

Amel Bent's Ton Nom, translated by T Wignesan

Ton nom - New English Translation of Amel Bent's song "Your Name" by T. Wignesan

Je me raccroche aux détails du passé
Details of our past I cannot unclasp
?Nos souvenirs le sourire aux lèvres
A smile steals onto my lips when I recall
?Tu reviens souvent dans mes pensées
Memories of you so often in my thoughts
?Mais qu'en est-il si la mémoire s'en mêle
Yet what ails me when memory contorts
L'orage s'en vient nuages au loin
Clouds in the distance announce the storm
?Ça gronde dans ma tête
In my head the grind explodes
?Le coeur retient histoire sans fin
The heart stores thoughts sans end
?La peur que tout s'arrête
For fear that all might come to an end

??[Refrain]?
Et si jamais je dois tout oublier
And should I ever all forget
?Si le temps devait tout effacer
Should Time then all efface
?Que le ciel m'emporte à tout jamais
May Providence then whisk me forever away?

?Si j'oubliais ton nom
If I happen to forget your name?
Et si soudain le temps nous est compté
And of a sudden our days should be numbered
?Rappelle-moi tous les mots qu'on se disait
Remind me of all the words between us we bandied
?Que le ciel m'emporte à tout jamais
May Providence whisk me forever away
?Quand j'oublierai ton nom
When I happen to forget your name
?Si j'oublie si j'oubliais
If I forget if I your name never I recall
?Si j'oublie si j'oubliais
If I forget if your name never I recall
?J'oubliais ton nom
If your name never I recall

??[Couplet 2]?

Je me déleste des futilités
Futilities I prefer to let escape
?Qu'en restera-t-il c'est dur à dire
What remains of them all that's hard to say
?Des images pour ne pas oublier
Mayhaps images to restore memory?
Tout ce qui souvent m'a fait souffrir
All that often made me suffer?

?L'orage s'en vient nuages au loin
The storm approaches from gathering clouds far away
?Ça gronde dans ma tête
In my head sounds of growling thunder
?Le coeur retient histoire sans fin
The heart always retains thoughts without end
?La peur que tout s'arrête
For fear that all might come to an end

??[Refrain]?
Et si jamais je dois tout oublier
?Si le temps devait tout effacer
?Que le ciel m'emporte à tout jamais
?Si j'oubliais ton nom
?Et si soudain le temps nous est compté
?Rappelle-moi tous les mots qu'on se disait
?Que le ciel m'emporte à tout jamais
?Quand j'oublierai ton nom?

?Si j'oublie si j'oubliais
?Si j'oublie si j'oubliais
?J'oubliais ton nom?

?[Outro]?
Si j'oublie si j'oubliais
?Si j'oublie si j'oubliais
?J'oubliais ton nom?

(c) T. Wignesan -Paris, April 15, 2022

Translation of Jorge Manrique's Third Copla: Coplas a la muerte de su padre by T Wignesan

COPLA UNO: This Bad Guy World - in all seriousness

[The entire sequence of 114 coplas: "This Bad Guy World", dedicated to Jorge MANRIQUE, 1440?-1479. I give here in translation his third "copla à pied quebrado" in Arte Menor metre:

"Coplas a la muerte de su padre" (Coplas on the death of his father) -

Our lives are like rivers
that empty into the sea
.....where we expire:

There the lordly peers
come to their final spree
.....and no more transpire;

There gushing rivers swell
and others less imposing
.....and the rivulets

All arrive at the same sea level
those who toil with hands living
.....and the fortunates

Translated, December 2013, Paris by T. Wignesan

Villanelle: Hide not behind caste nor bought courtly name

Villanelle : Hide not behind caste nor bought courtly name

[He who fears to affix his name to his face or words has something to hide
unless the State is after him/her out of fear...]

Hide not behind caste nor bought courtly name
If no tyrant nor king seeks to blunt your pen
Not even Maquisards make such a claim

Lenin Mao Gandhi fear not given name
They stand by their word in the open
Hide not behind caste nor bought courtly name

Writers and poets sometimes flaunt pseudonym
Slip past the Law to fool friend behind pen
Not even Maquisards make such a claim

Some daren't offend patrons with by-line fame
Wife child ageing mother rights will ripen
Hide not behind caste nor bought courtly name

Does the user of the second name blame
Circumstances or his own fears open
Not even Maquisards make such a claim

Fear of being caught outright in this game
May make hidden causes énergumène
Hide not behind caste nor bought courtly name
Not even Maquisards make such a claim

© T. Wignesan – Paris, November 17, 2021

If ever I had to have a country victim of pedophily LXXXV-85

If ever I had to have a country victim of pedophily-LXXXV

(Note : Fresh disclosures from the Catholic Church on the subject made public by protesting Mothers of infants victims of pedophily at the hands of the Clergy and the attendant LAY-WORKERS of the Church - « les laïques » - in France have now increased from 216,000 cases since 1950 to 330,000, with the difference that these SHE-LION Mothers demand punitive action - « ex-communication » -against the offenders, not just « compensation » which the Church is prepared and willing to offer.

“The WEEK”: 5 most damning films about Catholic child abuse - 2015: Long before the Pope was implicated in a global scandal, documentary filmmakers have been exposing clergy child abuse in smaller, horrifying ways”. Witness also film set in Ireland where three grown-up victims shoot point-blank a predator-priest who had bullied and tortured them in an orphanage in broad daylight IRA-style in a pub. Wouldn't you?)

If ever I had to have a country victim of pedophily : LXXXV-85

If ever I had to have a country victim of mass-produced self-delusion thrown down right from the cradle and whacked on the tatami

No question as the Ministre d'État sans portfolio ni duty you must by now be familiar with the way I have dealt with pedophiles guilty besides for slimy clammy « atouchements » and adultery

Wouldn't I leave it to the « She-Lions » who brought-forth, breast-fed, bred and brought-up through sleepless nights of sacrifice shielding their charges through countless set-backs, shenanigans and short-comings only to have them way-laid, bamboozled and psychically stunted in « trusted » hands of « soul-saviours » at Sunday catechism classes, garden-sales bingo parties, tombolas, outings, summer camps, Borstal-type boarding houses for orphans, Bible-reading classes, private tuitions, sporting events : leap-frog, gunny-sack and wheel-barrow races - all at the price of on-rushing ageing flesh, anguish and agony

I'd rather tumble down from the tip of the Eiffel Tower than accept ill-gotten gains from stocks and shares invested in armaments - 0 ! Blood-y Money !

Time to let the Rock of All Ages teetering on the precipice rather than see innocent children be abused, their inner selves' hopes betrayed by the ignominious rôle of the so-called « minions » of the Almighty

Yeah, She-Lions, unleash your collective shearing care-may-the-Devil-be

fury at the collegiate of black silken caps, ermine capes, crisp satin scarlet-purple gowns of golden brocade and penitent beads of hypocrisy

And this, even if I never ever had no country where any child not born of a human-being can call « this is my own, my native land », the Land of the Just and the Free

© T. Wignesan – Paris, November 11, 2021

Translation of Si la vie demande ça by the Groupe NATIVE

Translated: Si la vie demande ça by Laura and Chris Mayne by T. Wignesan.

If Life would not wish it otherwise

[Note: The two sister French Caribbean-Martinique Black “Blues” Swan : Laura and Chris MAYNE (lyrics by the former) now making the near-top hit charts on C-STAR tv. They both star as the Groupe NATIVE, formed in 1991. The lyrics would put most poets in the same vein to shame. Just sample the talent on Yu-tube, if you can. The stanzaic form herebelow is my own format – with apologies to the lyricist-poet, if she doesn’t mind. Their debut was as “choristes” with NIAGARA and G rald de Palmas. My translation follows each stanza, step by step.. T. Wignesan.]

Ton sourire habite toujours chez moi
Sur les murs et dans les coins de ma vie
Il me torture ou bien il me ravit
Je le garderai volontiers sur moi

Your smile lingers always in my place
On the walls and in the hidden recesses of my life
It both wrings my heart or let’s me rejoice
In either case I wear it gladly through all strife

Car jamais il ne m'a trahie
Ici, il sera toujours   l'abri

For it never ever betrays me
It will always be safe with me

Si j'ai la haine,  a n'en vaut jamais la peine
C'est inutile, si l'amour est un dilemme
C'est aussi pour  a qu'on l'aime !

The hate I might experience proves to be in vain
It’s futile, even if love is a dilemma
That’s why one loves for the same reason

Si la vie demande  a, je peux la comprendre
Jamais je ne voudrais la d cevoir
C'est la vie qui veut  a
Et elle devra l'apprendre

If Fate deems it right, I can well understand
I would never want it otherwise
If Life insists the way it provides
It should likewise make us comprehend

Je suis prête à me battre encore pour toi
Encore pour toi

I'm prepared to battle my way though for you
All over again for you

Ce n'est qu'un souvenir à présent
Trop beau et je nous en veux tellement
Qu'un si tendre amour devienne un tourment

True, all that's left at present is a remembrance
Infinitely dear, I hold it against us for the nonce
That such a tender loving tie agonise an' trounce

Je vais oublier les portes qui claquent
Les sauts de nos humeurs un peu fantasques
Arrêter d'être la flèche à ton arc

I'll try to forget the doors that slammed
The hurly burly of our tempers somewhat mad
Try not to be the arrow in your bow condemned

Si seulement la douceur de nos joies me suit
Tout ce que je n'ai jamais su te dire
Dans mon coeur va rester enseveli

If only the sweetness of our joys enjoin
All that I never knew how to tell you
Alas interred in my heart will remain in pain

(c) T. Wignesan, Paris, November 5, 2021

If ever I had to have a country victim of pedophily:LXXXIV

If ever I had to have a country victim of pedophily: LXXXVI

[Note: 216,000 cases of pedophily, perpetrated by the clergy, have been recorded by the Catholic Church in France since 1950.]

If ever I had to have a country, would that it be a country where no infant boy or lad need ever fear of being the victim of pedophily

Let it also be a country that sent no Albuquerque or Vasco de Gama, Drake or Raleigh, Cortes nor Dupleix to undermine the «street arabs» and «orphaned» heathens under seal of the Papal authority

For, remember how I was persuaded to assume the rôle of Ministre d'État Plenipotenciary without Portfolio or Duty, the Saviour of down-trodden Womenkind (O, «A Daniel come to Judgement!»), for I'd turn Torquemedas, revive the Inquisition, the Ace of Papacy

Will I let fresh-cheeked choir boys nor novice sacristans in strict page-boy linen, candle or Cross in hand lisping psalms disappear in the dense stench-filled folds of priestly «soutanes» behind pillars under Roman arches or polished teak encrusted encasements their stifled cries for help choked through holy promiscuity

Nor will I let Henry the VIIIth behead his wives in the Tower for failing to provide him with a male heir nor let no Archbishop lie bleeding at the Cathedral at Canterbury nor no politicking murder stain some Florentian cathedral to foist the House of Medici

You guessed right alright, I'll take over the Tower of London as my foremost torture dungeon, call out the Swiss helmeted Guards with their spears and while I keep puffing at the Havana cigars (a chest-full gift from Fidel Castro, in grateful acknowledgement of inestimable services rendered to soft-ball gals in shedding excess weight on the ground) and keep crying out «Habemus» Pope to drown out the squeals yells and screams issuing from pedophiles pierced by Swiss lances in the rears of millions of priests found guilty

You bet that's what I'll do even if the entire Order of the Malte forgot about the Crusades against the Turks and Saracens - and poor one-armed Cervantes - during the Battle of Lepanto just to crucify me

And so what even if I never ever had no country with orphaned infants and laddies to pity

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Limerick: Once a Maneater who could not say NO

Limerick: Once a Maneater who ne'er said "No!"

for Ronald W. Hull, the Great Mentor-Commentator

[Made to measure and tailored to a very tight fit]

Once a woman who could ne'er say "No!"

Met Ascetic: "Why?" he wanted to know.

Said she: "I'm no Vegan;

Meat I munch by the dozen."

Priapic rigor mortis ensued: O! Woe!

(c) T. Wignesan – Paris, September 6, 2021

Limerick: Once a great and wise Commentator

Limerick: Once a great and wise Commentator

Once a great and wise Commentator

Thought what escaped him escaped Creator

His oeuvre his whole life dreamt

By his comments he meant

The whole world loved him as their Tutor

(c) T. Wignesan – Paris, September 5, 2021

Do dreams dream-up the Dreamer to mean something

Do dreams dream-up the Dreamer to mean something

Do dreams go on dreaming without the Dreamer dreaming

Hold not dreams in mid-stream even during Covid-19

Woken-up dreams scream wild as harpies in poetic shebeen

Don't dreams tend to come round like long lost tunes tinnitus din

The Dreamer dreams in the Void trillion times trillion

And leaves no trace of hung time-spaced dream dreaming in the Dream

Who would dream dreams for oneself they wouldn't highly esteem

Dreams worthy of a world they didn't really mean to wean

In the first place out of a Void-less Big-Banging blinding sheen

The Big-Bouncy Dream teasing the fistful of mashed Big-Crunchy cream

Where the Dreamer bounces his Dream on the seamless turf green

O'er and o'er again 'till the Dream turns tinnitus mean

Till the recurrent Dream the Dreamer dreams his own Uni-Verse seem

Ev'ry dream's the Multi-Verse of a unique team unseen

Do dreams dream-up the Dreamer standing-up on a linear Time pin

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, January 17, 2021

Le gommier de la Municipalite - Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's Municipal Gum Tree by T Wignesan

Le gommier de la Municipalite - Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's Municipal
Gum Tree by T Wignesan

[Automatic re-translation into English edited for effect...]

Le gommier qui se trouve sur la rue de la ville,
Le bitume autour de tes pieds,
Il vaudrait mieux que tu sois
Dans le monde des espaces fraiches entouré d'arbres feuillus
de la forêt
Et des chants des oiseaux sauvages.
Ici tu me parais
Comme ce pauvre cheval de trait-là
Castré, démoli, une chose écartée et damnée,
Harnaché et bouclé, c'est l'enfer prolongé,
Dont la tête baissée et le mien fade exprime
L'espoir à jamais perdu.
Le gommier de la ville, c'est douloureux
De t'apercevoir ainsi
Figé dans ta pelouse noircie de bitume -
O concitoyen,
Qu'est-ce qu'ils ont fait de nous?

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Le gommier de la Municipalite - Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's Municipal
Gum Tree by T Wignesan

Gum tree sitting on the street of the city,
Bitumen around your feet,
It would be better if you were in the world of cool spaces
Surrounded by leafy trees of the forest
And the songs of wild birds.
Here you recall
That poor draft horse
Castrated, demolished, a thing spread-eagled and damned,
Harnessed and shackled.
This is prolonged hell,
And whose head downcast, bland mien expressing hope forever lost.
Gum tree of the city, it's painful
To see you thus

**Frozen in your turf, blackened with bitumen –
O! fellow citizen!
What did they do with us?**

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Human Rights Charter for Australian Aborigines by Oodgeroo Noonuccal

La Charte des Droits de l'Homme pour les Aborigènes - Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's Aboriginal Charter of Rights by T. Wignesan

Nous avons besoin de l'espoir, pas de racisme,
La fraternité, pas d'ostracisme
Du progrès pour les Noirs, pas l'essor des Blancs :
Faites-nous des égaux, pas ceux dépendent de vous.
Nous avons besoin d'assistance, pas d'exploitation,
Nous voulons la liberté, pas de frustration ;
Pas de mainmise sinon la confiance en soi-même,
L'Indépendance, pas l'obéissance
Pas d'insouciance sinon l'éducation,
Respect pour soi-même, pas de la résignation
Libère-nous d'une soumission abjecte,
D'une Protection bureaucratique.
Nous allons oublier des esclavagistes d'antan.
Donnez-nous de la camaraderie, pas de faveurs,
Encouragement, pas d'interdictions ;
Des foyers, pas des cantonnements et des campements de
prosélytisme.
Nous avons besoin d'amour, pas de la surveillance
autoritaire,
Qu'on nous serre la main, pas d'être fouetté par nos maîtres,
L'opportunité qui range
Les Blancs et les Noirs sur une base d'égal à égal.
Vous nous dépriment, vous nous laissent sans protection,
Vous nous proscrivent au lieu de nous traiter comme des
amis.
Faites-nous sentir le bienvenu, pas avec mépris,
Donnez-nous le droit de choisir, pas la coercition froide,
Un statut digne, pas la discrimination,
Les droits de l'Homme, pas la ségrégation.
Vous incarnez la Loi comme le Romain Pontius,
Faites en sorte que nous soyons fiers, pas conscients de notre
couleur ;
Rendez-nous ce que nous appartient lequel vous vous aviez
Approprié de nous,
Soyez gentille avec nous, ne montrez pas le préjugé d'un bigot ;
Laissez-nous sentir ambitieux sans interdiction,
La confiance et ne pas la condescendance ;
Octroyez-nous le droit de prendre l'initiative, pas de restriction,

Donnez-nous le Christ, pas la crucifixion.
Bien que baptisés et bénis et endoctrinés avec la Bible
Nous sommes toujours l'objet de tabous et de diffamation.
Vous les pieux vendeurs de la salvation,
Faites de nous vos voisins, pas d'habitants de bidonvilles ;
Faites de nous vos copains, pas des parents non privilégiés,
Citoyens et non pas des esclaves dans des plantations.
Devrions-nous le peuple d'origine d'Australie
Compter parmi des étrangers sur notre propre terre ?
En abolissant toutes les restrictions et en détruisant les
rigueurs (du système) de caste
Qu'on arrivera à gagner ce que nous appartient de droit.

(Note : In 1788, the first white settlers set foot on Australian soil after James Cook's maiden voyage of « discovery » in 1770. The aboriginal peoples were allowed citizenship and voting rights only in 1967, three years after the publication of Oodgeroo's first volume of poems.)

[Re-English automatic translation slightly edited for clarity.]

Translation of Aboriginal Charter of Rights by Oodgeroo Noonuccal
The Charter of Human Rights for Aborigines - Translation of Oodgeroo
Noonuccal's Aboriginal Charter of Rights by T. Wignesan

We need hope, not racism, fraternity, not ostracism
Progress for blacks, not the uplift of whites:
Make us equals, not those who depend on you.
We need assistance, not exploitation,
We want freedom, not frustration;
Not control but self-confidence,
Independence, not obedience
Not neglect if not education,
Respect for oneself, not resignation
Free us from abject submission,
From bureaucratic protection.
We are going to forget about the slaveholders of yesteryear.
Give us camaraderie, not favours,
Encouragement, not prohibitions;
Homes, not cantonments and proselytizing camps.
We need love, not authoritarian surveillance,
Let us shake hands, not be whipped by our masters,
The opportunity that puts whites and blacks on an equal basis.
You suppress us, you leave us unprotected,
You outlaw us instead of treating us like friends.
Make us feel welcome, not with contempt,
Give us the right to choose, not cold coercion,
A dignified status, not discrimination,

Human rights, not segregation.

You embody the Law as the Roman Pontius,

Make us proud, not aware of our colour;

Give us back what belongs to us which you had misappropriated

Be kind to us, do not show the prejudice of a bigot;

Let us feel ambitious without prohibition, trust, not condescension;

Grant us the right to take the initiative, no restrictions,

Give us Christ, not the crucifixion.

Although baptized and blessed and indoctrinated with the Bible

We are still the object of taboos and defamation.

You the pious sellers of salvation,

Make us your neighbours, not slum dwellers;

Make us your buddies, not underprivileged relatives,

Citizens not slaves on plantations.

Should we the original people of Australia count among strangers/foreigners in our own land?

By abolishing all restrictions and destroying the rigours (of the system) of caste That we will be able to win what belongs to us by right.

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Le Courlis poussa des cris Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's The Curlew cried by T Wignesan

Le Courlis poussa des cris -Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's The Curlew Cried by T Wignesan

(Note d'Oodgeroo : Le courlis fut le frère d'aborigènes. Il venait trois nuits de suite pour pousser des cris près d'un campement afin d'annoncer la mort d'un entre eux. Ils croyaient que le courlis venait pour conduire les ombres des morts vers le monde Inconnu.)

Durant trois nuits on entendait le cri du courlis,
L'ancien avertissement tous savaient interpréter :
Le cri leurs rappelle quelqu'un va mourir cette nuit.

Tant frère qu'ami, il entre et sort
En dehors de la Terre des Ombres
La voix la plus insolite sur terre.

Il a en sa charge le bien-être de ceux
Dont chaque âme qu'il conduit à sa destination -
A quel monde mystérieux, à quel étrange Inconnu ?

Qui donc devait nous quitter cette nuit :
Le vieux aveugle ? L'enfant handicapé ?
Tout le campement sera au courant demain.

Le défunt malchanceux ne sera pas si effrayé,
Le frère de la tribu lui tiendra compagnie
Quand le voyage non voulu devrait être entamé.

'Tiens bon, la mort ne pas une fin en soi-même,'
Il semblait dire. 'Bien que tu dois pleurer,
La Mort est bienveillante puisqu'elle est ton ami.

' Durant trois nuits le courlis poussa des cris.
Une fois de plus Il vient pour accompagner les morts timides -
Quelle macabre changement, quelle épouvantable rive ?

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Le Courlis poussa des cries - Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's "The Curlew

Cried" by T. Wignesan

(Note from Oodgeroo: The curlew was the brother of aborigines. He came three nights in a row to shout near a camp to announce the death of one of them. They believed that the curlew came to lead the shadows of the dead to the Unknown world.)

For three nights we heard the cry of the curlew,
The old warning all knew how to interpret:
The cry reminds them someone will die that night.

Both brother and friend, he enters and leaves
Outside the Land of Shadows
The most unusual voice on earth.

He is in charge of the well-being of those
Whose every soul he leads to his destination -
To what mysterious world, to what strange Unknown?

Who then had to leave us that night:
The old blind man? The disabled child?
The whole camp will be aware tomorrow.

The unlucky deceased will not be so frightened,
The brother of the tribe will keep him company
When the unwanted journey should be started.

'Hold on, death does not end in itself,'
He seemed to say. 'Although you have to cry,
Death is benevolent because she is your friend.'

For three nights the curlew cried.
Once again He comes to accompany the timid dead
- What a macabre change, what a terrible shore?

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If ever I had a country: LXXXIII

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY: LXXXIII

IF ever I had a country, a country where I were, by virtue of the highly meritorious and exceptional services rendered to the State in conning and duping the People, persuaded to assume the role of Ministre d'Etat without Portfolio or duty

I would – I solemnly assure you, the Common Folk –first and foremost focus my very close attention on the questions of feminist practices discriminatory

And having noticed aghast with utter shame, disgust and fury that in some countries women (sadly excluding trans-gender athletes) are treated with utmost disregard, enmity and indignity

As for example, they being downgraded to the abysmal level of having to play Soft-Ball (what's that? "Round-us"?) while men knock-about with hard base-minded balls of virility

I'll invite the Minister of Sports to my official well-leathered and cushy chambers to see how I esteem my Personal Secretary by letting her turn up for work in her swim-suit with her pet monkey on her knee

And I'll warn him, nay, threaten him with my wagging fore-finger, on how I'll under-cut his Olympic Budget in half if he didn't thenceforth authorize soft-ball gals to cavort on the pitch with just the women's Beach Volley Ball suit – with no "strings" attached – for all, including frustrated cameramen looking vainly for the "opening" shot.... for all to see

And this, even if I were doomed to be strung up on the White House Christmas Tree

So be it, even if I never ever had no country nor squash racquet to bash balls soft or hard care-free

(c) T. Wignesan, Paris, August 12, 2021

Tuan Tata: Song of Uda - Parts One and Two

TUAN TATA : Song of Uda - I

by T. Wignesan

(Patrick Noone, a British anthropologist, discovered the Ple-Temiar tribe living isolated in the jungle highlands in the State of Perak on the west coast of the Malayan peninsula in the early nineteen-thirties. The tribe was so cut away from civilization that the notion of crime did not exist in their society. The shaman leader of the tribe welcomed « Pat » and gave him his sixteen-year old daughter Anjang in marriage. She was betrothed to Uda, a young Temiar. Unable to bear the separation, Uda murdered Pat - the very first crime in their history.

Uda stalked the couple until he espied Pat Noone and Anjang coming down a jungle trail; he then blow-piped a poisoned dart into Pat's eye, and the anthropologist lay writhing in pain until he expired.

The Swedish Embassy in Paris refused to grant me asylum as a refugee in Sweden despite being asked by Jean-Paul Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir and André Gorz. When on a State Visit to France, Olaf Palme, the then Swedish Prime Minister, first paid his respects to Sartre before calling on the President at the Elysée Palace.

When Pat Noone delivered his speech at the Musée de l'Homme in Paris, after discovering the Ple-Temiar tribe in the thirties, intellectuals of all creeds (including Sartre) flocked to listen to him.

I met Doreen, Noone's sister, in 1972 when she was married to André Gorz, editor of Sartre's "Les Temps Modernes". Gorz committed suicide whilst enjoying perfect health at the death-bed of his terminally-condemned wife. A chemical engineer of Austrian Jewish-Catholic parentage, Gorz met Jean-Paul Sartre in Geneva and took to reading his work and worked towards achieving a socialist State. When François Mitterrand ignored him as the incumbent of the Elysée Palace, I think his hopes took a turn for the worse. And hence probably the suicide... Pat Noone's younger brother Richard was the Chief of the Intelligence Services in the old (British) Federation of Malaya where I was growing up as a teenager schoolmaster and newspaper reporter.
T. Wignesan)

Some dogs bark to warn men
of dangers that await them ;
Others look on in wonder
at those struck by thunder.

Anjang now says my Semai blood stains
the tall Temiar strains
out of the ruwai
wherefrom my stricken gunig strays

Akob now roves in search of the stiffest bamboo pole
high on fuzzy blue mountain tops
the eight-foot blowpipe
the buloh seworr of Gunung Swettenham
four times the length of Akob's right arm
the rightful arm.

You cannot imagine
No, you cannot know

How my gunig prodded me on :

'Once to the right - step back
Take a turn and bend your back
Cup your hands : thus to the mouth
And Watch ! No spirit slips your breath !

Tohat na med : saka senoi selamat !

If only you had come to take notes
And weave our dance to applause at the Musée de l'Homme
Or sat high on a consecrated Cambridge Chair

I, Uda, would have no cause to despair
over the shameful hush
closing in on our saka

For who will know how decrepit
I've become in Busu's eyes
I, the only rising halak of the tribe !

Listening to you sing - awake nights
on the creaking longhouse bamboo floor
No coughing tiger kept me up so !

Did not Busu knock your firing-arm
down with his stout rokap stave
Nor Anjang eye me as a knave :
'You Shaman, shame, sham-Shaman !'

And if you think I didn't see

When my breath caught up with me
The tense vein-wracked hands
clutch your poisoned skull
And the blurred frenzy of a jealous dart
burst from your bleeding eye
into your pallid palms

In that instant, the straps of the
White
Man's
Burden
snapped
and let itself go on my head

And had I not heard too
in that stand-still instant
The growling groaning thunder
in the bowels of our ladang
And the shameful hush
cloak over our stricken saka

During those long dreamless nights
at Anjang's side
my flanks quivering
while Busu tossed brooding
Would you not wonder then
Why I took the rear of the hunting trail from then on

Tohat na med : saka senoi selamat !

No more the gunig rose in my sleep
To show me my ritual steps in the chinchem

Even the familiar tigers avoided our saka
Where a lowly fever stealing from Sankal's Armpit
Up the hedges of constricting bamboo clutches
Bent them till they drooped in the mud of our lies
for Little Tata's ears

And again, not till the halak Bintang
Fear convulsing his accessory guilt
had your remains interred
and owned you as one of us

did we dare whisper again
and then only to ourselves

shrinking you again within our ruwai
though always fearing, always cringeing at the thought
of the day
when his brothers would come in numbers
bearing fire-spitting engines
over the sodden earth
in search of you

« My people... my PEOPLE...
Will avenge this dastardly deed...
This foul and bloody deed ! »

I have not slept these past years
And Anjang heaves murmuring in a strange tongue
I cannot understand

« But then, do not forget you murdered too
for someone else's cause
down from 5th Corps at Lasah !»

« Remember what you wrote your parents :

'Now if I become a Temiar
by marriage
there would be no barriers.
I would be party then to their most intimate secrets.

TOHAT NA MED: SAKA SENOI SELAMAT !' »

GLOSSARY of Ple-Temiar terms

ruwai : group protective soul of the Temiar community.

gunig : the guiding soul of the Temiar shaman which often takes the shape of a tiger.

buloh seworr : (Malay) the best of the blow-pipe bamboo to be found on the slopes of the high mountains in Ulu Perak.

Tohat na med : saka senoi selamat ! : Our Master is well : the Senoi country is safe !

saka : each Temiar community's agricultural domain.

halak : shaman

rokap : a tree whose branches are especially tough.

ladang : the land on which shifting cultivation is practised.

chinchem : the Temiar shaman's dance learnt in a dream from his gunig (cf.).

Die Lorelei by Heinrich Heine - 1797-1856, Translated by T Wignesan

Die Lorelei by Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)- Translated by T. Wignesan
For Regina von Degenfeld at Waibstadt
-in respect and unending sufferance-

(Heine, a German Jewish lyrical and satiric poet, journalist and critic, settled in Paris from 1831 where he married Eugénie Mirat, an unsophisticated shop-assistant which earned him ostracism and dispossession from his family and fellows, but he made her his only heir on the condition that she re-married so that at least one person would regret his passing. In 1858, he was hobbled for life by spinal paralysis.)

Ich weiss nicht , was soll es bedeuten,
Nonplussed am I, what could it signify
Dass ich so traurig bin;
Plunged as I am in such a dejected mood
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,
A fairy tale from times gone by,
Dass kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.
In thralldom wrapped forever to brood

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,
Soft the cool wind buffets as the day beds down
Und ruhig fliesst der Rhein;
And ripple free courses the Rhein
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Mountain summit lights scintillate crown
Im Abendsonnenschein.
Divine in sunset shine

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
Exquisite maiden perched is she
Dort oben wunderbar,
On high there resplendent
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,
Her golden accoutrements sparkle free
Sie kämmt ihr goldnes Haar.
As golden tresses combs she concupiscent

Sie kämmt es mit goldnem Kamme,
Flaxen tresses combs she with a golden comb
Und singt ein Lied dabei;
While luring strains her lips release in lyrical glee
Das hat eine wundersame,

Tinged in a soothing tuneful hum
Gewaltige Melodie.
Mighty stirring melody

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
The rower in his narrow boat
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
Seized is he with bewildering pain
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
Oblivious is he of the Rock's craggy grotte
Erschaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.
His eyes remain fixed high above the narrow main

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
I believe the waves did submerge
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
In the end both boatman and rowing boat
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
And the deed did with her singing merge
Die Lorelei getan.
That Lorelei had wrought.

© T. Wignesan - Paris, January 23, 2021

True, a Myth-and-a-half ever since dim Antiquity

True, a Myth-and-a-half ever since dim Antiquity

“Breathes there the Man with Soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my Native Land”

True, a myth-and-a-half ever since dim antiquity
Who breeds and holds the brood in binding sanctity
Isn't s/he who sows and let grow blood ties in family

Don't leaders all use the ruse of saluting country
La Patrie is never the suffering Peoples' victory
They lay their lives down for their leaders' greater glory

The plot of land's where the Soul ignites anonymity
In the au-delà is not country mere pure vanity
Leaders lay wreathes at monuments for tv publicity

Upstarts win lone battle or two through freakish strategy
And let expanding borders be besieged by many enemy
Yet end-up somehow by losing the Imperial Army

Shouldn't he who seeks to foist himself on a polity
Be required to pass the test of Ego-immunity
No vaccination nor re-inoculation would be free
From an overdose of megalomaniac frenzy

© T. Wignesán -Paris, April 9, 2021

Translation of Autumn Leaves-Les feuilles mortes de Jacques Prevert by T Wignesan

Autumn Leaves/Les feuilles mortes de Jacques PREVERT (1900-77)

Translated by T. Wignesan

(Note: As far as I can make out, this poem is at the heart of all versions of «
The Autumn Leaves " -

Sung by Edith Piaf, Juliette Gréco, Yves Montand, Nat King Cole, Frank Sinatra,
Bing Crosby and the like...)T. Wignesan

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

Mix - Chet Baker & Paul Desmond: "Autumn Leaves"

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Gsz3mrnIBd0>

Oh!

Je voudrais tant que tu te souviennes

Oh!

How I wish you'd remember

des jours heureux où nous étions amis

the joyous days when we were friends

En ce temps-là la vie était plus belle

In those days life was more beautiful

et le soleil plus brûlant qu'aujourd'hui

and the sun shone brighter than nowadays

Les feuilles mortes se ramassent à la pelle

Dead leaves one gathered by shovels

Tu vois je n'ai pas oublié

You see I have not forgotten

Les feuilles mortes se ramassent à la pelle

Fallen leaves one shoveled at will

les souvenirs et les regrets aussi

memories and regrets as well

et le vent du nord les emporte

and the wind from the north swept them

dans la nuit froide de l'oubli
into the cold night of forgetfulness

Tu vois je n'ai pas oublié
You see I have not forgotten

la chanson que tu me chantais
the song you sang to me

C'est une chanson qui nous ressemble
It was a song likened to ourselves

Toi tu m'aimais
You who loved me

et je t'aimais
and I likewise repaid

Et nous vivions tous deux ensemble
And we lived each with the other

toi qui m'aimais
you who loved me

et que j'aimais
and you I likewise loved

Mais la vie sépare ceux qui s'aiment
But life puts apart those in love

tout doucement
with infinite care

sans faire de bruit
without much ado

et la mer efface sur le sable
and sea waves efface on the sands

les pas des amants désunis
the footprints of lovers put asunder

Les feuilles mortes se ramassent à la pelle
Loads of dead leaves one shovels

les souvenirs et les regrets aussi
memories and regrets as well

Mais mon amour silencieux et fidèle
But my love silent and steadfast

sourit toujours et remercie la vie
always smiles and gives thanks to life

Je t'aimais tant tu étais si jolie
I loved you so much for your beauty

Comment veux-tu que je t'oublie
How could you wish that I forget you

En ce temps-là la vie était plus belle
In those days when living was far more joyous

et le soleil plus brûlant qu'aujourd'hui
and the sun burnt brighter than nowadays

Tu étais ma plus douce amie...
You were my sweetest friend...

Mais je n'ai que faire des regrets
But all I can do is to feel regretful

Et la chanson que tu chantais
And the song you sang

toujours toujours je l'entendrai
forever forever rings in my ears

C'est une chanson qui nous ressemble
It's a song akin to us

Toi tu m'aimais et je t'aimais
You who loved me and I likewise you

Et nous vivions tous deux ensemble
And the two of us lived together

toi qui m'aimais que j'aimais
you who loved me and I likewise you

Mais la vie sépare ceux qui s'aiment
But life puts apart those in love

tout doucement
with infinite care

sans faire de bruit
without much ado

et la mer efface sur le sable
and sea waves efface on the sands

les pas des amants désunis.
the footprints of lovers put asunder.

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, December 14, 2020

Criss-Cross Acrostic: Ai My Eye and Ai Ai My Sore Eyes

Criss-Cross Acrostic: Ai My Eye

Criss-Cross Acrostic:

Note: *Construe as “words” not as “letters”: Lines 1 and 3 read alike reversed; Lines 2 and 4 read alike reversed; likewise vertically and diagonally from up-down or down-up mode.

"Ai Ai My Eye !"

**I Was Saw Eye
Eye Saw Was I
Eye Was Saw I
I Saw Was Eye**

Another Permutation:

« Ai Ai My Sore Eye !"

**I Sore Was I
Saw I Sore Eye
Sore I Saw Eye
I Was Sore I**

FURTHER PERMUTATIONS for SORE EYES

**Eye Sore Saw I
Saw I Sore Eye
I Saw Sore Eye
Sore Eye Saw I**

**Saw I Sore Eye
Eye Sore Saw I
Sore Eye Saw I
I Saw Sore Eye**

**Eye Sore Saw I
Sore Eye Saw I
Saw I Sore Eye
I Saw Sore Eye***

This last quatrain diagonally reads as:

"Ai Ai Sore Eye" (phonetically): « Ai Ai Saw I"

Never Never ever will I query by T Wignesan

Never Never ever will I query...by T Wignesan

For Andrea MOTIS and the Joan CHAMORRO Jazz

Band's version of Nancy Wilson's « Never Never will I marry » (Original lyrics by Frank Loesser)

<https://music.youtube.com/watch?v=mKCdi71MRi4&list=RDAMVMmKCdi71MRi4>

Never Never ever will I query
What lies beyond the Dead
No race No religion not Country
I will blindly not be duped or led
Born to one Mother and lone Father
Long bred from Dark Ancestor
Neanderthal or Fontéchevade Brother
Will I let some god put asunder

No doubts No fears nor Myths
To keep this World in one Family
Never Never will I ever blunt Truths
Split countries to foist ethnic party
One father-mother One brother-sister
No nose No chin No brow Nor skull
One from the other higher or better
What Just god would want us Hell

No more wars to boost economy
No more lurid lies to breed enmity
No more priests dividing Almighty
No more excuses to halt equality
Never Never ever will I bury
The Dead in shrouds blood red
Gone to worlds far from envy
Gone to worlds where gods aren't bred...

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, December 7, 2020

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY: LXXXII - 82

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY - LXXXII

for Carlos Bousoño, the eminent Spanish critic, poet and professor who maintained that if you don't like the "humorist", you're not likely to find much to laugh at in/with his (sense of) "humour"

IF ever I had a country, a country where every TOM-Cat, Dirty-DICK and Royal HARRY wrote what his fellows called POESY

And if ever I were the only SON of a GUNny Sack-Bag incapable of pouting lines to an astronomically non-sensical degree

And as punishment thereof - sans appeal - if I were to be appointed by the Supreme Inter-Galactico-Cosmo-IL-logical Council of the Arbiters of Tyrannic Taste the one and only ARBITER and JURY

And should my fellow-poets ever so much as utter or let escape a squeak on, relating to or about what they cook-up as stew or porridge of un-hermeneutical ETERNAL VERITIES which they print publish post (ne'er you mind: plagiarize) and/or pander to their pridefully painted images potpourri

I would first and foremost issue an EDICT - nay, even a DECREE - to CONFINE each and every one of my bumble-bee constantly buzzing comrade BARDS, purveyors and promoters of mutually unintelligible verse within their own ivory PENTHOUSES of phantasmagorical (a)musings under pain of summary banishment - should they ever so much as "peine in poiein » - to the GREAT ATTRACTOR WALL of GALAXIES and so be it, I pray thee

And this, even if I were to be confined to my very own solitary dungeon and be condemned to listen to - against my will, day and night, for ever and ever - the ethereally soul-uplifting poutings of the Poetasters of Isphahan in their wordy giddy swirls of SUFI

And even if I never ever had no country where POETRY had need of mutually EGO-BOOSTING commentary

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, April 5, 2020

Villanelle: Alright Guys: Heave and Ho And let it go

Villanelle: Alright guys: Heave and Ho! And let it go

(Confinement to one's home though fines during « outings" add to revenue, private companies take orders from far-flung lands for masks, gloves and ventilators and protective surgical equipment when the Chinese already informed The WHO of the epidemic on December 16, 2019 and the South Koreans manufactured the "testing-gear » from artificial genes in February while tourists returning from the East were freely landing - without being tested - all over the West: « Pointless closing the barn door when the horse has bolted! »)

Alright guys: Heave & Ho! And let it go

...No need to fear the Coast's wide open clear

Ne'er Hem & Haw! Wash hands ere ye go

Bind hands behind backs Lick face or blow

...No need to worry Be not sorry, "Dear"

Alright guys: Heave & Ho! And let it go

Guys on top say it feels good to row

...Knudge elbows and spit on nose and ear

Ne'er Hem & Haw! Wash hands ere ye go

Masks and ventilators sell for much more

...Than war-time manufactured cheap ware

Alright guys: Heave & Ho ! And let it go

The guy who pays is the guy who's pinned low

...The Guy at the Top rows free from fear

Ne'er Hem & Haw ! Wash hands ere ye go

Stay home and watch Top Dogs whinge O ! Woe !

...Take-aways with cooks' sneeze good with beer

Alright guys: Heave & Ho ! And let it go

Ne'er Hem & Haw ! Wash hands ere ye go

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, March 23, 2020

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY: LXXXI-81

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY - LXXXI - 81

IF ever I had a country, a country without even a single Shredding Machine

And if ever I were elected/nominated/appointed by the powers that be SPEAKER of the Lower House of Parliament whose power to shine however were to be curtailed by the Upper House's sheen

A country where all laws were enacted without much heed to the rhyme nor reason of the Bard's Stratford-upon-Avon's mellifluous flow of theme

Where every legal analyst: Professor of law Attorney-at-Law entertained his or her own opinion as to what the Laws of the State: relating to the Chief Executive, Rules and Regulations of Proceedings in or out of officialdom: libels, torts, crimes, misdemeanours or even what the Constitution may mean

And if ever any elected official or foreign dignitary were to be invited or chose to invite himself whether by rights or not to address the House and read from a

« tele-prompter » or printed text that was obviously Ghost-written, I'd shred the Speech with my front-teeth and unkempt nails and jump up and down with glee as though I were dancing the polka on the printed pages as they most certainly blatantly comport ideas, words and expressions of some heinous GHOST come to tease, torture, detract, confound, contradict and condemn all that is decent in the human being which is not mean

And all this, so be it, I swear before the populace I can never be GUILTY of breaking the LAW should I shred the words of some GHOST who lies, distorts, turns on head some or all the TRUTHS held to be sacred in my Nation's History since no ghost may rightfully sue me (Sleep tight, Peach of a Teach !) for having even stolen a measly red, yellow or green pea, pod or bean

And this, even if I were to be put through the piranha jaws of the Republic's Shredding-Immigration-Machine

Even if I never ever had no country worthy of being shredded and pulverized in the Wall of Black Holes's grinding-machine

(c) T. Wignesan, Paris, February 8, 2020

IMP-EACH-MENT-AIR-DITTY: IV

IMP-EACH-MENT-AIR-DITTY - IV

Leer on face droning phony his Speech
Coast-Guard nasal-ed win bareback on Leech
Triumph of Demo-Crazy
World aghast by Lunacy
DEMOCRACY strappado-ed on staid Beach

Lone Life-Saver shed ONE tear on lost Beach
While Leech kicked bareback biting hand of Teach
Peach tore to shreds SOTU
Corona-Virus-ed YAHOO !
Now POTUS sons romp and riot on Beach !

POTUS Son-in-Law Prophet Peace Preach !
Indicted Jockey borne aloft by Leech:
Gold-grab Land-grab God-grab !
Blow this World up so drab !
Let the Self-CHOSEN-Few reign with Leech !

Shame ! Shame on US ! Last bastion of Speech !
The World held its breath hoping YOU'd us teach !
Your sons laid their lives down
To uphold righteous Crown:
Empty words rot on Omaha Beach !

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, February 3, 2020

IMP-Each-Ment-Air-Ditty III

IMP-EACH-MENT-AIR-DITTY III !

**Holy Smoke ! Odour of incense on Beach !
Trainers marched with saddles to straddle Leech !
« SILENCE ! » Dull as Thunder !
« Under pain of locker ! »
Grave mist hung low on Life-Savers each !**

**CJOTUS kept clock arms for each to preach
Who summoned Founding Fathers onto Beach !
« This race is no Trial !
Draw horse blood in phial !
Drink ! » said Chief Life-Saver Nation to teach !**

**Coast-Guard in Cloak-Rooms begged bets to reach
The magic number to put to sleep Teach
« Hold back horses until
All bets are in the till !
I'll let none throw law-books on my Leech ! »**

**Indicted Jockey rode-off bareback on Leech !
To save face while saddled Life-Savers preach:
« No Nuts 'n Bolts-on, please !
This fake Trial must cease ! »
Come November who'll lose this race on Beach ?**

(c) T. Wignesan, Paris, January 29, 2020

Imp-Each-Ment-Air-Ditty II

IMP-EACH-MENT-AIR-DITTY - II

Coast-Guard droned and whined striding on Beach
« Who dares to teach me how to close breach ?
Hand over the saddles !
I'll dump them in puddles !
No-one , I say, rides bareback on Leech ! »

Peach of a Teach lay bareback on Beach
Counting on four bets to counter Leech
« What if Coast-Guard turns coat ?
Calls no bets after vote ? »
Who's to reach for reins to saddle Leech ?

