

from

CINEMA OF THE BLIND

by

Anthony Weir S

Blackstaff Press, 1981

ICONOLOGIES

Club and cleft stick
Are man and woman
Seasoned by the sourness of centuries
Thickening to peat
Above them and below
Spring after ritual spring.

Bridget and the Barons stalk the land;
Private exhibitionists stand
In front of unappeasing mirrors;
Public exhibitionists squat
On church and castle walls
Emaciated, hideously lined,
Long since ignored
And no longer keeping sin at bay.

The Barons' offerings are made each day.
Marble monuments to heroes,
Jesus and mortality
Survey a land of cattle,
Men and women
Clubbed and cloven into sickly
Icons of fertility.

Rhadamanthys rules
With Minos and the bishops.
Meat is the eternal master
Where stones were once
(or are still Aligned):
bulls in bottles, bleeding
Hearts in plaster:
No new stone circles
ward off old Disaster.

We operate

Hopelessly, and hopelessly expect
Our separate amputations to connect.

CATASTROPHE

Flowers are flowering
Larks are larking
Badgers badgering
Pines are pining
Rushes rushing
Fish are fishing
Plants are planting
Swallows swallowing
Stars are starring
The moon is mooning

And man is manning
Everything.

PAID

A rent of flesh –
Two tissues shot –
One moment's gather –
The ravelling rush –
The loosening of one knot
picks out the threads
to wind another.

THESE ALSO

Are the Rights of Man:
To wear no clothes
To be illiterate
To have no name.

ROMANESQUE

In Aquitaine of ruined towers,
flat hedgeless fields of vines and wheat,
of wars and princes past and yet to come,
the public images of lust and ribaldry and sin
lurk now inscrutably
on honey-coloured limestone churches.

Among the strange complexities of beasts
and monsters, harpists, lobsters, hogsheads,
skulk the shameless damned.

Less than a hammer-blow away from
Christ in his mandorla-glory, mouths and vulvas
are pulled agape, toads and serpents
suck whores' breasts, double-bodied
lion-headed birds peck at and bite
the groins of upturned mistresses and victims.

Men pull their beards. Snakes issue
from their mouths and bite their balls.
In the shadow of the stone strange figures flit:
carnivals of carnal daydreams.

O tormented monks!

Couples enact their couplings sadly, ritually,
fearful, with stony
resignation and enormous apparatus.
Ithyphallic acrobats, the King of Fools,
Host-guzzlers with Pantagruel parts
celebrate apocalyptic January festivals of
innocent lost innocence
to usher in the New Age with the year
– *Babilonia Magna Meretrix*.

And from roof to door, on capitals and blind
arcades, devouring beasts slouch
and rampage through vine-scrolls
in the pure dark poetry of stained
honeycoloured stone: elegantly-twisted
soul-secrets of a world that's past,
the cries of saints and longing,
images of Hell and Paradise

in Aquitaine of ruined towers,
flat, hedgeless fields of vines and wheat,
of wars and worlds and princes past
and yet to come.

1968

Today
the First of May
is launched the most exciting of charities:

*The Society for the Masturbation
of Lonely Old Men in Public Lavatories.*

Please help those who cannot help themselves
and bring them just a little pleasure,
and remembere that for each one who delves
for what might have been a treasure
at one time, a hundred more lie
alone in their beds, longing to die
for the want of a helping hand
- for the want of something better.

FISHERMAN AND TROUT

I cast
at the dorsal fin above the water
that seemed like a shark's to my pride.
I struck
and the searching virgin mouth like a vulva
took my practised, indifferent and embedding barb.
I played her as she strained my rod
and rose and dived and twisted.
But in the next the simile reversed
and I was the taker of the unwitting
symbol that *he* was.
Crack! on the side of the boat.
A second *crack!* with the back of his head
and the golden image was dead.
I cast again.

EPIPHANY:
Eochu, Lord of the Underworld

Barrel
Slung between powerful thighs
Marvel
Fixing my humble and envious eyes
Slides out of its stock
Veins standing out, thick
As a man's arm:
Authority
Long and splendid and black
Extends towards the ground
Then with a masterful flick
Slaps a taut belly
Swings down again
And slowly slips back
Into thigh-portal
Leaving me trembling and awed
By unconscious display
Of superhumanity.

