



Robbie Moffat's

The Eight Lexicons of the

Uni- versal

Being

Composed in Somerset, Iceland, the Scottish
Highlands, and Glasgow May 1988 - May 1989.

Based on Roget's Thesaurus



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INTRODUCTION

The idea for the UNIVERSAL BEING came to me as a passing thought. I was nearing the completion of my long academic poem THE UNDERGRADUATE, and perhaps, who can be certain, the thought of being without another poetic project to work on prompted me to search for another scheme.

The structure is very simple - it doesn't take much mental application to use Roget's Thesaurus as a source. My methods at the outset were also simple - there was no grand plan to explain away the wonders of the universe - Roget part way does this for us. Yet, all who have ever put poetry down on paper must have at some time felt that there was no point to such exercise. There are several causes of this frustration, not least - that the poet has no clear idea of the subject he wishes to write about.

It is commendable that a poet should know himself, and that slowly through his writings - that we should get to know him too. But what if the poet despite his skill and learning is a bore? No sooner is the poet's true nature discovered, than his readers return to their televisions for better entertainment. Alas, too many poets cultivate a style without cultivating a personality. Alas, too many poesy writers speak with a voice that is false and bare of true experience. Alas, too many poets miss the truth they are searching for.

If English language poetry is to progress into the third millennium A.D., then poetry must break free of the self-consciousness of the poet and face the world. What use is verse to the people of our age unless it is addressed to them. Too much poetry is written for posterity and the poet's own enjoyment. Throughout the twentieth century it has not been a public art: it has been a private indulgence.

I cannot say that the UNIVERSAL BEING will help anyone into the third millennium. The optimistic man always sees today as an improvement of yesterday and looks forward to tomorrow. Yet, the true lover of poetry delves deeper and deeper into the literature of the past in an attempt to strip history of its knowledge and thus discover the root of man's inhumanity to man. There, a few thousand years back - in the Iliad or the Ramayana - lies proof that man has not changed; that he is tied to time and place and to this infinitesimal part of the universe - Earth.

Universal Being

So what do I know? I have my place in the universal whole - and I am here in the interim. From whence I came, I know not, and to whence I go - matters not in this life. I will leave behind a thousand stanzas of verse that may may please a fellow soul before he or she travels on too. In the meanwhile, perhaps the browser may find a line or two truth or comfort to see them through a vacuous moment or an idle hour.

Robbie Moffat
May 1989

THE UNIVERSAL BEING

BOOK 1

I exist, therefore I am — so goes the philosophical argument. As beings of existence, humankind is related to the whole. This relationship is abstract — and humankind cannot make sense of it — for humanity will not embrace the Universal Being.

EXISTENCE and BEING

Ergo sum, in being I am absolute,
Monad in the currency of time,
I prevail in essence and reality,
I exist, and become to evolve.
I resist absence and emptiness,
The vacuum of the nothing and the void.
Nirvana is nowhere, null and groundless,
The neverness of life unbegotten.
My reality is the stuff of visibility,
The matter of plenum and of things,
Substantial, concrete, and solid -
Body, flesh, pith, marrow, meat.
I resist vacant inane Maya,
Gauzy ghostly vague and hollow shadows,
Dreams of folly, fancy, and figures,
Figments of vain fantasy and fallacy.

Inherent is the inwardness of ego,
Intrinsic and generic to the self,
Essential in all aspects and features,
Implicit and autistic in the gist.
Outward is an accident of foreignness,
Collateral and appendaged to the id,
Incidental to the basic nub of being,
Casual to the quid per se — the ideal
Of State, of place, and circumstance,
The shape of things as they stand,
The way of style and high fashion,
And its relation, status, rank.
I am all of these ins and outs:
Of juncture, of matter, and of case,
In respect, regard, in every detail;
Chapter and verse - I am the page.

Universal Being

RELATIONS and CONNECTIONS

I am kinned, and connected
Related, allied, and of that ilk,
To all that is pertinent, *ad rem*
And all that is relevant, *a propos*.
Mortals are misallied, and misrelated,
Foist in, dragged in by the shoulders,
Isolated like some outlandish alien,
Adrift from all that comes and goes.

Some have blood-ties, affiliations ...
With clan, tribe, nation, race:
Kith, germane, distaff, spindle,
Distant, intimate, and close.
Some have relationships thru' marriage
Affinity with the whole wrecking crew:
Relatives-in-law, nuncles, lawma's,
Buddies, step-kin, and kin removed.
Some reciprocate with interaction,
Engage and interlock and inter-tie:
With mutual or joint correlation,
Some respond, and give reply.
Some identify with selfsameness,
There's no difference 'tween them all:
Duplicate, twin, and homoousian,
They're six of one, and on all fours.

Alike or similar — analogous mortals
Match the alter ego: the mirror image;
The twin that resembles and takes after
The pea besides it in the pod.

Some are dissimilar, differ by degree
Enough to tell the daisy from the dock;
I'm not a bit alike, nothing of it!
I'm as different as a prune from a plum!
Uniformity certainly doesn't suit me -
Nor persistent running true to form.
Invariably, without exception ...
I do not tick monotonous like a clock.
Subtly, I am different, a far-cry,
An apple off another type of tree:
Like a horse of a distinct colour,
I'm nothing of the kind, or the other.
Contrary or repugnant, I am not
Counter, and opposite, and hostile.
Such obverse, inverse antipathy
Is vis-à-vis to all I desire.

Many are uneven, irregular, and each way
Divergent, and all over the shop:
Changeable, and varying in manner,
Inconsistent - everwhichway erose.
Few are multiform and hetramorphic,
Allotropes motley manifold:
Of every colour and description,
Few are diverse, and eclectic of sorts.

Many may mimic, imitate, and copy,
Ape, and parrot, dupe and mock:
Some might follow suit, and mirror
Pattern, model, echo, all they want.
But I am original, and novel,
Fresh, and unique in the whole,
Authentic, underived, and firsthand,
A prototype going down the road.
I am not a faithful photocopy,
Pastiche, parody, or perfect dub ...
No replica, off-print, or tracing;
Nor cast, nor chip from the block.
I'm no artist model, or dummy,
Archetypal, died, or punched
Sample, specimen, or taster
Made as object lessons for the world.
I am in accord, in perfect unison,
In keeping with *consensus omnium*,
I am right down everyone's alley,
Agreeable, congenial, and in sync:
Not clashing, jarring, nor discordant,
I'm no ass in a lion's skin ...
No jackdaw in peacock's feathers,
No sardine in a salmon tin.

MASS and MEASURE

In quantity Humanity is a mass:
Measure, strength, a force of numbers;
Some certain sum, a magnitude,
An amplitude, *plus ou moins*.
In degree Men are marked,
Graded, notched, stepped in pitch,
Ranked and rated, status staged,
In so much, bit by bit ...
That some are equal, even, par,
Equiponderant, balanced, poised,
Even Stephen, nip and tuck,

Universal Being

Neck and neck, drawn and tied.

Most are at odds: imbalanced,
Ill-sorted on an inclined scale.
Thrown off, they're disquiparant
In a top-heavy lopsided way.
Others - mean and juste milieu,
Are in the long run middle state,
On the average, normal, standard,
Mezzo termine ... generally.
Most are recompensed quid pro quo,
Peter robbed to pay off Paul -
Counter poised and bent over backwards
To indemnify and cover costs.

Some men are great, much, and vast,
Stupendous, lofty, large, and grand,
Colossal in their mammoth most,
Extreme and ultra beaucoup gross.
Most are small, slight and little,
Minute, smidge, smitch, and snitch,
Scant, and sheer, stark and scarce,
Barely not a wit, nor stitch.
Some are eminent, transcendent,
Superior, senior, and predominate.
Excel! Surpass! Exceed and better!
A cut, a stroke above the main.
Many are base, and second fiddle,
Subordinate, shabby, bottom drawer,
Tip-the-hat, understrappers
Inferior, low, and in the shade.

Some advance, and some expand,
Increase, gain, grow, extend,
Build up, pyramid, and parlay,
To mount and fuel the rising flames
Before decrease and lapse, they wane,
Downturn, fall, and fade away;
Cut down, rolled back, then shortened,
They waste away, wear and tear.

Mortals are addenda, and appendixes,
Supplemented to all issued things:
Codicils, postscripts, offshoots
Allonged, lapelled, suffixed.
Criminals are deducted, and removed:
Subtracted, tarred without rebate -
Rubbed out, ruled out and written off:
Struck off, knocked off, or erased.

Tramps are remains, relics, remnants:
Odds and ends, rags and scrags,
Parings, raspings, filings, shavings;
Fag-ends, doubts, stumps, butts.

Kings smack of vestige Hybrid too!
Mixed and blended, instilled, fused,
Touch of tar, and interbred -
Hodge podge, mixty-maxty through!
Saints are pure: simple, plain,
Unmixed, neat, straight, and true;
Uninvolved and disentangled ...
Uncombined and absolute.
Demons are complex: tangled skein,
Labyrinths and Gorgian knots
Snarled and fouled, confused, muddled;
Embrangled in Hyracanian woods.

Thus joined, hooked up in copulation,
Fastened, fixed, lashed and trussed,
Hand-in-glove, dovetailed, battened,
Firm, secure, and hung together:
Mankind is bound, rope and anchor,
Bowline knot and harness hitch,
Inside clinch, and hawser bend,
Couple, link, and bridge ...

Sectioned, parted, severed,
Ruptured, fractured, split and slit,
Non-adhesive rifted, rent and ripped,
Chipped, crazed, checked, and chapped,
Cohered, adhered, stuck together,
Staying close, Mankind clings -
Holding on like some old creeper:
Bramble, ivy, briar, burr.
So inconsistent! non-adhesive,
Useless as a rope of sand -
Man is lax, slack and loose
Flapping, hanging, and detached.
Unified ... associated,
Some tie-up, fuse and blend:
In cahoots they pool their interests
'Til fortunes join in common cause.

Atomised ... in dissolution
Ravaged by the tear of time,
All break-up, fall to pieces ...
Crumble, wear, and waste to dust.
Thus, I am the whole, tout ensemble,

Universal Being

Each and every, be and end
The shooting match, the total works:
The complex jimbang, one and all.
Some are part, portion, fraction,
Section, segment, cantle, tithe;
Piece by piece, and in small doses,
Drips and drabs, scraps and crumbs.

I am complete, all or nothing,
Heaven and earth, no stone unturned:
From Hell to breakfast, cap-a-pie,
First and last, charged and crammed.
Incomplete, scant, and half-weight,
Lacking, wanting, in arrears ...
Mutilated, mangled, butchered:
Most are short of what they need.
Embodied, constituted, made,
I am set up, formed, contained;
Factor, part and parcel, leaven,
I consist of all that's named.

BEFORE and AFTER

Before the sequel: before the trail;
Before the eddy and the wake;

Before the aftermath was tagged;
Before the after clap was tailed;

Before the egg; before the dawn;
Before the very starting point;

Before the onset; before the light;
Before the hour Time was born -

All was disarrayed, crooked,
Awry, amiss, askew
Huggermugger, willy-nilly,
Rant on, much-a-do.
Disarranged, mussed, confused,
Messed up, fouled, disturbed:
With no general order
Like tea-leaves in a mug.

Then, all was set to rights, regulated,
Cut and trimmed, separated,
Groomed, spruced, straightened-up,
Placed ... policed into shape,

Into class, rate, and grade,
Genus, genre, group
Subdivided - list and file,
Species, branch, and root -
'til Nature left us everything,
Fine fettle, jimp, and snug,
En regale, and apple-pie ...
Like flowers in a jug.

However - I have prime place -
I go before: I go ahead of
All afore-mentioned things
Preliminary to existence.
Bipeds come next, ensue, follow
In procession behind me.
They are successful pioneers
In the order of progression.
They're foregoers, and voorloopers,
Frontiersmen, and voortrekkers,
Messengers and harbingers ...
The prelude to the train.

And that is that - subject closed.
Yet - with the last cat hung,
The proposition is not cold:
For constant flows the continuum
Parading, filing, marching past
Round the clock; ceaseless rows,
Caravans in cavalcade -
Columns swathing to and fro.

Never interrupted! stopped!
No fitful *longo intervallo* ...

The pioneers come behind me:
The ceaseless masses onward follow.

So - I am accompanied on my journey,
Attended by a comitatus:
A retinue, an entourage,
Fellows who blindly follow.

When they muster as a caucus,
When they convene as a congress,
Packed like sardines, thick as hops,
Like flies on a carcass ...
- I demob them, I disband them ...
Dismiss them all, disperse the lot -
Scatter, pepper to the winds:

Universal Being

And then I journey on alone.

Some fellows are barred ... excluded,
Precluded, purged, shut-out.
Colour, race, and segregation ...
That's what I'm on about.
Some revile the foreign devil
In favour of the long-nose men ...
Abroad in distant parts, or home -
I'm at one with aliens.

In worldliness, I am one -
Every mother's son and more:
Tout le monde, every Jack,
His brother or his far-flung wife.
For I am special, I'm distinct -
Your Uncle Dudley, truly yours!
The he, she, it; they, them too;
The videlicet. To wit I am -
The line, pursuit, pet subject,
The main interest, the leading card.
I confine my major in -
By going into minor forms

Until all men walk the chalk,
Keep in step, fall into line,
Play the game, hold the rule,
Come up to scratch when I squawk.

Men might dissent, get out of line,
Leave the path, go out of bounds,
Stretch a point, drive a coach
And six - but not to be undone
By normal, real, and naturalistic,
Usual, ordinary, commonplace,
As matter of course, expected things
Prescribed and regulated -
I welcome abnormal eccentricity!
Mis-creations, freaks and monsters.
Only quirks of Fate by mistake -
Create basilisks or Minotaurs.

FIGURES and NUMBERS

Let us figure, let us number,
digit count, cast and score.
Let us total, let us tally,
The whole including aliquot.

Let us reckon, let us rehearse,
Count noses, call the roll ...
Let us tell, let us tot-up,
Keep a check as we go.
Let us list, let us line-up,
tabulate, screen and scroll.
Let us calend, let us cadre.
Log .. roster ... poll.

Am I to stand alone?
Exclusive, single, removed, apart
When I am lonesome, on my tod,
A sole - per se detached?

We could be mates, coupled, matched,
Twinned, braced, yoked, teamed ...
Tete a tete, a heavenly twain,
A starry twilight pair engaged
Who need not duplicate, repeat,
Nor be two-sided, twice as much,
Nor double-up as much again.
If we were more like pals
Who need not bisect, cut in two,
Split in demi, semi-spheres ...
And half-an-half, fifty-fifty
Divide and take bipartite stance.
We could be tri-form, three-in-one,
Create a third from our love ...
We could triumph, deuce-ace all,
In threeness be as one in bond.
We have no need to triple tension,
Cube derision, and treble thought
We could terminate trilogic ...
And three times more think as one.
For why trisect and make three parts
Triangulate and leave three-forked,
One third this, third part that ...
Trisect one, 'til balance goes.
We could be four! Tetrad, quatern,
Two square one, a quartet whole ...
We could a four leafed shamrock be -
Precious, rare, and blessed with luck!
Not one fourth this, a quarter that,
To be nothing in this world
Four-fold these, by quarters those,
By quadruplication - distance grows.
There is no need to draw a quarter,
To make a farthing of the whole,
Create four answers to one question

Universal Being

When the answer isn't four.
We could be five! Six! Or twenty!
Sixty! Or a hundred thousand!
We could be five billion beings ...
And still be one in number -

Such a great number! A plurality of causes!
The majority with the excess of votes,
The lion's share, the manifold most
..... Who's who amongst that host?

A number a certain number;
Rife, abundant, copious thick
A million and one creeping and crawling,
Not easily stopped by shaking a stick.
Only a handful, scarcely a middling,
Sparsely scattered, barely a few
A precious little, skimp and sprinkled
Here and there push thinly through.
Till over and over, again and again,
Many times round the echo rings
Tedious, monotone, without a dingdong:
Until it becomes a harped upon thing.

Into the infinite, the inclusive dark,
Knowing no bounds: bow without stern.
Thru the eternal void, they untold go:
End without end, on without term.

TIME and AGE

I am that bald sexton of Time,
Nurse and breeder, devourer of things.
Author of authors, spinner of all,
Summer sun and winter wind

I am timeless ... sine die;
A neverness of blue moon days.
I am the moment, the last millennium,
The era, the epoch, the aeon

I am the age that spans and stretches
The swing of season, spell and shift,
The kalpa ... yuga ... manvantara,
Day, date, duration, stint.

You all have your innings,
Your whack ... and your go,

Your bout ... and your stretch,
Your spell filling in for ...

Before the interval brings the pause,
The meantime, meanwhile, the ad interim:
The *pedente lite*, the provisional break
for the time being, for the nonce -

That makes you endure, last, abide,
Maintain steadfast for donkey's years
The lengthening vista of human time,
All your born days, hour after hour -
Till all is flit, fly, and fleet,
Two shakes of a lamb or monkey's tail;
Gone like a shadow, gone like a dream,
Burst like a bubble - short, and sweet!

For all's forever, constant, immortal,
Deathless, imperishable without bound
Ore a sempre - perpetually perennial
Knowing no limit, knowing no end.
While in the twinkling bat of an eye,
In a jiff - like a shot out of Ulster!
Afore you utter 'Goody Snatch! Witch!'
Time has been plucked by the Swooper.

Till what's left? Calends & records,
Annals & diaries & journals of verse,
Almanacs, chronicles, signed and dated
By Greenwich Time & tolling Big Ben -
Both mis-timed, mis-dated, misleading,
Prochronic or anachronically false ...
for I am true Time - I am a neverness,
I come before, and I follow all.