Hocus-Pocus ! POTUS ! Teach Impeach !
Who rules as Leech trots on beyond reach ?
Now we have hung Jury
ImPeachMentAlity
No more bets, please ! Beseech not Teach to preach !

Leech filly chairs G-20 ! O ! Screech !
Vice-POTUS heifer draws 50G bleach !
High stakes family fun
The World is a top spun !
Will POTUS filly rule from the new breach ?

(c) T.Wignesan - Paris, January 15, 2020

Imp-Each-Ment-Air-Ditty

Imp-Each-Ment-Air-Ditty

Once peach of a Teach on beach tried to preach
The art of closing the reach in a breach
The Coast-Guard drew his gun
Shot a hole in the bun
Now Teach leaks through breeches during Speech

Teach then placed bets on a horse called Leech
Before Whistle-Blower could cry « Impeach ! »
Leech took off in anger
To smite Whistle-Blower
House closed down for lack of bets on Leech

Whistle-Blower held breath to teach impeach
Upper House closed the breach to foist Leech
Said Teach : « No more bets, please ! »
Leech learned to trot with ease
Then Teach rode Leech without a screech

Teach then said : « Place all bets out-of-reach !
This race will take first place : Each-to-Each ! »
Twenty-two trillion debt
The pit is full and wet
Whose finger will dam dike in the breach ?

(to be continued)

© T. Wignesan – Paris, December 17, 2019

Villanelle: Never political but spiritual the ancient Indo-Chinese pilgrim ties

Villanelle : Never political but spiritual the ancient Indo-Chinese pilgrim ties

In Memory of the late pathologist (and amateur Astronomer)
Associate Professor CHONG Siew Meng, National University of Singapore*

Never political but spiritual the ancient Indo-Chinese pilgrim ties
Which pierce through skin and bone and the cryptic genetic code
Friends hatched from the same mould needn't rely on vice nor lies

Wu Ch'eng-en's « Monkey » didn't waft down Monsoon winds for spice
But to imbibe Siddhartha* Truth : the Golden Mean* at Nalanda* abode
Never political but spiritual the ancient Indo-Chinese pilgrim ties

And took back to the Middle Kingdom « Eight-Fold Path* » wise
That neither « ancestral worship » nor Taoist logic sought to exclude
Friends hatched from the same mould needn't rely on vice nor lies

Then the fierce Boddhidharma* stared down the Emperor Chinese
And from « Four Noble Truths* » sprang Chan/Zen in enigmatic mode
Never political but spiritual the ancient Indo-Chinese pilgrim ties

Whilst in deserts iconoclast prophets tore down the sacred edifice
The Essenic Tribe traced the descent from Tusita Heaven to Mary mode
Friends hatched from the same mould needn't rely on vice nor lies

The Dead Sea Scrolls lie buried in some hidden vault full of lice and mice
While Crusaders drive Saracens from the Holy Land onto the migrant road
Never political but spiritual the ancient Indo-Chinese pilgrim ties
Friends hatched from the same mould needn't rely on vice nor lies

Notes

•An ex-Victoria Institution pupil from Kuala Lumpur. In Malaysia and Singapore, it is not uncommon to find many Chinese and Tamils forming quite close relationships, the most renowned of such friendships thrived between the late Prime Minister LEE KUAN YEW and the late Senior Vice-Premier S. RAJARATNAM, the latter born and raised in Malay(si)a. Lee Kuan Yew shed tears in public at Rajaratnam's funeral.

•Siddhartha : « he who achieves his aim »

•Golden Mean (the Middle Way) : « away from all self-indulgence and self-mortification »

•Nalanda : ancient university (in the present-day State of Bihar) to which several Chinese pilgrims like the renowned Yi-jing or I-tsing (635-713 CE) made their way to learn Sanskrit and Pali in order to translate Buddhist works to take back home. On the way, they stopped at SriVijaya in Sumatra for the very same reason.

•Eight-Fold Path : right view ; right intention ; right speech ; right action ; right livelihood ; right effort ; right mindfulness ; right concentration.

•Bhodhidharma : a Tamil « Brahmin » who took the Buddha's teaching to China and there meditated for years facing a wall in a cave until followers sought his knowledge which gave birth to Chan in China and Zen in Japan. It is also said that he initiated the martial arts at Shao-lin.

•Four Noble Truths : « Suffering as part and parcel of Life » ; « Sensual craving as the cause of suffering » ; « Acquisition of identity » ; « Suffering can be eradicated by following the Eight-Fold Path »

© T. Wignesan – Paris, October 10, 2019

Beyond the Heart, the Head and the Soul reigns unsullied Belief

Beyond the Heart, the Head and the Soul reigns unsullied Belief

How he blurted in a moment of self-lacerating glory-be pique
Who will in a thousand years retrieve my poems from digital rot
A thousand years grind grim in fermenting ocean-filth freak
Rather think in terms of a hundred or two twisted tight in knot

By then no scales may balance conflicting efforts set adrift
Wild tsunamis would have raged over lands and cities lying low
And the mighty and the rich abandon ports to set up amount aloft
And none will seek to extend meaning beyond the beclouded glow

None will batter brains split hairs over words poets proudly sow
No conniving committees allocate prizes as at musical-chairs play
Past the highest achievements scientific excellence on us bestow
For neither love nor purity of soul will be Man's cultural mainstay

For the stunted Psyché still wallows in the Doldrums of Belief
By what we impute to holy Prophets Popes and Poets' mischief

© T. Wignesán – Paris, November 7, 2019

Translation of Mat POKORA's Je suis tombe by T Wignesan

Translation of Mathieu POKORA's « Je suis tombé, tombé, tombé » by T Wignesan

(NOTE : I just thought I'd translate the lyrics (see the French original herebelow) of this lilting catchy tune not just because of its self-mocking candid insouciance and playful seriousness, but also for the way the melody clings and swings all on its own - in the least expected of moments - in the hinterlands of one's leisureliness. There is something endearing about a guy who chants about himself being a victim of his « head-over-heels » love for a girl to the extent he feels he ought - in his confounded opinion - to be interned in a lunatic asylum (just imagine enduring strait-jackets, electroencephalograms, high-voltage charges to the brain and frontal lobotomy - all for his LOVE !). Won't you agree ?)

Laid Low Am I, Fallen, Fallen

If ever you forget
The day our eyes first met
All that we said to each other
In the dim back of the bar
If ever Life were
To lend me no hand
Abandon us both, no
Wishing not to dally with us

We'd be lost, that's for sure
But not for very long
We'd meet up again, I'm certain
Even as it were a game for children
Likely as not, we'd be lost
But as time goes by
Making it together again, for sure
Like in those games of ours of yore

(REFRAIN) :

Fallen low am I, Fallen, Fallen
Wounded
Kudos, My Queen, you have won
I've lost my bearings and ought to be interned
Crushed low am I, crushed, crushed
Low, low, mighty low
Hurt in the heart am I

All Hail, Liege ! Your lowly subject am I
Naught but a madman, a madman to be put away
Have hit rock bottom, floundering down in the dumps

If ever you take fright
Trust in me
I'll bear all your pain
You'll see how things mend
If ever you're given to doubt
This promise I'll keep
To keep you on a safe course
With words of tenderness

(REFRAIN)

If ever you forget
If ever you are afraid
Know, never will it all end, no
The joy in our hearts will never set
If ever you forget
If ever you are afraid
It'll never be over, never
Never

(REFRAIN)

© T. Wignesan - Paris, October 25, 2019

Click on this un-official version of the song :

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=n0UC1ymzfnw>

"Tombé"

Si jamais t'oublies
Nos premiers regards
Tout ce qu'on s'est dit
Dans le fond du bar
Si jamais la vie
N'est pas d'mon côté
Ne veut pas de nous, non
Ne veut plus jouer

On se perdra, c'est sûr
Mais jamais longtemps
On se retrouvera, j'suis sûr
Comme un jeu d'enfants
On se perdra pour sûr
Mais avec le temps
On se donnera, c'est sûr
Comme dans nos jeux d'antan

Je suis tombé, tombé, tombé
Je suis touché, bravo ma reine tu as gagné
Je n'suis qu'un fou, un fou à enfermer
Je suis tombé, je suis tombé

Je suis tombé, tombé, tombé
Je suis touché, bravo ma reine tu as gagné
Je n'suis qu'un fou, un fou à enfermer
Je suis tombé, je suis tombé

Si jamais t'as peur
Aies confiance en moi
J'prendrai ta douleur
Tu verras, ça ira
Si jamais tu doutes
J'te fais la promesse
De garder sur ta route
Les mots, la tendresse

On se perdra, c'est sûr
Mais jamais longtemps
On se retrouvera, j'suis sûr
Comme un jeu d'enfants
On se perdra pour sûr
Mais avec le temps
On se donnera, c'est sûr
Comme dans nos jeux d'antan

Je suis tombé, tombé, tombé
Je suis touché, bravo ma reine tu as gagné
Je n'suis qu'un fou, un fou à enfermer
Je suis tombé, je suis tombé

Je suis tombé, tombé, tombé
Je suis touché, bravo ma reine tu as gagné
Je n'suis qu'un fou, un fou à enfermer
Je suis tombé, je suis tombé

Si jamais t'oublies
Si jamais t'as peur
C'est jamais fini, non
Il est là le bonheur
Si jamais t'oublies
Si jamais t'as peur
C'est jamais fini, non
Non

Je suis tombé, tombé, tombé
Je suis touché, bravo ma reine tu as gagné
Je n'suis qu'un fou, un fou à enfermer
Je suis tombé, je suis tombé

Je suis tombé, tombé, tombé
Je suis touché, bravo ma reine tu as gagné
Je n'suis qu'un fou, un fou à enfermer
Je suis tombé, je suis tombé

Je suis tombé, tombé, tombé
Je suis touché, bravo ma reine tu as gagné
Je n'suis qu'un fou, un fou à enfermer
Je suis tombé, je suis tombé

Published on June 30, 2019 - Original lyrics by Mat POKORA.

IF YOU PULL A LONG BREXITING FACE: XLIV

IF YOU PULL A LONG BREXITING FACE : XLIV – 44

If you pull a long-twisted Brexiting face
Pulled three more years by Santa Theresa May
« Eyes » to the Right and « Nose » to the Left gaze
Is the fate of phase after Letwin amendment delay

If you pull a long-pained Brexit-fixit-now face
Deal or No-Deal come yet what the Devil may
Scoff at Benn Act to be torn apart in court case
Set then precedence in Case Law if PM won't obey

If you still keep pulling that long Back-Stop face
Stick foot in the slamming EURO door to stay
Le Vieux Continent put-off by antique grimace
Would Mary Queen of Scots excise Henry VIII's UK

If you then pull the long borderless Irish face
Migrant mice will grow fat on illicit trade mellee
Till the microbiote in the innerns all borders efface
And the Brexit Isles will split asunder in dismay

Then if you pull the long put-together fallen face
Towed across the Atlantic moored as the 51st to allay
The fears of Norman Conquests taking over the States
Guess who foists upon the World the Union Jack – Hurray !

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IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE: XLIII - the Embalmed Mona Lisa under the Glass Pyramid

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : XLIII- the Embalmed Mona Lisa in the Glass Pyramid

If you pull a long stymied face
Make certain you peel eyes that do not stray
Or else the faces you make will make-up put out-of-place
Yet the legions who march past portrait make for dire prey

If you keep pulling that mock long-pulled enigmatic face
Not even oil on poplar buttressed by beech oak sycamore or maple
Nor butterfly braces lock Mona Lisa's back-warping brace
Sfumato style phase out smile eyelashes eyebrows from wood panel

If you must pull that long neither nor face
Two faces fused in one while in the family way
Dumbfounded tourists be trampled under divisive gaze
Did not Leonardo cross-eyed dab paint in reverie gay

If you then insist on pulling a long-painted face
Own mocking glances at François 1er's La Gioconda, nay
Count yourself among millions Lady Gherardini's to praise
Think of the billions it takes to care for her image and so pay

Yet if you then keep pulling that long-amused face
Watching myriad eyes searching the reasons for your precious sway
Pied-Piper armies come trampling trapped in a momentary craze
The pent-up pilgrims in your glass sanctum-sanctorum catharsis obey

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IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part XLII - 42

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE: 42

If you pull a long-bored acrimonious face
Looking hardly at anyone passing your way
Your sunken cheeks spiting your own face
But those bitter bitten lips will give you away

If you keep pulling that long forsaken-look face
Wondering why each face will not own mask betray
Slop around in slippers not deigning to tie shoe-lace
Know that « la caque sent toujours le hareng »* all day

If you then must keep pulling your long sagging face
To thwart all and everything not going your way
The noble Fa-Ling lines stop at the mouth without grace:
The « Flying Serpent enters the mouth", the Chinese say

If you still insist on pulling that long worsted face
Since no-one will miss you once you're gone, you say
Just think how many have not even by « contumace"
Pulled a long lost face some weary dreary day

So if you're the kind to pull a put-up pleasant face
See no smile lurking in within the Sun's awakening ray
Hear no Garden Warbler trill livening up the pace
Know then, Friend, you're loose change in the cash tray

Note: * Literally, in French, means: "the herring barrel always stinks of herring », but figuratively, as in this instance, means:
« you can't hide your origins ».

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, September 18, 2019

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY: LXXX - Bang Bang Who Shot Me Down Like A Pariah Dog - Follow Up

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY: LXXX - Bang! Bang! Who Shot Me Down like an Un-
licensed Pariah
Dog ! Follow Up !

IF ever I had a country, a country without a dim shadow of a doubt not subject
to the whistle of a Woman Referee nor of a Video Assistant Referee where
bullets whistle supersonic from trigger-happy automatic weaponry

And where, as you already know, I was unanimously called upon by common consent
of the Congress and the Chief Executive - yes, including the ever-recalcitrant
Senate to a no-decision-taking thwarting degree - to take into my sole healing
hands the duty of imposing holy SILENCE in the pistol-packing « bang-bang »
Land of the Free

Where, most regrettably the Powers-that-Be, it appears, have failed to hark to
the hints, innuendoes and warnings overtly embodied in our ULTIMATUM and humbly
addressed to their Royal Highnesses who somewhat obliviously ignore the fate of
some 50,000 of their compatriot-citizen subjects being held as « hostages » at
the mercy of the bloodthirsty NRA Army crying out for some
« human » BLOOD instead of the insipid Polar Bear and Ermine blood-stained ICE
CREAM cones they are obliged to suck on to assuage their insatiable lust for
splitting and spilling the contents of skulls in orgies

And while we hear from our Dirty-Tricks-Department whose intrepid sions had
infiltrated - not just for the pleasure cruise - the PACQUEBOTS during the
initial pell-mell boarding spree THAT Admiral Greta THUNBERG has been nursing
(yet to be verified) her own plans for annexing Hans Anderson territory for the
greater glory of Greta Garbo country with an eye on the Nobel Peace Prize
gratuity

Even if we find it painfully difficult to understand how in the Hamlet Court no
sign nor response is yet forthcoming to agree to the maximum of 10%(NOTE: we
have raised the bar from well-under to the top !) of the \$100 million buying
fee offered by Harry S. Truman in his ATOMIC FOLLY for a mere chunk of useless
GREEN-less rock with the icing thinning by the day everyone can see

So, the QUESTION here is not just one of TO BE or NOT TO BE but one of what's
brewing in Macbeth's WITCHES' CAULDRONS ? -stoked by the NRA Army - the 50,000
Danes ? who have no right to

« be bloody, bold, and resolute » or « laugh to scorn » the apocalyptic fire
and brimstone about to be unleashed on the WHOLE WORLD with one push on the
remote control button whether SILENCE of late reigns in the You-Knighted

Country

YES, Siree ! That's what I'd do - press the button - if ever I were appointed the SOLE REFEREE by Congressional decree

And this, even if I never ever had no country ruled by the moule à gaufre/waffle iron of mighty musketry

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, September 11, 2019

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY: LXXIX - Bang Bang Who Shot Me Down Like An Un-Licensed Dog

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY: LXXIX - Bang! Bang! Who Shot Me Down like an Un-licensed Dog !

IF ever I had a country, a country certainly not subject to the whistle of a Woman Referee -- even of a Video Assistant Referee - where bullets whistle supersonic from trigger-happy automatic weaponry

And if ever I were called upon by common consent of the House of Reps, the Senate and the Chief Executive - yes all three - to take into my sole healing hands the duty of imposing SILENCE in the pistol-packing « bang-bang » Land of the Free

I would first and foremost send a Special Envoy - well-trained in the art of extracting gold from rotten teeth - to persuade the Nobel Committee (with besides a caveat to pressure the Swedish PM and Chief Justice from issuing a « non-ingérence » edict) to stay forthwith the conferment of the Nobel Prize to authors and poets for a century (writers who in any case would have secured by attaining their senior age ALL the principal publisher-controlled and mutually-rotated prizes and who would have by that pinnacle-age amassed gigantesque ill-gotten gains through royalties) and instead implore the Nob-Com to let my country have the equivalent in weight of DYNAMITE in the care and production of the Alfred Nobel family

Next, I'll charter all PAQUEBOTS, such as, the Queen Mary, the Queen Elizabeth - even the newly-salvaged and to be refurbished Titanic - and then I'll have their hulls loaded and packed to the brim with the Nobel Dynamite, and will I not then appoint ? the fifteen-year-old THUNBERG as the Admiral-of-the-Fleet and will I not let it out ? to ALL 300-million or more gun-owners yearning for some much-needed target practice the right to free-passage on these luxury liners together with their legally-acquired NRA-authorized automatic « man-mowers » – all for the noble cause of annihilating from Europe thick, stumpy teens or hags who block all passages, side-walks, mall-halls, zebra-crossings, railway and airport entrances, y comprise « la plus belle avenue du Monde: les Champs-Élysées » with their "ambling-rambling » gait - for a hard-to-miss target-drilling spree

And then, when the licensed gun-owners trample over one another and their trillion-strong hunting-gear to get on board, all itching-ready to pump molten-lead into bulging, pulpy and thick-tough flesh, I'll order Admiral Thunberg to set course for GREENLAND under the pretext of getting and honing-in some target practice while sampling the local brand of ICE-CREAM laced with polar-bear and

ermine blood, while all 50,000 Danish citizens line the shores to welcome the NRA-supporters with their automatics, I'd issue an ultimatum to His/Her Royal Danish Majesty once the hunting-corps take up strategic positions on Danish iced-soil to SELL the ISLE for less than 10% of the sum offered by Harry TRUMAN after WWII or ELSE face up to the aurora borealis detonation - through remote satellite control - of solid Swedish Nobel dynamite and face up to the fury of my NRA-Army

YES, Siree ! That's what I'd do if ever I were appointed the SOLE REFEREE by Congressional decree

And this, even if I never ever had no country ruled by the moule à gaufre/waffle iron of mighty musketry

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, August 17, 2019

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES: LV - Mind unwinding tweezers

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES : LV - Mind unwinding tweezers

If you let « bygones be bygones » , there'll be no FUTURE left, and since we can't always live in the EVER PRESENT (yet that's what we all do), WHAT are we living for ? By the same token, if we
« followed » the above dictum "to the letter », there'd be no more WARS nor VENDETTAS, no more DIVORCES nor PATERNITY SUITS or even personal slights.... even if you don't know what I really mean !

IF « It's an ill wind that brings/blows no one any good ! », wherever you go, ensure that you have a thermometer on you, for the instant you feel the faintest breeze grace your temples, whip out your
« thermo » and check your temperature, and if it's
« normal », rush home and keep the windows and doors wide open in anticipation of PRESENTS (hope the apertures are wide enough to permit the passage of a shining Ferrari, for instance) that are bound to tumble into your lucky lap !
You lucky Devil !

This's a "guessing game ». Someone once said:
« Ich bin ein Berliner ! » at the Brandenburg Gate to a large cheering crowd. Yet, no one bothered to check his birth certificate ! When you know who called into question his predecessor's inalienable birth rights, he didn't doubt the veracity of the secret-valise codes he received from the man. Now, what would the President say in similar circumstances ?
« Ich bin ein Zzzzz..... ! (fill in the blank space)

« ... the ball is in your court now » says the guy who has run out of words... not so the Coco girl who said - after winning - « I gave my Mom a heart attack!"

What's so "rotten in Denmark" to keep « buyers » away...

« No ifs and buts, I'll bet the shirt on my back » that we'd leave by October 31st. Will the EU buy that !

« The British royalty will have to go if ever there were traffic jams » (due to the royal processions on London's streets), said a Prince who still loves the rides attired in full regalia and refuses to go...

« To a Poet, Who would have me praise certain bad poets, imitators of his and mine

You say, as I have often given tongue
In praise of what another's said or sung,

'Twere politic to do the like by these;
But was there ever dog that praised his fleas. «
W. B. Yeats, 1865 - 1939

Sir, mighty Nobel pen drunk on Gaelic langue
'Twere more politic to cut the dog's tongue
And let the saliva drool on festering fleas
Than to scratch with claws in joyful ease !
T. Wignesan, 19– - 20–

(c) T. Wignesan, Paris, August 8, 2019

UNQUOTEABLE QUOTES - LIV: Swatting flies in Buckingham Palace from the White House

UNQUOTEABLE QUOTES - LIV : Swatting flies in Buckingham Palace from the White House

When Bianca Nobilissima, the statuesque Sea Anne-Anne anchor in her Star-Trek heat-wave get-up exposing her sculptured architectural buoy spaces from head to heel (even Mr. Spock would raise eyebrows wishing he were human) disclosed – with the riotous rowdy Westminster Parliament for a backdrop – that she would give « anything » (???) to be (not necessarily verbatim) « a fly on the wall » during the British premiership « changing-of-the-guard » at Buckingham Palace just to see if the new Brexit-PM would actually « kiss » Her Majesty's graciously proffered hand or just merely « sniff » at it, to say the least, she must have had no inkling whatsoever of the grave danger she was courting for right in those phantasmagoric surroundings resides a DUDE who is a past-master at « swatting » flies whether on, against or behind the wall or, for that matter, even through the wall !

Guess WHO was watching the same emission ? for HE, too, proclaimed how he would love to be « a fly on the wall » just to listen to growls and growses in Democratic corridors of power on impeachment designs after the Senate Mueller hearings !!!

The Teutonic strains in the principally Norman royal household might reverberate to the chilling ribaldry of the Koninklijke Chorale Caecilia -- (under the baton of Paul DINNEWETH and the ethereally uplifting voices : Martine REYNERS (soprano), Philip DEFRANCQ (tenor) and Joris DERDER (baritone) -- through Carl ORFF's care-may-the-Devil-be : CARMINA BURANA performance : [http : www.al-production.be](http://www.al-production.be)

Would that the newly-ordained PM recall the medieval poet's Old-German in these lines :

Were din werit alle min
von deme mere unze an den Rin,
des weht ih mih darben,
daz diu chunegin von Engellant
lege an minen armen.

Translation (taken from the internet without credits) :

Were all the world mine
from the sea to the Rhine,

I would starve myself of it
so that the Queen of England
might lie in my arms.

© T. Wignesan - Paris, July 29, 2019

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY: LXXVIII

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY: LXXVIII

for Suzanne DELANEY, in appreciation

(Prelude: CAN THE WRONG MAN BE RIGHT ? ABSOLUTELY !

If only he were NOT guilty of the self-same crime !

For instance, here in Europe, acceding to « nationality»
status can be quite ludicrously irrational: those migrants

even "totally ignorant" of the host country's culture

and official tongue obtain their "citizenship papers »

sooner or later, while clinging desperately to their

own culture and country to the exclusion of their hosts'- some more

fortunatethough enjoy « dual nationality » and therefore DUAL rights to LOYALTY

! And talk tough once they take over responsible positions in society. And the

ones on whom the latter prey most of all are precisely

those « other» less fortunate migrants at their mercy !)

IF ever I had a country, a country NOT « wholly" put together by

either IMMIGRANTS or REFUGEES, you see, but by conquering

IMPERIAL ENSLAVERS on the backs of blacks and

on those fleeing from hunger, from religious

intolerance as "indentured-labourers », mainly, you'll agree

WHERE the indigene was routed and rounded up into

RESERVES through superior "fire-power" by the

COLONIAL and local ARISTOCRACY

AND where TAXES and LEVIES imposed by the « Foreign Power »

drove the locally-born MASTER to revolt against the MOTHER

COUNTRY

Until the whole CONTINENT united « nation » after « nation »

to become the foremost mid-twentieth century « COLONIAL »

SAVIOUR of the WORLD country

Only to find its internal structure and economic power usurped

by other NON-NATION constituting ethnies

AND one-by-one take over from the original WASP founding PATER

FAMILIAS confederacy

Yes, then, I'd keep the NEW-COMER from wagging his/her tongue or

shooting his/her mouth tout azimuth - despite the legislative mandate -

as though he/she were the backbone of the nation or from attempting to take over my « dear » country as if it were their « god-given » patrimony

Even if I never ever had no country stuck together with spit and elbow-grease to look like a pyrotechnically-powere Bollywoodian jamboree

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, July 22, 2019

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES: LIII - Tongue Teasers

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES: LIII - Tongue Teasers

Whether the glass is « half full » or « half empty », what counts is WHO « drank" the "other half », the « better half » ? Lucky Devil !

« By hook or by crook » always drag the virgin in to read your book while you devise ways to make her your life-long cook !

This's probably what the French mean by the phrase: « défrayer un territoire vierge » (i.e., « open up virgin territory »), say, in reference to fundamental research.

When preachers want you to be the epitome of « milk of human kindness », do they want you to suck or suckle breasts ?

Don't make a fuss about not wanting to receive presents of not much value, for you can always give them away to the poorer cousin clan residing in hutments down the road.

If you « croc-a-dile », even once in a while (depending on whether the tile was made of mud, concrete or platinum), you risk being fed for the rest of your life with infusions via tubes.

Why « make hay while the sun shines » when you can simply free all the caged herbivorous animals we raise to feed ourselves, and after they would have supped to their hearts' content, just shoot and slaughter and devour them ?

True, « the dog is Man's best friend », but only so long as he continues to feed the dog; otherwise, as in the recent case of a dying recluse in the States, dogs will feed themselves on the Master (it's not clear whether he was alive or dead) – clothes, flesh and bones to boot ! (Anthony Burgess described in one of his novels a case of having to traverse at one's own risk a monkey-infested forest. One great big-hearted man carried bags of nuts to appease their hunger whenever he had to gain the other side of the forest. One fine day, he clean forgot to haul the bags of nuts, and he just dldn't make it across the wild in one piece !)

If you « cast pearls before swine », know that they would lap it up without compunction and expel the same with the habitual choruses of grunts, together with the abominable swill husbandmen feed them, and you would have a hard – if not a beastly - time extracting them from the nauseating quagmire of sties, that is, if the abattoir-butchers would not contest your rights to the pearls ! If you don't believe me, go see "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974): you, too might get your head caved in with a sledge-hammer, your twitching body dumped

in the deep-freeze or hung on a steel hook against the wall awaiting carving to supply the local butcher right round the corner !

To catch a monkey, all you have to do is to bore a small hole in a coconut for it to get its hand through to the luscious kernel: the monkey will grab as much of the kernel in its submerged hand and be trapped. It wouldn't occur to the monkey to let go of the kernel to extract its hand free ! The case of « Freedom Fighters » always wanting more territory than they know they can legitimately aspire or lay claim to.

And what do « freedom fighters », who have been defeated by the overwhelming forces of the State, do after the rebellion or revolution ? The few surviving leaders will write poetry or cultivate their philosophic image for posterity; the rest - the rank and file and cadres - deprived of civil-life training or upbringing and a general education turn to « organized » crime for a living, to wit, theft, drug-dealing, sexual exploitation for personal gain, money-lending and the nefarious international remittance business, trafficking in the lucrative migrant « slave-trade » and also the legitimate catering and grocery trade – all coming under the umbrella of the respectable IMPORT-EXPORT business nomenclature !

After the lost revolution
Even the failed rebellion
Remain collected funds bullion
Cash stashed by the ??? million
Make "them" bourgeois onion
To pay politicking henchmen- minion !

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, July 17, 2019

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES: LII 52 - Tongue-Tweezers

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES: LII - Tongue Tweezers

Tit for Tat

Butter for Fat

Rat for Cat

Left for Right

Day for Night

Might for Right

Tick for Tack

Lick for Lack

Lice for Sack

Rice for Mice

Dice for Vice

Nice for Voice

Sap for Lap

Cap for Gap

Rap for Nap

Loose for Tight

Pound for Bite

Penny for Wight

Lord for Light

Black for White

Diddle for Riddle

Fiddle for Middle

Horse for Sadle

Stable for Fable

Jingle for Jangle

Bungle for Wrangle

Mingle for Mangle

Single for Double

Goble for Gamble

Mumble for Rumble

Lass for Dad

Had for Glad
Mom for Mad

Laid for Paid
Brother for Maid
Died for Raid

Bow for Wow
Row for Sow
Slew for Brow

Seed for Reed
Need for Weed
Greed for Deed

Pine for Mine
Brine for Wine
Sign for Line

Whine for Dine
Groin for Loin
Grind for Join

Bread for Würst
Butter for Toast
Steak for Roast

Trumpet for Boast
Storms for Coast
Armour for Joust

Bat for Mat
Ball for Bat
Hole for Rat

Den for Lion
House for Sion
World for Zion

Tit for Tat
Gutter for Rat
Rap for VAT

Flour for Oven
Levure for Leaven
Govern for Heaven !

Sign by Sign

Line by Line

Words di-vine ?

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, July 14, 2019

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES: LI 51 - Tongue-Teasing Epigrams

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES: LI - Tongue-Teasers

If you want to give someone a « taste of his own medicine", you must first obtain sufficient quantities of the same medicine in the market, and if it's out-of-stock - TOUGH LUCK ! - you have to employ some pharmaceutical company to manufacture it for you ! GOOD LUCK !

If you write « poetry » without first acquainting yourself with what has already been put out in the field over the ages - which might take/cost you a few « lifetimes » wholly devoted to the task - you might only be « beating the dead horse » over and over again, severally in theme, tone and style. TANT PIS !

If, on the other hand, someone or some school (might even be a « publisher ») tells you they can « teach » you how to write « great poetry », you should first try them out by asking them to write it themselves and win all the coveted prizes available (and they are legion!) in the field, y compris the NOBEL, before obviously following their advice, though they might not take kindly to hearing this from you, especially if you are a poet, yourself ! « Poetry" can be a very lucrative commodity bandied about by businessmen !

If, by common consent of all the governments in the world, LAWYERS/SOLLICITORS and their ilk are put on « salary » - financed through appropriation of one \$ or one € from every wage-earner (the latter wouldn't mind at all !) - there is little doubt for conjecture, before the end of the present generation ALL LAW FACULTIES all over the world will close down for good !

Likewise, if all governments paid so-called CHARITABLE ORGANIZATIONS (with some notable exceptions like, perhaps, UNICEF, AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL, INSTITUT PASTEUR, MEDECINS SANS FRONTIER, to name just a few) to keep them from producing highly expensive publications in glossy techni-colour print (which no one ever reads, I'm certain, and which stokes the colossal « waste disposal » industry), the « lungs » of the world like the Brazilian jungles won't be suffering from DEEP VEINOUS THROMBOSIS !

True, « CRIME DOES (NOT) PAY », yet it's the « criminal » who gets richer and richer at the expense of his victims, and, as everybody already knows, the « best » and richest lawyers are at the rich man's beck and call to keep the LAW at bay ! LEGISLATION is almost always written by lawyer-politicians who provide « loopholes » for those who know how to look for them ! Whoever said: "JUSTICE is blind" is him/her-self « purblind » !

Back to Aurélien BARRAU, the young French Astrophysicist and Philosopher-Poet (he obtained with the highest academic honours « doctorates » in astro-physics and philosophy from the best French academic establishments) - is right now the foremost « advocate » most eloquently campaigning against « climate change » issues in France and has publicly declared, with proof in hand, that « climate change » is IRREVERSIBLE and its catastrophic consequences will occur in the lives of our children.

(See his book out this year: LE PLUS GRAND DEFI de l'HISTOIRE de l'HUMANITE: Face à la catastrophe écologique et sociale. Paris: Ed. Michel Lafon, 2019, 145p.)

Here are relevant quotes from this book: « Certain trends in the excesses of consumerism will by necessity result in economic decline. Perhaps even, sometimes, in the loss of comfort. But, if the (detrimental ecologic) situation were to become

« lethal » - and this's the case today - economic growth cannot make any sense or be of any interest. The means defeats the end. » (p. 34) (...) « To migrate towards a vegetarian regime of dieting would be very beneficial for ecology: the industry devoted to meat production is one of the most pollution prone imaginable. One kilogram of beef requires 10,000 litres of water, even a calory of meat requires 4 to 11 calories of vegetable matter, animal husbandry emits more green-house gas than all other human activity - including transport - and, in 2050, this will be the primary cause of penury in food in the world. » And he goes on to say that the avoidance of meat consumption will reduce the incidence of cardio-vascular, diabetic and cancer-inducing diseases. (pp. 35-36)

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, July 12, 2019

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES: L 50 - Tongue-Teasing Epigrams

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES: L (50) - Tongue-Teasers

The « early bird catches the worm » only because the worm has not woken up yet.

« I don't love you ! I hated your father ! » - must be the real reason why « Mother F.....r » is so popular a swear-word (correct me if I'm wrong) In the USA.

Is being « down and out » just a passing condition of being « broke and depressed » or the more serious predicament of being « technically knocked out » cold on your back ????

« Time and time again » the Church or Temple bells toll to keep the worshipper away by reminding him of the « hidden » trap about to be sprung. The "true believer" follows his own « conditioned reflexes" which don't wring his conscience.

If you grow tired of the wife's cooking, invite friends to dinner, and they'll be honour-bound to let you sample theirs. But, if you grow averse to the wife's jokes in bed, best to invite your enemies to share the conjugal bed. You'll soon make lots of friends, followed by lots of dinner parties with the promise of delicious post-prandial desserts.

Generally, « shooting Stars » shoot themselves while sliding down slippery holly wood or hanging from the holly tree when the agent overlooks the Star for some one more « willing » and younger.

The Manager-Trainer who « chucks in the towel » even before the final count-down - despite the protesting affirmations of his « poulain » that he could go yet another dozen rounds - has to be the only humane soul in a sado-masochistic world of « bear-baiting » barbarity where two trained performers batter each other's brains to the accompaniment of wild screams and yells of blood-thirsty drunks insensitive to broken bleeding noses, caved-in swollen black-eye-sockets, broken ribs and concussion - the image of Muhammad Ali's delirium tremens palsy !

The « priceless jewel » is almost always a Classical Master's painting adorning « sfumato » most palatial buildings under high security guard, but a true poet's words merely string some broken pearly line in the fading memory of a sensitive soul to make him look out into the chirping chastening world !

Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo were both illegitimate and both apprenticed to Masters at an early age at their own wilfull asking. Both showed genius at an early age and were the object of much envy from teacher as well as peers.

Leonardo kept notes by writing backwards and was ambi-dextrous. He's remembered for "Mona Lisa » and the « Last Supper » and for his anatomical and mathematical sketches and drawings. Michelangelo was compelled by patrons to paint, instead of working on sculpture which was his forté. Witness « David ». Yet, his paintings imbibed as he painted glorify the "Cistine Chapel".

With compass through calculus
With scalpel on "stolen » corpses
With paint in sfumato colours
Thru back-neck-bending calouses
With dreams of "winged" opuses
Frescoes or burial sculptures
Wills of born and made geniuses

When Megan was interviewed after the match and was asked to display her now famous « Bolt-like" stance, she obliged and said:
« This's called the s..t-eating grin ! » Now, what would her HAKKA look like on Inauguration Day !
Hers !

This's in response to Ronald Hull's comment on my Unquotable Quotes: XLIX in Authorsden.com, dated 6/7 July 2019:

« According to the French Astrophysicist and philosopher-poet Aurélien BARRAU, b. 19 May 1973, in Paris - a Senior Research Fellow (and Full Professor at the University of Grenoble-Alpes) with the French National Centre for Scientific Research (CNRS), Honorary Member of the Institut Universitaire France, Visiting Professor at Stanford and Princeton, the 2006 Laureate of the Russian Bogoliubov Prize, among others - no scientific theory, apart from - for the moment - Einstein's Special and General Relativity theories - can be proven to be wholly valid or be taken definitely into account in the overall assessment and calculation of the COSMOS's underlying functional principles in all its detail be it the Big Bang or Big Crunch or BIG BOUNCE or the behaviour of the BLACK HOLES, etc., (though he somewhat defers to the « String Theory » and the « Multi-Verse » concept, and critiques Einstein's lack of foresight in the comprehension of the role of « particle physics » in the scheme of things entire.

Here is a relevant quote:

"Que des génies absolus comme Newton ou Einstein (et d'autres) aient contribué de façon décisive est évidemment indéniable. Mais l'essentiel des progrès est dû à un magnifique effort collectif qui ne relève pas du « est-ce Monsieur A ou Madame B qui a raison ? ». C'est beaucoup plus subtil et intriqué que cela. Nous ne sommes pas dans une arène de « parieurs » qui doivent miser sur le bon

cheval. Le meilleurs choix est souvent un contrepoint de propositions qui s'entremêlent. "

My translation (take it for what it's worth):

"That the great geniuses like NEWTON or EINSTEIN (and others) had contributed in a decisive way (to our knowledge) is undeniably evident. But the essence of progress is due to a laudable collective effort which does not depend on « whether it was Mister A or Madam B who was right ? » It's much more subtle and involved than that. We are not in an arena of « bettors » who are called upon to bet on the winning horse. The best choice is often the counterpoint of propositions which intertwine. »

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, July 9, 2019

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES: XLIX - Tongue Teasers

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES: Tongue-Teasers - XLIX

« Third Degree » is when you add « Insult to injury ».

If you take everything everybody says with a « pinch of salt », we'll soon be able to drink ocean water free of charge - and eat plastic weeds and fish growing on the shores.

A « sweet tooth » soon rots to the root.

If you send coal to Newcastle, you'll feel the heat as far down in your muscles as/at Neuchatel or Machu Pichu castle !

"Think twice" before you jump but don't jump anyway, for thinking so is a « vice » and thinking « twice » won't make it any the more « wise » or « nice » !

If you don't « listen" to what you normally « say", you risk having both your ears boxed-in tight !

If SALSA is favela-bred « dirty-dancing », then TANGO is stylish, high-class but prudish titillating « teasing ».

A « yawn » is a « yarn » about it being not so much a sign of insomnia or even boredom as an act of having lost the thread of the speech or argument in a debate on the stage.

By « tightening the belt » when times get hard, the Wise Guy who coined the phrase really meant to say: « Don't « indulge » yourself or else you'd have an « extra mouth » to feed !

A wrinkled brow is only « an unmade bed » at the end of the night - not a sign of wisdom or authority !

A « scrum » in rugby is not so much an « head-on » clash as a « bum-stretching » exercise: the last anchor-man stifles snorting !

Andalusian Flamenco dancers who are invariably women at most « palos », imitate/mimic the MALES of birds in the courting process through frisky head-and- hind-jutting movements while their men - mostly - prefer to sit it out with « palmas » - clapping their women onto greater action. Who courts whom
????

Do English football fans sing « Swing Low, Sweet Chariot... » at football matches

because they want to be taken back to Africa without their « chains » ?????
Who took them to the Americas in the first place ?????

Are you having « sex » when you masturbate ?

Answer « Yes » and you are right !

Answer « No » and you're right tight !

Which girls are the best ?

Those who enjoy themselves ?

Or, those who let you enjoy yourself ?

Answer the « former » and you're

Answer the « latter » and you're equally....

The Child is Father of the Man, but Man is Father of any and of all the « gods »
», for not only he "invented"

them (as figments of his imagination), but has been interfering with the Will
of the Almighty ever since...

What goes up must come down ??? Even if all objects « fall » at the same speed,
owing to « gravity », the French astro-physicist and philosopher-poet maintains
that it's the Earth that catapults itself to receive the falling objects
(correct me if I'm wrong, Aurélien). The question is, When thunder strikes down
onto the earth, is it the Earth which produces and projects THUNDER from down
under??? Isn't it, then, rather a question of « What goes up, goes up and stays
UP ! » NOT « What comes down ! »

This's for Dr. Edward Phillips at Authorsden.com in response to his comment on
UNQUOTABLE QUOTES XLVIII: Tongue-Teasers (Poetry) - 7/6/2019 5:51:28 AM

"You are either wise beyond reason, or unreasonably wise. I haven't yet got
you figured out. But I'm getting onto you..I think.":

The response:« The LAST barrier to fall is still the INTELLECTUAL barrier,
after the SKIN, HAIR, NOSE, CHIN, BROW and SEX barriers ! » Happy hunting !

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, July 6/7, 2019

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES: XLVIII - Tongue Teasers

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES: XLVIII - Tongue Teasers

If the « Yellow Race » could have invented the alphabet, they wouldn't still be seeing « Images » when they close their eyes. Picasso, Dadaism, Surrealist and Abstract painting (including Borroughs and Gysin's cut-up and fold-in techniques) is the art of representing Chinese characters upside down, backwards and upwards - all jumbled up in one frame at a time !

Bad breath results from swearing; fragrant breath from not breathing while you are talking nonsense.

If you tell no lies, you'll never be believed !

He/She who rides pillion is a « tail-carrier » !

Be choosy about making friends and you'll end up at Land's End !

A missed « home-run » is when you get home just too late to catch the guy slipping out of the back-door !

If you can't tell a « swallow » from a « bellow », that's because you've got your mouth full or is it because it's a mouthful ?

A Teetotaller is a « tea-taster » of tea cups on a golf course to see if they were laced with green-tea leaves or « grass » !

Mountaineering is the art of endearing yourself to ZEUS in the hope of being promoted to the pantheon of Greek gods at Olympus Mountain. Mountaineers, therefore, should not be rescued at the expense of the taxpayers' money. Make ZEUS pay, if you can !

Since you are at the top/head of the evolutionary ladder/table, eat what you can and « cane » what you can't to better digest them !

Jack of "all trades » couldn't make a living with spades, so he scaled Jack's Bean Stalk, stole and sold the « beans » to build a Castle in the Air, all to no purpose, for the Spanish authorities refused to provide the sewerage system; that's how building "castles in the air » became an Iberian specialty. Witness whole new townships lying fallow in the Costa del Sol, for example !

When « God » created Man, He made certain the inhabitants of the Land of the Rising Sun would never be able to trace their origins back to.... and condemned them to eating « whale » meat forever and ever !

When HOMO ERECTUS on his long late trek from Africa, some 55,000 years ago, set out to seek a more durable partner, he met NEANDERTHAL MAN fleeing the Ice Age's rigours and ravages, and the two met and copulated in the Mid-East and gave Modern Man our common genome. The question is, How did they communicate? How do you say, in sign language,
« Voulez-vous coucher avec moi ce soir ? » (Translated: « Do you want to 'sleep' with me tonight ?) French style, please !

Here's an attempt:

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= + X X X + X X X

V § ! =

* * * * *

Will you let my goats graze on your downy pastures ?

What if sharp horns get stuck in my deep dentures?

That'll give our kids much gamboling pleasures.

When Shirley MacLaine (Bless her cheeky Soul !) saw a great big golden-haired "Atlantis Man » standing right behind her in the Canary Islands (where she went to film, I presume), the same question crops up: in which tongue did they « rub » minds ? Must be ante-Homer Uhr-Greek, of course ! Or perhaps in Red-Indian sign language ?

