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Ianthe's alt.sex.intergen 'Poems of the Week'.      Number 36.  
1st December 1995.  
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This week's theme is IN THE MOUNTAINS. There seems to be something in these four poems which relishes not only the relative lack of other people (and their laws) in mountain areas, but also the absence of parents :-)

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- * Geoffrey Winthrop Young (England, 1878-late 1960s ?)
 'Mountain Playmates'
 - * Gil Vincente (Spain, 1465?-1537)
 'The Little Girl Is Angry'
 - * Oswald Blakeston (United States ? Psuedonym ? Born 1935 ?)
 'The Young Desire It'
 - * David Emerson Smith (United States, Born 1960s ?)
 'Yes We Do'
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Four poets of some mystery this week, so I can't tell you a great deal about them. If anyone can enlighten me, I would be most grateful - especially information about Geoffrey Winthrop Young.

MOUNTAIN PLAYMATES

Fire made them, earth clothed them, man found them,
our playmates, the princes of the hills,
last uttered of time, and love-fashioned
of a fullness of knowledge, impassioned
for freedom: boy-hearts, royal wills,
sun nursed them, wind taught them, frost crowned them.

Cloud-children unbroken, unyielding
to the burdens of ocean and plain,
they have grown in their morning of beauty,
unbound by man's service of duty,
unmarred by the bondsmen of gain,
earth aiding, time watching, fear shielding.

Dawn only, mist only, rain only
have shared in their childhood of kings,
in fastness, in freedom unfolding
beneath glacier and snow-wreath, upholding
a shelter of sleep-white wings,
most secret, most silent, most lonely.

Slow moons, grave stars without number
have woven their glamour of rest,
with lulling glow-light enwreathing

their tremulous forests, breathing
in moan o'er each mountain breast,
sunk in slumber, in deep dream-slumber.

And when rest and when dreams have departed,
their pastime is radiant of day;
for rivals, the winds in wild meeting,
for sport, the rough torrent retreating,
for love, the bold sunbeam at play:
storm-voiced, granite-limbed, crystal-hearted.

Light o'er them, life with them, peace round them,
they have waited in masterless strength
for the moment of mortal awakening,
when, bright on new vision up-breaking,
far beacons of freedom, at length
art saw them, hope sought them, love found them.

Not for man, not for craft to dethrone them
from childland, from cloudland, from truth.
Grief, seek them, prince playmates of pleasure!
Toil, know them, best comrades of leisure!
In freedom, in vision, in youth
time leave them, love guard them, joy own them!

Geoffrey Winthrop Young.

[Note: 'comrade' (third from last line) was a common
code-word indicating 'queerness' in the Uranian poetry
of the late 19th C. and early 20th C.]

THE LITTLE GIRL IS ANGRY

The little girl is angry. Oh God!, who would dare speak to her ?
The little girl goes over the high sierra, pasturing her flock,
and she is lovely as the flowers, angry as the sea.
The little girl is angry as the sea. Oh God!, do I dare speak to her ?

Gil Vicente.

THE YOUNG DESIRE IT

In the land below the winds
a boy runs swift with gallows feet.
He runs through tundra stripped as bare

as any lover in your arms.
Could I still run I would compare
with the wind's own shining feet.

Oswell Blakeston.

[Note]: the word 'tundra' here seems to indicate some high plateau. This poem is not obviously a boy-love poem - unless one knows that Blakeston also wrote this barbed little ditty:

FRED

He rides his own new bicycle,
so gay, so blond, so neat.

Who could resist a lovely wink
from such sweet saddle scum ?

YES WE DO

Of course we want your children
we want to bring them up in a loving realm
void of the fear we have grown old with/
Of course we want your children
we want to bring them home to faeries
gentle people/ frolicking beings
bathing in the mountains' runoff
running off to develop inwardly
the secret person hidden
beneath translucent skin/

 a child smiles
 powerful/ blossoming wild
 flowers in high pastures
 feeling at one with the mother
 bubbling streams for life's aftermath

Of course we want your children
we'd put them to better use
than you would at war
finding children good scouts
then better soldiers
till/ they underdeveloped
reach a premature rest
in your best cemetery plots/

Yes we do/
we want your children
we want them to have themselves

we want to love them whole
within the broken bits
of your riotous world/

David Emerson Smith.

[Note: There should really be a .gif b&w film-still here: Shane riding
away into the mountains at the end of the classic western 'Shane' (1953),
as little Brandon de Wilde shouts tearfully "Shane! Come back, Shane!"]

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ends.