GOD

is love is
a hoarding
behind which hide
desperate competitions.

MIND

is rind around desire
Passion:
ration of our fire
Soul:
a hole of consciousness
Life:
a knife to carve the emptiness

**SIDELONGINGS,
BELFAST 1969**

In dark courts and entries
between cold urinals
long since demolished
where men looked over and down
at each other (hopeful, peninsular)
little girls loitered.
Always in pairs
(for they were not lonely)
uncourted
unentered
they whispered to grim, sidelong men
How much will you give us to rub you off, Mister ?
Little girls with dirty
little-girl faces worked
stony-faced men with quick
and matter-of-fact
little-girl hands
to new-old
I-told-you-so of soft flesh

when some men don't pay

near old, lost urinals
where other men
sidelong and wistfully
fingered each other
(bleak seas round peninsulas)
shifting from toilet to toilet
or paired off in the night
past old little girls
for brief, hopeless pleasures.

A POLICEMAN SAID

On a frosty afternoon in January 1977
a lion escaped from his rickety cage
in a travelling circus
in a Belfast suburb. He was followed
by police and circus people
with chairs and sticks. A middle
aged woman in a pink dress
collapsed with fright when she saw

a lion in her back garden. He was
cornered in a car-park and covered by

4 submachine guns
3 Enfield rifles
1 double-barrelled shotgun
1 single-barrelled shotgun
and several police revolvers.

After he was finally lured into a cage
by the lion-tamer (with whip)
a policeman said
he would rather go after gunmen than lions.

SIRIUS

Sirius shines
the dog star
low in the sky
the brightest star
revolving round
a small dark sun
which no man has ever seen
like a body
round a soul
or words
around a man
or a man
around his words
or a man
around a man
or words
around a soul
like a body
which no man has ever seen
a small dark sun
revolving round
the brightest star
low in the sky
the dog star
Sirius shines

SATURN REFLECTS

How wonderful
are spectacles -
obstacles
so magical
they let us see
other obstacles
(which may not be).

Spectacles
like testicles
are usually a pair.
But spectacles
are appendices
you *can* choose
not to wear.

from
**DISPATCHES FROM THE WAR
AGAINST THE WORLD**

by

Anthony Weir
published 1996

**THE BEAUTY OF PERFECTION IS
ITS IMPOSSIBILITY BUT ANYTHING
IS POSSIBLE TO THE IMAGINATION**

So animal and so benign
the Tygress is my sentinel
my balm of blessedness
my vigilance
the fur most exquisite
in her underparts
her eyes night-centred suns.
In her uninhabitable place
she wears a cage
of soft-edged dashing stripes
a moving maze.
I wear my beast-face:
for her desire
I am a gracious
Minotaur.

GRAND STYLE (TRUE STORY)

Millionaire
Gordon Bennett
bought a restaurant
on entering it

And before he left
he gave it to the waiter
as a tip.

IN OCCULTATION

On the Turin Shroud
Which it is claimed
Our Lord was wrapped in
And retains His image
His clasping hands eclipse
His cock and balls
In holiness think the faithful
For comfort in loneliness
The least of misfortunes
Say I who sleep thus
and wake in occultation.

CRINOPHILY

RUE DE LA PETITE TRUANDERIE

I would like a lover
who looks like my teddybear
who will ask me to do
what I want to do
and travel with me
to the inner and the outer.

As for sex
I have no preference -
but not many women look like my
teddybear,
though I saw a splendidly
hirsute lady in Paris.

THE QUEST FOR CONVIVIALITY

Many people look for
happiness
[and some for
'enlightenment']
who don't know how to like
their best friend

MEAT AND MY MOTHER

My father Diogenes
who lived in a barrel
and barked like a dog
used to masturbate
in the marketplace.

He pissed like a dog
on offerings thrown to him:
meat
and my mother
whom he raped
like a butcher's knife
at a cynical
Christmas Party
giving her crab-lice
with his rushed sperm
and half a lifetime
of humble pretence.

AFTER THE SINKING

His daddy fought bitterly
'for Ireland' - rarely
at home - usually
on the run.

