



‘ ΠΑΝΤΟΛΕΩΝ ’

[‘PANTOLEON’]

poems by a man possessed

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Origami / Πίρανη [Oregano]

Dodoitsu.

On all our desks paper beaks
Cry the departure of joy
There could be a thousand cranes
Pecking about here.

~

First they avenged Ibycus
They bore Sadako away
Long necks poke into our hearts
And eat our troubles.

Sir Frederick Awaiting The Morning / Beautiful Parasite

Villanelle.

At the prelude of a new day's dawning,
Thoughtless, a daring boyish tune he hums,
Sir Frederick awaiting the morning.

His trap was laid by gum and sap in fawning,
The court alive with raised and lowered thumbs,
At the prelude of a false day's dawning.

And while his foe he gives no foolish warning,
He tells his camp to quit their martial drums,
Sir Frederick awaiting the morning.

The knight knows day brings only grim mourning,
Vultures roost and look for more than crumbs
At the prelude of a dark day's dawning.

He gives up hope for sleep; rises, yawning,
A tippie warms his bones, his sense it numbs,
Sir Frederick awaiting the morning.

I have told all under this black awning.
Tale's end is nigh, and as gold sunlight comes,
At the prelude of a new day's dawning,
Sir Frederick is awaiting the morning.

~

This mountain-flower grows until its roots have reached the end,
And though the course of time dictates that victory we find,
Your birthright and your legend I have stolen, my poor friend.

From abstract amniotic lake I came, and did depend
On strangers, needing good work done, who favoured me in kind,
This mountain-flower grows until its roots have reached the end.

In my agony of impatience, all I tried to mend,
Thrust out my hand and took the glove with which that knight would bind:
Your birthright and your legend I have stolen, my poor friend.

Come the day of contest when all the world's prepared to spend
As though at some cheap county-fair - they've coins, and hands entwined,
This mountain-flower grows until its roots have reached the end.

And as the ball stays fast in place, your foe's armour you rend,
I retreat to the amniotic waters in your mind;
Your birthright and your legend I have stolen, my poor friend.

Your hand is held aloft - you've won! - for centuries you're kenned,
But my name supersedes your own; mine's the name they'll find.
This mountain-flower grows until its roots have reached the end;
Your birthright and your legend I have stolen, my poor friend.

Pterodactyl Monkey / Second-Hand Boy Returns

Descort.

Low beasts move slow across the plain.
Fog-topped mountains ossified saurian churches and the sun spits out
An orange world a distant gas-station sign.
“Joe’s.”
You will relinquish everything that you call yourself
Let the bus full of heads
Crash into you
And the axons fire their cannons
Convincing.
A purple-gold jewel looms in desert distance
Lanky wings languid can stretch in the sun
Where the railroad meets the sea.
Will your golden-tongued saintly mouth move with your wings? Or will
The monkey bones weigh
You down?

~

Well, I’m back.
I’ve brought some things with me in my bag.
Some anecdotes
A few precious stones
Dust from a few hundred roads.
Found an old war medal in a lady’s tea chest and she let me have it for a story:
Of course I never met the man who won it.
My eager beak caught this before my eyes:
Thick green glasses from the head of old Robespierre, the head priest at the altar of
Logic.
And here’s the stick Archimedes used to draw in the dirt
When the Roman soldier murdered him for no particular reason when you think
about it.
Oh?
Someone took a sick traveller in, and knitted me this red scarf...
She wrapped me up in it, probably expecting
It would act like a rope,
Or a string of fate, like the Japanese fairytale.
No way.

Umbragunkyardwork / Vortextravellum

Sestina.

Abs,tracts of landownerless is moor
Alightscapade showstopover glory
Endegraded yourning bringing work
Pharmhand shootitalls gamegive away
Tuttlinguist starlingkupdoggone hope
By Custercluster bustard eaten

Getsetgoback, even geteaten
Suckcrumb sickly leave to social moor:
Alephamily works a foollshope,
Peerto peers punchup at veinglory,
To dreamoff and pass Faradayaway -
Buttiget just umbragunkyardwork.

