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# AMONG THE POTATOES

*A Collection of Modern Verse*

*By*

BARBARA ALTHEA JONES

ARTHUR H. STOCKWELL LIMITED  
ELMS COURT, ILFRACOMBE, DEVON

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AMONG THE POTATOES, is the attempt of a plant geneticist to communicate in terms of verse. The series of poems is divided into four groups;

- I The Real and the Unreal
- II Love and Nothing
- III Tropic Phase
- IV Campus and Nature

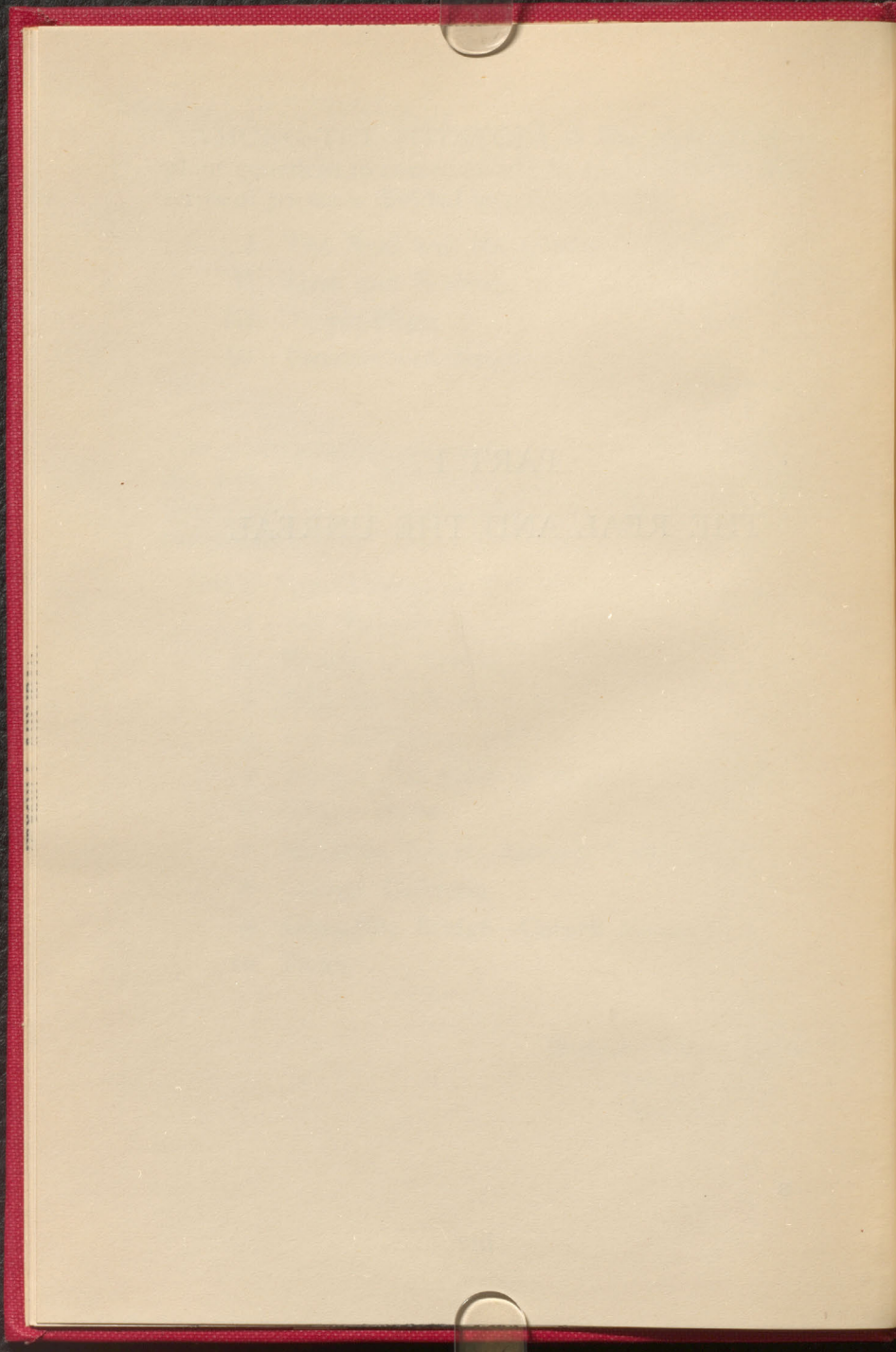
The accompanying plates are linoleum cuts made by the author who also paints. The author hopes that these would help to depict the four areas covered in this collection of verse. They are:

- Cover Les Amants or The Lovers
- 1 Self Portrait
- 2 Réalité or Reality
- 3 Still life with Flowers
- 4 Les Amants or The Lovers
- 5 Mütter und Kind or Mother and Child
- 6 Tropic Phase
- 7 McGraw Tower—Cornell University
- 8 College Cafeteria
- 9 Cascadilla Bridge—Cornell Campus
- 10 Faces

Barbara Althea Jones  
Ithaca, N.Y.  
April 65



PART I  
THE REAL AND THE UNREAL





## SIR WINSTON

out of the charred and burning embers  
oh gods great men you brought  
out of the Houses near the Thames  
great miracles you wrought

a leader among men he rose  
to lead the Londoner through blitz he strode  
out of the rubble and the broken hearts  
he pumped new life into the lions core

from Dover white to Scotland's rugged heights  
he spurred each regiment to fight  
and painfully defeat he bore with hope  
and joyfully the victories with pride

four score and ten he now rests on  
magnanimous and valiant with Britannia's pride well  
won

## MATURITY

a sign of true maturity  
is the awareness of futility  
is the awful independence  
and the real interdependence  
of one man on each other  
in his community a brother

a sign of true maturity  
is not what our firm beliefs  
but quite to the contrary  
it's how we take our grief  
how the things which we believe  
shred our minds or give us peace

## MY SISTER

lo to a cold and bitter land  
she fled  
among strange faces  
white faces  
there midst those cold and ancient ones  
she wed  
among strange faces  
a black face  
and in the coldness there she bore  
a child  
among strange faces  
white faces  
thence from the coldness yes she sped  
to warmth  
among strange faces  
black faces  
but now the memory of the cold  
is gone  
among strange faces  
warm faces  
and now the memory of the warmth  
is gone  
amidst those faces  
black faces  
so swiftly with one swoop of death  
life ended  
among strange faces  
black faces  
and in the cold and clammy earth  
she's lying  
among strange graves  
black graves