NEW and OLD

All that is new, novel, and fresh,
Newfangled modern, firsthand & vernal,
Abreast of the times, *fin de siecle*,
Up-to-the-minute latest in fashion:

And posterity? subsequent & later?
The *expost facto* of all presence?
I attend to that afterwhich
Sequenced to beyond past forever.

Universal Being

All that is old, cobwebbed & reliced,
Antique, traditional, primeval & worn,
Outmoded, disused, has-been & old hat,
Old as the hills; like dodos outmoded:

Simultaneous - in pace with the after,
As one in concert & chorus 'una voce':
I keep in tempo with the nowness
Concurrent in the same breath as yore.

All that is youth, tender, and callow,
Childlike, puerile, girlish & awkward,
Cherub, doll-like, minor and new-born
In May-morn life & salad day summer:

And time out of mind - *auld lang syne*
When mortals were a figment of fancy:
Days beyond recall when I was young;
When all was green and newly sprung -

All that is boy, laddie, and garcon,
Girlie and missy, maiden and gal,
Infant and baby, bambino and bairn,
Chunk of a kid, and unspoiled child:

I remember - I am sum past of all Time:
This day and hour - the here and now;
The hereunto; the as yet; the already;
The thus-far-today but not the man'ana.

All that is adult, woman, and man,
Darby and Joan, dame and old duffer,
Crone and hag, heffer and gammer,
Senior and dean, elder and doyen ...

Where flies the future on the morrow?
Which by-an-by some advent calls
life to light; which in coming,
In time is lost, by the act of going.

All that is years, the measure of age,
Mature and ripe, full and flowered,
Past one's prime, in the sere
With one foot in and worse for wear:

Until dead and off, a creature stalks
Dry or rainy, nightly comes
In solstice swing and equinox ...

Through Aries, Cancer, Capricorn ...

In proper time, in fullness shows.
In passing, by the by - it turns
To pinch, clutch, squeeze, and rub,
To hinge past, and push on luck.

Untimely, importune, half-cocked
This creature is an evil-hour
That feasts on those who miss the bus
And locks the door on those who dote.

It steals on those with time to spare,
It swiftly gains on those who rush,
Soon enough such said - than done!
Straight with, forewith, it overruns

The late, the tardy, and those behind,
Delayed, detained, those who dally,
Those who stroll, hold off, prolong,
Put on ice, postpone with red-tape:

'Til the morn, red-fingered dawn,
Has woke the lark at cocklight call
And noon glides on to afternoon
And moves upon the close of day

'Til pale pink hour of evening turns -
Grey-hooded sundown brings nightfall,
And shank of owl-light dimpsy draws
'Til dead and off Death it comes.

LIFE and DEATH

Death is an accident, a fact,
An incident, a bloody do
Affair, matter, thing, concern,
As things turn out its back.

It is imminent ... any minute
Approaching, nearing, looming close.
An attack impending ... to be expected
Any moment ... it will attack!
Frequently Death prevails,
In common occurrence, oft returns:
Without cease, perpetually, constant,
Regularly I hear the fiend hunt.

Universal Being

It's rare, uncommon, unusual & seldom
I see Death doing its job.
Once in a dog's-age or blue moon,
Pro hac vice, I'll chase it off.
Intermittent, spasmodic, on and off,
Wavering, flicking, spastic, erratic,
By fits & jerks, snatches & catches,
Death sporadically gnashes.
It is a presence, an omnipresence
That permeates and overruns
It haunts and hangs around like mist
That always scares or chills.
It's always absent, non attendant,
Playing hooky without leave.
It's always nowhere to be found,
Out of sight ... but always there.
It lives, it habitates, it dwells,
Quarters, billets, rooms and berths.
It camps, it bivouacs, it roughs
Where man cannot descend.
Death likes to copulate,
Couple, mate, and fornicate,
Congress, coitus, intercourse,
Death's beget a billion souls.
Mother, dam, and grandmama ...
Death has had its mount and lay.
Stock, stirps, sept and strain,
Death has had its way.
Birth, blood, breed and branch,
Death has seed in every house.
Bastard, bantling, nobody's child,
Death has sown a billion times.

ALTER and CHANGE

So we need to change! alter! vary!
we men of Earth, we savages?
Will we deviate? revamp? veer?
Shift and turn a leaf?
You status quo conservatives!
You standpats! You unprogressive's!
You intransigent bitter-enders!
You brute old bulls! You farting wallowers!

Who are you? You fickle dackers!
You chameleon rolling stones -
You kaleidoscopic Cynthian phasers
Who blow hot and see-saw cold?

Who are you *a plomb* fixed Immobiles
With your mortgaged investment-homes?
Secure, battened, anchored, moored,
You high, dry marooned buffoons!

Can we keep on, prolong the pain,
We men of Earth, we savages?
Drag, maintain, retain, keep going,
Pursue the tenor of our ways ...?

Change, convert, transform, progress?
Mature, mellow, melt and merge?
Time has brought about the need,
To renew and mend our Earth!
You have lapsed, regressed, reverted,
Harked back, embraced reversionism!
So turnabout, escheat, recess ...
Change your ways, you Earthling.

Overthrow, overturn, break down
Without revolt, or revolution ...
Without anarchic, *sans culottish*
Jacobinic insurrection

Exchange, supplant, switch by proxy
Without fall guys or whipping boys.
Ring-in no ghosts, goats, or dummies,
No *faute de mieux* in absentia.

Tit for tat, *quid pro quod*,
This is our Earth, noble Earthlings!
Tooth for tooth, eye for eye!
As you take, you shall pay back!

CREATOR and CHILD

What's the cause, occasion, call,
The big idea behind the whole?
Who is the author *primum mobile*,
The mainspring, *fans et origo*?

What effect, result, conclusion,
Culmination, climax, end
Arises from all germination,
Stems from such development?

What attribution, imputation

Universal Being

Can be ascribed on this account,
Laid at the door of assignation,
Who's to blame, and on what ground?

Perhaps by chance, fortune, fate,
By fluke, by random shot, by lot,
Without design, the way things fall,
Providence provides the cause?

No! I am the power, the vigour, the force,
Omnipotent, almighty, puissant
Capable, competent, *vis viva et vitae*,
I am endowed, invested with life.

I am not impotent or weak,
Eunuched, hog-tied, done-up brown,
Out of the battle, out of the running,
Off the field and laid up bleeding!

I am sturdy, staunch, and stable,
Strong, sound, a stamina'd stalwart,
Sinewed, sphinctered, strapping,
Stout in stance, I stand solid.

I am not feeble, whimsy, or wimpish,
Frail, fragile, faint, infirm.
No delicate dainty, dodder or drooper,
Wobbly waster or weakened fool.

He's the kick, the zip, the zing,
The punch, the drive, the get, the go,
The pep, the vim, the verve, the snap,
The spark plug and the dynamo.

I am not violent, fierce, nor savage,
Fury, furore, ferment, fume.
No storm, no tempest, roaring wind.
I am no Vulcan fuelling such things.

I am the all of moderation,
Mildness and the golden mean;
Medan agan - the happy medium
Striking a balance, instilling peace.

None have influence, favour, pull,
Prestige and sway, pressure, effect,
None have the in to carry weight ...
None have a hold or gain on him.

You are all non influential
Impotent against my immovable self,
Unyielding, impervious to corruption,
I am unresponsive to pleas for help.
I'm not inclined to lean or bend,
Drift with trends, swing with fashion.
Bearing, line, direction, course,
I am in a fair way unopened.
I'll not go with the current,
Fall in with fads, follow phases.
I'll not be brought down,
I don't believe in braving chance.
I'll not get involved or entangled
Up to my neck - nor deeply ensnared
In embarrassing tie-ups of interest
That make for a party's own greed.

He'll not concur, co-act or combine,
He alone is the Ergo Sum Id.
He'll not go shoulder to shoulder,
When he is the all, the whole of it.

He contravenes, he contradicts.
I conflict, clash, and collide.
I am the crosscurrent, I am the counter -
I am creator and child.

Some will never roost or nest,
They're out of joint with all the world.

- 188 It's nice to be indigenous, native,
Citizenship domesticates
It's harder being naturalised,
Adopted, tamed, and broken
- 189 By a populace, people, public,
Incumbent, '*loco tenis*' folk
With their slang ... *wog* and *dago*
For those newcomers making homes.
- 190 Homes in lodgings, digs and bed sits.
Abodes in hovels, huts and shacks.
Homes in dives, dumps and dog holes
With pig-sties out the back.
- 191 Nooks, corners, crannies, niches,
Cold water flats, single-ends ...
A commode as a bathroom
Beneath a folding bed
- 194 Cities - roly-poly, plump,
Beefy, tubby, rotund, gross,
Bulky, massive, ponderous, vast,
Over sized and overlarge.
- 195 Hamlets - teeny-weeny, midge,
Pee-wee, itsy-bitsy, wisp,
Pint-sized, puny, tomtit petite,
Smaller than a mustard seed.
- 196 Towns enlarge, expand, increase,
Spread, sprawl, span and stretch
Potbellied to the furthest shores
Bloated, forth they gassy swell.
- 197 Nature - in the way - contracts,
Shrinks, shrivels, withers, wastes,
Till compressed-condensed, it puckers
And gets strangled all together.
- 198 Wilds, distant, far, remote,
One stride from the back-beyond,
As far as east is from west

Universal Being

- 199 to where the parkland spreads ...
That's where I'd settle ...
Not near, not next to a town,
Not two whoops, not a holler,
Not a stone's throw, one spit closer!
200 Give me space! remove and break!
Let gap and gorge and gulf divide.
Keep the town and country rift!
Where's the harm in that?
193 With their rubbish - packed,
Loaded in a truck and lugged
Out to the dump, abandoned ...
Towns are ringed by muck.
192 Plastic bag, cardboard box,
Newspaper, polystyrene cup
Detergent bottle, soft-drink can
Mountains out of waste land!
- 206 Give me hills, downs, moors -
Bare steeps where desolation stalks;
Alps on alps, sun bright summits ...
High monuments topped by hummocks.
207 Give me lowlands, the fens -
Wetlands where marsh-birds wade ...
Moss on moss, neap-levelled grasses,
Wart hung banks where water passes.
208 Give me sand flats, shoals & bars
Ripple-rung and driftwood skimmed
Where root & wrack get ebb-tide reefed
Where fleet shell-creatures creep.
209 Give me the deep, the ocean bottom,
The bosom of the bathyal sphere ...
Draft on draft, depths unfathomed
Below the shelf and shallows -
- 213 Where time shapes plains and prairies:
Flat as a board or bowling green.
Flat as a pancake or billiard table.
Flat as the belly of a skate.
- 214 There weeping willows pendant droop

- 215 Cernuous as a sunflower nodding -
 Pencile like a fushia dangling
 Or gargoyle from a cornice hanging
 Off buttress, brace and mainstay
 Above rostrum, pulpit, priest
 Great '*locus standi*' on '*terra firma*'
 Beneath roofs of slate.
- 216 Shafts of ash, staves of maple,
 Rods of birch, staffs of oak,
 Stalks of rowan, sticks of hazel ...
 Jamb, spar, stanchion, post
- 217 Which stand, run abreast ...
 Correspond, match, equate ...
 Co-extend in such a way
 They collineate and collimate:
- 218 While outside at a slant, a tilt,
 Slew, skew, askance, awry,
 Kittycornered, catawamptious,
 A churchyard guards the sky.
- 219 Head over heels, and bottoms up,
 The soil turns and somersaults.
 Who can say if fingers clutch
 To keep headstones totherway up.
- 220 Processions reach the intersection,
 The traverse of the thwartways round,
 The cross point and the carrefour
 Where whippetree's plough the earth
- 221 Around the weave of braid, and plait,
 The warp, the woof, and weft of wreath ...
 Intertwining, interlacing,
 Interthreading strands of grief -
- 222 Sewn together, seamed together,
 Funerated by a fine drawn stitch ...
 Until the cloth wears and rents
 And the flowers fade unpicked.
- 223 This is surface, the outside world,
 A facet of the great out-doors ...

Universal Being

- 224 The open-wide wild alfresco ...
 Beyond the starry glow.
 Not recess! Not inness!
 The herein, therein the whole
 Within the inside of the keep
 Of the inner core.
- 225 Not the hub! Not the centre!
 Not the focal point, the kernel
 Midmost at the heart - the navel,
 The nucleus sheaved and levelled
- 226 Into endless tier and stratum:
 Layers, beds, belts and zones ...
 Laminated, furfureaceous
 Multiplied a zillion fold -
- 227 Where Nature's wrapped in a coating:
 Skin, scale, shell, and tuft
 Of human, snake, crab and bird
 Muff, slough, scab and fluff.
- 228 Yet this is skin-deep information!
 Desquamation might be learned:
 Endermatic might be clever -
 But it's dressing on the mutton.
- 229 Where's the grizzle or the wisdom?
 The silvery livery of advanced age?
 There's many wanton riddle ringlets
 And cataracts of names -
- 230 Sure, you can tux Nature, tart it up,
 Dress it in best bib and tucker ...
 But strip the Sunday gad-rags off
 And what have you got?
- 231 Nudity, nakedness, the altogether,
 The state of nature in the raw.
 Does nature start in Spring?
 Or begin with the Fall?
- 232 Round and round the seasons go,
 Backdrop to the hinterland.
 The stage is re-set, *mis-en-scene*,
 The elements hot, then cold.
- 233 We know no termination,

Limit to the stint of days.
 Though Nature is precise, exact
 Not partial ... nor halfway.

- 201 Yet there is limit to all things
 Length, extent and distance,
 Measure, span, reach and stretch,
 The footage of two steps trodden.
- 202 There is a shortness, brief and curt,
 Extent reduced, abridged, curtailed;
 The beeline that cuts a corner
 Quick and sweet and cruel.
- 203 Sometimes there's width, expanse,
 Wide and wondrous as the world,
 Broad arched like a church
 With beam that's vast inside.
- 204 Sometimes - narrowness, closeness
 Is just a hairsbreadth off -
 A leanness that jaws and weakens
 To leave a brink of brick.
- 205 Sometimes filament, fibre, thread -
 Cord and line webs the earth,
 To strip, spill, spin and shred
 A white sky for the dead.
- 234 There are features, outlines, contours
 Where sea meets sky, shore meets bay -
 Where brow and brim, and ledge and edge
 Make brink and rim the same.
- 235 Woods enclose, and hills shut out,
 And fields hem in, hedge in the towns.
 Cloistered, closed, confined at first,
 Towns have grown to fence the world.
- 236 But only twixt the Thames and Severn,
 And Hampshire east to worn out Kent -
 For ... only north beyond old Derby
 Is there some wild country left.
- 236a There is Scotland, some of Wales,
 The Pennines and the few odd Lakes,
 And Northern Ireland wild wind-swept

- 212 Erect, uprearing, to rise '*a plomb*',
 Palisade, cliff and crag
 Basalt square, endways steep,
 Sheer rampant to the sky.
- 244 This is structure of a kind ...
 Pre-fab house, skyscraper tower.
 The anatomy of cities
 As formed in most minds.
- 245 Persistent, true to form ...
 Cast, mold, impression, pattern:
 Leicester, Coventry or Swansea -
 Are they differently fashioned?
- 246 Some may - say they are formless,
 Featureless and A-morphic -
 Pity we the citizens of these cities
 Living in their rough-hewn diamonds?
- 247 Some cities are well proportioned -
 Lancaster, York and St.Andrews.
 Symmetrically balanced, well-favoured,
 Trim, neat, clean and comely.
- 248 Some cities are thrawn, distorted -
 Stoke, Bradford, Leeds, Dundee.
 Defaced ... disfigured by industry,
 Misbegotten by business folly.
- 249 Some cities are straight-lined, even
 With streets unswerving for a mile -
 Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Glasgow,
 The Scottish straight-cut style.
- 250 Some cities angle off akimbo ...
 Sharp cornered veer at every turn -
 Newcastle, Liverpool and Bristol
 Through nook and fork and quoin.
- 251-2 Some cities curve and circle ...
 Durham, Bath, Exeter and Lincoln.
 Cestus sashed, they loop and hoop
 About their own circumference.
- 253 Convoluted, winding, twisting ...
 Birmingham meanders crinkled.
 In tortured whorl, it rolls and curls,

Universal Being

- 254 Corkscrews on the Midland soil.
Rotund and globular London splats
Itself about its hinterland -
The ice-cream cone of British towns
Drips upon the countryside.
- 255 These bulging, swelling cities creep
Towards mull and ness and spit.
It makes me dream of coral reefs
And lands far from this.
- 256 Give me a cave, a subterranean lair,
A burrow underground -
A subway tunnel to a hole
That opens on the wild ...
- 257 A wild of thorn, bramble, briar,
Fern, nettle, thistle barbed:
I'd run the gaff of dale and coombe
To escape the city drab
- 258 The dull, blunt edged city life.
"Turn! Turn!" the grey walls cry!
"Run! Run!" they toothless mumble
At those who march on past.
- 259 Unbroken slip the buildings,
Walls smooth and made of glass.
Slick and sleek and most discreet
Shine the glossy polished banks.
- 260 Rough and shaggy, course, unkempt,
Against the grain - are you like this?
You might take the washboard road
That some already tramp.
- 261 That's the score, the notch and nick -
One cockscomb less won't be missed.
The city's got folks enough
To keep it on the turn.
- 262 In the rut, the well-worn grove;
Trench, trough, ditch and gutter.
Why carve, chisel, gash, gouge

263 Ourselves in much further?
 In the fold, tuck and gathered
 By a bank for a mortgage?
 Wrinkled, creased, purse crumpled
 To exit with what you've borrowed?
 264 This is the passage to the chasm,
 The break into the yawning rift:
 Split, slit, crack and fissure,
 Not opening to a wilderness -
 265 Where banks're grass brackened slopes;
 Where Nature borrows time from summer;
 Where life is rock and fern and stream
 And cities are a distant bother.

