

# **One Exquisite Silence Some Poems**

## **Prefatory Note**

My poetry was composed between the years 1971-2012, and is of varying quality. Having undertaken the onerous task of re-reading those poems that I still have copies of, there are not that many that I personally consider may possibly be good enough to be read by others. This collection contains these poems, all of which are autobiographical in nature, and one or two of which I have slightly amended since first they were written.

DW Myatt  
2012

## **The Poems**

One Exquisite Silence (2003)  
Dark Clouds of Thunder (2010)  
The Sun, The City (2012)  
Wine (1972)  
No Sun To Warm (1974)  
A Summer Sun (1975)  
Only Time Has Stopped (1978)  
Relict (1976)  
The Two Faces (1974)  
Letter (1987)  
In The Night (1986)  
Travelling (1975)  
Summer Days Walking Roads (1974)  
In A Foreign Land (1987)  
Apple Blossom in May (1984)  
One Poet, One Song (1975)  
Summer Love (1986)

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## One Exquisite Silence

These are the moments of an exquisite silence  
As we lie together on your sofa, holding, pressing  
Our bodies together  
As I, gently, stroke your face and hair  
And you kiss each finger of my hand.

There is a fire of logs to warm us,  
As night descends:

There are no words to confuse,  
No time, as we flow, together,  
As clouds on a warm Summer's day  
Beneath a dome of blue.

There is a peace, here, which fills us  
As if we are the world and all the beautiful, peaceful, things  
Of the world.

Nearby, your two ginger cats sleep  
Secure in the warmth of their world  
As we are secured while we lie,  
Wordless, feeling those subtle energies  
Born from no barriers:  
You are me as I am you,  
In such exquisite moments.

But you belong to another  
And it is against my will, my dreams, desires  
That I leave  
To walk the lonely miles under moonlight  
To where a dreary lamp lights my empty room.

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## Dark Clouds of Thunder

The moment of sublime knowing  
As clouds part above the Bay  
And the heat of Summer dries the spots of rain  
Still falling:  
I am, here, now, where dark clouds of thunder  
Have given way to blue  
Such that the tide, turning,  
Begins to break my vow of distance  
Down.

A women, there, whose dog, disobeying,  
Splashes sea with sand until new interest  
Takes him where  
This bearded man of greying hair  
No longer reeks  
With sadness.

Instead:  
The smile of joy when Sun of Summer  
Presents again this Paradise of Earth  
For I am only tears, falling

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## The Sun, The City

The Sun, the city, to wear such sadness down  
For I am only one among the many  
Where a night-of-dreams becomes unreal  
With all that is human living, dwelling,  
Faster slower slowing grateful hateful hoping loving  
Here:  
No Time to relay the inner rush of sorrow  
That breaks, broken, by some scheming need to-be  
Since the 1-train, conveying, is here to grace me  
In perspective.

But there are moments, to still,  
When - tasks, duty - done  
That inner quietness betrays  
So that I sit where

The Sun of English Summer  
Would could bring me down  
There where the meadow grass had grown  
Green greener drier keener  
And farm's field by hedge with scent  
Would keep me still but sweating -  
No cider to induce  
Then that needed paradisal-sleep.

And now: now I only this all this,  
One being cavorting where one past melds  
To keep me silent, still, so that the sidewalk  
Is only that sidewalk, there  
Where hope, clustering, fastly moves us  
On.  
Good, bad, indifferent - it makes no difference:  
I am no one to judge so many, any,  
So that there is - becomes - only the walk faster slower slowing here  
And we free in Sun to trust to sleep to-be to seep a dream  
Bought at some cost, to many:

*Fidelis ad Mortem*

And yet there is the Sun, the city, to witness how we can should must break  
Such sadness down.

## Wine

Stale  
I once drank you  
Knowing no difference because of herbs.

She held me, her cunning hands  
That did not wish  
Nor offer the warmth that snared my soul:  
The wine was  
Intoxicating our senses  
But only I was drunk:  
She laughed.

I needed rest  
Dreaming marriage under sun -  
Until bright morning came  
When she, alas, changed  
Her form in the reality of the room  
And I was left to walk with my sack  
Down the dusty track  
Past a grove of sun-burnt trees  
Toward those distant hills:

And yet the white-washed house was only  
One step  
Along my Way.