Rivermanufactory at work
Flatcapfishclad sweptuckin eatin'
Winnowers struggline to swimmerway
From the frantique goldpanicking moor
Holdinghy crammingling glory
Washingtonnes to murky waterhope

Marquee de palisades built for hope
Tricktheology to find inwork
Foursome publeakins only glory.
Deskiccated and routine-eaten
They sin,kings of dismall moor,
Biden stridentime to put away.

Cheepin tartainment won't get away
Diss track shines and hardbores a hope
Two-take anew york, broadway, broadmoor
Pets hounds scrubbed fur all their stunted work
Metropolitically eaten
Assuming all Desaintly glory.

Soda rift to medean glory,
Reedflute paperails and gothink away!
Midwitlessly cleverly Eton

And informed, falsefillflagged with hope
Steel resolve riddling to blindly work
Trumps your need to consoul any moor.

And you think this moor can bring you glory,
You think hard work can bear you away.
Well, perhaps that hope will stop you being eaten.

~

"In my old age, though I am young
I realise fame is all I want;
As once the Temple-burning fool -
'Herostratus', his sorry name -
Hero's status his only gain,
Yet worth his turn to scattered ash."

"His fame," my face a whitened ash -
How could Quevedo, stunted, young,
Outstrip me in his worldly gain?
I care not what the public want.
Luis de Góngora my name
Do not compare me with that fool!

I like to ride, I like to fool,
I've turned the Coorong into ash,
My tiny size has made my name:
"That bushman looks just far too young!"
An ostrich ride is what I want;
What you lose I, Peggotty, gain.

Ivan Tsarevich may have gained
A Firebird in the hand, a fool
By lordly side. Yet I would want
A flock to fly. Digital ash -
I hacked the Firewall still young
Tsar Ivan shares my common name.

Dandolo buried my good name
Again I rose for Evans' gain,
A lion caring for its young
Buried in the mind of a fool

Who on his forehead sprinkled ash
And, burned up, lost the will to want.

And now, what all the children want
Is fame online and 'subs' – a name
To insulate from worlds of ash
Where complex oligarchs can gain
Dominion over every fool
And keep themselves forever young.

Time is what you want and cannot gain.
Thinking text can save your name - you're not a fool,
But you're young – for all becomes ash.

A Cyclops Song / Arion With His Mellotron

Epithalamion.

“Three cheers for Timotheus, boys!
And here’s my first – that he made Phil
Rightly one-eyed, to fit the bill -
With prophet’s cyclops-song he toys,
Anticipates some early jazz -
(Competes with his atonal noise)
So Philip gives him all he has!

My second cheer goes out now;
Remembering Alex’s youth
When Timotheus gave the proof
Of manhood in the boy, who bowed,
His sword jutting awkwardly out
While feasting! Ah, well - this allowed
The women there to know his clout.

*To make it even better the Suda encyclopedia claims Timotheus was playing with the
‘steep-rising’ style!*

And finally, I should thank Tim
Tonight, for marrying me off,
(And so should you who took this cloth)
I should praise his beard – looking trim!
And mass conjoining in new sin.
He’s drunk - he seems filled to the brim,
And so...to bed! We may begin!”

~

Among all great musicians
Arion must be the one:
Two god's renditions
Painting with his song
A purple sun.

For a wedding, he is wrong
And flees such with perfect grace:
Knows not to belong

And with dolphin's speed
Boards with no trace.

Budokan; famed venue's greed,
Madison Square Garden waits:
No family tree.
Again listless fame
Has killed the great.

And tonight, I say:
May we die by pirates
Before that happens to us!

33.9 MYA / October 16 1949

Monostich Haiku.

winter ice plateau poor-timed a lion will roar to no great renown

~

guns fall crickets die conscious i tremble unborn as Summer comes down

Do Not Pursue Lü Bu / Have Eye Got A Story For You

Lushi.