MOTION

266 People are motion, movement, shift,
 Course, career, passage, flow -
 Travel over distant lands
 For those who're on the go.
 267 Stillness, quiet, peace, repose,
 Resting calm on shipped oars.
 Most people sleep, do not snore
 Enough to rock the boat.
 268 Scamper, scud, scuddle, spurt ...
 The swift and swallow lightning dart.
 Under press of steam and fission
 Hell-bent are some folks driven.
 269 Like a snail, slow as death,
 An easing off, a creep, a crawl:
 Life doesn't go fast enough
 For those in transit.
 270 And so, en route, on the wing,
 On the high road, mid-progress:
 They are always on the move,
 On the run and not secure.
 271 On the transfer ... car to bus,
 Train to plane, truck to van:
 They are hitching round the world

Universal Being

And never looking back.

- 272 On the wander, roving, roaming,
Traipsing, gadding on alone:
Nomadic, vagrant knowledge-seekers,
Drifting hobos ... fancy free:
- 273 They are bums and birds of passage,
Knights of the road and lazzarones.
Some are pilgrims, hadji, saddu's,
Immigrants and refugees
- 274 They flee lands, run the wind,
Voyage the sea, ship to ship ...
Leg the world, port to port
And never sleep ashore.
- 275 Here's to those galongee men:
Lascars, tars, and devil dogs,
Jacks, and pipes, and matelote's
Steering full ahead
- 276 In their ships: spars of steel;
In their splinters - dug from soil -
Buoyed upon the bob of Nature
Others sail the blue-beyond.
- 277 Not bound by salty favour,
They fly, wing, ride the skies
Soar, drift, hover, cruise
And touchdown where they can.
- 278 These aeronauts, these airplanists,
These birdmen and these aviatrix
Jet the world - then they're back
Well before they're missed.
- 279 In their jets: in their choppers
Above the cloud to higher spheres -
Where fighter planes loop-the-loop
Clear of surface gazers.
- 280 In rockets, spaceships, shuttles:
They are trying to get to Mars -
We know however that these seekers
Are - very few, of course!

281 On through space, on through systems
Beyond the dusk of solar light:
Cosmic rays and blackout waits.
Who'd be a hobo now?

.....

282 People impulsed, impelled, forced,
Thrust, push, prod, shove,
Elbow, shoulder, butt, punch
To have what others want.

283 On the rebound, on the bounce,
They flinch, whinge and cringe,
Shy and dodge, duck and kick
And bite at everything.

284 At the fore, propelled and driven,
They draw a bead on ambition:
Pepper. Pelt. Pump. Pick off.
Let fly and never slacken.

285 Some straining, dragged in tow,
Left behind, pull together ...
Take the rope, snaked and ravelled
And choke those to the fore.

286 They lever, pry for advantage,
Reel in those who take the bait,
Handspike in their flapping catches
And oarlock their brains.

287 By attraction, by allurements,
By the power of adduct awe,
Some lure the unattached
With magnetic draw

288 Then send them about their business
- Repel, repulse, chase-away;
Keep at length, thus never learn
Charm or wit or grace.

289 So what direction shall we take?
Shall we drift or take a course?
Most have been north or south
But few have reached a Pole.

Universal Being

- 290 Perhaps it's easy to digress,
 Lose one's way, go adrift,
 Double-back get side-tracked,
 Deviate - and go astray.
- 291 Perhaps it's hard to head the dance,
 Go in the van, lead the way,
 Shine the light, be the guide,
 Get out and set the pace.
- 292 Perhaps it's fine to follow on,
 Swallow dust, bring up the rear,
 Tag along, be on the heels,
 Join the trail of hanger-ons.
- 293 Perhaps it's hard to make headway,
 Make up leeway, make up time,
 Fight one's way, forge ahead
 In strides through the crowd.
- 294 Perhaps its hard to veer around,
 Turn a heel and face about,
 Retrace one's steps, fall behind
 And turn one's back upon the world.
- 295 Perhaps it's all to do with chance
 That some advance, get ahead
 Draw near enough to gaining on
 The get-at things they're dreaming of.
- 296 Perhaps it's all to do with luck
 That some diminish, fade away,
 Draw in their horns, then withdraw,
 Retire with their dreams stillborn.
- 297 Perhaps it's hard to come together,
 Come to a focus, to a point
 Where folk can meet, unite together
 And fall-in with converging thought.
- 298 Perhaps it's easy to diverge,
 Fly off, go off at a tangent,
 Take different roads to a crossroads,
 Take separate tracks at every fork.
- 299 Perhaps it's hard to achieve arrival,
 Get there safe, reach one's end,
 Attain one's goal, check-in fit
 And know the journey's end is home.
- 300 Perhaps it's hard to take departure,

The sending off, the last adieu ...
 The leave take and the shoving off,
 The 'Come again!' and 'Keep in Touch!'

301 Perhaps it's fine to make an entrance,
 Set foot in, come breezing in
 Make way into lover's beds ...
 And pierce the minds of friends.

302 Perhaps it's time to make an exit,
 Bow out, run off, go abroad ...
 Leave a lover, weeping loudly,
 Desert a friend owed some dough.

303 Perhaps it's down to introductions,
 The squeezing in, the cramming in
 Of things inserted in our nature
 That often surface on a whim.

304 Perhaps it's all these things removed,
 Pulled up, plucked out, raked away,
 Extracted from our better being
 Rooted up and left decaying.

305 Perhaps it's how we are received,
 Taken in, absorbed, installed ...
 C'mon let's have full report
 Let's have food for thought.

306 Let's feast and wet our whistles,
 Lick and smell and do our duty,
 Eat our fill, break bread, dine
 With no wolf or whaling down.

306a Let us cheer in creature comfort
 Without resort to short commons;
 Bring on the victuals and the tucker
 So we might toast our mothers!

307 Let's sup and spoon with regime,
 Let's knife and fork with diet
 And take our nourishment complete
 To alkali our acids

308 For we eject, expulse, disgorge
 With a puke, or wretch, or heave
 All that is is no good to us:
 Discharging - we defecate

Universal Being

- 309 Like at election - then -
 We fly the red flag;
 Bear the trots in mid-summer;
 And flush our flux with passion.
- 310 For we secrete and lactate much,
 Saliva with a spit or slaver....
 Which might be due to hormones,
 Glands or rotten guts.
- 311 For we are infringed,
 Infested, ravaged by the plague ...
 Rode roughshod over, beset, invaded,
 Overrun by countless things.
- 312 So - in motion, people fall short,
 Coming to nothing, fizzling out,
 Found to be lacking, they go amiss,
 Slumping, they don't make the grade.
- 313 People in motion - upwardly mobile,
 Climbing the ladder, scaling the heights
 - Best be careful to watch for snakes
 At the head of the slide to decline!
- 314 Descent is a dropping, tumble & fall,
 A slumping - as the world gathers on;
 A sag - when you discover the snakes
 Weren't your friends at all.
- 315 People in motion, rampant, exalted
 Like poppies paraded every November:
 Often elevators reach the top storey
 Before returning again to the ground.
- 316 Lower than oak hewn for timber
 Lower than beech felled by high winds
 Lower than elm pulled down, diseased -
 People in motion can sink.
- 317 Hippity hop, skip, jump and vault,
 High hurdlers can be leap-frogged on,
 Pounced upon, bobbed and tripped,
 Sprung upon - left standing still.

3RD LEXICON

Man has not created the universe. Mankind is part of the creation and is bound by it. In an attempt to explain creation to himself, Man has developed a science lexicon which reveals his ignorance.

- 324 There is belief in natural theory,
 Atom chain, ring and cycle
 Neutrons, protons, fusion, fission
 Governed by law and reason.
- 325 There is belief that creation
 Flash-burned, waved & mushroomed out -
 Charge-exchanged ... cascaded forward
 As a speeding blur of cloud.
- 326 Alpha, beta, showers of gamma ...
 Ray to particle, X to Vee
 Irradiate - charge invested
 The cosmos came to be.
- 327 Yet, whence stemmed the firstborn light?
 Prime creation, blaze and glow
 Radiating ... stream and glimmer
 Across the veld of all that's known.
- 328 Whence stemmed the flame that lamps
 Moon, sun and flambeau stars?
 Whence came the force, the power
 And the corpse of atoms - matter?
- 329 Or darkness - the palpable obscure,
 Creation in a pitch-black shade ...?
 What has fuelled the heavenly luminance
 To light and fire day?
- 337 What screens and shields and filters?
 Veils the day with blackout curtains?
 What awnings drawn cover, shade
 'Til all is overshadowed?
- 338 Objects, lucent, lucid, clear -
 Chiffon, silk, and cellophane;
 Onion skin and tissue paper;
 Panes to liquid windows
- 339 Do these frost light - milky opal?
 Put mother pearl on all creation?
 Beryl, diamond, moonstone, quartz?

Universal Being

- 340 What forces - glaze such crystals?
Creation is ... opaque and cloudy,
Misty, fogged, smoked and murked.
Dirty, turbid, obfuscated
Like a wolf's dark mouth.
- 341 There is hue - colour tint,
Bright, gaudy, rich and gay
Exotic, intense, florid, vivid
Chromatic coating, pigment grain.
- 342 Pale, dim, faint and fallow
Pallor ghastly ... haggardness.
Livid, sickly, pastel, blanched ...
Pasty, wan, white as a witch.
- 343 Silver, frost, chalk and pearl,
Alabaster, eggshell, hoar.
Kelt and buckra, lily, snowdrop,
Fair jasmine and albino rose.
- 344 Jet black sable, ebony, ink;
Pitch, tar, coal and soot.
Raven, rook, and night dark crow ...
Noir, schwarz, dhu, negro.
- 345 Gray, taupe, slatey ash
Dove, mole, mouse and squirrel.
Dappled, spotted, salt and pepper ...
Steel, lead, zinc and iron.
- 346 Cocoa ... coffee ... coconut,
Chocolate, chestnut, cinnamon.
Bay, dun, fawn and tawny ...
Hazel, olive, autumn corn.
- 347 Rose, rouge, scarlet, crimson ...
Blushing bloom, flush of flesh.
Damask, puce, stammel, murrey,
Cherry, carmine, ruby red.
- 348 Orange, ochre, peach and carrot,
Morning sun and marigold
Marmalade and tangerine ...
Mandarin and apricot ...
- 349 Lemon, daffodil and primrose,
Saffron, amber, citron gold.
Dandelion and sulpher yellow,

- 350 Beige, buff, sand and yolk.
 Emerald, jade and olivine
 Fir, grass, leaf, and sea;
 Yew, apple, leek, and pea -
 Shamrock, moss, myrtle green.
- 351 Azure, turquoise, sky and sapphire,
 Electric, steel and cobalt blue.
 French, Dresden. Prussian, Persian ...
 Hyacinth forget-me-not,
- 352 Pansy, violet, lilac, thistle;
 Plumb, raisin, damson, grape;
 Orchid, lavender and mallow,
 Mulberry, mauve and bilberry.
- 353 Multi-coloured - variegated.
 Poly chromed - kaleidoscopic;
 Creation is a striate prism,
 Rainbow plaid mosaic daedal -
- 330 That brings Earth - heat, and hotness,
 Fervour, ardour, steaming warmth.
 Atacama Kalahari
- 331 Sheets of fire, seas of flame
 Like - the fierce Sirocco flare
 Birch-brand burning - auto da fe;
 The blow-torch blast and blister
 Of the Baha scorch and sear -
- 332 With its basting and its broiling,
 Roasting, grill and barbeque;
 The Gobi fry and frazzle ...
 Bake, cook and sand caboose.
- 333 All that heat: fuel and feed,
 Torch, taper, faggot, fuse,
 Thunder caps and detonators ...
 Tinder, touch-wood, amadou -
- 334 Against the cold, against the chill,
 Against the glaze of jokull night.
 Against the raw-frost feathered snow,
 Depth of winter, berg and floe -
- 335 Of Alaska - of Siberia -
 And the kvef Icelandic white.

Universal Being

- Creation sleeps in wolf's clothing,
Glacial capped and crowned -
356 Protected by layers of cloud,
Light, weightless, buoyant, airy,
Feather, thistle-down and fluff:
Barely a cobweb's worth.
357 Or dense, solid, thick, compact;
Body, block, cake and mass.
Clotted, lapped, bonny clabbered,
Serried, heavy, firm, intact.
358 Oh so rare - attenuated ...
Refined, purified and cleansed.
Defecated, filtered, winnowed,
Subtle, tenuous - sublimated.
- 359 Cloud catching on callous mountains,
Rigid, firm, stiff and tense.
Inelastic, quite unbending ...
To run down gullies, becks
360 As soft, gentle, pliant water:
Tender, mellow, tactile, lax:
Lithe, fictile, supple, limber -
Over rock and pebble
- 354 Across the Earth's surface grain ...
Jurassic wale, Cambrian weft,
Course or rough or linsey-woolsey,
Dainty, thin spun, fine and filmy.
355 With weight, gravity, tonnage, heft,
Sinker, lead, plumb and bob.
Avoirdupois, troy or metric
Running on and on.
- 365 Yet, there is a stream, a current
Through a field where no men go.
A circuit, path, loop and break,
Cable, cord and coil.
366 No machines can take Man there ...
Image matched, output retarded.
Why should we even talk of it
When it's so dull and boring.
367 Folk would rather don headphones

- And tune-in on their radios ...
 Play a tape, or flip a disc
 Upon their personal stereos.
 368 Or watch T.V. - their V.D.U's,
 Relay link and simulcast ...
 Than wrestle with the facts beyond
 Reflectors, discs, and telescopes.
 369 Electric boffs try their luck:
 Radar pulse, and microwave ...
 Huff-duff, sniffer, cat and mouse ...
 Jam and spoof, sweep and scan -
 370 With mechanics, statics, kinematics:
 Hydrodynamic engineering ...?
 Man exits by tools and instruments,
 Power machines and locomotion.
- 371 Knife, fork, spoon and chopstick ...
 Movement, action, motion, work.
 Machines are geared, wheeled & driven:
 Combustion, cam and piston rod -
 372 Automated, self-pro pulsed
 Self-controlled and regulated,
 Robomatic, cybernetic ...
 Self-winding: moving freely -
 373 Rubbing, scraping - scratching,
 Abrasive, grinding, rasping sounds.
 Machines with gnashing of clogged teeth
 Wear creation down
- 361 With elastic, flex, and rubber!;
 Whalebone, baleen, spring and gum.
 Vulcanised, strain and tension ...
 Give, yield and snap return.
- 362 Things - tough, resistant, stiff;
 Tenacious, viscid, fibrous enough,
 Even leathery, stringy, ropey
 For when the goings rough.
- 363 Things - fragile, brittle, frail,
 Easy crushed, easy cracked
 Shattered, shivered, splintered quick
 As light - through a pinprick hole.

Universal Being

364 Until to chalk, reduced to powder,
 Pulverised, churned to meal
 Beaten, pounded, thrashed and mashed,
 Creation's querned to dust.

4TH LEXICON

Bound by matter, Mankind has no knowledge of matter beyond his own solar system. This is reflected in a crude vocabulary that tries to equate that all known life is embodied in matter.

MATTER

- 374 Rotating constellations, times & tides
 Inverted dish we call the sky,
 Surrounded by such golden fire
 Revolves a globe where we dwell.
- 375 Material, matter, substance, stuff,
 Ball-bearing in the cosmic hub,
 There exists ... length and breadth,
 Our flesh and blood ...
- 376 Bound by corporal mundane fact,
 We mortals live to disembody.
 We dabble in the unsubstantial,
 The psychic and the supernatural.
- 377 We are crazy! We are mad!
 We are brick, plaster, lath.
 We are lumber, timber, wood.
 We are textile, plastic goods!
- 378 We are oxygen at base
 Organic elements in trace.
 Atomic mass, molecular weight ...
 We are chemical in every way.
- 379 We are fat, grease and oil.
 Lubricated, waxed and soaped,
 We are lard, blubber, ghee,
 Tallow coated, bees-wax daubed.
- 380 We are resin, rosin, gum,
 Shellac joined and mastic tarred.
 Lacquered, varnished, and veneered
 We are hand-glued souvenirs.

LIFELESS MATTER

- 381 What of all lifeless matter?
 Azoic, brute - the mineral kingdom
 Of regimes contained inert in
 Atom chains and rock crystals?
- 382 Is there life? We do not know!
 A mortal's interest is in gold,
 Silver, platinum, uranium ore.
 Men melt worlds to cast their own.
- 383 Rock, stone, gravel, shingle,
 The cosmos in a grain of grit ...
 What more to scoria, breccia, schist
 Than tombstones, shrines, & pyramids?
- 384 In *Terra firma*, we are rooted,
 Sod, clod, dirt and clay ...
 On this Earth, we are bound ...
 Shore, coast, strand and bay.
- 385 By ocean ... we are margined,
 Seagirt in an insular way;
 Island, key, reef and atoll,
 Isolated ... salt and wave.
- 386 By continent ... we are divided,
 Bordered and barb-wire walled;
 Behind strings of pointing missiles
 In defence, we fence off.
-
- 387 Man is O ... or A ... or B,
 Ab ... Rh ... plus or minus.
 Blood, gore, claret, ichor ...
 Such liquid is our water.
- 388 Creamy, milky, semi fluid ...
 Curd, clabber, goo and gunk.
 When male and female get together,
 Sperm, semen, gamete run.
- 389 O liquids racing, mixing, fluxing!
 Through the eons in suspension
 Evolution turns ... resolves
 In solution ... *luxivium*.