His auntie hoped a teddy
bear would keep him happy
or comfort him at any
rate - or at least keep him
quiet while she did what she
did for the cause
without a gun.

He pulled the arms and legs off
and shat upon the mutilated plush.
He met his mother for the first time
on the boat to America.
Now he is a whining, published poet
and a lush.

As he hugs me guiltily and almost tenderly
I tell him
Sex is only the tip of the iceberg.

HAPPINESS IS DESPAIR HAVING A GOOD TIME

It is as true as rain
and wind
that mind
is pain
And knowledge
differentiated pain
And wisdom the sad gladness
of the immense
realisation
that it is insane
to look for sense
outside the brain
or inside sensation.

EVERY MOMENT IS A MOMENT OF INSTRUCTION

I write on time's hem, the brink of extinction,
the end ever nearer as leaders and led become mnadder
and fuller of power and products
None of us more than 10%
conscious and 9% rational, our species
the irresistibile error of crass evolution.

Is the mercy of dozens of hydrogen bombs
more likely to cover the Planet of Pain
than the long, cruel whimper of famine
and drought, the ruthless
destruction even of air ?
Insanely
we think that Creation must live only through us.
Oh, silence is is the nearest approximation to sanity.

I write, before being hurled
from the brink of extinction, poems which just a few hundred beings
in all the uncaring cosmos will read:
the beginning of wisdom's the end of our world.

THE EMPTY HOUSE

We are always having and wanting to have
more than that we wanted to have
and had not - so always we do
in order to compensate for what
others did or did not do to or for us
And we have no peace to be
may never have been at all
living our lives without being
always blocking each other
making war on ourselves, each other,
the world
trying to blot out the wanting
by doing and having.
We all move in the same mad direction
away from ourselves, away from being
ourselves, being animals, being voyagers,
being.
The smell of my armpit is ocean
In it I can learn to be.

Unhappiness comes

Like sperm,
from the pursuit
of happiness and comfort.

Reality is just
a little crack
in the façade

And the façade is full of cracks.

Love

is Soup Dream,
Life
is Dream Soup;

Wine

is the love in the tortured vine
and art
first pressings of the hardened heart;

Enlightenment

is really knowing who you really are:
an animal with pretensions.

Control birth.

Combat normality.
We are as sperm
swimming in
the rectum of reality.

Mind activates awareness
Insight transcends mind
Wisdom's a puddle, decess is catharsis
Men are honest only as they
wipe their arses.

TO MY FAVOURITE DOG

(before Oscar came into my life)

Poetic ideas
ferment in our eyes
congeal in our dicks.
You whisper sensual stanzas
into my ear.

Poems are bad
translations of licks.

Deep down

most of us are desperately superficial.
How can we think our way out of problems
when our problems arise from
the fact that we think?

*(How do I fit the square peg of my
self-importance into the round
hole of my sense of futility, renouncing
both sadness and self?)*

Time is god, is love
is sightless, dumb
creates. destroys
and tells us only
that we are noise.

THE GREAT ATTRACTOR

Only 10% of the total mass
of the once-expanding
now-contracting Universe
is matter. The rest
remains ineffable, in occultation.
As each of us crawls helplessly
back and forth between our ears,
on a planet spinning on its axis
and revolving round a sun revolving
in a galaxy which hurtles at six hundred
kilometres per second to the black holes of
the Great Ineffable Attractor,
we think we are important
and live as if we were immortal.
And we predict that the duration of the Cosmos
will be another 15 to 20 billion years.

TANTRA-MANTRA

Once you have understanding
throw that understanding away
and look for a new one,
like breath after breath,
for having is clinging.
True happiness comes
when you no longer hold on to happiness:
for the spirit needs desolation
as much as the body needs death.

SUPPOSE ANYTHING, BELIEVE NOTHING

If men could only feel
their cocks were feminine
and reality as just a crack
the world could almost be
the paradise it was.

AS A DREAM OF A NIGHT VISION

Because I look from outside out
terrified to look from inside in
I seem to come to life through burglary.

Puppet deliberately tangling my strings
so as to have to cut them,
I might thus fall from
rôle not to reality but grace
belongingness beyond longing
affinity beyond sex
conviviality beyond consumingness
of fire where spiders burn
and webs transmute to puppet-strings.