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## No Sun To Warm

There is an ineffable sadness  
For your eyes betray that warmth, that beauty,  
That brings me down  
To where even my street-hardened Will cannot go:  
So I am sad, almost crying

Outside, there is no sun to warm  
As yesterday when I touched the warmth of your breasts  
And the wordless joy of ecstatic youth  
Lived to suffuse if only briefly with world-defying life  
This tired battle-bruised body

But now: clouds, rain-bleakness  
To darken such dreams as break me.  
For there are many places I cannot go.

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## A Summer Sun

Crows calling while sheep cry  
By the road that shall take them  
To their death:  
I sit, while sun lasts  
And bleeds my body dry  
In this last hour before dark  
On a day when a warm wind  
Carried the rain that washed  
A little of this valley  
Like the stream washes  
My rock:

There are no trees to soften  
This sun - only heather and fern  
To break the sides of the hill.  
I cannot keep this peace  
I have found -  
It seems unformed like water  
Becomes unformed without a vessel  
A channel or some stream:  
It cannot be contained  
As I contain my passion and my dreams.

There are no answers I can find  
Only the vessel of walks in hills  
Alone  
Whereby I who seek  
Am brought toward the magick peak  
That keeps this hidden world  
Alive:

It does not last  
But like the cirrus cloud  
Is blown by breeze to free  
A summer sun.

## Only Time Has Stopped

Here I have stopped  
Because only Time goes on within my dream:  
Yesterday I was awoken, again,  
And she held me down  
With her body warmth  
Until, satisfied, I went alone  
Walking  
And trying to remember:

A sun in a white clouded sky  
Morning dawn yellow  
Sways the breath that, hot, I exhale tasting of her lips.  
The water has cut, deep, into  
The estuary bank  
And the mallard swims against the flow -  
No movement, only effort.  
Nearby - the foreign ship which brought me  
Is held by rusty chains  
Which, one day and soon  
And peeling them like its paint,  
Must leave.

Here I shall begin again  
Because Time, at last, has stopped  
Since I have remembered the dark ecstasy  
Which brought that war-seeking Dream

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## Relict

Sun, broken by branch, seeps  
Into mist  
Where spreading roots have cracked  
The stones, overgrown, perhaps,  
For an hundred years  
From a seed, flesh fed, the oak  
Sheltering

Mary  
Relict of William

And a breeze, stirring again  
This year  
The leaves of an Autumn's green gold

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## The Two Faces

I am the two faces of God -  
Vox Patris Caelestis -  
While, within, a lewd Satan grins  
Playing at Change:  
My pieces are human who cried  
At my hurt.  
I am alone, the cry  
While Treble voices sing  
Echoing, and strange shadows long dead  
Dance too briefly along the cloister wall.

There is pain as I stare  
Past dying sun and a valley  
Winter cold  
Trying to believe while stars break  
And a crescent moon  
Glowing like the whore's eyes  
In that dark room  
Jibbers over the heavy breasts  
Of the hill:  
No cloud  
To veil her shame.

No one, nothing  
Answers. Only  
Air, and I sit, still waiting  
And remembering prayer.  
In the ruins, my dead self comes to life  
Rising slowly, worm-slowly  
To the first singing blackness  
Of night.

No answers, nothing:  
Only this tramp sheltering  
In the ruins of a church -  
And memories, yes there are memories  
Glowing  
Like the lies of my life

## In A Foreign Land

Hot, this sun while it breaks  
As I sit quite still  
Beneath cloud  
On a white bench watching  
Flies spiral for shade.

My head is at peace  
While the body waits  
In this Park  
Where each shade of Summer green  
Becomes real in this light  
And trees speak, slowly,  
Of their fears of being  
Half alive

For years, a war in my head  
While I sought to find  
A dream:  
She was never real, my dream

But there was music, I found  
In sitting silent  
While beams of Sun become filtered  
And fractured through leaves:  
A joy in watching while clouds form  
And break, casting  
In their myriad ways  
This Sun's gift of life;  
Ecstasy in walking  
High upon hills while wind cries  
Or thunders:  
No suffering, except hunger,  
While I wait for my Dark Daughters  
Of Earth

Now there is rain to make me  
Take up my sack and walk  
As a wanderer in creaking boots  
To where the Spirits of my waiting Woods  
Will sigh:

Without his dreams,  
He would be nothing

And I shall smile while, hot,  
The Summer Sun breaks briefly  
To dry my rain-soaked back

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## Letter

It is raining  
And I am watered  
And cold

There is warmth in love  
Which explains my wait  
By this road while cars pass  
Noisy in the shielding dark:  
My spirit is not seen as it sits  
On the wooden bench where hill  
Meets valley sky  
And where a standing stone waits  
To whisper words  
Of a language that has died.  
But I listen, while rain falls,  
Hearing your cry.

