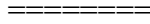


EROS



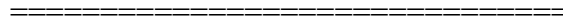
FOIBLES OF THE FLESH,

followed by

HEAVINGS OF THE HEART

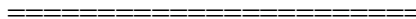
and

IN ABSENTIA



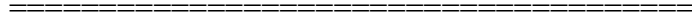
**being
a selection of poems from**

Lines of a Lifetime



BRUNO SCARFE

HEAVINGS OF THE HEART



EROS: *HEAVINGS OF THE HEART* – A selection

Ashes
Autumn love
The cost
Cycles of love (to Judith)
Encuentro esdriújulo (a Carina)
The face she wears (to Win)
El faro (a María Dolores)
Focus of attraction
Fragment 2: “Now to win or lose ...” (to Don Fernando)
Giftshop blues (to Patricia)
Guillotine (to Penelope)
Inesperada (a Mari Lo)
Linda hechicera (a Win)
Love, so beautiful
Love, underground
María José of the real estate agency
No, not to separate
Ode to Cupid’s eyes (to Elfriede)
Sirenada (a Carina)
Smile-havoc
Them! And ‘us’? (to Patricia)
To ask, or not to ask (to Donna)
To die, or not to die?
Trampled on
Wild plums

Illustrated

Ashes
Cycles of love
The face she wears
Fragment 2
Giftshop blues
Guillotine
Linda hechicera
Love, underground
María José of the real estate agency
Ode to Cupid’s eyes
Smile-havoc
To ask, or not to ask
Wild plums

Ashes

Clenched clouds roll in a one sea's mass,
toss a rumbling course to less sinister lands.

Once, a gleaming tower spiralled
in ascending song,
through cruel-blue skies,
to a magnet sun.

The sun died, and night shrieked round
the sleeping tower,
cracked its brittle dream and crushed it.

Now, lifeless light envelopes the silent sands,
and the plain writhes, but cannot die.



Autumn love

A snake cloud snuffed the candle Moon,
and spider threads of autumn rain
danced down the dead-leaved streets.

In the shelter of the trees
I drank the dew that glistened on
the midnight panther of your hair.
Each time I saw your face, I smiled,
but let no storm tossed kiss disturb
the calm shores of your lips;
– only the raindrops' silent spray,
and the music of the wind.

The cost

Come, taste the silence of my rooms,
feel fungus blossom on the wall,
see ice-grey beads of perspiration drip
 down
 from the ceiling.

Come, smell the gloom of endless corridors
and hear my thoughts in blotched and slimy skins
crawl
 across
 the floor
 like rotting fruit.

My blood exudes a stench of putrefaction
as it through my body to my brains.
 oozes

Why did love break?
Why did it shatter into fragments in the dust?
What hope is left?
Is all the world a grave?
And must I mourn for ever in the rain?

Cycles of love

To Judith

Sun! Spring
of surprise,
new leaves are words of welcome
from the trees.

Sun!
Summersaults of leaves
in orgasm
form arabesques.

Sun! Autumn.
Shadows shape graves longer than hope;
leaves decay, disengage
and drop.

Winter.
Branches, bared, are withered tongues of trees:
trees powerless to follow
a fallen sun.



Encuentro esdrújulo

A Carina

Aguanto, platónico,
de la muy carismática
con aspecto bético,
palabras enigmáticas:
placer paradójico!

Nada de frígida –
puede que mística.

¿En total? nítida-
mente una mítica.

The face she wears

To Win

Every year
spring smiles, summer laughs,
autumn

sighs for a
touch of winter, masked
in tears.

She's all seasons,
at random,
daily. "Surprise!" she
claims, "that's fun!"
(within reason)



El faro

A María Dolores en su día

Me llamo 'Nada'.
Soy un carámbano tímido
que, abandonado, se derrite
entre ácidas olas
de desesperación.

María Dolores,
con sonrisa sirena
y ojos ruiseñores,
eres la llama
que para siempre disipa
las calamares olas
que me seducían.

