fall.
The woods thrilled.
The woods chilled.
Rain sent the frost as its ambassador.
To-night, to-night
The ran will follow frost
The frost will remain
Though flood the rain.

And in the immense heavens shines
A lone star in the north
And a leaden sky
Frowning with electrified clouds
Drummed by the deafening
Of severe lightning.

See, see the pines tremble
See, see the colors of the wood
Dissemble!
All over the wood the magic cloud
Stretches and dense in mist
More and more grows
Where most it thaws
In as proportion direct
The lightning surprises though
So frequent from behind the tall
And giant trees it roars.
With every peal the squirrels
From branch to branch
Jump.
Fear the Primeval is found.
And the infernal music round
Discordant by chance and probability

THE CANTOS II

As the hours pass turns more and more
To more harmonious sound
Though the wild note in it
Leave not

In the lake the frost and chill conspire
To throw immense heaven's ire
On the fast dreaming waves
That glisten wild and fearful
In moon and stars all tearful.

Round, round the restless
Ghosts and Shrouds,
The restless Inner Soul
Dilapidated and in throes
Of angst complain and
Lament without sound.

9/10/2011

7.25 P.M.

CANTO 27

Night where in ancient times
Witches came into their
Element
The night is propitious.
The air with spells rings.

Why so often the settings of your verse
Are in the night?
To which I reply :
The night is half the day
And more.
For would it not be better
If nights were longer and longer
And days shorter and shorter
On this our Earth?

The packet of wonders
Nocturnal wonders is for all of us
Inhabitants of this Mother Earth.
And if the dark is the element
Of witches of the past
No less
It be our element.

From home
How can you feel the thrill of
Falling water leaping crag
To crag and in the moon-light
Translucent to the eye surprised
And wondering and where
The thrill and the surprise
Are directly proportional?
From home
You can read poesy
You can feel verse and song
Be warm with them in nights of frost
Where the cold grates wit
Icicles of pitiless cold.

O martyrdom you will soon be my
Resting place : yet before let
Me see the waters jumping
Crag to crag, the rays of the moon
Love-stricken dance on the fjords
On the lakes, on the green,
That lightened after
In the red dusk and thereafter
Darkening.

O martyrdom you will soon by own self.
O martyrdom, I see the red hat
The red hat of torture, the thongs,
The torturing machines,
O martyrdom, or martyrdom
The music that dances wild
Before leading to guillotine
Has ceased : I know, I know
The time is come
For the red hat of martyrdom.

*

9/10/2011

10.25 P.M.

CANTO 28

I am a loner, a loner I was trained
By my father :
And a loner has advantages
And a loner has disadvantages
But now
Now that I want to change
Transform from one to the other
Will I not in any case stand
At a disadvantage?

*

My mother wakes at ten at night
And tells me that its seven
In the morning
Time for waking
Before sleeping :
On my computer : I
Type furiously : I
Am a loner in a night of cold
The teams win, loner that am I
To Van Gogh the veiled Figure
Points
To Van Gogh and his destiny

*

In the realm of the Saturn dynasty of gods
The replaced gods dethroned
Despondent in a secret wood they stood
High on a hillock green old Saturn
Stood
And on his recent did brood.
Green his face, wrinkled lineaments
An ageing strange to gods that do not age
An ageing strange to gods that worry not
An ageing strange to gods that know not stress

*

In the lone night I pray that in the morn
Will give me courage in my day
Of the red hat of martyrdom :
In the long night the angels with
Cold feet pass slow and dance
While I sleep and breathe in the
Last series :
For tomorrow is the red hat of

Martyrdom.
Prepare yourself : see a little
After the Dawn arises in the yard
They will put up the guillotine
Already
In the dusk of today they
Brought the parts to fix and set up
In the early morn
At Dawn or little past it
Then
Comes the red hat of martyrdom.

9/10/2011

10.49 P.M.

CANTO 29

Canto of Light --- soon there will
Be Dawn the hooded Father said
And with his sandals clicked on
The monastery marbles dirty and
Ancient round the garden of the monastery
He clicked

*

Life is made of fragments
Therefore be not ashamed of fragments.
In my works I do fragments.
In my works I like fragments.
Call of the wild cousin to fragments.
Call of the raw the niece of fragments.
Verse and song, fragments,
Fragments

*

Time passes, hours pass, days pass.
This verse and song is epic verse and song?
Surprised my Monsignor asked.
There be so many fragments; so many
Disjointed.
'But that be life, my Monsignor,'
Said I
'And I feel that now more than in
The former epic verse and song
Life be mirrored.'
My Monsignor stood still and
Pensive
For he thought and was intelligent.