Because I take and take to things
things which I make magically
execute me
and I am only questioning and doubt
looking ineluctably from outside out.

The animal garden

Is now a murder-hole.
Language was always the Labyrinth.
Civilisation is striving, spurning
starving, burning
mass graves and marble tombs,
wonderful wine and no-one to drink it with
but the Black Riders
the achievers, civilised dealers
in death, machine-mad
half-controlling the machine.
They are the forms of desire
(suppression of grace, the soul's death)
stencils of men,
power-bleak, power-black
teeth in the maw
of perpetual war
against Nature and grace

as the planet of pain and vainglory
hurtles through space.

MIDNIGHT AT THE CROSSROADS OF AWARENESS

Wisdom is the road to wisdom
The dust upon the road is love
The road is made of dust
Is unimaginably short
Wisdom unimaginably brief
Deep upon the road love lies
Burying the corpses of the almost-wise.

Where KILL is more acceptable

a word than FUCK
people force their children to accept
unhappiness as a treatable condition.

On the edge

between pettiness and glory
I walk in sleep
surrounded by
the unknowable on the unknown
boundary beyond which all is radiant
dark
and I not yet
a selfconsuming spark.

A PATH IN LAKE WATERS

Between the sleeping and the dreaming
Lie the landing and the boat
Between strange and stranger shore
A timeless lake
A floating door
A ferryman

The ancient guide
Manifest dream-master
Mythic ithyphallic bride

I am the dismembered masker
Orpheus come like ore
In the dazzling dark
The teeming maze of the mine
To drink the piss of the Minotaur

Though dreams like myths and stems entwine
We dream apart
Each drowning as we grasp the door
Abstract as thresholds
Scattered in the silent roar

CULTURE IS THE VULTURE THAT RIPS APART THE HEART

Every day that passes
I spurn the middle classes
more and more and more.
I never lock my door.

Farouche

Mr Pussy
the pansy painter

cuddled and kissed
a lion-tamer
who never had cuddled
a man before

but wrote his
address on a
cubicle-door

TOUCHING BOTTOM

In the silence of eventless
solitary days lurks wisdom
somewhere. I am waiting in the muddle
of waiting for wisdom
for illumination like a turnip-lantern
for the ghost of an answer
to the unanswerable riddle
Waiting for my lover
dark enfolding infinitely-gentle
Brother Death
The great cuddler
The great cuddle
At the last breath.

It is quite difficult

to like human
beings
when you're quite sure
that you don't like being
human.

HERE NOW, IN THE JUNKYARD OF REALITY

The smell of death
is a lover's smell:
unchaste, alone,
I'm perfumed by
magnificent disgraces.

When day is strange dream
Divided by night
It's time to extinguish the light
And dance in the odorous places.

POEM ON St VALENTINE'S DAY

Soul resides in hair
and fur and feather
scale and leaf and earth.
Soul is part of sap and rock
and blood and turds and weather.
Soul inhabits empty spaces -
not brains nor hearts
nor tongues nor mouths
nor eyes nor faces.
Soul resides in fur and bushy places.

CONFESSION OF A FAILED ABORTION

In the absurd
eventuality of re-incarnation
I should be desirous
of returning as a bower-bird
or a retrovirus.

EK STASIS

In the soulzone
Conscious in the
Ancient armpit
Of the Unconscious
At every moment
And the beginning
And the end of time
Any tree is more wonderful
Than any work of art
And all that matters
Is awareness
That nothing matters
And fulfilment is
To fall apart.

In Siena

On Tuesday
I stole *Panforte*, postcards & calendars
ate too much ice-cream
and strolled to the Asylum
where I saw marvellous ceramics,
and, after modestly mentioning
my disabilities,
was invited to come and make
permanent use of the splendid facilities.

I am open

like a wound
that smiles
and kisses with
its tender edges
knives & rags
and flies & thorny hedges.

RENOUNCING SELF-IMPORTANCE

Beggars
are
the
only
heroes.

TO AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

I mourn in anger the fall
of Lucifer
who was the first political
prisoner.

All this mess
is made by prisoners
of consciousness.