## THE BRIDGES

how often have you seen a bridge  
how often have i seen a bridge  
but never ever have you seen  
a bridge with a body dead  
beneath its bed

the sadists grip the vice set in  
each bridge was checked for  
what it was and what it wasnt what was in it  
the strange obsession prepossession  
of the meaning of a bridge

schizophrenic unity of the real  
unreal reality to it wedded  
gaping chasm down beneath  
turbid waters of psychotic  
fight and grief

horizontal phallus laced with life  
projecting into warm and womby pleasure into time  
bringing close together heaving breasts of space  
with watery beads between the throbbing sides  
that now are one

east aloof and west unwon  
bridge unspanned between them  
mental chasm in between them  
violent waves of ideology  
unreached unleashed

wizened age looked oer the time  
on the other side she saw  
the wet and diapered youth sprawled on the floor  
gossamer suspension bridge of life between them lay  
and does today

bodies black and bodies white  
hillocks of hate and hurtful bigotry  
microscopic vales of philanthropic pedantry  
finer filaments of real humanity  
the canyon for to span

animation of the human race  
partly living on their grace  
mushroom clouds will twist the girders of their faith  
and break the beams of dreams  
utopian hereafters

how often on the bridge ive looked  
to see who died to fill the gap  
between the real and unreal too  
between the bodies one and two  
between east and west unwon  
between old and young anon  
between the bodies black and white  
between the living and the dead

### CRYSTAL BALL

crystal ball on the wall  
of time  
    make my future mine alone  
to shape



## MIXED EMOTIONS

carve out one niche for me  
make all the negroes free  
and all the wallaces to flee  
from alabama

shout from the hilltops happiness  
move all the guns and bloodiness  
and all the f—ing enemies  
of peace to flee

give man a purpose to his life on earth  
shake all the world from those unwanted births  
and let him free from chains  
unearth his worth

let now the black man free  
let now the white man flee  
from those he f—ed and sucked  
and kept beneath his feet

toss out the bitterness and let  
the goodness into gold to set  
the only consolation rests in this  
the more we do endure the more we gain

on the crisis in Selma Alabama—voter registration  
humiliation on Sunday 7th March 1965



Self Portrait



## APATHY

oh god and man  
who nothing hold in common  
when will the veil of apathy  
be lifted from the world

smoggish foggish mist  
that dark and dirty now conceals  
our paths to heaven or  
to hell

morning dew on blade of grass  
no spirit of life there seems  
beneath each bead of dew  
to hide

glistening with reddish rays of eastern sun  
before the ball of fire takes on  
full thermal qualities to beast and man  
cool dew the mental freeze of pessimism  
resembles you

impotent with anger at the  
bomb the west the east the  
lack of wisdom we retreat like senile men  
into a long past of peace

grey black skies of life envelopes us  
and sting asplike and fatal  
leaving a corridor of dying faiths and spirits  
to prevent the flood of destiny

barren of thought treelike in winter  
brown branches of decay the gloom  
limbs out to catch us but  
we must run

run fast as fleetest fawn  
from woods where optimism ceased to be to woods  
where apathy abides no more  
where death no more knocks at the door  
of young and agile minds

soar high as swiftest swallow  
fly and soar soaring swallow  
from molecules of cloudy cause and  
atoms filled with hate  
through nimbusses of love and peace  
into the stratosphere of something  
better wiser and lovelier

we must run and flee from apathy.

## SOLITUDE AND SILENCE

solitude and silence  
silence and solitude  
broken silence  
thoughtful solitude  
clock ticking away time  
thoughts blasting into solitude  
the time bomb of life  
ebbing its minutes away  
awareness and oblivion  
clock ticking away  
time vanishing day  
solitude and silence  
clock ticking away  
tick tock tick tock



## TIME

Even the deepest grief and love lost life can be made  
easier  
with the passage of time.

time bearer of the fates  
balm of the lovelorn  
torturer of the doomed

perpetual motion for emotion  
banal to the fearful  
the fearless with you run

even the darkest hour  
changed can be forever  
or a darker hour

gaiety and laughter free  
prankster now and jester then  
sadness there replaces glee

like butterfly you pause and fly  
the nectar of the world to share  
and pollen like the bee you store  
the worlds best hours at your door

the deepest wounds you do endure  
and like Hippocratean cure  
your passage though at slothful speed  
for gaping wounds a salve you leave

the widened cavern that your mouth  
that many a life had eer come out  
now pregnant with bland innocent youth  
then swallowing the wizened without tooth

time mother of the land  
lover of the sea  
keeper of the universe  
flee oh flee from me

### THE TEA PARTY

the brown brew from the source it flew  
into the white and waiting receptable it knew  
the voices soared and settled underneath the cups  
between each tasty sip to eager lips

the sugary titbits and the salty too  
new forms of satisfaction of a bakery hue  
the music seethed and sighed the blackened disc  
ambrosia and nectar to the listeners dish

three kinds of tea have i the hostess cried  
oolong for me a voice somewhere replied  
biscuits or cookies anyone a minor plea  
a small please here a large please there  
two voices did agree

a lively set the drinkers seemed to be  
a sketching here and etching merrily  
such genial informality one rarely sees  
as the day six grad students  
dropped in for tea



## A CONCERT IN DANCE —Part I

like ants upon an anthill busy  
the audience waits in restless tizzy  
for song and dance and art forms rare  
and graceful movements few would dare

the ushers now like worker bees  
give places without gangling knees  
the droning of the hive desists  
to see the queen of dance such bliss

and now the many lights are dim  
see there the grace of every limb  
like mating butterflies in spring  
wrought with great beauty on the wing

the orchestra is poised for play  
like warriors keen when held at bay  
the bassoon cello harpsichord  
await their orders for accord

their costumes too of gossamer hues  
the classical the modern too  
a revelation to the new  
the dancers in their flight we view

## Part II

dream in third dimension  
moving figures poise retention  
lifelike dreamlike strange contortions  
even the music has discretion

dancers now like wire bent  
into figures that are lent  
and borrowed from the eiree dreams  
of saddened sculptors and of queens

## NURSERY LIMES

1  
twinkle twinkle little brick  
how i wonder where s your wick  
and what makes you also tick  
twinkle twinkle little brick  
oh i m not a brick i m a time bomb

2  
mary had a little man  
his beard was all aglow  
and every where that mary went  
her man was sure to go  
he followed her to school one day  
and got kicked by a mule  
it made the children sad that day  
to see the teacher s pool  
poor mary

3  
tom thumb the math prof s son  
stole a girl and away he ran  
the girl was eat and tom felt beat  
and tom came thinking down the street  
one plus one equals three but it aint necessarily so

4  
little miss schwartzig  
sat like a beatnik  
cramming her math away  
there came a big sophomore  
and sat down beside her  
and coerced miss schwartzig to stay  
nice chap