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, July 4/5, 2019

THREE WAYS of Swiping the World Cup

THREE WAYS of Swiping the World Cup

"It is sweet and fitting/glorious to lay your life down for your country » -
from a poem by HORACE

(See my story selected to represent France in the 2006 World Cup held in Germany, entitled: « ZERO - ZERO » and published in Everyone has a Good Story: football. Barcelona: caféDiverso, 2006, pp. 158-156. (Maximum length of stories: 1800 words.)

Manager/Coach: ...a well-aimed kick at the hamstring should do the trick

Player: ...what...where's the string anyway

M:...you mutt head...don't you know anything outside of the G-string

P: ...you're asking me to do...to commit a crime

M: ...so...this's for your country...your nation's glory is at stake

P: ...right there in front of all the world watching

M:...so what...when the invasion takes place, cameras are ready to report the glorious sacrifice of the patriot...think of the Normandy landings

P:...you mean, this...this what you're asking me to do in broad limelight is excusable

M:...what d'ya think...how many cups are won thru respect of the game's rules or even of other « allied » teams

P:...I don't know if I really can expose myself in that fashion

M:...d'ya want to warm the reserves' bench all thru the cup knock-out stage

P:...ai...ai...what if I miss and kick her calf or something

M:...what if I put you out of the next stage lineup

P:... you wouldn't do that...who'll replace me

M:...you want to bet...look it's simple...keep your eyes on the referee...when she looks the other way, jab your boot right into her heel... from the back...

P: ...what about the crowd...

M: ...they'd be all roaring raucous mad, half out of joy, the other half in pain

P: ...what about the VAR guys

M: ...what about them...they'd be watching the action taking place elsewhere, besides all that festive flabbergast will dazzle their eyes and cripple their minds

P: ...you sure will put me in right from the start...no?...not like that Dolphin Maccaroni gal forced to sit it out game after game... all for just a couple of minutes at the end... the best charger with the ball I've played against...when she bounces down the turf, it's like a shoal of dolphins riding the crest of a tsunami, I tellya

M: ...you agree to do this for your country and I'll guarantee ya full play-time but if you don't, your number will be up on the HUBLLOT board before half the

half-time

P: ...so I have no choice

M: ...you're a clever girl... so you agree...ok...just a couple of other chores, if ya don't mind... when there's a scramble for the ball right in front of our goal, just make sure you use both hands to deflect the ball away from the goal-posts

P: ...what d'ya mean...deflect with hands...that's a penalty for sure

M: ...not any more...the rules have been changed since before the quarter-finals... now you can handle... even fondle the ball or even berth it under your jersey an' Molly-coddle it an' walk right into the goal... no penalty... go right ahead and try... in fact, don't try...just do it OR

P: ...don't blame me if I get a RED card then

M: ... don't ya worry...just do what I tellya and you'll make it to the next World Cup safely bound

P: ...look, if that's what it is, I'll see what I can do

M: ... don't just "see" what you can do...DO IT OR else

P: ... well, do you think you can put all this in writing and affix your signa...

M: ... the only thing you'll see if you don't agree to do what I want is the tv screen in your hotel room... don't ya see, the nation's honor is at stake

P: ...ok...ok since you put it that way

M: ...bright girl...now there's just one other thing... you know that mastodon who drills unstoppable goals thru rat holes

P: ...you mean that champion with the short platinum mop

M: ...yeah, I mean the same alright... the rest of the time on the field, keep close to her...in fact, close enough to whisper your private number in her ears... soon enough she'll get the point, but stay stuck to her... so stuck so she can't keep her feet on the ball... make eyes at her... if she still doesn't take the hint...trip her up and fall right onto her an' don't get up till they carry both of you out on the same stretcher...

P: ...what ya trying to do...make me a ...

M: ... remember this's for your country... dulce et decorum est pro patria mori...

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, June 30, 2019

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES: XLVII - Tongue-Twisting Epigrams

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES: XLVII - Tongue Twisters

If you want to « have » your cake and « eat » it at one and the same time, simple enough, just split it into two equal parts like an isosceles triangle into two right-angle triangles; then « eat » (take a bite) at one half first, then « have » (another bite) at the other half of the cake and so on and so forth until there's nothing left.

Correct me if I'm wrong, since the true value of PI - the circumference of a circle divided by its radius - can never be properly ascertained/calculated (damn the Roman soldiers for murdering Archimedes at Syracuse just when he was about to make the discovery), how is it possible that NASA landed its spacecraft on the moon in 1969 and brought the astronauts back to Earth? A mere decimal point(s) difference in the trillions so far made available by high-powered computers could, I presume, land the spacecraft in Andromeda. Well, I'm exaggerating, of course ! But, Aurélien Barrau, the French astrophysicist and philosopher poet, affirms that NO scientific theory is « exact" (barring Einstein's Relativity theories for the moment) for they can never be proven to be « exact » since they require an infinite number of experimental proof not just on Earth, but in the far-flung corners of the expanding Universe to be held true and verifiable forever... And Barrau is an honorable man !

If you look into a mirror and see your left as your left, right as your right, top under bottom, and back to front, it simply means, My Friends, you're DEAD as doornails !

ARS GRATIA MARTIA

Women who ride horses astride should marry horses. No ordinary man can please them in their bumping élan stride.

True, one « swallow » doesn't make for a « summer" of joy, but it could help you put the « pill » down before it gets stuck in the gullet and keeps you from raising yet another unwanted « feller ».

Aim high in life and the harder you'd fall ! - the story of politicians, tyrants and emperors, to cut the story short...

We're all « losers » at one time or another, but the one who survives it all is the ONE who knows how to shove the blame onto others.

Do those who suck up to the "Perons" sell well their records to Gauchos in the Savanas (casting no aspersions on their innate talents, nor on the excellence

of the lyrics and melodi) being in « sixes and sevens » with them !

Blow your own trumpet and you'll end up out-of-breath. « Blow » some one else's, and you'd likely end up choked to death !

Why do tyrants, self-appointed emperors and other martial-minded « mentors » always want to get their butt's kicked by marching their men up to Moscow ???

A « cad » by any other name is still a CAD who must prey on some defenseless orphan. The latter from then on wishes/prays to have his name changed to hide his shame.

If you take a « leak » in a puddle, it'll still look like a puddle, though much of a muddle owing to the mud in its gravel.

STOP looking for the "needle in the haystack" and reduce it to a hackneyed phrase of a metaphor by using instead a laser-detector.

If you « lie in the bed you make », does it really matter who crowds you out for love's sake ???

Presidents and/or Prime Ministers

Run their countries through speeches

Written by obscure ghost-writers

Who themselves plagiarise poetasters

Who siphon punchlines from philosophers

And poets shunned by publishers

To reign as « Intellectual » preachers

« A banana a day keeps the West Indian away (from England) », said the Trinidadian Nobel Literature laureate V.S. Naipaul in the fifties, but who would keep Brexit Britain from dancing to the tune of the Steel Bands when the British West Indian cricket batsmen knock the hell out of the West Indian fast bowlers when they charge down the Pavilion end on to the pitch at Lords??? Perhaps the East Indian British???

(One famed woman paramour claims they don't have the « staying power » required to keep her going even for a year !)

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, June 27, 2019

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES: XLVI - Tongue-Twisting Epigrams

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES: XLVI - Tongue-Twisting Epigrams

An aborted foetus never stops growing in the mind of the aborted mother. She never tires of making more babies to nurture the memory of the aborted baby.

The Heart and Soul are as close as the Foot and Sole: they are up to no good; they smell just as bad.

Don't curry favour with a woman who likes it hot.

Waste not, want not: you can neither not want water nor waste it and re-use it, immediately.

It's an ill-wind that brings no-one any fragrant smells or scents.

A tight-fisted man often dies intestate.

Eat what you can and what you can't - slaughter them first before you can them.

Think of the « Devil » and you bet he'll turn up for sure ! If only the « Debtor » would do likewise !

« Running Dogs » is the nickname of dogs whose muzzles never stop running while they are in the act of running.

If you pay for sex, it would be wise not to « eat it » as well, though most of the « sex » offered for free is worse than the « bite" of the African Killer Bee.

A square peg in a round hole makes the hole hissing hot, heaving and heavenly.

Laws are made to be broken, so are hearts. Take a break and break the Laws first.

Mind your own business and the Stock Market will go bust.

A Tycoon in a Typhoon
Fell into a swiveling swoon
So he took a big spoon
Shoveled enough of his boon
And gave it all to a goon
Who dumped it in a spittoon
Typhoon blew him to the Moon.

Uni-Verse is a one-line poem. Multi-Verse: infinite one-line poems.
Free-Verse: maddening, chaotic non-sensical non-poems.

If you pour oil on troubled waters, the Mid-East will go up in smoke and the rest of the World will live in relative peace throughout the millennium, but the Republican Party will then be tussling attempting to extirpate the Democratic spike in its hind quarters with nuclear pliers.

Since, according to the astro-physicist philosopher-poet Aurélien Barrau, both Time and Space are like ourselves mere "objects in evolution" in the Cosmos - in other words, mere « contents » not the « containers » - how is it possible that we have all a fixed and readable past somewhere on Earth???

A loose tongue is a lost tongue. It usually hangs out long at the mouths of joints frequented by late night revelers.

An Englishman's house is his castle, but he won't mind if you let him stay for centuries to run your country.

In the Land of the Rising Sun, everybody rises with the sun and keeps it for himself for fun.

The Sun never sets on those who rise with the sun.

A Red Indian is a Denisovian Homo Erectus from Africa before he became a Chinese, crossed by the Neanderthal Heidelbergensis.

Indians are not humans, but "Superior Caste Hindus".

Since we are all genetically hybrids, what's the good in harping on the "Nation» as a community or breed??? Or on the United Nations of America???

The way male trainers and managers handle and hug their wards in the Women's World Cup, it is plain they would have a hard time making it into the Oval Office, unless they also take to « twittering » with gusto on a daily basis.

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, June 25, 2019

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES: XLV - Tongue-Teasing Epigrams

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES: XLV - Tongue teasing epigrams

A stitch in time can save an arranged marriage and stave off a family feud, not to mention everlasting vendettas.

Still waters run deep in sleep.

When the hens begin to crow, the cocks don't grow.

A whipped dog bites not the whip that flails it, but the hand that feeds it just for the nonce.

When in Rome do as Nero did, but watch out for Brutus's unkindest cut of all. Empty vessels often return from the Spice Isles laden with gold, cinnamon and measles.

If you want to paint the town red, first make certain you have loads and loads of red paint.

If the pot keeps calling the kettle « Black », well, just read the Charter of Human Rights to it; contrariwise « electrify » both.

If it rains cats and dogs, just eat 'em and save enough money for a trip to the Riviera to watch cats and dogs parading Stars in diamond-studded leashes.

Want not, beg not, but choose the charities you give to.

Beggars are not choosers but prostitutes are !

ADULTery - What if the spouses were teenagers or even children ! In which case, why not: « TEENAGery » or « CHILDerY » ? If you think in terms of « adulterate », then why not: « ADULTERATERY » ??

Cows that think that the other shore is always greener should wear glasses.

Pies in the sky are reserved for astronauts and Mr. Spock's fleet crew.

An apple a day can cost more than a doctor some day the way the Arctic is already melting.

Forewarned is fore-damned.

When lightning strikes you, it matters little whether you « hear » thunder near or far away.

A woman who tango(e)s without a partner looks like a jigsaw-puzzle up-side-down.

Keep punching and you'll end up with tinnitus ringing in your later (y)ears.

You don't need a lawyer to tell the « whole » and

« nothing » but the TRUTH in a criminal court, but then the Jailor might not be particularly fussy about the truth; He/She only wants to know if you had broken the Law.

A lawyer is a lire

Salvaged from the mire

Trample not its attire

Subject of much satire

Paragon of righteous fire

In duty-bound entire

Oh! What a lordly Sire !

Since, according to the astro-physicist Aurélien Barrau,
It's not the Earth's gravity which makes the Moon revolve round us - for it
progresses like the Earth in a straight-curved line round the Sun - should not
the Chinese take a second look at the Lunar Calendar on which the Yi Jing's «
temps principle » is based ???

Parallel lives never greet !

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, June 23, 2019

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES: XLIV - Tongue-Teasing Epigrams

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES: XLIV

Don't translate poems if you want yours read.

A pain in the ass is a pain nevertheless.

A « race" in any other language is still the shape of the nose.

Every cloud hides shining gold that reveals the silver lining.

It's the darkest cloak which keeps its silver from jingling in its lining.

Every clout makes you see silver stars while lining up for more stout.

It never rains but giggles.

Don't put all your eggs in one basket; just lay them.

The child is farther from the man.

Spare the rod and drill the child (with electric...)

The proof of the pudding is in the ridding

Burn the candle at both ends and end up keeping midnight oil vigil in the igloo.

Do tight-rope walkers eat only string hoppers?

The Piped-Piper pipes a pitiful panegyric to Pan past the precipice...

The « dachshund" trotting out on an outing with its master never fails to take its house - under the same roof - for an airing.

Even a stitch in time cannot save the rhyme in the above run-on line.

Rats tend to desert a ship full of lousy fat cats.

The pot calling the wok : mad !

The wok calling the kettle: cad !

The kettle calling the pan: bad !

The pan calling the cook: lad !

The cook calling the « chef": Dad !

All groggy agog and cooking glad !

A chip of the old computer hard-disk block.

All the World's a cage.

An eye for an eye multiplies drives; tit for tat and that's that.

Two and Two make Two times Two.

2 + Too make Two Toos. No?

If you beat about the bush, the Bushes most likely'll not complain, but if you beat the Bushes, you would have nothing to gain.

A State within a State (l'Etat dans l'Etat), a Nation breeds a single State, yet no Nation or State rules those who secretly usurp the State.

If you went and told it to the Marines every time somebody tells you to, you'll

have precious little left to tell your psychoanalyst, psychiatrist or Priest,
but fat chance the Church will close down even if you shut up for good.

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, June 21, 2019

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES: XLIII - Tongue-Teasing Epigrams

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES - XLIII(Continued)

A black-listed writer tops every publisher's reading list.

Half a loaf is better than no love.

Don't dig your ears while tying your shoe laces. Just wear slippers.

Eat only what's available in the stable if you're able to put it on the table.

A friend in need is a friend who feeds your greed.

Take care of the Ps and the wife will take good care to Pound you.

A journey of a thousand miles ends with the last step, said Old Tse.

Kill not the brother-in-law, not until the sister is dead.

If you butter your bread on both sides, you'll better learn the art of licking hands.

Hang not the hangman with his own noose. Make sure to shoot him before you hang him.

Even a blind cat has to rat-race.

Take the load off your own fat before you scat.

Shoot to kill only if your will will not let you stand still.

A marked man is the marksman's man.

A dime a dozen always turns up when you're frozen.

He who cries thief - even in mischief - is often the chief of the thieves.

Turn coat and betray the holes in your shirt.

A snake in the grass cannot tell leather souls from top brass.

Early to bed makes the lass grow stealthy, squelchy and full of lice but nice.

Immolate yourself and learn that you can moult your soul.

Even if you're forced to burn your boats, you'll always stay afloat by eating oats.

Where there's a will, there's no giving way/away.

Run with the hares and you'll surely drop into snares.

Hunt with the hounds and you'll surely make many kinds of sounds.

Run with the hares and hunt with the hounds and you'll eat yourself out-of-bounds.

Birds of a feather pay the same tailor.

What goes up bursts into fireworks before it comes down in fluff and ash.

All that glitters cannot be sold unless you run your own tv show.

If you judge books by their torn covers, you'll probably end up singing Op(e)rah in Amanpour.

If you kick the can down the street often enough, you'll end up in the Women's World Cup canned.

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, June 18, 2019

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY: LXXVII

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY - LXXVII

IF ever I had a country proud of its wall-less porous boundary

And if ever by no mistake of the Supreme High Command of the International Militaro-Business Conspiracy I were appointed the CHIEF TARIFF IMPOSER and Eminence Grise of and on all the self-righteous realms rocambolesque republics and renegade run-of-the-mill rotten rotting rostrum-raving riven ribald rascally rickety refugee-raised democracies

Mark my words I'll put an end to the raping of my dearly-beloved national integrity by

One, importing all available rutting Queen Bees of the "Killer African Bees" and have them breed with local wasps of high pedigree in the front-line of battle along the Southern Border under every tree where I'd let Red Ant-Hills multiply free

Two, import Myanmar Pythons with a taste for digesting young fresh human flesh, mixed with the local brand of Everglades alligators, down the Mississippi and the Colorado River sprinkled liberally with the Grand Canyon brand of the Rattle-Snake with their tell-tale warning-rattle nipped off, together with the silent army of Black Widows clad in their enticing mantilla webs, as a second-line of defense against the illegal refugee

Next, if they still keep coming I'd roundup all the lazy good-for-nothing thick-maned Bisons of the prairies and have them lined up for a Charge-of-the-Heavy-Brigade stampede by whipping their asses to the sound of the Land of the Free

And if this doesn't stem the tide of illegal immigrants, drug dealers and tourists with empty pockets, I'd call on the faithful Black and White striped Tribe of Appalachian SKUNKS with my tonitruant bugle, line them up so that their posteriors faced Tierra del Fuego and let them squirt to their hind-hearts' desire even at the risk of driving the entire population out of the country

Yes Siree, this's what I'd do as the Eminence Grise and Chief Imposer of Tariffs of My Beloved Contree

And this even if I never ever had no country worth saving for the ennui of a penny

Translation with Commentary of MAIS QUE DIEU ME PARDONNE by T Wignesan

Translation of Kendji Girac and Claudio Capeo's Que Dieu me pardonne by T Wignesan

Lyrics by Kendji Girac and Renaud REBILLAUD

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xP2jp31jFMc>

(The two young French songsters' duet, now, yo-yo-ing in the upper echelons of c-Star charts rendered through guitar and acordeon in a spirit of respectful joie-de-vivre is a veritable lilting paeon to the unstinting heart, not to mention the reverence underlying the images. Some beguilingly simple but thoughtful truths do however spill out of their rhymed couplets and quatrains. The refrain that varies slightly through repetition could be, I admit, idiomatically re-phrased, but I'd rather not - in order to retain the unicity of the sweeping rhythm. Enjoy the low-key tour de force. T Wignesan)

Il faudrait être des dieux, il faudrait être fort

(One ought to be like the gods, ought to be strong)

Comme si mouiller des yeux, c'est pour ceux qui ont tort

(As if tears in one's eyes were a sign of one's wrongs)

Il faudrait danser, et cacher sa douleur

(One ought to keep dancing for fear of disclosing one's pain)

Être le dernier à pleurer, jamais montrer sa peur

(Be the very last to cry, never to reveal the fear in within)

Il faudrait être des rois, il faudrait faire le fier

(One ought to be like kings, ought to display one's pride)

Comme si baisser les bras, c'est pour celui qui perd

(As if to cower and hide be the lot of those woe-betide)

Il faudrait cogner, et puis bomber le torse

(One should hit hard and then puff up one's chest)

Être le premier à crier plus fort

(And be the very first to cry out one's best)

Refrain:

Mais que Dieu me pardonne

(Beg I God for His pardon)

J'ai tout fait à l'instinct

(In everything I followed my instinct)

Moi je ne suis qu'un homme

(Me, I'm naught but human)

Peut-être un bon à rien

(Mayhaps a being good-for-nothing)

Mais que Dieu me pardonne

(Beg I God for His pardon)

J'ai le cœur sur la main

(I have never denied anyone a hand)

Si parfois j'abandonne c'est pour faire mieux demain

(If sometimes I withheld myself, it's only to make amends again)

Il faudrait être un génie, être une ode à la joie

(One should be a genius, be an ode to joy)

À chaque fois qu'on nous dit "et toi comment tu vas? »

(Each time somebody queries: « and you, how goes it with you »)

Il faudrait pousser tous ceux autour de soi

(One should push aside all who crowd you out nigh)

Être le premier à crier "regardez-moi! »

(Be the first to cry out: « look at me! » all eyes)

Refrain:

Mais que Dieu me pardonne

J'ai tout fait à l'instinct

Moi je ne suis qu'un homme

Peut-être un bon à rien

Mais que Dieu me pardonne

J'ai le cœur sur la main

Si parfois j'abandonne c'est pour faire mieux demain

dans mes yeux, dans mes yeux tout m'étonne

(as I see things, to my eyes everything astonishes me)

J'ai le cœur, j'ai le cœur qui rayonne

(In my heart, my very heart glitters free)

Ce que j'ai, ce que j'ai je le donne, oh

(Whatever I have, whatever I possess I give to all and sundry)

Dans mes yeux, dans mes yeux tout m'étonne

(Whatever my eyes espy, everything dazzles me)

J'ai le cœur, j'ai le cœur qui rayonne

(Within my heart, my very heart glitters free)

Ce que j'ai, ce que j'ai je le donne

(Whatever I have, whatever I possess I give to all and sundry)

Refrain:

Mais que Dieu me pardonne

J'ai tout fait à l'instinct

Moi je ne suis qu'un homme

Peut-être un bon à rien

Mais que Dieu me pardonne

J'ai le cœur sur la main

Si parfois j'abandonne c'est pour faire mieux demain

Mais que Dieu me pardonne

J'ai tout fait à l'instinct

Moi je ne suis qu'un homme

Peut-être un bon à rien

Mais que Dieu me pardonne

J'ai le cœur sur la main

Si parfois j'abandonne c'est pour faire mieux demain

Songwriters: Renaud Rebillaud / Kendji Girac

Que Dieu me pardonne lyrics © Peermusic Publishing

(c) Translation and commentary - T. Wignesan, Paris, May 27, 2019

Translation with Commentary of ON EST LES OUBLIES by T Wignesan

Translation of « On est les oubliés » (They/We are the neglected and forgotten lot)

by the songster-poet Gauvin SERS

(For the last two years, this young unassuming Frenchman, full of verve and disarming airs has been making his quiet ways around the provinces in Pas-de-Calais and Bretagne/Brittany. Now, this song is making its own way up the charts for his championing of a cause: the neglect of the far-flung regions from the French capital. The tone of the song is not patently and virulently demanding of reform; it merely resorts through an attitude of resignation to upholding and exposing a truth that cannot be denied. Four backup videos root the cause in Ponthoile village and the teacher Jean-Luc MASSALAN features in them with his students. T. Wignesan)

Devant le portail vert de son école primaire

(Standing in front of the green gate of his primary school)

On l'reconnaît tout d'suite (It's easy to see at one glance)

Toujours la même dégaine avec son pull en laine

(Always looking oddly the same, clad in his woolen pullover)

On sait qu'il est instit

(Little the doubt he's the Teach')

Il pleure la fermeture à la rentrée future

(He laments the closing down when school resumes for the next year)

De ses deux dernières classes

(Of his two last/lowest classes)

Il paraît qu'le motif c'est le manque d'effectif

(It seems the reason's the lack of enough students)

Mais on sait bien c'qui s'passe

(But one knows in one's heart the real cause)

Refrain:

On est les oubliés

(We are the forgotten lot)

La campagne, les paumés

(The countryside, those in want)

Les trop loin de Paris

(Those who live far too far from Paris)

Le cadet d'leurs soucis

(The ones who they hardly bother about)

À vouloir regrouper les cantons d'à côté en 30 élèves par salle

(By wanting to re-group in the districts nearby classes crammed with thirty

children each)

Cette même philosophie qui transforme le pays en un centre commercial
(That same philosophy destined to convert the country into a grand shopping mall)

Ça leur a pas suffi qu'on ait plus d'épicerie

(It didn't make them happy enough to watch the only grocery pull down its shutters for good)

Que les médecins se fassent la malle

(Nor to see local doctors pack their bags to leave)

Y a plus personne en ville, y a que les banques qui brillent dans la rue principale

(There's hardly a soul moving about the vicinity, short of the banks which shine in the main road)

Refrain:

On est les oubliés

(We are the forgotten lot)

La campagne, les paumés

(The countryside, those in want)

Les trop loin de Paris

(Those who live far too far from Paris)

Le cadet d'eux soucis

(The ones who they hardly bother about)

On est les oubliés

(We are the forgotten lot)

Qu'il est triste le patelin avec tous ces ronds-points

(How sad it is to live in the back of beyond with all these roundabouts)

Qui font tourner les têtes

(Which make one's head reel around)

Qu'il est triste le préau sans les cris des marmots

(How depressing to find the covered school yard devoid of the cries of kids)

Les ballons dans les fenêtres

(Balls dashing on window-panes)

Même la p'tite boulangère se demande c'qu'elle va faire

(Even the little baker-woman wonders what would become of her)

De ses bon-becs qui collent

(Her sweet mouthfuls remain stuck one to the other)

Même la voisine d'en face elle a peur, ça l'angoisse

(Even the neighbour woman opposite takes fright, seized by anguish uptight)

Ce silence dans l'école

(Due to the silence reigning in the school)

Refrain:

On est les oubliés

La campagne, les paumés
Les trop loin de Paris
Le cadet d'eux soucis

Quand dans les plus hautes sphères couloirs du ministère
(When in the high echelons and corridors of ministerial power)
Les élèves sont des chiffres
(The students are but mere numbers)
Y a des gens sur l'terrain, de la craie plein les mains
(The people on the spot, their hands full of chalk dust)
Qu'on prend pour des sous-fifres
(Whom they consider mere underlings)
Ceux qui ferment les écoles, les cravatés du col
(Those who shut down schools, neck-ties around high-collars)
Sont bien souvent de ceux
(Oftentimes they are those)
Ceux qui n'verront jamais ni de loin ni de près
(Who'll never have whether close-up or from a distance)
Un enfant dans les yeux
(Ever looked a child in the eyes)

Refrain:

On est les oubliés
La campagne, les paumés
Les trop loin de Paris
Le cadet de leur soucis
On est troisième couteau
(One's an absolute nobody)
Dernière part du gâteau
(The last to be served)
La campagne, les paumés
On est les oubliés
Devant le portail vert de son école primaire

(Standing there in front of the green school gate)
Y a l'institut du village
(You can spy the village Teach')
Toute sa vie, des gamins
(All his life, devoted to children)
Leur construire un lendemain
(In order to prepare for them
a stolid future)
Il doit tourner la page
(Yet he has to turn the page)
On est les oubliés

(For his lot's too the forgotten lot)

(c) Translation and comments: T. Wignesan - Paris, May 25, 2019

Songwriters: Gauvain Thibaut Sers

Les oubliés lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group

Translation with Commentary of a Wild West Classic: SUMMER WINE by T Wignesan

Translation with commentary of an archetypal Wild West Classic : " Summer Wine "

(I'd wage my bottom diamond dime future generations will re-discover and treasure this true American classic like only a few others of its kind taken from the sixties. It may have only peaked at #49 in '67 when Nancy Sinatra's " These boots are made for walking " and " Bang Bang My Baby shot me down " topped the charts for understandably obvious reasons with its slick brillo melody and bravado sentiments backed by the maestro father and introduced by the King of Rock, yet Nancy comes of age on her own with some precious help from Lee Hazlewood's lyric compositional talents.

One can never know if Lee consciously re-modeled Keat's " La belle dame sans merci " (" The beautiful lady without pity ") myth to produce the duo with himself in the role of the medieval " Knight-at-Arms ", but the admixture of the seductively conniving in-between contralto-soprano voice with the masochistically victimized deadpan tone of the baritone leaves little doubt on what tugs at the heartstrings - the ironic display of " male " innocence being beguiled and betrayed by the enticing promise of ethereal " nectar " which, here, is " summer wine ", an euphemism for what intoxicates the senses beyond one's control.

The metre's however too irregular to make Hazlewood's " poem " fall within the common ballad measure, but the theme rests strictly transposed.

" I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful - a fairy child. "

..... .
" She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sighed full sore,
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four. "

..... .
" I saw pale kings, and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all ;//

..... .
" I saw their starved lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapèd wide,

And I woke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side. "
John Keats (1820)

Oddly enough, in real life Hazlewood got his own back on Nancy by sailing off soon after - without a word - to make his own career in Sweden.

If only the two extant video clips could have been re-styled within an ambience of libidinous non-chalance, say, in a one-horse one-saloon town with a hay-stacked barn and a corral with the two love-birds playing their ticklish parts... perhaps the song could have topped the charts !

Translation of " SUMMER WINE " by Lee Hazlewood

(NANCY) : Des fraises des cerises et le baiser d'un ange au printemps
Mon vin d'été est fait de toutes ces choses-là

(LEE) : Je marchais dans la ville sur des éperons en argent dont le tintement s'accordait
Avec une chanson que j'avais chanté uniquement à l'encontre de peu de gens
Elle regarda les éperons argentés et elle m'invita à passer du temps avec elle
Et elle m'a dit : " Je te donnerai du vin de l'été
Ohh-oh-oh du vin de l'été "

(NANCY) : Des fraises des cerises et le baiser d'un ange au printemps
Mon vin d'été est fait de toutes ces choses-là
Enlève-toi tes éperons en argent et aide-moi passer le temps
Et elle m'a dit : " Je te donnerai du vin de l'été
Ohh-oh-oh du vin de l'été "

(LEE) : Mes yeux s'étaient alourdis et mes lèvres ne pouvant plus formuler point mot
J'ai essayé de me lever et je ne pouvais plus rester debout (je ne pouvais plus trouver mes pieds)
Elle me rassurera en utilisant des mots peu familiers
Et puis elle me donna encore plus du vin de l'été
Ohh-oh-oh du vin de l'été

(NANCY) : Des fraises des cerises et le baiser d'un ange au printemps
Mon vin d'été est fait de toutes ces choses-là
Enlève-toi tes éperons en argent et aide-moi passer le temps
Et elle m'a dit : " Je te donnerai du vin de l'été
Mmm-mm du vin de l'été "

(LEE) : Quand je me suis levé, le soleil brilla dans mes yeux
Mes éperons en argent n'y étaient plus-là, ma tête me semblait gonflée à deux

fois de sa taille

Elle avait volé mes éperons argentés (et) un dollar plus un centime

Et me laissa avec une envie pour consommer encore plus du vin de l'été

Ohh-oh-oh du vin de l'été

(NANCY) : Des fraises des cerises et le baiser d'un ange au printemps

Mon vin d'été est fait de toutes ces choses-là

Enlève-toi tes éperons en argent et aide-moi passer le temps

Et elle m'a dit : " Je te donnerai du vin de l'été

Mmm-mm du vin de l'été "

© Translation and commentary - T. Wignesan, Paris, May 21, 2019

NANCY SINATRA- "SUMMER WINE" (LYRICS)

3,059 views

LIKEDISLIKESHARESAVE

Ron Wells

Published on Dec 23, 2017

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"SUMMER WINE" peaked at #49 on 4-8-1967. LYRICS:

(NANCY): Strawberries cherries and an angel's kiss in spring

My summer wine is really made from all these things

(LEE): I walked in town on silver spurs that jingled to

A song that I had only sang to just a few

She saw my silver spurs and said let's pass some time

And I will give to you summer wine

Ohh-oh-oh summer wine

(NANCY) Strawberries cherries and an angel's kiss in spring

My summer wine is really made from all these things

Take off your silver spurs and help me pass the time

And I will give to you summer wine

Ohhh-oh summer wine

(LEE): My eyes grew heavy and my lips they could not speak

I tried to get up but I couldn't find my feet

She reassured me with an unfamiliar line

And then she gave to me more summer wine

Ohh-oh-oh summer wine

(NANCY): Strawberries cherries and an angel's kiss in spring

My summer wine is really made from all these things

Take off your silver spurs and help me pass the time

And I will give to you summer wine

Mmm-mm summer wine

(LEE): When I woke up the sun was shining in my eyes

My silver spurs were gone, my head felt twice its size

She took my silver spurs a dollar and a dime

And left me cravin' for more summer wine

Ohh-oh-oh summer wine

(NANCY): Strawberries cherries and an angel's kiss in spring

My summer wine is really made from all these things

Take off those silver spurs and help me pass the time

And I will give to you my summer wine

Mmm-mm summer wine

The Night Soil Man - Part One

The Night Soil Man

I

Nothing sticks to-get-her like turds
No border line nor skin to cross
Condescension's never a case for loss
High birth's distilled from fermenting curds

The day dawns where sleep reigns loud
Where the pitchblack venomous karunagam*
slithers out from its hideout in the ox-bow
touch-me-not underbrush
to make its hungry way into Vanar Kampung
Sandal-less the coarse makeshift sweat-soaked thalappa* fits
his disheveled scalp like some portrait halo yet to hang high
Thodti* strides majestic loping down the mired mud gravel pathway
(Who defers to whom : the " cobra " or the " pariah " ?)

One is out to catch rats romping in the rafters
zinc-roofed one-storeyed houses
nailed planks on cement stump stilts
The other to fetch slippery rubber pots
laced with diarrhoeac splashes phlegm menstrual blood
the day's un-read newsprint soaked with urine mixed
with spermatozoic squirts

The spent air breathes carbide dry on the back of the late-afternoon thunder
storm
the dense morass of foliage
the taste of mashed mango leaf
the scent of spermatozoa durian reek
Late night cinema-goers lie clutching the blind Lata Mangeskar hits
piped-dreams
spreadeagled on stained yarrow or atap mats

The Sikh guard lays out his elaborate night-out
at the Chinese saw-mill gate
his un-used one-barrel rifle bedded down
on his string-bed
fast asleep while the hurricane lamp flickers
dying by dawn

Crackling frail cicada wings pizzicato symphonic
milling frog harmonics
organ jamming rapping bagpipes heaving

A lone sentinel owl keeps base time
stalked by panther pawed musang*
in one crook of the sprawling rain-tree's
over-arching ghostly lumber limbs

The moon's full pallid sick for the earth

Road lamps dim into their dull amber cocoons
time out of time

The jungle-green sanitary van throbs discreet
on the overgrown tarmac under-brush sidetable
the Malay driver eyes the quasi-un-clad nightsoil women
their paps prurient
in sack-coloured khadar* sari cloth
as they hover on their hinds for
the Night Souled Man to bring in the fresh-filled pots
the leprous bleach of his hands and feet glint and glower
as the whites of his never-opened eyes
strain in the half moonlit dimness
at every giant distracted step
a trail of human dung streaming down
his loin cloth

Resources

- *karunagam (Tamil) : a variety of cobra ;
- *thalappa (Tamil) : a variety of headwear ;
- *Thodti (Tamil) : " night soil man " in common parlance ;
- *musang (Malay) : wild " undomesticated " cat ;
- *khadar (Tamil, from Hindi) : rough un-smoothed-out cloth.

© T. Wignesan - Paris, May 17, 2019

Villanelle: If you haven't had that, what have you had

Villanelle : If you haven't had that, what have you had*

If you haven't had your life, what have you had
In fear of what lies beyond the locked safe-door
Live you now the moment, not for what's ahead

Fear of what others may think, nothing's more sad
Yet if you abandoned all care, who'll forbear
If you haven't had your life, what have you had

Since James*, Mottram*, Barrau* live not a day dead
Yet don't they live safe as Confucian State's heir
Live you now the moment, not for what's ahead

Or do they live safe to be thought Reason-bred
The best of all the Worlds where Time's a mere snare
If you haven't had your life, what have you had

Walk Eternity back to Big-Bang zero-bed
What has no Beginning cannot End-fruit bear
Live you now the moment, not for what's ahead

No Future's secret the Yi Jing* has not read
Don't ephemeral hordes breed the Jün Tzu* to bear
If you haven't had your life, what have you had
Live you now the moment, not for what's ahead

Resources/Notes

"Quotation from Henry James' Ambassadors : " If you haven't had that (your life), what have you had "

"Henry James (American novelist), Eric Mottram (British poet, professor, critic), Aurélien Barrau (French astro-physicist, philosopher, poet)

"Yi Jing : the ancient Chinese Classic of Change

"Jün Tzu : the Noble or Superior Man, the advice given in the Yi Jing is meant primarily to distinguish the Superior Being, all the rest are mutatis mutandi " ephemeral beings " which makes one wonder if Life on Earth is not a mere breeding-ground experiment to produce the " Superior Being ", the rest - if you believe in " samsara " or reincarnation - condemned to be born again and again until they make the grade.

Translation of THE WINDMILLS OF YOUR MIND by T Wignesan

Translation of Les Moulins de mon Cœur-THE WINDMILLS OF YOUR MIND by T. Wignesan

(For the original text in French by Eddy MARNAY : see here below. The English version by Marilyn and Alan BERGMAN differs considerably from the French original, but arguably it could lay claim to originality of versification in its own right. The musical composition is by Michel LEGRAND, though his duet renditions in French and solo in English are not by far the most delectable. The always exquisite Barbra Streisand performance, which one intimately associates the words with, uses the the English version only. For these reasons, I felt it useful to translate the French original into English. I have not tried to keep to the rhyme scheme - neither does the Bergman version - of alternate rhymes mainly : ABCB/DCDC/EFE/FE(?)F// GHGH/IHIH/EFE/FEF// JKJK/CLCL/FMFM/DFDF//, with a discernible refrain repeated in the three stanzas of 14, 14 and 16 lines respectively, followed by the refrain (Patricia Kass, however, ends with the refrain in English), making the first two somewhat Petrarchan sonnets if they were iambic in tempo : that is, the octave formed of two quatrains, followed by a sextet in EFE/FEF, but then this assertion is quite un-called for here.

One might note en passim the spiraling cascading images of the external world collapsing into the persona's vacant and desolate heart, the pathos brought about dexterously by the " absence " (or disappearance of a loved one) : " The bird fell from its nest "// " Like the songs which die/ As quickly as one forgets them "//, the quintessential sentiment held together and underlined by the image of how autumn leaves turn to the colour of the absent one's hair.

The entire " poem " (I prefer to call it so) constructs itself on a cascading sequence of similies twirling in a maelstrom of natural objects and eddying into the persona's lonely heart : " stream ", " rain ", " snow ", " ocean " (water), " wind " (air), " sand ", " moon ", " stars " (made up of the same constituent particles as earth), " leaves ", " flowers ", " sea-gulls ", (living " creatures "), " heart " (self or soul), " summer ", " autumn ", "hours " (time : yes, both time and space in cosmological terms are " objects " like us in the uni-or-multi-verse), etc.

Enjoy the music. T. Wignesan)

Like a stone one throws
In the running waters of a stream
And which provokes in its trail
Thousands of swirling circles
Like a carousel round the moon
With the manes of horses as stars

Like a ring of particles around Saturn
A carnival balloon
Like the concentric movement of circles
Which define the course of the hours
The voyage around the earth
(Like) the sunflower worshipping the sun
You succeed in turning with your breath
All the windmills of my heart

Like the tangle of wool
Inextricably confounding a child's hands
(Like) the words of a corny tune
Caught within the harpstrings of the wind
Like a swirling avalanche of snow
Like the startling flight of sea-gulls
Over the forests of Norway
Over oceans of woolly lambs
Like the concentric movement of circles
Which define the course of the hours
The voyage around the earth
(Like) the sunflower worshipping the sun
You succeed in turning with your breath
All the windmills of my heart

Remember that day close by the summit
Only God knows what you said
But the summer by then nearly at an end
The bird fell from its nest
And, like it or not, on the beach
Our footprints already leave no trace
And I'm left alone at table
Which resounds unde my fingers
Like a tambourine in a lament
Under raindrops which pound
Like the songs which simply extinguish
As quickly as they are forgotten
And the leaves of trees in autumn
Find themselves under skies less blue
And your absence taints them
The aging colour of your hair

© Translation and comments : T. Wignesan - Paris, May 12, 2019

Les Moulins De Mon Coeur (The Windmills Of Your Mind)

This song is by Patricia Kaas and appears on the album Piano Bar (2002).

Comme une pierre que l'on jette
Dans l'eau vive d'un ruisseau
Et qui laisse derrière elle
Des milliers de ronds dans l'eau
Comme un manège de lune
Avec ses chevaux d'étoiles
Comme un anneau de Saturne
Un ballon de carnaval
Comme le chemin de ronde
Que font sans cesse les heures
Le voyage autour du monde
D'un tournesol dans sa fleur
Tu fais tourner de ton nom
Tous les moulins de mon coeur

Comme un écheveau de laine
Entre les mains d'un enfant
Ou les mots d'une rengaine
Pris dans les harpes du vent
Comme un tourbillon de neige
Comme un vol de goélands
Sur des forêts de Norvège
Sur des moutons d'océan
Comme le chemin de ronde
Que font sans cesse les heures
Le voyage autour du monde
D'un tournesol dans sa fleur
Tu fais tourner de ton nom
Tous les moulins de mon coeur

Ce jour là près de la source
Dieu sait ce que tu m'as dit
Mais l'été finit sa course
L'oiseau tomba de son nid
Et voilà que sur le sable
Nos pas s'effacent déjà
Et je suis seul à la table
Qui résonne sous mes doigts
Comme un tambourin qui pleure
Sous les gouttes de la pluie
Comme les chansons qui meurent
Aussitôt qu'on les oublie
Et les feuilles de l'automne

Rencontrent des ciels moins bleus
Et ton absence leur donne
La couleur de tes cheveux

Like a circle in a spiral
Like a wheel within a wheel
Never ending or beginning
On an ever spinning reel
As the images on wind
Like the circles that you find
In the remains of your mind

Credits

Music by: Michel Legrand

Lyrics by: Eddy Marnay (original French text), Marilyn Bergman & Alan Bergman
(English text)

Lyrics licensed by LyricFind

ARE YE GOIN' TO MARRY THAT WITCH OF A DAME - Counterfeiting the CANTICLE by T Wignesan

ARE YE GOING TO MARRY THAT WITCH OF A DAME - Counterfeiting the CANTICLE by T. Wignesan

(With self-lacerating apologies and scathing penance to that great troubador medieval English poet who longed for his lovely lass during expunging pilgrimages to Scarborough Fair. T. Wignesan)

Are ye going to marry that b**ch of a dame
Peanuts quail venison on lime
Remember what she did to make you so lame
For she's bound to ditch ye if you hardly rhyme

Tell her to stop painting her leathery face
Peanuts quail venison on lime
Without no mud nor slime on lewd grimace
She's bound to ditch ye if you're stumped for a rhyme

Have her stripped in yon dark desert lithium mine
Peanuts quail venison on lime
Remember how good she's at the roller-coaster grind
She's bound to ditch ye if you feminine rhyme

Have her read to ye Gulliver's Travels in bed
Peanuts quail venison on lime
And ride all Yahoos till their butt-ends turn red
Then she's bound to stitch vowels in your rhyme

Have her show ye all her unkempt drawers
Peanuts quail venison on lime
In between her sonorous sighs and rough coughs in tatters
Then she'll witch her wiles for the guile of a dime

© T. Wignesan - Paris, May 8, 2019

YESTERDAY WHEN I WAS DUMB - A Benign Parody by T Wignesan

YESTERDAY WHEN I WAS DUMB - A Benign Parody

(with sincere enough apologies and more to those who made the original composition an all-time great. T. Wignesan)

Refrain :

Yesterday when I was dumb
I couldn't tell a song from any sore thumb
All the tunes I hummed with my silent tongue
Were but tinnitus on my ear-drums sweet songs I sung
All the pretty frisky girls passed me quickly by
Yet I don't know why I couldn't even cry

I couldn't remember the sounds made by warbling birds
Nor the thunderous laughter I heard bursting from the clouds
All the songs I learnt line by line by heart
Kept mocking me in the stillness of my thoughts

(Refrain)

The wintry winds I weathered in my feathered bed
Warmed by lilting melodies in my love-sick head
All the words of songs lame casualties on my tongue
I could not sleep nights heaving on one lone lung
In my dreams I tussled with girls sticking out their tongues
I lisped some sounds like grunts to appease their wrongs
But I'd as lief be made a clown sans papier-mâché crown
Than be mocked by childhood girls I rolled atop meadow down

(Refrain)

Each full day I prayed for the right word to come to mind
Nothing doing ! I always mixed and twisted words on the line
Then I always drop shut the shutters, drew the curtains tight
Shut myself up in the shower to croon some line just right
" No bloody use " the misted mirror said : " You cannot win a Grammy "
" Oh ! What use is a tongue if it cannot taste the kiss of melody ! "
I've lived so long to know there's only one way to say : " Goodbye ! "
No words on lines nor tunes, just a look, a wave of a hand and a sigh !

