WORDS ARE WEAK THINGS

For the people words are weak things.  
Brother, would that we could 
Comprehend the ultimate depth 
Of minds so many and so unconfined, 
So hidden; 
Living and growing over the years, 
Amassing 
So many million loves and fears. 
   For the people words are weak things. 
Their faces, as of the seaways 
Roughened by emotion in endless passage, 
Are but the surface of an ocean 
Where currents move, and tides. 
   For the people words are weak things. 
Ten thousand million times 
Ten thousand million 
Brain cells—the vehicle 
Of that unnamed, unnameable— 
Not in themselves, 
But through the miracle 
Of their communion far and near. 
   For the people words are weak things. 
Brother, shall it be said 
That we in isolation 
Heart from heart 
Can ever have a part, 
In Earth’s salvation?
JUST SUPPOSE

Just suppose
That you are altogether wrong,
That what you reason out from cause effect
In looking backwards, law,
Is not the only train that runs on rails.

Just suppose
That something more than reason governs ends,
Something more terrible
For good or evil.

These are those forms
That meet us in the mist,
Coming from lands ahead,
And touch us,
Whispering
‘Action’.
A SOUL TO BIRTH

This body full of eyes,
This million-mouthed automaton, myself,
Burning with appetites, prehensile and alight
To eat and solve, down to its elements,
The very clay—yet some time shall see whole!
‘It might be’, ‘It should be’, yea ‘It must be’, do conspire
To regiment and force the wilful lusts and turn
Synoptic gaze on one unfolding view.

And what are these compulsions that pursue
And integrate the multitude of wills
To give them worth—
But those three Graces of our Lord the King?
Whom, haply meeting, I myself shall fling
Into Hell’s fire, this million-mouthed automaton
Thereby to bring
In pain a soul to birth.
SECRET PASSAGE

I do not want to die, do you?
But die you will, and so shall I;
And maybe stand to gain thereby.
Yet once you did, or nearly did,
When nothing worth there seemed to live for.
And then you knew you could not rid
Yourself of self by that escape door;
Yes then you knew
That self and God are one, not two,
And love the secret passage through.

BEAUTY GROWS

Beauty grows! It’s not a thing
Man can by his endeavour bring.
His mind must wait on sun and shower
To bring to birth the immortal hour
When from dark death unfolds the flower
That makes the angels sing.
GRIEF

Let there be torn away
This dark deceptive curtain of despair.
The heavy air encumbers, and in grief
Our energies decay.

Then shall appear
Realities more clear on hillsides far away,
While round us near
Dear lost familiar things
Resume their shape,
From which for long no man did e’er escape.

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The purple light of evening
Through the bare black bones of trees;
Wind in the heaven blowing
A gale far away on the seas;
Dusk, and the breathing of cattle;
Warm, the damp air of the West;
Earth, the great living mother
Holding us close to her breast.
HOMES

In homes not made with hands we live,
Which seldom solid comfort give.
They will not keep the weather out;
The draughts run through them, in and out,
The wicked squeak, the good man shivers,
The monkey man for ever gibbers.
God give his grace to us poor livers
   In such cold homes to live.
THE OUT-OF-BALANCE

The well-balanced, in perfect health,
Flow smoothly, feeling no problem,
Are, to all intents and purpose, dead.

Time is the out-of-balance,
Generating the opening forces,
The expanding flower.

So we pass out of death into life
To know no ceasing.

Oh, poor soul, seeking rest,
To feel and to think is your burden—

As a boat upon a boundless water
Rides the out-of-balance on a deep of peace—
The Peace of God which passeth understanding.
FORMATIONS, FORMULATIONS

Formations, Formulations,
By Force of Matter
Have no validity
For mind and spirit.

The generative power of these
Is of their very nature,
Sine qua non, and cannot be contained.

So it is curious
That Mind—yea Spirit also—
By force of Matter
Would compel conclusions
And achieve
An End.
FAIR CREATURE

Fair creature, I would see your face
Ever changing, ever new;
Flowering field of God’s sweet grace,
In a mortal moment you,
In a mortal moment mine.
Petals light of hair and cheek,
Beauty knowing no eclipse,
Ever there for all who seek,
Star-bright eyes and laughing lips,
Flash of look and turn of feature
Cut for ever out of Time,
In a mortal moment you,
In a mortal moment mine.
LET IT SUFFICE

In a morning of March
Here am I,
In this warm town of old association
And young endeavour of mind and body,
Cambridge.
It might be you.

What want we
(And that other man, also,
Elsewhere)
Growing and flowering in our glory and wholeness
With monstrous imaginings?
Universalism? Totalitarianism?

Do we seek to live on stars, we who live on the earth?
Or do we seek to inhabit molecules?

Are we not little,
So little that nothing can measure our littleness,
Yet so great that we encompass eternity?

Let it suffice,
That I am here
In this warm town of old association and adventure,
Cambridge,
This morning of March that ever is.