BEACHED

The sea constantly
ceaselessly conjugates
the verb *to murmur*
sometimes very loudly
sometimes so quietly
that it's barely a rumour

And the white juices
flow
from black forces
below
and it conjugates *to murmur*
lovingly and cold
cold and passionate
violent and cold

So we are told
who only dream the sea
desiring it dreamingly
seeming to be awake
and just out of reach
on the small fragile beach
where the shadows flap and shake.

**IT IS VERY DIFFICULT TO FIND
*THE REAL THING***

I had a friend
who had a friend
who had a stone
for a friend,
for a teacher:
a master
of silence.

THE WELSH WORD FOR ENGLAND IS '*LAND THAT WE LOST*'

More beautiful
than a beautiful thing
is the ruin
of a beautiful thing.

The most beautiful thing is
not to have been born

and, having been born
and reborn, death
is the only decent thing.

ANTIFAME

The man who invented *Négritude*
became a very cultured and urbane African dictator.

I, who have (alongwith the title of this poem)
just invented *Dissentitude*
to describe my attitude of utterly-dissenting self-effacement
am (and will remain) completely unknown
except to my computer, my non-sexual partner, my few friends
and my dog.

«MORCEAU DE NAPOLÉON»

Ventôse 1990

"Who dares to speak of '98 ?"

Napoleon had very tiny private
parts, hacked off, apparently, *post mortem*,
sold to a Canadian for £18,000
a little while ago.
His mistresses were just for show.

Had the Irish
(whom he failed to liberate)
known this, they might
have placed their trust in -
pointed in dance
around -
their 1800 phallic stones
and not upon the impotent and upstart
Emperor of France.

GERTRUDE STEIN

Gertrude Stein wrote mantras
delicately. Rude mantras wrote
refined Gert Stein.
Miss Mantras was *the thing itself*,
the liberty of thing
ringing in oblique observation
like mad. Mansanity
of selfaplomb and whimassured
and dedication to the livery of word
released from mantrashliterality of consonants and vowels:
speech is cruelty to wise silenciousness.
Splendid right unto her bowels
divinely mooing sticky tantras
Gertrude Stein wrote punky mantras
quite a lot -
as I cannot.

Words are

the darkness speaking as light
pretending that comfort
is other than night.

from

**THE
TRANSCENDENTAL HOTEL**

by

Anthony Weir

published 1996 and augmented on this page

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To be human is to imagine, then create, problems.

We cannot solve the problems we have created with the same thinking that created them.

- Albert Einstein

*

PHALLOSOPHY

Those crazy, corrupt - seemingly
immortal - religions teach that flesh
is weak, feminine and corruptible
like compassion
corrupting the mind
which is male like muscle
like penis
corrupting the soul which is male
and immortal
and immoral like god.

LIFE

is profound shit.
The famous are *into it*
Deeper than others.

A MOUND OF REFUSE

Even the poor in our society
have six times more
than it's sane to desire

And the rich everywhere
always
are wanting something for nothing.

SONNET INSPIRED BY THE LAST WORDS OF RILKE'S EIGHTH ELEGY

Seeming to live
and always taking leave and re-attaching,
re-inventing love and hate and obligation
we are shadow-beings, abusing reason,
talking of 'soul' and always beyond all consolation.

We talk of beauty, but what we mean
is sad adornment of the squalor that we make.

We talk of 'progress': our progressive
enslavement to comfort - no give, all take

from whom and what we crush for comfort's sake;
progressive dependency on rapine
and diminishment of the whole world -
we demi-beings of too much light
and chatter, infantile, unilluminated, arrogant and fake.

LIES ARE THE MOST ACCEPTABLE DRUG ON EARTH

Holy Mother:
religions
worship
themselves
but never
each other.

IN THE DEAD ZONE

On warm, still nights
I hear rocks groan in their sleep.
I am mumbling sadness
unable to love or to weep,
a perforated stone
windowing pain with words.

*Inner me
Anomie
Enemy*

can all sound the same on the phone.

GAULEITER ALIGHERI

Peter of Morrone
who wanted only to spend his life in a cell
became Pope Celestine V
elected because of his saintliness.
He was so true and incorruptible
that, perceiving his incompetence,
he resigned forthwith:
the only resigning pope.