*

On my computer I type.
I type for a short time.
Few minutes I type.
Then I stop short.
I close the file but not the computer.
I close not the computer.

*

Then a few minutes of oxygenation
Pass.
Then a few minutes having passed
I re-open the file and the keyboard
Clicks again, first slow, then

Suddenly furiously.
And I am writing verse and song again.
And the Muse is by me, over me,
Behind me.
Matters not where,
But she be there.

*

Beauty of things from beauty of verse
Beauty of things from beauty of song
Time passes as Motion passes
But cunning Beauty faster moves
And leaving Time and Motion behind
Makes Time as if no Time
Makes Motion as if no Motion
After all
In the mass universe all be relative.

*

9/10/2011

11.15 P.M.

CANTO 30

CANTO OF THE 22-4-2012 :

Short canto, breathing less for
Verse yet nonetheless a canto :
Verdant trees that seethe
In to the veils of night
After the red blushing of dusk
Has tiptoed up the hill
At old Kuljat.
Short canto of beauties,
Verge and cliff edge
Of spectral wonders on ghost full
Nights.
When then the lake beyond
The little hamlet sparks alight
With beauty that exceeds the
Beauty red that was the dusk
That fled un to a cave of east.
Short canto nonetheless
Verse, fount of beauty, where
The words assert and yet
Describe, and
Describing assert all the same
And all the time, assert.
Old Saturn in a cave that trickles
Still of twilight though
The twilight gone, the drops
Inherited the genes of such
Fair times, fair decline of the
Day, the earth, the dorsal spine
To sleep and rest of tiredness.
When the sad heart overflows
And in to the night on red feet
Flees; and the moon silent-mute
Spectator of the scene speaks not a word.
Dreams the night, dreams
Already,
Though but the peaks of the mount
Scarce covered with the chill of
Snow is yet azure and has
Not darkened yet with deep of night
Nor shone and lit as dark in
The night stars :
Nor the scared nymphs and
Goatherds that are ghosts that
Come the west : no, nor they
Nor they ride through clouds
Where Dawn is sleeping cozy

In her hidden caves.
 Nor when the monastery atop
 The high and rude hill
 Puts off its even lights one by one
 Even as the star lights light
 As one by one; and the hours
 Strike after hour, midnight
 Then and after hours strike :
 And the west wind
 Blows chill and frosty in
 The face of the north moon
 And in the monastery cloister
 The incense burns in reverence to
 The high top of the church :
 The roof that shines and
 Glitters in the enclosing dark
 That envelopes the hill on
 Which the monastery lurks
 Like a proud cock and on
 The hill of green that below rounds.
 Verse that swing round and proud
 And in noble gold sandals
 Walks, no, not
 On Elysian hills but on hills low
 And humble of the wealds and
 Countryside : where towns be far
 And their discordant noises
 And the sound and smokes of
 Friendly hamlets spire-like
 Unto the eager skies they dominate :
 See, see, like a scared rabbit
 There, lo! Beauty in white veils
 Half naked half transparent
 Runs, runs from tree to tree
 a-hidden in the deeps of the darkening
 woods that step by step
 ascend the hills and in the wanton dark
 glitter the capes of shrouds and
 ghosts that roamed away
 away from city streets from
 whence they came, for by the
 cities though in countryside
 the cemeteries of their graves
 together clutch : time passes slow
 yet let it be, pass so,
 for in the times though slow

motion be irreversible and
with it time, and with this
time
the motion towards the Dawn and
the new day.

*

22-4-2012

7.25 P.M.

CANTO 31

*

In the large lake of things
in the large of phenomena
the mists flutter
the mists flutter
themselves transformations
of the phenomena

*

For mists are transformations
and transformations be mists.
the genesis is as now
and now is as the genesis
and Future is as Now
and Future is as the genesis
and the genesis is as Future
syllogism
syllogism
syllogism

*

the waves are restless
restless
restless from the tempest
that saw my mother
move not on the hospital bed :
was that not tempest?
was that not restlessness justified?
Answer me, my Monsignor.

*

'Few words,
Few words
My Monsignor,' said I.
'Few verses
Few verses,
My Poet-Seer,'
Said my Monsignor.