....

- 390 Wet and moist dew-beads drop
Seed of earth and sky begotten,
Showers soak and impregnate
Mortals tearful for the sun.
- 392 Arid, baked, parched and scorched,
Too much sun or not enough.
Burnt, shrivelled, seared to dust,
Never drought. Always flood -
- 393 Rain, drizzle, scud and mist,
Cloudburst, downpour, deluge, storm,
Dogs, polecats, tadpoles, frogs,
Dagger drencher, pitchfork drowner.
- 394 Rindle, beck, gill and burn ...
Headwaters run, race and rill,
Jets spout, whirlpools gush,
Cascade, force, linn and rush.
- 395 Aqueduct, canal, and ditch ...
Channel, trough, drain, sluice.
Eddy, gurge, surge and swirl ...
Clear of weir, the waters billow
- 396 To the sea ... the bounding main,
Neptune's realm, soaked with salt,
The wavy waste where men thirst
Upon wild waters wound with wind -
- 397 Where millpond days, few and far
Allow sick-travellers lakish hours
To dream of lax lacustrine life
By loch, lagoon , mere, or tarn;
- 398 By inlet, estuary, gulf, cove;
By bay, bight, firth or fjord ...
Where homesteads by the harbour stand
Where men are want to be land-bound
- 399 By the salt marsh, quicksand mud,
Bogged down in conventional mode,
Where humans tearful for the sun,
Sink, and slough in their abodes.
- 400 We humans are prone to vapour; gas;
Fetid air; and chokedamp smudge;

Universal Being

The reeking fumes and plumes of smoke
We breathe in leisure and at work
401 Should we not enjoy our air,
Alfresco go and fresh breeze take;
Weather-beat our bloodless faces,
And think about the ozone layer.
402 Should we not inhale the wind,
Boreas, Notus, Zephyr, Eurus ...
Eager stand their howling rage,
And welcome gale and hurricane.
403 Should we not, shroud in cloud
Enjoy the nebulous, sleepless sky,
The wool pack banks, the cirro-tails,
The pillows, curls, stripes and snails
404 That froth, foam, and bubble up,
Spume, surf, and spindrift boil,
Seethe, simmer, cap-cloud cream
'Til culled of smog - the air clears.

MATTER ORGANIC

405 We are ... protoplasmic,
Organic, bion, morphon, zoon,
And like all flora-fauna
We die too soon
.....
406 A bridge across a burning stream,
We are chased by fateful forces.
A ladder infinite climbed to safety
Is fiction made from fact imagined.
407 Death follows life without arrest,
There is no tribute cancels sentence.
Across the bridge, the burning Styx,
There's only sleep not more adventure.
408 There the Beast dwells eating mutton,
Drinking wine knee-deep in water.
No abattoir ... no aceldama ...
All is quiet, there is silence.
409 There are no graves, no catacombs -

The earth's grassed & sweetly flowered
 The Beast is all that's left of us,
 '*Hic jacet*' on it's tattooed arm.

....

- 410 There is flora, plant and herb,
 Seedling, evergreen, perennial.
 Legume, cereal, fern and shrub,
 Tree, woodland, grove and scrub.
- 411 Botanised, it is vegetable,
 Thallus algae, fungi, moulds;
 Lichens, worts, rusts, mosses,
 Smuts, fuci, wracks and more
- 412 It is husband 'd cultivated,
 Gardened, lumbered, tilled and farmed,
 Nursed, hot housed, cold frame forced,
 Grown, cropped, cleaned and stored.
- 413 There is fauna ... creature, critter,
 Creeping thing, brute and beast.
 Lion last, and foul mart first,
 A cuddy Jack ... a neddy ass.
- 413a There is insect ... vermin, louse,
 Bed-bug, tick, chigger, midge,
 Cootie, skeeter, gadfly, nit,
 Leech and worm ... such lovely things!
- 414 What's wrong with worms after all?
 Platyhelminths ... anneloids ...
 Nematelminths ... what a mouthful!
 Don't let the name put you off.
- 415 Let's love worms! Let's love worms!
 What pleasure's found in such words.
 You cannot herd, drive, or goad
 Five billion worms to rule this world.

....

- 417 Mankind, mortal, human Man,
 Biped homo sapiens.
 A false God made us as we are -
 A breath, a shadow, nothing more.
- 418 Our peoples, cultures, ethnic groups
 Are skin-deep to the cosmic whole,

Universal Being

Like ants we swarm, our greed succeeds
In keeping each racing each.
419 And were it not for *OOMP*H and IT,
The facts of life, the birds and bees-
The phallic male and vulva woman,
The heat, the burning, and the itch:
420 Blokes and guys, bucks and chaps ...
Penis, gonads, testes, sperm;
What point would there be to men
And all their lust, desire for flesh
421 Without *femme*, and *frau*, and dame,
Rag and bone and hank of hair ...
What appeal would IT have ...?
If the *OOMP*H became unknown.

5TH LEXICON

Through the senses - Man feels the Universe. Such sensations effect Man's mind and body - and often when Man speaks of it, he uses a lexicon of love.

SENSATION

- 421 We all have feeling, conscious or not,
Sense of awareness, perception, response
For all experience sensuous or nerval,
Keenly exquisite, poignant, or raw ...
- 422 'Til we faint, swoon, succumb
Numb and dull ... fall out of love;
Dazed, stunned in *dammerschlaf*,
We return dead to the world -
- 423 Where suffering hurt, distress, pain,
We pang, ache, fret, shrink ...
Inflamed, festered, sore tormented -
'Til time salves the sting.
....
- TOUCH We contact, touch and feel
With a whisper, breath, or kiss;
With a brush, graze, or stroke
We run our fingers over
- 425 With a tickle, tingle, thrill,
We titill, goose, and vellicate
With tactile paw, wield and ply
We palm, massage, manipulate.
....
- TASTE With taste, relish, smacking tongues,
Woosers sip, sup, lick and lap
The savour flavours love supplies;
Sample, specimen, and bite.
- 427 Goodness, zest, gusto, *gout*,
Sapid season, sauce and spice,
Provocative, piquant, larrup,
Luscious, gratifying love!
- 428 Not nasty, foul, vile nor acrid;

Universal Being

Not pungent, sour, bitter, gall;
Not icky, rank nor nauseating ...
Love sucks deep and savours on
430 Manna, nectar, *eau sucre*;
Syrup cloying honey dew ...
Mellifluous fancy, sweetened fervour,
Rich sugar-candy bill and cool!
431 It does not feast on sour grapes,
Tart crab-fruit, acid diet ...
Astringent vitriolic fare,
Fermented citric pickled food.
432 Love does not nip the hungry tongue,
Pepper hot and ginger kick
Lively, tangy, racy, brisk,
It pierces - but does not prick.
433 So, pull, puff, draw, drag,
Chew, chow, dip, inhale ...
Take the pill, spit and run,
Through the smoke feed on love.

....

SMELL
There is an odour, ... a scent,
A whiff of fragrant perfume.
Strong, heady, and suffocating
That stops all lovers dead.
435 For is there aromatic equal ..?
Attar, essence, balm or oil
Of jasmine, musk, frangapanni,
Sandalwood or bergamot?
436 Malodor, fetar, stench, stink
Of skunk, stinkhorn, rotten corpse,
Offensive, reeking, fetidness,
Stops all bipeds short.
437 So lovers fumigate and lime
With sachet, spray and potpourii;
Deodorize and ventilate ...
Rose water, cologne, bay *pastille*.

....

SIGHT
With bedroom eyes we lovers stare,
Gaze, gape, gawk and glower,

First blush, wink, *coup d'oeil*,
 We steal and spy and look.
 439 Through a glass darkly mote,
 Mope-eyed dim, we boss-eye view
 Men as trees walking past
 And forty ways Sunday note.
 Blind we ken not hair, nor hide.
 O bats! Amid the blaze of noon!
 Eclipsed without a hope of day.
 441 Dark, dark, we play at peekaboo!
 Bystanders watch, behold as seers,
 Observe and witness our blind love,
 Spectate and see us lions slum
 And rubberneck like cooing-birds!
 442 Bifocals, pince-nez, goggles, specs,
 Blinkers, lorgnette, contact lens,
 Horn-rims, monocles, glims and shades,
 Love is clean-cut, sticks out plain.
 443 Perceptible, prominent, pronounced,
 We lovers live in homes of glass
En evidence, exposed, outcropped,
 Crystal clear, love's not blurred.
 444 Invisible, faint, '*a perte de vue*'
 Hazy, misty, foggy, fuzzed
 Escape the notice, lie hid, dim?
 Blush unseen? don't kid us!
 445 Love's own air, mien, demeanour
 Betrays itself, comes to light ...
 Bearing, garb, complexion, colour
 Flushes forth, flares into passion
 446 'Til time dissolves, leaves no trace,
 We lovers cease to be, fade out,
 Melt away, depart or flee
 Leave no shape or form behind.

....

SOUND Listen drumheads, conches, luggies!
 Hark, you cock-eared, long-eared house!
 Hear, you acute lappet audience
 Eavesdrop on these lips of mine!
 448 For you are deaf or hard of hearing,

Universal Being

Dull-eared to the sound of song.
Attend! Oyez! you adder stoppers!
Heed you now the voice of love.

- 449 Love is sonant, stressed, accented,
Poly phoned, vowelled and thonged ...
Timbre, tone, key and note,
Lovers voice then voiceless turn
- 450 Silent, still, quiet, and mum.
Mute, muffled, deadened, lulled,
We save our breath. Cheese it. Choke,
So hushed you'd hear a feather drop.
- 451-2 Faint and soft, dimly veiled,
Voce velata, we lovers sob
Mummer, whisper, sough and moan,
Waft a sigh ... sordo ... low.
- 453 Love resounds, echoes, rings,
Peals and tolls - in hollowness
Vibrates, rebounds in repercussion
On all send backs, all returns.
- 454 So thump! Beat the lovers' drum!
Rat-tat-tat! Tom-tom-tom!
Tattoo a ruffle, rub-a-dub!
Kettle, snare, and tympanum!
- 455 Thunder clap, crash and crack!
We lovers take our knocks and taps;
Burst, blast, bang and boom!
Rumble, roar, roll and *rale* ...
- 456 Love hisses, fizzles, whistles out
To snooze, snore and saw on logs,
We lovers sniffle, splutter, lisp,
Wheeze, sneeze, don't kiss but spit.
- 457 For love can be a shrill, course rasp,
A croak, a caw, a growl, a snarl,
A screech, a shriek, a scream, a whine
A high-pitched, jarring, grating life.
- 458 A cry, a call, a shout, a hoot,
A bawl, a yelp, a yap, a howl
Love can be a *view halloo* ...
A cruel sport - hunting you!

- 459 So you may gaggle, crow, or squawk,
 Cluck, clack, gobble, coo
 Love is not just ... chirp and cheep!
 It's not a tweet or twee cuckoo!
- Love can be discordant, flat
 Sweet bells jangled out of tune.
 Above the pitch, sharp and sour,
 Chiming harsh and toneless hours.
- 461 Love is a melody, a Lydian measure,
 A mosaic of music, a canto of verse;
 A lay, a ballad, a carol, an anthem,
 A rondo, an aria, a lyric motet.
- 462 Arranged, adapted, harmonically tuned,
 We lovers vibrate, tremble and trill.
 Metrically cadenced - rhythm & pulse
 We scale and run. Minim and rest
- 463 We make music ... nightly perform
 In tin-pan alleys, where neckers know
 That no-one need play second fiddle
 To catgut scrapping troubadours.
- 464 So harp and lute, viol and flute,
 Zither, banjo, cello, horn,
 Guitar, bassoon and tambourine ...
 Love is string, and wind and drum.

6TH LEXICON

Of all the things in the Universe - it is supposed that Man knows the workings of his own mind best. He has intellect - which he believes to be unique and singular in the Universe. To demonstrate that intellect - he has compiled a modest lexicon. The modesty of the lexicon reveals the modesty of his intellect.

CONCEPTION OF MIND

- 465 There is intellect, sense and psyche,
 Sconce, reason, vernunft and wits.
 Faculty of mind, gifts, talents ...
 Pate, noddle, noggin, nouse.
- 466 There is intelligence and savvy,
 Verstand, comprehension, reach ...
 Astuteness, acumen and foresight,
 Canny cunning, geist, esprit.
- 467 Thus are sages ... Plato, Nestor,
 Soloman, Manu, Buddha, Christ!
 Sensible, prudent, knowing, wise,
 Oraclers, luminaries, shafts of light.
- 471 They are sober, sound and sane,
 Right in mind, *compos mentis*.
 They get things in proportion,
 Bring to reason all that's bonkers.
- 474 They know - with ken and savvy,
 Acquaint, grasp, master, grip,
 Have it pat, dead to rights
 Have it at their finger tips.
- 477 Brainwork, headwork, mental labour,
 Workings of the mind ... ideas.
 They weigh, muse and ponder all,
 Profoundly think ... deliberate.
- 481 Rational, logic, dialectics
 Deduction, debate, deliberation,
 Argument, premise, postulation ...
 They don't break the bounds of reason.

- 468 Thus they're wise not ignorant, blind,
 Stupid, doltish, dense and thick -
 Chowder-blocked and turnip-headed,
 Foggy in their numbskull brains.
- 469 Thus, they're not inanely silly -
 Witless, crazy, goofy, daft;
 Wacky, batty, mute and dumb,
 Loopy, screwy, inept and mad.
- 470 Tomfools, nincompoops, noddies,
 Zany, gaby, sops and sots
 Dolts, dunces, dopes and dullards,
 Drivellers, doters, dunder, dummies.
- 472 Some conjure up their own psychosis,
 Schizophrenia prepossessed
 Maniacs well demented - with
 Rats and spiders in the head -
- 472a For some have bats in the belfry ...
 Others have a button missing ...
 Some have water topside (ugh!)
 And demons in their upper stories.
- 473 They are strange! odd and freakish,
 Eccentric, queer, crank and kinked,
 Non-conformist, nuts - screw balled,
 Quirked, twisted, beed and quiped.
- 475 Eggheads, highbrows, savants, pundits,
 Gents and scholars, men of letters ...
 Pedants, blue socks, dilettantes ...
 Triflers - who know no better!
- 476 Blind and naked, empty-headed,
 Vague of notion, ignorant, green ...
 They are cooks of half-baked ideas,
 They are wise in their conceit
- 478 Of notion, fancy, concept, image,
 Impression, statement and opinion:
 Recept ... abstract or principled
 By slant or twist of inspiration -
- 479 They are fallow, vacant, empty,

Universal Being

Vacuous. blank, with no idea.

480 Pushed from their hollow thoughts -
Riding in on hobbyhorses,
These vague ghostly dreamlike shadows,
Don't perceive the things unseen,
They do not see themselves around us -
482 These 'little birds' live by hunches,
Claptrap, moonshine, pussyfooting.
Such camel gulpers, hedging dodgers
Beat themselves around the bush
And beg no questions later.
483 All their talk is caption headings,
Topic leaders, banner-lines ...
It's the pabulum of the day!
It is what the papers say!

484 Inquiry, search, quest and hunt,
Rummage, ransack out the muck ...
Question, quiz, grill and pump,
Poke, probe, pry and plumb -

485 Press men don't allow reply,
Riposte, retort, repartee ...
They receipt response rebukely
With quotes of butchered precis.
486 Not allowed answer, reason,
Explanation, real denouncement ...
Issues addressed to the public
Remain unravelled, unresolved.

487 Thus HEADLINES - Caught in the Act!
Caught Flat-Footed, Caught Off-Guard!
Caught Out Napping, Pants Down - Off!
'GAY VICAR HANGS SATANIC BOY!'

495 So - flying in the face of facts,
Misjudgement warps, miscalculates,
Misconstrues with misconjectures;
Over-reckoning leads to censure
496 Til mountains out of molehills rise

- Because the most is made of least.
 Some overrate the worth of dung
 And under prize the worth of meat.
 497 Some undervalue and underrate ...
 Minimise, make little of
 Think nothing of, set no store,
 488 Make light of all they do not know;
 While others experiment and test ...
 Try it on the dog for size,
 Fly a kite ... just to see
 How the wind blows, how land lies.
- 489 Others measure, gauge and estimate ...
 Load luck to the plimsoll line.
 Apply the yardstick to chance ...
 490 Square off - and with wide eyes -
 Compare, contrast, and check,
 Match dope, stack up, note
 That candles melt in the sun
 And shipped water can sink boats.
- 491 Others - discriminate with tact,
 Know a poop from a prow
 Pick and choose, be diplomatic -
 Know the walrus from sea-cow.
- 492 For indistinct is half of twelve,
 And one half dozen of indiscreet -
 For those promiscuous, muddled up ...
 See their ships sink on reefs.
- 493 But let us not judge, presume,
 Surmise, imagine, fancy
 All things considered - on the whole
 Taking one thing with another
- 494 That preconceiving, presupposing,
 Going off half-cocked in pre decision
 Is prejudice on the trigger
 By leaping to conclusions.
- 498 For suppose, I had a theory, guess ...
 An inkling, a hint, a notion, an idea,

Universal Being

- 499 A shot, a stab into the dark
 And took a fancy into my head
 That philosophy, that love of wisdom
 Was the summation of all folly in man.
 Would my supposition be preposterous?
 And deemed untrue - rather than a lie?
- 500 For some have belief, faith, a tenet
 They swear by, take an oath upon ...
 You can bet your bottom dollar,
 Bank on them, give them credit,
501 Trust that they will not swallow,
 Take the fly, hook, line and sinker,
 Or think the moon made of cheese,
 Believe in cats or broken mirrors.
502 While those from Grantham disbelieve,
 Doubt, mistrust, don't buy a word -
 With a "Now, now ... I know better!"
 Take them with a grain of salt!!
503 They're the ones to turn an ear,
 Disposed to be no-one's fool
 Sceptical - and hard to swallow
 They kid themselves they're ungluable.
- 504 Such folks need proof of all belief
 To bring it home to prove some point -
 To make a vessel hold great volume
 They make a hole in it first.
- 505 What confute have we for blind faith
 That takes the ground from under us?
 Lets knock wind against the sails
 Of those who won't shut up!
506 Some would say we should exempt,
 Make proviso for their scone ...?
 Mitigate, concede and temper
 Make concessions sine que non.
507 But with no ifs and ands or buts
 To certain express clear beliefs,
 With no strings attached outright
 There can be no fixed proviso.