His successor put him in gaol
so that he could not be exploited by Dissidents.
And Dante consigned him to Hell.

THE MISERY OF MILK AND HITLER IN THE HEART

People eat meat as though vegetables were rare
- as if we lived in cold palæolithic times
when there weren't even nettles or chickweed
- as if they were feudal lords
- as if meat tasted better than cellulose flavoured with blood
- as if it were not forbidden to photograph abattoirs
- as if cows had no sorrow
- as if we were only victims of history
- as if there were no tomorrow.

MASTERFUL IMAGES

*"In the Republic of Ukraine
a man accused of killing a woman
and skinning her corpse
to make a brassière and shorts
told a court that
he did it to calm his nerves.*

The defendant was not identified in the reports."

Police found dog skins
and a blanket made from mouse skins
in the 21-year old untaught shaman's home.
To be human is to be a whimpering terrorist,
and angel of heartbreak trying to escape the frame,
each day pregnant with the guilt
of having woken up,
each day sewing up our souls
and faces to obscure our shame.

ANGELS

Ache of the heart
is the angel of transformation.
Ease is the angel
of death.

TO A SOCIAL WORKER WHO WOULD MAKE A BETTER COSMETICS SALESPERSON

Does *'meet with me'*
have the same relationship with *'meet'*
as *'fuck with me'* has with *'fuck'* ?
Or is meeting me really like
meeting with an accident ?

PEOPLE ARE UGLY AND THE FORESTS SAD

We do not breathe: the Earth breathes us
its throttling genius-animus
through lungs of light and landscape. Thus
because the world is more than human
we try to make it much less than world,
inhuman.

We are the governors, the cleaners,
bureaucrats, teachers, manufacturers,
scientists, shopkeepers, farmers, doctors,
bedwetters and the unemployed:
all spiritual wrecks for whom no breath
inhales the challenge of prismatic consciousness -
only challenges of infantile guns, jobs, status,
drugs, pain and sex...

Because, through our ungrounded imagination,
we have lost the landscape,
all that we have is loss
engorged with traffic.

We are slaves of desire who want result
without connection, the insane
prisoners of progeny, vacations and champagne.

FALSENESS CLOSE TO KIN

*'For the coffin & the cradle & the purse
are all against a man.'* - Christopher Smart

After three half-hearted, vain abortion efforts came
the mutual punishment of birth and the tight
pretence of my Adoption. Then you failed
to force me in the painful mould
of your own image, uncommunicating, cold.
Still, we have been faithful to each other:
rebel son and secret mother.
I'm getting old, and you're ever more stubborn.
You think that I have failed you,
and can't remember when last you ate.
We were hardly in each other's knowing -
now my half-respect for you has turned to emptiness
almost dispassionate.

NO MASKING LAUGHTER

I am just the box I came in -
shabby proof of mere existence.
When I was young I had no ambition
for money or for status:
foolishly, I had ambition only to be wise.

Now that I carry wisdom I wish only
soon and forever to close my eyes.

INTERESTING

All the American girls were interned in the zoo
in the Bois de Boulogne - isn't that interesting ?
So interesting for the mostly less than interesting
American girls. American girls are now
less interesting than ever, but much more interesting
than Irish ones, and less interesting than the frighteningly
interesting trans-sexuals who now are a zoo
in the very uninteresting Bois de Boulogne -
just as frightening as (but more interesting than) German
soldiers - and much more interesting and much less frightening
than American senators or American food
or almost anything American since 1920.

COMPASSION

with thanks to Brekena Smajli

Compassion is flame
and the ashes of the fire.
Compassion is crossed fingers behind your back
as your shoulders hunch like a crone's.
Compassion is the corpse buried in your eyes.
Compassion is the burying of stones.

A COLD EYE

Wisdom is awareness
of the futility of communication
and the prodigality of the
communication of futility:
Wisdom is bareness.

Books are dead trees
and marketing and choked drains,
and poems are dead cells
from dying brains,

through whose intent, intention,
intentionality
the vivid randomness of life and nature
has been turned to death
by planned inequity and inequality.