*

In the city to-night
There will dancing
There will be music
Timbels from pop
Not
Timbrels of the ancient :
For
In the city to-night
There will be dancing

*

Ah! and
And

In the other part of the city
Our old Valletta city
There will be mourning :
Hedonist-mad the people
Will leave the houses and
Come from the other towns
To witness dancing :
Thus
Part of the old city alone
Will be left for ghosts
And shrouds to roam
Roam, roam lamenting.

*

Why?
Why so sickness?
Why so broken hearts?
Why the smell of hospitals?
Why the scent of funereal
Roses everyday?
Why?

*

I have the key
I say.
But I will not use the key
I say
And I will not give the key
I say
And I will have with me
The papers for Immortality :
Ban the sickness
Ban the broken hearts
Ban the smell of hospitals
Ban the scent of funereal
Roses everyday :
But
To do that the papers that
Are with me must you have
And you have them not :
For you relegated me to the
Unknown :
In the corner of dark
Let me wane hoping
In the last breath :
And then the key
Falls in to the abyss :
The chasm the mass universe

THE CANTOS II

Prepared as sump for it :
Foolhardy! Foolhardy fools!
I have the key
I say.
But I will not use the key
I say
And I will not give the key
I say

*

6-V-2012

12.51 P.M.

CANTO 32

*

Mid night is struck –
But that is your country –
Philippines that is –
Happy Mother's Day!
Alas! For me what thorn
Is that this year
What bleeding from that thorn
In my heart!

*

In the city the ghosts roam with shrouds; some hand in hand; some not and separate;
but all lamenting

How does their cry to the heavens rise; yet the heavens stay as mute hearers; impartial
judges?

And in those laments that rise as one wave : current cry is there the cry of my late
mother crying?

*

Night of fear
Without a tear
The river flows
The mud bank grows :
The rushes rustle
The hedgehogs bustle
O! night of nights
Light of lights
In the north see you I
Pole star motherly?
The dawn is afar yet
Afar, afar, the waves
Rustle the sand
And in the secret coves
Secret hid wind raves.
You see, take away
What around us be
And you will find...
Night of fear
Without a tear
The river flows
The mud bank grows :
The rushes rustle
The hedgehogs bustle

*

Taunts of the rising stars, one after one,
And one by one

The night is not over yet, still indeed
In the ascendant, step by step

How cool the wise wind sing
How awkward the wise owl ring.

*

Ring of shrouds
Lost in clouds
Low on earth hear
A star giant tear
Fallen down
Fallen down
And in the midst
A fallen clown.

*

What laws, power,
Orders, acts,
On earth?
Here they lie
A broken jar
In the anger of Time.

*

Of nights of restless pain sing I

Of nights of racked sick brain sing I

Of nights that fall and rise sing I

Of nights that flee fore Dawn sing I

Of nights that hide Earth's wounds sing I

Of nights that nurse Earth's wounds sing I

Of nights that run like bulls sing I

-

12-V-2012
6.45 P.M.

CANTO 33

*

Poet Seer who on top of the mountain
Preached to himself :
There were no human crowds
It was A Sermon on the Mount
But Sermon of Soliloquy :
But ah! the heavens heard
And heavens more
Important than humans are
In these regards

*

Jingle
Light
Flash
Dark
Night
Stars
Sea
Sorrow
Sadness

*

In every sermon let there be no dogma
No dogma

In every assertion let there be no dogma
No dogma

In every civilization let there be no dogma
No dogma

*

Then the Poet Seer arose and saw that he had finished his sermon and where was the human audience?

In pyjamas the night had walked tiptoeing on the sea-waves lighted by the moon during the sermon

Then the Poet Seer went down the mountain with a sad and lonely heart; only the heavens made joy and smiled for it was they who heard

*

When in the added minutes that night steals
From the reign of the Dawn thief-like
When by secret trappings its mantle dark
By degrees imperceptible it elongates
And with it elongates Time proportionate
Then the night will ride his white steed
Along a path that fires to the moon
And reaching it the two down, down
They fall, into the sea, beyond
The gray horizon of the early dawn
Where added minutes stole are now gone.

*

Short play
One scene
Less than a thousand lines.

Yet in that strait jacket
The playwright Poet Seer
Succeeded in so many experiments.

And the play spoke as
More than thousand lines
Though it was less than thousand lines.

*

Along a path
So many times I went
So many times climbed I
But
Like the donkey round the water-mill
To where I started
Was I.

Time after time when will the
Bitter lesson learn we,
Or in the realms of just celibate
Poet Seer remain we?

My duty to you father
Long, long years neglected
The end of the horizon draws
The sharpened guillotine falls
My duty to you father
Long, long years neglected
Ah!