- 508 Yet - as luck may have it -
 By off-chance, all things considered,
 Its conceivable - on the cards
 Imaginable and remotely possible -
- 509 For some to weave a rope from sand;
 To catch the wind in an net;
 Go fetch water in a sieve;
 Gather thistles, think them figs.
- 510 It is plausible to believe-in
 Probability and 'ben trovato'.
 I dare say one can assume ...
 Ten to one that everything's equal -
- 511 Some can in two places be;
 And make cheese out of chalk;
 Catch a weasel fast asleep;
 And gather grapes from thorns.
- 512 Certainly, sure thing, it's a cinch,
 Rain or shine, sink or swim
 No buts about it, without doubt,
 Sure as fate, some are liars.
- 513 So - in a maze all turned around,
 Who shall decide when all disagree?
 Who will leap into the dark ...
 When up a tree or out at sea?
- 514 When the certain seems improbable,
 Some go blind, take pot-luck;
 Some buy a pig in a poke -
 Nil laid down, nought taken up.
- 515 Thus, some hit the nail on the head,
 Some hit it on the nose
 Right as rain tell the facts,
 The truth, the real McCoy.
- 516 Phrases coined, said before -
 Dictum, adage, proverb, gnome ...
 Slogan, motto, moral, maxim ...
 Familiar tunes make the oldest songs.
- 517 Errors, faults, untruths, wrongs.
 Boners, blunders, slips, *faux pas's'*.

Universal Being

Lapses gauged without one's host ...
Aimed at a pigeon - wound a crow.

518 It's all a trick, a gross deception,
A wrong impression, a warped illusion,
A will-o-the-wisp conception
Imagination and hallucination.

519 O rude awakening! Disenchantment!
The bubble burst, the truth exposed.
With one's eyes open, un blindfolded
With it comes the dawn for some.

520 So, let us assent - some are smart,
Give the nod, our validation
Put our Hancock to the thing
And carry it by acclamation.

520a Let's not dissent, protest, object,
Put up a squawk or a howl
Raise our voice against the charge
That some are sometimes clowns.

521 Let some avow swear and pledge
To tell the world what they know,
Maintain with their final breath,
That they have taken an oath.

522 Let's not deny, disclaim, dispute,
Not for love or money sell
The issue some are joined on
If we cannot help.

STATES OF MIND

523 Outlook, attitude, point of view.
From where I sit, my bent, my bias
I'm warped by the way I feel
In the climate of opinion.

524 I am broadminded, open, free ...
I swear no oath to any master.
I forbear to hand out judgement.
I live, and let others breathe.

- 525 If I am narrow-minded, blind,
 And do not protest to aid a cause ...
 It's not because I shut my eyes
 But because I'm ill-informed.
- 526 As curious as a snooping cat,
 Quidnunc & questioning as Lot's wife,
 I would brave the Gorgon's eyes
 To get inside her mind.
- 527 Elizabethan born, and heedful ...
 I look right or left with interest.
 I don't want to be indifferent
 Pursuing an easy life.
- 528 With attention, thought and ear;
 With observation, note and care;
 With concern, regard, respect;
 I'll smile while bored to tears.
- 529 Without disregard, distraction;
 Without unwatchful inadvertence;
 Without unwary, dismissive yawns;
 I'll bear the dullest simpleton.
- 530 And when my mind's made to swim -
 And when my head reels and whirls -
 And when I'm really made quite ill -
 I'll bear the jokes of bimbos.
- 531 I'll take care to groom my image -
 I'll take time to be most vigilant -
 I'll keep alert, take an interest -
 It pays to know others' business.
- 532 I'll not neglect to heed my needs -
 Nor disregard my own hushed voice.
 Muddled, fuddled, hazy, fogged ...
 I'll not let others knock me back.
- 533 Flames of figment, fumes of fiction,
 All the dreams romance is made of -
 High flown turrets, flights of fancy,
 The rainbow's end, cloud-nine fantasy.
- 534 Some are staid, stuffy, dull ...
 They keep both feet on the ground;
 They burst balloons and say that stars

Universal Being

Do not shoot the moon at all.

- 535 Blind with hearing, deaf with sight,
 We forget things, and erect monuments.
 We collect trinkets, cherish treasures
 Like diaries to review in retrospect.
- 536 Blind with movies, deaf with music ...
 There's lots missing and loads burdened.
 Bygone's - trickle through a sieve
 Like water - consigned to oblivion.
- 537 So wait! And watch! Bide your time!
 Or we will say 'What did we tell you!'
 That's how things are, the way it goes
 When something turns out as expected.
- 538 With a start, a shock, surprise ...
 We do not expect some things to be
 Unforeseen - dropped from the clouds
 Like cats and dogs on Christmas day.
- 539 It blights our hopes, leaves us blue,
 Frustrated, foiled and all forlorn.
 Letdown, it makes us sad and glum,
 We zip our mouths and bite our gums.
- 540 Sometimes we feel it in our bones
 To see our way into the future ...
 There were no spacemen when I was born
 I was seven when Yuri flew.
- 541 I never thought I'd foretell
 Of men on Mars before my death.
 But who needs crystal balls
 When the Big One's overhead.
- 542 Warnings, portents and omens imminent,
 There are foreboding presage signs ...
 But I harbinger in the Space Age
 And proclaim auspicious times!

COMMUNICATION

- 543 Word for word to the letter,
We learn to grasp sense and meaning.
Purport, import and implication -
Not everything need be verbatim.
- 544 More than meets the eye sometimes
That makes no sign, escapes notice.
Unexpressed, unsaid, unmentioned
Latent things can be suggested.
- 545 Sounding brass but tinkling crystal,
A bunkum tale told by an idiot ...
A load of bosh blabbed by a bumpkin ...
Is something almost inexpressible.
- 546 For to get the idea, get the picture,
To get it into our thick heads ...
Some speak volumes of high English
When single syllable words are best.
- 547 There's much Greek and Double Dutch,
Way over my head and beyond me -
Enough to puzzle a Law Lord judge
With the word LOVE in the language.
- 548 Unintelligible to much of the world,
Ambiguous and unquibbly duplex ...
Love's meaning is a four-letter word
Or a cinq-lettre-mot if your French.
- 549 As a rule, in a manner of speaking ...
Figures of speech make it difficult
To partition parable from paraphrase,
And to separate fable from rendition.
- 550 In other words, strictly speaking ...
Explanations can be all wrong.
To read between the lines is fine
But not when sense is lost.
- 551 Abuse of terms, misuse of words
Puts a false construction on
All that strains or stretches sense

Universal Being

Or perverts, distorts the meaning of.

....

- 552 I took a walk into winter ...
Then came back, began to write
A letter to the girl I love.
We keep in touch across the miles.
- 552a We've learned to talk 'tween the lines
She lives in the English south
Open, out-spoken, we tell each other
Of the traffic we've encountered.
- 553 We wear our hearts upon our sleeves,
We face the day, bare and naked -
Plain as the path to the parish church
We lay our cards upon the table.
- 554 We confess, concede, own-up ...
Cough-up our soft impeachments.
I get it off my chest, she her breast:
Without disguise - we plead guilty.
- 555 Kept informed, kept up to date,
Made aware of all small changes -
We give notice of impending strain
Progressive love acquaints us with.
- 556 And here's a piece of news for you -
We've no time for small town talk:
The gossip sailing in blabbers' mouths
Is filth to the normal child.
- 557 And I pronounce - We are young!
Write in the sky - We are in love!
Let it be seen the length of Britain
And publicised by sandwich boys.
- 558 For when we're on the telephone,
I can hear the call-girl's sigh.
A long distance toll call signal
Is all that keeps us silent
- 559 And in the chill of a winter day,
I dispatch ... this newest letter.
By van, by bus, by rail, by plane -
We'll keep in touch forever!
- 560 Teach a cock to crow, a dog to bark.

Teach a hen to cluck, a fish to bite.
 Sometimes the blind lead the dumb
 When the dumb are born with sight.

- 561 From time to time, we're all misled
 And fall foul to the propagandists.
 Laputa leads the pack of wolves -
 Goody Snatch follows close on after.
- 561a These quack philosophers - so absorbed
 In extracting sunbeams from cucumbers;
 They turn students from high ideals
 And make them dwell on vulgar matters.
- 562 'Til education is a live and learn -
 Lessons in the school of hard knocks.
 To burn the candle at both ends
 Means a Goody Snatch help yourself.
- 563 For we're in the hands of Coryphaei:
 We're witness to the New - Old Order.
 Our tongues are tied, we cannot chorus
 This schoolmam'ish kind of drama.
- 564 It's fee-boy stand and free-boy fall.
 It's fee-girl laugh and free-girl cry.
 - One is privileged - Ten are not -
 Why teach worms to walk or talk?
- 565 Public, private, boarding, free.
 Fees! Fees! Fees! Fees!
 See those mud holes by the road ...?
 Where state schools used to be!

- 566 With a gesture, with a nod,
 Di gave Charlie the hots
 Maybe they havn't such a lot -
 What have we got ...?
- 567 We've got regalia, emblems, badges,
 Lions, eagles, crosses, sickles ...
 Flags starred, barred, tri coloured,
 And Liz and Philip.

Universal Being

- 568 We've got records, rolls and annals,
Memo's, memoirs, notes and minutes,
Catalogues, lists and registers ...
But give me hugs and kisses.
- 569 We've got clerks, scribes and writers,
Ledgers, books, journals, logs.
You can have my private diaries ...
All I want is love.
-
- 570 We're all dolls, puppets, dummies,
Manikins and men of straw,
Models, marionettes and statues
In a spitting image show.
- 571 We're all mis-drawn, falsely coloured,
Disguised, distorted by all art.
Actors give the wrong idea -
And painters camouflage.
- 572 Yet art is commonplace perfection,
Time captured in a gasp of air.
Meaning caught between two rhymes,
Sense tossed between two lines.
- 573 Science is a still-life flower ...
Man made man a crafted chore ...
Sculptors tooling at their marble
Til gargantuans roar.
- 574 Potters work the fine fire-clay,
Shape and throw, turn and bake.
Glaze the world in a kiln -
Day after day.
- 575 Snap-shooters shoot mugs and places,
Blow up the world in their own way.
Stop in the bath as a solution ...
Before the picture fades.
- 576 Engravers needle, point and etch,
Scratch, hatch, stipple, burr ...
But like all high and noble artists
They infer what they concur.

- 577 For artists conjure up illusions,
 Consent to dream the actual world.
 They cannot note how things are -
 But how things might become.

- 578 My language is the speech of Time,
 My father's talk, my mother's tongue.
 I speak with a Northern Rrrrr
 And patter is my idiom.
- 579 My alphabet is Roman through -
 My script is cursive, sometimes print.
 My spelling isn't very good -
 My signature's a squint
- 580 My stock of words is very small,
 I use catch phrases when I can.
 I use slang and pick up fads.
 I swear and curse when mad.
- 581 My Christian tag is very formal,
 People call me mate or pal -
 And 'cause I like my Granada's name
 I use that as my handle.
- 582 What's in a name anyway?
 Is it wrong - being unknown?
 What's with being you-know-who?
 Such-and-such? Or so-and-so?
- 583 I'll never learn how to express
 In good set terms the way I feel.
 But I wouldn't trade all my Rrrr's
 For a world of Quuu's and Peee's.
- 584 Grammar rules parts of speech -
 Subject, object, case and tense.
 Some can parse and conjugate
 And that is very nice.
- 585 Some misuse, murder English -
 Caco on, lax and loose ...
 They misconstrue and malapropos
 But that is not abuse.
- 586 Diction creates wide divide -

Universal Being

- 587 It is the garment dressing thought.
The wealthy - clothed with fashion:
The educated - hung with language.
But O what elegance! Grace and taste
In those who master language!
The right word in the right place
Upstages the snob or bastard.
- 588 Barbarous, uncouth - plain vulgarity
Is most offensive to the ears!
Well, is is not? Crude and rude
And in bad taste, or what ...?
- 589 Far better we hear plain speech,
Household words, dull and dry -
Than bear a string of indecorums:
Low stuff shrilly laughed-off.
- 590 Far better to be brief and curt,
Crisp and terse, compact, succinct.
Within a nutshell, all compressed
The soul of wit's - a wink.
- 591 Far worse it is to gush out words -
To circumlocute with longiloquence;
Expatiate speak at length
With circuitous protractedness.
- 592 With wag of chin, yap of jaw,
With a prattle, gaff or gab -
Man may conceal the dawn of day,
While breaking light upon the dark.
- 592a With bat at breeze, bump of gums ...
With raise of voice, get in a word -
Man may buttonhole a friend
Or take the floor in self-defence.
- 593 Others - less articulate -
Broken voiced, speech impeded ...
Might stumble, hum, hem and haw,
Stammer, stutter, falter, halt.
- 594 Others - loose tongued, idly glib,
With a twaddle, tittle-taddle
Might varnish twattle with a rattle,

A jabber-gabble-gabber-blabber.

- 595 Others converse, have intercourse;
They sweeten the banquet with chat;
Feasting on emotion, each conversation
Feeds on the fruit of the heart.
- 596 Others stand aside addressing walls,
Hamlets apostrophise loud
Soliloquise on - alone in the world.
As life's monologue clowns.
- 597 Others - orators mounted on soapboxes,
Lecturing, haranguing, tirading on apathy
- on sin, spending, and world concerns -
Apartheid and the killing of whales.
- 598 Others - ride the tide of eloquence
With ideas that breed, words that burn.
They have tongues in their heads
Going double-four at eight-to-one.
- 599 Such prose run mad - the gift of gab
Turned sesquipedalian highfalutin -
Is pompous bombast, rant and bunkum
That's balder dashingly platitudinous.
....
- 600 There are hacks and penny-liners,
There are many mad scribendi ...
Writers drafting '*coup de plume*'
Black and white calligraphy.
- 601 Much is written - little's published,
Proofed, set, plated, pressed,
Left to run, pulled, reissued
Or printed time and time again.
- 602 Few are fussed to write a letter,
To communicate with those they love.
The most they'll do is send a postcard
When they go abroad.
- 603 Yet nearly all ... peruse books,
Flick through art and fashion mags -
Read the comic strips and stories
And headlines in the daily rags.

Universal Being

- 604 But few review, write-up, report,
Run a commentary on the world.
There seems to be a billion views
But few of any worth.
- 605 Perhaps we cannot compend life,
Survey it in a few short lines,
Abridge mankind in a draft
Of words, condensed and rhymed.
- 606 Many fictions, sets of lies,
The memory of man is gossip form.
Legend, myth, and fairy tale
And scrolls of wild romance.
- 607 There is poetry, verse and song -
Emotion recollecting beauty;
Painting with the gift of gods;
Expression of exquisite feeling.
- 607a But poetry - that knot in the gut -
The unison of man with nature:
Is for all who love and feel great truth
While cheering their own sweet solitude.
- 608 And prose - words in the finest order,
Grand - can be plain and common place,
Matter of fact and unromantic
When written in a truthful way.
- 609 Then there's drama - prose at play,
Poetry masked to stalk a stage
Tragedy the art of masters:
Comedy the fun of knaves -
- 610 Actors puffed and self important,
Prima donnas primped with paint.
Extras always out of work
Like Pimpernels when paid.
- ...
- 611 Other times, there is a mute silence,
A reticence, a Laconic calm
A tight-lipped, remote detachment
I cannot understand.
- 612 There is a veil, a dark concealment,
A screen of fog before my eyes.

So I play dumb, put the lid on
The coffins of my past.
613 I hide perdu, lie in wait,
In the shade eclipse myself.
From sight retire, and undercover
Watch for tell-tale signs.
614 Signs of falseness, tarradiddle,
Fib and flam prevarication;
Cock and bull exaggeration;
Bosh and bunk and drivel.

615 With much cry and little wool,
The tempest in a tea-pot poured -
I come it strong and stir
The truth with a silver spoon.
616 But I don't deceive, delude or dupe,
Trick, jape, kid or spoof
Play a bunko game of bilk
Nor sell gold bricks to boobs.
617 I am no double-dealing Janus,
A Judas or a Machiavelli
An Artful Dodger or a Diddler,
A cockatrice or Indian giver.
618 For I'm no gull, duck, or pigeon,
Goat, cat's paw, mooch or chump,
Fool, monkey, jay or coot
Do you hear me? Good!

BOOK 7

Humanity is gregarious, but each individual has a will that distinguishes him or her from the rest of humankind. This is commendable - but it also produces folly and madness which is counter-universal. Recognising this folly, and learning from it, requires Man to be familiar with the seventh lexicon.