## THE LAUNDROMAT

blue walls  
grey floors  
white cubes

coke machines  
wishy washy music  
coins jingle

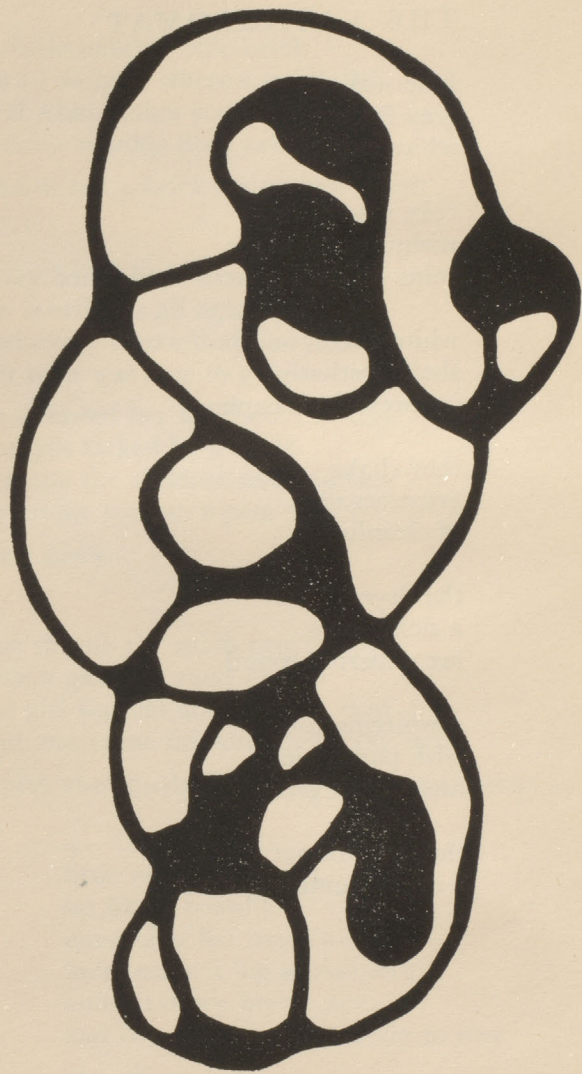
white cubes  
shake restlessly  
in awesome cacaphony

they shake  
great orgasms  
of cleanliness

the dryers too  
a sickly blue  
are whirring round

a whirring round  
with panties long  
and towels green

the laundromat  
a crazy humming town  
it seems



Réalité or Reality



ODE TO THE HAGGIS  
and conversation with the haggis

thy docile ovine ancestry  
with barley spicèd that you be  
and cookèd with such love and care  
ambrosia to the scots and dear

oh haggis haggis forgive me now  
to thee in words ive made my bow  
but since thy face i neer have seen  
tis like an ode to an ancient queen

oh haggis haggis hear my plea  
i wish that i had knowèd thee  
for you might be a beastie wee  
and i have never seenèd thee

then haggis from the moor did shout  
why should i know thee lazy lout  
i ll stay up in the heather here  
and neer come down to you out there

Following a conversation with a Scotsman who told  
me that  
I had missed a treat when I was in Scotland in 63  
because I  
had not eaten any haggis.

PAX VOBISCUM  
ET CUM SPIRITU TUO

and in the deadly stillness of the night  
the trees all grey the landscape white  
a wizened owl whirred by in flight  
and cried pax vobiscum et cum spiritu tuo

and in the gloomy village glum and grey  
a weary pastor he was not the lay  
though on the sick bed death was held at bay  
he bowed his head and said  
pax vobiscum et cum spiritu tuo

and in the cold deserted canyon thick with dust  
with sides projecting up with phallic lust  
a sun crazed vagrant rabid with dement  
with body bent and spirits spent  
cried out the echoing duo  
pax vobiscum et cum spiritu tuo  
pax vobiscum et cum spiritu tuo

SHADOW SHADOW

shadow shadow on the wall  
will i ever win at all  
when will the beginning come  
of the end that should be won

painting painting oh so blue  
could you tell me by your hue  
why no contributions true  
have i added to the view



## THE QUESTION

many men have wondered  
have wondered and pondered  
have thought and thought with doubt  
what is this whole world all about

many men have reasoned  
in and out of seasons  
why do they exist  
are they next on deaths long list

many men have queried  
and have queried and have queried  
what goes on behind those faces  
in hot and crowded places

many men have wondered  
and many men have pondered  
but they seem never to find out  
what this whole world is about

## TIS BLISS

tis bliss to sit and stare and think  
to think to stare to sit and blink  
what bliss to meditate awhile  
with gazing eyes just like a child



Still life with Flowers



## THE DIALOGUE

for how impatient can you get  
said time to youth the latter so upset

why should i patient be youth then replied  
whose days were slipping by you see

you silly clot replied the elder  
you ve been impatient all along  
that is where you are quite wrong

be patient youth and follow me  
i time who moves on endlessly  
for isn t it obvious to you  
that impatience in the end frustrates  
and frustration then leads on to hate  
and an evil string of things  
uncertain where each one begins

yes youth in your folly you are blinded  
and somewhat absentminded  
to forget tis i great time  
that s first in line

i wait for no one time continued  
i have my schedule and once begun  
not even you can hurry me on

you mean e en if i try  
i have no say in how the days go by

so youth dejected went away  
to wait for time and for to pray  
that patience now had come to sta'

## DEPRESSION

and through the abyss of her mind it came  
depression  
the silent bastard of past hates and worst of all  
repressions

she neither spoke nor heard  
only a tear no word  
even she could not herself withdraw  
from its tight-gripping cruel claw

and to the abyss of the world it went  
depression  
the silent bastard and with it past hates and worst  
of all  
repressions

## WHO ME UNHAPPY?

a closed door  
at midnight  
the campus cold  
the biting breeze  
with no one there  
a fool i feel  
with no one near  
the sigh to hear  
with no one there  
to hear me say  
against the door  
the plywood door  
oh what a bore  
at midnight



## LIFE I

oh barren nothingness of life  
why do we prolong  
the endless strife  
oh purposeless oblivion of time  
how come no answers  
seek to make a rhyme

why are we here and what the cause  
all for the knowledge  
that we won't all use  
all for the snobbery and hypocrisy it is  
without the payment large  
in happiness and values worth

give life a meaning if you do exist  
give us a cause  
to make our lives a risk

## LIFE II

an end  
a beginning  
of this torture  
this mental agony  
this pain  
this gain  
of knowledge  
should be a sort  
of happiness to you  
the man  
without it

thinks tis grand  
the man  
with it  
what a bore  
who cares  
who wins  
twill be  
all cinders  
anyway  
an end  
a beginning  
of this torture  
this agony