*

12-V-2012

11.57 P.M.

line 3539

CANTO 34

*

I saw the Poet, the Poet-Seer
He was with wild eyes.
I was amongst the trees.
I was amongst the mists.
I was lost in the scents
Aromas of the sands
And loams of soil red.
And the Poet with red eyes
He spoke not to me
And I said
'Is he not a brother?'
But he looked at me askance
With his wild, wild eyes
But spoke not
Yet
I saw the Poet, the Poet-Seer
He was with wild eyes.
I was amongst the trees.
I was amongst the mists.
I was lost in the scents

*

Lost amidst the foliage that
Was growing olive green
With the dark that slow
Gathered with the fall of sunset
The coming of red dusk
The blood shot red of dusk
The cheeks
The red eyes that alone
Sailed flowing in those glooms
That scented of the lost
And sad and lost

*

Pointed the bayonets
Hoarse the cry
The pointing straight
Men face top the wall
Soldiers with no pity
Then
The order, the cry
The shooting
The bodies that fell

Without a cry
Mute
Silent
Like a sack
Tired weary of the earth
They fell

*

For an Ideal to breathe.
But leave it an Ideal
You execute and move away.
The Ideal blurs.
The Ideal slurs.
The adversary grows
The adversary thrives
Not on his merits too much
But much on your demerits.
For
You have moved from the Ideal
You sense it not.
But there it be.
The Ideal like a babe
Must stir, must move, but
At its own pace.
Force it not.
Float as the swimmer in the sea
For an Ideal to breathe.
But leave it an Ideal
You execute and move away.
The Ideal blurs.
The Ideal slurs

*

Garcia Lorca I read you verse,
But
More than reading let me feel
Read
Read it with my hands upon my heart
Read
Read and repeat
The feeling :
I want to see you
To tell you how I love you
At least
You will know that
Hear it from my lips
Trembling :
Hear my depression speak
Its voice

Its heart that aches :
Garcia Lorca I read your verse,
But
More than reading let me feel
Read
Read it with my hands upon my heart

*

There it was.
The depression, the heart-ache
I saw you with the child
In you
Still to be born
I saw you – you were
Still beautiful.
I recognized you.
I knew I lost you to him.
I saw him by you.
At least
At least
May I once in remaining time
(If any)
Have the fortune to tell you
Hear from my trembling lips
Hear how I loved you
And love you still :
Object-Subject not mine
Only the depression
The piles of women
One on one
Signified equivalence
Of failure one on one
How can you then say
That my guilt increases not
More and more and more?
There it was.
The depression, the heart-ache
I saw you with the child
In you
Still to be born

*

Guernica, Guernica for me.
Let me lie
One of the strewn
Bodies
One on whom cruelty
Worked :

A hero
One of the heroes :
But a depressed hero.
I mourn.
In my brain I celebrate
A funeral.
But now
But now
More than Guernica of Spain
I celebrate funereal
My loss of you
The birth of child to another
Woman, why stood I back?
Is this my punishment?
Just the beginning of my punishment?
Guernica, Guernica for me.
Let me lie
Let me lie
One of the strewn
Bodies

*

Red clouds
Red clouds
Red clouds
Come over me
Cover me in the shame
Of my depression
Cover me in the misery
And poverty
Of my depression
Cover me :
Come over the Woman that I lost :
Through the fingers
Slip the grains of sand
Through my fingers
The Woman, the Children, Future
Slipped.
I saw you again.

Startled I was.
In to the throes of depression
Already for my mother
I added another depression :
Let me Woman, alleviate it
At least alleviate it.
For see my sufferings
How can I suffer more
My brain is going.
My brain is going.

*

2-6-2012

10.53 A.M.

CANTO 35

*

My present soliloquy : on your successes
And then compare I
Comparisons are just
And your successes should be my successes
And your crowns should be my crowns
At least as you.
Call you this Envy?
No, I call this Justice

*

Once that I get the source of your successes
The sun that warms you
The sun in whose glory you bask
And glitter your diamonds :
Then I will say to the Sun :
I will do better.
Try me and will see.

*

Dancers, flute-players, painters,
Troubadours, singers, poet-seers,
Philosophers who discuss, women
Half naked from other lands,
Animals exotic, trees and plants
Enrooted to be brought here
From elsewhere :
This man has in his hands the globe
In miniature that be but yet
There be it.
Look Velasquez himself paints
And then by turns stop to lecture on his Art.