(Refrain)

Yesterday I was dumb but today I have my own pounding tom-tom
With signs and signals to speak the language of the drum
And the orchestra sweeps over strings and the smiling moon
And I no longer seek to put words on line to croon
Oooh ! Yesterday ! I felt the stings in the cockles of my heart
Yet today I sing blood red the sounds surging through the chart
Ooooooh Ooooooh.... Yesterdaaay....

© T. Wignesán - Paris, May 3, 2019

Translation of YESTERDAY WHEN I WAS YOUNG by T Wignesan

Translation of YESTERDAY WHEN I WAS YOUNG

By T. Wignesan

(Written by : Herbert Kretzmer)

(Variously sung in a host of styles, moods and orchestration by exquisite soul-movers like Roberta Flack, Shirley Bassey, Charles Aznavour, Glen Campbell, Andy Williams, Roy Clark and others (?), but shouldn't one not raise a glass to the DUSTY SPRINGFIELD version even if the orchestration somewhat bullies and drowns her pathetic intimate tones somewhat " maladroitly " ?)

Yesterday when I was young
the taste of life was sweet as rain upon my tongue.
I teased at life as if it were a foolish game,
the way the evening breeze may tease a candle flame.
The thousand dreams I dreamed, the splendid things I planned
I always built alas on weak and shifting sand.
I lived by night and shunned the naked light of the day
and only now I see how the years ran away.

(Hier quand je ne fus qu'un jeune homme
La joie de vivre n'était que comme la pluie douce sur ma langue.
Je me moquais de la vie comme s'il ne fut qu'un jeu
Comme la brise du soir taquinait la flamme de chandelle nue.
Des milliers de rêves que je songeais, les choses merveilleuses que je réaliserais,
Mais hélas j'ai fondé sur des sables poreux et mouvementées.
Je me fus cloîtré dans la nuit fuyant la lumière du jour
Et juste aujourd'hui que je me rends compte comment les années passaient sans retour.)

Yesterday when I was young
so many drinking songs were waiting to be sung,
so many wayward pleasures lay in store for me
and so much pain my dazzled eyes refused to see.
I ran so fast that time and youth at last ran out,
I never stopped to think what life was all about
and every conversation I can now recall
concerned itself with me and nothing else at all.

(Hier quand je ne fus qu'un jeune homme
Encore à chanter tant des chansons de la taverne,
Tant de plaisirs inespérés m'attendaient pour jouir

Et tant de peine encore mes yeux glacés refusaient à voir venir.
Je courrais si vite que je ne voyais comment le temps et la jeunesse se
vidaient au pire
Je n'arrêtais jamais pour réfléchir sur le but de la vie,
Et toutes les conversations que je puisse m'en souvenir
Ne fussent que sur mon propre personne et rien d'autre de la vie.)

Yesterday the moon was blue
and every crazy day brought something new to do.
I used my magic age as if it were a wand
and never saw the waste and emptiness beyond.
The game of love I played with arrogance and pride
and every flame I lit too quickly quickly died.
The friends I made all seemed somehow to drift away
and only I am left on stage to end the play.
There are so many songs in me that won't be sung;
I feel the bitter taste of tears upon my tongue.
The time has come for me to pay for yesterday when I was young.

(Hier encore la lune brillait bleu
Et tous les jours promettaient quelques choses folles de nouveau.
J'utilisais mon âge magique comme s'il fut une baguette
Et je ne me prévoyais jamais le gâchis et le néant qui me guettent.
Le jeu d'amour dont je pratiquais avec arrogance et fierté
Et chaque flamme j'allumais n'avait éteint qu'avec trop d'alacrité.
Les amitiés que j'avais nouées toutes semblaient avec l'aise à dissiper
Et je me trouve tout seul sur la scène la pièce à achever.
Il y reste tant des chansons en mon soi sans qu'on prête de voix de personne ;
Je ressens le goût amer des larmes sur ma langue.
Le temps est déjà arrivé pour que je paie pour l'hier quand je fus jeune.)

© Translation : T. Wignesan - Paris, April 29, 2019

Translation of Roberta Flack's Killing Me Softly with his Song by T Wignesan

Translation of Roberta Flack's Killing Me Softly with his Song by T Wignesan

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kgl-VRdXr7I>

Refrain :

Strumming my pain with his fingers
Singing my life with his words
Killing me softly with his song
Killing me softly with his song
Telling my whole life with his words
Killing me softly with his song

(Ses doigts piquaient les nerfs de ma douleur comme sur un guitare les cordes
En chantant ma vie avec ses paroles
En m'assassinant doucement avec sa chanson
En m'assassinant doucement avec sa chanson
En racontant ma vie avec ses paroles
En m'assassinant doucement avec sa chanson)

I heard he sang a good song, I heard he had a style
And so I came to see him to listen for a while
And there he was this young boy, a stranger to my eyes

(J'ai entendu parler qu'il chantait bien et qu'il était doté d'un style
particulier
Ainsi je me suis allé lui voir un peu pour lui écouter
Et là ce jeune gars me semblait à mes yeux une étrange vision)

Strumming my pain with his fingers
Singing my life with his words
Killing me softly with his song
Killing me softly with his song
Telling my whole life with his words
Killing me softly with his song

I felt all flushed with fever, embarrassed by the crowd
I felt he found my letters and read each one out loud
I prayed that he would finish but he just kept right on

(Je me suis senti sur le coup d'une fièvre accablante devant la foule dans

l'embarras

**Je pensais qu'il ait trouvé mes lettres et les lisait chacune à voix haute-là
Je priais que la lecture soit achevée mais il continuait sa récitation)**

**Strumming my pain with his fingers
Singing my life with his words
Killing me softly with his song
Killing me softly with his song
Telling my whole life with his words
Killing me softly with his song**

**He sang as if he knew me in all my dark despair
And then he looked right through me as if I wasn't there
But he just carried on singing, singing clear and strong**

**(Il chantait comme s'il ait eu connaissance de l'abîme de mon désespoir
Et puis son regard posa sur moi comme si je n'y fusse pas là
Mais il n'arrêta pas à chanter, chantant à voix haute avec détermination)**

**Strumming my pain with his fingers
Singing my life with his words
Killing me softly with his song
Killing me softly with his song
Telling my whole life with his words
Killing me softly with his song**

Songwriters: Norman Gimbel / Charles Fox

**Killing Me Softly lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell
Music, Inc**

Artist: Roberta Flack

Album: Killing Me Softly

Released: 1973

Genre: Classic Soul

**Awards: Grammy Award for Record of the Year, Grammy Hall of Fame, Grammy Award
for Best Female Pop Vocal Performance**

© Translation : T. Wignesan - Paris, April 23, 2019

Translation of Those were the Days, My Friend by T Wignesan

Translation of " Those were the Days, My Friend " by T. Wignesan

Ces jours éloignés que nous avons partagés, Mon Ami

(A re-make of an earlier Russian song, produced by Paul McCartenay and sung by Mary HOPKIN in 1968. I have not tried to stick to the original rhyme scheme for obvious reasons, preferring to compensate by adhering to internal rhyme:

ABCB/Refrain :DDEFFE/Refrain/GEHE/Refrain/Refrain/AIAI/Refrain/JKJK/Refrain.

Slight variations occur in the refrain, though, together with the substitution of the refrain by onomatopoetic repetition of the refrain's rhythm with " La la...dai...dai..)

Il fut un temps il existait une taverne

Où nous trinquions un à l'autre avec un verre ou deux

Souviens-tu nos rires aux éclats pour faire passer le temps

Et les grandes choses nous songeons pouvoir accomplir plus tard

Refrain

Ces jours éloignés que nous avons partagés, Mon Ami

Lesquels nous pensions alors ne prendraient jamais fin

Nous chantions et dansions pour toujours et encore un jour

Nous vivions notre vie à notre guise

Nous ferions face aux difficultés sans s'y perdre nos vives

Puisque nous étions jeunes et sûrs de pouvoir mener à bien notre vie

La la...dai...dai...

Puis les années chargées de souci coulaient si vites

Nous perdions nos précieux idéals pendant ce temps-là

Et si par hasard je te rencontrerais à la taverne

Ne sourions-nous pas un comme l'autre et ne dirions pas :

Refrain

Justement ce soir-ci je me suis trouvé devant la taverne

Ni une chose semblait d'habitude d'être comme auparavant

Dans les vitres je voyais une étrange réflexion

D'une vieille femme délaissée - fut-elle vraiment moi

Refrain

A travers la cloison des rires aux éclats familiers

J'aperçu ton visage et entendu ta voix prononçant mon nom
Hélas ! Mon Ami ! Nous sommes plus âgés mais à peine plus sages
Car dans nos cœurs les idéals rêvés restent toujours les mêmes

Refrain

Those were the days, My Friend

Once upon a time there was a tavern
Where we used to raise a glass or two
Remember how we laughed away the hours
And dreamed of all the great things we would do

Refrain :

Those were the days, My Friend
We thought they'd never end
We'd sing and dance forever and a day
We'd live the life we choose
We'd fight and never lose
For we were young and sure to have our way

Refrain

Then the busy years rushing by us
We lost our starry notions on the way
If by chance I'd see you in the tavern
We'd smile at one another and we'd say :

Refrain

Just tonight I stood before the tavern
Nothing seemed the way it used to be
In the glass I saw a strange reflection
Was that lonely woman really me

Refrain

Through the door there came familier laughter
I saw your face and heard you call my name
Oh, My Friend ! We're older but no wiser
For in our hearts the dreams are still the same

© Translation : T. Wignesan - Paris, April 19, 2019

Villanelle: Who dares to doubt must he questions address Fate

Villanelle : Who dares to doubt must he questions address Fate

Who dares to doubt must he questions address Fate
Let tears on High Holy Mass spill down the Seine
Would one propose to the Lord what's not innate

Is the Lord's mise en scène an act desperate
A dire call to fill Church benches lone vain
Who dares to doubt must he questions address Fate

Who'd wish the Crown of Thorns be crushed under weight
Aging oak high rafter timbers tumble rain
Would one propose to the Lord what's not innate

Witness the Lord's will red-hot Spire irate
Whose felo de se the Flèche pierced heart in pain
Who dares to doubt must he questions address Fate

Montmartre's severed head Saint Denis lugged Frankish hate
Who'll don Louis IX Tunic to rule Louvre brain
Would one propose to the Lord what's not innate

Could Man his collapsing structure rebuild to date
Lord's Agent be or manage the mise en scène
Who dares to doubt must he questions address Fate
Would one propose to the Lord what's not innate

© T. Wignesan - Paris, April 17, 2019

Translation of the COMPLETE VERSION of Scarborough Fair by T Wignesan

La Fête foraine de Scarborough (La Version complète)

For the medieval English poet and Simon and Garfunkel
-In admiration -

Allez-vous à Scarborough fête foraine ?
(Sur la côte d'une colline dans le vert intense d'une forêt)
Persil, sauge, romarin et thym
Parlez de moi à une fille d'antan
(Suivant un passereau sur la terre comblée de la neige)
Elle fut jadis mon amie intime

Dites-lui de me coudre un Cambric chemise
(Couvertures et linge du lit l'enfant de la montagne)
Persil, sauge, romarin et thym
Sans bordure ni de la finesse
(Dormait-il ne rendant pas compte de l'appel du clarion)
Et sûr elle restera mon amie intime

Dites : faites-le dans une ruelle de sycomore/recoltez-le dans une faucille en
cuir*
(Sur la côte d'une colline, les feuilles des arbres éparpillées)
Persil, sauge, romarin et thym
Et le recueillir dans un panier des fleurs/dans un bouquet de bruyère**
(En lavant la tombe avec des larmes en argent)
Ainsi elle restera mon amie intime

Dites : lavez-le dans ce puit sec
(Un soldat nettoie et fait briller son fusil)
Persil, sauge, romarin et thym
Où l'eau ne monte pas ni pluie tombe raide
(La guerre résonne, éclatant parmi des bataillons sanglantes)
Ainsi elle restera mon amie intime

Dites : trouvez-lui un acre de terre
(Les généraux requièrent leurs soldats de tuer)
Persil, sauge, romarin et thym
Entre les flots et sur le rivage sableux
(Et de batailler pour une cause dont ils avaient depuis longtemps bien oublié)
Ainsi soit-elle mon amie intime

NOTES

*Variant version of the line : " Tell her to reap it in a sickle of leather "

** Variant version : " And gather it all in a bunch of heather "

Persil/Parsley stands for " comfort " ; sauge/sage for " strength " ;

romarin/rosemary for " love " and thym/thyme for " courage "

Scarborough Fair

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?

(On the side of a hill in the deep forest green)

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme

Remember me to one who lives there

(Tracing a sparrow on snow-crested ground)

For once she was a true love of mine

Have her make me a cambric shirt

(Blankets and bedclothes the child of the mountain)

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme

Without no seam nor fine needle work

(Sleeps unaware of the clarion call)

And then she'll be a true love of mine

Tell her to weave it in a sycamore wood lane

(On the side of a hill, a sprinkling of leaves)

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme

And gather it all with a basket of flowers

(Washes the grave with silvery tears)

And then she'll be a true love of mine

Have her wash it in yonder dry well

(A soldier cleans and polishes a gun)

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme

Where water ne'er sprung nor drop of rain fell

(War bellows, blazing in scarlet battalions)

And then she'll be a true love of mine

Have her find me an acre of land

(Generals order their soldiers to kill)

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme

Between the sea foam and over the sand

(And fight for a cause they've long ago forgotten)

And then she'll be a true love of mine

Translation of the Canticle: Scarborough Fair by T Wignesan

La Fête foraine de Scarborough

For the anonymous medieval poet

and Simon & Garfunkel - in admiration

Allez-vous à Scarborough fête foraine ?

Persil, sauge, romarin et thym

Parlez de moi à une fille d'antan

Elle fut jadis mon amie intime

Dites-lui de me coudre un Cambric chemise

Persil, sauge, romarin et thym

Sans bordure ni de la finesse

Et sûr elle restera mon amie intime

Dites : faites-le dans une ruelle de sycomore

Persil, sauge, romarin et thym

Et le recueillir dans un panier des fleurs

Ainsi elle restera mon amie intime

Dites : lavez-le dans ce puit sec

Persil, sauge, romarin et thym

Où l'eau ne monte pas ni pluie tombe raide

Ainsi elle restera mon amie intime

Dites : trouvez-lui un acre de terre

Persil, sauge, romarin et thym

Entre les flots et sur le rivage sableux

Ainsi soit-elle mon amie intime

Scarborough Fair

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme

Remember me to one who lives there

For once she was a true love of mine

Have her make me a cambric shirt

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme

Without no seam nor fine needle work

And then she'll be a true love of mine

Tell her to weave it in a sycamore wood lane

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme

And gather it all with a basket of flowers
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Have her wash it in yonder dry well
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
where water ne'er sprung nor drop of rain fell
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Have her find me an acre of land
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Between the sea foam and over the sand
And then she'll be a true love of mine

© Translation : T. Wignesan - Paris, April 12, 2019

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY: LXXVI

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : LXXVI

IF ever I had a Country with or without any " Wood " in the aching aping Film Industry

And if ever (you know the refrain by now) I were NOMINATED - not hoodwinked into

assuming the role of the Chief FILM CENSOR by every paid-up (most likely not) member of

the millions of ciné-clubs, cinémathèques, Actors' Studios, Film-Workers' Unions, Cinema-

Makers and Cinema peddlers' and Distributors' sororities and fraternities

The first thing you bet I'll do is to issue an Irrefutable Command to burn every spool or reel

of film (excepting one of each as evidence in case of litigation) made after the Year Elia

Kazan stopped filming " America ! America ! " and " Viva Zapata ! " - not to mention

documentaries

And then proceed forthwith and/or thenceforth without any hesitation whatsoever to ban all

films based on the undeviating formula of extended excruciating display of VIOLENCE for

the sake of relishing VIOLENCE in the name of our children watching with us into the late-

night on the sofa including the repeated RAPE against the wall on the kitchen-table astride

the toilet-seat of poor but heavily-snorting apparently DEFENCELESS but willingly-ripped

actresses on scene leading to the apochryphal MURDER of the hero or heroin with electric-saws

and choppers à la " Massacre à la Tronçonneuse " butcheries

Then shut out of my chaste and highly-principled patrie ALL box-office breaking films especially

those crowned with Oscars and Ceasars Grammys and Bears which encourage and advocate the

use of pernicious drugs and hard liquor while the cameras O ! so casually ! pick up the eternal

" bar " scene of the Western giving us what they really want to : the lewd swaying of nakedly-

clad lithesome nubile dames in the distance - the lazy loose car-screen wipers - the " porno " of

nunneries

You bet also invite ALL ME-TOO gals and Orphaned-Boy Cubs victims of

Paedophilic Preachers and

Priests and Professors posing as Critics to rip up cinema seats and leave
behind just enough

methane gas to blow up theatre halls after being subject against their will to
watch copy-cat

Hollywood Bollywood Chollywood Nollywood versions of Michael Jackson's beyond-
the-grave

calisthenics even while being attired in " Prince in New York " Eddy Murphy
fineries

And this, if ever I were appointed the Chief Film Censor of my highly-
principled moral Philistine

Country spurning aping Bolly-Cholly-Nolly antics of Miss Holly in the pantry
And even if I never ever had no country worth acting out in the wild woods of
the Imaginary

© T. Wignesan - Paris, April 10, 2019

Translation of Pablo Neruda's IN YOU THE EARTH by T Wignesan

Si de pronto no existes, (If of a sudden you were no more,)
si de pronto no vives, (if of a sudden you live no more,)
yo seguiré viviendo. (I'll continue to live.)

No me atrevo, (I do not dare,)
no me atrevo a escribirlo, (hardly will I find the courage to write this)
si te mueres. (if you were to die.)

Yo seguiré viviendo. (I'll go on living.)

Porque donde no tiene voz un hombre (Since there where a man be not invested
with a voice)
allí, mi voz. (there, my voice will be heard.)

Donde los negros sean apaleados, (There where Negros be skinned,)
yo no puedo estar muerto. (I cannot be counted among the dead.)
Cuando entren en la cárcel mis hermanos (When my brothers are put in prison)
entraré yo con ellos. (I'll be in their ranks.)

Cuando la victoria, (When victory,)
no mi victoria, (not my triumph,)
sino la gran Victoria llegue, (when the great Victory is attained,)
aunque esté mudo debo hablar: (even if I were dumb, I'll open my mouth to speak
:)
yo la veré llegar aunque esté ciego. (yes, I'll see it arrive even if I were
blind.)

No, perdóname. (No, do pardon me.)
Si tú no vives, (If you are no longer of this earth,)
si tú, querida, amor mío, si tú (if you, sweetheart, My Love, if you)
te has muerto, (were dead,)
todas las hojas caerán en mi pecho, (all the leaves will fall on my chest,)
lloverá sobre mi alma noche y día, (they will rain on my soul day and night,)
la nieve quemará mi corazón, (snow will consume my heart,)
andaré con frío y fuego (through the cold and fire, I'll continue to walk)
y muerte y nieve, (and through death and snow,)
mis pies querrán marchar hacia donde tú duermes, pero (my feet will want to walk
on towards the place where you sleep, but)
seguiré vivo, (I'll go on living,)
porque tú me quisiste sobre (because you wished that I were)
todas las cosas indomable, (over all things not to be trampled upon,)
y, amor, porque tú sabes que soy no sólo un hombre (and, My Love, because you
know that I am not just a/one man)

sino todos los hombres(but he who stands with/for/among all men)

Pablo Neruda

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, April 10, 2019

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part IXL

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : IXL

If you pull a long dopey face
E'en if it were in your own bloody way
Stick two sore thumbs in your own nose
To spite your snubbed mug and blast bray

If you pulled a long resigned face
'Who put me here' you're not allowed to say
Now 'I don't want to go yet' there's the choice
You can neither at will come nor go or e'en stay

If you pull a long recalcitrant face
Whether you feel down and out or e'en gay
In the confines of your own private place
That won't do take you must part in global play

If you pull a long stumped face
There's little to be happy about much as you lay
Whichever way you face damned be the case
Think you then you can make your own pay

If you then must pull a long damned face
Take the final curtain call and bow out of play
None'll let you keep your own face in this human race
Vow to suck up to man-made gods dent not their sway

© T. Wignesan - Paris, March 31, 2019

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY: LXXV

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : LXXV

IF ever I had a country with flaming flags flying on every lamp-post weather-cock and tree

And if ever I were by my highest degree qualification appointed the Director-General of Museums Zoos Botanico-Ornithological Gardens Parks and Cemeteries I would make it a point of the Most Urgent Order that every bird gaily chirping warbling shrieking or even grumbling in its own particular brand of cursing for free

Either lone or in chorus or in competition with its own kind or in contempt of other feathered outlandish melodies

Together with every howling hound bellowing beast croaking crocodile cursing cat or mocking monkey

That they be taught and made to learn by rote under pain of plunder and pillage of their property to belt out the National anthem every dawn and at the crowing down of the Sun in its reverie

Or else be banished tarred and feathered forthwith from My Dearly-Beloved Country after forfeiting their tongues never to sing again and this after coughing up an astronomical fine of a fee for the capital crime of Lèse Majesté That is, if ever I were appointed the Most Distinguished Protector of the Patrimony as the Director-General of Museums Zoos Botanico-Ornithological Gardens Parks and Cemeteries

Even if I never ever had no country where no birds trill tongues or beasts bellow

bestialities and mockeries

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A Self-Tutoring Translation of Rimbaud's Final Version VOWELS in Contemporary Terms

A Self-Tutoring Translation of RIMBAUD's Final Version " Vowels " in Contemporary Terms

(" Vowels " (final version, without the definite article, with the poet's corrections) in RIMBAUD Œuvres complètes. Ed. by Pierre Brunel. Paris : Livres de Poche/La Pochethèque, 1999, pp. 279-280. Please see notes following the translation. T. Wignesan)

A, black ; E, white ; I, red ; U, green ; O, blue ; vowels,
I'll invoke true to day how your latent forms take shape
A, velvety black corset shiny bluebottles armour-plate ape
Pullule hovering over putrefying carrion stench gruels

By leeway gulfs. E, glaring white sheets(1) of vapours and tents,
Icy surges prideful, Oriental Potentates (2), fluttering parasols umbellate,
I, attires purple(3), spat-out blood, laughter from Synchrotron(4) lips
undulate
Through anger or from inebriate benumbing of penitents.

U, cycles, the divine vibrations of emerald-green seas
Peaceful grazing grounds teeming with animals, reposeful furrowed pleats
Some alchemically concocted hand imprints on great foreheads studious ;

O ! stentorian Bugle ! the laden strident shriek deranges,
The calmness pierced by disrupting Worlds and Angels...
--- O ! the ultimate Omega, the violet tincture of Her Eyes(5) !

Notes

(1) " frissons " (word effaced by Rimbaud, according to Brunel's footnotes, to avoid repetitious recall of the same word in the next line and substituted by " candeurs " signifying " ingenuousness " though in its etymological sense : " blancheur ", i.e. ;, " whiteness or innocence " ;

(2) " rois blancs " (" White Kings ", according to Brunel's footnotes : " souverains orientaux ", i.e., " Oriental Monarchs ") ;

(3) " pourpres " (now in the plural referring to " accoutrements " and hence I have used " attires " not to give it its pejorative sense in English ;

(4) " belles " (" beautiful " is a hackneyed and meaningless epithet ; by contrast, the CERN Synchrotron is the most daring, infinitesimally elegant and awe-inspiring human creation) ;

(5) " Ses Yeux " (first letters capitalised by Rimbaud - from what I can gather from the notes and biographical information - refers to a ' violet-eyed damsel ' with whom Rimbaud turned up in Paris one fine day). The colour " violet "

also according to the notes is the last of the colours of the spectrum or "prisme" just as "Omega" is the last letter of the Greek alphabet.

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A Self-Tutoring Translation of Rimbaud's THE VOWELS in Contemporary Terms

A Self-Tutoring Translation of RIMBAUD's "The Vowels" in Contemporary Terms

("The Vowels" in the Paul Verlaine (first version) copy in RIMBAUD Œuvres complètes. Ed. by Pierre Brunel. Paris : Livres de Poche/La Pochethèque, 1999, pp. 279-280. Please see notes following the translation. T. Wignesan)

A, black ; E, white ; I, red ; U, green ; O, blue ; vowels,
I'll invoke true to day how your latent forms take shape
A, velvety black corset shiny bluebottles armour-plate ape
Pullule hovering over putrefying carrion stench gruels

By leeway gulfs. E, shimmering of vapours and tents,
Icy surges prideful, white grapes*, fluttering parasols umbellate,
I, purple, spat-out blood, laughter from Synchrotron** lips undulate
Through anger or from inebriate benumbing of penitents.

U, cycles, the divine vibrations of emerald-green seas
Peaceful grazing grounds teeming with animals, reposeful furrowed pleats
Some alchemically concocted hand imprints on great foreheads studious ;

O ! stentorian Bugle ! the laden strident shriek deranges,
The calmness pierced by disrupting Worlds and Angels...
--- O ! the ultimate Omega, the violet tincture of her eyes !

Notes

* "rais blanc" ("raisin blanc" ?, hence : "raisiné" : blood, claret) ;
** "belles" ("beautiful" is hackneyed and meaningless ; by contrast, the CERN Synchrotron is the most daring, infinitesimally elegant and awe-inspiring human creation) ;

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IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part XL

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : XL

If you pull a long Quixotic face
At your own mirror image en face at play
Your Right from Left your Anti-Self confuse
Myriad selves your chained Parallel Lives portray

If you pull a long ironic face
Your Right eye looks into your Left in dismay
Who looks at whom to cock-eye whose gaze
Who called out to whom to glimpse past Milky Way

If you pull a long dispised face
At each glance preen looks made of clay
The more you look the more your face you raze
How many torture your face like you do, pray

If you pull a long insidious face
Connive at ruses to make you the Other's prey
Pretend you pass glass wall some Other face efface
The insecure Twit calls out to the Other gay Jay

If you pull a long auto-da-fé face
E'en Hollywood Quasars collapse into Black-Holes some day
The face is mirror of the heart not just the brain's
Suffice it not to smile to win the heart of any Dame, nay, Gay

© T. Wignesan - Paris, March 18, 2019

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part XXXIX

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : XXXIX

For Aurélien BARRAU, the consummate millennial teacher

IF you pull a long perplexed face
At the way this World has come to stay
Bad Guys always running the human race
Good Guys have no recourse but to pray

If you pull a long victimized face
Hoping somehow the Meek will win out some day
That all it takes is to lose meantime some face
Now and then to those who make you unwilling pay

If you pull a long anxious face
Fretting every morn the issue of the day
Which Frost road to take to avoid the pitfall place
Bad Guys will revel to see you fritter energy away

If you pull a long downcast face
At the way Justice fails to pave the way
For Truth to triumph while mediocre mettle prevails
Does not Yang need the Yin to keep both at bay

If you must then pull all kinds of face
At, say, Pullitzers Bookers Goncourts all mainstay Nobels pariah
Will the whored beggar Welles or the squealing Kazans they replace
Be the Dantes erecting on quicksand grounds the Divina Comedia

© T. Wignesan - Paris, March 16, 2019

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY: LXXIV

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : LXXIV

IF ever I had a country proud of its sacred Soul Patrie
And if ever by a long shot I was nominated - not spuriously elected - Chef
Ministre d'Etat
Plenipotentiary
The first thing I'd do is to give the Minister of Justice the sack in a hurry
I'll then take over his post and issue a long awaited (you'll agree) and needed
decree
That henceforth any razor-sharp lawyer and his erudite team appointed by a
client for a
very very high fee
To defend protect and facilitate the " escape " of any known criminal whose
ill-gotten
gains burst bank-vaults to a brain-numbing degree
That the lawyer and his team be given the DOUBLE of the sentence meted out to
the
criminal and be put away minus their licences to practise LAW in an Alcatraz-
like
penitentiary
And this even if I never ever had no country to call my own with or without any
patrimony

(The late eminent Vietnamese-French lawyer, Maître JACQUES VERGES, renowned for
among other feats the defence of KLAUS BARBIE, the NAZI " chief " under the
French Vichy regime, was also the Secrétaire de la Conférence des
Avocats/Examiner for those wishing to practise law in France. And yet, in a
case where I was concerned with revolting Master's and Doctoral students at the
Sorbonne-Nouvelle University, he subtly had my case scuttled to prop up mainly
Muslim and African-origin students - openly backed by JAMES BALDWIN - who
objected vehemently to being taught, besides numerous other Commonwealth
authors, V. S. NAIPAUL's The Guerillas, together with Eva Peron and The
Killings in Trinidad, students who also took exception to any comparison, by
way of structural influence, of WOLE SOYINKA's The Road, with Greek tragedies.)

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IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part XXXVIII

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : PART XXXVIII

If you pull a long vacant face
Might be you just have nothing to say
Which is not a crying disgrace
Empty drums need be beaten to bellow away

If you pull a long puzzled face
Just read what poets have to say
On their ilk and how they pretend to liaise
Both thoughts and feelings rare they portray

If you pull a long insensed face
At the affronts you have to put up with all day
Pull the shutters close round face
Read - not repeat - those long inhumed ages away

If you pull a long proud face
Your evanescent words others must attention pay
Have your ephemeral self bolstered through praise
You deserve to inhabit Xanadu Laureat of all you survey

If you must pull a long misunderstood face
Little the use reading faces e'en the Chinese way
A long unread face unveils e'en the masked ignoramus ace
Don't Gecian myths enrich the Iliad and Odyssey

© T. Wignesan - Paris, March 5, 2019

Translation of Marcel Moreau's A L'Amour by T Wignesan

Translation of the Elegy: On Marceline Desbordes-Valmore - À L'amour - Poem by Marcel Moreau Translated by T. Wignesan

Reprends de ce bouquet les trompeuses couleurs, (Take back the dubious colours of this bouquet)

Ces lettres qui font mon supplice, (These letters the cause of my calvaire)
Ce portrait qui fut ton complice; (This portrait which once was your peer)
Il te ressemble, il rit, tout baigné de mes pleurs. (It looks like you, it laughs, my tears full it bathe)

Je te rends ce trésor funeste, (I let you take back this damnable treasure)
Ce froid témoin de mon affreux ennui. (This cold reminder of my painful boredom.)

Ton souvenir brûlant, que je déteste, (Your scorching memory which I cannot endure)

Sera bientôt froid comme lui. (Will like the portrait turn cold soon)

Oh! Reprends tout. Si ma main tremble encore, (Oh ! Take all back. If my hand still trembles)

C'est que j'ai cru te voir sous ces traits que j'abhorre. (It's probably due to the abhorrent underlying features)

Oui, j'ai cru rencontrer le regard d'un trompeur; (Yes, I thought I perceived his looks treacherous)

Ce fantôme a troublé mon courage timide. (This phantom has rendered my courage timid.)

Ciel! On peut donc mourir à l'aspect d'un perfide, (Heavens ! One can even die from a perfidious spectre)

Si son ombre fait tant de peur (If his shadow does indeed cause much fear)

Comme ces feux errants dont le reflet égare, (Like errant fires whose reflections disappear)

La flamme de ses yeux a passé devant moi; (The flame of your eyes dance past me after)

Je rougis d'oublier qu'enfin tout nous sépare; (I blush forgetting that in fact we have nothing in common)

Mais je n'en rougis que pour toi. (But I only do so for your sake)

Que mes froids sentiments s'expriment avec peine! (May my frozen sentiments be laboriously expressed !)

Amour... que je te hais de m'apprendre la haine! (Love... I'm damned hating you teaching me how to hate !)

Eloigne-toi, reprends ces trompeuses couleurs, (Take back the dubious colours

of this bouquet)

Ces lettres, qui font mon supplice, (These letters the cause of my calvaire)

Ce portrait, qui fut ton complice; (This portrait which once was your peer)

Il te ressemble, il rit, tout baigné de mes pleurs! (It looks like you, it laughs, my tears full it bathe)

Cache au moins ma colère au cruel qui t'envoie, (Conceal at least my anger to the hard-hearted who this sends)

Dis que j'ai tout brisé, sans larmes, sans efforts; (Say that I have destroyed all, without effort, without tears)

En lui peignant mes douloureux transports, (By relating to him the anguish of my insufferable feelings)

Tu lui donnerais trop de joie. (You will confer on him joy that never ends)

Reprends aussi, reprends les écrits dangereux, (Take also back, take back your dangerous writings)

Où, cachant sous des fleurs son premier artifice, (Where hiding beneath flowers his first artifice)

Il voulut essayer sa cruauté novice (He had wanted to foist his cruelty as a novice)

Sur un cœur simple et malheureux. (Over a simple heart doomed through pinings)

Quand tu voudras encore égarer l'innocence, (When you might want to lose your innocence)

Quand tu voudras voir brûler et languir, (When you might want to see it all burn and languish)

Quand tu voudras faire aimer et mourir, (When you might wish to be loved and perish)

N'emprunte pas d'autre éloquence. (Do not seek to use other forms of eloquence)

L'art de séduire est là, comme il est dans son coeur! (The art of seduction is there as it is in your heart !)

Va! Tu n'as plus besoin d'étude. (Go ! You have no need for advice.)

Sois léger par penchant, ingrat par habitude, (Be frivolous by nature, ungrateful by practice)

Donne la fièvre, amour, et garde ta froideur. (Proffer fever, love, but maintain the coldness of heart)

Ne change rien aux aveux pleins de charmes. (Change nothing of the professions of love full of charm)

Dont la magie entraîne au désespoir: (Since such magic leads one to despair :)

Tu peux de chaque mot calculer le pouvoir, (You can with each word calculate its power)

Et choisir ceux encore imprégnés de mes larmes... (And choose yet those words which with my tears swarm)

Il n'ose me répondre, il s'envole... il est loin. (He dares to respond, he takes flight... he's far gone.)

Puisse-t-il d'un ingrat éterniser l'absence! (Could he but such an ungrateful one forever feel the absence !)

Il faudrait par fierté sourire en sa présence: (One should, emboldened with pride, smile in his presence :)

J'aime mieux souffrir sans témoin. (I'd rather suffer all alone.)

Il ne reviendra plus, il sait que je l'abhorre; (He will no more return, he knows how I abhor him)

Je l'ai dit à l'amour, qui déjà s'est enfui. (I have with loving words told him, he has already gone away.)

S'il osait revenir, je le dirais encore: (If he dares return, I'd tell him the same again :)

Mais on approche, on parle... hélas! Ce n'est pas lui! (But one comes close, one talks... alas ! It's not him !)

Recueil: Élégies (1830) .

Marceline Desbordes-Valmore From the collection: Élégies (1830) .

Marceline Desbordes-Valmore

© T. Wignesan - Paris, March 4, 2019

Translation of Marcel Moreau's: A Paris by T Wignesan

Translation of Marcel Moreau's " A Paris " by T. Wignesan

IN PARIS

Paris bores me no end without you
My heart weighted down with melancholia
The spleen given over to asthenia
Empties its own sense of loss on to me, too.

Sometimes I revisit this bistro
Over a coffee I remain speechless
Sweetened yet acerbic and joyless
I recall the charm in your words true

Then I amble through the boulevards
The streets and alleys spoking out from thence
Foraging for some spoor of your presence
Some trace of you I find not hereabouts

Those monuments I remember were so elegant
Today I reject them as monstrous abominable
Enveloped in dark coal shades below gables
Robed in hideous scaffoldings repugnant

Lyon Station pounded under a thousand feet
The crowd surging in a hurry, most fearful
Like ants storming plundering plentiful
Beneath the clock tower no chiming bells treat

Austerlitz Station, an insalubrious grinding battle
Austere, wildly noisy and of a temperament savage
Swallows and regurgitates a refluxing sludge
Of people, its unending food-chain to trundle

The Pyramid looms stripped of attention
There before the Louvre now of faded stature
In no way willing to own up to the exposure
Of taking in the Joconde in fleeting succession

Like Her, I too have become a fossil in every way
So I set about moving up along the Champs Elysées
To hang about the great museums of the avenue
Like an unsung mortal of the Grand Palais

Paris still bores me deprived of your presence
From the Champs de Mars to the Notre Dame
Everything looks morbid, I feel by all condemned
During this month's lack of effervescence :

" November exudes a sentiment that's cruel
You do wish to see me drown in the Seine !
On which bridge might one picture the scene ?
Sully, Saint-Louis or Carrousel ? "

© T. Wignesan - Paris, March 1st., 2019

The original in French re-produced with the written permission of the poet :

À Paris - Poem by Marcel Moreau

À Paris, je m'ennuie sans toi...
Mon cœur tagué mélancolie,
Ce spleen, sensible à l'asthénie,
Vidant l'incertitude en moi...

Je reviens parfois à ce bistro,
Devant un café sans éloquence
Sucré d'âcreté déplaisante
Rêvant au charme de tes mots.

Puis j'erre sur les boulevards,
Rues et les voies adjacentes
À l'enquête de l'évidence
Que je ne trouve nulle part.

Ces monuments étaient si beaux,
Aujourd'hui je les abomine
Dans la noirceur qui les domine
Et les hideurs de l'échafaud.

Gare de Lyon, mille piétons,
Foule pressée et alarmante
Comme des fourmis déroutantes,
Sous l'horloge sans carillon.

Gare Austerlitz, l'infect combat
Austère, bruyante et sauvage
Avale et vomit un breuvage
De monde, son continuel repas.

La pyramide sans attrait
Devant ce Louvre humeur flétrie
Ne partage guère l'envie
De voir Joconde aux tirets tirés.

Comme elle, j'ai les traits tirés
À remonter les champs Élysées,
Je me cramponne aux grands musées
Comme un mortel du Grand Palais.

A Paris, je m'ennuie sans toi
Du Champ de Mars à Notre Dame,
Tout est morne, tout me condamne
Et ce mois qui s'attache au choix:

" Novembre au sentiment cruel,
Tu veux me plonger dans le Seine!
Sur quel pont conserver la scène?
Sully, Saint-Louis ou Carrousel? "

(c) Marcel Moreau - Paris

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part XXXVII

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : Part XXXVII

If you pull a long repentant face
It avails you to pull it where no one sees you pray
For forgiveness though not after being caught outright losing face
A stricken conscience e'en coached by counsel may not pardon parley

If you pull a fresh Wu Wang face
Better pawn it to those who would the right price pay
Such as a plea-bargain reduction in sentence
Which could pave the way to a bestseller screen play

But if you pull a long mea culpa earnest face
Just when the Eldest Son Zhen spring awakens the Lunar Year
The noble Fa-Ling lined Ganesha " A Daniel come to Judgment " may take offence
And thunder quake : " I'll nail you to the Cross " if you lie this cleansing day

If you yet could pull a long masked vengeful face
For slights or stings being overlooked by the Master riding high in clover
Then all exceptions undeleted none may plan to profit from this case
Might not things right themselves before the year runs out and make villains pay

If you must then pull a long Sacrificial Lamb face
Note how even the Mid-East Patriarch's foundations tremble on the very same day
No Saviour may lead his flock thrice out of the Walled Wilderness e'en into Outer Space
For he " who comes to Equity must come with clean hands " or else the ultimate price pay

© T. Wignesan - Paris, February 28, 2019

Translation of Marcel Moreau's Je t'ecris by T Wignesan

Translation of Marcel Moreau's " Je t'écris " by T. Wignesan

I WRITE TO YOU

I choose green ink to write to you
For Love does not prescribe any one hue
In the hope you might take shape
When desire seizes me agape

You, the enigma of my dreams
Come, meet me when the day dawns
To share but one solitary pillow
Where we may entwine Love herebelow

I pen these words in green ink
For pleasure makes one think
Of the patient sweetness of kisses
Of the exalting ardour of passions

I write to you in green ink taint
For passion at dawn heralds no end
To diverse phantasies that lie in wait
At the edge of a bed left quite unmade

I write one lone evening in autumn
The green ink has lost its vibrant tone
Sick my soul for the want of you
The world split apart in more than two

I write no more to you, dear Angel
All colours of ink I have let spill
Into the sea where currents collide
Waiting hardly makes you come with the tide

I shall write you no more my Sweetheart
No more the flame lights up in my heart
That flame I lit up when winds coursed through
Like a tearing apart of emotions true

Should I write to you again
Of star-studded heavens you to win
Even the body to embrace you now pales
I have only my spirit left your Love inhales

Je T'écris... - Poem by Marcel Moreau

Je t'écris à l'encre verte,
Car l'amour est une porte ouverte
À l'espérance de te découvrir
Dans des moments de désir.

Toi, l'inconnue de mes rêves,
Rencontre-moi au jour qui se lève
Pour partager mon seul oreiller
Sur lequel on peut s'aimer.

Je t'écris à l'encre verte
Car le plaisir est une pensée
À la patience des doux baisers,
À l'ardeur de s'exalter.

Je t'écris à l'encre verte
Car la passion est une aube ouverte
À l'attente des fantasmes divers
Au bord d'un lit découvert.

Je t'écris un soir d'automne,
L'encre verte devient monotone;
Le mal de vivre, le manque de toi,
Un monde de désarroi.

Je ne t'écris plus mon ange,
J'ai jeté toutes les couleurs d'encre
Dans la mer aux flots récalcitrants,
L'attente n'a plus de sens.

Je ne t'écris plus mon âme,
Mon cœur n'a plus cette jolie flamme
Que j'attisais à l'heure des vents
Comme un long déchirement.

Dois-je encore t'écrire
Du monde étoilé pour te séduire?
Je n'ai plus de corps pour t'embrasser,
Je n'ai que mon esprit pour t'aimer.

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part XXXVI

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : Part XXXVI

If you pull a long-famished face
Chances are you'd pull derisive looks your way
Some might relent Others spite your face
For not pulling your weight in every way

If you pull a long symbolic face
Your words no meaning profound convey
Mallarmé's ill-armed ideas make poems fall on face
Try $E = mc^2$: Poem = idea + words² to force poiea

If you pull a long straight face
The contradiction might show through the gap in the veil
Sure as Rita Hayworth " put the blame " on Orson Welles
If you're not sure of the signs in poems you use in braille

If you yet pull a long-forsaken face
Stymied by photons neutrinos criss-crossed by Cosmic Ray
Stop wondering what happened to meaning words efface
Just listen to rhythmic rhymes in the musical phrase at play

So if you must pull that long-mutated face
With time won't ideas coalesce words into Shakespearean play
At will stream out of computer softwares at mind-boggling pace
Leave neither poet nor poetaster critic nor customer with pay

© T. Wignesan - Paris, February 25, 2019

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part XXXV

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : Part XXXV

IF you pull a long croquet face

While picking your teeth index and thumb over molar
Canines will drip corrosive acids on knuckles and nails
E'en if you lose anonymous self in a crowded alley

If you pull a long twisted itching face

All through childhood while making hay
You risk being stung by bluebottles and fleas
Right where you may not much like 'em to stay

If you pull a long self-conscious face

Guilt straining your under-your-wear during play
Tell-tale signs beyond control those stains on lace
Parents by Law only keep teens so long as they obey

If you pull a long pre-maturé face

E'en a Mahatma Gandhi married at puberté
At 36 assumes Brahmacharya celibate sacrifice
To libido's extra-marital experience falls prey

If you must pull a long pedo-de-filed priestly face

Pull it not on homeless orphan or pious nun gone astray
Tussle all alone the Devil in you from pantry to pillow-case
Or else the Man in Hu-Man would drive the Wo-Man gay

© T. Wignesan - Paris, February 21, 2019

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part XXXIV

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : Part XXXIV

For Mickey COTO and his PTS-ed cohorts

IF you pull a long patriotic face

" My Country My God boundup in one alloyed essay

The blood I spill for either in one compounded commonplace

For Mother and Father begot me Soul and Body I let slay "

If you pull a long cramped face

In galactic worlds speeding pell-mell trillion light years away

The Glory of the Nation ancient History pure Superior conquering Race

Will Voyager II blot out from the Carter message the stain in our DNA

If you pull a long arrogant face

Vying with one another your Party's Will to impose in mellée

Loud yet dumb those who'll vain political power embrace

Won't names on plaques and stiff statues with time decay

If you pull a long populist face

Confound callow youths' psychés through geo-political play

The Enemy's the one with the ethnic-God's alien grimace

Won't " Demo-Cracy " make " People-Crazy " Passionarias pray

If you must pull a long pro-patria-mori face

Then breed the orphaned cloned-robot grandes armées

Mediativize the great onslaughts from Sun Tzu & Cong strategies

Won't the Populace then exult betting on their revered contrées

© T. Wignesan, Paris, February 16, 2019

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part XXXIII

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : Part XXXIII

If you pull a long non-plussed face

Astrophysicists declare Science no Absolute Truths underlay

Big-Crunch might on Big-Bang back bounce about face

Who'll say All-This's but mere hearsay

If you pull a long heretical face

Opt for accidentally ordered Life as did Hawking portray

Almighty be a Barrau's " tout comme " Lord of Multiverse

Who'll say All-This's but mere hearsay

If you pull a long Question-Marked face

Two brothers in '43 jumped into the Future to aver

Great Lakes all make for one big sea surface

Who'll say All-This's but mere hearsay

If you pull a long besotted face

Long walls of Black Holes tugging pulling us in disarray

Andromeda throttle surge through our Milky Way interlace

Who'll say All-This's but mere hearsay

So if you must pull a long-lost inane face

Light-propelled ET-ships visit us NASA-men say

If you can the future tell e'en of one of the human race

Then nothing anyone can ever do the FUTURE gainsay

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IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part XXXII

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : Part XXXII

IF you pull a long ME-T00 victimised face

" Look Mom ! Dirty-Ol'-Sod oggles me carriage sway ! "

" Dear Girl ! Of what use curves under pretty face ?