Focus of attraction

In this river, fishes groped an isolated life,
each one alone,
deep down in densely waving weeds –
so green and gloomy,
and under stones, and in the cold clay banks.

Each one alone.

And see them now! They've sprung to life,
streak up and down,
score the surface,
leap from wave to wave –
gold and silver gleaming in the sun.

Hear them laugh, and sing!

Though the weight of water flows on as before,
new life inside will make it change its course.

Fragment 2

A Don Fernando

Now to win or lose

a toss, a tussle,
a draw, a raffle,
a bet, a million –

is to lose or win
a trifle.

Love? a heart? a hand?
... stand apart, above:
the only ones alive
long wonderful, once won.



Giftshop blues

To Patricia

I've seen Byzantium
on show,
 (Aren't the shadows long
 today?)
lapis-lázuli
and gold
 (Run, my love, it's turn-
 ing cold!)
and magnificent
their shape!
 (Winter's come to seize
 his throne)
Massively, each ear-
ring hangs
 (imperturbable
 and bold.)
while chants and incense
rise.



Guillotine

To Penelope

The sun's shafts pitted
the rusting path,
and flaked leaves - shaking,
tilted, tripped and fell;
the Persian gold
swam heavy on the ground.

From other trees slipped
leaves of a vanished –
still present – time;
curling, dry green
at their lipping edge,
they floated on gravel

like pond leaves
in the lost heat
of the lost summer.

The steel wind
had guillotined
the trees;
curled copper hair,
smile-eyes,
snatched me
from the rasping razor's edge.



Inesperada

A Mari Lo

Por las nubes color de plomo
que me seguían,
asomó un sol de oro precioso:
¿de quién sería?

Linda hechicera

A Win

Eres oro,
eres plata:
pan y vino,
¿todo? ¿nada?

Eres sólo
luz y sombra,
hado, hilo,
punto y coma.

Eres trébol,
as y suerte,
brindis, río,
cruz y puente.

Eres sol,
eres luna:
¿mi destino,
y fortuna?



Love, so beautiful

Why, Phyllis, are you frightened?

Is our love –
a growth of worms,
a mutilated animal,
or twisted,
wicked
child?

Is our love –
the sort of thing
for which you dig a hole?
the sort of thing
you secretively bury
in an unmarked grave,
at night?

A fire!
our love's a fire:
a fire leaping in the sky
with cleansing flames –
with gorgeous white and yellow flames –
that burn all things
into one.

Love, underground

All night long I lie there, half asleep,
and clasp her by her neck,
her arms, her legs,
by her buttocks and her breasts.

I fold her to the contours of my body
and hold her fast.

And all night long her body sleeps beside me,
her mind at peace a thousand miles away.

She cannot answer, cannot calm
the never ending preying of my hands.

She does not know I love you
in my sleep,
is unaware to what degree
in clasping her – I think I'm clasping you.



María José of the real estate agency

With shake and tap and
flickering jingle
of a tambourine,
click-click-crack of
castanets,
a high-pitching
piccolo,
soul of a flute –

that's my girl! bursting
into the quietness
of the closing day.

Dust-devils spin
out of the Inland,
spray flashes, fizzes
flung from the breakers,
gusts of air bring
word of the East Wind,
sparks sizzle over
incandescent coals.

Into the quietness
of the closing day
– that's my girl, bursting

with shake and tap and
flickering jingle
of a tambourine,
click-click-crack of
castanets,
a high-pitching
piccolo,
soul of a flute.



No, not to separate

God, I would rather be
 a worm,
 a larva-laden fly,
 a rotting carcass in the sun
than have to hear your courteous, callous, call:
 “It will have to stop!”
and then
 “No more!”

Gouge out my eyes with acid,
crush the bone that binds my brain,
tear out my tongue and trample it in dust –
but
 never,
 Phyllis –
 no,
 never make me stop,
and
 never make-believe
we did not really love each other once.

The horror of your message,
 still camouflaged with secrecy and care;
the horror of your thought,
 that wants to see what I’ll do next!
Grind my teeth until the nerves scream out,
pull my hair till all the scalp is blood –
and mind and body deprived of air
asphyxiate in convulsions of despair.