WILL

i

- 619 With a will, a wish, a fancy,
With a mind to have one's way,
Some take the law into their hands
To have their own sweet way.
- 620 Jane ... far more un begrudging
With willing heart and happy cheer
Takes it ... on her own freewill
To gladly volunteer.
- 621 Others ... more demurely scrupled,
Balk, beg off, shrink and shy.
With recoil, and an ill-grace
They protest ... then fly!
- 622 Fly, flee, cut and run,
Abscond, elope, welsh and truck ...
Take it on the lam, scam!
Lead the world a pretty dance.
- 623 Slip the collar, shake the yoke,
Smartly leap into the lifeboat.
Get off cheap, go scot free ...
By the skin of their teeth.
- 624 Abandon, forsake, leave, desert,
Throw in the sponge, wash their hands,
Azzle out of all commitment,
Bid a long goodbye.

RESOLUTION

- 625 Some do not know their own minds.
They flounder between will & will not;
They wait to see how the cat'll jump -
Call the shot once the coin's dropped.
- 626 With a coolness - neutral air,
Without a care, a hoot, a scat;
Nonchalant, spineless, cold
Desire can turn all black.

MOTIVE

- 646 Some have cause to incite, goad,
Blow the coals, apply the torch,

- 647 Wake the rabble from their sleep,
 Nettle, irritate and prick.
 Others throw dust in the eyes -
 On some pretext or lame excuse
 Find a peg to hang their cloak ...
 Or pretend they're drunk.
- 648 Some allure with sex and glamour,
 Angle with a silver hook -
 Gild the pill, give the come-on,
 Vamp you with a wicked look.
- 649 Others bribe, corrupt and purchase,
 Soap their palms with all they grease,
 Oil the pan with all the graft
 They've sugared-off from thieves.
- 650 Others dissuade, dampen, deter,
 Play it cold, chill the air -
 Whoever they are, or their ends,
 They're a bunch of pains!
- 651 Intent, purpose, design, aim
 The be-all end-all 'raison d'être'.
 Some take it in their dizzy heads
 To take no heed of progress.
- 652 Scheme, device, plot and plan,
 Many sketch out their whole life
 But few make arrangements for coping
 With the problems they'll encounter.
- 653 On the track, on the scent ...
 Jane bends each step to shape a course;
 Others chase the hounds in full cry -
 In hot pursuit of what?
- 654 Business, occupation, work?
 Task or stint, chore or job?
 There are careerists in the world
 But most are just employed.
 Yet, there's a choice, a selection -
 You have a vote, a voice to barrack ...
 You have a yeah, a nay two hands
 To nominate your ballot winners.
 You can reject, disown, rebuff,
 Do away with all those appointed.
 You have the right to brush aside
 Those who serve you badly.
 And if you are compelled, obliged
 To make a virtue of necessity ...
 Then, the die's cast, its in the cards,
 And you must act with urgency.
 For all is preordained, foregone.

Who can swear it is not so?
Rough-hewn Time shapes your end,
While some say that God is dead.
How would I know if it were true?
A case is still being made for Him.
Some say it is a put-up job ...
Please put me up there too!

vi

Jane makes the most, turns to account,
Applies herself beyond all price.
She'll not impose, presume herself
More profitable than her worth.
For others consume, expend, waste,
Finish, eat up all the cake ...
Light their candles all at once,
Burn incense in a gale.
Some misuse, abuse, pervert,
Persecute, do their worse
Misapply their witch-like talents
To profane and desecrate.
Others cast off, throw away,
Adopt the order of the day,
Rid themselves of all the trash
Consigned to file thirteen.
Others labour on in vain,
Take part in the great goose-chase,
Whistle waltzes to the walls
Shine their torches at the sun.
Such custom comes as second nature,
Habit, practice, dastur, rule -
There is a pattern that is fashion,
There is the well worn groove.
Some break the mould, cure themselves,
Buy a frock to dress old lines ...
Do old things in a new way,
Rid themselves of inured self.
Some glossed up in spiffy ideas,
Adorn themselves in the latest thing.
Stranger still - they keep in step
With Jones - who's up-to-Dick.
Rather odd, but quite conventional,
Good form, really proper, right ...
They shop for things on Main Street,
As that's the approved style.
Some stand on ceremony, outward form,
Prim and rigid, civil be
Place social grace on par with riches.
Well, on the surface, dear!

Deep down most cherish - sans facon -
 A free non-tight be yourself
 So let your hair down - en famille -
 Do things as you might.

vii

- 655 There is a path, a track, a trail,
 A road that leads to a door.
 To what extent the journey's light
 Depends upon the load.
- 656 You have resources, means and ways,
 Devices, measures, methods, steps,
 The wherewithal to get therewith
 If you are equipped.
- 657 Room and board, and the keep
 You eke each week to get by on ...
 Clothed, fitted, rigged and heeled,
 You're ready then for fun.
- 658 But what if you have no reserves?
 No stocks or shares to trade for cash?
 No nest-egg for a rainy day?
 No savings in the bank?
- 659 It is very nice to be sufficient
 And satisfied with what one's got.
 A wallet oozing milk and honey,
 The cupboards choked with grub.
- 660 But when you're woefully insufficient
 With none to spare ... short of change
 Poor and hungry, lean and starving ...
 Shit! that's just tough luck!
- 661 It must be nice to have plenty,
 To have a cup running over
 To have the gold to gild the lily
 And the scent to dowse the rose:
- 662 To have all one can have
 And not have piss-all any more -
 To have one's fill, be satisfied
 Without being overdosed.

CONDITIONS

i

- 668 Sometimes it's expedient, pis aller
 To make shift, manage, get along,
 Eat one's cake and have it too
 As a stop-gap, last resort.
 Sometimes there's drawbacks, damage,
 Discommode to overcome

Universal Being

Not worth the hurt.
Sometimes mugwumps make ado,
Ascribe importance to sine qua non,
Parade their greatness, make a fuss,
Play fiddle with the biggest frogs.
Sometimes trifles light as air -
A paltry feather on the scales;
A hundred years hence or back -
Is counting hairs, splitting straws.
Sometimes the good (as good can be),
The cream of the crop, the pick,
The flower of the flock, the bunch,
Are conditions well received.

ii

673 Sometimes Jess endures all ails:
The slug in an English rose ...
The wasp on a Scottish thistle ...
The flea up Ulster's nose.
Sometimes plague, blight and canker,
Locus, fungus, moth and rust ...
Toxins dumped into the ocean
Are worse than any worm.
Sometimes perfection beyond praise,
Sans peur et sans reproche
Is quintessence - ne plus ultra -
Polished, pure and highly-wrought.
Sometimes, defect, flaw and blemish,
A hole in a brand new coat ...
A crack in a piece of china ...
Devalues the whole.
Sometimes scars, pocks and birthmarks,
A freckle on a cheek of cream ...
A mole on a snowy breast ...
Add interest to the common.
Sometimes low grade, second best,
Namby-pamby, milk and water ...
Neither tripe ... neither offal,
Doesn't mean its awful.
Sometimes - there's improvement,
Things turn out for the better,
Jess seems on the lift, the mend
And making up for lost time.

Then all of a sudden, things worsen,
There's a slump, Jess hits the skids,
Things get out of joint, go wrong,
A plane-load hits the drink.

Why this destruction? Ravage, ruin ...
How can Jess strike at the root?
When the axe is aimed at the trunk
After the branches are removed.
But, snatched from the jaws of death,
Jess lives to live again
Having weathered the storm
Jess pulls through - to err again.

iii

Refreshed, pure and sweet,
Her strength returned, she's new life:
Perked and chipped, cheered & bucked,
Jess joins a reconditioned world.
And then ... relapse! She reverts,
She regresses, backslides, sinks,
Eats her deeds, apostate crows,
Turns about, and falls from grace.
So seizures follow - fevers, throes,
Cancers, tumours, cupid's itch ...
Heart disease, Aids and MS,
Infirm - and on the danger list.
Remedy, relief, narcotics, balms,
Cure-alls, heal-alls, elixir vitae's.
Knock-out drops or Mickey Finns,
Expectorants or stimulants.

iv

679 Jess wouldn't mind a Turkish bath
To purify her washed-up skin.
How she'd love a pretty boy
To scrub and rub her fit.
680 If you think that's impure,
And her body is a dump ...
That's why she needs that pretty boy
To scrape her clean of muck.
681 No doubt, it would be good for her.
Can you deny this truth?
Jess thinks it's fine for one's health
To care about one's looks.
682 And with full pep, a burst of health
(Helped by the pretty boy)
She'd feel her oats, and of course
Enjoy the country air.

v

The healing arts are nine-tenths sense
And ten percent of medicine
A bunion on Jess's big toe joint

Universal Being

Is a fashion victim's paradigm.
So treat yourself, diagnose yourself
Or end up like Jess - beneath the knife!
It's not so nice to have a slice
Cut away because of pride.
Perhaps we all have mental blocks,
Obsessions sent to try our health.
So wear broad shoes or be psychotic!
You smoke and drink corned-neurotics!
For there is danger, peril and hazard
When one sleeps on a volcano
If one sails too near the wind,
Or skates on ice that's thin.
For when one's name's on the list;
When one totters near the brink;
When one dangles over a viper pit -
It's too late to run for it!

vi

697 There are those picked to guard Jess.
There are those who watch and ward.
And there are beasts sent to cordon
- Sent to beat her up.
In retreat she needs a rock -
An ivory tower aloof from life;
A refuge in a time of trouble;
A door that she can lock.
For there is need for preservation,
Conservation and all that stuff.
There must be more reservations
And sanctuaries for you all.
Sanctuary - in a place of salvage
Where you may be - tირer d'affaire -
Where you may be liberated ...
Free - and well at ease.
Do not wait for the red flag.
Wait not for the yellow jack.
Attacks advance the raised alarm.
Read the signs ... or be undone!
With dismay, disquiet, distress,
The cry of the wolf is clearly heard.
But few believe that wolves exist
Until the chicken's dead.

VOLUNTARY ACTION

i

703 What's doing? What's up?
What's cooking? What gives?

What's happening? What's with it?
What's buzzin', cousin?

Not a hoot! Not a stir!
Not a sausage! Not a thing!
Just Jim twiddling thumbs
Leaving things as they stand.

Well! Where's the enterprise in that?
Where's the itch to get ahead?
Doesn't Jim have fish to fry?
Other irons on the fire?

No - he bums and loafs about,
Eats the bread of idleness
Swings the bat, whips the cat,
Wastes what waking hours he has.

707

He sees no need to hurry, rush,
To scamper, scud, scuddle, spurt;
To bundle on and make short work
In hot haste against the clock.
He has spare hours, time to burn
With a creep and a crawl.
Every tick he takes his leisure
Every tock he lives for pleasure.
For Jim - it's all sweet repose,
A take-it-ease sprawl and loll -
Every day's a - dies non -;
Every week's one long hol'!
His sleep - makes darkness brief;
Knits-up the ravelled sleeve of bliss;
Gently dons the hood of grief -
That cloaks his idleness.

711

Jim has no wakeful nights,
Restless, sleepless moonlit hours.
He doesn't toss and turn 'til dawn
To rise ulcered, tired and worn -
Like they who strive, struggle, strain
'Til they are black in the face ...
Breaking arms, breaking legs ...
Breaking necks, to do their best.

713

ii
Why undertake a task, a venture?
Put your hand to the plough ..?
Take the bull by the horns?
Do all that's in your power?

iv

All that fails, flops, collapses,
That starts off like a rocket,
Takes it on the chin, and sinks
Falls to earth like a stick.

All that's ruin, rout, defeat,
Overturned, crushed, reduced ...
Drubbed, licked, whipped, thrashed,
A cooked goose served as hash.

All that's adverse, hapless, hard,
A shock fall from one's high estate,
To come down heavy in an ill-wind
And left to bear the elements.

What a hindrance! What a shock!
To have one's beak put out of joint.
To have one's wings clipped so short
That flying is a skip and hop.

All that's difficult, arduous, tough:
To walk on eggshells, tread hot coals,
To dance on crocodiles - What suicide!
The end of the rope!

v

Give Jim a world where that dispatched,
Is not by halves brought to pass
Realised, accomplished, done,
Wound up, closed, capped and crowned.
Where all that comes good - succeeds,
Makes headway on a raging sea ...
So that which goes beyond all dream,
Cuts a swathe through a world
Where all's comfort, well and fat -
A cuckoo's life in a sunny hedge.
Born beneath a lucky star
Living high in a feathered nest.

Where all that's effortless and smooth -
Catching tadpoles in a goldfish bowl;
Stealing candy from a baby's mouth
To live the life of Reilly's folk.

vi

To be good, be nice, behave, act well,
Deport oneself with perfect manners.

If you were properly guided, steered,
Directed where you'd like to go.
You would not let dictatorship
Drive you to war.

747 If you were managed, stewarded, chaired
Governed as you'd like to be
You would not have been overseered
By an Iron Moll.
If you were mistressed by a good wife,
Matroned by a gracious dame ...
You would not have been governessed
By a Madam T.
If you were served, chambermaided,
Cinderella'd or Abigail'd ...
You would not have had Wizard Man
In to take her place.

748a iii
Jim sometimes fears the IRA,
But only when he cannot hear
Words of reason from Sinn Fein
On his own TV.

748b Why is there so much censorship?
Phone taps and ID checks?
He does not know from day to day
The real from rumoured in the press.
Is he a traitor to question these
Precepts, maxims, canons, codes
That hide the true facts of life?
He has a right to know!
And if it's said he has no rights,
Then now's the time to fight for them.
He wants a Bill of Rights, and then
A constitution to go with it!

749b He wants a free elected Lords,
Ten year seats for all the shires.
He wants to phase out birthright peers
And join the modern world!
He wants a senate, free, impartial,
Instead he has a bunch of cronies
Once roped together by the Whip
Of Goody Snatch the Witch -
Now conjured by the magic wand
of Wizard Man the Rich.

Universal Being

It is a sort of horror story,
Demands, claims, upon Jim's rights.
Sixt'n Scots peers, twelve from Ulster,
The rest from England, dukes & earls.
What right have they to govern Britain
Or he to think them wise?

He'd send them back to their estates,
And call elections for the Lords.
And if a duke desires to stand,
Well, let him if he wants.
But let Jim have his parliament ...
Not some junta bashing god.
No committee in a huddle
Deciding for them all.

754

iv

By force of arms, coercion, violence,
At point of gun, hijacked, dragooned,
Put under screws, duress and pressure,
The fist, the big stick and the boot.

With rod of iron, stern austerity ...
With heavy hand, grimly harsh ...
With Spartan shrift, hard and rigid,
Roughshod rode, no hold's barred.

With rope enough on a free reign,
Lax and slack, loose, relaxed ...
With remiss and pliant head
With plenty yield and give ...

With lenient favour, mild forbearance,
Easy going, decent, kind
Pampered, spoiled and mollycoddled.
Jim would think that nice!

Fettered, hampered, trammelled, shackled,
Constrained, controlled, curbed, checked;
Hog-tied to the ways of men
Jim's had enough!

Captured, charged, confined to care,
Consigned to a custodial cage ...
Cordoned off, cooped up, committed.
He wishes he were a bird!

Free to be at liberty!
The right to live and live well right.

Go unrestrained, run the wind
Be free in will ... and wild!

Set loose, free to go ...
The wish to want to and want to wish ...
To whisper sweetness to the world;
To whistle down the wind!

762

v
Serf, vassal, thrall, slave,
Bondsman, odalisk, villain, churl -
Dare not call their souls their own
And who can really blame the sods.

vi
Offer, proffer, presentation ...
Submit, propose, bring up broach,
Make a move towards advancement,
But .. Jim, don't volunteer!
Appeal, cry, call, plea,
Entreat, implore, beg, beseech ...
If you please, for goodness sake,
Don't cap in hand proceed.

763

For if Jim acceded - acquiesced,
Surrendered to the rule of men,
Bent a knee, bowed his head;
He might as well be dead.
If he submitted - suit and service,
Pleasure, nod, beck and call
Had to lie down, roll right over;
He would kill herself.

To disobey, revolt, rebel,
It is his right to counter cruelty,
To fly in the face of tyranny ...
Instead of dying cowardly.
To observe, respect, comply with
All that's wrong in humankind

With faith in justice, law and order,
He'd have to be a hypocrite.
To disregard, infringe, transgress,
Take the law into his own hands ...
He would, because the law's a bitch!
Life has taught him this this!

Universal Being

Promise, pledge, word of honour.
Oath, vows, marriage contract ...
There was Jim ... some time ago
They slipped the ring ... oh bother!
Signed, sealed, arranged, settled,
They broke it off, went their ways ...
They had a bargain, an agreement.
Instinct engaged their reason.
Deposit, stake, monkey money ...
They had none - with none to sell.
No insurance, bonds or stocks;
They only had themselves.

viii

773

Consent, assent, deign, comply,
Turn a willing ear, approve
Some voters have no objections, none.
They nod their heads without a hoot.

Refuse, decline, reject, turn down,
Repulse, rebuff, deny disclaim ...
Some landlords up their tenants' rents
And go off winter skiing.

Permission, leave, imprimatur ...
Permit, license, warrant, pass;
On sufferance archbishops vouchsafe,
Things they cannot authorise.

Ban, embargo, veto, bar,
Forbid, prohibit, enjoin, preclude;
Some governments license misery
By making happiness taboo.

Repeal, revoke, recall, rescind,
Retract, renege, reverse, abolish;
Nobles null and void agreements
That peasants have to swallow.

Select, they choose their nominees,
The Party Man, committee backed ...
Oh how Jim wishes he could have
A candidate with heart.

Each Party Man's a go-between,
An advocate of Party line
A mouth piece for the Party boss
And the Party mind.

Can he respect a Party Man?
 Promoted for the Party cause?
 Christ! Jim does not have a vote
 He can't pay his pole tax.

How can Jim remove the Party
 When they've removed Jim's voting power.
 Deprived of rights, the poor can't oust
 An incumbent oligarchy.

Jim can't retire. He's thirty four!
 He'll not make enough next year
 To pay his tax, and get his vote -
 To stab the caesarean Party.

