



EQUALS

is dedicated to the People of the World

Cover illustration: The Bal
- den Eden collection
(purchased at Camden market, London, 1990)

and the heart mantles in its own delight
Coleridge, Fragments

1.

MY ORLANDO

We are not even
when calling for help;
our skill lies
in knowing that.

Island? Where do
the Lion and the Unicorn
roam? At a time, for sure.

And the three women of Dover
come and go talking of Yeats
during the screening.

2.

HOLIDAY

From one single start, the rime:
You will not tell in the first line
But mingling in this space, with
No story, but the wait in the same.

The poem is square, did you know?
And the world is rounder than thee
only. For there were separate long
the talking and the writing until

then came by the menu backwards,
an odd vacation. What would we
not order thence? O a lime it was,

green, ubiquitous and soft, that
not yet knowing, in other words you'd
heard and could never repeat: so.

3.

NOW

The wind of Provence bears the name of a poet
who died before the war, the first.
Mistral, you do still blow that tune
I long to hear now. But where the instrument?

Lips assemble on the clarinet and the porch is long.
Oleander leaves scattered adorning the empty bench.
Up and down I walk with that sound in the trees
and yet nothing. I wait for that incredible wail.

Now I hear you, player training the music
as you walk up and down that porch
surrounded by the song of Provence.

4.

XXX

Do I have a theory about Love?
I believe I do.

Love started this revolution
we call Life.

We were fine when we were two.
The kids killed each other,
that apple story was nothing at all.
That's where the pain came from.
There's no going back, no way
to kill this pain

yet.

5.

NO, ORPHEUS

My love, be fair Eurydice, be Echo...
be Pomona. Remember yet,
as I do, you are not dead.
The poem is, a bit. Only more so

when the poet is too. Now.
Think now, my love. I speak to you.
I dread only the fact that who
is my love is the poem but how

I can get to you, have you back
from this death, that is the poem too.

6.

HERE

Stones talk – they report – that is undeniable!
Echo? Where else would she be hosted?
Eurydice? How else could she survive?
How could the tale be a tale?

It is always too short, the move, and emotion,
where could it bear witness to both
the sorrow and the hope, the tenderness
now all in excess?

How could ever the quest come before the answer?

7.

HOME AGAIN

Take advantage of the empty home
in every way you can.

Why not wear no underwear
and freely roam your rooms,
lie long in bed at every hour,
make yours that space
and fill it all, leave mess
around, chores to abound.

Savour the tang of leftover
objects that are not yours,
that make no crowd but waste.
Let go. Remember so you know
you are alone now.

8.

DOWNCAST EYES PROGRESS IN A CORRIDOR

The title is *Downcast Eyes Progress In A Corridor* by a compulsive photographer of ink-dark openings in a space known. Wait. Things

happen in the dark, don't they? Cracks and sudden — well, you could call it that — natural phenomena. It's definitely not about being normal. If this is the way things happen, you're lost,

as it happens. Also: there is no big deal, no jackpot to let you leave the table now. Rich and lucky is the Midas touch only.

So how could I be happy? Think it up. Take your time to do something right now with your two hands. Blimey!

And the cap fell over the pen.

Eygalières, November 2013

9.

YES & NO, DEAR

“Isn’t the price too high for a pair of cut shorts?”
Your answer, darling... only a bird could say that.
You: an American in Paris — your Paris was American
and you’re right, I’ll give you all I’ve got to give,

no less. Never will you be left behind. I know
because I watch your back, my love.

Of course, you may run far ahead
that nearly you go out of sight
and the rue de Rivoli is long, so long, my dear...

You’ll never make it without sensible shoes,
Princess heels, feathers, any colour you like!

10.

WHO

Who can rule me in this world
of madness, of strife, of sorrow?
Who can drive me like an arrow
by the bow? No one but one
in this world made unrhymed.

There can be no 'perhaps', as it happens,
as we have to happen as a world
with everyone of us: and you, "and you",
in no particular order, a whole mess
made with no sense but reorder.

And how could I do it alone, ever?
Worse even: how could you? Childless
in grief, sorrow and strife, not you.
You belong nowhere but we may grow
the Earth. Shouldn't we? No bother,

there is though such a long way to go.
There is sickness; there is pain; and you,
how will you fare the lack of every care?
The fish will die, the dogs will bark,
the cats will not get to the mice, oh no!

the rats will wait and rule. They know
they can wait, even if we all go.
They knew before, our animal enemies.

and so do we, but language we have none:
which is why maybe one should listen

to them. Again, the rule is gone.

THE * WOMAN-AUTHOR AT HOME PICTURE



11.

WINTER

Were it there were seasons of the heart!
I know too well only winter in mine.
Why I choose to return on the grave
of Memory, be it for the future? Nostalgia
as I step on the floors again of this old
home now lost – at a cost, be it said –
beyond ruin and repair?

It lives obly there: a site remote,
lost with never a tear
like I now feel swelling in my heart
and nostalgia and mourning hold me here.

12.

HELP

The elephants have marched into the town of Bangkok
because they'd lost their jobs and the woods are no goods.

Because they were not asked at the party
they have received no painting that is arty.

Because they look so grey and angry
no rain can wash them in the plain of Bangkok
where the grey of distress stretches on double-layered roads
not for elephants, not for traffic of any sort, leading
to the appalling distress of the people of Bangkok,
the sweet lady of Bangkok and the child of Bangkok
growing with that impossible smile on their face
and the steep, steep way to the peace in Bangkok —

so that at the feet of the palaces the river stretching
be littered with the flowers of the song that I sing.



*

SI

JE T'AIMAIS

NEXT WILL COME THE SONG

13.

CHUFFED 10

The markings of veins and petals
are the lines, the forehead cast

onto those tingling shimmers of light,
the frosted colouring, the eyeing

lost in another that here never
did find every rest complete.

We walked among flowered trees,
with no way but the footing of surfeit.

14.

AS YOU PLEASE

Scandalously crumbling down museums
Of visions of madness in a mad world...
Oh, how well we knew them, the beautiful star,
The pomegranate, the ochres, the marvelous clouds!
Hot reds and blues, African sun,
The chirping birds of those mornings!
What may their promise ever be?
Please let that soft wind blow and run your fingers through my hair.
Our day is begun.

15.

PLATFORM INCIDENT

“There, there”, a man cried.
The woman was lying on the platform,
motionless, her clothes spread around:
colours, all unmatched,
greens spread over yellow and ochre,
greys (many greys) bundling over red.
One shoe had come off her foot
and lay there on the side, absurdly
close to the tracks. Police was approaching
and pushed away the gathering
small crowd – expressing calm,
showing authority. Soon a strip
of white tape was surrounding the scene,
pickets rose and a ribbon was drawn.
And she lay there, motionless and silent.

NOTES



<http://tiny.cc/WAInc>



Illustration: Musée du Louvre English Collections - Detail, den Eden collection.