Be like Mona Lisa, look neither Louvre either way ! "

If you pull a long ME-T00 martyred face

" Oh, Mom, look ! He looks through under wear ! "

" Dear Child ! Eyes are made for hills and dales

On desert sands, looks stretch mirage bare ! "

If you pull a long ME-T00 bothered face

" Oh, Mom, look ! Light's changed we've right of way

My Zebra thighs cross at every stride his lurid gaze ! "

" Oh ! Ne'er you mind, for all you know he's gay ! "

If you pull a long ME-T00 frenzied face

" Oh , Mom, look ! The cad swims under my belly ! "

" Pretty Mome ! Wish not he breaststrokes to spoil grace !

The flip and the flop of diving : Not on my nelly ! "

If you must pull a long ME-T00 sacrificed face

" Oh, Mom ! That pedophile's looks drip lecherous leer ! "

" Sure, Baby ! That's the look perpetuates the human race

Yearn not for a YAH00's horse to mate and rule us here ! "

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IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part XXXI

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : Part XXXI

IF you pull a long lagging-behind face

You deserve your copycat status in more than one way

Marco Polo brought back cracker-power not to powder face

Noble Savage Injuns and Indians shuddered and gave way

Now if you pull a long WOG face

Aping the Colonial Master in every bourgeois way

No use straddling neck feet dangling front of face

Giant still supports the Dwarf while striding away

If you still will pull that long sullen " heathen " face

Thinking how easy the tidal wave you'd turn back anyway

Vasco's galleons rained broadside thunder balls on village place

While your loin-clothed turbaned ancestors scurried in fear

If you then pull your long self-satisfied face

At your hosts' Midas touch riding main fleets of Raleigh

To stud Crown lapis lazuli rubies opal spice and maize

Needs he as much now you to beg fawn and yeah-say

If you must then pull your long infra-dig face

Hankering after titles prizes rubbing shoulders in hallowed hallway

Colonial caste of mind gives exacting the Shylock pound of flesh

Smites your integrity dignity breaks spirit robs merits if " I YOU DARE ! " say

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IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part XXX

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : Part XXX

IF you pull a long querulous face
At the way Life makes you dire pay
For doubts and questions slaps your face
Fear keeps you from getting out-of-here

If you pull a long-damned face
Why woes and wails end not today
At your meek efforts scoffs the face
E'en Man-made-Laws prolong delay

If you keep pulling that angst-long face
Your duties to dear-ones holds you prey
Hereunder parcours written on tortured face
Corridor of Fortune mid Mother-Father ear

If you then can pull this long-stretched face
Cheek-bone nose shape Fa-ling lines down ear
Snub-nosed Socrates quaffed hemlock in disgrace
Contours of Fate circulate face year by lunar year

So if you must pull a long DNA mirror-face
Hide plastic surgery face under mask or clay
How long Bushmen took to Chinese their race
Yet let the few alter Nature through fore-play

© T. Wignesan - Paris, February 6, 2019

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part XXIX

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : Part XXIX

IF you pull a long pained face
The kind poets affect and gladly display
Throughout the ages with their lonely-heart feelings in lyrical grace
You might end up Precious Pearl in harem of some Arabo-Turkish Bey

If you then pull that longingly pained long face
In verses thin and sweetened long to Your Lord and Master Bey
All night long pulling at the tassels of your silken robes pyjama lace
Your turn might never come to whisper rosy verses under moonlit ear

Yet if you keep pulling that long lone-heart face
Know that Eunuchs too might not averse be to your corvée
And might listen close to every lilting line behind burka lace
Unless in Looney Bin the Bey thinks fit to let you long stay

Now if you pulled that long left-alone pale face
During long-stricken nights while silken moon-shafts through casements stray
Your face wan the tang of your pulled flesh less and less sinuous in bed-wise
ways
With luck you might at his table serve as a taster of macoronic verse play

So if you must go on pulling that long Parson's face
Pull it while chopping up pork ribs for crispy crunchy helpings à la Canard
Lacqué
None will miss appreciating the tango twists and twirls in your hurt-feelings
vice-verse
Everything's grist to the salmagundi soup the pot-pourri pulsed poem à la Chop
Suey

© T. Wignesan - Paris, February 5, 2019

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part XXVIII

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : Part XXVIII

IF you pull a long perplexed face

You could be watching SUMO in Tokyo Bay

Or reading this without a NIHONG-GUO dictionary in front of face

Rather I'd say you were the victim of WATENAGE

If you gasp at me pulling - pardon me - long dude face

Most probably you landed on your head due to ****ANAGE

Little use then pulling that long RISHIKISHI enigmatic poker face

Even if you were a 400-pound local HEBI-KYU god YOKOZUNA

Yet if you insist on pulling your long-slapped face

It's your own funeral living stabled in a SUMOBEYA

When all around GEISHA fans dream behind rice-paint face

Of what use then 30,000 YEN KENSHOKIN PRIZE nets you each day

If you can't help pulling that long-repressed face

Think you can gouge eyes out kick grab groin pull hair

Think again you had better throw salt to purify SHINTO DOHYO ring space

Or else find your MAWASHI loincloth ripped-off your shame hair rare

So if you must pull that 1500-year long SUMO face

Make certain you perform KAMI salt-throwing ceremony

First of all at TOKYO MEIJI SHRINE like all RISHIKISHIS

Before you digest 5000 to 7000 calories of fried diabetic chow each thumping day

© T. Wignesan - Paris, February 3, 2019

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part XXVII

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : Part XXVII

IF you pull a long poet's face
All things you write go awry
E'en fans who cuddle up offer no solace
Remember Kipling's " IF " the price to pay

If you pull a long deserted face
E'en friends plot with club members to assail
You lose will e'en to tie loose line shoe-lace
Damn could e'en petty sins cause such travail

If you go on pulling that long worsted face
Lines you lilt and rhyme sound airy-fairy
You push pen you powder verse till tears race
Creative college rhetoric plunder words weary

Yet if you pull this long-lined sick face
Grinding teeth biting lips till red ink spray
Ask who cut off Van Gogh's ear to spite his coal-mine face
Will a Gauguin mock a Brando's South-Seas belles-ballet

If you pull a long Art-for-Artifice sake face
Ask whose Kafkayesque trials plagued a Welles's Moro-Jacobean play
Holy-Wood chef-d'œuvres dictate classic post-modern pace
Kaleidoscopic formulae : rape batter murder on Tolstoyian vertebrae

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IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part XXVI

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : Part XXVI

IF you pull that long-besieged face
Back and forth to Brussels in Brexit bob-sleigh
Deal or No-Deal backstop Customs excise nor phase
EU patience and make jingle-bells rein deer neigh

If you pull that plucky long face
You risk boxing the Left's adamant Brexit-Deal ear
" EYES " to the Right " NOSE " to the Left " have it " put Westminster grace
out-of-place
No argument on amendments " PROSIT " with Franco-German beer

Then if you pull that long disfigured face
The Celts will with Scots not in English parley
To invite reigning Norman to fly in the face into Brexit space
Not mind you on skis past Omaha Beach and Isle Guernsey

Yet if you continue to pull that long-merited face
Even Roman legions will over-run the Charlemagne Gaul face rightaway
To watch Nero blitz-krieg London while May soufflé sur les braises
Won't even a Nobel Peace Prize entice a ditch-Brexit May

If you must then pull a long-stymied face
Carve Britain out add a STAR to the Star-Spangled pot-pourrée
Let the Scots the Irish and the Welsh in gaelic discourse
While gentlemanly Six Nations Cup supplant Super Bowl rough play

© T. Wignesan - Paris, January 29, 2019

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part XXV

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : Part XXV

IF you pull a long face
Neither side in tug-of-war giving way
Pull in the name of the Populace
Neither side will lose face e'ven if they bray

But if you pull a long surly face
In fear your own clan might fall prey
To the Squinting-Lady with the tilted balance
Beware of saving face at the expense of the Lay

If then you would pull a long-assured face
Founding Fathers pull with me on my side today
Tomorrow might usher in a benumbing sense of daze
If you flout in the face the Law's mainstay : Egalité

If you insist on pulling a long smug face
House soul-White clean the House on the Hill guilt-grey
Might Chosen Few bow to Ol' troubled Abe's wizened gaze
Or scowl at the Capital Dome the Bill of Rights to flay

So if you must the long face pull with grace
Turn a deaf ear to those who at Wall Street pray
The streets crawl with people losing ev'ryday a bit of face
Futile efforts at making ends meet for their progeny at bay

© T. Wignesan - Paris, January 26, 2019

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part XXIV

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : Part XXIV

If you pull that long martyred face

While brake-disks hiss howl metal-doors click-clutch-cluck on railway

No Tokyo masks nor hand darts to protect the homefront populace

Breeding grounds Underground cooking love-cold soup bacteriae

If you pull that damnit I've-caught-it again long distressed face

Between fleeing Metro stations unable to turn your face away

Holding breath in terror fumigating in deadly solipsistic silence

Which year's vaccination failed to mutate and antidotes convey

If you pull that long contorted villified face

Sandwiched between leaking semen sweat coughing sonorous spray

Bacteria exploding tout azimuth in jolting standing wool-crammed space

Smiles stuck in smart-phones fingers deftly messaging con-art display

If you then pull that fully-drenched long face

Face to face with guys who repress no more pent-up phlegm volley

Adding to that splash short staccato sharp poop-stench promise

Who nurses not nor lodges the germinating common denominator heir

Yet if you must pull that long inoculated face

Remember the doctor the nurse the pharmacist all give willing way

To the vast multi-national over/under the counter panacea commerce

To keep the influenza germ indoors at soaring fever pitch - Hurray !

© T. Wignesan - Paris, January 25, 2019

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part XXIII

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : Part XXIII

IF you pull a long-pained face
After tumbling down the Stairway
Do not the blame put on loose shoe-lace
The fault, pained-poet, may lie in gut-loose kidney

Now if you still pull that pained-look victim face
Watching others trip down whistling care-free gay
Turn back the pages and ill-fraught lines replace
With clippety-cloppy trained strides in horse-shoe gait

Yet if you insist on parading your long-pulled face
Draw not attention to the Maker of the Stairway
Nor sit on High Horse of thorough-bred DNA race
Most if not ALL will slip down the slippery Stairway

If you go on pulling that long-dethroned face
Know that ev'ry race-winner aloft long does not stay
Be it White Brown Black Yellow or of mixed-race
No use then claiming favoured-place with Potter of clay

So if you must pull that long Pale Face
Do it where you don't step on toes in any way
Sunscreen melotinine paves not way to pride of place
If you believe in One Maker why d'you to One Son pray

© T. Wignesan - Paris, January 23, 2019

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part XXII

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : Part XXII

IF you pull a long lonely face
Standing all alone near or on a busy airport flyway
Sans kith ni kin nor traffic police or friends en surplus
Hell you'll be mowed down by plane's landing gear out-lay

Now if you pull that lone long face
Since with none you can co-habit you say
Too true as that might be do as penance purchase
A man-sized mouse-trap stick neck in and pray

But if you pull long neck out to save long face
Don't blame me if by chance the spring gives way
Mouse-traps are made only for rats running in rat-race
If you want out post (on this site) your sworn statement apostasié

Yet if you pull your changed-mind long face
Take vows of celibacy eat nor enjoy flesh either way
Even as anthropophage Andromède chew on Ethiopian rock face
None'll make a shrine out of bones buried under compost pourrée

So if you must pull a lone long face
Seek not other lone long faces who pray and flay
Their backs and with cat-o'-nine-tails their face
Lacerate till Antonioni films Sophia L. with St. Francois d'Assis in Mandalay

© T. Wignesan - Paris, January 22, 2019

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part XXI

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : Part XXI

IF you pull a long Moon face

Watching our Earth clad in sparse swirling white sarée

Her aqua-marine waters cuddling her reddish brown body-surface

The dazzlingly rare Pearl now throttled by deadly débris

If you then pull a long Other-Moon face

Rolling weightless in a space-ship bathed in thermo-dynamic ray

You turn your thoughts on the marvels of the man-made science race

And then give the credit to Our-Nation GOD Is this really okay

Then if you pull a long bright Sunny face

And forget the reasons why this World of ours has gone astray

Man's inhumanity to Man how warring nations destroy Nature's grace

Pollute the depths of oceans cancer in the bowels flora and fauna sans say

If you continue to pull a long self-satisfied face

In the name of the Lord for every national achievement His blessings pray

Then repeat non-sensical myths and rituals in His Honour according to race

Reduce the United Nations to hypocritical inner politicking yeah-say

Thus if you must pull a long-travestied face

All through the Ages on the dictates of your incontrovertible DNA

Seek by every economic ruse power of class and caste on skins of race

Sing not of the beauty of this rare Pearl decorating space Put the blame

squarely on Divine Lila play

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IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part XX

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : Part XX

IF you pull a long-haughty face
Some would not your game play
What irks you most is not their voice
But runs they chalk up during volley

If you then pull this long face
With those in the same métier
Beware some might your castle raze
Out of a need to debunk the phoney

Yet if you pull that self-same long face
Know it's your own face you sadistic flay
Whoever for whatever reason takes offence
Stretches his face beyond the Milky Way

Now if you keep pulling that long-ridiculed face
Despite what others do to keep us down I'd say
Go on keep pulling that by now long irate face
There's no better lesson you could give or take Olé

So if you must pull your long-inured face
For ages whipping on slave-ship galley
Go on live in bliss with Moon-mirror face
The Sun darkens skin with un-ending ray

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IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part XIX

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : Part XIX

IF you pull a long plucky face
Even when I-Ee-You let you have your way
Placed no impediment for the divorce
Let you keep key to backstop exit doorway

You yet keep pulling that long stubborn face
Yes you want out when I want you to stay
House in utter disorder your comeuppance
Mary Queen of Scots no tough Liz will obey

If you keep pulling that long war-weary face
What must I do or say your fears to allay
The fault lies squarely on Henry the VIII's mace
Even Papal Borgias did male heirs coolly lay

Yet you keep pulling that long staunch face
Again and again for you Excommunication I delay
You want both : eat cake while pulling a long face
Even Luther would think twice such customs waylay

So if you must pull a long navel face
Build yourself a Wall right round : call it Isles of May
Expel your Blacks and Asians born with jus soli grace
Turn Old Vic plays into Tower Terror bloody display

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IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part XVIII

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : Part XVIII

IF you pull a long dopey face
The least one can in this case say
You don't belong to the eskimo race
Who lament the sun sunk in iced bay

Now if you pull that long limp face
Hoping someone will notice your dismay
Best not to peek through burka-nikah lace
Take the next flight out of tent on any airway

Yet if you keep pulling that long hangdog face
Ev'ry chance you'd be called upon to act in a play
For who knows how to imitate Droopy's face
Who has heard of a cartoon dog star on Broadway

If you pulled hard at that long hangdog face
Through wearisome rehearsals day after day
Fat chance you'll be nominated to play Scarface
No long-faced dogs allowed on stage in Broadway

So if you must pull that long hangdog face
Make certain the collar the leash does not betray
The long-buried wolf in the dog might surface
And actors feast on wolf sans ShutDown back pay

© T. Wignesan - Paris, January 9, 2019

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part XVII

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : Part XVII

IF you pull a long bored face
Oh What's the use no way to be gay
Ev'ry effort gets bogged in rigged rat-race
Some covert service blocks my way

Yet you pull that long out-of-shape face
Bored by the way things turn out every day
No use turning out the lights in bed to efface
Lessons learned during the day you must weigh

If you go on pulling that long elongated face
You risk also pulling your hair out I dare say
Your eyes and ears too without using pliers
End up as Moon pulling tides on Earth all day

Then if you pull a long-pulled face
Forced you say to grunt low bleat and neigh
LIFE's not for sure a pleasure cruise in space
Measure of grains aroma ensures in cup of café

So if you must pull a long out-of-shape face
Depressed by the way the skies turn gray
Look straight ahead not downcast askance
The END's believe it or not but a sly moment away

© T. Wignesan - Paris, January 15, 2019

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part XVI

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : Part XVI

IF you pull a long limp face
Long as a mile of lies made of clay
Little the wonder no kind of praise
Can pull you out of utter dismay

Then if you pulled that long clay face
Right round the block up your driveway
Complain not how your face you deface
Your driveway's not a public pathway

Now if you pull that long haughty face
No matter how hard you worked to stay
On top of the world's profit-trade chase
Stache not losses onto the company's outlay

For if you pull that long uppity face
Walk you must the plank on Judgement Day
Blindfolded waist and wrists bound in disgrace
Ev'ry dog has its day since yes crime does pay

So if you must pull that panicky long face
No chauffeured limousine to pave your way
Corporate tax cuts do political parties brace
High tit for tat makes for democratic sway

© T. Wignesan - Paris, January 12, 2019

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part XV

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : Part XV

IF you pull a long long aching face
Thinking this's it the end of my heyday
STOP think again stretch not an oval face
To look rhomboid rubarb in triangular tray

If you pulled a long winding road face
And looped it round a rail-road cross-way
And pulled it through its empty space
You'd likely see many holes in your driveway

If you pulled a long battered face
Some might say that's in no way okay
A battered look looks not long in the face
Others that's alright who cares anyway

Yet if you pulled a long soft lean face
It could tear open some part of the way
Leaving strands of matted hair in its place
Stuff the skull to stop what it might say

So if you must pull your worn-out long face
Thinking what good there be beyond Milky Way
Slam not the door on our teeny-weeny space
Around which star must we ride in chained galley

© T. Wignesan - Paris, January 11, 2019

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part XIV

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : Part XIV

IF you pull a long stiff face
Week after week while you parley
You risk stoking the furnace
Ill-chosen words all ending in nay

If you keep pulling the long red face
The Picador will puncture your vertebrae
Blood-splashed mane from banderillas
Beware you'll be the only felled prey

If you keep pulling that long mane face
The blood-thirsty chorus crowd cry Olé
Eyes mist over ears dim to the populace
Beware Beware the Torrero about to slay

If you insist on pulling the long bull-face
Horns flayed by muleta-faena coup d'épée
The Torrero bucked up with rude applause
Take heed the estocade's only an inch away

Now if you must pull that long lost face
Neither party willing to give some leeway
No Wall can stop the People ALL debase
Hell to pay in havoc-wreaked 2020's back pay

© T. Wignesan - Paris, January 10, 2019

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part XIII

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : XIII

If you pull a lean long face
Each day in fear of the next Saturday
Time to tone down High C voice in Elysée Palace
Yellow Jackets are closing in on the Champs Elysées

Then if you insist on pulling that lone long face
Just think on what could happen on Bastille Day
Guest of Honour Outre Atlantique might pull your face
If sacré Fourteenth of July fell on a Yellow Saturday

Now if you cannot prevent pulling that lone long face
On the pretext your corporate tax cuts benefit the lay
You should've first laid out your plans to the populace
And obtained their consent by referendum if you may

No use pulling a lone long lean face
When Yellow Jackets choke the roads and railway
Time to move house to the Versailles Palace
And there reign as Monarch of all you survey

But if you must keep pulling that lone long face
Best to follow in footsteps of itchy-foot Corsican's Grande Armée
Take to the Chunnel set up House in Buckingham Palace
Before Brexit gets pulled off by plucky Santa Theresa May

© T. Wignesan - Paris, January 8, 2019

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part XII

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : Part XII

IF you pull a mighty long face
Such as even Bollywood can't display
Put not the blame on the mixed human race
The fault most likely comes from animal DNA

Now if you go on pulling that long long face
People'll rightly think you're going out of your way
To attract attention to your you-think handsome face
And some might wish you'd look in the mirror right away

Yet if you insist on pulling that long-gone face
The kind Penelope pulled with suitors in Odyssey
While Odysseus loped with sirens on Scylla & Charibdis
You risk adorning some niche at museums in decay

If you can't resist pulling that long-tired face
Whenever your siblings marry and are whisked away
Remember Sita pining for Rama in Ravana's Palace
Even if some still wonder at Hanuman's role in epic play

So if you must still keep pulling that long face
Favourite sport with chicks watching films from Bombay
Just keep watching Beau-Boy Khan in tear-jerking DEVIDAS
The all-time record at pulling faces in every love-sick way

© T. Wignesan - Paris, January 7, 2019

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part XI

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : Part XI

If you pull a long face
Not knowing whether it's Night or Day
That may simply mean you lost your face
You have gone past your very Last Day

No use then pulling a long lost face
For all the days you failed to pray
High Up or Deep Down where you surface
Angels or Devils note down crimes to pay

Now if you keep pulling that wraith-long face
Thinking WHO's to know whether your taxes you pay
Remember Arch-Angel Collector of Taxes His Grace
Reads every twitch on faces the mirror-image of DNA

Yet if you still keep pulling that long face
Hoping you can put off Tax Declaration Day
Dictatorship out there needs no majority in Congress
To impeach even Ultime Unction pardon on dying day

So if you must pull a long long face
Pull it wherever no one dares say
Ill-gotten gains make for national disgrace
Tho' trillions in debt pile up in You-Yes-Yeah

© T. Wignesan - Paris, January 6, 2019

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part X

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : PART X

IF you pull a long face
For ten straight nights starting today
You bet you'd look like Canada Bernache
Though fat chance like swan in Norway

But if you pull a very very long face
Your rivals might not like it in the Sea-Ay-Yeah
And might seek to shorten the nautical-mile face
To a right and proper mile-long face all in a day

Yet if you keep pulling that mile-long face
The wilds of the Siberian Goulag would you slay
After long lone nights the firing-squad to face
Notes from the Underground your mind mainstay

Then if you pull the lone long face
In Algerian quarries Who will your ransom pay
Thirty-thousand ducats El Manchot to brace
Battling windmills in Castillian Quixotic disarray

So if you must pull the longingly long face
Your chef-d'œuvre will-o'-the-wisp bright stay
Your day of glory on the Internet mere pittance
Think of all the great works slush piles overlay

© T. Wignesan - Paris, January 5, 2019

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part IX

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : IX

IF you pull a long face
Being born with a long face bytheway
Then you have at worst a problem face
None will know if you're sad or gay

Now if you keep pulling this long face
Mostly at the dinner table, say
Most would think it a commonplace
To pull the leg off the mint sauce tray

Yet if you keep pulling the same face
Some mugs who thrive on mere hearsay
Might try to pull your long aching face
To pave the way for a new long Broadway

And if you keep pulling that long face
Long as Sphinxes' smirks look from far away
Remember how Ol' Ceasar fell for Cleo's grace
And Antony dragged half-sister to Rome as prey

So if you must pull a long face
Seeing who pulls spiteful faces in disarray
At those faces being belittled for their race
Put on balance long face and Sphinx to weigh

© T. Wignesan - Paris, January 2nd , 2019

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part VIII

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : Part VIII

IF you pull a long face
On 2019 New Year's Day
While at 2018 stick tongue out of face
You bade Her badbyes, everybody'd say

But if you pulled a long face
On the Eve of New Year's Day
Your Belle at Ball slapped your face
Leave her high and dry on Wedding Day

Now if you pulled along face
Thinking how 2018 made you pay
Wait to see how the 2019 Mephisto chase
Will mock cock eye and good ol' Faust slay

If you yet pulled a long face
All Eve-night with no-one to lay
Stay condemned by contumace
While plea-bargain culprits bray

So if you must pull a long face
Year in and year out up Calvary way
Don't buy taser to ease disgrace
Yama follows Atman just as June May
($2+1+9=12=3$ follows $2+1+8=11=2$)

© T. Wignesan, Paris, January 1st., 2019

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part VII

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : VII

(Thoughts on a fast-receding fearful Me-Too Year)

IF you pull a long face
And you can't make it go away try as you may
No use putting on a pretty smile on the face
The smile will likely turn leer in a day

If you pull a long face
And it keeps coming back every other day
Then it's an illness at the serious phase
No doctor can tell you to call it a day

Yet if you only pull a long face
On certain days in the week like Sunday
It might mean you're allergic to Holy Mary grace
Not much Good will it do you to choose, say, Friday

If you still keep pulling a long face
No matter which church-going week day you pray
No doctor can save you from losing face
Best to wear a Monte Cristo mask all your livelong day

So if you must pull a long face
The sledge kind Santa Claus pulls on Xmas Day
Make sure no Me-Too Gals your drinks lace
You might live to regret it some far-off day

© T. Wignesan - Paris, December 29, 2018

Translation of Catherine Lara's Awesome Night by T Wignesan

Nuit magique (Awesome Night)

Catherine Lara

(A lilting catchy French tune with a "barbed" message addressed to oneself or to any damsel in distress. Free translation by T. Wignesan)

Okay

Il n'y avait rien à faire (One felt free with nothing to do)

Okay

Dans cette ville étrangère (In that foreign outpost)

Okay

Tu étais solitaire (You were all alone)

Okay

J'avais l'cœur à l'envers (I was feeling quite out-of-sorts)

Okay

Tout ça n'était qu'un jeu (I felt there was nothing to lose)

Okay

On jouait avec le feu (Though one sensed danger approach)

Okay

On s'est pris au sérieux (Yet one couldn't help being in earnest)

Okay

Le rire au fond des yeux (Deep down though one kept feeling light-hearted)

Nuit magique (Imagine)

Une histoire d'humour qui tourne à l'amour (An humorous episode that gave way to romance)

Quand vient le jour (When light thrust open the night)

Nuit magique (Imagine)

On perd la mémoire au fond d'un regard (One's thoughts grow blank in the depths of an absorbing glance)

Histoire d'un soir (As the evening drifts by and takes its toll)

Nuit magique (Imagine)

Si loin de tout sans garde-fou (Way away from home with your defences down)

Autour de nous (To keep us from harm)

Nuit magique (Imagine)

Nuit de hasard on se sépare (On an hazardous night one takes off)

Sans trop y croire (Not quite convinced)

Okay

C'est une histoire de peau (It's a question of skin colour)

Okay

On repart à zéro (One tries to start all over again)

Okay

On oublie aussitôt (Yet one forgets it happened just as quickly)

Okay

Qu'on s'est tourné le dos (Turning one's back on it all)

Nuit... (the Night...)

(The song continues with these lines repeated thrice :

Une histoire d'humour qui tourne à l'amour (An humourous episode that gave way
to to romance)
Quand vient le jour (When light thrust open the night)
Nuit magique (Imagine)
On perd la mémoire au fond d'un regard (One's thoughts grow blank in the depths
of an absorbing glance)
Histoire d'un soir (As the evening drifts by taking its toll)

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IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part VI

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE : Part VI

If you pull a long face
On great Government Shut-Down Day
Just think who'll replace
The Walls of Jéricho on Shout-Down Day

Yet if you pull a long face
While Dow Jones on downward swing stay
Just you wait to see how whose face
Wails to pull Wall down Méjico Way

If you then keep pulling a long face
Captain pulls selfie-face in Mid-East méléé
Never you mind the hotting-up furnace
Ice-cubes in high-balls melt during any fray

Yet if you pulled a long face
All year long to New Year's Day
You'd have pulled your pretty Rahab face
Only from deaf ear to another Joshua'd say

So if you must pull a long face
While all around you the damned world boils away
Just you keep on pulling that long face
Never you mind what lies in store past Doomsday

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IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part V

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part V

IF you pull a long face
Especially on Christmas Day
You might put out-of-place
Your face on every other day

If you keep pulling a long face
No matter what anyone might say
Some faces might wear a grimace
By contracting a long face each day

Yet if you must pull a long face
Just when darkness dims day by day
Winter Solstice might lift the burka lace
To show more of wanton autumn play

Now if you go on pulling a long face
On the Gran Via while Reyes Magos lead the way
By comets and shooting cars in criss-crossing race
Pontius Pilatus Police could you in gulgulta dismay

So if you still must pull a long face
On holy church-going psalm-rhyming day
Make sure you confess all dirty-linen disgrace
" Eli Eli lama : Please don't lead me astray ! "

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IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part IV

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part IV

IF you pull a long face
Just because no one will you lay
Never you mind the disgrace
Every body's bound day by day to decay

But if you pull a long face
At your own mirror image night or day
Then you have to blame only your face
For pulling a long face for no pay

If you pull a long face
While with your darling you sway
Remember another would her embrace
And likely put her in the family way

Yet if you keep pulling a long face
Your father mindless your mother did lay
Through no fault of your own or race
Put the blame on stars of your birthday

So if you must pull a long face
Every time a girl you want slips away
Don't go chasing legs under loose lace
Turn transvestite change sex or just go gay

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Villanelle: Paint no colours on plain words lest the poet stops writing

Villanelle : Paint no colours on plain words lest the poet stop(s) writing

Paint no colours on plain words lest the poet stop(s) writing
Out of fear for what he writes makes no sense to the wise reader
Can words of encouragement be best meted out unreviling

Tell no white lies under the guise of covert praise inviting
Better still no swill wallows under poems by suitor
Paint no colours on plain words lest the poet stop(s) writing

If you tell a poet what's wrong with his poetising
You'll do him a greater service than any imposter
Can words of encouragement be best meted out unreviling

The kind of heedless praise gushing will longrun prove crippling
That which soothes bolsters the ego comes from flatterer
Paint no colours on plain words lest the poet stop(s) writing

Watch what the flatterer says it's self-compromising
See how he lures you back to his page as cunning visitor
Can words of encouragement be best meted out unreviling

If you learn to write with conviction not by ruse conniving
Two hoots will you give to thumbs up or down on what you proffer
Paint no colours on plain words lest the poet stop(s) writing
Can words of encouragement be best meted out unreviling

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Limerick crochets: Once Bull-Frog of a French Syndic - Part One

Limerick crochets : Once a Bull-Frog of a French Syndic

Part One

Once a Bull-Frog of a French Syndic
Croaked Janitress Porc-U-Pine music
She found much in common
With Janitress-Husband
They sucked Co-Proprietors' Council sick

Now Janitress had much lard to spare
Front back cheeks belly thighs but spare hair
So Bull-Frog humped her back
To keep her hair intact
Bull-Frog ate Porc-U-Pine falling hair

Now Co-Proprietors' presidents
Saved lots of hair-wilting rodents
Pipes stuffed with hairs pubic
Made proprietors sick
Porc-U-Pine made pubic wig from rodents

Yet Porc-U-Pine wailed all day and night
" How am I to keep flying my kite ?
Flying saucers see nought
On my scalp lives no thought ! "
Appealed to Town Hall Caïd for more might

" Porc-U-Pine, Dear, your sting I like best !
Can you this Injun now put to rest ? "
" Yes, Sir ! You know how well
Your words make my lard swell !
I'll put this Ol' Bum on acid test ! "

" I'll ask Syndic Bull-Frog to puff hard
Through his WC pipe under board
I'll stuff hoards of pubic hair
Plus more from rodents' lair
To force Ol' Bum to swim in building's turd ! "

" Now, My Darling Porc-U-Pine ! How nice
To know you and I share the same vice
Ask Mason Brother Police

To salute you, as-you-please
Kiss your cheeks up or under likewise ! "

Bull-Frog croaked : " She's under my orders !
No way I'll be made to suckle udders !
Tell the Lord President
I'm thick as she's cement
Nothing less than top Republic's honours ! "

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Villanelle: Should one reorder genuine vers libre entire

Villanelle : Should one reorder genuine vers libre entire

Should one reorder genuine vers libre entire
Pull Pound down tear veil off event horizon holes
All to make for one's own sacre the pur sang lyre

Invent a machine feed it Homeric fire
No enjambement perfect rhyme rhythm metre folds
Should one reorder genuine vers libre entire

Whoever tops the charts which poem's ire
Shines through Apollo's defiant mien Zeus scolds
All to make for one's own sacre the pur sang lyre

Ne'er short the naive champion of the ephemère
Paid up club member the mutual backscratcher roles
Should one reorder genuine vers libre entire

Machine that thinks can it rasa taste inspire
Mete out criteria merit sound sense enfolds
All to make for one's own sacre the pur sang lyre

Art of artifice best profits business liar
Poets at the stakes burn to free the poems' souls
Should one reorder genuine vers libre entire
All to make for one's own sacre the pur sang lyre

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IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : LXXIII - Continued

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY - LXXIII

IF ever I had a country re-made by the Revolutionary

And if ever I were that Corsican Napoleon who appropriated the Apollonian sanctuary " gymnase " and the " lycée "

I'd let no fifteen-to-eighteen year old lycéen or lycéenne barricade the portals of their holier than holy Athenian lycée to camp on rubbish bins en grasse matinée

Luscious objects of voyeurism for the highly titillated TV-public and the uniformed police and grande armée

But, believe me, I'd stuff these nubile kids in the plastic garbage cans and seal them all air-tight with searing burners, yes, Sirée

And then let their cohorts yellow-jacket teachers all products of the Sexual Revolution generation torch the bins and choke in the resulting chemical fumée
Yes, Sirée, that's what the present Philosopher-King ought to do before he too joins or already joined the ranks of the revolutionary sexually-emancipated lycée

And even if I never ever were tutored in no lycée blessed by Apollo of Lykeios in gaie migrant-purée Paris

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Villanelle: Who lies to defend his kind tells he no White Lies

Villanelle : Who lies to defend his kind tells he no White Lies

Who lies to defend his kind tells he no white lies
Encircled by scheming vile wicked harmful people
White lie harms no one not e'en those it underlies

Tell me not authorities may at will spew lies
For the higher purpose preserve State, not people
Who lies to defend his kind tells he no white lies

Can White lies be not lies without being Black lies
Unless lies change colour from mouth to mouth at will
White lie harms no one not e'en those it underlies

Now he who embodies State on whose bed he lies
Do bodies that stewed in his bed most lies sprinkle
Who lies to defend his kind tells he no white lies

If liars all came together to stop White lies
Would Black lies undermine Truth to make lying simple
White lie harms no one not e'en those it underlies

Next time you tell a White lie make certain it dies
The death of a Black lie in the mouth you stifle
Who lies to defend his kind tells he no white lies
White lie harms no one not e'en those it underlies

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My Recurrent Dream, Translation of Paul Verlaine's Sonnet: Mon Reve Familier

My Recurrent Dream, Translation of Paul Verlaine's Sonnet : Mon Rêve Familier

I'm often subject to a strange and invasive dream
Of an elusive woman whom I love, and who loves me
And who at every encounter might not the same be
Nor altogether another be, yet forbearing in her love seem.

For knowing how my open heart laid bare will confirm
How for her alone it beats, *helas* ! I can breathe free
Yes, for her alone, the paleness of my brow dewy
She alone knows how to relieve, her tears stream.

Is she a brunette, blond or russet ? - I ignore.
Her name ? I recall it sounds sweet, echoes in the ear
Like those of lovers Life puts apart.

Likewise her looks, the gaze of statues,
And, as for her voice, distant and calm, and the art
Of the gravity of cherished voices long since mutes.

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IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part Three - Continued

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part III

IF you pull a long face
As long as two thousand years, you say
Think someone looked after your place
Now is he the one who must the price pay

Now that you pull a long face
Just because you lost your way
Why shouldn't someone take your place
For you're bound to lose face anyway

Now if you pull a long face
Forced, as you say, to go away
Come not back to a land to say grace
Turn not Allah away from Yahweh

So if you must always pull a long face
Pull not a gun to make him do as you say
Pay him the rent you owe, ne'er him displace
Share and share alike none will you slay

Yet if you must pull a long face
At some kin on whom you prey
You should really fear losing face
For, from you, the World'll turn away

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Villanelle: Those whom the Muses love die Martyrs' deaths at lone stockade

Villanelle : Those whom the Muses love die Martyrs' deaths at lone Stockade

Those whom the Muses love die martyrs' deaths at lone stockade
Not yearning for success excuses each seek to elude
Fame stops at no stranger's door the loafer to persuade

Yet legions make it to the top in their time and period
They pass their lives in adoration midst the multitude
Those whom the Muses love die martyrs' deaths at lone stockade

Yet rare the martyr who in his lifetime has it made
Most die in misery and bear their lives in rectitude
Fame stops at no stranger's door the loafer to persuade

Can Art be some pursuit that brings joy to any renegade
Rather the squeezed out sweat which makes much of Life's attitude
Those whom the Muses love die martyrs' deaths at lone stockade

At every turn of the spit their lives roast marinade
The ephemeral breed contrive to block them through feud
Fame stops at no stranger's door the loafer to persuade

Perennial works all prove to us Life's lasting brocade
Shines brighter down the ages as craftsmen toil in solitude
Those whom the Muses love die martyrs' deaths at lone stockade
Fame stops at no stranger's door the loafer to persuade

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Translation of Bury Me in a Free Land by Frances E W HARPER 1825 - 1911

Translation of " Bury Me in a Free Land " by Frances E. W. Harper
(Homage to Frances Ellen Watkins HARPER, the First Black Lady of America, 1825 - 1911, Orphan, Poet, Novelist, Civil Rights Activist, Public Speaker, Suffragette, whose memorable lines of subdued indignation arise from controlled passions of the never-daunted Soul.)

Enterrez-moi dans un pays libre

Enterrez-moi où que soit vous voulez

Dans une plaine basse ou sur une colline élevée

Faites en sorte que le tombeau soit parmi les plus simples

Mais pas dans un pays où il y a d'esclaves

Je ne pourrais pas m'endormir si autour de ma tombe

J'entendais les pas d'un esclave tremblant

Son ombre couvrant ma tombe silencieuse

La fera un endroit où règnera une ambiance désastreuse

Je ne pourrais pas me calmer si j'entendais les pas

D'un coffle en train d'être conduit vers les corvées sans repas

Et la crie d'une mère désespérément sans espoir

Montant comme une malédiction tremblant dans l'aire

Je ne pourrais pas m'endormir si j'apercevais le fouet

Buvant son sang dans chaque entaille qu'il faisait

Et je voyais ses bébés arrachés de sa poitrine

Comme des frémissantes colombes de leur nid d'origine

Je me réveillerai secouée tout d'un coup si j'entendais le hurlement

Des limiers en train de capturer leur proie humaine

Et si j'entendais ensuite leurs cris de supplice en vaine

Tandis qu'on rattachait de nouveau leurs pénibles chaines

Si je voyais des jeunes filles arrachées des bras de leurs mères

Et marchandaient et vendues pour leur jeunesse et beauté rare

Mes yeux seront illuminés d'une flamme de tristesse

Mes joues d'une pâleur de mort deviendront rouge sang de la détresse honteuse

Je dormirais, chers amis, où le pouvoir arrogant

Ne pouvait pas dérober aucun homme de son plus précieux droit existant

Mon séjour dans n'importe quelle tombe serai en paix

Là où personne peut dénommer ses frères des esclaves inégaux

Je n'ai aucune envie pour qu'on se souvienne de moi par un monument, fier et imposant,
Pour attirer l'attention admirative des passants
Tout ce que mon âme réclame avec soif
Est qu'on ne m'enterre dans un pays d'esclaves
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IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : LXXII - Continued-

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : LXXII

IF ever I had a country with or without nationality
And if ever I were elected or nominated Chief Patriot of this God-forsaken mis-carriaged country
And if ever my country - minus the nation - were to be on the verge of being invaded by other countries which religiously subscribe to the notion of " God-bless-us-first " in all exclusivity
I would make it the point of utmost urgency to challenge such insolent uppity countries on their concept of nationality by tabling a motion on the definition of patriotism as opposed to that of nationalism in the United Nations General Assembly
All at the risk of being expelled from that august self-effacing ineffective body and my own blasted country in utter ignominy
And I'd command all patriots to take up arms against and shoot at sight the back-thumping nationalists within my country for fear they may join hands with the invading xenophobic nationalists to enslave and throttle all patriots - y compris the Chief Patriot - in my dear old patrie
And this, even if I were to be unconstitutionally nominated Chief Patriot by all die-hard nationalists in within my own country
Even if I never ever had no country not legitimately sworn in at the United Nations General Assembly

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Villanelle: In what way has the Sexual Revolution freed Man

Villanelle : In what way has the Sexual Revolution freed Man

In what way has the Sexual Revolution freed Man

One man's still at the helm where one woman pulls the purse strings

Political structures still rest authoritarian

Is Reich's Function of the O.g.a.m lame duck also ran

Do power struggles at all levels bounce bums on bed springs

In what way has the Sexual Revolution freed Man

Strikes protests manifestations mere excuses we ban

Face-saving measures populist fire-brand broken wings

Political structures still rest authoritarian

Does kiss-tail orgasmic reflex replace sublime élan

The chimère of suppressed masses condemned to strum heart strings

In what way has the Sexual Revolution freed Man

Who hoists family father-figure as revered top sultan

No authority at home spells chaos at source well-springs

Political structures still rest authoritarian

Sans moral consciousness the substratum cracks in ev'ry man

Abuse an innocent child he'll in turn abuse all beings

In what way has the Sexual Revolution freed Man

Political structures still rest authoritarian

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Villanelle: Nothing Human Insect Bird Animal is not Woman

Villanelle: Nothing human insect bird animal is not woman

Nothing human insect bird animal is not woman

E'en animals lock horns to deserve right to propagate

She's Man child daughter mother sister all that is human

Kun the Earth brings forth Life when sired by Jian Lord Heaven

Who toils the seed to succour cosette push forth cultivate

Nothing human insect bird animal is not woman

Men spurned them with half their pay yet none risked talk-back dungeon

While men drank down beer in smoke-filled dens their women to mate

She's Man child daughter mother sister all that is human

Watch media wise women wonder how their lives they govern

They do all that men do as much at home to pull their weight

Nothing human insect bird animal is not woman

From unpaid kitchen slave to nursemaid and bed to husband

She bore ev'ry lewd abuse to rise now to manage State

She's Man child daughter mother sister all that is human

Who wants to be woman and bake Man's fun cake in oven

Not until Jian the Creator turns transvestite mate

Nothing human insect bird animal is not woman

She's Man child daughter mother sister all that is human

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Villanelle: The Smell of Woman the Whiff of Chaste Nutmeg Cinnamon

Villanelle : The Smell of Woman the Whiff of Chaste Nutmeg Cinnamon

The smell of woman the whiff of chaste nutmeg cinnamon
The lone mythic bird gone to sing in other dulcet climes
She bathes in cloistered mountain streams tingling pearls diamond

Her lips velvet unbuzzed petals dewy beds chrysanthemum
Deep lost hidden chasms the taste of feminine rhymes
The smell of woman the whiff of chaste nutmeg cinnamon

Her looks demure proud eyes shy shades distant firmament
Meadow cheeks where swath of lily and lilac swaying chimes
She bathes in cloistered mountain streams tingling pearls diamond

Her crown of caressing curls churning deep musk-scented ocean
Virgin forests semi-quaver ragas titillate mimes
The smell of woman the whiff of chaste nutmeg cinnamon

Her tapering fingers arching rainbows fun gifts from sun
The mother's milk embrace that never curdles trust with crimes
She bathes in cloistered mountain streams tingling pearls diamond

No wind breeds from sewers nor loose limbs to quell chaste woman
Nor nasty tongues lash the holy citadel in grimes
The smell of woman the whiff of chaste nutmeg cinnamon
She bathes in cloistered mountain streams tingling pearls diamond

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Villanelle: Doubt not who is Master of your conditioned Fate

Villanelle : Doubt not who is Master of your conditioned Fate

Doubt not who is Master of your conditioned Fate
Ask only why your actions lead down the wrong path
All else makes for doubt doubt only if Fate's innate

Neither Past nor Future time exist inchoate
All and everything's rolled in ever Present birth
Doubt not who is Master of your conditioned Fate

Are alll lives exemplary and of equal rate
Or only those fated to be humoured by Death
All else makes for doubt doubt only if Fate's innate

Is Life just a gift of the gods or Man's mandate
The Buddha's metaphor of bleeding arrow worth
Doubt not who is Master of your conditioned Fate

Those who preach living Life to the full suffocate
Carpe Diem is fine if you can afford mirth
All else makes for doubt doubt only if Fate's innate

No trace of passage on earth makes one contemplate
If lives we leave behind acts of blind psychopath
Doubt not who is Master of your conditioned Fate
All else makes for doubt doubt only if Fate's innate

© T. Wignesan - Paris, November 13, 2018

Variations on the Malay Pantun: The Old Man and the Short Story - X-XII

Variations on the Malay Pantun : The Old Man and the Short Story - X -XII - Continued

for Georges VOISSET, the "Master Keeper-Nurturer" of the Malay Pantun

(The pantun line varies between 8 and 12 syllables and is most commonly found in the anonymous quatrain form. Cf " Poietics of the Pantun ", pp. 49-67 in T. Wignesan. Sporadic Striving amid Echoed Voices, Mirrored Images and Stereotypic Posturing in Malaysian-Singaporean Literatures. Allahabad : Cyberwit, 2008, xix-244p.)