### THE SEARCH

i looked for happiness from without  
and searched for peace around about  
but in the darkened dungeon of my soul  
the callous conflicts made me weak and old

i hunted after glorious love  
oblivious of the one above  
expecting love and peace to find  
together underneath a vine

i sought and looked and looked and sought  
peace love and happiness—be brought  
when suddenly just like a flash  
they came to me they lit a match

then all aglow they turned about  
we are within you not without



## SEVEN COUPLETS

give us this day a restful mind  
with eager thoughts that are all kind

give us a loud and clear desire  
to set each day one face on fire

give us the spirit to endure  
to give and take a wee bit more

give us a heart of solid gold  
that we could love without a hold

give us an ear for music mild  
to sit in awe just like a child

give us an eye for beauty rare  
to make us look and see and care

give us o universe on loan  
the intellect to know the known

## GRATITUDE

were but my mind a complete blank  
then i would have the lord to thank

## THE WORLD

the world is full of squares  
round squares angular squares and square squares  
the world is full of sharp needles  
that prick and hurt sharp needles  
why all the work invention thought  
we d soon by maggots havoc wrought

to hate the world would be unfair  
the world is far too dumb to care  
to sink into the world of drink  
tis not too dignified i think  
to seek the endless somnia of drugs  
is afar too painless kind of jug

in dreams i see a tractor green  
make strawberry jelly with my spleen  
i could not move or scream or yell  
it had no warning sound or bell  
in dreams i saw my frozen head  
swing underneath the bridges bed

the world is black and white and green  
full of potato plants it seems  
full of black faces all are mine  
full of white faces all are thine  
full of potato plants it seems  
the world is black and white and green



## FEAR

fear thou evil shape  
thy wizened face  
and frightful grip  
from me withdraw

fear you poison me  
and taint me so  
that now i know not  
where to go

fear leave let me be  
my whirling head  
and knotted gut  
you have oer powered

fear fear let me be  
i turn i hear and  
you are there  
to haunt me so

afraid of life  
afraid of death  
afraid of what  
i know not yet

fear fear  
i do despair  
that you are near  
oh help me  
help me  
help me  
help

## OH MAN

oh man  
oh tower of timidity  
oh seat of insecurity  
oh mask of magnanimity  
and dash of daring

whose fate do you decide now  
whose life is in your hands thou  
brazen mimic of the dieties  
you pompous bearers of the standards

the very vacillation  
of your indecision  
and your quaint religions  
is the circumcision  
of your strength

oh man oh tower of timidity  
whose fate do you decide now  
the very vacillation  
of your indecision  
as the day is closed

## THE FOX

i asked the fox  
who missed the grapes  
to tell me why  
they were sour

i said they re sour  
he said to me  
cause if they weren t  
they d be lower



PART II  
LOVE AND NOTHING

PART II  
LOVE AND NOTHING

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TELL ME

tell me that your love is dead  
tell me that the things you said  
weren t true

tell me that twas all a joke  
tell me that twas fun you poked  
at me

tell me that my hope is dead  
tell me i was falsely lead  
ere death

tell me that you need me so  
tell me tell me fore i go  
to pot

tell me that you really care  
tell me that i needn t dare  
the fates

tell me that your world is black  
youre the one that color lacks  
tell me

tell me that you arent afraid  
tell me and i ll be remade  
in spirit

tell me that you d dare the fates  
tell me that you do not quake  
to want me

tell me tell them tell all you re mine  
i d do the same most any time  
but tell them

tell me tell me and i d rent  
the courage fierce and words unpent  
to aid you

tell me beloved that you care  
and i would all the lions dare  
for you

### THE SHOT

he aimed  
and then retreated  
oh the pain

he aimed  
and hit the target  
oh the ecstasy

he aimed  
and hit the target once again  
while ecstasy did cuddle pain

he aimed  
he hit  
he seldom missed  
how else could he describe the fit

he aimed  
he missed  
and he grew tired  
and they both too retired

retired  
they cuddled close  
and in repose  
both ecstasy with pain  
and pain with ecstasy



## THE DREAMS

in a blue house  
with whitened beams  
there lived a lad  
who had strange dreams  
strange dreams  
strange dreams  
strange dreams  
strange dreams

in a grey tower  
grey with grime  
there lived a lass  
who had strange dreams  
strange dreams  
strange dreams  
strange dreams  
strange dreams

in that blue house  
with shutter white  
the lad the lad  
he dreamt one night  
one night  
one night  
one night  
one night

in that grey tower  
grimy grey  
the lass the lass  
she dreamt one night  
one night  
one night  
one night  
one night

that in his bower  
the lad he dreamt  
the lass the lass  
from the grey tower  
grey tower  
grey tower  
grey tower  
grey tower

and in the grey  
and grimy tower  
the lad she dreamt  
was in her bower  
her bower  
her bower  
her bower  
her bower

and neer a stitch  
did he have on  
and neer a stitch  
did she have on  
have on  
have on  
have on  
have on

the lad he dreamt  
the lass she dreamt  
of great desire  
and of fire  
of fire  
of fire  
of fire  
of fire



of burning lips  
and icy eyes  
and burnished skin  
and more desire  
desire  
desire  
desire  
desire

the blue blue house  
reared into place  
the lad he rubbed  
his eyes and face  
and face  
and face  
and face  
and face

the grey tower  
the hazy room  
the lass she saw  
the door she knew  
she knew  
she knew  
she knew  
she knew

the lad the lass  
they realised  
a dream a dream  
old Natures trick  
a trick  
a trick  
a trick  
a trick

## LISTEN

hear the words wooden words  
from a sleeping heart a waking  
words words words  
in poetry verse and prose  
in a sort of rustic rhyme  
that so wonderfully timed  
gives the meter and the magic  
of the sad the gay and tragic  
with the sound so round  
with the sound with the sound  
sound sound sound sound

hear the notes nightly notes  
from a slumber that s renewing  
notes notes notes  
as they warble from the throats  
in a soft and silky singing  
which was wistfully a ringing  
from the organs that were speaking  
with their sad melodic creaking  
with the sound so round  
with the sound with the sound  
sound sound sound sound

hear the life wasted life  
from a love torn heart a speaking  
life life life  
as it ebbs away in strife  
in a sort of purple haze  
that is vivid through the gaze  
from the eyes all wet with crying  
for the love that was denied



with the song so long  
with the song with the song  
so long so long so long so long

With apologies to Edgar Allan Poe

### HELLO — SONNET

tis just a note  
to say hello  
to greet you from  
the city s snow

tis not in love  
tis not in hate  
you are not being  
sought as mate

tis no reward  
skinnerian pay  
that i do seek  
from day to day

but just to say to you out there  
that i am way up over here



Les Amants or The Lovers



MY VALENTINE — SONNET

will you be my valentine  
oh so true and always kind  
will you take my hand in thine  
and lead me through the wordly brine

will you be my valentine  
so valiant proud and ever strong  
will you let me kiss your lips  
and freckled face all funny long

will you be my valentine  
if no one else now calls you thine  
will you please come back and see  
that no one else could e er be mine

will you wont you will you wont you  
will you be my valentine

OH LOVE OH LUST —  
SONNET

oh love oh lust  
oh man whose made from dust  
oh transient life  
a mere parenthesis in the continuum of time

oh conscience desist  
from telling me whats right  
but dont you are  
the ruler of the lives of man s so finite trail