Ode to Cupid's eyes

To Elfriede

Eyes superb, soft, strong, and mystic:
grapes dark dancing in the summer sunlight,
sun-kissed cherries, musical and deep –
your Cupid's eyes, pure symbols of your soul,
reflect the innocence of sleep.

Great, glorious, I love them
as I love
you.

Tender, as the harvest mellow,
enchancing as a fountain of delight,
dark, mysterious and gay
as a windswept lake
on a starlit night.



Sirenada

A Carina

¡Tú eres la sal,
tú eres la miel!

– olor a sándalo
y clavel,

– son de pífano
y tambor,

– escalofrío
en la piel.

¡Tú eres la sal,
tú eres la miel!

Smile-havoc

Draw, knife, draw
the tears, the pain, the blood
strung wirewise
and wrapped around the thorn-wood
of a dry-stoned love.
None so bitter
as the salt-almond eyes of an image –
vision not for me,
no-one, never.



Them! And 'us'?

To Patricia

So Jane looks strange, in Omeo,
and Steve sounds glib, here in Cadiz

we think ... ! But are we sure that we
can see ourselves objectively?

Yes! We should know, familiar us,
each famous and each blind in love.

I'm James Bond on the Malecón,
you're demure ... Marilyn Monroe.

To ask, or not to ask

To Donna

No, I'll not strip my lady naked, and
plunge to death through cumulus clouds of breast;
her smouldering hills – her thighs – are tempting, yes,
why not invade them then? and die of thirst.

I know her neck, now, know her hands and eyes;
I've kissed her lips, I've raced across their shores
drunk with desire, I've slipped between her smiles
and swum deep down inside them to explore.

She's kind. She drives electric rivets through
my brains, sends blood in warming waves to stir
rebellion in my lands. So kind, I said:
"To live, oh let me breathe the ether of
your clouds, and drink your secret well of fire."
I waited then and all she did was smile.



To die, or not to die?

What it is
to thirst for further pleasure in each other!

What it is
to fit so closely to each other –
to touch and join,
to separate in play
in order soon again to toss together!

When all is done,
then the moment always comes
when we hardly
– when we no longer –
recognize each other,
– when you have drunk the glass of wine
I had to offer,
and I lie, faintly murmuring, and pass
through seas of warming winds
and light,
where life is stopped and all is still,
and there is not, now,
a road left we can follow.

A state of mind and body
that cannot long continue.
If I could die! if only, if only
I could die
as I lie with you and hold you
in that world
where life is stopped and all is still!

If only Death could close the door
and shut out all the road by which we came,
then our pleasure,
uninterrupted, would survive.

Trampled on

She scratches scoria
on the wooden floor –
 like glass in faces,
bodies on barbed wire.

She grinds
 and grates
 her way
 across.

The floor contorts,
 and shrieks,
crazed and crippled
 by the war.

Wild plums

Here barely sensed, there sensual and bared, their skin –
vermilion, crimson, gold – mocks the monochrome of leaves.
Bearing branches sag; branches, barren, ache at the
lick and slap of skin with its scream of flesh inside.

You sense the scream; you see the flesh flow into breasts,
you see them grow from innocence of kittens' eyes
to soporific pomanders, to succulence
of cantaloups, to suns that fool and stun the mind.

I had, like you, to hold those worlds of teasing flesh.
Like you, I knew a moment's hope before the fall.
Blind slave of dreams that none of us can verify,
I, also, crashed through thorns and sank into the slime.
I lost; I'm damned to live, and hope, and lose again.
They won; tomorrow, they'll lie rotting in the rain.



