

## Contents

*In this list, titles of poems are in capitals. A title which is the same as the opening words of the poem is followed by the rest of the first line in lower case type. First lines which differ from titles are printed below them.*

|  | PAGE |
|--|------|
| AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE  | vii  |
| I SEE THE BOYS OF SUMMER in their ruin                         | i    |
| WHEN ONCE THE TWILIGHT LOCKS NO LONGER                         | 4    |
| A PROCESS IN THE WEATHER OF THE HEART                          | 6    |
| BEFORE I KNOCKED and flesh let enter                           | 7    |
| THE FORCE THAT THROUGH THE GREEN FUSE DRIVES THE<br>FLOWER     | 9    |
| MY HERO BARES HIS NERVES along my wrist                        | 10   |
| WHERE ONCE THE WATERS OF YOUR FACE                             | 11   |
| IF I WERE TICKLED BY THE RUB OF LOVE                           | 12   |
| OUR EUNUCH DREAMS, all seedless in the light                   | 14   |
| ESPECIALLY WHEN THE OCTOBER WIND                               | 16   |
| WHEN, LIKE A RUNNING GRAVE, time tracks you down               | 18   |
| FROM LOVE'S FIRST FEVER TO HER PLAGUE, from the soft<br>second | 20   |
| IN THE BEGINNING was the three-pointed star                    | 22   |
| LIGHT BREAKS WHERE NO SUN SHINES                               | 24   |
| I FELLOWED SLEEP who kissed me in the brain                    | 26   |
| I DREAMED MY GENESIS in sweat of sleep, breaking               | 28   |
| MY WORLD IS PYRAMID  |      |
| Half of the fellow father as he doubles                        | 30   |
| ALL ALL AND ALL THE DRY WORLDS LEVER                           | 33   |
| I, IN MY INTRICATE IMAGE, stride on two levels                 | 35   |
| THIS BREAD I BREAK was once the oat                            | 39   |

|  | PAGE |
|--|------|
| INCARNATE DEVIL in a talking snake                           | 40   |
| TO-DAY, THIS INSECT, and the world I breathe                 | 41   |
| THE SEED-AT-ZERO shall not storm                             | 42   |
| SHALL GODS BE SAID TO THUMP THE CLOUDS                       | 44   |
| HERE IN THIS SPRING, stars float along the void              | 45   |
| DO YOU NOT FATHER ME, nor the erected arm                    | 46   |
| OUT OF THE SIGHS a little comes                              | 48   |
| HOLD HARD, THESE ANCIENT MINUTES IN THE CUCKOO'S<br>MONTH    | 49   |
| WAS THERE A TIME when dancers with their fiddles             | 50   |
| NOW Say nay, Man dry man                                     | 51   |
| WHY EAST WIND CHILLS and south wind cools                    | 53   |
| A GRIEF AGO  | 54   |
| HOW SOON THE SERVANT SUN                                     | 56   |
| EARS IN THE TURRETS HEAR                                     | 58   |
| FOSTER THE LIGHT nor veil the manshaped moon                 | 60   |
| THE HAND THAT SIGNED THE PAPER felled a city                 | 62   |
| SHOULD LANTERNS SHINE, the holy face                         | 63   |
| I HAVE LONGED TO MOVE AWAY                                   | 64   |
| FIND MEAT ON BONES that soon have none                       | 65   |
| GRIEF THIEF OF TIME crawls off                               | 67   |
| AND DEATH SHALL HAVE NO DOMINION                             | 68   |
| THEN WAS MY NEOPHYTE   | 69   |
| ALTARWISE BY OWL-LIGHT in the half-way house                 | 71   |
| BECAUSE THE PLEASURE-BIRD WHISTLES after the hot<br>wires    | 77   |
| I MAKE THIS IN A WARRING ABSENCE when                        | 78   |
| WHEN ALL MY FIVE AND COUNTRY SENSES SEE                      | 81   |
| WE LYING BY SEASAND, watching yellow                         | 82   |
| IT IS THE SINNERS' DUST-TONGUED BELL claps me to<br>churches | 83   |
| O MAKE ME A MASK and a wall to shut from your spies          | 85   |