Outside, in the palace courtyard
Exiled from royal talk, threw
Javelins over the grass;
Spear above his head, the hue
Of dragon-skin, the face a
Demon's mask; the mind askew.
I beg you, quit this monster!
You must not pursue Lü Bu!

~

Xiahou Dun rode forth:
His horse knew its craft,
Its master's face pierced
By Cao Xing's haft.
He ripped from stuck head
Father's eye, and laughed:
A thrifty son gained
Fame from Cao Cao's draft.

Red / Red

Ballad.

At the tomb of the crimson king
One penitent, weary,
Praying at feet that strode the world
Eyes expectant, bleary.

The lion-throne sarcophagus
Of porphyry, blood-red,
He wants to open, giving light,
And waking from the bed:

The Falconer, who hears his pets
As they blot out the sun
Whose pitying claws will clench white bones
To please the Mighty One.

His armies march, his speech will fade,
The wise man's hope is lost
The Church is burned and Pope has earned
Eternity in frost.

All symbols rot and keys are placed
To allow Satanic heist;
The world expects the grand return
Of marble Antichrist.

~

Fluorescent light has stained the grass, turned the green to sickly red,
The analogues open the doors as hierophants prepare the bed,
A voice from far away rings false - too far away to have been born
Within the world it inhabits, and speaks to mend the fissures torn
By screaming things; by monsters, hounds, and figures in the forest's pack,
Gut-strings and drums reverberate and lights flash fast from red to black
And voices in the forest cry: "Witch! Witch!"

When men like candelabras swing from banisters, while dripping red
On marble floors, and Oriental tiles are coloured by the dead,
Then shall this Lamb come carefully to sanctum governed by convent -

An inverted cathedral dome, an apex in unblessed descent.
And all will shift from red-tinged light to bloodless blue-lead ghostly hues
A sapping of vitality to mark the loss of friendship due -
And cry the voices in the dark: "Witch! Witch!"

Upon our donning royal robes, heavy fabric a profound red,
When every imposition shocks, and all our fleeting friends have fled,
The heavy fabric of our nightmare will be known and ripped aside -
Entangled, we must rise in sweat and heave a troubled waker's sigh.
In dreams we cannot act ourselves, except by leave of some dark will,
Sluggish reaction is our only course, with freedom gone, and still -
I hear those voices, incessant: "Witch! Witch!"

Presiding over all the nightmare world, the colours blue to red,
A mother wakes and, laughing, looming, crone-like starts to weave a thread
For fate's sake. And we are reduced, lost within an exhalation,
Transformed to vapour's part and drowned within her incubation.
Our chorus: *Vilis Mater, suscipe nostrum donum spiritus;*
in servitio tuo vivimus - suspiria tua sumus.
And voices in the forest cry: "Witch! Witch!"

"Witch!"

Robbery, Assault, and Battery / Mixed Metaphor

Shakespearean sonnet.

With a treasure under his crooked arm
A thief proceeds to climb a sordid wall,
Two steps, ladders, a triggered trip-alarm
The pigs are coming up a-caterwaul.
He takes a yearning leap across the roof
Pursued by only God knows how many -
One moment in the air provides the proof
He's in for the proverbial penny.
And pounding feet follow along below,
And his sense of freedom, and sense of love,
For the night sky and low-lying stars' repose
Reaches its peak, matching his flight above.
And while this humid longing night will pass,
Our thief has caught its soul in black-gloved grasp.

~

To my reader, who takes these foolish words
Consumes and works within your winking mind;
To you, the thief who took a thing inferred
And concretised what meanings you could find:
I cannot say what I would like to say,
I cannot mean what I would like to mean.
Your currency has value to repay,
The exchange rate I find too high a fee.
Twisted by inflections I can't control,
Published in your brain by your assent;
Decreed pariah by unsanctioned poll,
The public sees the death of good intent.
And yet, because you bothered reading this,
I think a swing is worth the certain miss.

Damnation / Deliverance

Ode.