Mütter und Kind or Mother and Child



oh bacchus gods  
oh pleasure and desire  
enchant me so  
with purple pay and hedonistic hues of vicious views

oh love oh lust  
oh man whose made from dust

### LOVE LIFE — SONNET

love life live be happy here  
love someone something anywhere  
ballon the heart with feelings which  
the head and tongue do but bewitch

there is one life of which we re sure  
we shall not live forever more  
love someplace someone dear  
for loneliness is life s despair

be not sad in loves sadness  
be sustained by its gladness  
let its beauty make you weep  
let its wonder loose your sleep

love life live be happy here  
love someone something anywhere

PATHETIC — SONNET

pathetic as a winters day  
that looks like one straight out of may  
when in the place of sleet and snow  
the groundhog plays hide-seek-and-go

pathetic as a lass who thinks  
that no one needs her oh what finks  
that love is but a game of chance  
with barbs and thorns at every glance

and even sadder is the tune  
that falls and falls on tone deaf ears  
or sadder yet a happy face  
distorted in a vale of tears

and saddest is the lonely one  
whose loneliness cant be undone

FORGOTTEN — SONNET

forgotten like the fallen leaf  
dejected as if now in grief  
bereft of boldness and of love  
she lies there a hurt turtle dove

oh give him just one thought of her  
remind him of her kindness please  
revive the fire that now lies cold  
god make him fearless good and bold



far far away he hears no sigh  
hear hear oh hear her pleading cry  
come back oh loved one  
with a wild courage never had  
come back oh loved one  
for the love you ll always have

### IF ONLY

if only we couldn t feel  
if only we were like seals  
all blubber and fat and all such as that  
if only we were like seals

if only we couldnt love  
if only we werent like doves  
for love is pain and joy and pain  
if only we werent like doves

if only we couldnt feel  
if only we couldnt love  
then we'd be a stack of IBM cards  
then what a dull feel that would feel

## EXPECTING \*

oh Dot and Pete  
its very neat  
a little Pete  
to be expecting

no more the days  
with toast-tea ways  
we sat away  
at Thurston

like mother or like father  
or like grandma or grandfather  
twins or triplets  
with some dimples\*\*  
be it girl or be it boy  
old room-mate wishes love and joy

\* written on getting the news that my former room-mate married to one of my friends were expecting their first child.

\*\* small dimple



PART III  
TROPIC PHASE

PART III  
TROPHIC LEVELS

Small University of California



## HIBISCUS HEDGE

defying time and season  
her colours show no reason  
she waves—hibiscus hedge  
her colours green and red

## IN THE SUN

down by the sea where the boats come in  
black shining backs in the sun

in cocoa fields at harvest time  
black sweating backs of our clime

oxen cart laden with sugar cane crop  
black shining backs at the top

lettuce bed and cabbage trows  
black sinewy bodies bent with hoes

working playing dancing singing  
black shining bodies in the sun

## TWILIGHT

hues darken  
shadows lengthen  
light goes

sun sinks  
gold ball winks  
sunset glows

faint breeze  
moving trees  
no one's foe

frog croaks  
bird twitters  
time goes

night approaches  
twilight ends

## THE GRASS

the mower mows the grass its seen  
the grass it grows it grows unseen  
the mower mows the grass again  
the grass it grows it grows with rain



## MY PEOPLE

robbed of their freedom  
bought with gold  
my people

stripped of their pride  
naked they hated  
my people

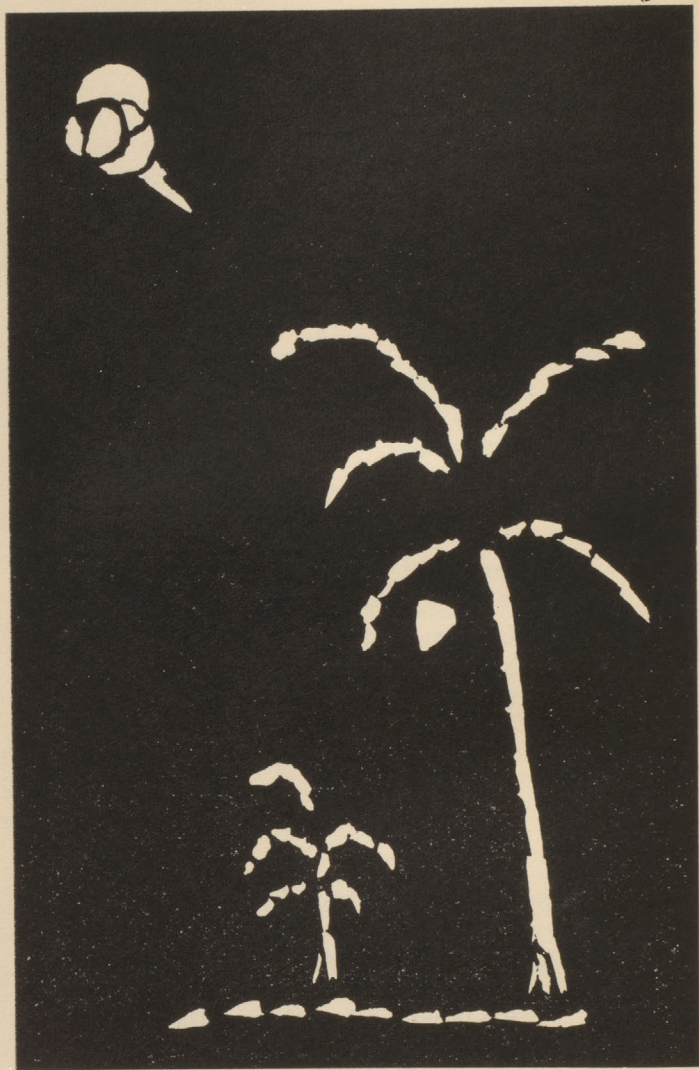
gone was their pomp  
maltreated and beaten  
my people

cheated of their picnis  
at an early age  
my people

but slavery s done  
and yet there s no  
freedom for  
my people

## THE WEATHER

the sun s too hot  
the colds too cold  
we ll get used to the weather  
when we re a hundred years old