|  | PAGE |
|--|------|
| THE SPIRE CRANES. Its statue is an aviary                      | 86   |
| AFTER THE FUNERAL, mule praises, brays                         | 87   |
| ONCE IT WAS THE COLOUR OF SAYING                               | 89   |
| NOT FROM THIS ANGER, anticlimax after                          | 90   |
| HOW SHALL MY ANIMAL  | 91   |
| THE TOMBSTONE TOLD WHEN SHE DIED                               | 93   |
| ON NO WORK OF WORDS now for three lean months in<br>the bloody | 94   |
| A SAINT ABOUT TO FALL  | 95   |
| 'IF MY HEAD HURT A HAIR'S FOOT'                                | 97   |
| TWENTY-FOUR YEARS remind the tears of my eyes                  | 99   |
| THE CONVERSATION OF PRAYER                                     |      |
| The conversation of prayers about to be said                   | 100  |
| A REFUSAL TO MOURN THE DEATH, BY FIRE, OF A CHILD<br>IN LONDON |      |
| Never until the mankind making                                 | 101  |
| POEM IN OCTOBER  |      |
| It was my thirtieth year to heaven                             | 102  |
| THIS SIDE OF THE TRUTH   | 105  |
| TO OTHERS THAN YOU   |      |
| Friend by enemy I call you out                                 | 107  |
| LOVE IN THE ASYLUM   |      |
| A stranger has come  | 108  |
| UNLUCKILY FOR A DEATH  | 109  |
| THE HUNCHBACK IN THE PARK                                      | 111  |
| INTO HER LYING DOWN HEAD                                       | 113  |
| DO NOT GO GENTLE INTO THAT GOOD NIGHT                          | 116  |
| DEATHS AND ENTRANCES   |      |
| On almost the incendiary eve                                   | 117  |
| A WINTER'S TALE  |      |
| It is a winter's tale  | 119  |
| ON A WEDDING ANNIVERSARY                                       |      |
| The sky is torn across   | 124  |

|   | PAGE |
|---|------|
| THERE WAS A SAVIOUR   | 125  |
| ON THE MARRIAGE OF A VIRGIN   |      |
| Walking alone in a multitude of loves when morning's<br>light             | 127  |
| IN MY CRAFT OR SULLEN ART   | 128  |
| CEREMONY AFTER A FIRE RAID  |      |
| Myselfes The grievers Grieve Among the street burned<br>to tireless death | 129  |
| ONCE BELOW A TIME   | 132  |
| WHEN I WOKE, the town spoke   | 134  |
| AMONG THOSE KILLED IN THE DAWN RAID WAS A MAN<br>AGED A HUNDRED           |      |
| When the morning was waking over the war                                  | 135  |
| LIE STILL, SLEEP BECALMED, sufferer with the wound                        | 136  |
| VISION AND PRAYER   |      |
| Who Are you Who is born In the next room                                  | 137  |
| BALLAD OF THE LONG-LEGGED BAIT  |      |
| The bows glided down, and the coast                                       | 149  |
| HOLY SPRING   |      |
| O Out of a bed of love  | 158  |
| FERN HILL   |      |
| Now as I was young and easy under the apple boughs                        | 159  |
| IN COUNTRY SLEEP  |      |
| Never and never, my girl riding far and near                              | 162  |
| OVER SIR JOHN'S HILL  | 167  |
| POEM ON HIS BIRTHDAY  |      |
| In the mustardseed sun  | 170  |
| LAMENT  |      |
| When I was a windy boy and a bit  | 174  |
| IN THE WHITE GIANT'S THIGH  |      |
| Through throats where many rivers meet, the curlews cry                   | 176  |
| ELEGY   |      |
| Too proud to die, broken and blind he died                                | 179  |