Always a dream or a memory  
Lead us on  
And we wait like children  
Trusting in the spirits of the Earth.  
We love unsuspecting  
While they our lovers scheme,  
Succour themselves on our blood  
And bleed us dry.

There is a sun as we sit  
In the heat of a summer  
On this bench as new lovers  
Holding hands -  
Transmuting all the dark days  
The tears of our past  
In the touch that mingles our auras  
As they must be mingled to bring  
The words of our waiting stone  
Alive:

Always this dream  
Leads me on.  
But it is raining  
And in the rain I hear  
Your spirit cry.

## In The Night

A bright quarter moon  
As I ran alone in the cold hours  
Along the sunken road that twists  
Between hill-valley and stream:

There was a dream, in the night  
That woke me - a sadness  
To make me sit by the fire  
Then take me out, moon-seeing  
And running, to hear only my feet  
My breath, to smell only the coldness  
Of the still, silent air:

But no spell, no wish  
Brought my distant lover to me  
And I was left to run slowly  
Back  
And wait the long hours  
To Dawn.

By the fire, I think of nothing  
Except the warmth of my love  
No longer needed.

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## Travelling

A hot day in Summer as I walk  
Slowly  
But fastly sweating  
Down this road  
While speeding traffic passes  
As speeding traffic does:  
The drivers seem unaware or careless  
Of my slowness  
And grimly swerve to almost  
Touch me  
Here where a town - ten miles distant - creeps  
Over a river to spread across  
A narrow greening plain.

There is food in the town,  
A path's beginning to take me upward  
And turning through a forest  
To the sheep-sided hills  
Beyond.

Slowly, my world passes -  
I cannot comprehend the rush  
And sit in the hot sun on a low wall  
Having passing through the breathless body  
Of this town.

Even my water is warm  
And suspicious faces watch me  
As their owners in gardens surround themselves  
With sound:  
There seems a rushing in the seeping loud  
Music, a barrier  
To keep my slow moving solitary travelling world  
Away.  
I smile, but my beard, my worn clothes -  
Perhaps my eyes - mark me.

A few hours

And it is good to be alone again  
Among the peace of hills  
Where my walking slowness seems to frame  
Each slowly passing world:

Above - clouds  
To herald some future rain

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## Summer Days Walking Roads

Day hides the stars that might shine tonight  
As my life when the loneliness comes  
Among the hills:  
I have touched the joy that goes  
Sleeping down into darkness  
Rooting my soul that thus a storm  
Cannot wash it away.  
Here - a smile to capture worlds  
With hidden words  
When I believe a night has no terrors  
Like my own  
And I sleep at peace  
Beneath the dome of stars.

I - passing the world  
The way each day passes to a week -  
Shook dust from my clothes  
And walked barefoot toward a village green.

It was no use -  
I had only to forget to remember  
The silence where I in gladness sang  
Stopping those spirits who had waited by their trees  
For one like me to visit them,  
Again.

So I sit on the damp grass  
Waiting  
For a world of love.  
Then, smiling, I shake away the dew  
To walk barefoot across the village green.

## Apple Blossom in May

There is a reality about Spring  
When grass grows green with the sun:  
Days lengthen bringing the warmth  
That reassures and one is pleased  
To run a hand where wind moves  
And blossoms have been blown:

Every hour is unique  
When rain stops.

In the town - three hills  
And a valley to the left -  
Music slithers from a shop  
While people rush,  
Gathering.  
A drill strikes stone  
Where youths gather  
Sneering at people who pass.

There is a pleasure about Spring  
When free grass grows in the sun,  
A slowness when wind rushes tree:  
Nearby  
The curlew and lark  
Where sun glints  
Upon rain sodden earth:

How are you today, Mr Hughes?