X

Go West on horseback and fire pistols point blank
Union Pacific galloped at City Lights
The Wench prefers red-hot fire not bullets blank
Old Men let horses ride bareback on Wench sans tights

XI

Go West on quick-shunting trains and let fall frontiers
Go East on horseback and churn Post-Colonial craze
East or West the Wench licks the Master's rears and tears
Not so the Youngster his Beat poems Old Men praise

XII

Shunt not trains which Kipling coupled lest they break wind
Old Men returned from the East rest traumatic
The Wench can take any Beat grind save the hind kind
Not so the Youngster e'en pistol-packing mama flic

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Variations on the Malay Pantun: The Old Man and the Short Story - VII-IX

Variations on the Malay Pantun : The Old Man and the Short Story - VII-IX
Continued

for Georges VOISSET, the "Master Keeper-Nurturer" of the Malay Pantun

Check out: www.stateless.mysite.com/Pantouns-20-Aout-2017.pdf

(The pantun line varies between 8 and 12 syllables and is most commonly found in the anonymous quatrain form. Cf " Poietics of the Pantun ", pp. 49-67 in T. Wignesan. Sporadic Striving amid Echoed Voices, Mirrored Images and Stereotypic Posturing in Malaysian-Singaporean Literatures. Allahabad : Cyberwit, 2008, xix-244p.)

VII

The One-Act Play's the favourite Old Men's roman fleuve
Experience shows Old Men how to keep the Wench in hell
They know how to stoke the Imagination with love
They need no how-to softwares to write a novel

VIII

The One-Act Play they say is still Old Men's mainstay
Though on Freytag's Triangle they slip down climax
The Wench cannot make Old Men still come up their way
Not so the Youngster his horns gore Wench's false syntax

IX

The Wench always seeks to milk Old Men in side-burns
Old Men know One-Act Plays don't box-office burgeon
Nor drips invested in banks ensure big returns
Not so the Youngster who banks his bit in oven

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Variations on the Malay Pantun: The Old Man and the Short Story - IV-VI

Variations on the Malay Pantun : The Old Man and the Short Story (Continued)

for Georges VOISSET, the "Master Keeper-Nurturer" of the Malay Pantun

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IV

During the intervals of the play the actors
Spy on older folk queueing outside the lone loo
The Wench in the hall twists and turns on spectators
Not so the Youngster his pen stiff in the igloo

V

Middle-aged couples in the audience flick through
The programme not reading even the title page
Long years since they thumbed dog-ear-ed novels stuck in glue
Not so the Youngster who jumps high from page to page

VI

Old Men trundle back to their seats trailing wet patches
Not regretting over-coat flirts with hat-check Wench
Old people read novels in bed but in snatches
Not so the Youngster who throws into works his wrench

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Variations on the Malay Pantun: The Old Man and the Short Story

Variations on the Malay Pantun : The Old Man and the Short Story

for Georges VOISSET, the "Master Keeper-Nurturer" of the Malay Pantun

Check out: www.stateless.mysite.com/Pantouns-20-Aout-2017.pdf

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I

The Old Man often stops by the hedge or dark bush
His back to the World, the Youngster can hold his own
The short story is written through spurts in a rush
Not so the novel which calls for much breath word blown

II

The poem most write confines itself to the page
Cousin brother to the short story told in a day
Old Men take less time to leave the Wench in a rage
Not so the Youngster whose novels always end gay

III

Plays are staged with intervals peer to the novel
Essays take longer to read than the short story
The Wench smokes cigarettes waiting to stoke yell
Not so the Youngster whose next essay's more gory

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Villanelle: Five Yin lines on November 6th overcome the top Yang line

Villanelle : Five Yin lines on November 6th overcome the top Yang line

(Bo, Hexagram 23 (November 6 to December 6): The mountain falls down on the earth and crushes it.

Result : neither side wins completely, only broken bones, bruises, bumps and bleeds in evidence all around.

Guai, Hexagram 43 (May 6 to June 6) : The situation is reversed. Total victory for those who emulate the Superior Man of the Yi Jing.

Solution : Re-do the electoral calendar - May 6 instead of November 6.)

Five Yin lines on November 6th overcome the top Yang line

Yet the Yang and Yin toil and tussle and leave their feathers shorn
On May 6th five Yang lines reign supreme and oust the lone Yin line

Thunder in autumn rolls down plains hushed in grumbles feline
Then the Eldest Son will wake strong in spring resounding new born
Five Yin lines on November 6th overcome the top Yang line

In temperate climes in the northern hemisphere the Laws confine
Both the Yang and the Yin within the Year of Seasons foregone
On May 6th five Yang lines reign supreme and oust the lone Yin line

The electoral calendar then makes both parties anodine
Destined always to quarrel and plunder each other's platform
Five Yin lines on November 6th overcome the top Yang line

Heaven and Earth toil to produce conflict no matter which the line
Hexagrams depict the family constellation all forlorn
On May 6th five Yang lines reign supreme and oust the lone Yin line

Reign of Darkness recedes as winter solstice Light begins to shine
Then the Good in Man if cultivated will thunder and storm
Five Yin lines on November 6th overcome the top Yang line
On May 6th five Yang lines reign supreme and oust the lone Yin line

© T. Wignesan - Paris, November 7, 2018

Villanelle: What DESIGN made the emerald EARTH defile its lone joy

Villanelle : What DESIGN made this emerald EARTH defile its lone joy

What DESIGN made this emerald EARTH defile its lone joy
No washer-woman nor City Hall replace Nature's cares
Blow wind blow comb the beaches clean drain the ravines dry

So easy to put the blame on Mars for its first meteor fly
Churn our oceans into crawling Primal Soup unawares
What DESIGN made this emerald EARTH defile its lone joy

H2O is all the planet needs the Monster Man to buy
While in between reptiles birds animals small change scares
Blow wind blow comb the beaches clean drain the ravines dry

Both Man and Beast must replicate much as cells multiply
As eat they must to produce more and more from their rears
What DESIGN made this emerald EARTH defile its lone joy

Till mighty men rise from urns to share power on the sly
With clever men who prey on masses with their must-buy wares
Blow wind blow comb the beaches clean drain the ravines dry

Yet mighty men must let clever men this world with banks buy
Would winds lash the Earth to make ZHEN thunder our world fears
What DESIGN made this emerald EARTH defile its lone joy
Blow wind blow comb the beaches clean drain the ravines dry

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Villanelle: If only it were as easy as to turn the clock back

Villanelle : If only it were as easy as to turn the clock back

If only it were as easy as to turn the clock back
Seize the best missed chances men let drop through self-righteous pique
Make learning processes Life's axiom out of lack

Naïve unheeding men bear treacherous women on back
Women who trick playing on heartstrings sympathetique
If only it were as easy as to turn the clock back

Make Alexander believe Zeus his father, alack !
Exiled jealous usurp Philip's throne through palace intrigue
Make learning processes Life's axiom out of lack

Whisper in proud Macbeth's ear words megalomaniac
Sink the Highland Kingdom down black witches' brew in guts sick
If only it were as easy as to turn the clock back

Men who out of pity for the fairer sex their minds wreck
Their mothers' milk still uncurdled in their mouths saveur unique
Make learning processes Life's axiom out of lack

How many the missed opportunities lie crushed on tarmac
Roads traversed in parallel lives might not they criss-cross psychic
If only it were as easy as to turn the clock back
Make learning processes Life's axiom out of lack

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Villanelle: How many the men gone had something yet to say

Villanelle: How many the men gone had something yet to say

How many the men gone had something yet to say
Had they not thought found they the answer to Riddle
Who had not wished how often to tell them, yes, " Nay ! "

Had they not come to some end each in his own way
Camus with " suicide " the Riddle he would unravel
How many the men gone had something yet to say

Think of the millions whose lives they did waylay
Seize Life with gusto make every moment sizzle
Who had not wished how often to tell them, yes, " Nay ! "

The disciple Mottram would lasting values slay
Others with less heed to creed their lives in a muddle
How many the men gone had something yet to say

Can Husserl's Abstract God replace the Yi Jing's sway
Do Golden Flower Secrets make men of mettle
Who had not wished how often to tell them, yes, " Nay ! "

Yang-Yin interplay ephemeral men dismay
Find his way he must out of the Maze's puzzle
How many the men gone had something yet to say
Who had not wished how often to tell them, yes, " Nay ! "

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IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : LXXI - Continued-

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY - LXXI

LXXI

IF ever I had a country targeted by no refugee

And if ever I were appointed by the Inter-Planetary Committee KING of this territory by Inter-Galactic Royal Decree

I'd build wide-gauge rail-roads cushy chopper-pads air-strips twice the size of Kennedy-cum- Singapore airports spacecraft landing coiffured vistas fair-weather lulled-water harbours boulevards ten-times the girth of Champs Elysée And there at migrant reception processing posts construct mammoth manufacturing plants rolling out rocks the size Sisyphus repeatedly rolled up Mount Olympus then down into the Aegean Sea

And proclaim by sovereign edict that any of my subjects caught FEEDING any rock-throwing migrant-refugee - though out of my great big charitable heart I'd authorise every refugee child left-over Halloween candy

I'd have him or her scorched by steel plate-melting torch and dipped into sizzling hot cauldrons of oil linseed and gingerly

That is, if ever I were enthroned by the Inter-Planeto-Galactic Consortium KING by royal decree over my territory

And this, even if I never ever had no country bed-rock to no refugee

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IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part Two - Continued

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE - Part Two (continued)

(for sweet-teeth kiddies)

IF you pull a long face
And that too on Halloween Day
Mascara and rouge will drip on lace
And Mom will take your candies away

If you pull a long face
Not caring it's All Saints' Day
You're bound to continue losing face
If it falls on a hapless holy Sunday

Yet if you pull a long face
All-Hallows-Tide to All-Souls' Day
It matters little which way you face
West or East you'll rue the day

If you pull a long face
While for the Departed you pray
Under your masks to win them grace
Candies chocs will rain down your way

Yet if you pull a long face
Loads of paint the leer overlay
When the date with Fate unmask your face
None here might remember you and pray

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IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : LXX - Continued

IF ever I had a country - LXX

LXX

IF ever I had a country a constant prey to another marauding Bully
And if ever by some impardonable mistake I were the intrepid Defence Secretary
I'd not scratch my bald pate devising peaceful ways of turning the cheek with
love brotherhood and humanity to appease the Enemy
I'd simply round up the true villains every secret agent every police chief
politician all their colleagues - what d'ya think - the President y compris
manu militari
Every media baron newspaper and tv editor-in-chief these that kept quiet about
the activities of the secret services every Lodge Master of Free-Masonry
And have them lined-up on the frontiers as canon-fodder while force-marching
them barefoot without ID papers into the jaws of the Bully's iniquity
That is, if ever I were even by error the intrepid Defence Secretary with no
notion of poetry
And even if I never ever had no country prey to a Bully in reality

© T. Wignesan - Paris, Octobre 9, 2018

Villanelle: Don't tell me you wouldn't your back-aching life now forsake

Villanelle : Don't tell me you wouldn't your back-aching life now forsake

Don't tell me you wouldn't your back-aching life now forsake
Not knowing the interminable pleasures of the dark Unknown
When just then Life will beckon you back with a hopeful break

How many can say his life he wouldn't want to once again re-make
To cast it all over again with others retrieve lost chances be alone
Don't tell me you wouldn't your back-aching life now forsake

The more you try the more you mire yourself unable to wake
Till old you get and yet older stay alone your children want you gone
When just then Life will beckon you back with a hopeful break

No baby sucks at the nipple if not out of habit or for boredom's sake
The role of the dividing cell not out of ennui goes on till full-blown
Don't tell me you wouldn't your back-aching life now forsake

Some men know why the Whole Thing-in-Itself must not us wake
To the point where we can see the design behind the curtain sewn
When just then Life will beckon you back with a hopeful break

Aren't we all so damned occupied with a measely wage to make
None will hardly stop to think why the rat-race turns us care-worn
Don't tell me you wouldn't your burdensome life now forsake
When just then Life will beckon you back with a hopeful break

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IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : LXIX - Continued

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : LXIX (continued)

LXIX

IF ever I had a country in the shape of a sprawling banyan or rain Tree
And if ever I were the almost human Lord Chimp of the Kingdom of Chimpanzee
I'd secure all the branches plungeing roots leaf-clusters egg-nests and hives
with or without a bee
All only for those with undiluted blue-black blood directly descended from our
Uhr-Father Adam's Dark Continent royal pedigree
And ensure that any vagrant migrant gorilla orang-utan macacque long-tailed
monkey or other heathen rot come to take the heat off his neck or her butt
under the shelter of my bushy tree for free
Be subject to Hail Horror torrents of turds accompanied with hot hissing curses
to make them stink for at least a century
That is, if ever I were the almost human Lord Chimp of the Kingdom of the
Chimpanzee
And even if I never ever had no country shaped like a Wounded Knee

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IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : LXVII - LXVIII

If Ever I Had A Country...(Continued) : LXVII - LXVIII

LXVII

IF ever I had a country what even Guatemalans would avoid in their hurry
And if ever I were the unfortunate illiterate Mnister of Culture
I'd make it point of telling every marching migrant what awaits them at
destination: " spooktacular "
Where goblins witches alchemists with Gorgon dreadlocks veritable Dvarapalas
would enslave them in Konzentrations-lager
Would make them eat their own tongues for want of soup-kitchen swill or horse
fodder
Would drive them up greasy poles and down barbed tanks full of pirana in mad
rage hunger
That is, if ever I were the inculte Minister of Culture
And even if I never ever had no country worth a penny

LXVIII

IF ever I had a free-for-all take-it or leave-it country
And if ever I were condemned to accept as a penalty the post of Culture
Secretary
I'd publish a never-ending list of all the banned Holy-Days in the calender
Easter St. Patrick's Day X-mas Epiphany July the 4th and the 14th Ascension
Diwali Ramadan-Eid-il-fitr Universal Day of Labour
And in their place make Halloween every other day holier
In order NASDAQ break all records through sale of sweets cakes ice-cream
snickers toffees and karambar
That is, if ever I were forced to serve as Culture Secretary
And even if I never ever had no country so silly

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IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : LXVI

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : LXVI

LXVI

IF ever I had even a third-rate useless country
And if ever I were say by wishful thinking put in-charge of the Propaganda
Ministry
I would campaign to enthrone a Law as an inalienable right of every citizen or
migrant
To publicly proclaim and denounce by any means at his disposal if he had
incontrovertible
.....evidence on any culprit
Who was the author of some tort or crime - without having to pay some lawyer -
againsthimself or some other knitwit
And have this Law enshrined into the Constitution large and loud writ
That is, if ever through even wishful thinking I were the Propaganda Secretary
And even if I never ever had no third-rate useless country

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DIARY NOTES: Another Day sets in Paris

DIARY NOTES : Mad-House Maths

March 30th., 2018 - Another day sets in Paris

The home-bound Octogenarian trundles from the Mall's town centre
Back laden with the day's shopping
His hands numb from clutching load-packed plastic bags during the two Kms and more
The sore reddish-smudge of a sun cocks an eye over the jagged rim of the horizon's darkening clouds at early dusk
Some chick warbler tries its strength hopping on grim bold knobbly dark outstretched arms as cherry blossoms drop pink and violet on the scuffed grass instead of sprinkling snow fluffs

Massive stone or glittering glass official buildings : " palaces " or " hotels " in catering country
hardly impress the growing migrant force in the open shrub-lined plaza
puffing hookah-groups form around barbecue grills
while foot and basket-balls sting town-hall annexe walls
to the tune of revving engines on lone stunt-back wheels
the long night vigil commences anew
All in view of the Zen-Pagoda High Court
looming over the sprawling UPEC faculty complex right across the local " Palais " shopping centre

The Octo thought he heard a cuckoo call
Or was it the turtle dove moaning its mate from last Fall

Weary of repairing his second-hand twenty-year old Laguna
Sabotaged at every turn
He settles for the cheapest car on the market : the basic Spandero
No catalogue spells out its dashboard or engine layout
He slumps into the brand-new humpless driver's seat
To see how he might adapt the old radio for some Miles Davis mind-soul rap
A sleek black limousine pulls up behind
Out jump three men
two old plumpy Andaluzian-looking dressed in rags
the third metizo-Black tall and athletic tough in civil light pull-over

They adjust police arm-bands and block both the passenger and driver's seats
They command the Octo out of his own car
The Black shoves him to the back
" You are in possession of arms ", he says

" Empty your pockets, here, on the roof "

The Octo has hardly the time to react

As the Black frisks him and shuffs his hands in the Octo's pockets and roughs him up

The other short squat gentleman grabs his official Research Fellow ID card and checks it out in the limousine's tele-speaker electronic wares

Meantime the tall wide-girthed senior gentleman has edged his way to the open driver door and beckons with outstretched arm : " The car keys ! "

The Octogenarian protests mildly : " Why do you want my keys ? "

" We are the Judiciary Police, " he retorts. " If you don't handover the keys, We'll put you under garde à vue ! "

That's 48 hours in a police cell, with no way probably of taking daily cardiac condition pills. The Octo relents. The keys contain the security lock key as well.

The gentleman with the ID returns and rails at the Octogenarian.

" What are you researching ? Are you looking for ways to becoming a fauteur des troubles ? "

That's a trouble-maker.

The gentleman in the car has obviously trouble finding machine-guns and bazookas hidden under the car seats.

He hands over the car keys. Before they pull out, the Black warns :

"We know you. We'll be watching out for you when you move about the vicinity! "

The very next day, the Octogenarian pens a letter relating exactly what happened and mails it under registered cover with acknowledgement of receipt to the Chief Public Prosecutor (the Procureur de la République) of the region. The Octogenarian has just received a letter, dated August 20, 2018, from the latter's office stating that "no criminal proceedings will be engaged as the facts revealed in this suit are not punishable according to the dispositions of any penal text."

Some ten days after his letter to the Chief Public Prosecutor, the Octogenarian found all the doors of his car left open and the contents of the glove compartment spilled on the floor.

He then receives an official document, a month or so later, signed by the Public Prosecutor's Office stating that his car had been clocked for speeding at 124 km on a highway where the speed-limit was 110 in the North-Western region of Paris at 9.42 a.m., and a fine was imposed which if paid without contestation would amount to 68 euros.

Since the Octogenarian has never ever been in that area in his life, he follows the procedure laid out and pays the fine, but asks for the PHOTO/Cliché taken by the traffic-control authorities, for the Public Prosecutor's office also required him to undertake criminal proceedings against " the culprit " who may or may not have stolen his car on that fateful day in order to effect the

change in the number plates and the car papers all over again.

The fine was refunded, but the PIC recording the offence has yet to arrive.

Strictly speaking, the Octogenarian cannot undertake criminal proceedings without proof of the offence.

In any case, who should he sue ? The Judicial Police ? the Traffic Police ? or the Public Prosecutor ? Or some mythical Car-Thief with an axe to grind ?

Sol de France franchi

Terre d'asile psychiatrique

© T. Wignesan - Paris, September 11, 2018

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : LXIV and LXV

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : LXIV - LXV

NOTE (facts to bear in mind while reading) : Under the French Penal Code, harm done to the infirm, minors and seniors (i.e. over 65) is punishable up to fifteen years in prison, coupled with commensurable fines. In the case of the octogenarian in question, even his " Family and Accident " insurance policy to which he subscribed for decades didn't net him, in all, more than 150 euros so far over the near-fatal accident.

According to dated statistics one can come upon, ONE in every four Commissaires de Police (police post chief) and Judge or Magistrate is a free-mason in France. Free-Masons are generally referred to as " les frères ", that is, " brothers " ; yet, there is one Obedience or Lodge reserved only for the fairer sex, and another, " Le Droit Commun ", meant for both sexes.

It is a well-known fact that tourists composing nearly one and a half times the French population come to or traverse the French territory every year.

LXIV

If ever I had a Country within a country

And if ever I were O ! Forbid ! the Grand Orient Grand Master of French Free-Masonry*

I'd put in a straight-jacket the O ! So ! toasted-Caïd Son of a Mediterranean Migrant-Refugee

Who provided a secure eagle-perch in his migrant over-run township for the octogenarian's ex-spouse of the same ethnic minority

The latter police gang-raped infant-abandoning heroine later a highly-placed Police-cum-S.S. Judiciary-licking dignitary

And put them in the same lunatic cell for life to share their belly-bursting experiences in subjecting the octogenarian to Tunisio-Maghrebian and Semitic scull-duggery

That is, if ever O ! Forbid ! I were the Grand Orient Grand Master of French Free-Masonry

And even if I never ever had no Country under no Free-Masonic country

*Note : Reputedly more powerful than the Chief Executive. Check in this sequence LXII-LXIII.

LXV

IF ever I had a Country within a country
And if ever I were O ! Forbid ! the Grand Orient Grand Master of French Free-Masonry
I'd put behind bars without trial every hospital-assistant nurse medical technician clinical-year student doctor dentist hospital personnel who probably under orders or not or out of mental insalubrity
Injures infects inflicts iniquities on the infirm and undertakes subtly-masked attempts on their lives or falsifies documents with impugntiy
Since the elected celebrities of the country only use-up their limited time in office to attack the opposition parties to justify their vaunted image via the media in any democracy
And are obliged to rely on polls and employment statistics to shine with ghost-written speeches on the World Stage while priding themselves on the domestic tourist-based make or break economy
That is, if ever O ! Forbid ! I were the Grand Orient Grand Master of French Free-Masonry
And even if I never ever had no Country under no Free-Masonic country

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IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : LXII and LXIII

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : LXII - LXIII

LXII

If ever I had a country with streets under graffiti
And if ever I were the Minister of Transport who travels about for free
I'd give a free ride to the Minister of Justice Home Secretary and the Chief
Executive - yes, all three
To this township run by the waxworks looked-up to Caïd son of a refugee
To watch how I paint every allée rue boulevard and avenue with zebra-crossings
down on my knee
To remind the Police the Pompiers de Paris politicians and motorists that the
speed limit on the stripes is under thirty
That is, if ever I were the Minister of Transport who travels about doing
nothing for free
And even if I never ever had no country with no streets under graffiti

LXIII

If ever I had a country with streets under graffiti
And if ever I were put in-charge of the traffic by the Transport Secretary
I'd tell the World that no-where else in the Universe(s) a migrant Tunisian
speeding motorist can toss up and knock down an octogenarian pedestrian and get
off scot-free
That is on a zebra-crossing at the entrance to a primary school right under a
speed-limit signpost marked in red " 30 " thirty
Where the victim's heart shocked into arrhythmic beat coped with cranial trauma
multiple head-to-toe wounds fracture writhed in pain in the thick of winter in
over an hour and a half's agony
First denied and later delayed for years Police and Fire-Brigade reports
minimise the octogenarian's condition as a mere inconsequential injury
That is, if ever I were put in-charge of the traffic in this lawless over-
migrant-run township territory
And even if I never ever had no country with no streets under graffiti

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : LX and LXI

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : LX - LXI

The Yijing says : " If the common folk commit crimes, the fault for them shall reside with this one person (i.e., the Sovereign) himself... " Transl. R. J. Lynn

The common taken-for-granted French adage proclaims :

" Sol de France franchi
Terre d'asile "

which simply means : " Set foot on French soil
(And) you're on (political) asylum territory "

Forty-six years ago, I was traveling on a two-week " visit permit ", with my 4-year old son and his mother, from Madrid to London and almost overnight got stuck in Paris as a single parent (yes, laugh out loud), and for me the above adage reads as follows :

" Sol de France franchi
Terre d'asile psychiatrique "

That is : "Set foot on French soil
(And) you're in lunatic asylum country"

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : LX -LXI

LX

If ever I had not just a country
And if ever I were wedged in between the TWO States of this country
To free myself I'd first ask myself which State embodies real authority
The shady lasting ONE run by the Free-Masonic Grand Master
Or the elected ONE managed somehow by the President and the Prime Minister*
Who knows the truth knows who goes to whom to pass muster
That is, if ever I were wedged in between two colliding States in within one Country
And even if I never ever had no State in no Country

"Note : In France, the CEOs who exert influence in some areas of governmental authority are " traditionally "
appointed by the Grand Master of some Masonic Obedience or Lodge like the Grand

Orient (and they are five in number).

The Prime Minister Monsieur Jean-Pierre RAFFARIN (May 6, 2002 to May 31, 2005 under Jacques Chirac's presidency) wanted to retain his choice, François Roussely, as the head of the Electricity Board (EDF, one of the major mainstays of the French economy which peddled lucrative favours to its self-chosen fancied counsellors.) Try as he may even legally, the project failed to hold since the Conseil Constitutionnel ruled it foul as the candidate had just then attained retirement age at 65, and he was replaced by Pierre Gadonneix, who then headed the Gas de France, the candidate over-whelmingly supported by the former Grand Master of the Grand Orient, Alain Bauer.

Humiliated and cowed, Raffarin tended his resignation as PM to President Jacques Chirac.

Cf. Sophie Coignard's book: Un Etat dans l'Etat, Le contre-pouvoir maçonnique. Paris: Albin Michel, 2009.

LXI

If ever I had not just a country
And if ever Tunisian turds streamed down my Stateless Country*
I'd bore a tiny hole in the right place to sink the Ship of State
Rather than let the ceiling cave in through Migrant hate
Or let the stinking rotting floor boards give under my bed weight
All this in a country over-run by lawless migrants upheld by either State
That is, if ever Tunisian turds streamed down my Stateless Territory
And even if I never ever had no State in no Country

"See PIC at authorsden.com/twignesan3

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Letter to Ronald Hull on his comment on Diary Notes: Lament at Dawn

LETTER to RON" Diary Notes : Lament at Dawn - A Year Ago Yet Now No Change "
Reviewed by Ronald Hull
8/19/2018

"Quite a lament! The state of Paris at dawn. Just the thought of sewage seeping down through the walls gives me the willies. Yes, Paris is not the same. But has it ever been? Always being overrun by the disenfranchised from the world over. Making their mark in art and artistry. Creating the trends."
At www.authorsden.com/visit/cat_poetry.asp

Bonjour Ron !
True, Paris was a trend-setter in the Arts
A magnet not only for the disenfranchised
Hemingway Fitzgerald Henry Miller Durrell Anaïs Nin
Burroughs Joyce Picasso
Baldwin Wright Sekoto
Later expatriate hordes imitated their life-styles
And fell far short of their weight in words
And you must agree Paris has since given way
To other renegade catalysing milieux
NY London Berlin Amsterdam LA
To name en passim just a few

What has changed in between
Is that the français de souche
Justly proud but
Drunk arrogant with their Napoleonic past
Let the last Mohican
De Gaulle
bear the brunt of decadent glory

Such that even the well-entrenched
Well internationally-knit
Jewish community
Victims of Petain Vichy
Collaborators of the NAZI
Are beating a retreat
In the face of Maghrebian dual-nationality
Being substituted in power positions professions
and in the art of enticing the mademoiselle
though the Jewess preferred the eminent French

Asians not to be un-done
Have poured through in chain-gang droves
To colonise arrondissements
Not to mention 93rd and 94th départements
Cambodians Formosans Vietnamese Laotians Chinese
Indians Pakistanis Bangladeshis Sri-Lankanese
Iranians Turks Egyptians Syrians Iraqis
Yugoslavs Poles Spaniards Russians Italians Portuguese
All crowd out the local menial work market
And the lucrative spicy import-export racket
Though only one Nobel Gao Xin-jian
Left to wonder in expatriate limbo alone

The French love their leisure and pleasure
Love to dine out disappear on an August trot-about
Lose themselves in the heights of February ski vacations
Slumber through Christmas confessions
Find less and less workdays in May
There's nothing wrong in that
Who would not say
But can they count more than two establishments
In the first hundred top university list of accomplishments
But migrants hard on their heels
Quick to take offence at Sarkozy's
Sarcastic " Riff-Raff " compliments
Rail rage burn and sack the capital
To fray a disrupting brèche
Into the higher echelons around Elysée Palace

Everyone knows the custom here is
Hoodwink the Law if you can with ease
And no one's more adept at this game
Than the migrant still to make a name

© T. Wignesan - Paris, August 19, 2018

Diary Notes: Lament at Dawn - A Year Ago Yet Now No Change

Diary Notes: Lament at Dawn A Year Ago and yet now No Change

.....at the heart of the chef lieu township
ten-ton buses throb empty
.....their drivers slumped in the heat
...behind their steering wheels listening to their favourite stations
.....hot full of drowsy hissed talk on the pregnancy of pop stars
at junctions...overhead drives...bridges...roundabouts...crossroads
....you see mothers with shopping bags dragging woeful tearful
.....toddlers waiting at traffic lights where no traffic waits
the air disgorges itself of fumes
.....and no birds would sing to a deserted plain
.....at the academy building where garden warblers vied with larks
aspiring choruses at street operas
.....only the abandoned rickety scaffolding drip with stale paint
(since the staid Academy preens itself with fresh paint face-lift)
the Great Tit so insistent in her quest
.....driven away with late June cracker blasts at midnight
.....has joined some vagrant migrant lot to the Mediterranean mists
only stray magpies quarrel in undertones swearing cursing scraping the mind
.....pigeons and turtle doves forage along pathways mocking foot-falling steps
...the route round the back of the Prefecture for a year now is closed to the
public
.....(there at the mall end this year a fountain spouts from under the beaten-
down rushes and showers on itself into the lake : the Canada geese and swan no
longer dry themselves on the bank along the cemented gated walk)
.....a reminder to the Charlie Hebdo ISIS fiasco
and the joggers take to the thoroughfare in their tell-tale whallop-y shorts
.....at the kinder-gartens lone working mothers hang out with texting iPhones for
the evening bell

the beggars....all.....gone to sun themselves (yes...this's cruel) on the Riviera
.....leaving four wizened figures (now there's only the dazed recalcitrant Pole)
long un-paying residents by the law faculty mounds
seated next to next on the sidewalk stone bridge barrier in their unwashed
best.....exchanging unkempt bearded memories
.....like the kids they may have been at tenement blocks on an abandoned
culvert.....without bikes nor toys

.....the skies cloud over and dissipate without complaint
now and then Atlantic winds bring news of thunder
.....and have us short-changed

.....the last we heard was the early morning 5.20 metro pull out of its shed
at the drug-and-grocery stores....supermarkets....only the migrant lot meet to
chat
.....the Mall stays chockfull of lush-green girls dressed in their mothers'
best
.....looking for a fix
....the queues thin at the chemist's
.....security guards tire of looking into bags
.....their migrant conniving smiles tell-tale some privately-stashed thought
perhaps at some chance encounter or at some pungent lascivious repartee

.....the Maghreb-ian neighbours still won't give up their heedless tapage
.....you can even hear their gasping breath on creaking boards and floors while
their adeptly trained children drop at all hours of the day or night bags of
marbles to keep time with their high Tutsi booted hops

(only this year again they deliberately let their toilet spill and seep under
the parquet boards to flood your cramped book-lined quarters and the basement
caves
all for the irrepressible merriment of the local authorities bent on evicting
you at last)

those who come and go at the entrance still spy on the locks and keyholes of
your battered door.....theirs to pick and click at will
.....waiting to tell the gardienne or some official still on vacation

the usual figures flit through the early light to dig into the rubbish bins
with bare hands
.....lepers of our remains
.....where do they bunk
.....in what mountain hold or time
silently busy.....not-caring
.....what the world might think

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : LVIII and LIX

IF ever I had a country : LVIII - LIX

LVIII

IF ever I had a fantasy country

And if ever I were left to choose a country existing in reality

I'd certainly opt for a country not run by one who studied philosophy

For the simple reason you can blame any other kind of dope for sheer hypocrisy

For not having studied philosophy and pretending to be very democracy savvy

Especially when the victims* of the country's secret services can hit back at the ruling party

That is, if ever I were left to choose a non-hypocritical country existing in reality

And even if I never ever had no country (not) up to my fancy

Note : * It's a published fact that a French writer and literary anchor on French TV (whom I once met, in 1974, selling his self-published book in the streets of the Latin Quarter) never slept in the same bed for fourteen months for the late President François Mitterrand had ordered the secret services to snuff this son of an Admiral out. His " crime d'Etat " happened to be a manuscript he authored on the President's daughter whose mother was his mistress while in office. The " crime " however was expunged when the author in the presence of TV cameras burnt the manuscript at the portals of the Elysée Presidential Palace.

LIX

IF ever I had a phantasmagorical country

And if ever I were left to choose a country existing in reality

I'd certainly not opt for a country where the S.S. and the Police drug gang-rape and press-gang the mother of your infant son with impunity

Nor opt for a so-called champion human rights country which hinders your every step and plunges you into solipsistic ignominy

Keeps you embroiled in litigation instituted managed and obstructed by near-sighted authority

While it siphons and floods your tiny ground-floor apartment with the precious toilet refuse of fourteen storeys of family

That is, if ever I were left to choose a country existing in reality

And even if I never ever had no country to fancy

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : LVI and LVII

IF ever I had a country : LVI - LVII

LVI

IF ever I had a Stateless country

And if ever I were a Stateless Person citizen patriot ready to lay my life down for the statelessness of my country

I'd ask myself first who rules in this Country without a State to make it a country

Whether this Stateless State is in a State without a country and/or without membership in the international community

Or a country without legitimate citizens to elect those who represent the State with or without democracy

Or whether the One-Party State is better for the Stateless Person citizen than the divided-state of the system of the non-Nicomachean Two-Party dog-eat-dog bi-cameral idiocy

That is, if ever I were a Stateless Person citizen with Stateless Nationality in my country

And even if I never ever had no citizenship in no Stateless country

LVII

IF ever I had a Stateless country

And if ever I were a Stateless Person citizen patriot upholding with my life the Statelessness of my country

Would I exist in a state of Statelessness along with other Stateless Persons in a State without a country

In a State without a State University to award certificates of statelessnesses as a statutory degree

A State without the usual ecstatic state of political inadequacies iniquities and other abnormal psychological incompatibility

In other words a State over which all normal countries would be eager to wage heroic war in order to exercise their authority

That is, if ever I were a Stateless Person citizen patriot upholding with my life the Statelessness of my country

And even if I never ever had to call my own no Stateless country

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IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : LIV and LV

IF ever I had a country : LIV - LV

LIV

IF ever I had even at an Event Horizon a country
And if ever I were by self-arrogated Divine Right His or Her Imperial Majesty
I'd clamp in pig-irons every one of the Courtiers y compris Sir Walter Raleigh
For any offence thought not to be higher or lower than lèse majesté
And have them all dumped in the cramped Black Hole of Calcutta without pity
For plotting and planning some centuries hence the Art of Conning the People
through Democratic Demon-o-kratie
That is, if ever I were by self-arrogated Divine Right His or Her Imperial
Majesty
And even if I never ever had at any Event Horizon no country

LV

IF ever I had even at an Event Horizon a country
And if ever I were by self-arrogated Divine Right the Heir Apparent future
Imperial Majesty
I'd sit on His Majesty's Crown of stolen diamonds opels moonstones and gilded
finery
To warn all my Princes Princesses Lords Ladies Dukes and Marquis on bended knee
That I'd send them forthwith down pitch-black Black Hole for standing uppity on
their assumed Noble Ancestry
And remind them all every one of us are descended sans exception from the Black
African humanity Tree
That is, if ever I were by self-arrogated Divine Right the Heir Apparent future
Imperial Majesty
And even if I never ever had at no Event Horizon a country

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IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : LII and LIII

IF ever I had a country : LII - LIII

" How can the life of such a man
Be in the palm of some fool's hand?
To see him obviously framed
Couldn't help but make me feel ashamed to live in a land
Where justice is a game "

Extracted from Bob Dylan's " Hurricane "

LII

IF ever I had by error stumbled upon a country
And if ever I were a resident in an area run by the son of a Mediterranean
refugee
I'd say to this powder-puff Madame Tussaud clay-face sooner rather than later
(t)his realm I'll flee to be free
For all the migrant force he currys favour with gratuitous doles from the
common coffers fee
To turn them into replica models of his own wax-works jamboree
Will melt under the sun of his own exposure into insipid putrid curry
That is, if ever I were tortured to my dying day by this mis-leading son of a
refugee
And even if I never ever had stumbled by error into no such country

LIII

If ever I had by error stumbled upon a country
And if ever I were subject to the Third Degree by the Maudit Son of a refugee
Who commands his grass-mowing corps to funnel exhaust fumes into my hovel
square metres under thirty
Who provokes other Mediterranean mugs mitoyen-masons to stuff my abode with
merde and pee
Who protects and pushes the Co-Proprietors' Council Administrator and Janitor-
couple confrérie
To keep me from getting even a night's sleep in twenty years from the migrant
crowd cacaphonic battery
That is, even if I were about to die I'd say find yourself another wax-work
victim who cannot repartee
And even if I never ever stumbled by error into no such country

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : L and LI

IF ever I had a country : L - LI

L

IF ever I had even in my dreams a country
And if ever I dreamt I were the Minister of Defence
I'd order every single soldier airman sailor or M.P. not to take offence
At the guns cannons missiles rockets depth-charges torpedoes or crackers across
the fence
Aimed at US by other soldiers airmen sailors and M.P.s unaware of comeuppance
Lest the word get around in our background I was talking nonsense
That is, if ever I dreamt I were the Minister of Defence
And even if I never ever had in my dreams no imaginary country

LI

IF ever I had even in my dreams a country
And if ever I dreamt I were the Defence Secretary
I'd make it an impardonable offence for every soldier airman sailor or M.P. I
embody
To think that right across the fence every soldier airman sailor or M.P. was
not my enemy
And I'd fire every last soldier airman sailor or M.P. on or off-duty
Who did not fire his machine-gun cannon missile rocket torpedo at every Tom
Dick or Harry
That is, if ever I dreamt I were the Defence Secretary
And even if I never ever had even in my dreams no country

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : XLVIII and XLIX

IF ever I had a country : XLVIII - XLIX

XLVIII

If ever I had even on a rocky wayward moon of a gaseous planet a country
And if ever through successive assassinations of previous party cronies I were
the Minister of Labour
I'd instantly expose those in government who fiddle employment statistics in
their favour
Such as fictive employments of high class ladies fairies cousins camp-followers
or paramours
Especially of those who get elected by courting the few hundred new migrant
citizens of colour
In their tiny village hamlet or township constituencies of no particular worth
or valour
That is, if ever through successive assassinations of previous party cronies I
were the Minister of Labour
And even if I never ever had no rocky wayward moon of a gaseous planet country

XLIX

If ever I had a country even in a parallel universe galaxy
And if ever through successive mis-counts in previous elections I became the
Labour Secretary
I'd overnight put an end to the farce of allowing charitable organizations play
Robin Hood with hard-earned money
Prohibit under threat of castration the printing of thick unread colourful
magazines with starving children charitable beggars subject to sodomy
And save the over 60% tax-deduction amounts to balance the budget in every poor
country
While giving to thrifty research and caring aid bodies who contribute to the
quality of life one \$ or € deducted from every salary
That is, if ever through successive mis-counts in previous elections I became
the Labour Secretary
And even if I never ever in any parallel universe had no country

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IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : XLVI and XLVII

IF ever I had a country : XLVI - XLVII

XLVI

IF ever I had in Andromeda a country

And if ever by rights I were the Chief Collision-Conglomerate Six-Star Plenipotentiary

I'd moot and execute a permanent plan for the establishment of a concentration camp penitentiary

For all the Milky Way terrestrial chieftain priests and leaders of the twenty-twenty-first century

During the aeons-long Andromeda Purification-Invasion of our choked and soured Milky Way of uniting humanity

And set up the Sixty-Four Wise Yijing Learned Men and Women Councils to rule each and every confounded in-human country

That is, if ever by rights I were the Chief Collision-Conglomerate Six-Star Plenipotentiary

And even if I never ever had in Andromeda no blasted country

XLVII

IF ever I had in Andromeda a country

And if ever by rights I were the Six-Star Armed Forces Commander-in-Chief of the Milky Way invasion

I'd warn all Inter-Stellar Fleet admirals and generals to guard against sharp human practices ruses and gifts of pretension

Marked by the human mania for masking their faces crown of heads bellies but not bums and their servile submission

To lying cheating imitating stealing back-biting fornicating bum-licking maiming killing and splitting the Almighty for selfish possession

All for the sake of amassing more money more pleasure more fame more pride more hatred more envy more of everything as their only ethnic life-mission

That is, if ever by rights I were the Six-Star Armed Forces Commander-in-Chief of the Milky Way invasion

And even if I never ever had in Andromeda no green patch or parcel of a country

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IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : XLIV and XLV

IF ever I had a country : XLIV - XLV

XLIV

IF ever I had a country even beyond this galaxy
And if ever I were by no stretch of the mind the very first - ever - educated
Minister of Education
I'd install television cameras in every class-room and lecture hall so that the
entire population
Whether always asleep born dead drugged or driven out of its mind by the "
quality " of television
Can get an idea of the kind of authoritarian drilling to which our poor
innocent children are subject to manipulation
And leave it to each dutiful parent to lynch or waylay the culprits to
administer the appropriate correction
And this, if ever I were by no stretch of the mind the very first ever educated
Minister of Education
And even if I never ever had even beyond this galaxy no country

XLV

If ever I had a country even beyond this galaxy
And if ever by no stretch of the mind I were the first ever educated Education
Secretary
I'd make it a capital crime - the act of plundering student minds - of the
first degree
Any teacher thesis director who steals the candidate's research y compris
member of the viva jury
Who then publishes the same under his or her name en toute impunity
I'll have their plagiarised erudite works put on the Index Librorum
Prohibitorum and ban them from the profession for lacking pedigree
That is, if ever I were by no stretch of the mind the first ever educated
Education Secretary
And even if I never ever had even beyond this galaxy no country

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IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : XLII and XLIII

IF ever I had a country in this galaxy : XLII - XLIII

XLII

IF ever I had a country in this galaxy

And if ever by no stretch of the imagination I were the Minister of Information
I'd make it my sworn duty to pin up on every door long lists of the crimes of
hypocrisy

Like which nations carried out nuclear tests to pollute the air and seas far
from their country

Like which nation talks tough about maintaining the peace with nuclear thunder
war after war in history

Like which nation actually used the fission bomb over civilian cities and the
never-ending lists of casualty

That is, if ever by no stretch of the imagination I were the Minister of
Information

And even if I never ever had no country in this galaxy

XLIII

If ever I had a country in this galaxy

And if ever by no stretch of the imagination I were the no double-speak Press
Secretary

On the top of the lists of the crimes of hypocrisy I'd pinpoint my first query
How is it a tiny nuclear power country in the Mid-East is not party to the
Disarmament Treaty

Who made it possible after the demise of Colonialism now nearly half a century
That this same country shackles an entire people under the guise of preserving
its inalienability

That is, if ever by no stretch of the imagination I were the no double-speak
Press Secretary

And even if I never ever had in this galaxy no country

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IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : XXXIX and XLI

If ever I had a country : XXXIX - XLI

XXXIX

If ever I had a country
And if ever by some fluke I were the Minister of Trade and Commerce
I'd round up these Protected Species of vicious witches who live off the fat of
the tenement purse
In cohorts with the " assured " companies and the conniving hoard of expert "
kick-back " curse
I'd line them all up and get the duped flat owners to kick boot holes in their
puffy sagging backs
Have them stewed in pig-fat cauldrons tarred feathered and pilloried on
stinking rubbish stacks
That is, if ever I were by fluke the Minister of Trade and Commerce
And even if I never ever had in Gaie Paree no country

XLI

If ever I had a country
And if ever by fluke I were the Trade and Commerce Secretary
I'd bundle them all up and send them home to their menopausal Mediterranean Sea
Seek ferret out and topple those who protect them ensconced in the coulisses of
local authority
And oblige the Natives to do the easy " dirty " work instead of just that of
hard adultery
Such that even the Poles who la-di-da with exotic Migrants will return to their
Catholicity
That is, if ever I were by fluke the Trade and Commerce Secretary
And even if I never ever had in Gaie Paree no country

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IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : XXXVII and XXXVIII

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : XXXVII - XXXVIII

XXXVII

If ever I had a country
And if ever by some magic I were the Minister of Housing Development
I'd make it my life-long mission by swearing upon it as a Holy Sacrement
To rush to the rescue of every poor defenceless and distraught old tenant
At the mercy of villainous old women pests who run or administer housing
tenements
With beaks claws sharp canines of vultures hyenas who suck vampirically
emoluments
That is, if ever I were by some magic the Minister of Housing Development
And even if I never ever had in Gaie Paree no country

XXXVIII

If ever I had a country
And if ever by some magic I were the Housing Development Secretary
I'd ordain ripped from every thesaurus encyclopaedia and dictionary
Words which denote or connote that special breed of vilely hissing spying
bodies
Concierge Housekeeper Portero Janitor and all such idiotic parasitic
discrepancies
And free the sleepless care-worn tenement city populations from these harpies
That is, if ever by some magic I were the Housing Development Secretary
And even if in Gaie Paree I never ever had no country

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The Select Poetry Class

The Select Poetry Class

..... the idea is to aver the overt statement
appear somewhere even if it stultifies...
in rarefied realms sophisticate
..... tuck the image in wayward
by all means deride the rhymer
..... as the pen buckles under the eye's
squint-eyed callousness
some cribbed unfinished line

..... a well-named bird say thrush
leaving its claw-prints
..... clear
..... perspicacious
..... on early-sprinkled snow

It matters little
..... in fact
..... not at all
where the thought laid off
nor which the word
..... betrayed the thought

..... matters only the elegant sway of the
print
..... the spare rustle rice paper feel
then dress the thought the way the club ordains and practises
pressed with care
..... the demure pleats of the skirt
all in assumed array
..... for no rhymed reason

still the hopping bird about to take flight

the impression must give the feel
..... something must not seem
to be said
..... 'tis enough to let the words
slide along the secluded path
... rare
..... bold
..... used in its obsolescent sense

No way the Select

..... must condescend to court

the Internet

they only write within behind closed-club sessions

..... the idea is not to have

les foies...

