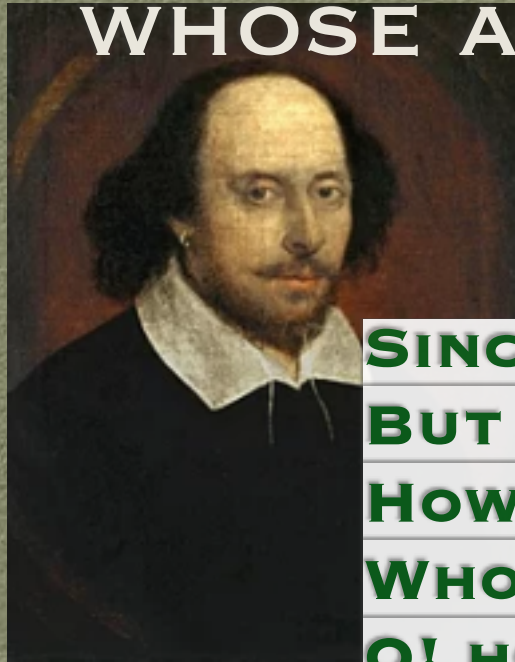


HOW WITH THIS RAGE SHALL BEAUTY HOLD A PLEA WHOSE ACTION IS NO STRONGER THAN A FLOWER? SHAKESPEARE SONNET 65



SINCE BRASS, NOR STONE, NOR EARTH, NOR BOUNDLESS SEA,
BUT SAD MORTALITY O'ERSWAYS THEIR POWER,
HOW WITH THIS RAGE SHALL BEAUTY HOLD A PLEA,
WHOSE ACTION IS NO STRONGER THAN A FLOWER?
O! HOW SHALL SUMMER'S HONEY BREATH HOLD OUT,
AGAINST THE WRACKFUL SIEGE OF BATTERING DAYS,
WHEN ROCKS IMPREGNABLE ARE NOT SO STOUT,
NOR GATES OF STEEL SO STRONG BUT TIME DECAYS?
O FEARFUL MEDITATION! WHERE, ALACK,
SHALL TIME'S BEST JEWEL FROM TIME'S CHEST LIE HID?
OR WHAT STRONG HAND CAN HOLD HIS SWIFT FOOT BACK?
OR WHO HIS SPOIL OF BEAUTY CAN FORBID?
O! NONE, UNLESS THIS MIRACLE HAVE MIGHT,
THAT IN BLACK INK MY LOVE MAY STILL SHINE BRIGHT.

IS THIS A LAMENT FOR ALL THAT STANDS IN THE WAY OF
THE LIFE AND THE LOVE THAT IS EMBODIED IN POETRY
AND AN ASSERTION THAT
POETRY CAN STAND AGAINST ALL THE RAVAGES THAT ARE PLACED IN ITS WAY?

HOW WITH THIS RAGE SHALL BEAUTY HOLD A PLEA
WHOSE ACTION IS NO STRONGER THAN A FLOWER?
SHAKESPEARE SONNET 65



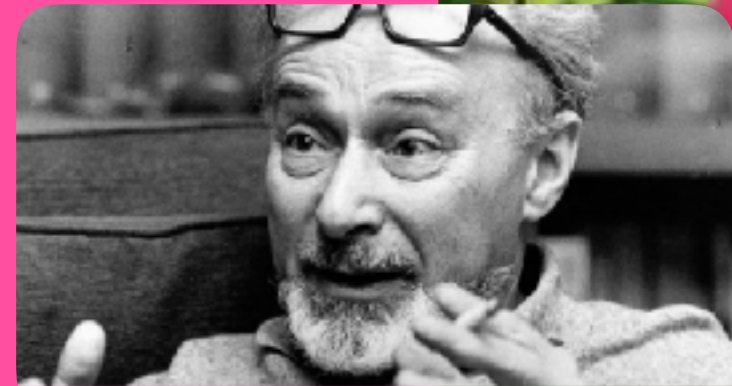
“*Shema*” Primo Levi

“Hear, [*Shema*] O Israel: the Lord is our God,
the Lord is One!”

Deuteronomy, 6:4-9

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zg-d6fk41PU>

You live secure
In your warm houses,
Who return at evening to find
Hot food and friendly faces:.....