*

I will, I will, I will
In my brain mad-like symphony
Rattles high speed more than the blood
In vein in fever.
In this envious delirium – yes let it be –
I will again approach the Sun
That feeds him :
Tell him, tell him, tell him,
And at last persuade him
Like to a dour fortress wall

Will he be :
But once fallen, one to me.

*

Give me your ear,
Give your ear –
So said the Sun that feeds him, my enemy,
What I envy,
Give me your mouth
And in my mouth I put honey
But inside it the poison of envy
The snake that tempted Adam to the Fall

*

O Sun see the riches you are blest with
Only see that there be
One whose riches vie with you :
He is your subject
Will you let him go?

*

Then the Sun said :
I hear
I hear
And Envy wrought its hands
In joy.
For Envy had made Sun a toy

*

CANTO 36

*

O my brain is ticking!
And every second an hour goes
And is by me divided :
Come, come, my friend
I wait you :
No news?
Are things late or
Else my brain too nervous?
Let my brain work, then I assert.
Look! He comes!
Ah! my spy in your look already
Together with your smile
You portend me the job be done
Already.

*

Hear in these chains that rattle
The little window high
Barely allows a breath :
Here
The lungs grow dim and full
Of water :
Ah! my breathing!
But more than these
The damp that rises
From every inch of wall
From every inch of earth
On which I sit
I sleep on the damp earth
And that destroys me.

*

Yet now that on Earth
My corpus has departed
Not so much :
There always remains a percentage
Freer I speak, the chains are cut
By the very triumph of suffering
Suffering itself is undermined :
And in this dilemma swims
All punishment, all laws, all power
For at the moment of victory
Suffering suffers too its great defeat :
And thereafter begins
A punishment full to meet :

Now
To my enemy I appear :
Now
I *do* my enemy *receives*
He has no way; no power will
Save him from the irresistible
Power of justice :
There will his clinical precision
Fix her feet in the bog-mire
Of due punishment :
Ah! how feeble power and wealth
Glory and the rest how feeble!
You need not be philosophical
But all this occurring : Actual :
The Shade has power, and
His breathing enemy the prey
Lies complete in the pinions of
The Shade, a feeble prey.
Enemy yield! Your nights on bed
Of down will no longer be
Nights of pleasure and harmony
But one long thread and thundering
Of terror.

*

I sicken, said the Enemy, I know
Shrewd am I it is he
Who I am destroyed from Earth
But merely sent from place to
Place
Now
He be not destroyed but in his exile
In to the land of Shades
He laughs at me sardonically :
And I am feeble, no, not armies
And generals of all Earth
Can advance against a single Shade
The land of Shades how powerful
From our feeble world where Conscious reigns
Where envy and plot under the masks
Hide and the smiles :
Where the heart throb in fear
All the time though it swim
In the Oceans of power and wealth :
No, no, the Shade inhabitant of
The Land of Shades so be.

*

Little by little
Wearing me, worrying me,
The Shade gets sweet revenge
How complete the revenge :
And my health sickens!
What avail the hired doctors
That from their wigs speak
And pontificate : no, I waste
With every second as the Shade
Wills and desires.

*

*

In vain! In vain!
I will not take the medicines.
Like to a fortress unbeatable
Whatever medicines hurl I
Fall flat to the faces
And in the mires their shame traces.
Vanquished! Vanquished!
My sickness grows despite
That Spring advances :
My sickness grows
Despite my airy walks
In to the breezes of the
Life-giving Dawns :
In vain! In vain!

*

9-6-2012

4.55 P.M.

CANTO 37

*

You dare now come here.
 Here to grin between your teeth
 Here on my sick-bed waning.
 Then have your fill
 Shade, that I sent you Shade
 And to the land of Shades :
 See, I speak, you do not speak
 But smile :
 Remove that smile, insult me,
 Defame me, but that smile,
 It speaks not - yet be daggers to my heart
 With every second that your Shade
 Torments me by sheer presence
 I wane the more, the speedier
 I lose my grip on what I built,
 On what with such sage wisdom
 I garnered in my power and my wealth
 In vain! And you delight
 To hear me in vain : delight!
 For that was after all my doing.
 Now I am paid by my own deeds.
 As after all, all who dabble
 And in ages to come will dabble
 In power and in wealth in the long term
 Will see that they have sowed
 Discord and hate and trouble.
 Enjoy yourself Shade! Too
 Powerful for my feebleness
 You grin between your teeth.