Notes

THE POEMS

Ashes	Oxford	1959
Autumn love The face lingers on, but the name? Kristine?	Oxford	1958
The cost	Auckland	1967
Cycles of love Interpreted, philosophically, by Judith Rodríguez.	Melbourne	1971
<i>Encuentro esdrújulo</i> Inspired by Carina, of the Diván del Mónaco. Hace falta una brújula para dar con la cúpula. But would such a device have worked in a mirage?	Cadiz	2002
The face she wears Affectionately and with some perplexity, on the problem of mood swings.	Cadiz	2004
<i>El faro</i> (See: PROSE ... notes for an autobiography – Salamanca.)	Salamanca	1958
Focus of attraction	Melbourne	1970
Fragment 2 The series began as games with words and sounds, an offshoot of my English classes with Don Fernando of the Cadiz Port Authority. A note, here, on Fragment 2: It all began with 'once' and 'wonderful', 'one' and 'won'. 'Now' (on time) got in, 'own' alone, lost out.	Cadiz	2004
Giftshop blues On some earrings, desirable but with insecure fastenings. They would have suited Patricia Leon, or 'Trish'. I tried to persuade the gallery to improve the fastenings, but they couldn't. Rather symbolic. (See also the poem 'Trish 6'.)	Cadiz	2010
Guillotine Set in the Christ Church 'Meadows', Oxford. Penelope helped save me from myself.	Oxford	1959
<i>Inesperada</i>	Cadiz	2009
<i>Linda hechicera</i> On the enigmas and <i>vaivenes</i> of the relationship.	Cadiz	2004
Love, so beautiful	Auckland	1967
Love, underground Penelope ... and the siren.	Auckland	1967
María José of the Real Estate Agency María José was responsible for facilitating the purchase of the <i>finca</i> in calle S. Dimas. The 'East Wind' is the Cadiz <i>Levante</i> .	Cadiz	2002
No, not to separate	Auckland	1967
Ode to Cupid's eyes	Munich	1957

(See: PROSE ... My Ampleforth Years, 4: Germany – work, love and travel.) On Elfriede, of the Munich publishers ‘Piper’ where I worked for two months between Ampleforth and Oxford.		
Sirenada	Cadiz	2002
Inspired by Carina, of the Diván del Mónaco.		
Smile-havoc	Oxford	1958
Set in a first floor café near the Students’ Union, in the Oxford Cornmarket. The object of my terrible fascination ... probably a Latin.		
Them! And ‘us’?	Cadiz	2011
Prompted by Trish’s observations on a new neighbour in Omeo, and my growing doubts on the optimism being shown by my otherwise charming estate agent in Cadiz.		
To ask, or not to ask	Auckland	1967
Possibly written up later, in Melbourne.		
To die, or not to die?	Auckland	1967
Trampled on	Melbourne	1970
Personal.		
Wild plums	Melbourne	1971
Set near our home in the semi-rural Eltham of the 70s.		

THE ILLUSTRATIONS – see ‘ART WORK’ for general information

POEMS

ILLUSTRATIONS – title, and ref.

Ashes	<u>Papegados</u> <i>Retrato ‘Christof’, dueño del Gotinga</i> / 2:11 (‘twist’, courtesy Frango)
Cycles of love	<i>‘Las cuatro Delicias II’</i> / 1:07
The face she wears	<i>Retrato ‘Winifred Ann’</i> / 2:09
Giftshop blues	<i>‘Oriens II’</i> / 3:03
Guillotine	<i>‘Aequitas’</i> / 3:05
Linda hechicera	<i>Fantasia ‘Flor y las cinco Delicias’</i> / 2:15
Love, underground	<i>Salvamanteles 3 ‘Al compás de la música I’</i> / 1:19
María José of the real estate agency	<i>Salvamanteles 10 ‘Flor y su círculo’</i> / 1:26
Ode to Cupid’s eyes	<i>Fantasia ‘Gloria se impone’</i> / 2:02
Smile-havoc	<i>Retrato ‘Ana’, cocinera del Gotinga</i> / 2:13 (‘twist’, courtesy Frango)
To ask, or not to ask	<i>‘El altar de los deseos’</i> / 1:15
Wild plums	<i>‘Diana’</i> / 3:04
	<u>Cristaletas</u>
Fragment 2	<i>‘Cristaleta 8’</i>