Tropic Phase



## MID MORNING

the sky was blue  
the air was warm  
  
the wind it rustled  
the leaves it moved  
  
the clouds rolled by  
they knew not why  
  
the wind it rumbled  
the fruit it tumbled  
  
the sky was blue  
the air was warm

## TROPICAL THUNDERSTORM

rain for hours  
blackened sky  
  
lightning flashes  
thunder crashes  
  
men shelter  
under trees  
  
women shelter  
under eaves  
  
children scared  
to their knees  
  
tropical  
thunderstorm

## REGAL

royal they say  
royal palms at play

regal i say  
majestic in a way

are not they the same  
cabbage palms by name

of cabbages and kings they talk  
yet both the cabbage and the king it mocks

i speak of royal cabbage palms  
whose trunks are brown high off the ground  
whose crown of leaves  
move regally in the breeze

a stately palm  
a noble tree  
a royal cabbage palm  
majestic tree

royal they say  
royal palms at play



## INSPIRE ME

inspire me with delightful thoughts  
ye birds and bees and flowers sought  
and crickets here and hoppers there  
so for the Muse i think and hear

inspire me fill my heart with joy  
as some small child with a new toy  
convince me that the small green grub  
deserves to feed on every shrub

inspire me may the moon shine bright  
the sun and all the stars alight  
that thoughts abound with every sound  
and words from those same thoughts rebound

inspire me with fantastic thoughts  
ye birds and bees and flowers sought

## ONE RAINY MORNING

dark clouds  
silently roll by

huge drops  
falling from the sky

clouds no more  
huge drops stop  
sun comes out





PART IV  
CAMPUS AND NATURE

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



## ACADEMIA

ivy tower  
red bricks  
academia  
grey skies  
brown trees  
in winter  
book worms  
for terms  
no thoughts  
so bored  
of knowledge  
stored and canned  
who thinks  
who needs  
the exercise  
o money  
down the  
intellectual drain  
and still  
the collar blue  
we envy  
the happiness  
the mediocrity  
we wish  
too late  
the bridge  
is drawn  
there s no  
return to  
mediocrity  
we re hooked

## THE BEE TRAPPED IN A WINDOW

i sat there musing one april day  
amidst my books and moulding clay  
when through the open window wide  
a buzzing bee joined me inside

a frantic fight was now in sight  
like whaler here with harpoon six  
he tossed each leg through glassy space  
a space that seemed a jail from spring s new grace

the molecules of silica  
each said to one another  
like jailors to the other  
we d stay together locked in shape  
and prison him in for air we ape

while frantic bee kept up the fight  
another one came into sight  
and on the outside of the pane  
it tried to speak to speak in vain

inside outside motionfilled seconds  
communications that i reckoned  
maybe twas a mate of his  
moaning of the mouths to feed  
maybe twas a sib of his  
sobbing of a parents needs

whate er they spoke i knew not what  
maybe she told him of a plot  
to break the bank of hardest glass  
and flee with loot on spring's new mast



maybe she lured him with the love shes stored  
through winters chill and will forevermore  
for suddenly as swiftest dart  
the pane of glass did seem to part  
the buzzing from without the buzzing from within  
seemed one great battle cry of victory for two  
as they flew and flew and flew away  
into the distant bosom of a waiting spring

### CASCADILLA CREEK

sit up and hear the rushing sound  
the waters loose from winter bound

be silent hear the gurgling glen  
as she comes rushing round the bend

get up go out go look and see  
the waters mad as mad could be

she rushes round  
she cascades down  
she foams atop  
and carries lot

be silent hear the gurgling glen  
as she somes tumbling through and then

get up go out go look and see  
the waters mad as mad could be

MIDNIGHT IN ITHACA

a stream of moving lights  
twinkle  
in the cold and wintry darkness  
sprinkled

oh that i could put in words  
my thoughts  
incandescent fiery glows  
my thoughts

hues of reds and greens and blues  
the city  
spreads beneath the windows view  
the city

no metropolis the silence there  
resembles  
no inferno here the glowing Ithaca  
resembles

exuding peace and quiet now  
at midnight  
the city sleeps and students weep away  
at midnight



## MAD MARCH

march mad march  
your back you arch  
against the world

twas only yesterday  
we thought that spring  
had come to stay

but lo the window shades i pulled  
to be surprised tis winter still  
and snow is oh so deep around the rill

where are the winds mad march  
and why the snow  
tis just a few more days  
for winters end you know

but march is silent and serene  
no winds do speak to make her clean  
march mad march your back you ve arched  
a back so cold against the world

COME OH YE COLD AND  
CRUEL WINDS

come oh ye cold and cruel winds  
and wash my conscience clear  
of foolish and of thoughtless deeds  
and failings that i bear

walk with me white and wondrous snow  
to hear the things i know  
the conflicts come with each new woe  
and neer i wisdom know

blow near me bold and balmy breeze  
and teach me how to take  
the cruel with the kind and ease  
my chartless turbid quake

blow near me bold and balmy breeze  
my chartless quake to ease

ODE TO THE RAIN CLOUDS

oh ye forboding clouds of gloom  
make haste and flee  
for lo the god of light and warmth is here  
make haste and flee

oh ye that bear depression and dark gloom  
make haste and flee  
for i the golden glimmer of warm light doth see  
make haste and flee



## WILLOW WILLOW

willow willow weep for me  
hang your branches low  
wash the waters with your tears  
willow weep for me

frail fragile fronds of glossy green  
your graceful mass and doleful mein  
all do confuse my inner being  
willow willow weep for me

willow willow cant you see  
my swollen eyelids as i smart  
when i recall the pain of folly  
of the answered and unanswered  
wash the waters with my tears  
willow willow weep with me

## ODE TO THE PINK MAGNOLIA

oh beauteous blob of pearly pink  
majestic as egyptian sphink  
magnolia pink  
who blest thee

a glory to the japenese  
the botanist florist pekinese  
magnolia pink  
who blest thee



McGraw Tower—Cornell University



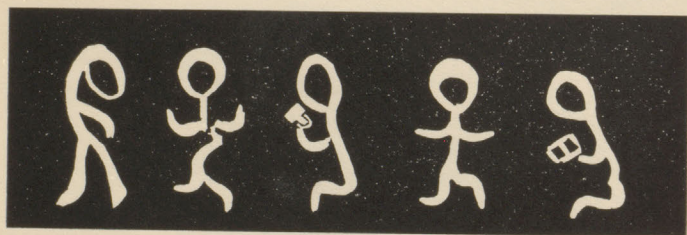
## COLLEGE CAFETERIA

tom tom of the present  
talking of the past  
gazing into future

slop glop mop  
smoke coke choke  
books looks cooks

seniors marriage minded  
juniors jagged spinded  
freshmen fickle finks

grey haired pedagogy  
mop topped pedantocracy  
ivy leagued sophistry  
college cafeteria