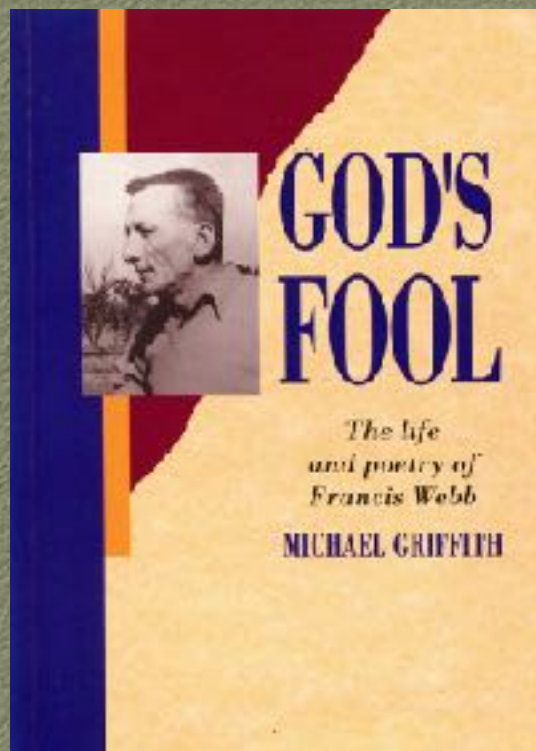


(translated by Ruth Feldman and
Brian Swann)

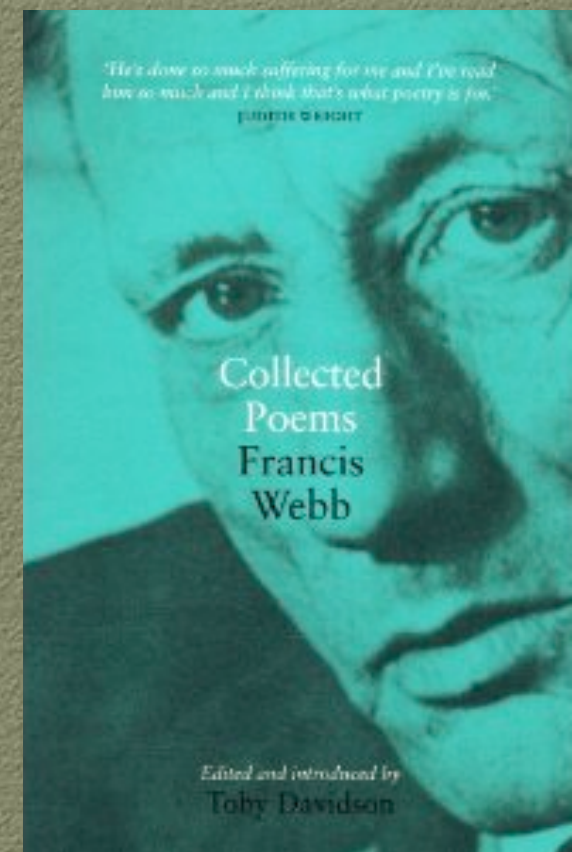
IS THIS A LAMENT FOR ALL THAT STANDS IN THE WAY OF
THE LIFE AND THE LOVE THAT IS EMBODIED IN POETRY
AND AN ASSERTION THAT
POETRY CAN STAND AGAINST ALL THE RAVAGES THAT ARE PLACED IN ITS WAY?

FRANCIS WEBB

“... THE MOST UNJUSTLY NEGLECTED POET OF THIS CENTURY.” HERBERT READ (1967)



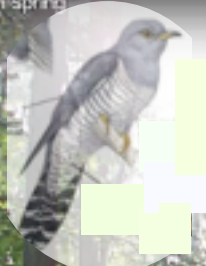
Francis and his childhood pet George, both in their mid twenties after the poet's return from England in 1950



On First Hearing a Cuckoo

"...the so tender voyaging line of truth"

Delius: On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring



*It was never more than the two unchanging words
Heard first in the coming green of daybreak,
The sleepier green than sleep, with a sheer white
Between this yawning advancing green and the colour
Of all lights our. Not consciousness, the awakening early green:
For that was the steep curtain, immediate
Structure of pain and learning, familiar rattlings.*