A LA RECHERCHE DE PAUL VERLAINE

Miserable wars
if love is not the reason
Miserable wars

Miserable weapons
if they are not kisses
Miserable

Pitiable men
if they don't die of love
Pitiable

Men have killed
more women than men

The most miserable love
is fought for
The most pitiable kisses are weapons
and the most pathetic men
refuse to live for love without motive.

IADURILOR: INFERNAL REGIONS

In memoriam [Ion Caraion](#)

The terror
Of error...
The error
Of terror...

The terror of seeing
The error of being.

LYCANDROPHILY

Like most werewolves I find very few
humans that I actually like.

Like most werewolves
I find only large quadrupeds and other
werewolves sexually attractive.

In front of the fire or out in the byre
we hug and caress and make slow,
impenetrative werewolfish love

And voluptuously ease into the even-
better, slower, many-times-releasing
ceasing.

CONSUMER

I went out to buy contentment
and came home with bulls' testicles.

I went out to buy transcendence
and came back with a mobile phone.

The vileness of money
is that it turns stupidity of desire
into virtue.

I listen to time coughing and watch
the wolf in the Institute being
flayed to the bone.

NO PITY FOR THE YOUNG

My foreskin is a
cap upon a pen that writes
unbridgeable sighs.

Most texts are greater than the writer.

BEING AND ITS EMBRYOS *for Malcolm*

I have come here through the
continuing hug-famine of Ireland with
my portfolio of pleasures

to discover that so many people
are colourless attempt at living,
for we are bred for rapacity,
everyone criminal.

But when the fashionable
sun excludes you, I shall administer
my bony cuddles through the
breathless, fleshy night
knowing the unsensual, senseless
cruelty of light.

A DUBLIN POEM

At the Conference of
Poetry Police
An observer who claimed
That a tree was worth
A thousand poets
Was declared mentally ill
And unfit to work at
The paper-mill.

BEAUTY AND DESPAIR

The forest's lovely, dark and deep,
But I, unlovely human, have pale and
shallow promises to keep
to well-kept humans.
There is no gain but hurt
as we turn the planet called *Earth*
to the planet called *Dirt*,
the planet of pain.
And we are vanity & all in vain.

Every girl and every boy
is born with and robbed of
the secret of joy.
And not a thing will satisfy
Because we all are cut away
from our innate capacity
to be appropriate, attuned.

Poems
are pus from that terrible wound,
wound of wanting, dark and deep.
The woods are lovely...We explain
and turn experience to pain,
turn pain to planetary experience,
and we are vanity, and all in vain.

BETWEEN THE CANDLE AND THE WALL

I walk among ghosts
for whom cleverness,
the lies of history
and education
are worth a whole world
more than wilderness
or mystery
or revelation.

FLAMES UPON THE NIGHT

Christians destroyed the Oracles
not because the Sibyls lied
but because the uncouth
New Testamenters
wanted The Good News
and couldn't bear the truth.

TWO PARIS POEMS

I.

In the Paris street
famous for at least 800 years
for comforts and deformities of flesh
a pretty, very sweet
and almost-fresh
young whore approached me:
I'll pleasure you
for just 100 francs, she said.
You have a tender face.
I touched her gently on the arm
and smilingly declined
her old recensions of the intimate
freak-show by which some choose
and some refuse
to propagate the race.

II.

In the Empire of Things
sellers are clones
of kings without counsel or freedom
or responsibility,
and buyers are thrones
of consumption and heartlessness,
hypocrisy, hygiene
and inhospitability.

**THE WHOLE WORLD IS A
HOSPITAL**

In memoriam Osho

Connection is the door
to the perfectly gentle sore.
Religion is a luxury and not a leap:
"You need a Master when you are
asleep."

A PAGE FROM THE HANDBOOK OF HEARTBREAK

"Men have lovely bums," you said.
Yes indeed, lovely bums,
hairy bums...
and their hearts aren't far past
the diaper stage -
which is why I gave up
lust and rage.

**BEING IS REDUCED TO WORDS
AS SPLENDID MEALS ARE
TURNED TO TURDS**

We are too arrogant to learn
and what we must re-learn
is beyond speech.

The stupid don't know how stupid
they are, and the wise
try to cope with constant surprise.