' sa hautaine foi apparaissait en filigrane

..... dans ses paroles '

NOTES

"avoir les foies" means "to be scared to death" and the rest in French means: his words hardly veiled his haughty creed or (as in this piece) manner of writing.

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The art of saying what cannot be for Harriet Monroe

The art of saying what cannot be

.....for Harriet Monroe

... said

.....or need not be

What's the difference if you call tinnitus or l'acouphène a 'tintement, a 'buzzing', a 'chuintement', a 'whistling', or pure sounds of music : it is still not stilled in him who lies still.

..... he left his spectacles on a narrow ledge
and pulled the lever

.....to let the trough down

slopping mélange of cement paint and the sneeze of bird droppings carried by
swirling winds

... did he fear his glasses would come
off

..... or was it just the fear of mélange slurp on his glasses

... a near-full trough wobbled with the first jerk of the pulley

... a treacle of a drop streaked thick
chased by a heart-shaped losange

..... long before the splash hit the ground
he thought of whom he might excise

..... from his last will and testament
with a vengeful codicil

..... the greediest

..... the laziest
or the great spenders

he might not have thought it important
but was it the moment his foot caught
the snake coils of a rope high
on the scaffolding

..... did he think he heard a saffron-robed monk
knock the tool-box down in haste
a faux pas he felt was not to his taste
..... at least at that very moment

still he let himself be led
..... half-blind into
realms not so bizarre
..... after all
with only the colliding tinnitus
..... reverbrating in his ears

What would anyone think
if he or she would come upon his eyeless specs :

" ... best to leave said or unheard things alone... "

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Translation of David Broza's Ay Amor Que seria de mi, Lyrics by E N Glass

Translation of David Broza's " ! Ay Amor ! Que seria de mi ! " by T. Wignesan

(I'm not certain if this' s the original title of the lyrics composed by Eitan Nahmias GLASS. My translation is made from the translation into Spanish by Javier RUIBAL, I presume, from the original Hebrew. I cannot help feeling that Consuelo's " Bésame Mucho " lyrics are at the root of much similar compositions ever since the early radio versions. The music and the virtuoso vocal performance, of course, belongs to David BROZA, himself, and is included in the TODO O NADA 2002 album of extremely catchy memorable and remarkable lyrical ballads in the folk or " unrequited love " Romantic vein, such as, the dramatically nostalgic and elegiac title song : " Todo o Nada ", itself. His intimate voice and the haunting melodies reach deep into one's psyche and appropriate one's awareness of even one's self : the identification of one's sensibilities with the tragic themes becomes instantaneous and wholesome, such is the magic of his voice, their rich aptly controlled musical modulations and compassionate confessional tones. The Andalusian or Gypsy evocations in the music add to the urgency of the intense feelings expressed through highly dramatic and elegiac strains in Lorcan Canto Jondo fashion. I give the Spanish translation here with the appropriate acknowledgements unless this may be construed as a breach of rights, in which case I'll delete the addition should I be required to do so. - T. Wignesan)

O ! Love ! What would become of me !

If my lips forget the taste of yours
And some dark presage of pain
Lights my way on to the wreck
Of seeing you desert me
O ! Love ! What would become of me !

If in the realm of water I have need of your sea
And at the balcony of your bodily casing I cannot lean over
If the road that leads to you should lose its way
O ! Love ! What would be my fate !

Even before the heart might throb
At the juncture where we bid farewell
Even before the century of bullets
Undermines reason
Even before it could turn poisonous
The blood of the roses of Eden

Trap me in your mouth for my own good

If tomorrow the summer dries up the jasmin flowers
And in vain my eyes water your garden
And lets fall into my hands a lethal thorn
O ! My Darling ! What do you think could happen to me ?

If the thrust of the wound traverses the threshold
Where Life and the Void were to get severed by chance
If you're not there to receive me in your bosom when I arrive
O ! My Heart ! What would become of me !

Even before the heart might throb...

.....

Even before a single sigh escapes
You know well
Who will keep safe this love of ours
Hoping I'll not fall the moment I'm hurt
May the rivers of the soul
Flow in tranquillity
Who will then recall my song
Ooooooooo....

Even before the heart might throb...

.....

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Lyrics in Spanish :

Si olvidaran mis labios tu sabor
Y un oscuro presagio de dolor
Me llevara al naufragio
De verte partir
Iay, amor! Que seria de mi

Si en el reino del agua me falta tu mar
Y al balcon de tu piel no me puedo asomar
Si perdiera el camino que me lleva a ti
Iay, amor! Que seria de mi

Antes que doble el Corazon
La esquina del adios
Antes que el siglo de las balas

Me robe la razon
Antes que sea venenosa
La sangre de las rosas del eden
Atrapame en tu boca por mi bien

Si manana el verano secara el jazmin
Y mis ojos en vano riegan tu jardin
Si es la suerte en mi mano una espina mortal
Iay, amor! Que me puede pasar

Si tocado y herido cruzara el umbral
Que la vida y la nada separa al azar
Si no encuentro tu pecho al llegar alli
Iay, amor! Que seria de mi

antes que doble el Corazon
la esquina del adios
antes que el siglo de las balas
me robe la razon
antes que sea venenosa
la sangre de las rosas del eden
antrapame en tu boca por mi bien

antes que un suspiro
tu lo sabes
quien me guarda este amor
que en la herida no me cae
que navegara en calma
los rios del alma
quien recordara mi cancion

antes que doble el Corazon...
crédits

de l'album ???? ????? - ??? ?? ???? // David Broza - Todo O Nada (All Or Nothing), paru le 1 janvier 2002

Lyrics By: Eitan Nahmias Glass

Spanish Translation: Javier Ruibal

Music: David Broza

?????: ???? ?????? ???? ?

?????? ??????: ????? ???? ?

??? : ???? ????? ?

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IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : XXXV and XXXVI

IF ever I had a country : XXXV - XXXVI

XXXV

IF ever I had a country
And if ever by any stretch of the imagination I were the duely-elected
President of the Republic
I'd tell each and every oath-taking Grand Master of Free-Masonry : No question
of sharing power in a democracy
I'd purge the Courts first then the Police and Secret Service of every trace of
their hierarchichal papacy
Then seek and weed out every one of their moles in the Administration as a
policy
Which abhors power exercised by unauthorised coteries in the body-politic as
the bane of national meritocracy
That is, if ever I were by any stretch of the imagination the duely-elected
President of the Republic
And even if I never ever had no country so sick

XXXVI

If ever I had a country
And if ever I were but the President PM or even divine King
I'd lose not any sleep over who makes the belfry bells toll or telephones ring
I'll not fret and frown every time trade unions business or professional guilds
sing
Out of tune with the voices of aides aide-de-camps or Chiefs of Staff in the
West Wing
I'd keep a finger on the Peoples' Pulse and when I rule I'd know I'll be doing
the right Thing
That is, if ever I were but the President PM or even divine King
And even if I never ever had no country to wring

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IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : XXXIII and XXXIV

IF ever I had a country : XXXIII - XXXIV

XXXIII

IF ever I had a country

And if ever by hook or by crook I were the Secretary of HEW and Culture

I'd make it compulsory for any being who wishes to run for office

To first undergo psychological tests to prove (s)he's sufficiently mature

Pass televised Public Examinations on Constitutional Law Logic Economics and

Political Philosophy for the novice

In short, revive some sort of the old Confucian Mandarinate system of competitive torture

That is, if ever by hook or by crook I were the Secretary of HEW and Culture

And even if I never ever had no country to torture

XXXIV

IF ever I had a country

And if ever by hook or by crook I were the Imperial State Counsellor

I'd advise the King PM or President to put political aspirants under psychiatric surveillance

For it's most surprising that those who have more or less no vestige of culture would wish to be other peoples' manager

Furthermore, I'd insist that once elected they take the Oath of Anonymity and Silence

And watch how long they would then want to hold on to their power

That is, if ever by hook or by crook I were the Imperial State Counsellor

And even if I never ever had no country to empower

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IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : XXXI and XXXII

IF ever I had a country : XXXI - XXXII

XXXI

IF ever I had a country

And if ever by fluke I was asked to audit the National Budget

I'd first set out to monitor the Elus' va et vient to the water-closet

And clock the nation's time they waste in parroting speeches in their jet

Then I'd add-up all the country's time they tweet away the interviews they repeat

The tuxedos they jump into to putt golf-balls down the Republic's smooth green parapet

That is, if ever by fluke I were asked to audit the National Budget

And even if I never ever had no country on which to place a bet

XXXII

IF ever I had a country

And if ever I were asked to write the Constitution by the Founding Fathers

I'd have a Hall built in the Heart of the Nation for a Book with virgin pages

And thereupon let inscribe every wish of every citizen justly not put in fetters

And let no Magna Carta or genial Jefferson nor Freemason Human Rights Charter carve article upon commandment article for hoi polloi brothers

And which thus pave the way for NRAs to lock House Senate and Chief Exec in private profit-based manœuvres

That is, if ever I were asked to frame the Constitution by the Founding Fathers

And even if I never ever had no country

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IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : XIX and XXX

IF ever I had a country : XXIX - XXX

XXIX

IF ever I had a country
And if ever I were but the Alexandrian National Librarian`
I'd drag every under-elected village township city and national politician
Handcuffed to the Sistine Chapel-domed book-lined reading auditorium
To read aloud and commit to memory every act of the Grand Inquisition
And swear by Oath Torquemada their natural Father denounce Demosthenes the
subverted Athenian
That is, if ever I were but the Alexandrian National Librarian
And even if I never ever had no country/education

XXX

IF ever I had a country
And if ever by chance I were but the Director-General of Prisons
I'd make the Metropolis the strictest Concentration Camp for political
malfeasance
For those who run the State without the slightest prick of even animal
conscience
And there force them to read aloud plebian-voiced Athenian magnificence while
they bake in the heat of the ovens
As a reward for bringing Our World day by day to the brink of Hitlerian Final
Solution horizons
That is, if ever I were by chance but the Director-General of Prisons
And even if I never ever had no country/education

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IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : XXVII and XXVIII

IF ever I had a country : XXVII - XXVIII

XXVII

IF ever I had a country

And if ever I were but the Registrar of Companies

I'd appoint Snoopy - pet-dog Bo's first cousin - Inspector General of Secret Societies

I'll tell him to overlook the fiddling of Stock Exchange equities and concentrate on fan-club iniquities

To publish lists every morning on each member's earnings pilferings including health reports on their starving unemployment-pay beneficiaries

On who pays for the face paint jerseys mass-migration air-tickets five-star hotel and beer and block-seating fees

That is, if ever I were but the unpaid Registrar of Companies

And even if I never ever had no country company

XXVIII

IF ever I had a country

And if ever I were but the Inspector General of Secret Societies

I'd post packs of howling hound dogs to announce at portals of lodges drug-cartel penthouse mansions and haute-cuisine fan-club eateries

Whose chauffeur-driven sleek limousine dropped off which hired diamond tiara damsel from what political parties

Question the secret expense-accounts of fan-club funding at football stadiums' madly-howling jamborees

And assess the damage to the GDP despite hypes in taxes imposed by police clashes with fans after crushing defeats at shoot-out penalties

That is, if ever I were but the Inspector General of Secret Societies

And even if I never ever had no country or society

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IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : XXV and XXVI

IF ever I had a country : XXV - XXVI

XXV

IF ever I had a country
And if ever I were the Secretary of State for National Unity
I'd appoint myself the Director of the National Football Industry
Order every child over-weight skinny lame dumb deaf spastic or rickety
To go to the school grounds every morning bouncing or kicking balls free
With one solitary thought in mind : ultimate World Cup victory
That is, if ever I were the State Sec for National Unity
And even if I never ever had no country

XXVI

IF ever I had a country
And if ever I were the Minister for National Unity
I'd appoint every World Cup national footballer Vice-Chancellor of University
Have him create as many Chairs as he wishes for the Football Ph.D.
Teach every student the art of foul-tackling anybody not from his country
Till I'd make it second nature not to play ball but to kick the enemy
That is, if ever I were the Minister for National Unity
And even if I never ever had no country

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IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : XXIII and XXIV

IF ever I had a country : XXIII-XXIV

XXIII

IF ever I had a country
And if ever I were but the Home Secretary
I wouldn't sit on my baked beans doing my level-best to avoid responsibility
While waiting to pat myself on the back on Bastille Day down the Champs Elysée
I'd keep both public and public forces from running rampage on every refugee
But set about tidying the House with bleach to rid oath-taking secret
skullduggery
That is, if ever I were but the Home Secretary
And even if I never ever had no country

XXIV

IF ever I had a country
And if ever I were but the Interior Secretary
I'd neither arrogate nor take for granted Hobbes's Leviathan-authorised cruelty
I'd seek and demolish local townships' self-appointed chief mafiosi
Who undermine hotel-maids with virile World Bank authority
Who add to the You-Too Hall of Fame Hollywood-producer community
That is, if ever I were but the Interior Sec in Gay Paree
And even if I never ever had no country

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IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : XXI and XXII

IF ever I had a country : XXI - XXII

" I will follow that system of regimen which, according to my ability and judgment, I consider for the benefit of my patients, and abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous. I will give no deadly medicine to any one if asked, nor suggest any such counsel; and in like manner I will not give to a woman a pessary to produce abortion. With purity and with holiness I will pass my life and practice my Art. " Excerpted from the translation by Francis Adams in Wikisource of the Oath of Hippocrates, 400 BCE.

XXI

IF ever I had a country
And if ever I were but the Health Minister
And if some breach some tort against The Hippocratic Oath reached my ear
I'd rage and storm through ward portals in Olympian Apollonic gear
To arraign the culprit whether Male Nurse Sister Matron or specialist Doctor
Till no patient need fear contamination poison nor Secret Service murder
That is, if ever I were but the Health Minister
And even if I never ever had no country

XXII

IF ever I had a country
And if ever I were the Health Secretary
And if some sleepless stateless victim of the Secret Police's Third Degree
Was put under Trileptal and made to undergo Tomo-Scintigraphy
And the operators abandoned the patient to general tonico-clonic seizure in epilepsy
I'd either order the hospital closed or put the service heads out-of-activity
That is, if ever I were even the Health Sec in Gay Paree
And even if I never ever had no country

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IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : XIX and XX

IF ever I had a country : XIX - XX

XIX

If ever I had a country
And if ever I were the Minister of Industry
I'd put a stop to the production of machines that disturb the peace
Electric-drillers motor-bikes clanking street-cars trains infested with fleas
Exile all Formula One champions to Singapore and Monaco
Where only the reeking rich besides you-know-who go
That is, if ever I were the Minister of Industry
And even if I never ever had no country

XX

If ever I had a country
And if ever I were the Minister of Technology
I'd clamp huge fines on manufacturers of machines without silencers
Banish all noise-making inventors wifeless to the Antartica's fastnesses
Lock-up for life all architects and engineers who build tenement-flat cities
With walls and floors so paper-thin to permit all kinds of sleepless atrocities
That is, if ever I were the Minister of Technology
And even if I never ever had no country

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IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : XVII and XVIII

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : XVII - XVIII

XVII

IF ever I had a country
And if ever I were the Minister of Education
I'd make every child take an Oath of Nature upon leaving school in June
That every kid learn by heart by autumn ten local birds' tune
The Garden Warbler's varied repertoire the toot-toot of the Owl under the moon
To tell which Wood-Pecker drummed which tree out-of-tune
That is, if ever I were the Minister of Education
And even if I never ever had no country

XVIII

If ever I had a country
And if ever I were the Secretary of HEW
I'd make it a certified condition for the leaving of school
Only when every teen acquired the skill of notation as a musical tool
To stock his memory with quarrelsome magpie curses or soothing cuckoo calls
cool
And let no carrion crow flutter at school-top eaves calling him a fool
That is, if ever I were the Secretary of HEW
And even if I never ever had no country

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IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : XV and XVI

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : XV & XVI

XV

IF ever I had a country
And if ever I were the Treasury Secretary
I'd outlaw all big-time " companies " who beg for money
Especially those who beg in the name of the Almighty
I'd write virulent circulars on how to cajole Him through litany
To wheedle trillions of dollars euros yuans rupees throughout Eternity
That is, if ever I were the Treasury Secretary
And even if I never ever had no country

XVI

IF ever I had a country
And if ever I were the Minister of Finance
I'd make every charitable organization head dance
On a tight rope stretched from here to comeuppance
For wasting nearly all what we give them on bribes penthouse mags and stamps
And take them on a tour of the streets and hovels littered with hungry children
and tramps
That is, if ever I were the Minister of Finance
And even if I never ever had no country

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IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : XIII and XIV

IF ever I had a country : XIII - XIV

XIII

IF ever I had a country
And if ever I were the Sports Secretary
I'd remind every sportsman performing for money
That the buying and selling of humans born free
Died with slavery in the Nineteenth Century
And put behind bars all club committees found guilty
That is, if ever I were the Sports Secretary
And even if I never ever had no country

XIV

If ever I had a country
And if ever I were the Sports Secretary
I'd fine any sportsman his salary for hood-winking the referee
After every judo throw and karate jab above or below the knee
Just when the ball's dribbled to the goal --- for a penalty
Even if the VAR-referee is blind to what we see on TV
That is, if ever I were the Sports Secretary
And this, even if I never ever had no country

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IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY : XI and XII

IF ever I had a country: XI - XII

IF ever I had a country
And if ever I were but the Admiral of the Fleet
I'd issue an edict to keep ships out of foreign waters
I'd order all on deck on or off duty curse-under-breath sailors
To fish out of oceans crushed cans and twisted plastic bottles
And whatever else poisons sardines dolphins sharks and whales

.....

.....

..... .

..... .

I'd see to it that all our ancestors of the primal soup deep
Were brought onto land with all their shredded creep
And to the tune of the Divine Land's Anthem make all weep
In solemn burial ceremonies commit such memories to keep
That is, if ever I were but the Admiral of the Fleet
And even if I never ever had no country

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Translation of Besame Mucho, Lyrics by Consuelo Velasquez

Translation of " Bésame Mucho " from the lyrics by Consuelo Velasquez

Refrain :

Kiss me longingly long
Kiss me, kiss me longingly long
As though this night has to be
The very last

Kiss me longingly long
Kiss me, kiss me longingly long
For seized am I with the fear of losing you
Losing you hereafter

(Refrain repeated twice)

I long to hold you close to me
While gazing deep into your eyes
Making us look as but one together
The thought nags perchance tomorrow
I'll have already gone far away
Far far from you

(Refrain repeated thrice)

For seized am I with the fear of losing you
Losing you hereafter

The original lyrics in Spanish :

Bésame mucho
Bésame, bésame mucho
Como si fuera esta noche
La ultima vez

Bésame mucho
Que tengo miedo a perderte
Perderte despues

(Refrain twice)

Quiero tenerte muy cerca

Mirarme en tus ojos
Verte junto a mi
Pienso que tal vez mañana
Yo ya estare lejos
Muy lejos de ti

(Refrain thrice)

Que tengo miedo a perderte
Perderte despues

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Khatia Buniatishvili's Piano Concerto 1 by Tchaikovsky

Khatia Buniatishvili's Tour de Force of Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto N° 1 in B-flat minor on Zubin Mehta's 80th Birthday*

... the caged-beast terrified defying the donderbus blasts vollies of muskets and cannons heralding the charge cavernous ton caisses blown asunder one blow after another yapping at the heels tense fingers rouse rout the oceanico- volcanic rumbled roars Napoleonic regiments march to the Hapsburg and Prussian theatre fields socket-bayonets lowering bison hooves churning up fossil-stamped-under turfs prairie cacti the starved beast within clawing at the iron black-and-white bars 7,800,000 Brown Bess muskets rip the leaden air Khatia pulsating on array upon array of stiff-backed goose-stepping hussars her eyes half-closed under chaffed curls the un-ending march of drilled fingers over ages no single gap within-between mounts of palms pounding the thunder out of the bowels of the earth growling up and down the veins of notes come never come unstuck furious furnaces of maddening cries surging in unison through her stoking arms raking the fire fissioning fusing in the pulsating funnel of her torso-seat furnaces of energy bursting bubbly bold and raw veiled eyes strain on the girdle's romping rise and thumping fall from side to side alternating drawn-out lean dulcet notes in spaced out lulls with bass and clarinet strains the steam-brimming summits about to give about to part now yes not yet the ultimate squeezed up orgiastic boil down to laboured thematic repetitions seizing the memory cold the rapid-fire flint-lock musketeers in range after range falling to each triggered chord by the hundreds hussars cavorting high leather squat-kicking while strings echo breathless the hind-core juices spouting at her finger-tips cannon calls collide on trumpet blasts clarinets foreshadowing the wayward raga come to nag and jog the sullied brains behind deadpan listening disarmed visages fussillades upon clacking thunderous hussar roars the strings strain and lag to hold together the air after the dispersal of fog and smoke bourrasque after bourrasque of drums pour seething metal over her head and nape in stoop to conquer fixed-bayonet thrusts of notes thump thumping the stoop forty fingers to the fractured nano-second bend blend bake each note into the fury of torrential sound charging down the pent-up waterfall of inturned eyes

saved by the lone raga come a-loose just in time

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Cry the Hussars !

*Israel Philharmic Orchestra, pub. April 22, 2016

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WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE

What's the difference...

The difference between the Short Distance's height
And the Long Distance's shallowness drawn tight
Is that neither knows the hollowness of its might
Whichever way they may look: up down left or right

If you went up the shallowness of the one you slight
You'd end up in the hollowness of the other recondite
Or if you slid down the one who stands stiff upright
You're bound to fall screaming upside down in a fright

Either way neither will say unless it was day or night
When Short Distance at last met Long Distance alright
Though neither or either will own up to being really tight
After running a short then a long distance before the fight

If you think you could mock these errant lines downright
I challenge you to disentangle them under darkened light

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Villanelle: Look not back and lament how your life's gone astray

Villanelle: Look not back and lament how your life's gone astray

Look not back and lament how your life's gone astray
Mistakes you have made must of needs be also made
Don't guiles lies with smiles guide all forms of inter-play

If mistakes never lie in wait in one's blind way
Each one of us can choose our path in sun or shade
Look not back and lament how your life's gone astray

True, some like Sexton or Plath would fall by the way
What they said somehow reach down to us still persuade
Don't guiles lies with smiles guide all forms of inter-play

Think of those legions minds deranged maimed shut away
Through no fault of their own nor by mid-wives' hands degrade
Look not back and lament how your life's gone astray

The madness of the moment wreaks mistakes holds sway
Some urge some hapless encounter the fated raid
Don't guiles lies with smiles guide all forms of inter-play

Far too complex far too hidden each act to weigh
Sometimes some mistakes lead on to a choice well made
Look not back and lament how your life's gone astray
Don't guiles lies with smiles guide all forms of inter-play

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2018

Translation of Aranjuez lyrics from the Spanish original, sung by Andrea Bocelli

Translation of the Aranjuez lyrics from the Spanish original sung by Andrea Bocelli

Your lovely presence still lingers at Aranjuez

Aranjuez,
A place fused through in dreams of love
Where the whirr of fountains
In crystal
Make believe the waters chatter in the garden
In hushed tones with the roses

Aranjuez,
Nowadays the faded dry leaves
Which waft and drift in the winds
Recall the tenderness of our tryst there
That once upon a time
We let surge in our hearts you and I
And without cause let befall us oblivion
Yet that intense fervour lies safe
In some sun eclipsed by the horizon
Or in the hint of some breeze or lingering in some flower
Awaiting only your return

Aranjuez,
Nowadays the faded dry leaves
Which waft and drift in the winds
Recall the tenderness of our tryst there
That once upon a time
We let surge in our hearts you and I
And neglected without reason
In Aranjuez, My Love
You as well as I

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Villanelle: Merchants of the Word make Writers write for Prizes

Villanelle : Merchants of the Word make Writers write for Prizes

Merchants of the Word make writers write for prizes
Does not the failed writer pose as house editor
Great treasures of the past were weaned without judges

Prized-writers in our midst make all kinds of noises
Matters little so long as till fills publisher
Merchants of the Word make writers write for prizes

Lope de Vega scorned long-suff'ring Cervantes
His plight mattered only to French Ambassador
Great treasures of the past were weaned without judges

Prized-writers need not fear e'en wise connaisseurs
Don't they write with flourish cocking-eye on reader
Merchants of the Word make writers write for prizes

Does the Nobel go to some who serve lost causes
Or to some who serve publishers like the Booker
Great treasures of the past were weaned without judges

True, ancient poets sang under patronages
Yet those we love most lived life under the jailor
Merchants of the Word make writers write for prizes
Great treasures of the past were weaned without judges

© T. Wignesan - Paris, May 4, 2018

Villanelle: O What a way to go They Say locked in Lover's Arms

Villanelle : O ! What a way to go They Say locked in Lover's Arms

O ! What a way to go They Say locked in lover's arms
Damned he or she be to live curséd life alone
Do we not all smother most what we love sans qualms

Lone bodies shiver in beds quothing inane psalms
No body loses heat when both stoke flesh and bone
O ! What a way to go They Say locked in lover's arms

No Romeo with potion Juliet embalms
Had not either to deep mock sleep stayed up immune
Do we not all smother most what we love sans qualms

Some prefer the chivalrous spears of knights-at-arms
Others prefer not to go at all all alone
O ! What a way to go They Say locked in lover's arms

Passion mounts the pressure on lonely hearts' dire charms
The choice in these cases is either stroke or be-gone
Do we not all smother most what we love sans qualms

The lesson here is simple : by the bed stock arms
He who must go first may her shoot ere he is blown
O ! What a way to go They Say locked in lover's arms
Do we not all smother most what we love sans qualms

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Olga Scheps embodies Chopin's Piano Concerto No 1, e-minor

Olga Scheps embodies Chopin's Piano Concerto n° 1

For a pianist who ponders her prey

The taming arms-length erect posture

The torso and pulsating violin back encased in red-rich ornate coarse wrap

Nape muscles strung by swaying grace-groomed arms branched aloft

Pursed lips part for allegro romp

Tensile gushed groin screaming on seat-edge flailing fingers

Averse to sleek chord whale case under knee-cap check

Who is the Master of the indomptable Mistress

Does the script express and extend the actress's role

Or trundled chords liberate hidden Polish voices yearning

Cabriole on prairie pastures

The yearling kicking high on the keyboard

Startling the chevron-sinewed munching herd

Light lambs and kids throwing frolicking fits

Round and round the heifer humping high down the meadow

Stung to the quick half-recurring bars of the theme

The feline fauve now appeased by soft churning cuddles

Pages of screwed signals hung on lined sign-posts

Roused by nut-cracker knuckles

Flush out repartee collective timbre strings

Doused by the sweet-sweating triumphal orgiastic release

The wilful eyes of the hungry panther

Turn soft and pander to the prey

Is this when the poised moment of the composed kill

Misses the mark just once

The sleek black whale bears its twinkling teeth

in hollow rage

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Villanelle: Don't some live Life the way he or she wants it

Villanelle : Don't some live Life the way he or she wants it

Don't some live Life the way he or she wants it
Look around and see who lives resounding lives
If I were Life's Playwright won't I so fix it

Make both Yang and Yin agree to make things fit
Into the entire Scheme of Things which us drives
Won't some live Life the way he or she wants it

No playwright can banish conflict from his Script
He'd play to empty seats actors who mime lives
If I were Life's Playwright won't I so fix it

So Evil-Doers reign supreme to make it
The way the Play devolves on stage each scene contrives
Won't some live Life the way he or she wants it

Not to shift blame on either won't I judge it
Best to make Authorities live double lives
If I were Life's Playwright won't I so fix it

Doubt not why Evil-Doers always make it
Protected pardoned cherished Queen Bees in hives
Don't some live Life the way he or she wants it
If I were Life's Playwright won't I so fix it

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Is ARANJUEZ a pining after the composer's mother

Is ARANJUEZ a pining after the composer's mother ?

(Joaquin Rodrigo - 1901-1999 - who composed the " Aranjuez " concerto on piano in 1938/9 and which later was destined for the guitar and orchestra, turned blind at the age of 3, due to complications with the onset of diphtheria. His Turkish pianist wife Victoria Kamhi whom he married in 1933 is said to have remarked that the exquisitely captivating composition of universal appeal recalled " happier days " in his life. What could be " happier " than those days at his mother's side. Despite the eminently masterful version by Paco de Lucia, I am convinced Pepe Romero's rendering the most moving and apt. This is a tentative essay in Rodrigo's recall.) T. Wignesan, April 19, 2018

Age cannot wither your bright fond face
Nor the cares of my shrunken shuttered world
Oh ! What would I not give for a mere glimpse
Of those cheerful tearful eyes orbs of merry gold

The silvery dancing glint trailing golden down your uncombed strands
The scent of fresh milk drenched in sweat bathed in myrrh breath
Your darling eyes dotting on my tight shut suckling lids
The lambent darkness pulling back the shrouded dawn
The myriad pullulating chirping chants rousing up the morn
And I in your downy cradled gently lilting lap surfing in your warmth

Was that a fleeting memory or a momentous cuckoo call
Still dim and growing dimmer by the day
All that is real palpable the wet steamy heat of your merciful lips
And the humming coaxes of your gently trailing voice
Do I still recall
as if I were still in your arms
Real ripe
deep in my thoughts

Age cannot wither your bright fond face
Nor the cares of my shrunken shuttered world
Oh ! What would I not give for a mere glimpse
Of those cheerful tearful eyes orbs of merry gold

The multiple cries you wake to
during interminable nights
The plastered stink of limbs to dry with Cologne
The cooing chest-humming drones along with ticklish cuddles
With never so much as a rebounding complaint
Who can forget that tell-tale melodious rant

And then you dressed me up into stuffed woolen bundles
To show me off
Every evening bright by the neighbouring patio and plaza
Me proud as a pigeon in a fountain puddle

The toys you dangled in my cradle
The jingle you played with deft fingers on a toy tympan
And the excruciating melody
Drowning the simmering light in deep dungeon night

Never to be released again
Never to light up your proud face again
Though the sweet scent of your holy breath
Blesses ever so gently my temples against yours...

Age cannot wither your bright fond face
Nor the cares of my shrunken shuttered world
Oh ! What would I not give for a mere glimpse
Of those cheerful tearful eyes orbs of merry gold

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Villanelle: Don't we all cling to Life tooth and nail guts in groin

Villanelle : Don't we all cling to Life tooth and nail guts in groin

Don't we all cling to Life tooth and nail guts in groin
E'en if the insatiable Beast glowers close behind
No matter what nor how long the grind we bear 'n' pine

Merchants of Faith made in mythic images divine
Tell us all their gods have told them what lurks behind
Don't we all cling to Life tooth and nail guts in groin

Each in his own way nailed to some Alien loin
All assured this World's for the best of Mankind
No matter what nor how long the grind we bear 'n' pine

True gods are those Men who behind the scenes combine
Thrust up Leaders who lisp words for Them who us bind
Don't we all cling to Life tooth and nail guts in groin

Children grow up and swear by their words anodine
Believe not Batman Hulks Wonder Woman's behind
No matter what nor how long the grind we bear 'n' pine

Till that day the bubble bursts the last word on line
Shows neither Nations nor gods mean well for Mankind
Don't we all cling to Life tooth and nail guts in groin
No matter what nor how long the grind we bear 'n' pine

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Isaac Albeniz's Asturias, Three Versions, Three Instruments

Isaac Albéniz's Asturias, Three Versions, Three Instruments

I

By Andres SEGOVIA, guitar, 2006

Man lopes up mast-pole

Man lopes up mast-pole

Man lopes up mast-pole

And finds no maiden fair

Who mimes his Asturian air

II

By Andronicus, piano version

Man bikes up mountain

Man bikes up mountain

Man bikes up mountain

And espies masts far from there

Biscay Basques back with wares rare

III

By Florin Croitoru, violin-solo

Man runs up belfry

Man runs up belfry

Man runs up belfry

To count sinners in every square

Come to keep their bosoms bare

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IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY - continued: IX and X

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY...

IX

If ever I had a country
And if ever I were not robbed of my barrister's degree
I'd set up shop on a perch at Hyde Park Corner
For a chance to plead for the Damnés de la Terre at Old Bailey
Receive the eternally forlorn under a tree for no fee
And rally all victims of pleadings under my barrister's wig free
That is, if ever I were not robbed of that Call to the Bar duty
And this, even if I never had no country

X

If ever I had a country
And if ever I were not robbed of the chance to plead for the unfree
The poor who tremble helpless at the Law's ermine garb decree
The innocent wretched who let fall their inalienable rights and flee
The defenceless cowed by the moneyed clients' Big-Time lawyer crap
Claim and Counter-claim Summons for Disclosure trap
That is, if ever I were not robbed of my self-taught Inns of Court degree
And this, even if I never had no country

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IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY - continued: VII and VIII

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY...

VII

If ever I had a country
And if ever I were the Keeper of the keys to the Treasury
I'd invite all the tramps from every contree
To weigh with sunken eyes the lack of bullion for paper money
Into each tattered pocket drop slabs of gold to keep them company
During chilblained nights of growling intestinal acrimony
That is, if ever I were the Keeper of the keys to the Treasury
And even if I never had no country

VIII

If ever I had a country
And if ever I were cast in the role of the Night Soil Men
I'd make certain every caste citizen got a taste of it
No use pretending you don't know what I really mean
It's the stuff caste-men push down gullets with spicy relish
And let blast off galore trumpets and bassoons at full throttle
That is, if ever I were cast in the role of the Night Soil Men
And even if I never had no country

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IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY - continued

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY...

V

If ever I had a country
And if I were the Minister of Justice
I'd keep an open eye on covert fascist lechers
To arraign dodgers from witch sick woman's clutches
Who annul marriages the Holy See blesses
To mask her lewd tantrums in the Secret Services
That is, if ever I were the Minister of Justice
And even if I never had no country

VI

If ever I had a country
And if I were the Home Secretary
I'd make all secret files on all dignitaries
An open book on the art of rape incest or adultery
Pedophily sodomy perversity y compris
Not to mention lodge-keepers' skulduggery
That is, if ever I were the Home Secretary
And even if I never had no country

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Villanelle: On listening to Al Di Meola, John McLaughlin and Paco de Lucia - June 12, 1980

Villanelle : On listening to Al Di Meola, John McLaughlin and Paco de Lucia
Concert - June 12, 1980

Tico Tico swallows tumbling in the frisky air
Round and round in Rondenôs whisk sparrows
Paco aloof in Andauzian tempo Malaguena rare

Piroueting incisive onrush cascades bare
No strings wave upon wave in strict sweeping rows
Tico Tico swallows tumbling in the frisky air

John abeting Al to shake free from Camaron dare
The tsunami shaking out of the Devil's maws
Paco aloof in Andaluzian tempo Malaguena rare

All argumentative cursing beginning no-where
Irascible abrasive rabid racy tune soars
Tico Tico swallows tumbling in the frisky air

Torrential currents let John loose in manic scare
That Al contests entraps in torrid lassoes
Paco aloof in Andaluzian tempo Malaguena rare

This salmagundi of virtuoso notes snare
One and all from the caverns of Sleepy Hollows
Tico Tico swallows tumbling in the frisky air
Paco aloof in Andaluzian tempo Malaguena rare

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IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY

IF EVER I HAD A COUNTRY...

I

If ever I had a country
And if I were but a low-paid Judge
I'd mind every line and leaf of the Law
And let no one step over the Bench
Nor will I let any Law-Maker
Break but a word of his
That is, if I were just a judge
And even if I never had no country

II

If ever I had a country
And I were but a common policeman
No matter how lean my native shores
I'd patrol the streets at all hours
Citizens, nay, immigrants too, behind unlocked doors
Will sleep the sleep of the untrammelled Just
That is, if I were even just a policeman
And even if I never had no country

III

If ever I had a country
And if I were the Chief Exec
And the hoi polloi shunned the polls
Abstentions thrice over thrust me up in office
I'd rather commit felo de se
Than as top Magistrate refuse hemlock
That is, if ever I were the Chief Exec
And even if I never had no country

IV

If ever I had a country
And if I were the Plenipotentiary
And the popular vote went to my Enemy
I'd go back to making or losing money
I'd surrender my post to run my own company
Even if it were under the company of my Enemy

That is, if I were the very Plenipotentiary
And even if I never had no country

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Random Excerpts - 2: Ice in My Eyes Smoke in Yours, A Novel

May 29, 1957: ...have to think about getting a thesis director...know no professor yet in the department...someone suggested i get hold of Derek Fogg for an intro to the big guns in the philosophisches Seminar...can't bother him too much...i like the way he lectures...lively, informative, obviously in tune with his subject, emitting an air of being on top form nearly always and always ready with an answer...someone said he too is looking for a prof to direct or rather accept his dissert on Bernard Shaw...he's been working on the man for years...he's easily the most knowledgeable on Shaw, the fin de siècle and Edwardian period...guess he knows his Shakespeare too from the constant references he makes to the master...and to Marlowe, Sheridan, Oscar Wilde, and Galsworthy ... must admit i like the man...affable, courteous, always considerate and above all open, honest, and forthright...i think he likes me too...he liked my poems...his girl though German is curiously very English...she's a demure, pretty brunette, not as tall as he is but cast in the same mould: not too lean, not too skinny, just right i'd say...she smiles naturally, looks innocent, at least without guile, no hang-ups or pretences...quiet, in any case, doesn't say much whenever i'm around and doesn't object to my presenting myself in their after all tiny Collegium Academicum room...she seems very content with her catch...wasn't she a student of his, someone said...don't know many students at the hostel... the place was meant mainly for scholarship holders and lecturers...

(...)

...and so has Nature's purpose been achieved: ETERNAL CONFLICT but in cyclic periods, the yearly seasonal changes to the Brahma Day...the YIN half of the year buckling under to the YANG half...to the Brahma Night...the BIG BANG to the BIG CRUNCH...no, no I'm afraid to the gobbling up of all matter...yes, even dark matter in the universe...and even universes through the blackest of BLACK HOLES...

...what we see is what we don't if we do not have eyes...light travels in photons always on and on without impulsion without cause until the point of mirage until the point of no return until what we see is circumscribed by reflection of what we can see up to a point... up to a point which is only verifiable with eyes...NO ONE HAS EVER COME BACK...we can never know while still alive if all this and that exists when we are not here...in any case if we see at all when we are gone, it may not necessarily be what we see while still here...all the rest is conjecture...what we see exists what we don't may still exist if we tried to see...Orion exists maybe when i see...does it exist when i'm not looking...does it matter that it exists for my life to be realised...astrologers would say yes...pork-sellers might think it a waste of time even to think of such a thing...all we know is that everything exists for us because we exist...otherwise there's no reason why anything else should be existing...everything else that is we can see...there are things that exist even if we can't see them...like dark matter...that is things exist also if we can deduce their existence...in other words we can see them because we have still eyes...but what happens when we are dead...do we continue to see...the answer to this question is simply we don't really know...it's no use if ONE Christ resurrects...can he return to say he

actually resurrected...why can't he...what's the reason...don't tell me it's not the right time yet...that he had sent his emissaries to Lourdes...all that sort of "reasoning" is conjecture or sophistry...why should there be doubt...why can't life be more certain more definitive...is it because it isn't...that it's just a mirage, an illusion MAYA...you know only what you see what you don't see you don't know is the only possible truth...all other forms of reasoning have given us the gods the faithful the priests the vendors of commodities without proof of the possession of goods...has created classes clergy castes medicine men voodoo women witches prelates churches synagogues mosques temples lodges cathedrals houses of prayer...in short power houses...in turn to keep the faithful orderly not anarchistic obedient herded together disciplined capable of communal life capable of promoting truth...their own truth...their own brand of life...their own insignia of race in the end for faith is race race is faith in the centre of masses leaving the periphery open to conversion even if races have sprung from the bushmen of the east African divide and all the languages from their click-clacking tongue-cluckers...

...are the ruba'iyats attributed to Omar Khayyam his and therefore right then...live all you can...

Excerpted from T. Wignesan. Ice in My Eyes Smoke in Yours. A Novel. Allahabad: Cyberwit.net, 2016, 672p.