*

Then said the Shade :
 'Last time you told me,
 That I speak not, but hear,
 Here miserable slave, hear,
 Is this not my voice you hear?
 Surely you recognize my voice
 That you and your spies
 Eavesdropped to hear; now
 Hear it again, as you had willed
 Ago by many a year.
 And accuse not in your desperation :
 But rather thank me; for
 You be near, you know what that means,
 The bell is struck,

And my appearance is kind to you
Allowing you to prepare
Paying by deed of good for so ill doing.'

*

*

In my last arrangements notary,
I now can exercise that little power
That's left me in my will.
Look here it be written in my own hand
That I with pride can say
That despite all my pining illness
I strong to the last wrote my own will
Here I sign before you witnesses
And you my Monsignor the notary
At the end.
That is nigh to the end.
Lay be back; the end be soon.
Already the black bat whirls his way
In the red twilight of the dusky sky
And the first stars out of heavens
Window peep.
Leave me to shrive with my confessor :
These last acts though in pain
With courage let it be said I carried out.
*

9-6-2012

5.12 P.M.

CANTO 38

*

Let it be no shame that
The cantos be
Clusters of fragments
Broken china fragments
Fixed together only partially
You should not shame for this remember
And the same
For every play, the Stage Director
See before him not just
The audience but the play in fragments
Sheets disordered here and there
Fragments of fragments
Dreaming every where
Let it be no shame that
The cantos be
Clusters of fragments

*

Euripides, why?
Why draw such a strong line
Between comedy and tragedy?
Ah! in our lives
So many times comedy be
Tragedy or in tragedy
Transformed
And the vice-versa.
Euripides, why?

*

Then in your drama
Let your life be transposed
Into the play
The play in to your life
And
In this mixture,
To and fro,
Shifting and rattling go
And that be drama

*

Then look around you too
In Greece and on this tongue of
Mother Earth
You will find and discover
So many places

So many scenes to gobble
Incorporate
In to the play and then emotions
Passion and the rest
Will with the mass universe mix

*

The characters age with every word
Tragedy or comedy
Unless we usher in
The Age of Immortality :
But that's for now suspended –
And this you must as in a mirror
Reflect in your verse
And song transpose.

*

17-6-2012

11.37 A.M.

CANTO 39

*

Then let repetition, Euripides,
Be one of your arms
Not, no, never any liability

*

When you saturate your genius
Like flowers that are drunk
With the wine of the sun
By mid-day
When you saturate your genius
Then
Let the emotions roll your
Verse and song :
Just let them do that

*

Walk, walk, amongst people,
Then
In the streets though you write not
You will think
If not consciously then
The Sub-conscious jealous wins.
And you will think.
And you will think.

*

The streets, the market place,
The squares,
People meeting and talking,
Ants seen from above
Hither and thither moving :
You will be there Euripides
Observing and participating
Ah! life ah! living
What form after form of experiment
And Evolution are they
Genesis of!

*

To meet genius face to face.
Not idolatry of the intellectual

But
Burning desire and
Eagerness
To emulate and become the same.
You too, from high must descend
Must lend your hand
For others to become as you have become

*

Canto after canto
The epic verse and song
Moves,
But moves as in experiment
And in as proportion direct
Moves
In Evolution

*

Worry vexed brain, already vexed,
Already worried,
Can you load more pain?

*

24-6-2012

Four Months after My Mother's Death

7.37 A.M.

CANTO 40

*

Through the streets of Athens
Pass I
And observe, hear, talk,
Quip, jest,
My brain registers :
Then once at home
When Night be in the arms of
The red dusk
And twilight sing the waters of
The waves
I spend some minutes to think
Then my quill
Puts forth the transformations that
The brain has undergone :
The characters speak and act and
Dialogue
They move, desire, soliloquy,
The chorus helps
The narrator is the rudder of the ship
That be the play
But the direction the Stage Director
Has in his august hands.

*

*

Light the verse fly, not plodding slow
Or grave
The characters all the same behave
But are not lanky nor eerie
Voices from the grave
But
Language, words, sounds
Dionysian
But then the Chorus will
Under the aegis of my hand
Fluctuate as between
Dionysian and Apollonian
At will
The school I learn in the streets and
Squares
Comes to my aid
Comes to my hand.

*

Within a greater canvas of tragedy

-for life so be-
See
See the unfolding of comedy :
Though comedy be crucial
In making us laugh
Yet
In the back ground a percentage minimal
Always pertains remains of
Tragedy.

*

24-6-2012

Four Months After My Mother's Death

1.37 P.M.