HORTUS MALEFICIARUM

Irish fields are bleak
even in summer when the grass is high for silage.

They are prisoners,
beaten up, interned behind barbed wire,
inside us, our fenced land, our property
- and we cannot shut it out.

Nor brick nor stone nor wool nor wine
nor fire nor electricity can keep it out
of the trampled, overcropped, exhausted
field of consciousness

where club and cleft stick,
man and woman
are seasoned by the sourness of centuries
thickening to peat above them and below
spring after ritual spring.

Gort - one of the Irish words for 'field' -
comes from the same root as Latin *hortus*
and English *garth*, *yard* and *garden*.

The Persian *paradise*
had prison-walls.

A garden is a shrine to tidiness,
a place for dolls,
fragile and cruel as its creators,
each one a habitat destroyed,
a wanton blasphemy of wilderness.
And wolves and bears have vanished
as the wilderness has vanished.

A garden's just a piece of tidy property
whence beauty, truth and toleration have been banished
into books. And books are dead trees
and marketing and choked drains,
and poems are dead cells dropping
like sleet from wintry brains.

SHADE MORE THAN MAN

My bones were formed by sorrow
as shrines are built by doubt
Sorrow of being
Doubt of becoming
Sweat upon sand
Tide in, tide out
Inevitable
invisible
shipwreck in fog
I make soup for tomorrow
lost like a dog
between doubt and sorrow.

TO THE GHOST OF WILLIE YEATS

Users of glass have no transparency.
Beyond the tombstone palaces of sensual delight
the ultimate sensuality
is dying. Can anything else we do
in the self-regarding Punch-&-Judy show
of psychoclastic Normality
be harmless - let alone be good ?
Words cannot be free
nor silence right...
I say to you: *The only art*
that's true is how you mould your heart.

MAN TO BOY

Pissing is plumbing and pleasure:
Let yourself go down the throat of 'society'
Piss on the unholy family,
progress, and the power-obsessed state
Point your willy at 'God' and let go -
and if, like me, you dribble, don't worry:
the stains and the smell will add to
the things you can do to keep
insane normality (a.k.a. morality) at bay.

SINGING THE MYRRH OF TRANSCENDENCE
a poem on St Valentine's Day

Let every erection
in the sleepy morning or at night
or in the quiet afternoon
celebrate a resurrection
from the dreaming that is
a panoply of pain
into the dreaming that is
soft connection.

Let armpits be sniffed for their glory
and feet licked for
their sympathy.
Let brother nibble the nipple of brother.
Let grey beards tangle in
kisses and nuzzle grey groins
and let the sparkling wine of becoming
pass from one set of lips to another.
And let sweet ejaculations
express the picture now free from the frame, and not flush
through the plumbing
of drab consolations.

THE ANIMALS ARE PERFECT

The animals are perfect.
We are frightful aliens.
The earth is just the launching pad
we're clearing for our take-off
to oblivion.

What happened to the world ?
People kept robbing it.
That's the price of beauty,
said the aliens.

A VOICE FROM THE MIRROR

The greatest achievement is to become
unmentionable to the unspeakable.

'Now' is glimpses of the always
framed by never.

I should say my heart was broken
if I believed in hearts.

Love is just as true as lunch
and healing death the shadow
of meaningless forever.

Normality's unknown

to dogs, unknown
to sharks and humming-birds -
normality is merely
to be defined by words.

*

There are now more people

living on the earth than ever died
- though man is the only creature capable of suicide.

*

The greatest mystery

of life for me is not its origin
nor end nor meaning
but people's relentless superficiality.

*

The people who waste the most water

are those who most complain
about rain.
(Taps drip unfixed throughout
vast regions of unceasing drought.)

*

In my Auschwitz
head are five nice Nazis,
four Jewish war-criminals,
three bestial anarchists,
a Jehovah's Witness
and six far-seeing
(and very sexy) Gypsies.

*

What 'Good Sex' Tells Us:
time
is
nothing.

*

The Past:
invented
then lived in

(as far as is convenient).

*

America:
the paranoid, collective
loneliness of greed.

*

In Nation States
the breadth of human
(and therefore animal)
experience decreases day by day.
And so we blaze our way.

