

Poems of Desire and Despair

By W.J.Swan

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After Before

Lie awhile to let your hair
Sift gently to the sheet.
Reach out your hand into the air –
Waiting, my hand will meet
Yours, just as we two had met,
Alone from all outside,
Repaying the incurred debt
Of having once been separate.

Bring Me Down From My Tree

Bring me down from my tree
Where I am dead above all men.
Bury me deep with earth.
I shall not wish to live again.

Bring me down from my tree,
Where love and hope have died.
No man or god has heard
When I have prayed and cried.

Bring me down from my tree,
Where my body is washed with blood.
Leave the holes from where has gushed
The spirit of my god.

Bring me down from my tree
Where I am a mere abject part,
As dead as these wooden pillars.
Blood-tears have choked my heart.

Bring me down from my tree,
Where I have sold both sweat and blood.
And though in suffering I died,
I fear of it no good.

Child of Thought

Transient I am, sliding.
Without strength. Gliding.
Mutable and changing.
Attempting, arranging
New faces, expressions.
Distracting digressions.
Escaping depressions.

Days pass as the bare recollections of bare thought,
Bloodless battles left unrecorded and fought
Between victors and vanquished anonymous.
All thoughts an amalgam, unseen, ambiguous,
Diverging, converging, together, apart.
One mind in one body with only one heart,
Yet thinking, resolving, convictions for my health,
Later ignored by a different myself
Who is yet the same who had forgotten it –
Abandoned child of he who had begotten it.

A child born from the body,
Not from the brain, gives hope to me.
One who will remember, holding hands,
Through into posterity. Thus stands,
Forever, love of generation, fixed in life,
Enshrined in love of woman, lover, wife.
Child, you are my permanent emotion
Among sliding thoughts and motion.

Dancing in the air

I live to hear your voice.
I love to see your smile
I long for your embrace,
To hold you closer, while

Lips moisten when they meet.
I stroke your silken hair,
The merest thought of you,
I dance upon the air.

I cherish every kiss,
Envisage every touch.
I tremble with desire
And want you oh so much.

And when we first make love
The new love born in me
Will nurture every hour
Of life, eternally.

A love that cannot die,
A love that's everywhere.
Forever, just we two
Will dance upon the air.

Death of Reason (on reading Blake)

Give us grace, we beseech Thee, oh Lord,
To smite Thee down with Thy mighty sword,
Forged from the fire of Thy created Earth,
To find in Thy Death our own re-birth.

There is reason for such toothless smiles –
They ignore what must come
And what has passed beyond sensation
Except in dreams
(Recurring in the steady rhythm of a drum).

Beyond sensation, what is this cruel thing,
This unconscious fear of present, future, past?
This bloodless organ, palpitating, breathing,
Which questions where this World was cast,
Where Life was forged, and whose the mould.
And in the heat of fire and flames,
Who gave us time to grow cold,
To frame us in His icy games?

There is a wind which blows bitter or mild,
Which lavishes with soft caresses,
Or whips tears from our eyes,
To bleed us in blind guesses.
There is a blue sky clean from cloud
Which frosts or heats the Earth.
Yet still there is only pain in Death
And only pain in Birth.

Destiny

I was born to love you -
Our meeting no mere chance.
Our every kiss predicted bliss.
We dance a destined dance.

The world exists to guide us
To where our love-words rhyme.
The Fates have known that we are thrown
Together for all time.

Our happiness is certain,
Our ecstasies foretold.
Till life is done, we'll be as one,
Both beautiful and bold.

The stars have set their pattern.
Some things are meant to be.
As we embrace, each loving face
Caresses destiny.

Food

You are what you eat, they say.
If so, then a horse is hay.
A lion must be a zebra,
Or antelope, etcetera, etcetera.
If you are what you tend to eat,
Are you a veg, or a lump of meat?
For a human to be human at all,
Does he have to turn cannibal?
As for me, if I am what I munch,
Don't be suspicious,
I'm ever so nutritious.
I'm a simply delicious
Four course lunch.

Dream

I dream of you at night-time

And wake with thoughts of you.

I see you, like a vision,

Every moment of the day.

Under an enchantment,

Bewitched by shining eyes,

I long to feel you near me

And pray one day I may

reach out and soon may touch you,

Will feel your warm embrace.

Will stroke your skin's pure satin,

Breathe in your perfume breath.

Such dreams I dream of daily.

And every night I ache

To share my body with you -

And will do until death.

I think of you

*When I see the clouds transforming
Or see faces in the trees,
When I hear a child's bright laughter
Or hear music in the breeze,
I think of you.*

*When I see the moorland's heather
As the sun is sinking low,
When I hear a songstress sighing,
See a glittering flake of snow,
I think of you.*

*I see visions of you smiling
When I simply close my eyes.
I hear your voice through silence.
Your presence never dies,
While I think of you.*

*A passion all-consuming
Thrills me to the core.
I feel you deep inside me
And I want you even more,
When I think of you.
When I think of you.*

I can never stop thinking of you.

