

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 those 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 (NYC, 2012)
Wine (1972)
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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.

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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