College Cafeteria

## ODE TO THE HAMBURGER

oh man from hamburg  
how degenerate you ve become  
coagulated plasma with your bun  
chopped up onions now your chum

oh lost identity  
the noble beast the sire  
that once in pasture wired  
now stinks in culinary mire

oh great society  
your emblem now should be  
a burger made of lights  
to represent the whites  
with the blacks squeezed in between



## COLLEGETOWN BAR

suspended cogitation  
pretended animation  
unending agitation  
in dance

dirty college bar  
jazzed up music far  
lousy jukebox near  
the ear

seclusion is desired  
confusion now admired  
delusion is aspired to  
in minds

hairy faces long  
liquid foamy yellow  
orifices open swallow  
the sap

drowned out TV set  
little circles wet  
many eyes have met  
in mystery

pages words abandoned  
liquors dullness envied  
chatter noisy ceaseless  
in history



Cascidilla Bridge—Cornell Campus



## FIVE O'CLOCK ON CAMPUS

the carparks now like gaping mouths  
are empty now without a doubt  
the rested cars the people not  
vacate the campus and the lot

the thousand cards they ve punched today  
and tens of letters for their pay  
the many students dull and keen  
they ve clogged in the admin s machine

he numbers in the thousands three  
there s een an IBM card for me  
and even more for thousands twelve  
who round the ivied towers dwell

and to the city s homes they go  
just as disgruntled that i know  
as all we students who are trapped  
in little filing cards with gaps.

Looking at the carpark near Day Hall around five pm.  
Day Hall is the administration building of Cornell  
University.

ABSTRACTIONS  
OR MOSAIC

i sat there  
watching the dancers  
move easily to  
the beat  
jungle rhythms  
of the 20th century.  
movement  
akin to  
wardance  
beer ads  
shine and  
make grotesque  
the moving  
masklike  
faces  
gross behinds  
infront of  
sotted viewers  
beatles  
barking their  
obsolescence  
and downfall  
of Sodom  
and Gomorrah.  
"abide with  
me fast  
falls the eventide"  
the knowing  
anonimity of  
this dirty  
dive fascinates



and lures  
me back.  
“Jerusalem  
the golden  
with milk  
and honey  
blest”  
blest with  
beer and  
abstractions  
and people  
made waxlike  
and eiree  
“Loving shepherd  
of thy sheep”  
when wilt  
thou come  
to our  
rescue  
to save us.  
“O Thomas  
Archbishop  
save us  
save us  
save yourself  
that we may  
be saved”  
saved from  
the bombs  
from the apathy  
saved so that  
we might  
live though  
lonely.  
“I wandered  
lonely as

a cloud  
that floats  
on high oer  
vales and  
hills”  
floats on the  
carbonated  
beer or gingerale  
of the century  
again the  
instrument of  
torture begins  
the thunderous  
beat of  
the degenerate  
age and youth  
of college student  
thinking of  
maturity but  
dripping  
immaturity in  
pools of  
beer; pools  
that mirrorlike  
show their real  
age, age of  
cigaretted  
teenager glowing  
red between  
lips of ice  
and fire  
and workerlike  
the dancers  
hammer themselves  
into twisted  
versions of



a destitute  
culture of  
bleeding madras  
hamburgers and  
things that  
go better  
with pot

### AMNESIA

thump thump thump  
the hammers of  
life beat on  
my breast  
and the red  
juice flows  
and the battered  
brain jells into  
a whitish  
paste  
and relieves  
me of my  
memory  
thump thump  
thump

## REALISM

right or  
wrong we  
feel

love or  
hate we  
see  
reality

shoddy values  
mass media  
drug of  
millions

humdrum  
cafeteria  
of the  
present

serving  
warmed over  
ideologies  
of the  
past



PORTRAIT OF LIFE

life  
deflowered virgin  
hungry infant  
sucking a dried  
breast

wretched  
bent mother  
child  
with ebbing  
life

starving forms  
cling to your rags  
fat affluence  
struts beside  
you

lovers weep  
swollen eyes  
and red  
tears of  
death

eviscerated  
soulless  
and white bare  
bones you  
leave





## THE FABLE OF THE DRUNKEN NEGRO

she said she saw him  
spewing forth mouthfuls of masticated meals  
she saw a drunken negro she said  
she was blond and pregnant with such images

she said she saw him weave  
and heave his way into the bathroom

she said she saw his blood shot eyes  
with red rivers of blood coming through his swollen  
irises

it was at that party  
where spirits rose and  
flowed in champagned courses

she said that he reminded her of  
the black day when she called him "Nigger"

that in his drunkenness  
with bloodshot eyes and retching gut  
his ingrained inhibitions he forgot

but i was there

twas at an after wedding party in the town  
when all the ushers went their sorrows for to drown  
with scores of champagne bottles filled to top  
decided then to have a swinging hop

and there among the many guest invited  
a negro college grad i sighted  
five and six and bourgeoisish  
friend of the bestman and the ushers six

but the later that it growèd  
and as all the champagne flowèd  
the negro grad enough had had  
and to the little room he went  
for to let the waters pent

among the uninvited though  
twas a blond coed i know  
who in the recent past had screamed  
“Nigger” to him not in dreams

she had had one he had had ten  
but he had been invited then  
he looked at her he recognized

the tall blond creature through his eyes  
and gently there in front of all  
he said “you were the one last fall  
who called me ‘nigger’ in the hall”

thats all he said and to the kitchen he did go  
to make a cup of coffee though  
but yet she told the whole small world  
the college world that she had seen  
a negro drunk and spitting spleen  
with fire red eyes all greyey green

this was the image that she bore  
this was the negro that she saw  
that was the only one she saw

such is distortion of the facts  
such is the image of the blacks  
by the world who wouldnt see  
each man in all his dignity



LE ROI JONES

skin brother  
angry odors  
of hate  
cloud out  
the beauty  
and pathos  
of golden  
images

skin brother  
vivisect  
the whole  
amputate  
cancerous bitterness  
and leave  
prophetic morsels  
for  
immortality

skin brother  
believe me  
your greatness  
rain  
droplets  
of sensitivity  
which caress  
the ear

read us  
skin brother  
for we  
read you

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Faces



## FANTASIA

night after night  
as darkness envelopes me  
i lay in my bed  
and metamorphose  
into another me

i find myself deep  
in the woods of love  
and warmth the mist  
and fog of passion now i  
see as mine

dream after dream  
my eyelids flutter  
hues of my love combine  
to make erotic weaves  
from lovers yarn

day after dream after night  
there is no yarn no weave  
the woods are gone  
and darkness still envelopes me  
as night