SUPPORT and OPPOSITION

i

783

How can Jim aid, help, support
 A girl four hundred miles from him?
 Foster, sponsor, back, abet?
 Give manna in the wilderness?
 How can they ally, join hands,
 Cooperate, club together
 To get her through her college course
 Without a grant to keep her.

Must he consort, confer, collude
 To find a patron, friend at court?
 Is this how time has worked on him -
 On all who need support?
 Must he join cliques, clubs & circles,
 Belong to clannish social groups?
 Must he enrol or be invited
 Without a pedigree?

How can he without connections
 Ignore the set, avoid the lodge?
 What hope has he in aiding well
 A girl who needs his love?

There are those in his way
 With bayonets crossed, daggers drawn.
 Yet, Jim'll make his stand against
 The fiercest queen or pawn.
 Opponent, adversary, antagonist,
 Assailant ... rival on the field;
 Up in arms he'll do his worst

Universal Being

And advance like a fiend.

Jim'll kick against all the pricks,
Put up a fight to frighten God!
He'll resist, repulse, rebuff,
And stand on his tod!
He'll toss his glove into the ring,
Pluck a beard, slap a face ...
Raise his fist, bar his teeth,
But take it at his pace.

ii

794 Such 'guerre a mort', 'a outance'
Are struggles of the last ditch kind;
Hand to hand, contention, strife,
A free-for-all, knock-down, drag-out!

795 Violence is an insane epidemic;
A brain-bash wind-pipe slitting art;
A feast of vultures; a waste of life;
A by-product of the arts of peace.
Violence is the art of bullies;
The trade of traders in ideas
It does not determine who is right:
Victory goes to those who survive.
Attack is for - the dogs let loose!
Bloodhounds seeking out their game;
The hunter stalking on his prey -
Brought to bay, slain and eaten.
Defence is for the ready primed,
Those who beat the yelping curs -
The hunted, shielded, armed and waiting
For the attack to begin.

iii

Combatants, soldiers, warriors, veterans,
Rookies, draftees, and plain regulars,
Mounted troops, reserves on foot,
Fleets of forces, flying or floating -
Big guns; small shot; cannons; pistols;
Munitions - ammo, missiles, bullets;
Polaris; Trident; fission-fusion
Nuked-up megatonned plutonium.
The world's a stage, a coliseum
For slingshot, shrapnel, high explosive;
A hippodrome of TNT,
A theatre steeped in tragic hope.

iv

Instead - let Jim seek fellow feeling,
 Affinity, sympathy, harmony, union.
 He needs rapport to cement community
 With people of the same mind.
 He does not need a house divided,
 A rift within the lute, discord.
 If there's a crow needing plucked
 Leave him out the quarrel.

- 801 For peace of heart; peace of mind;
 Follow that which makes for peace.
 Be at peace, Jim, with yourself;
 Vade in pace! Pax vobiscum!
- 802 Wave the white flag: play the pipes;
 Shake hands on the truce agreed;
 Raise the siege; play in tune;
 Pour waters on the waters smoothed.
- 803 Settle troubles, Jim, come between;
 Intercede and referee -
 Negotiate, and arbitrate;
 Bring to terms a lasting peace.
- 804 Impartial be to point of means:
 On the fence; half way trim;
 Be neutral, Jim, strike a balance;
 Not hot, nor cold, just in between.
- 805 Be compromising - fifty-fifty,
 Adjust to steering a middle course;
 Make some virtue of necessity;
 Make it your measured most.

POSSESSION

i

- 806 Nine points of the law - possession.
 Tenure; holding; ownership ...
 Mine; yours; ours; theirs ...
 Puts one's name to it.
 Finder-keeper, those who have:
 Master, mistress, holder, host -
 From year to year the lessee pays
 The bank the leaser owns.

For property is one's real estate,
 The visual proof of all endeavour,
 It does not show the inner wealth,
 Nor account for mental assets.

Who shall now inherit the earth?
Receive? Accept as beneficiary
The birthright passed by primogenecy
That has displaced the many.

iii

Beneath the sign of three gold balls,
A line of desperate wallahs queue ...
The needy in the loan shark's jaws:
The way it was between the wars.
Pawn; hock; - debtor's borrow,
Raise the cash on credit, trust.
They never pay the interest off;
They soar like birds before they drop.
Sell up, sell out, sell the lot!
That's fine if you've got some spare,
But not when hunger knocks it
Under the hammer of despair.
Sharks catch, grab, snatch, hold,
Hook, snag, snare, spear,
Strip, fleece, shear, skin
- You out of house and home.
Do they restore, return, give back?
Make restitution and amends?
Remand the wrong? Reclaim right?
Atone for all their wolfishness?
They pilfer, filch, purloin, swipe,
Plunder, pillage, loot and sack ...
They disregard the 'me' and 'you'
And lift what they like.

Crook, gun, chor and prigger,
Sneak thief - poacher, prowler,
The biggest bandits of them all
Are the stock market dealers.
Illicit business, racketeering ...
Fair trade? What a piece of crack!
These swag-looting marketeers
Moonlight on your backs!

Perhaps Jim needs business kings,
The egg and butter job tycoons -
Merchants, salesmen, brokers, traders
And the hordes of lesser mongers.
Perhaps Jim needs their merchandise,
Their goods for sale, products, ware;
But need he take the dividend

Universal Being

They hand out as pay?
Perhaps - if there were ten-pence stores,
Pound-post houses with his needs ...
The open-market would be fair,
Not fouled-up by greed.

Jim's not a - me first - speculator,
No wheeling-dealing operator
He mounts no raids, rigs no killings,
Nor washes cash like dirty linen.

Jess has no stocks or shares,
No big Nats, Gas or Oil
She could have bought her piece of State.
Instead, it was sold for her.

Jane had a share in this country ...
A dividend from National wealth,
But Goody Snatch has stolen that
And sold it to her friends.

MONEY

- 833 Money, cash, all legal tender
Is at the root of most things wrong:
The eagle on the dollar bill;
The monarch on the one pound coin.
- 834 Financing backing, sound, substantial;
You'd all like that, it's only natural,
But there are greedy Midas types
Not sharing El Dorado.
- 835 Made of money, bloated, pursed,
There are those flush with wealth:
Stinking, filthy, lousy rich;
Who are also wadding sick.
- 836 There are those on narrow means
Pissed off at not possessing much:
Not worth a rap ... the going hard;
They're walking in the crap.
- 837 Of course there's credit, trust and tick,
But nothing's free, that's for sure.
The interest compounds every month
And doubles every year.

- 838 It's no surprise that there is debt
Up to here - and in arrears!
Repossession what a price.
Death is not as dear.
- 839 Who will pay a living wage
To clear and settle up accounts?
Stand the shot? Recompense
For Goody Snatch's work?
- 840 Who'll wipe off the Welsher's slate?
Cancel out the bankrupt's bills?
Who'll pick up the debtor's tab
Before the system fails?
- 841 Spend, expend, disburse, outlay ...
The cost of living rising daily.
The boom is over so they say -
Who now can spare the price of day?
- 842 Profits, earnings, gains, receipts,
It's not enough to make ends meet.
The yield brings in scant return;
Expenses out-gross net-income.
- 843 Accounts outstanding, statements, debits
Banks gnaw life like diseased rodents.
Accountants gobble at the cheese
And leave the mousetrap open.
- 844 The damage done, the quotes accepted,
Tax and duty, vat and pole
Direct tax, progressive levies,
And tax to fill a hole.
- 845 No discounts, cuts, deductions,
No rebates, reductions, none ...
Perhaps the odd set-off concession
And allowance for a child.
- 846 Precious, dear, and far too much,
Overcharged, inflated, steep
Through the nose; you onward go
Without a wink of sleep.

Universal Being

- 847 Cheap, low priced, marked down, slashed;
 The cost of life's a piggy bank ...
 A bargain-basement crock of chalk
 Cracked from being robbed.
- 848 Where are the Annie Oakley shows?
 The on-the-house scot free gifts?
 The free-as-air get for nothings
 Life presents you with?
- 849 Now-a-days it's economics
 Frugal prudence, nothing free.
 Skimping witch-face Goody Snatch
 And her gobbling few.
- 850 Clean and smiling Wizard Man
 Is no miser, is no match
 For Goody skinflint-pinch fist Snatch
 And her venal pack.
- 851 She spared no expense,
 She lavished wealth with her wand
 On the backs of those who kissed
 Her butt and felt her hand.
- 852 There is waste, a down-the-drain
 End to all that you have known.
 Close your eyes, make a wish ...
 And dream the nightmare gone!

8TH LEXICON

Mankind is affected by a weakness termed emotion. In sympathy, humans support one another. Yet, there are those who employ the lexicon of morality and religion to hide their weakness in order to foster their own superiority. In truth, there are no superior beings - there is only one - the Universal Being.

PERSONAL FEELINGS

- 853 I have talked in brief of love:
Of beings ruled by taste and touch;
Of feelings roused by sight and sound;
But not about what passion does.
- 853a Now I'll speak of lesser love:
Emotion locked within the heart;
I'll try to strike an inner chord
Without peeling raw.
- 854 For there are those numb to feeling,
Poor creatures lost: hard and cold
With hearts of stone; callous; brazen;
We must keep them warm.
- 855 We must not let them shirk excitement.
We must help them get some thrills:
Make them tingle, tremor, quiver;
Let them thaw their icy selves.
- 856 And if we can't? Then we'll become
Just like them ... sober, staid,
Calm, composed, stiff and starched.
We'll become straight-lace faced.
- 857 For what's the peeing point
Of living life with a Rodin look
With dark Da Vinci staring eyes
And mouths forever crooked?
- 858 That is a pose meant for art:
Not for people who have nerves;
Not for those highly strung
And living on the edge.

Universal Being

- 859 No! I shall forbear, brook, abide,
 Take it like a man, resist!
 I'll lay in the lap of good
 And make the best of it!
- 860 What's the point of being impatient,
 Fretful, restless, in a sweat,
 All hopped up and in a lather,
 Too breathless to submit?
- 861 For life is balmy, sunny, bright,
 Delightful, pleasant, sweet and nice,
 Devine, sublime, fetching, fine
 Most of the time.
- 862 Sometimes life's unpleasant: sour
 Enough to make a preacher swear;
 So bad, that it becomes more
 Than flesh and blood can bear.
- 863 But let's be happy, just like larks
 Soaring high in joyful bliss.
 With -joie de vivre- pleased as Punch!
 Let's be four times blessed!
- 864 There's natural shocks enough to wound
 And ghost our lives in misery,
 Without arrows barbed with trouble
 Aimed at our closet histories.
- 865 I have no belly for such tosh!
 It shouldn't happen to a dog.
 Of all the ills, the sickest pill
 Is a dose of vile gossip.
-
- 866 For ease of mind, I'll not flirt
 The shadows of my own dull past.
 Instead, I'll now be reconciled
 To be well satisfied.
- 867 I'm not a grouch, a crank, a crab,
 A grumbling, griping malcontent.
 Why be displeased, vexed of spirit
 In a world that isn't bad?
- 868 It's not hard to raise a smile,
 By being chipper, crouse and canty.

- 869 As merry as the day is long,
The blithe will chase off melancholy.
Let the demure, grave and grim,
Not be you, or who we know
For who enjoys a staid long face:
Morning solemn, evening sober.
- 870 There are those with heavy hearts:
Penseroso; soul-sick; blue ...
In the doleful doldrums; dumped,
Sad-eyed, and forever glum.
- 871 Sometimes a sadder man is wiser,
Wild with regret - the better -
But what a pity when remorse
Turns into a penance.
- 872 Worse still are those unrepentant,
Unsorry folks - hard of heart -
Who untouched by their own impenitence
Are without any qualms.
- 873 And there are those wailers: weepers
Who beat their breasts, and fall about;
The ones who cry their eyes out; bawl -
The world will end tomorrow!
- 874 Until at last there is a laugh!
A rah! rah! ray! A hip hur-rah!
A haw-haw! hee-hee! tee-hee guffaw!
A whoopee! hoopee! yippie! wow!
- 875 Such celebration deserves: a fanfare;
A 'feu de joie'; a gun salute -
- 876 But wait a mo! I'm blowing the trumpet
For no reason worth a hoot.
This verse is but a small amusement,
A diversion from the waiting world.
It is a game, a sport of words
To drive the hours on.
- 877 It is a dance: a Terpsichore;
A hoof around the lexicon;
A reel around the dictionary
In lines of four.

Universal Being

- 878 Perhaps it's all a bit absurd
 That I should make fun of words,
 But after all - we're all fools.
 It's ludicrous to think we're gods.

- 879 I'll admit, there are wits
 So quick their lips merely twitch:
 They tongue tunes like violinists
 Fiddling on a Stradivarius.
- 880 Such banter as a joke is fine -
 Kidding; ribbing; ragging; razing.
 Such jesting as a give and take
 Might lead to fists in faces.
- 881 But is there worse than those who are
 Weary, stale, flat and dull:
 Who pass through life switched off
 As dreary lumps of lard?
- 882 What's more tedious than a bore?
 Ho hum! Heigh ho! What a life!
 Humdrum dead and near extinct?
 How do they survive?
- 883 And what of those who sow the wind?
 From bad to worse see things increase?
 Those who might round Cape Wrath
 To come to Pentland grief.
- 884 What would they give to have relief:
 To smooth their ruffled brow with rest
 Like lion fleeced to tempered lamb
 Meek with sighed short breath.
- 885 We all seek comfort from distress;
 So let's rejoice with them that do.
 Let's weep with them that weep!
 And laugh with them too!

- 886 There are those when things are bad
 Who declare that all is well;
 Those who will come what may
 Say:- The blackest hour's heaven!
- 886a These optimists make the best

Of all the worst thrown their way:
 They knock on wood, trust in God,
 Make promises from air -
 887 Which is no worse than those of gloom
 Who fancy clouds - where no clouds be:
 Who dash the cup from the lips
 Of all 'enfants perdus'.

888 For I have thoughts, troubled, chafe,
 That vex, beset and plague me:-
 Worried sick, disturbed, distressed,
 In dead of night; I leave my bed.

889 Sometimes it's fear, a cowardness,
 A qualmishness of cold misgiving ...
 An afraidness brought on by years,
 A diffidence of shivers.

890 Scared to death, I stand in terror,
 Cowering in the black of time:
 Paralysed, pale as ash -
 I bear the pass of panic.

891 Dare I admit such dire fears!
 And still proclaim myself an adult?
 Be strong: quit yourself a man.
 Be bold! Beard the lion!

892 How can I - paper back boned,
 March up to the cannon's mouth?
 When my courage's made of glass
 And broken in a moment.

893 Yet advance I must - timid go
 Safely forward, right foot cautious:
 Tip-toe slow, across the floor
 Back into bed before the dawn.

894 Often I'm overcome by life,
 The pernicketiness of urban folk,
 The nothing of their finicalness,
 The up-turn of a nose.

895 Dainty judgement - discerning airs,
 Good sense pertly put in force:
 Such culture of the conscienced soul
 Leaves the spirit low.

Universal Being

- 896 So base in fact, an angel dies!
 Such folk can be vulgar Goths:-
 To err is human, sin divine,
 And they submit to both.
- 897 What ugliness in refined taste;
 To see a clock stop a face
 Wry and baboon-made by art
 Like something a cat has pawed.
- 898 True beauty is without a name:
 A something caught with half an ear;
 Something glimpsed with a flick
 Or felt without a hand.
-
- 899 Ornate array is - foofarow:
 Make-up on a small girl's cheeks;
 Tinsel round the head of Christ,
 Or rings on every toe.
- 900 Unadorned natural beauty
 Illuminates the common world.
 Fair is the lily gilt ...
 Fair sweet the wild rose.
- 901 Such air! There is no pretence:
 No posy in a piano vase;
 No bouquet breakfast jug arranged
 That we might love if wild.
- 902 For vain our species seems to be
 With all its trump and solemn pride.
 We may act the grand seigneur -
 The rose grows beyond all time.
- 903 Yet, what is pride? Self-esteem?
 Napoleon on a beggar's horse?
 Mussolini flying high?
 Or Hitler cross-armed posed?
- 904 Too few like Garibaldi, Gandhi,
 Descend to sing the small man's song;
 Too few with humbled hang-dog looks
 Stoop to conquer all.
- 905 Nay! Who would be in servile chains!

Who would drain their every vein!
Who would kiss the hem of Cain!
Unless they were a saint.

906 The modest violet outshines the rose:-
 With bashful blush it finds its fame
 In the shade beneath an elm
 Where timorous lovers play.
907 But oh beware! Also there
 The pansy in self-love - in bloom!
 Conceit and swollen cockiness
 With the itch to please a fool.

....

908 Braggarts on their trumpets blow
 Louder than the big-talk daffs
 Along the shore - where Wordsworth
 Strode - head into the windy blasts.
909 Chatter, chatter, June to May,
 They rave and rage, fuss and fury.
 They are bound, yet sway free:
 Bluster, bluff and swagger.
910 Let he - whose arrogance values pride
 And all false traits so admired -
 Let him ride his high horse home
 Eight hands above the mire.
911 And those - whose insolent reply
 Gives the world a curled lip -
 Let them be the rose, the bud -
 And not the prick of it.

913 Perhaps some forfeit our good opinion,
 Disgraced they fall from high estate.
 Exposed to infamy's black respect,
 They bid farewell to glory.
914 Honours lauded, credit given:-
 How the cited can be sullied!
 By disgrace, stripped of ribbon,
 Branded bad, and shamed.
915 Distinction made with a title:
 Your Grace, My Lord, or just plain Sir.

Universal Being

That conferred - can be annulled
When favour shrinks.

