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Ianthe's alt.sex.intergen 'Poems of the Week'.      Number 22.  
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This week's theme is the SELF DOUBT experienced by many
child-lovers.

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- * T.H. White (1906-1964)
 from 'a private letter'
 Endurance Vile
 - * Paul Goodman (United States, 1911-1972)
 A Policy Meeting
 - * Zdravko Joseph Ladovic (Yugoslavia, Born 1957)
 Illegal Here
 - * "Odysseus Elytis" (Odysseus Alepoudhelis. Greece, Born 1911)
 from the Axion Esti; Psalm XIII

White is best known for his classic series of children's novels
collected as 'The Once and Future King', (1958 - still in print).
Goodman was a major activist and intellectual in the USA of the
1960s. Elytis was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1979.

From a private letter...

"...I have fallen in love with Zed [ten years old]. On Braye
Beach with Killie I waved and waved to the aircraft till it
was out of sight - my wild geese all gone and me and lonely
only Charlie [White's dog] on the sands who had waddled down
to the water's edge but couldn't fly. It would be unthinkable
to make Zed unhappy with the weight of this impractical,
unsuitable love. It would be against his human dignity. Besides,
I love him for being happy and innocent, so it would be
destroying what I loved. He could not stand the weight of the
world against such feelings - not that they are bad in themselves.
It is the public opinion which makes them so. In any case, on
every score of his happiness, not my safety, the situation is
an impossible one. All I can do is behave like a gentleman. It
has been my hideous fate to have been born with an infinite
capacity for love and joy with no hope of using them."

ENDURANCE VILE

When I look at your comely head
And the long fingers delicately live
And the bright life born to be dead
And the happy blood to be shed
And the eagerness that cannot survive
And the trust made to be betrayed

And the hope certain to be cheated cold
And the young joy to age and fade
And the making to be unmade
And the endurance to grow old,

I die within me. And I curse
The witless fate of man without all cure.
Music I curse, and verse,
And beauty worse,
And every thing that helps us to endure.

T.H. White.

A POLICY MEETING

All of a sudden I understand
I am too old to love
adolescent boys
and make a fool of myself.

Come three knocks at the door:
Welcome, Age Ambition
and Service to my country!
here is bread and salt.

We four: Age Ambition
Service to my country
and I sit and plot.
But I, since I remember

a merry hour with Billy
quietly and firmly
veto the resentful
measures against the young.

Paul Goodman.

ILLEGAL HERE

For my broken hurt
Runaway baby
This is no game for kids
I am only illegal here
I have human rights
in waiting
in waiting

I have human rights
I have freedom without truth
probably
this is not another planet
yes, I live truly without freedom
too old for baby
Runaway baby
Runaway baby
for my broken hurt.

Zdravko Joseph Ladovic.

from the AXION ESTI: PSALM XIII

Iniquities have stained my hands, how can I open them ?
Armed guards have filled my eyes, where can I look ?
Sons of men, what can I say ?
Earth bears the horrible and the soul the twice horrible!
Good for you, my first youth and untamed lip,
you who taught the storm's pebble
and in the midst of squalls talked back the thunder,
Good for you, my first youth!
You threw so much earth on my roots that even my thoughts turned green!
So much light in my blood that even my love
took on the sky's power and meaning.
I'm clean from end to end
and in the hands of Death a useless vessel,
bad prey in the claws of the brutal.
Sons of men, what am I too fear ?
Take away my entrails, I have sung!
Take away my sea with its white north winds,
the wide window full of lemon trees,
the many bird songs, and the one girl
whose joy when I merely touched her was enough for me,
Take them away, I have sung!
Take away my dreams, how can you read them ?
Take away my thoughts, where will you utter them ?
I am clean from end to end.
Kissing, I enjoyed the virgin body.
Blowing, I coloured the fleece of the sea.
All my ideas turned into islands.
I squeezed lemon on my conscience.

"Odysseus Elytis" (Odysseus Alepoudhelis).

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ends.