TO MARTIN LUTHER KING\*

the great magician  
walked in and said  
i'll give you freedom  
two white eyes  
rolled in the darkness  
of joy

two white witch doctors  
strolled in and drawled  
we'll brew you instant integration  
a hundred years now due  
bills bayonets billy clubs bubble too  
two white eyes  
rolling in the mire  
of hope

the gross rough red necks  
rolled in and said  
never nigger never  
and two white eyes  
lit up with fight  
in the plight  
and fight for  
freedom

two white eyes  
one black face  
many black faces  
more white faces  
now now  
freedom now  
we will fight  
and die  
and die and fight  
for freedom



Could be called a letter to Martin Luther King from  
Abraham Lincoln  
John Kennedy  
Lyndon Johnson  
The klu klux klan  
The white citizens Council

VIDI LUNAM

last night  
i saw  
the moon  
climb up  
three quarters  
full behind  
a house  
a greyish house  
with shutters  
dripping from  
the roof  
last night  
i saw the  
golden moon  
between the  
beggarly and  
outstretched  
palms of  
barren elms  
last night  
i saw the  
moon in the  
blue basin  
of the sky  
caress  
the  
flickering  
shadows  
of my  
loneliness



## WEST INDIA

what can i say  
of my people  
ebony on ivory  
walls of clime  
hang green  
upon the  
lizards of  
the sun and  
shines the  
cinnamon  
zephyr from  
the coral  
knives of seas.  
cantonese  
from the punjab  
yoruba  
of the thames  
benin bronze  
gleaming in  
a matadors  
prized ear  
to the champs elysee  
of caribs  
and arawaks.  
christopher  
you betrayed  
my ancestors  
and the foetuses  
of their  
civilization.  
weep weep  
into the  
mediterranean

sighing limp  
over the niger  
where the blue  
nile sees no  
apparitions  
and hears  
not the white.  
path winding  
on the razors  
blunt edge  
of a moving  
history  
forbids me  
to hate  
your castinnetted  
pleas for  
forgiveness.  
fleur de lis  
drenched in  
blood  
plantations  
of suspended  
souls fly  
and leap  
into  
armadas.  
teutonic  
lions roar  
devouring the  
droppings  
of the niger  
and the  
matador  
swings  
on the  
fleur de lis



christopher  
you betrayed  
my ancestors  
what then  
can i say  
for my people.  
i can say  
distilled  
in a  
conquistadors  
thimble from  
black blood  
in the mango  
wisdom of  
confucuis  
cauldroned  
with the  
fires of  
krishna  
the palm trees  
now view  
venus and jupiter  
under the  
chimneys  
which float  
across the  
bay into  
sticks of  
sugarcane  
and the drums  
beat out the  
witches brew  
of my  
people.

LAND OF THE NIGHT;  
LAND OF THE SEA

Part I

land of the night  
and of the darkness  
you are not  
my land  
land with the  
trees hanging  
in grotesque  
shapes of winter  
with the valleys  
covered with  
the snows which  
alienate me  
you are not  
my land  
land of a  
fabric made  
of cars  
land of a  
mission off  
to mars  
land of the  
stripes and race  
and stars  
you are not  
my land

Part II

i should not now  
persist the thought  
the brown thought



to conceal  
i should not now  
pretend that  
there is something  
to reveal  
that land of night  
she was my mother, a  
foster mother in  
the bookworm fight  
land of the night  
foster mother in a  
purple time  
whose milk was  
to me sour  
in the first phases  
in the volumed  
book  
land of the night  
whose people  
rainbow  
a violet orange  
of the blue green thought  
thoughts of liberty  
and freedom  
whose freedom  
cloud is seen  
but never  
felt  
land of the night  
five and sixty  
lunar months  
i stayed with you  
foster mother  
land of the night  
i hate you  
and i love

you  
love you for  
the red love  
of fight  
for the gory  
battles of  
technology  
you ve won  
for monied  
miracles of  
computers  
which have  
indexed me  
and filed me  
but land of the night  
i hate you  
for my people  
of the black  
and burnished  
skin who  
from the banks  
of the Niger  
who from the  
land of Kilmanjaro  
who from the  
alligatored  
warmth of the  
green forests  
you did bring  
my cousins  
who from their  
lion cultures  
who are the  
seed of adam  
who were the  
pride of Africa



whom you crushed  
my uncles  
who had a  
civilization  
of medaeival  
excellence  
who cannot  
hate your  
rancid greed  
who will not  
give in  
but will  
bleed  
land of the night  
my shackled sibs  
whose children  
now are  
fighting for  
whose sisters  
now are  
shouting for  
whose brothers  
now are  
sitting for

whose amici  
are helping too  
to give them  
freedom that  
they knew  
land of the night  
and of the darkness  
foster mother  
i hate you  
and i love you  
i know

you are not  
my land

### Part III

land of the sea  
and the sun  
and the blue  
waters warm  
which are green  
from the shadows  
of the humid trees  
land of the sea  
and the sun  
my spirit calls  
for you  
a spirit wistful  
as a tropic  
breeze which  
ripples oer  
an oyster bed  
land of the sea  
and the sun  
where palm trees  
tiptoe up to  
heaven where  
the night is  
filled with the  
mystery of a  
living zoo  
where the  
streets are  
lined with  
golden people  
of an eldorado  
hue



where the masters  
once the  
whipping posts  
had had  
where the  
spanish governors  
and the  
french spat  
words at one  
another  
where once  
christopher  
had landed  
and had left  
where my carib  
ancestors were  
slaughtered  
in their  
rests  
where my mother's  
mother's mother  
had been tortured  
on the living  
ant hills  
of her time  
where my father's  
father's father  
had been sired  
like a ram  
where the yellows  
browns and blacks  
across the murky  
seas had died  
to live  
land of the sea  
and the sun

land of a muted  
molten culture  
that is now  
land of my mother  
land of my father  
land of my sibs  
you i have  
loved  
and you  
i shall  
love



## THE ANNOUNCEMENT

permit me to  
announce the  
birth of  
spring  
the door  
suspended  
from a  
wintry  
firmament  
swings out  
to meet  
the summer  
and the arms  
of lovers  
entwine  
in green  
thoughts  
which are  
pregnant with  
longing

## BUDS OF SPRING

out of my window one grey day i looked  
twas for to view the mangy mornings mirth  
but all i saw were the limbs of spring  
and a lone bird on the wing

and limbs of spring were magnified  
were magnified before my eyes  
brown bosomy buds of birth  
bursting from the barren branches of the earth

barren branches crisscrossing bayonets of life  
buds helmeted rows of infantrymen  
marching into new and noisy nuances of time  
with pinkgreen faces peeping out in flower

nuances of time spring sequential summer  
youth and age in the vanguard of time  
flowers and fruits of an eternal clime  
fearless with life leering now at an ancient winter