- 916 And what of those born to rank?
Those sceptred, orb'd and crown'd:
Those exalted in an age
When republics blossom.
- 917 The common man, the third estate
Cannot fall - can only rise
From out the waving multitude
Where future kings are spawned.
- 918 Such wonder! Will such things be?
Marvel! Miracle! and prodigy!
Blow me down when such things occur.
God bless me!
- 919 Unastonished - not a blink!
History will accept new things.
Of course! No wonder! but why the stink
When queens spawn queens, not kings!

SYMPATHY

- 920 What sympathy have we for friends,
Our comrades in the common cause
For fellowship and family joy
Hand in hand familiar joined -
- 921 When snakes coil snug in the shade
And spiders watch and web aloof,
And scorpions wait self-contained
To join the masquerade?
- 922 What know we of those forsaking
A world forgot by those forgetting
The kith less few fair forlorn
Far upon a foreign shore?
- 923 How may we keep a light
Or catch the latch in these times,
Or greet our friends with a kiss
When we're not home ourselves.
- 924 Our door is barred, we are out:
Displaced, we derelict move about;

Proscribed, we pass the black ball
Round - and sign the robin blind.

- 925 Friendship stems from fellow feeling,
The love of fault in spite of virtue.
A friend in need is a friend indeed
And who'd dispute such wisdom!
- 926 Thank God, said Kipling, for a chum!
Someone with whom you are yourself.
A pal with whom you are sincere,
A mate not scared to give you hell.
- 927 For who needs folk to bear a grudge!
Who needs fools with bones to gnaw!
Who needs guys who throw a punch
When you come to odds!
- 928 Who needs hate, dislike and odium!
Who needs detest, wrath and loathing!
Who needs abhor, adverse ill
Eating at them like a poison!
- 929 Love is the potion of my passion!
Love is the fervour of my fancy!
Love is the ardour of my enamour:
Sweet, appealing, charming!
- 930 But O! La! La! Faire yeux doux!
Coquets flirt and dig for gold.
Philanders wolf and whisper sex:
Osculate - do not propose
- 931 To make themselves like man and wife.
Would you have that if you were wise?
Well - many tie the knot - unite!
And take for worse a better life.
- 932 And some - the lone wolf on the prowl:
The bachelor girl blissfully wild;
The monks, the maidens on their own;
The misogynous world - all alone
- 933 The widow wearing dowager weeds;
The widower grassed and weak;
The lost divided by divorce;
They're in need of love and warmth.

Universal Being

- 934 A nice and very perfect gentleman
The mirror and pink of courtesy:
Regards one well, gives his love
And always keeps a civil tongue.
- 935 A nasty vile and utter scoundrel
Rude and scant of courtesy:
Cuts one short, tries his luck,
Cheats and never counts the cost.
- 936 There is luxury in doing good:
To friend the friendless, vice a foe;
To help give the sick man health;
To do as would be done to you.
- 937 There is no good in ill-will
In man's inhumanity to man.
No delight in sharp-toothed cruelty
Nor kindness found in spite.
- 938 All misanthropes are anti-social,
They're misfits ill disposed to man.
Befriend the unkind? Hard of heart?
Is like asking for a cold.
- 939 But I will don my public spirit
For love of man, extend my hand,
Embrace all hard malicious persons
Until they stab me back.
- 940 I will - be their benefactor;
Be their present help in trouble;
Be their patron - help, assist
Until they're saved from this.
- 941 How brave I am! Befriending ruffians,
Hoodlums, thugs, monsters, demons.
It's just as well, I'm a saint
And not a friend of evil.
- 942 'Tis a pity she's a whore!
'Tis a pity he's a bore!
Have mercy on all erring souls,
You never know who's next to go.
- 943 There are some who give no quarter,

- Those who claim their pound of flesh:
 The heartless folk who turn an eye
 And cruelly call in debts.
- 944 Yet, why side with them that weep?
 Why weep with those who grieve?
 Why grieve with those condoled?
 Why console the weak?
- 945 Forgive and let all things pass?
 Rub out marks? Clear the screen?
 Exonerate all affront
 And wipe the slate off clean?
- 946 Congratulate the desperado?
 Compliment the woman bruiser?
 I've pity for the bore or whore,
 But no sympathy for losers.
- 947 So get down on your marrowbones,
 Thank your Gods, you are alive.
 There's many friends in the grave
 And many soon to die.
- 948 Bless the stars that we are here.
Je vous remercie tres beaucoup!
 Do not forget the gift of life
 And the life that's gifted you.
- 951 For the monster begot, born itself
 The green-eyed worm within us all.
 Suspicious, we distrust the world,
 And more so - those our lover knows.
- 952 Such pain of mind our neighbours cause,
 Our envy like a sickness gnaws -
 It eats the fibre of our souls
 And leaves us hungry all the more.
- 912 So ghosts of the great! Immortal fame!
 The most recorded of all recorders!
 The name on everyone's tongue & lips!
 The pride of all posterity!
- 949 Let not ill-humour be your game.
 Bad nature is the trade of sulks.
 Hot tempers are the quick of shrews

Universal Being

- 950 When a quarrel brews.
Resentment is a sport of teeth.
Offence is a spray of words.
Umbrage is the clash of fists
When the humour hurts.
- 953 Until we take an eye for eye;
Give in kind for that sustained;
Pay off old scores '*en revanche*'
And take reprisal for each wrong.
- 954 And brooding on our open wound
We plan revenge before it scabs.
We breath vengeance, take an oath,
And think not how vendettas start.

MORALITY

- 955 People and the ten commandments.
People and a code of ethics.
People and their inner conscience
Twinged by right and wrong.
- 956 What is right or proper, mate?
The seemly thing's not always decent.
Some will steer clear of scandal,
And some will have no shame.
- 957 The right of suffrage: that's justice.
The defence of sex: that's indulgence.
Some men knock their girlfriends up,
Then sure enough, they do a bunk!
- 958 One must reap where one has sown!
Do you believe this? Not me, nope.
All that comes our way is Fate,
And Newton's third is Karma, mate.
- 959 Give an inch and take a mile.
Do you think I'd stand for that?
All the gear we have for free,
Costs our friends very dear.
- 960 We have a duty! But to whom?
Friends pass the buck themselves.

- 961 We have to lump it when we're conned
 And hoof it when we're wrong.
 To hell with those who lay on hands?
 Impose themselves, palm off, fob?
 What respect have I for mates
 Who take advantage of a pal.
- 962 I respect - the setting sun;
 The wind and the tide that turns;
 The lightning in the April sky
 And all the creatures in this world.
- 985 Young Adam's sensual way with Eve
 As voluptuous carnal-minded girl -
 Was hedonism at its height
 Before the fall from Eden.
- 986 Then sometime after Plato thought
 That love should be virgin pure -
 Diana, chaste as unsunned snow
 Chased the morning dew.
- 987 Then Jezebel, that queenly hussy,
 Her free-love an easy virtue -
 Strump't her way through Ahab's court
 In the service of Israel.
- 988 Yet men, in their obscene state -
 Lewd, bawdy, ribald, impure.
 Bring temples down upon themselves
 For loving living idols.
- 989 Perhaps it's well that some abstain:-
 The yogi in his mountain cave;
 The fakir in the cazzba shade;
 The monk in the vaulted nave.
- 990 They let passions dry to reason;
 Look not at wine when it's red;
 They mortify all fleshly lusts,
 And say no to excessivism!.
- 991 Too many indulge, debauch and orgy,
 Dine not wisely - but too well;
 Carouse; run-riot; squander health

Universal Being

- 992 And wealth without intemperance.
And worst of all - the greedy eater,
The swinish glutton wolfing down
Every morsel in the house
And remaining hungry-minded.
- 993 Thank god for those who care to fast,
Who dine with Humprey, Duke of Lent -
Who share a crumb with Tantalus
And make a feast of bread.
- 994 You'll not find them intoxicated,
Soused and crocked on whooppe water.
Not a dram you'll find them lip
From the still burns of Scotland.
- 995 Sober as a judge they'll march,
Beneath the Hope and Glory banner.
As tipsy as the day they're born
They'll teeter to the terra firma.
- 963 Except for man, I have no scorn,
No disrespect for all that's known
Or all that which I cannot fathom
In the universe beyond our own.
- 964 I look cool upon mankind
Which cannot curb its arrogance.
It is young and cares not for
All the fruits in paradise.
- 965 Bah! Pah! Phoo! and all that boo!
Some don't give a toss, a wink:
With scoff, mock and caustic taunt,
They laugh and jape at all as twits.
- 966 Not so I - I'm more concerned
To praise, applaud, endorse, accept.
But who's to say I'll not regress
To smirks and jibes and jests?
- 967 For who's not prone to be a critic,
A give-what-for Jesse or John?
I'd be hanged if some could stop
Their gobs from finding fault.
- 968 Is there worse than blarney-mouthed
Sycophantic taffy-talk?
Or the patter of the urban snob

- 972 Towelling on the butter?
Tell the truth and shame the devil?
Be honest as the day is long?
Be noble, upright, sterling, worthy?
I try to all-the-while.
- 973 But, in each man, betrayal lurks:
He parts on some a Judas kiss;
He breaches trust with the thrust
Of steel between the ribs.
- 974 So be fair - do the handsome thing,
See justice done, and all that's due
With regard, respect or fear
For persons near and dear.
- 975 For iniquity is a way of life.
Injustice can be worse than death.
As long as nepotism's rife,
The wrong will judge the right.
- 976 Dogs in mangers! Mean self-pleasers!
Fortune hunters, hogs and toads!
How I dislike such self-considerate
Self-absorbing bores!
- 977 Give me large-heart princely virtue:
Do as you would be done by too.
Put yourself in place of others;
Make a sacrifice.
- 978 Do unwitnessed what you should
Like to do before the world.
Resist desires that have no virtue
Of health - good or moral.
- 979 For vicious vice is not so nice:
Bad habit is a devilish fault
That leads to weak and wicked sin
And shameless loss of pride.
- 980 Such malfeasance, such scarlet foible,
These deeds without an act I name -
Transgress the laws of decency
With a crime clenched fist -
- 981 They wash their blood-stained hands

Universal Being

With looks like cats who've ate a bird
- Shame-faced they guilty-conscience
Smile in a show of innocence.

- 982 It is said that there are those
Pure of fault and not yet stained:
I would like to think that - Yes!
That some were clean of blame.
- 983 No end of fellows, likely lads
And perfect lasses nobly planned,
Salt the earth and pearl the world
As jewels of paragon.
- 984 For who has time for ne'er-do-wells,
Wastrel, worthless, human wrecks -
Radically foul-mouthed whorson knaves
Who'd see us all in hell.
- 969 Such lampooners knock and slander,
Rake the muck and sling the slur.
They give a bad name to a dog
And tongue the blackest words.
- 970 They swear until the air is blue:
They curse with candle, bell and book;
They blaspheme! Blast! Effin! Dang!
Their way to Billingsgate, goldarn!
- 996 The disrespect canon, law,
Regulation, dictate, bill;
Lex non scripta, jus civile
And jus commune for all.
- 997 I'll not say that laws are right
Or those who make the laws are wrong:
Many set the law to nought
And take it in their hands.
- 998 Perhaps there's need for bureaucrats,
For ministers and secretaries,
For magistrates and mayorships
And all the sheriffwicks.
- 999 Perhaps we need courts of law,
Circuit, County, High and Lords;
The mercy seat, the woosack bench
Where privilege confounds tort.

- 1000 Perhaps we must respect our 'Honours'
As Musselmen respect their Mollahs -
And like a Soloman or a Pilate
Accept their weighty judgement.
- 1001 But what of lesser legal men?
The green-bag mouthy friends at court;
The slick-silk QC's, stiff-gowned men:
The sentence never falls on them.
- 1002 In their suits of deposition!
In their suits of litigation!
In their suits against the world,
At the bar they please each other.
- 1003 Should they make their impeachments?
Accuse and charge and lay the blame?
Should they cry out? Should they cast
The stone that starts the fight?
- 1004 Many have learned to shut their mouths
To let attorneys rest for them;
To allow advocates to speak for those
Who tend to pay them best.
- 1005 No legal man is above acquittal
The law is not the right of lawyers.
The law's no ass though attorneys ride
It with a stick and carrot.
- 1006 Come, you lawyers, if you will,
Denounce, condemn and sentence me.
Let the punishment fit the crime.
Convict - be rid of me.
- 1007 Come, you stiff-necked legal priests,
Vacate your temples, view the light,
Do not handicap yourselves
By giving justice price.
- 1008 If you must play right from wrong,
Do it with an unmarked pack.
A stacked deck against the poor
Is a game non rightly bought.
- 1009 Take me to the scaffold now
If I must live in a corrupt state.

Universal Being

Better dead and half-way pure
Than alive in a rotten system.

1010 Let him atone for all Man's faults
At the gates to the world beyond.
Let him beg pardon from those -
Fit to judge him wrong.

971 Such luring does not menace me.
I thumb my nose at clenched fists.
I turn and watch the setting sun
As in warmth - life moves on.

RELIGION

1011 Upon the Almighty the world seeks
Allah, Khuda, Kami, Dieu!
The universal life force - Lord!
The supreme soul - God!

1012 Whichever gods that there may be,
They are one, and one with us.
Too many names flood the mind
In the universal see.

1013 If there are Angels, then I believe
That good will come of such belief.
If there are heavenly beings -
Then let them come to me.

1014 If there are Devils, then I believe
That bad will come of such belief.
If there are demons leashed in Hell -
Then set the creatures free.

1015 If there are ghosts - and there may be
Such spirits trapped 'tween two worlds
Then help such spectres right the ties
Of wrong that chain them there.

1016 But take Man to the happy land,
The place of mansions in the sky
Where mortgages are all arranged

- 1017 And on the never-never.
 Do not leave Man in the pit,
 The nether-abyss far below
 Where rents are always overdue
 From years and years ago.
- 1018 For religion, cult, sect and faith,
 Every one is stamped 'Man-Made'.
 There'll never be one reply
 To all that Man has questioned.
- 1019 Oh, there are scriptures, vedas, writs
 From Moses down to Joseph Smith.
 Words of prophets heat our thoughts
 The way the sun warms the world.
- 1020 Amos, Daniel, Joel, Isaiah,
 Confucius, Laotzue, Zarathustra.
 Many tongues, and many founders,
 'Vates sacer', saints, disciples.
- 1021 There are creeds to shift mountains.
 There are beliefs to move large hills.
 There are doctrines to mount hummocks,
 And dogmas to level dunes.
- 1022 All, of course, are orthodox,
 The faith as given from above.
 Religion thrives on being right
 When the competition's wrong.
- 1023 And oh what names! Infidels!
 Pagans! Goys! Zendiks! Papes!
 How can truly holy men
 Belong to any faith?
- 1024 What is this holy business then
 That's so ineffably inexpressible?
 What makes redemption and salvation
 So unutterably venerable?
- 1025 Why the bad press for things unholy,
 Unhallowed and temporally mundane?
 Why the bad crack about things secular
 Non-sacred and plain?

Universal Being

- 1026 For many Fight the good fight:
Stand up for Jesus - Hip hip hoorah!
I don't mind being saved by a saint -
I'm heavenly-minded and sane.
- 1027 But I don't like sanctimonious zeal:
The saint abroad whose a devil at home.
Look at Tartuffe - need you more proof
Of cant made snivelled and snuffled.
- 1028 But hush my mouth blaspheming out loud
About irreligion sacrilegiously sworn:
Piousness ill-suits irreverent ranters
And is wasted on those who have faith.
- 1029 Atheist sin and wicked agnostism,
Clover & dock in the field of mankind:
Undevoutness and sceptical scoffing -
Are as common as weeds in the wild.
- 1030 So with a latria, dulia, hyperdulia!
Praise the Lord and his hosts.
My God? I think I must be nuts
Kneeling on the floor.
- 1031 But my, my, my, she ain't half nice
That goddess statue over there.
If stone could speak, I'd find strength
To strip the idol bare.
- 1032 She does not touch the inner man,
The vital spark that fires life.
She is no psyche divinely breathed
With telepathic mind.
- 1033 Yet, this idol is no voodoo doer,
No juju jiggling vampire doll,
No hex or hag or witchcraft moll
Charming me - into a warlock.
- 1034 This idol casts no evil eye,
No mumbo-jumbo leaks from her,
No hocus-pocus makes her dance
To place me in a trance.
- 1034a She is all stone, quiet and still,
I see her, but she not me.
I may touch her when I wish

And leave her when I please.

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- 1035 And to the end I come at last
 To take my vows, renounce the world,
 To take the church, cloth & robes
 Of an ecclesiastic father.
- 1036 I take the ministry as a priest,
 A black coat Holy Joe styled life;
 For I have come into the light,
 No more will I go hungry.
- 1037 You, laymen, do not write me off,
 I will still be in your parish;
 For I am in every being
 And in every part.
- 1038 And should your rituals leave me sad;
 And should your service make me laugh;
 And should an unction be your last -
 I'll be with you - always.
- 1039 So let me don my robe and cloak;
 Let me take my staff and orb;
 Let me raise my cowl and smile
 And bless you - and mankind.
- 1040 And when you meet in your kirks
 Or meeting houses, mosques and kiacks:
 Remember that you are one
 With the Universal Being.

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THE AUTHOR

Robbie Moffat was born in Glasgow in 1954 and has been writing since 1971. His first poetry collections were published in 1980 in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. His poetic work has been broadcast on radio in the U.K., U.S.A and Sweden. Between 1974 and 1994 he wrote more than 700 poems.

The UNIVERSAL BEING is the longest of these and was composed in Somerset, Iceland, the Scottish Highlands, and Glasgow between May 1988 and May 1989.