Oh not so bad, you know -  
Better for the sun.

Aye, will dry the ground  
So we can seed.

Over the fields -  
White clouds making faces  
In the sun

## One Poet, One Song

Remember the ones whom you killed  
You, the poet, in your youth?  
They brought a unity, those memories,  
A pain that possesses all things  
Bringing with their dread remembrance  
The field of connection grown  
From deep Space:

For what was concealed is seen  
As what is felt is possessed into Word  
Through the possession of the consciousness  
That connects all life to itself  
Because it is life through the origin  
Of growth  
And brings the tranquillity of age.

But there is remembering: the forgetting,  
The little goals to pass the days  
Between the next remembering.

He sees little needed in life:  
No books, houses, fine clothes or cars,  
Since this connectedness that makes  
That poet a child  
Makes him a place to rest awhile  
Between the troubled strophes of life.  
He, the forgotten values, seeks  
Only sufficient shelter  
Food enough to fill his gauntness  
For a day -  
All else is insufficient and inauthentic  
As he himself an admission  
Of a god's weakness  
For Man.

All life is divine:  
Each field, each tree,  
And he the poet carries his message  
Gently, like Summer cloud before the rain.  
He, she, they - nothing special, unique  
Only the half-remembered aspirations  
Of each age  
Forgotten when they to whom connectedness

Was a lie from birth live in power  
Within the boundaries of a State.

There should be no preaching, no faith  
Only the connectedness of consciousness  
That uncovers divinity as the divine  
As there should be no guilt or sin  
While the

tireless worker for the Cause  
Stalks the streets of the chosen  
City. There was a sunset  
As he walked the hill home -  
A plethora of colours magnified  
By cold caught his eye  
Briefly, for the wound on his face  
Hurt. But he got them,  
The bastards, and next time  
The Party will be strong

For each Cause defines a Goal  
To overturn the gods  
Creating illusion in expiation  
Where is no connectedness, only division  
And divide.

Words will not end this  
Or any other admission of how we forget  
To remember  
As sublime music is not a premonition  
Of peace.  
They are only reminders of what is  
As I a reminder of what  
Once was

For there is a natural balance between  
The outward challenge  
The inward look of age  
That decays with each present passing  
Week:  
Self-survival  
The question of inner Space

Words will not end  
But only the middle way between  
The word and the act  
Where desire is the poet's desire  
For passive divinity

May begin the remembering  
Of the connectedness that is divine  
Without the ending that is another's  
Death

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## Summer Love

Swallows gather, high above  
Where, this morning, mist rose  
Steadily, masking my view of the valley.

It was soon gone, this mist  
Dispersed by burning sun and a breeze  
Carrying honeysuckle scent to where  
A bleached window lights  
My tenant room.

I had sat quite still  
While her words destroyed  
My soul.

It was a calm night  
Perfumed by moon  
Which drew droplets of fractured  
Light to my pillow and relief  
To the majesty of her flesh.  
For hours, the White Tiger's cave  
Explored: and when the shared sweat  
Dried and sleep with Her tender  
Grace filled her limbs  
I lay, savouring the sweetness  
Of her joy.

For two weeks, a world  
Explored.

Was it all a dream?

I remember  
The small café where she, tired  
From wind, hill and sun  
Rested her head as only a lover can  
On my shoulder: no one cared  
When we kissed or ran barefoot  
Along the narrow street

And too much wine made us  
Each together try to capture  
With our hands a star  
Jumping jumping until blood seared  
Our ears and we fell  
Softly, on forgiving grass.

It is silent and still, my room  
Where foods rests uneaten and undesired.  
There is no foolish laughter  
No sweat to dry as sun dries.  
There is only  
The broken picture of my past  
Since all my letters are unanswered  
And undesired.

The cool breeze stirs -  
Something.  
She does not or will not hear.  
Her husband claimed her  
As the jealous god claims souls:  
Dry, without any magick  
Or mirth.

Was I her freedom or her guilt?

Soon, the sleeping bats screeking  
Will swoop, launched by Dusk  
And I will wait, perhaps,  
Until Winter brittles memory  
And deep frost slows the blood.

But by then, I may be distant footsteps  
In some snow

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**cc David Wulstan Myatt 1972-2012**

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