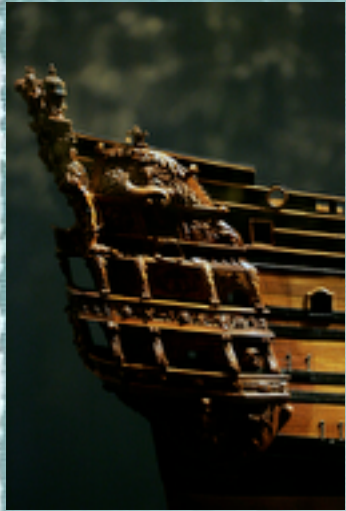
*With this taut white wariness two words
Involved themselves, formed and changeless, cool and haunting.
Because they were of distance
I had tended to link them with the young tremulous
Begging green now scrambling in a tree,
Moon-eyed at the window, wanting to be let in
(Yes! Now the breeze of green rejected distance
Pulled cleverly at the curtain, exposed a laundry mark,
Disordering the image while reaching not the self's
Hand-scoring rigs). But they were quite apart,
So freely entering, so at home,
Not softening, not disturbing, but making distant.
Old-story-devious green, all shapes and sizes
Of illusion, turned right out of doors:
Two words, always the same words, freely entering....*

*What in themselves? Twelve hours shaken away,
Not the abandoned green remained, not self,
Not spring, not Surrey, no, nor merely
A dead word-haunted man. Two words remained-
The language foreign, childish perhaps, or pitiable-
Heedless of enmity, again and again coming
To a taut candour, to a loose warbling green.*

*Moments of opening,
moments of grace and
love....*

FRANCIS WEBB

“Galston”



*“.... intensity of
experience
forced to remake
the English
Language...”
Sir Herbert Read*

*Black cockatoos are somewhere under the sun:
Down with the mattocks, let the wild couch-grass run.
Take the gully-road, slide on the sticks and stones
And wait for the artists of Heaven, the crested ones...*

*With a full heart, kneel and accept what is given,
Take into your eyes and hearts this bounty of Heaven:
One prideful crow sidestroking brilliantly there
In somewhat less than a hundred feet of air.*

FRANCIS WEBB

from In Memoriam Anthony Sandys, 1806-1883 AROUND COSTESSEY

* Bird-song is your reverberating touch.

But metaphor is the enormous second frozen,
Reduced behind courtly glass, and laid in stores
Out of the public view for certain years.
Let my ungainly icicled pencil search
Down below zero: you are temperate, risen.

...

My gropings broaden into hour and day
Awaiting the wash of your great altitude.

Past luring the bird . . . but if, in my side room,
I taste the Broads once more, and genuflect
Before the mill and daring dated Cross,
Swim in golds westerly and auras, pass
Into civil distances, blues, and marshalled gloom,
My hungry frame traps light...



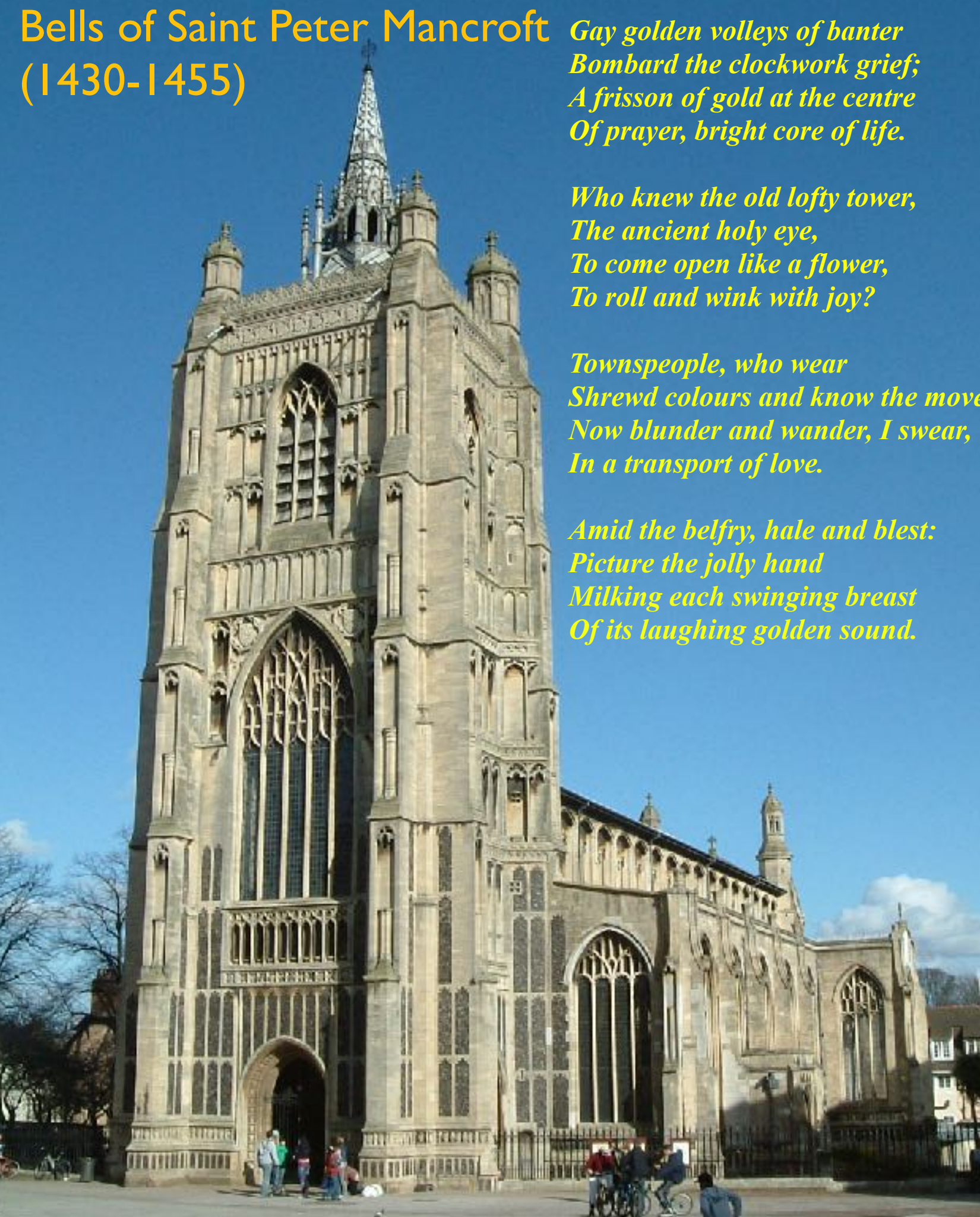
Bells of Saint Peter Mancroft (1430-1455)