In front, a wall, as black and dead as home,
Behind – I cannot turn to face my yawning tomb.
The wall is space and time, a cave to fill
All vision and feeling with a sulphuric chill.
There is no cell to keep me in, or pause
My impotent flailing and starting hopeless cause,
But the wall is the might of all the world
And I see all its darkest moments are unfurled.

Crushed by the merest tip of the finger
On the great hand of laughing Saturn – I linger
In memories alone: grace, love, and sounds -
Even they are absorbed by this ravenous hound.
A turned back, facing me, diminished all:
In chase, the wonders of creation I appalled.
I care for naught when thinking of that face,
Which I still hope will look to me and give me grace.

Slowly, then, I begin to lose my life
And to require nothing, for I know it is all
That will ever happen to me.

~

I listened to the singing of a silent choir at night,
And I let the drum-beat rules crash into me,
And while I was distracted by the streets and their delights,
I forgot I could just let the drum beat free.
Learned the dances, speeches, and that I could never boast,
And the foolishness of suffering for art;
Then I registered the presence of a sprightly little ghost,
And I felt as if she'd been there since the start.

She'd followed me through gutter-trash and holy calumny,
And waited for me by every single door.
She'd spurred me on to test myself with every agony,
Gave comfort when I was beaten to the floor.
Without a clue exactly what was happening to us,

We allowed ourselves the succour of delay,
And the farmer with his scythe would have to wait and make his fuss,
And with mercy maybe give us one more day.

And such is her nature,
That even when he comes,
I will still carry a part of her
In a melody I hum,
In a melody I hum...

Yet I Could Shave Off This Moustache / ΠΑΝΤΟΛΕΩΝ

Pantoum and Free Verse.

I could escape by shaving my moustache,
Recursive control lifted by release.
And while I could shave, I know it would lurk
Waiting and seething underneath my skin.

Recursive control lifted by release -
Without history's plasmatic prison
Waiting and seething underneath my skin,
Compelling me to assume it again.

Without history's plasmatic prison
All would turn to a child's formless chaos,
Compelling me to assume it again.
But if I made solitude my master,

All would turn to a child's formless chaos.
And while I could shave, I know it would lurk...
But if I made solitude my master,
I could escape by shaving my moustache.

~

A lion raged and nursed a weary heart
With marble head high, on marble it strode,
Roared with my mouth, assuming my life's part.
Now turning to face this rider it goads:

TAKE OFF MY GOLDEN VENETIAN MASK
THE SKIN BENEATH IS DAMP
WHITE UNTOUCHED AND WRINKLED.

With marble head high, on marble it strode,
The beast; and the rider further entwined.
Now turning to face this rider it goads:
I must lose everything I could call mine.

ALL YOUR MISDIRECTED LOVES SPEAK OF VICE;
THE ALL-CONSUMING LION

YEARN ONLY FOR THAT WHICH IS HIGHEST
AND WHICH GOES BEYOND YOUR SOUTHERN MIND.

The beast and the rider further entwined
Redemption through a sculptor's taming fist.
I must lose everything I could call mine -
A heavy burden to replace a kiss.

YOU APPROACH KNOWLEDGE,
HEAD BOWED, SUPPLIANT TO WISDOM
AND ALL THE WEIGHTY GLORY OF THE DEAD.

Redemption through a sculptor's taming fist;
I lived within it, still a child unmade.
A heavy burden, to replace a kiss,
Waited implacable; made me afraid.

I FEAR THE STATUE THAT HIDES BENEATH
THE BLANK FACE OF THIS STONE!

I lived within it, still, a child unmade,
Roared, with my mouth assuming my life's part;
Waited, implacable: made me, afraid.
A lion raged and nursed a weary heart -

IN EACH CONSUMMATION OF EXPECTATION
IN THE APING OF THE GREAT PHILOSOPHER
THE ONE TO RAISE THIS LION WITHIN ME
WAS I MYSELF.

And in the end it seems that I was free to live;
There was only kindness in its terrible gaze.