Lawrence's Lover

I never said you were beautiful

But

When I try and compare you with other women I've seen,

Or to a flower's petal,

Or the pelt of a peach,

Or the quaintness of a fig,

Or the taste of a strawberry,

Or the odour of chrysanthemums,

I often wonder if you were born

In a greenhouse.

Love Poem

I feed on your gaze,
Feel your goodness inspire.
I gasp with pained joy
At the strength of desire.

I sleep in your smile.
I live in your eyes.
I breathe in your life.
With you gone, my heart dies.

But your memory stays,
Pumps the blood through my veins,
Puts an end to these sighs.
Your love nurtures, sustains.

This passion I feel,
Like an unending fire,
Is fuelled by your love
And the power of desire.

More

I love to watch the sun go down
Beyond the ocean's reach,
To walk upon the warm, moist sand
Upon a summer beach.
I love to see the moonlight gleam
And dance upon the sea,
Its path directed to our feet
To where you stand with me.
I love the solitary shore.
I love you more.

I love the taste of blackberries, ripe,
Whose juices flow like wine,
Or strawberries fattened by the dew,
Reddening in sunshine.
I love to pluck the purple plum
From its September tree.
The crisp, pure taste of apple flesh
Is like an ecstasy
To savour to the core.
I love you more.

I love to laugh at joke and clown,
Laughter bringing joy,
To feel the glow of pleasure's gift,
A child's favourite toy.
I love to lose myself in books,
Despite their tragic tales,
To share another's mind in words,
To know love never fails.
I draw from fiction's store -
But love you more.

I love to listen to the voice
Of music when alone.
To let it soothe an aching heart
With soft, exquisite tone.
Each instrument can cancel pain,
Each tongue can rouse the soul,
Each lyric sharing what I feel -
To make we two one whole.
With music, who is poor?
And love you more.

Myland Poems

I look upon the freedom skies,
Hungry with their burning eyes.
Grey clouds sweep across the view
To satisfy the dying few –
Victims of a new-found peace.
Upon the Earth has taken feast
The quiet following the storm.
There are no white clouds left to form
The signs of what has gone before –
The knowledge that with every war
Something is left to be destroyed.
Smile upon the new-found void.

Jericho, your walls are down,
Conquered by the breathlessness of noise.
Trumpets, let your mouths resound
With every sound that life employs.
Contemplate confusion.
Sane minds discuss insanity.
Tooth-pasted mouths breathe out pollution,
Hanging, strangling from a Christmas tree.
I am angry, I am angry.
Incoming tide, you are drowning me,
Tangling my feet with weed
And visions that I do not need.
There is no safe place left to hide,
Though in your bible I have tried.

Cry from the mountains of my return.
Cry of the forests I have passed through.
Cry of the paths and every turn
That lead me back to you.
Still there are miles to travel on.
I am thirsty from the tears I cry,
And all the memories I dwell upon.
When will my eyes be dry?
I will return from the mountain.
I will return from the forest.
I will return to you again
To seek eternal rest.

Oedipus, for a few nights

When her face, when it was ageing,
Arched its eyebrows, forehead wrinkled,
Lips were pouting, slightly, tilted
To one side her skull, skin-stretching,
(All the signs of her endearment)
You were breaking up a marriage,
Stealing from two children's mother,
Tearing down the fragile frontiers
Of respectability.

She had started to feel younger –
All the time she looked much older.
And yet still it didn't stop you –
So that, see, her face is creasing.
Streaming eyes let gouts of tears fall.
Lips are tense, the head is lowered,
For she knows you won't be staying.
Time on your hands at the beginning.
Time on her face, now, at the end.

Pebbles

I held her hand.
The sun slipped down to be doused in the sea.
The sky was free.
Pebbles glisten in the sand.

We talked of love, of life, and death.
With every breath
Our lives slipped by.

“Let us fly away
Like a silent bird
On wings unheard
Into the blazing sky.”

Our love seemed eternal
But lives are short and bodies frail.
A meteor tears through the universe
On a silver path, like a starlit snail.

Questions and Answers

What would I give to you?
Anything.

What do you mean to me?
Everything.

What happens when you leave the room?
Gloom.

And when you return?
I burn.

How long will I love you?
Forever.

Could I ever stop loving you?
Never.

For this love, would I dare all?
I'd dare.

Is all that I tell you true?
I swear.

Rain

This has been a long road,
A road I shall not walk again.
My eyes see only wilted patterns
Fading in the constant rain.
This has been a long road,
A road which seemed to have no end.
An old friend stabbed me and I said
“Thank you,” for he was my friend.