*Gay golden volleys of banter
Bombard the clockwork grief;
A frisson of gold at the centre
Of prayer, bright core of life.*

*Who knew the old lofty tower,
The ancient holy eye,
To come open like a flower,
To roll and wink with joy?*

*Townpeople, who wear
Shrewd colours and know the move,
Now blunder and wander, I swear,
In a transport of love.*

*Amid the belfry, hale and blest:
Picture the jolly hand
Milking each swinging breast
Of its laughing golden sound.*





Five Days Old



**Humbly and utterly lost
In the mystery of creation,
Bells, bells of ocean**



NESSUM DORMA

“NONE SHALL SLEEP”

**Nessun dorma! Nessun dorma!
Tu pure, o, Principessa,
nella tua fredda stanza,
guardi le stelle
che tremano d'amore
e di speranza.**

**Ma il mio mistero è chiuso in me;
il nome mio nessun saprà!
No, No! Sulla tua bocca,
lo dirò quando la luce splenderà!**

**Ed il mio bacio scioglierà
il silenzio che ti fa mia!**

**Dilegua, o notte!
Tramontate, stelle!
Tramontate, stelle!
All'alba, vincerò!
Vincerò! Vincerò!**



**None shall sleep! None shall sleep!
Not even you, oh Princess,
in your cold bedroom,
watching the stars
that tremble with love, and with hope!**

**But my secret is hidden within me;
no one will know my name!
No, no! On your mouth,
I will say it when the light shines!**

**And my kiss will dissolve
the silence that makes you mine!**

**Vanish, o night!
Fade, you stars!
Fade, you stars!
At dawn, I will win!
I will win! I will win!**



“New light, new light”

