

ASH-WEDNESDAY

March
1930

dedicated
to
Mrs. Elsie

'Remember, man, that thou art dust, and unto
dust thou shalt return.'

World and God
desert and garden

Vita Nuova XVIII

Stargazer

Song of Solomon, Ezekiel, Revelation &

Because I think not ever to return
Ballad, to Gussung

St. John
I Serchio non s'fero 1928

Because I do not hope to turn again

Because I do not hope

Because I do not hope to turn to God

Desiring this man's gift and that man's scope

I no longer strive to strive towards such things

(Why should the aged eagle stretch its wings?)

Why should I mourn

The vanished power of the usual reign?

Ballata, written in exile
at Sarzana, Cavalcanti
doubt, despair

Psalm 103:5
Isaiah 60:31

Because I do not hope to know again

The infirm glory of the positive hour

Because I do not think

Because I know I shall not know

The one veritable transitory power

Because I cannot drink

There, where trees flower, and springs flow, for there is
nothing again

Because I know that time is always time

And place is always and only place

And what is actual is actual only for one time

And only for one place

I rejoice that things are as they are and

I renounce the blessèd face

And renounce the voice

Because I cannot hope to turn again

Consequently I rejoice, having to construct something

desire
Paul II

Upon which to rejoice
And pray to God to have mercy upon us
And I pray that I may forget
These matters that with myself I too much discuss
Too much explain
Because I do not hope to turn again
Let these words answer
For what is done, not to be done again
May the judgement not be too heavy upon us

Because these wings are no longer wings to fly
But merely vans to beat the air
The air which is now thoroughly small and dry
Smaller and dryer than the will
Teach us to care and not to care
Teach us to sit still.

Salience in waiting for death

Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death
Pray for us now and at the hour of our death.

*to construct something of death
e vo significando II Salutation 1927*

Lady, three white leopards sat under a juniper-tree
In the cool of the day, having fed to satiety
On my legs my heart my liver and that which had beer
contained

In the hollow round of my skull. And God said
Shall these bones live? shall these
Bones live? And that which had been contained

*Burglar
24. 53-54*

*Vita Nuova
XIX*

*Elijah
(1 Kings 19)*

*Inferno I
Ezekiel (37)*

In the bones (which were already dry) said chirping:
Because of the goodness of this Lady
And because of her loveliness, and because
She honours the Virgin in meditation,
We shine with brightness. And I who am here dissembled
Proffer my deeds to oblivion, and my love
To the posterity of the desert and the fruit of the gourd.
It is this which recovers
My guts the strings of my eyes and the indigestible por-
tions
Which the leopards reject. The Lady is withdrawn
In a white gown, to contemplation, in a white gown.
Let the whiteness of bones atone to forgetfulness.
There is no life in them. As I am forgotten
And would be forgotten, so I would forget
Thus devoted, concentrated in purpose. And God said
Prophecy to the wind, to the wind only for only
The wind will listen. And the bones sang chirping
With the burden of the grasshopper, saying

Ecclesiastes 5 (12:5)

Lady of silences
Calm and distressed
Torn and most whole
Rose of memory
Rose of forgetfulness
Exhausted and life-giving
Worried reposeful
The single Rose
Is now the Garden

Paradiso (33:7-9)

Where all loves end
Terminate torment
Of love unsatisfied
The greater torment
Of love satisfied
End of the endless
Journey to no end
Conclusion of all that
Is inconclusible
Speech without word and
Word of no speech
Grace to the Mother
For the Garden
Where all love ends.

Under a juniper-tree the bones sang, scattered and shin-
ing

We are glad to be scattered, we did little good to each
other,

Under a tree in the cool of the day, with the blessing of
sand,

Forgetting themselves and each other, united

Ezekiel (45:1) In the quiet of the desert. This is the land which ye
Shall divide by lot. And neither division nor unity
Matters. This is the land. We have our inheritance.

Burgos (26:146)

III Som de l'escalina 1929

At the first turning of the second stair

I turned and saw below

1

The same shape twisted on the banister
Under the vapour in the fetid air
Struggling with the devil of the stairs who wears
The deceitful face of hope and of despair.

At the second turning of the second stair
I left them twisting, turning below;
There were no more faces and the stair was dark,
Damp, jagged, like an old man's mouth drivelling, be-
yond repair,
Or the toothed gullet of an aged shark.

At the first turning of the third stair
Was a slotted window bellied like the fig's fruit
And beyond the hawthorn blossom and a pasture scene
The broadbacked figure drest in blue and green
Enchanted the maytime with an antique flute.
Blown hair is sweet, brown hair over the mouth blown,
Lilac and brown hair;
Distraction, music of the flute, stops and steps of the
mind over the third stair,
Fading, fading; strength beyond hope and despair *Matthew (8:8)*
Climbing the third stair.

Lord, I am not worthy
Lord, I am not worthy

but speak the word only.