It is the rain that I fear most –
Solution of cloud dissolving my earth.
I fear these perfect drops
More than all the pain of birth.
Should I be running naked as a child,
Cleansed by nature’s tears while clowning.
I answer, “No,” in tears, and far from God.
I think of those who’re drowning.

Separation

I could not be more happy

Than when gazing in your eyes.

I could not be more lonely

As each day slowly dies

Without a chance to see you.

Eternities apart,

Each day of separation

A knife wound to my heart.

I love you now, feel certain.

I know I always will.

With every hour that passes

My love grows greater still.

I close my eyes and see you.

All music brings you near.

I stretch out, try to touch you.

But you are far from here.

Sonnet

Who is it that I love, somebody asks -
What face, what body tempts me to such gain?
I know not, for she hides behind five masks
Of glee, of trust, of envy, lust and pain,

And millions more – which are the hours she lives.
She changes as the clock face shifts its hands.
What she has taken, true, she sometimes gives,
Returning stolen goods to foreign lands.

How hate what is so different each day,
Or love, which is another of the range?
Morning brings its sun without delay –
Why should I demand she never change?

Time drags her feet in each diurnal turn.
Love will not let a fool learn how to learn.

Swanhild

(Swanhild is killed by wild horses as a result of the diabolic influence of Bikki, the ligo of the Volsunga Saga. Swanhild is betrothed to Eormenic but loves his son, Randver. Bikki persuades Eormenic to conceive her murder, but the horses will not harm Swanhild until her face is covered, for she is so beautiful).

Swanhild

In beautiful battle
Choked in last gasp breath's rattle
Filled with mild-looking vision
Trampled in loveless derision
Child of pure living Nature
Earth-close, a loving creature
Wild as the horses hooving
Too moving in life's removing
Killed by the blind bloodless
Evil, thoughtless and jealous

Passion was there, air-light
And loving, too, whether night
Or the dawn of love's making
In mirrored awaking.

Beating, the hooves sounding
Thrashing at life

Retreating quick
Crashing, resounding.

Face, beauty covered
Life unrecovered
Swanhild, alive in poetry
Child of a noble creature
Earth-close to living Nature
Verse dies. Does she?

The Gift

*If all the treasures of the sky,
The stars and moon that nightly shine,
The meteors and falling stars,
The northern lights, if these were mine,
I'd give them all to you, my earthly love.
I worship you far more than worlds above.*

*If all the treasures of the world,
The sapphires, diamonds, rubies red,
Threads of silver, veins of gold,
For which the hearts of men have bled,
Were mine, they'd be my gift of love to you
As token of the wealth of love you're due.*

The Lost and Found

I never see the moon and stars.
Her love, eternal light,
Eternal sun,
Removes the fear of night.

Around me her love grows,
Appled round its hungry seed,
Fills my lungs with breath,
While on her lips I feed.

Wishing, when we walk, the path
Will lead us on forever,
We are perfect when our
Bodies merge together.

Her voice, her words, each sigh
Saturate my mind.
While she sees, I'm blind.
While I search, she'll find.

The Unicorn

I have seen the unicorn,
Gallop through my dreams,
Gleaming horn and thundering hooves,
Dancing through magical streams.

I have seen the unicorn,
His mane like a flowing stream,
Wild as the wind, but silent, serene,
A wonderful vision, a dream.

No more do I see the unicorn,
Though I yearn to see him still.
No more a child, I dream instead
Of those who would rather kill,

Would rather kill the unicorn,
To rob him of horn and mane,
And rob me of myth and magic's delight,
For I can't be a child again.

Tuning Fork

I hear music in the night-time
Bending in and out of air-waves,
Ringing in my mind's numb chambers –
Slices out all cancerous inklings – shaves
Shadows of malignant moods,
Razors of rippling ringlets.
Re-born in every echo, my love
Stirs itself to sing, sets
Itself to partner music
In a poem's lulling rhythm,
To restore the ruined temple
Of a love once maimed by schism.

In the vibrant hours of night-time
Strain two forks for ever-nearness,
Sprung from common bond of passion
And more tremulous than fear – less
Fearful than the nightmare
Of a life that knows no fusing
With a lover's imaged action –
Pitching out and ringing true,
Singing from a need for love.
Tyrant time is all denying,
Steals our energy for age.
Listen! Hear the music dying...

Yeats' Tower

I must build a tower, high –
The higher to be further seen.
And build, I must, until I die,
To show what I have been.

The higher that I build my tower,
The more my vision claims its own.
And build, I must, with every hour.
I build my tower alone.

My hands shape every humble brick
And lay them to my own design.
As swiftly as the seconds tick
I make the tower mine.

In death, the wind will scatter my
Mere ashes to the earth below –
But having built my tower high,
My ashes further blow,

To mingle with compelling clay
About the land I once could see.
Having built my tower today,
Tomorrow builds on me.