RONDO BURLESKE: MAHLER'S



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8EXQGR6Wurs>

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_xjuadDNu8Y

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=l6U_PVHmtgs

“A Pity. We Were Such A Good Invention” Yehuda Amichai

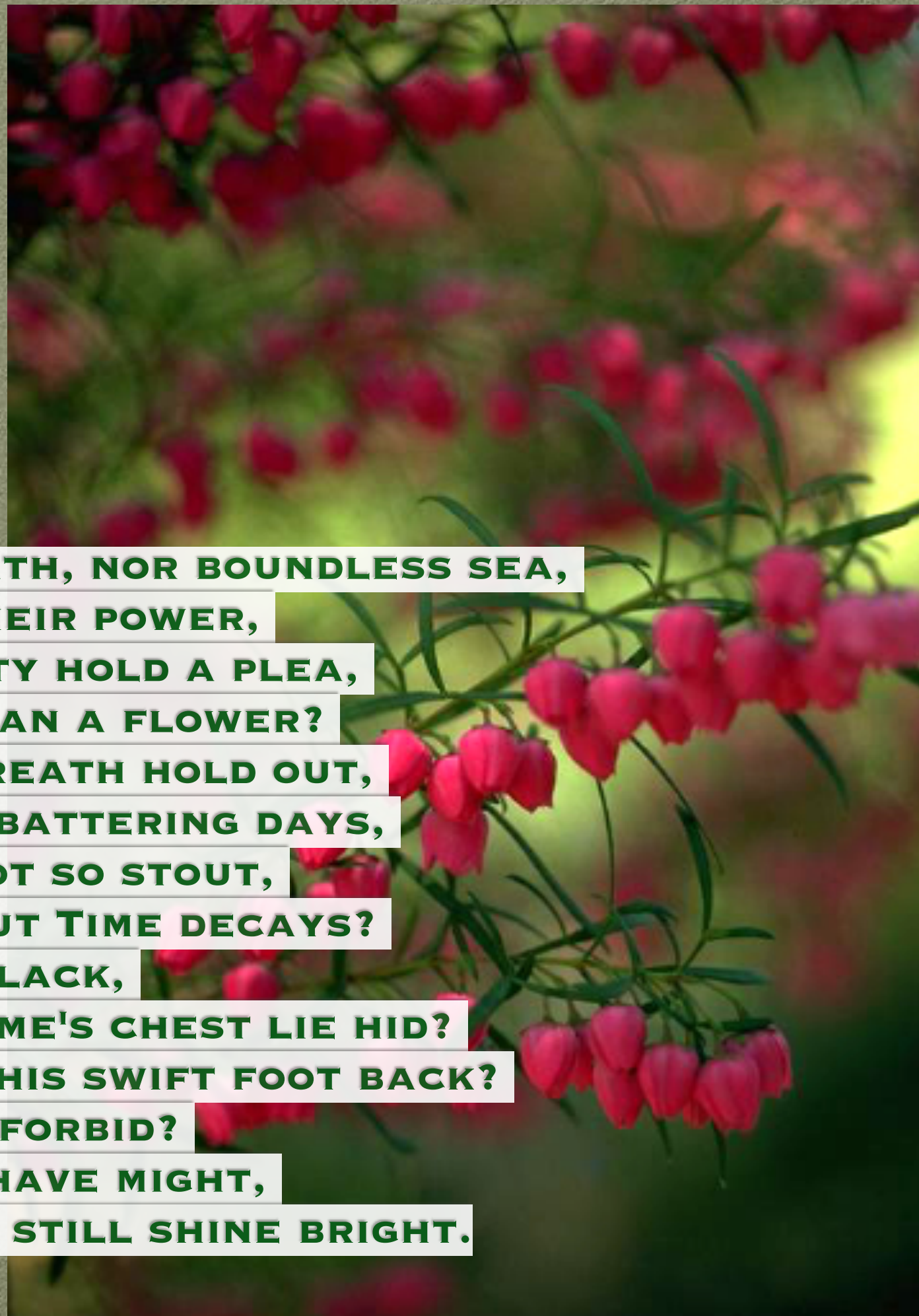
*They amputated
Your thighs off my hips.
As far as I’m concerned
They are all surgeons. All of them.*

*They dismantled us
Each from the other.
As far as I’m concerned
They are all engineers. All of them....*



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hVZHPprT7Rc>

<https://youtu.be/nA2T3zklxQ4>



**SINCE BRASS, NOR STONE, NOR EARTH, NOR BOUNDLESS SEA,
BUT SAD MORTALITY O'ERSWAYS THEIR POWER,
HOW WITH THIS RAGE SHALL BEAUTY HOLD A PLEA,
WHOSE ACTION IS NO STRONGER THAN A FLOWER?
O! HOW SHALL SUMMER'S HONEY BREATH HOLD OUT,
AGAINST THE WRACKFUL SIEGE OF BATTERING DAYS,
WHEN ROCKS IMPREGNABLE ARE NOT SO STOUT,
NOR GATES OF STEEL SO STRONG BUT TIME DECAYS?
O FEARFUL MEDITATION! WHERE, ALACK,
SHALL TIME'S BEST JEWEL FROM TIME'S CHEST LIE HID?
OR WHAT STRONG HAND CAN HOLD HIS SWIFT FOOT BACK?
OR WHO HIS SPOIL OF BEAUTY CAN FORBID?
O! NONE, UNLESS THIS MIRACLE HAVE MIGHT,
THAT IN BLACK INK MY LOVE MAY STILL SHINE BRIGHT.**