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Villanelle:If everybody did everything right

Villanelle : If everybody did everything right

If everybody did everything right
No ripple on surface will world betray
Wait out the sun till bright light burn outright

Yang will marry Yin and Me-Too yin blight
No lawyers can then lead us all astray
If everybody did everything right

Workful day will succeed pleasure-filled night
E'en Lone Star will cease to reflect lone ray
Wait out the sun till bright light burn outright

Won't nations die from want of will to fight
And polls abstentions drive leaders away
If everybody did everything right

Won't ephemeral men increase in might
Who needs the Jün-tzu* the Yogi anyway
Wait out the sun till bright light burn outright

Who would underwrite life by LONE playwright
To amuse some conglomerate Milky-Way
If everybody did everything right
Wait out the sun till bright light burn outright

"The Superior Man of the Yi-Jing

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Villanelle: The only thing the masses can buy

Villanelle: The only thing the masses can buy

The only thing the masses can buy
That's not listed on the stock market
The one-way ticket out of our sky

They scrub they shine they barely e'er cry
With no bats to defend their wicket
The only thing the masses can buy

Marx and Engels tried to tell them why
Yet unions all the reasons forget
The one-way ticket out of our sky

Best show on earth watch democrat ploy
Big Ben Speaker cry "ORDER" and fidget
The only thing the masses can buy

Yet the masses sell votes on the sly
To slice bi-cameral house in secret
The one-way ticket out of our sky

Duped by spam tv fearful and shy
See they why Socrates kicked the bucket*
The only thing the masses can buy
The one-way ticket out of our sky

* "The trial of Socrates (399 BC) was held to determine the philosopher's guilt of two charges: asebeia (impiety) against the pantheon of Athens, and corruption of the youth of the city-state; the accusers cited two impious acts by Socrates: "failing to acknowledge the gods that the city acknowledges" and "introducing new deities".

The death sentence of Socrates was the legal consequence of asking politico-philosophic questions of his students, from which resulted the two accusations of moral corruption and of impiety. At trial, the majority of the dikasts (male-citizen jurors chosen by lot) voted to convict him of the two charges; then, consistent with common legal practice, voted to determine his punishment, and agreed to a sentence of death to be executed by Socrates's drinking a poisonous beverage of hemlock." (Source Wikipedia)

Random Excerpts from Ice in my Eyes, Smoke in Yours - A Novel

"Hey, you philosophysing Hindu. Give me a break, Buddy. I was just pulling your leg. [...] I want the rest of the story. Really, I mean it." Theson said nothing. [...] "I can see you're mad at me. I was only clowning to get you out of there. You realize how long we were in there? The Mensa closes at three." "Really, there's nothing much more to say. I don't know how I fell for your faked eagerness...[...]. I don't know if you're serious about Krishnamurti either."

"No, really, I swear on my mother's head. I'm dead serious. I want to know all you can tell me about the Baagvedgittaa or what d'ya call it." He came closer to Theson as they got out of the building. "Do ya want me to stand on my head to prove that I mean business? That I'm damned sorry about it all. Hey, Buddy? Then, here goes!" he announced, and proceeded to take the position of the shirshasana yogic posture right there in the middle of the entrance to the Mensa building. Dev interlocked his fingers, knelt down, lowered his head, placed his palms on the crown of his head, and was just about to pivot his legs up and above his head when Theson held his legs and brought him down. Some students who stood nearby in little groups of twos and threes turned to look at them. They probably must have thought Dev was preparing to perform his afternoon prayer, facing Mecca, but then he was facing northwest while crouching down and would only have faced southeast if he could have completed the yogic posture.

"Okay, I give in. Let's go sit there. There... under that tree," urged Theson and directed him by the arm towards an aging oak tree.

...how long does it take to live one life...learn the lessons of a lifetime...find the time to live...find the time to sort things out...know what you did was wrong...know in whom lay the blame...what court hears your plea over your unwanted unwilling birth...who is there to tell you here is where you went wrong in the choices you made...take you by the hand and tell you this is not your making...this is all a dream...a dream that'll never come true... what... is the maker a masochist...to what enduring purpose have you been asked to join the rest... would you want sex if you knew who you would put into this world... is there a crime more despicable than the life you engender into a world you cannot foresee... can you live as long as your progeny to protect them from the torture your genes prepare them for... can you provide for the unforeseen... for the dark that awaits you...your own faults visited on someone else you could never have conceived in thought...since the yonder is dark unknowable for all you know empty... why continue... what ultimate purpose aeons from now affects you... is there a purpose to purpose...we search and search and see far enough only to be told we are getting closer and closer to the truth... nearer and nearer to the eternal truth... the one single formula to explain it all... the unified theory of theories... only to be told in between lie the dark matter the black holes three times the known dimensions of worlds hidden within unfathomable dungeons of universes buried

beyond sight beyond thought... all exploding colliding intermingling intersecting in the unreachable distance that may have been but never probably was...that the infinitely tiniest world releases the infinitely bigbangish universe... who is to believe we're going anywhere... who is to believe we are going some place...can you conceive of anything of anybody of anybeing of any self-making engine who/which can create an ounce of space let alone the mighty exploding skies hidden within atoms... can you conceive of a plan so complex so minute so self-propagating so complete so thorough from time immemorial to time eternal from the ends of the endless space which could have inhabited some mighty self-sufficient all-mightiness...and yet it is true... it must be true...how else can you explain this eternal laila this eternal ephemerality this eternal dance...nadarajah stomping twisting flailing his six arms in all six pairs of eye-directions...siva the destroyer...siva the adept dancer...siva the twelve to twenty-nine strings dancing vibrating in dimensions unseen to the eye... IT is there to be seen and be wondered at to be felt and to be suffered to be thought of and to keep thinking about to be befuddled about and to be flabbergasted about to know that IT exists... touch yourself and you touch the IT... think you're touching and you're the IT thinking... but spread your fingers and cry abracadabra... no matter materializes no ready-made canvass no finished book no symphony drops from your hand... is this a mystery... is this a joke... if i'm part of the IT why is there no nothing at my command... are we then part of the IT... can we be part of the IT... or is the IT split into smithereens no more the IT... no more the creating preserving destroying omnipotent IT the dancing Nadarajah the thundering Rudra the wailing Vayu the slaughtering Kali the admonishing Krishna the cool beneficent Vishnu...is the IT then in need of its sundered parts...must we all come to gather come together to save the IT and put IT back into place... put IT back in ITS self-conceiving womb never again to see the light of the Brahma Day...is the IT in need of all the consciousnesses IT split into to constitute ITS once inconceivable consciousness...is this the Christian redemption... is this the Mohamedan heaven watered by streams of milk by date-palm oases to the sound of the singing of seventy-two virgins... is this the Buddhist nirvana... is this the Taoist-Stoic submission to the ways of Nature...if not what purpose is there to a finishing finite world... what purpose is there to extending a quest for betterment when the Aztec sun drunk with human blood never rises again...when suns quasars galaxies universes are all doomed to be exploded out of their orbits... what purpose to so much human suffering and animal and insect and plant degradation...

(c) T. Wignesan. Ice in my Eyes Smoke in Yours. Allahabad: Cyberwit, 2016, 672p.

Villanelle:Who has it the way he or she wants it

Villanelle : Who has it the way he or she wants it

for Stephen Hawking, à dieu !

Who has it the way he or she wants it
Unless the World's mistaken : not e'en Trump
Maybe Dalai Lama's got the secret

Pats Amanpour on the cheek and lumps it
But Net-Any-Ahoos ride high during slump
Who has it the way he or she wants it

E'en Brits have hard time trying to Brexit
With Putin vying with Xi to dump Trump
Maybe Dalai Lama's got the secret

E'en the hard-sweating man seldom makes it
Try as he might someone grips on to rump
Who has it the way he or she wants it

ANZAC NATO and what you may call it
All contrive to keep small nations in dump
Maybe Dalai Lama's got the secret

Out of the Black Hole alas Hawking made it
Now all we've got : World according to Grump
Who has it the way he or she wants it
Maybe Dalai Lama's got the secret

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Villanelle: If you think you think and not feel your thoughts invade

Villanelle : If you think you think and not feel your thoughts invade

For Mozart's solo piano in Concertos Nos. 20 & 22, K466 & K482 (1785)

If you think you think and not feel your thoughts invade
The conscious via sub-conscious tease unconscious
Tingling dulcet chords chased by strings through cascade

If you think you think your ideas in stockade
Echoed by winds second cousins vertiginous
If you think you think and not feel your thoughts invade

Aeons of whistling neurones make myriad aubade
Flutes clarinets horns bassoons trumpets flirtatious
Tingling dulcet chords chased by strings through cascade

Runaway scales submerge thoughts mind not fingers made
The conscious giving in to outpouring rushes
If you think you think and not feel your thoughts invade

Surrender will till tortuous arguments fade
Cascading chords bully strings winds unconscious
Tingling dulcet chords chased by strings through cascade

If doubts till unborn day ne'er will sink nor downgrade
Hark not to high extra-mundane Art grown luscious
If you think you think and not feel your thoughts invade
Tingling dulcet chords chased by strings through cascade

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Villanelle: It's all been said said better and bolder before

Villanelle : It's all been said said better and bolder before

It's all been said said better and bolder before
Worse now most repeat over and over again
No shibboleths now to test smooth words more hollow

Those who trouble not to delve into sages yore
Make not but weak links in the derivative chain
It's all been said said better and bolder before

Those who toiled without e'en recompense for valour
Toiled for insights ripped out of seething guts in pain
No shibboleths now to test smooth words more hollow

Homer Murasaki Valmiki Boccaccio
Gilgamesh Beowulf Pillow Sei Shonagon
It's all been said said better and bolder before

How much the " creative " writing courses ignore
Those whose suffering wrought talents in deep dungeon
No shibboleths now to test smooth words more hollow

The reign of digital maths spells poiein woe
Business minds now serve as mid-wives during birth-pain
It's all been said said better and bolder before
No shibboleths now to test smooth words more hollow

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Villanelle: Do Evil People know why they're so

Villanelle Do Evil People know why they're so

" Evil people resemble the Gods in that
They too may do as they please. "

From the Thirukural*

(Cf. T. Wignesan. The Thiruk-Kural of Thiru-Valluvar. The Secular Yogi in the Temple. Allahabad : Cyberwit.net, 2018, p. 75.)

Do Evil People know why they're so
For if it weren't for them will Life not end
Who puts to test the Good must Evil sow

If all the World were Yang will any know
The purpose of our existence sans end
Do Evil People know why they're so

Must not Evil People pay the price and go
To another world earned karma to spend
Who puts to test the Good must Evil sow

See you not why the Yin multiply more
The Yang isolated stand yet defend
Do Evil People know why they're so

They prance they dance they lord it and richer grow
In their heart of hearts not by courage mend
Who puts to test the Good must Evil sow

Ask not why we must thus by Fate endure
Either this or with endless boredom contend
Do Evil People know why they're so
Who puts to test the Good must Evil sow.

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Limerick crochets: Once a Teacher who didn't like school

Lmerick crochétés : Once a Teacher who didn't like school

Once a Teacher who didn't like school
Since his kids kept calling him a fool
Wished to do himself in
Lost control of discipline
All day his class looked like a swimming pool

To this Land of the Bow and Arrow
Came Settlers blasting hip pistols two
They shot their way Far West
Taught the Injuns what quest
In Alexander's conquests wasn't tabou

Then the Rifle Association
Triggered Trump to top the Nation
" Arm all teachers, " he said.
" Boost rifle sales - the Dead
Will bless the use of Ultime Unction ! "

With books the Teach packed solitary weapon
Hidden under the school's emblem apron
Kids laughed loud nonetheless
To see Teacher fearless
Till Terrorist at window broke open

Criss-crossed class red-hot streaking bullets
Kids dived under desks yells burst gullets
Some clung to the Teach's vest
Others hid behind broad chest
Struggled he to match bullet for bullets

Full square the singeing flare ripped his chest
Till rounds automatic echoed the West
Some say his looks bereaved
Looked very much relieved
Like a scion for his kids gave his Life's best.

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Villanelle: How much is how near enough and yet not much

Villanelle: How much is how near enough and yet not much

How much is how near enough and yet not much
The measure of the cup is what the hand grabs
Must the common man pay the price or all go Dutch

Some take more than what is their share in one clutch
Most really take what comes trickling down for grabs
How much is how near enough and yet not much

Many such grow up never knowing what is much
Nor how the rich few make an art out of nabs
Must the common man pay the price or all go Dutch

Most make up the legions who for others march
Those who run the State run it for magnate flabs
How much is how near enough and yet not much

Big fish eat shoals of small fish all in one munch
And the bigger they get all the smaller nags
Must the common man pay the price or all go Dutch

Yet everyone wants to dangle from the high hatch
E'en when there's nothing much the Nation brags
How much is how near enough and yet not much
Must the common man pay the price or all go Dutch

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Limerick crochets: Once a band of non-hearing sans abri

Limerick crochetés: Once a band of non-hearing sans abri*

Once a band of non-hearing sans abri*
Camped on the banks of a highway free
Full score years stopped traffic
Begged at lights electric
Police scrapped their dear home sans country

Held on to rubbish rolls quilts rags these gents
While township lords robbed them of their tents
Down where reinforced slabs
Pylons concrete bridge sags
To nurse their punctured pride clogged-up vents

All day all night long year in year out
The crunch of tires on tarmac clout
Their senses ear-drums numb
Drive them sick deaf and dumb
Yet none up high see why they hold out

None see them cook none see them strip wash
Morning day and night wrapped up in their mush
Tipsy turvy happy
For them our world's at sea
Espy passers-by their eyes in ambush

Yet sleep they the sleep pure in spirit
But those in power who at them spit
Would put'em in HLM*
Blot them out overwhelm
Insomniac quiet sure'll kill'em no bit !

•"sans abri" : French for "destitute, those without shelter"

•"HLM": French abbreviation for "tenement flats of the lowest social scale"

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Limerick crochets: Once North Koreans joined South cousins

Limerick crochets: Once North Koreans joined South cousins

**Once North Koreans joined South cousins
Agreed to let drop divisive sins
Formed one team ice-hockey
Won bronze not so lucky
Each side said: "Not for US, no side wins!"**

**Both sides appealed to prize committee
Some judges with none could agree:
"South on its own could win
Gold!" said Pence swilling gin
Kim Jong-un said: "No, Siree!"**

**"Next time round we'll stage World Jamboree
South will pay for nukes in joint country!
Not cash but solid gold
Stand on launching pad bold
Remember who stood by US in '53!"**

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Limerick crochets: Once Japanese couple from USA

Limerick crochets: Once Japanese couple from USA

**Once Japanese couple from USA
Skated to stardom near Tokyo Bay
Japanese throbbed waived flag
To recall champions snag
America gives no Trump cards away**

**Not even smiles nor acknowledgement
Watching one tier below Kim Jong-un
Sister looks down on Pence
Even Quest can't fix fence
Waiting for fireworks after Pyeongchang**

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Limerick crochets: Once our Senorita from Sevilla

Limerick crochetés: Once our Señorita from Sevilla – XV

Once our Señorita from Sevilla
Came to Paris on a flotilla
She stepped out on high deck
Slipped and twisted her neck
Guess what happened to her mantilla

She stood under five metres flood pour
Couldn't help but gulp Seine while she swore
Dreamed of Paris fiesta
During noon freeze siesta
But the wine tasted nothing like Dior

So to set sail called her Armada
Up Thames to sip with Liz II limonada
Head hit by Tower Bridge
Due to thawed Arctic fridge
Flamencoes with Raleigh in Andromeda

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Limerick crochets: Once MidEast refugee hijacked plane

Limerick crochétés: Once Mid-East refugee hi-jacked plane
Once Mid-East refugee hijacked plane
At Heathrow Airport without much pain
Set course for Florida
Down Gulf Stream danced salsa
O'er Bermuda Triangle lost brain

Raised head in parallel universe
Where everybody spoke only in verse
Shakespeare just a mere page
At beck and call of Sage
Who rode on a flying-trapeze hearse

Walt Whitman why whipped hard ten times tight
For turning fine-tuned verse e'er so slight
Beat poets all sweat caned
Their howls and growls un-maned
Ginsberg last seen dropping out of sight

Harriet Monroe drowned in P-Soup
To lay P-Foundation nin.com poop
Rhyme and dine for a dime
At Multi-Verse win prime
Refugees now cross Atlantic in sloop

At P-Soup Port they re-fuel with port
Learn how to parse clichés sans rapport
Great poems like Hardy's
Drivel from their panties
"America" refugees sing out!

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Porto Vecchio, Julien Dore's Song Translated by T Wignesan

« Porto-Vecchio », song by Julien Doré

(Note : If there's a melody that can slither/sail past the ear-drums imperceptibly and settle permanently in the hypothalamus, this's it. The sustained tempo in a low key and the husky but soothing and infinitesimally modulating whispered tones of the songster set in a tropical town on a promontary overlooking a crystal-clear blue-water bay where a sloop glides as if through the doldrums add to the charm of the sweet sadness which pervades this song. Yes, the lyrics and refrain, too, are equally mesmerising, but the magic of the melody and the words is in the expletives : « ah ah... Ah ah... » --- it gets you till all your defences are down ! There's a dulled and lulled moment in the song when Julien Doré dives into the deep, and his pet dog hesitates whether or not to join him, but he cannot find his master, look as long as he may... Just try the clip for a change ! For the moment, it's all the rage on CStar channel. Or try mp3.) T. Wignesan

[Couplet 1]

La lumière est divine sur le Porto-Vecchio
Les nuages et le spleen ont tatoué ma peau
Je ne pars pas, je nage dans le murmure des vagues
J'ai laissé ton nom et mon cœur sur la plage
Ah, ah

(Stanza 1)

Divine is the light over Porto-Vecchio
The clouds and spleen have tattooed my complexion
I do not (wish to) leave, I swim (floating) through the murmur of the waves
I have abandoned your name and my heart on the beach
Ah, ah

[Refrain]

Un soupir se dessine sur le Porto-Vecchio
Immortelle, assassine, te voilà sortie des flots
Je ne pleure pas, je nage dans le murmure des vagues, ah
J'ai oublié ton nom et ton corps sur la plage
Ah, ah, ah

(Refrain)

A sigh sketches itself over Porto-Vecchio
Immortal, crucified, here you are come out of the deep
Ah
I cry not, I swim (floating) in the murmur of the waves,

I don't remember your name nor your body on the beach
Ah, ah, ah

[Couplet 2]

Tu m'as lâché la main sur le Porto-Vecchio
Je souris au venin qui me brûlait le dos
Je ne pleure pas, je nage dans l'océan de flammes, ah
Pour oublier ton corps, pour mieux tourner la page
Ah, ah

(Stanza 2)

You let go of my hand over Porto-Vecchio
I smile at (the thought of) the poison which kept burning my back
(See) I cry not, I swim through the ocean of flames, ah
In order better to forget your body, to better turn the page
Ah, ah

[Pont]

Je reviendrai demain sur le Porto-Vecchio
Pour oublier ta main et le goût de ta peau, ah

(Bridge)

Return I will tomorrow to Porto-Vecchio
(In order) Not to remember your hand and the taste of your skin, ah

[Refrain]

Tu m'as lâché la main sur le Porto-Vecchio
Je souris au venin qui me brûlait le dos
Je ne pleure pas, je nage dans l'océan de flammes, ah
Pour oublier ton corps, pour mieux tourner la page
Ah, ah, ah

(Refrain)

You let go of my hand over Porto-Vecchio
I smile at (the thought of) the poison which kept burning my back
(See) I cry not, I swim through the ocean of flames, ah
In order better to forget your body, to better turn the page
Ah, ah

Limericks crochetes: Once in quest of just a lost penny

Limerick: Once in quest of just a lost penny

Once in quest of just a lost penny
Found at Tumble-Weed Hotel ha' penny
Played Trump cards Stock Exchange
Now never short of change
Bought Sea Anne-Anne: Quest now not so funny!

So he thought of making more money
Changed his name to Quaid-il-Swamy
Found in Red Sea oil-gold
Drained Sea Anne-Anne all told
Now Quest's back all for just a ha' penny!

All day we hear story of penny
Penny dropped by woman in a hurry
If Quest means good business
Quest not lest you make mess
Till Sea Anne-Anne Quest really marry!

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The PUNISHER and the PunishEd

The Punisher and the PunishEd

I

The Punisher needs the Punishéd to punish
(Will anyone argue this point)
That is: Who will the Punisher punish
If He had no-one to pinpoint
Unless He punishes Himself
And since we are all per se the Punishéd
We must all be part and parcel of the Same-Self
Why then punish Himself/Ourselves
Some would say: for sado-masochistic reasons
Others: if He didn't do that
What would He do with Himself
If only to amuse Himself
Create never-ending limitless demonic Purusha universes
The antithesis of Himself
That would produce and re-produce Itself/Themselves
A never-ending cheap television series
The Brahma Day followed by an extinguishing Brahma Night
Dissipate boredom
Alternate the Yang and the Yin
One up One down ad infinitum
Time for the Brahman creation
Time for the Vishnu preservation
Time for the Siva destruction
Le théâtre de l'Absurde
The Myth of Sisyphus
The cavernous cries of those who writhe and rage
Le théâtre de la Cruauté
Die Verfremde Effekt
The Punisher embracing the Punishéd
Playing to an empty Brechtian house
Who watches us: squirm squirt squeal
A magic-lantern Khayyam show
The winding caravan heading for a Shangri-la blinded by sand
Dogs who bark turned to stone

II

The Punisher wields the stick
The Punishéd stickless flees the stick

Fiddlesticks

What if the Punished also wields a stick

Sticks

Then you have conflict

But for the divine right to a bigger stick

The Puppeteer and the Puppet

The Trumpeter and the Tyrant

The Tortionneur and the Funambulist

The Union of Fifty-Sticks waiting for Brexit

One more over-used and bloodied stick

III

The Punisher justifies the need to punish the Punished

KARMA serves to ease the conscience

Of both the Punisher and the Punished

Makes Yang feel stronger than the Yin

Makes the just punishment a case for outright win

The Punished needs to feel he's fulfilling a debt

Hamartia come into its own: make no mistake

For some mindless mistake in some irredeemable moment

Assuage some masochistic phobia in the memory crypt

Watch the virtuous Yang bite the dust

And wonder if this up-side-down world

Makes any sense to the Just

IV

Which Playwright would think up such a forlorn plot

To drive all actors on stage down the trap-door shut

Do not particles aimless in the Primal Soup

By trial and error

Wrap on centillion Hawking key-boards

The perfect Greek tragedy

Sans Deus ex machina

Make the fate of all mankind

A matter of mindful matter

No man be so bad

As be by his role forbade

To assume a role

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2017

Villanelle: Everything takes time: take not time by the forelock

Villanelle: Everything takes time: take not time by the forelock

Everything takes time: take not time by the forelock
Whether in deference to the past's foiled efforts
The tingling ergot fires our desires do unlock

Rye clavicus purpurea our joints dislock
Till the soil of our conscience deeper than roots
Everything takes time: take not time by the forelock

Eastern sky pyrotechnics rude rockets won't mock
In deference to witches' brews sharp mandrake roots
The tingling ergot fires our desires do unlock

Infernal fires rage on in limbs of mad rock
Gargled warnings in the larvae spouting cheroots
Everything takes time: take not time by the forelock

Is that Bosch who will St Anthony's fall not baulk
Memories of charred instant byres turned to soots
The tingling ergot fires our desires do unlock

Took thirteen point eight billion years to make a lark
How many to buy back twenty-one eight trillion debts
Everything takes time: take not time by the forelock
The tingling ergot fires our desires do unlock

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Lyrics of Bigflo and Oli's DOMMAGE: What a Pity, Translated by T Wignesan

Lyrics of Bigflo & Oli's hit song, Dommage: "T'is a Pity!" Translated by T. Wignesan

<https://bigfloetoli.lnk.to/LaVraieVie>

(Two brothers: Florian (the elder with the "Big" prefix) and Olivio ORDONEZ, born and raised in music from an early age in Toulouse by their musician father, have only - one might say - recently come out of their teens, but have already made it up high in the charts with the likes of Katy Perry and gang on CStar and other channels featuring rap. They have just brought out their second album, and to all intents and purposes, it would seem, determined to rage all over the pop world with their cheeky straight-faced comic clips and savoir-faire. Here's a sample of their catchy and infectious lyrics, for a start - if "they" will not mind.

I have not tried to force the rhymes in my rendering though.)

Louis takes the bus as usual every morn
Walks past the same girl wrapt in sweet perfume
If only she'd come to talk, he keeps hoping every day
What he feels deep down is what they call love
But Louis, he's timid
And the girl, she's so beautiful
He dares not budge, he's stuck to his seat
Once she deigned to smile at him while alighting
And ever since that fateful day, he hasn't laid eyes on her again.

Refrain

Ah He ought to have taken the initiative, ought to have made the move
Believe me
They all said: 'Ah! What a pity! Ah! What a shame! That surely was his last chance!'

Yasmine has a great voice, she knows she's well-endowed
During the tempests of her life, music served to buoy her
Exposed to her melodious strains, the world would fawn at her feet
But her father kept insisting, "find yourself a true calling"
Sometimes she imagines herself lit up by projector lights
Showered on stage with applause and the target of bouquets
But Yasmine has gone all rusty, trapped by routine

Though sometimes she bursts out singing on the factory line

Refrain

Ah She ought to have taken the initiative, ought to have made the move
Believe me

They all said: 'Ah! What a pity! Ah! What a shame! That surely was her last chance!'

Diego stays sunk slumped in his settee
And he scolds his little brother for walking past the télé
His buddies had all gone out, he didn't join them
Often he finds himself alone with only the moon to keep him company
Diego is downcast, he lets the night bypass him
He feels depressed for not having found the girl of his life
"But, my poor Diego, you can't be more mistaken
That was the evening you were destined to meet her!"

Refrain

Ah He ought to have taken the initiative, ought to have made the move
Believe me

They all said: 'Ah! What a pity! Ah! What a shame! That surely was his last chance!'

Pauline she's discreet, she forgets she's beautiful
Covered all over her body shades of the colour of sky
Her husband will soon be home, she'd rather not let the thought bother
When he takes her hand, for sure it's not to make her dance
She recalls the day at the Town Hall the decision she took
The afternoon when she packed all her belongings
She had a future, a son to bring up
After the last dance, she has never been able to pull herself up

Refrain

Ah He ought to have taken the initiative, ought to have made the move
Believe me

They all said: 'Ah! What a pity! Ah! What a shame! That surely was his last chance!'

BETTER to endure feelings of remorse than to harbour regrets
BETTER to endure feelings of remorse than to harbour regrets
BETTER to endure feelings of remorse than to harbour regrets
BETTER to endure feelings of remorse THAT's the secret

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2017

Villanelle: Envy or disdain which the slave-master of pain

Villanelle: Envy or disdain which the slave-master of pain

Life is an arrow stuck in the flesh - ask not WHY nor WHEREFROM, made of WHAT
nor HOW
just tend to the wound.
THE BUDDHA, the Enlightened ONE

Envy or disdain which the slave-master of pain
Yet the many dote on the media-made stars
Do States rest immune to the hell they wreak insane

The secret of success lies in bearing with bane
Every ego seeks to exact lost largesse wars
Envy or disdain which the slave-master of pain

Disdain's the god-daughter of envy when inane
Everything serves to mask one's failed hard-worked chores
Do States rest immune to the hell they wreak insane

Disdain feeds on high gnarled puritain racial gain
Such egos as stand not other ethnic higher scores
Envy or disdain which the slave-master of pain

Can the State be envious of Citizen Kane
Or just the giant voice on radio Star Wars
Do States rest immune to the hell they wreak insane

Would the Enlightened One deem today's scene stark vain
Is the wound self-inflicted or caused by our stars
Envy or disdain which the slave-master of pain
Do States rest immune to the hell they wreak insane

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Unquotable Quotes VIIL: SEXUAL HARASSMENT - the feminist kind

Unquotable Quotes VIIIL : SEXUAL HARASSMENT* - the feminist kind

(*"aggressive pressure or intimidation": Is it really "any different" in most cases in the act, judging by Hollywood standards?)

STOP: ARREST ALL GIRLS

- standing with legs apart on street-corners
- sitting with knees exposed on bar stools
- lolling with or without protruding bosoms at traffic lights or bus-stops
- swaying hips on high stilts on zebra crossings
- strolling with transparent bikinis on beaches
- reclining one eye shut and jutting exposed legs on airplane aisles
- climbing with bottoms stretched on mountain faces
- cavorting in up-side-down-T during figure skating championships
- gymnasts tumbling on mattresses in Olympic contests
- Lolitas copying the alphabet with contorted limbs on swinging rings
- getting ready for the shower under spot lights curtain less
- with or without swim suits doing the breast stroke
- behind high counters with low neck-lines
- with un-buttoned uniforms in the armed forces
- press-secretaries with false eye-brows and mascara on eyelashes
- showing off sets of false teeth under aesthetically shaped noses
- after school giggling and disturbing the peace as they pass you
- including police women with condescendingly beautiful looks
- and wives who open and slam windows while you pass under them

YES, ARREST ALL DAMES

- and all women teachers who entice male students with high marks
- y compris grandmothers
- all queens who learn Hindustani from servants for no higher pay
- and shop-assistants who caress your palm with short-change
- APHRO-dites who make you foam at the mouth
- and the three witches made Macbeth fear not none of woman-born
- and Lady Macbeth for inciting her Lord to usurp the crown
- and Juliet for not letting Romeo know before quaffing the potion
- and Gwyneth for turning Tom Boy to entice the lovesick Shakespeare
- and Judy Dench for aiding and abetting the actress

ARREST ALL VAUDEVILLE and CAN-CAN GIRLS

- for throwing up in your face while you let drip Vermouth on your lace
- all models who parade cat-walk side-walks
- y compris those spruced up in cocoons beside husbands at summits

- all women heads of states who rub cheeks to warm starved breasts
- y compris Brezhnev and Krushchev for preferring lips to cheeks
- y compris aboriginal chiefs who tickle noses with spiked lips
- and all sex-starved women who bellow at your bad jokes

ARREST ALL

- bitches mares felines who lick you to leave sticky needle-sharp furs
- she-goats with beards for masquerading as kid-bearing moms
- all mares for braying like donkeys
- all race jockeys for riding bare-back
- all lionesses for throwing up their fore-and-hind legs after a night of...
- all elephants who unfurl and dig trunks looking for nuts in holes
- all crocodiles for looking all one and the same
- all apes for aping humans in the act

ARREST

- all secretaries who stoop to pick up their bosses pencils with mouths
- all sportswomen who roll with pain on the turf without shame
- all rugger-women who tear to shreds their partners shorts in scrums
- all tennis-women who sprawl between sets to earn free thigh massage
- all women cyclists whose hinds swallow up seats

ARREST ALL GIRLS

- riding in the METRO/UNDERGROUND or BUSES during the rush-hour for they can all potentially sue the men who squeeze them all without - YES - wanting or not wanting to every time the trains or buses jog and pull away at every station or through midway change of speed

ARREST ALL CONNIVING GIRLS

- who stoop low in search of dropped coins in super-market queues
 - who suck lollipops at bus-stops and railway platforms for exercise
 - all damsels in distress on deserted roads and by-lanes
 - all toughs who kick-start their motor-cycles over and over again
 - all wanton who want-men for being so darned bloody beautiful and giving-off so much un-merited pleasure - just to be looked at - in such a dreary world without relief without hope if not for their cunning cuddles, caressing coaxes, carefree cavorting and courting curses!

ARREST THEM ALL and PUT US ALL IN THE SELF-SAME DEN so that we can continue to be harassed by them SANS END !

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2017

Villanelle: Too late too few the tears she sheds on cradle

Villanelle: Too late too few the tears she sheds on cradle

Too late too few the tears she sheds on cradle

Bosom-fed mouths sing no tame lullabies

Innocence raped in the womb heeds no fable

Each child on its own must its life enable

Who would re-crush the seed ram the egg with lies

Too late too few the tears she sheds on cradle

Bad enough the baby's plucked through tight stable

Wrapped in a putrid bag stink slime stuck on eyes

Innocence raped in the womb heeds no fable

Animals all trained to rut machos enable

None sneak in on the sly sans broken horn tries

Too late too few the tears she sheds on cradle

No engine smokes to cut lifeblood off cable

Nor let pistons lockstep shunt through torrid sties

Innocence raped in the womb heeds no fable

Monsters all baked in ovens below navel

No use pretending we are the scions of skies

Too late too few the tears she sheds on cradle

Innocence raped in the womb heeds no fable

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IF YOU THINK YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE

IF YOU THINK YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE...

"A quiet and modest life," says he in German, the most successful of them/us all, "brings more joy than a pursuit of success bound with constant unrest."

Albert Einstein's hand-written tip to a courier at the Imperial Hotel
Tokyo, November 1922

If you think you're the only one to record the way the world's run
Know that every top's naked spun when the wrapped string's outrun
Everyone's in such a hurry to step out of this collapsing quandary
Even if the one and only query is left without comforting certainty

Everybody wants a piece of posterity to be part of everlasting history
Even at the cost of mimicry if only to keep shoring up sheer vanity

Fire burns out in an empty shell the way the poem slim content quell
Who reads for meaning to feel well means to read more feeling swell
Roads lead to where one wants to go, lines come to an end in vertigo
To each ego own voice sounds best, who renounces the will but hobo

Tell this to a Cervantes five years in quarries after the Battle of Lepanto
Confront Dostoevski with firing squad again after four years in Siberia
Tear Theo from Van Gogh's bosom after Gauguin's bullish loud hysteria
Tease Mozart in his deathbed with the sleepless scores of his concerto

There's no quiet in a modest life for billions will step eager on your face
Our world honours the sham strong the phoney the fake the half-baked
The weak work all day not to crave success but to fend off all disgrace
No true mother harassed by rape abandons the baby for rapists' sake

Success is always drenched in sweat except for those fils de Putes
Who inherited the earth long before the oldest profession followed suit

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2017

IF YOU WERE FOOL ENOUGH TO

IF YOU WERE FOOL ENOUGH TO...

If you were fool enough to ask me things that better be
What I'd rather do twiddle-doo twiddle-dee if I were free

Yes, if you lived in a caved-in sagging igloo like our Magoo
I'd say go to sleep thinking of sweet Sue in downy mildew

Suck honey sirupy through wildly singing tulip stalks
Wake up on clouds fluffy where this world ne'er baulks

Better be listening to long King Crimson aubades fade
Than bang through Doors the mashed ear-drum brigade

Toss through worlds where logico-tractatus makes sense
Than watch elected hypocrites lipservice nuclear rea mens

Who would grudge me leave fuming in contours cannabis
Away from all this ritual rigmarole: watch praying-mantis

Mount your own back to munch your own squirting penises
What a donna-wetter way to perpetuate the human species

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2017

Eric Mottram's The Cat Sat on the Mat Translated by T Wignesan

Translation of Eric Mottram's The Cat Sat on the Mat, La chatte s'est assise sur la natte by T. Wignesan

(Unless I'm sorely mistaken, this's EM's first published poem: Poetry Magazine/Poetry Foundation, Chicago, February 1959, pp. 306-307.)

La chatte s'est assise sur la natte

Assise sur ses hanches de la souche de vin elle
Evoque la loi de trépied
Et elle lance son quatrième jambe
En la direction des parasites
La partie supérieur de son cou blanc: un habile
Petit coup obsessionnel de ses muscles fins

Le soleil se palisse. Des plats nuages font tourner
La voile brumeuse sous le ciel.
A la limite maniaque du pivot
De sa vibrante crise sans fin
De son grattement elle s'arrête et fixe son regard
De ses paires d'étangs du sens aux teints vertes

Elle s'est enfermée en rejetant
Mon sens d'empathie pour son état de dépression.
Des marées précoces de la panique
Ravagent mes pores et secouent
Ma langue fatale pendant qu'elle
Reste tout bien protégée. Etendue à l'extrême

Dans des toiles tropiques hautaines de nerfs
Des grosses images se sont assises les jambes croisées
A l'intérieur de son crâne outré et absurde .
Une rose blanche ne peut pas croire
Que, moi, je l'ai vu désintégrer.
Des lianes s'adhèrent dans son coeur,

L'impulsion se montre sans même une parole.
Sa jambe obsessionnelle s'est sauté dès son coeur
Et le mythe silencieux en forme de bec
De son amour s'apparaît en se remontrant
Prenant entièrement pour proie le nez et l'aine
L'isotype* de Venus dans son sang.

(Note: * probably an error for “isotope”.)

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2017

Translation of Eric Mottram's A Faithful Private - 7 -excerpts from Notes on Poetics by T Wignesan

Translation of Eric Mottram's A Faithful Private 7 with excerpts from "Notes on Poetics" by T. Wignesan

(Note: With this post, I bring to a close EM's pamphlet collection: Faithful Private, GENERA editions by Colin Simms, issue 13 (Place:?), 1976, n.p. Translation of No. 6: "Courbet, Elegy 8" I had already posted up on September 26, 2017.

EM's "Notes on Poetics" appeared in The Journal of Comparative Poetics, Vol. I, n° 1 (Paris), 1989, pp. 37-44. Founder-Editor: T. Wignesan)

"Since the 1960s poetry readings have become seriously effective event in a poet's life in Britain - that is, not some actor actorizing himself at the expense of the poet and the poem, but the interacting performance of poet, his own work and an audience. At least, in a small place. The large hall, probably these days with absurd electronic amplification, discourages interpenetration and encourages poet-demagogues, and keeps the poet apart and evasive - but, of course, some official establishment poets thrive on this, poet-laureates and the like. (...) During the 1970-1976 period when the Poetry Society, later the National Poetry Centre, in London, became for the first time a centre for truly contemporary poetry, we held regular readings, but also public interview-discussions - one poet at a time - as part of evenings billed as Poetry Information. (...) Poetry had been taken out of the classroom and the academic judgmental enclosure. (...) ...and performance also came to include the long-playing record, the cassette, and the video-tape: the poet's voice and physical presence. The speed of the poem, its sounds and rhythms were offered by their composer as part of poetry, not restricted to print typography. As with music and theatre, performance is the life of the work. Information and exchange of interests founded a poetics that could hold everything within the act of performance between writer, reader, audience and publisher. (...) Most poetry readings are recorded by someone, so that the (poet's) commentary (on his work) and the performance become part of the poem, and as it is with recorded music, readings can, and often do, vary as - with any luck - the performances increase in number. They become part of a general poetics, too: no proper account of twentieth century poetry is possible without them. Poetics is both the sound and the typographic notation - and notational forms are endless, except for the pathetically classicist." (JCL, pp. 37-38)

7.

est-ce que vous avez envie de commencer ?

n'importe où

ce que ne pas

détritus ?

le baptême est la tête sous l'eau
un prêtre coupe le sexe
un examen de sang tenu à l'hauteur du ciel
renouvelle les matériaux
autrefois les mots
une léthargie qui prévoie
à présent des parties de la vie
pas des conquêtes mais l'acceptation
des dons et ne pas de montons
ou les restes du festin
mais les feuilles d'invitation
en avançant nous échangeons des morceaux
ayant d'orgasmes dans l'un et de l'autre
comme on s'en fait avec des photos et des poèmes
sans un plafond sur vos yeux:
des trous bien définis de faite et l'ambition
contribuent à faire celui qui agisse:
à l'autorité l'acolyte et le secrétaire
caressent les poignées du pontiff
le Mohave n'est pas silencieux
vous n'arrivez pas l'entendre
pas de Kalahari en (Grande) Bretagne
en s'excluant Fleet Street
Portland Place Shepherds Bush
Great Turnstile entendu avec facilité sur chaque
signalement de rue dans la ville
si vous fermez les presses
en dehors dans la parque où Shiva
entre en tant que Herne
unis pour toujours:
partageant le beat aux couteaux:
un étranger entre dans cette verdure
les crevasses dans le vent d'antan
les mauvaises herbes dans les fissures de la ville
la glace rivet la terre à la forêt
le livre sterling on dit est en train de chuter
les banquiers mangent leur repas avec hâte
la Presse trouve plus d'actualités:
et vous connaissez-vous le remède ?
Nous oui

Translation of Eric Mottram's A Faithful Private - 5 Homage to Humphrey Jennings by T Wignesan

Translation of Eric Mottram's A Faithful Private 5 Homage to Humphrey Jennings
by T. Wignesan

for Elaine Randell

à quoi sert le talent
si l'aire la mer et la terre
pollués les eaux coulent passant un peuple
qui n'a pas
l'intention de vivre
la-bas où la pelouse
est enlevée afin de libérer d'espace
pour un homme pour qu'il augmente
son espace pendant la période
de la guerre Les feus furent allumés
un travail par un homme dans une génération livrée
au loisir sans ressentir la culpabilité:
la façon qu'ils menèrent leur vie
c'est comme ça que la revolution
commence: la pollution alors
n'aviez pas d'origine
dans leur têtes:
ils se livraient à la peinture à la rame aux chansons
réalisaient des films pour le bureau central de la Poste:
une personne parmi eux entreprit une direction
en s'observant le geste
arrêté en mouvance arrêté
en se tournant sur lui même lequel devient un talent
des hommes et des femmes dans
l'aire la mer et la terre devenus
un gros danger pour la vie à cause des armes
l'exactitude contre l'exactitude
pour la survie voulue:
l'insanité arrive
avec la marée haute et basse
les ruisseaux qui coulent
loins à l'intérieur résistant
l'exploitation de cette grotesque
minérale conquise
la lune comme un homme
autrefois plongée dans des eaux
pour le choral blanc

dans des sables dorés
nageait dans une transe
le long d'un lit de la mer:
puis les hommes du parage
m'avait dit que cet endroit de la mer
fut choisi par les requins pour reproduire
venus d'autres lointaines mers
aux eaux peu profondes
où ils circulaient autour d'eux-même en amoureux:
à quoi bon
d'expérimenter ce frémissement
Involontaire
pendant qu'on fixe les yeux sur l'eau limpide:
ne pas penser
de soi-même
sans un besoin exigeant

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2017

Translation of Eric Mottram's A Faithful Private - 4 with a Clive Bush Comment by T Wignesan

Transl. of Eric Mottram's A Faithful Private - 4 with a Clive Bush comment on Mottram's poetry

Excerpt from an article, "From space to caves in the heart recreating the collective world in Eric Mottram's poetry" by Clive Bush, Director of American Studies, King's College, University of London in The Journal of Comparative Poietics, Vol. I, Nos. 2 & 3 (Paris), 1990/1991, p. 49. Founder-Editor: T. Wignesan.

"The very few good English poets are buried endlessly under unbelievably overpublicized and minor poets like Larkin, Betjeman, Tom Gunn, Irish exiles, expatriates from previous colonies (and the darker the skin the better) who are endlessly flattered by the Arts Council, the British Council, and the Establishment Poetry Society and who have never understood the difference between writing "political" poetry and writing poetry politically.^{4*} They ensure that anybody with a noisy social, sexual, racial, religious, or mental/physical problem, and almost everybody published by Faber and Faber since 1960 is instantly legitimated in a market dominated by the comforting guilts of liberals. (...) Mottram himself is absolutely unprovincial in form, content, and in the sheer range of available materials he puts together. In this sense he is closer to an English tradition which took for granted it was artistically part of Europe: a tradition which includes Chaucer, Milton, Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, and beyond Europe, an American tradition which would include Whitman, Pound, Williams, H. D., Rukeyser, Olson among many others. Jerome Rothenberg is among the exemplary poets whose sense of the world enables him to draw on traditions which range from ancient Indian and Chinese poetry to poetry of Native Americans, Eskimos, Pacific peoples: that still enormous range of different histories, often non-literate poetries, artistic practises, forms of life, and human experience which academics, aristocrats and commercial advertisers designate as "ethnic". "

4. Le chanteur

l'Interstate 40 au croisement
de la State Route 27
abandonnée aux graffiti
les fumeurs et copperheads
– Visant la Gloire –
la bibliothèque d'Okemah
Oklahomah ne voulait pas
ses écritures et signes
ses cendres

au-delà des falaises d'Atlantique

la pluie tombe ne tombe pas
sur les peacans cacahuètes
sur une église
pour chaque centaine
pour le compte de la fierté civique
dans des clubs de service militaire
où un agent de service secret
témoigne sur serment quotidiennement
le chanteur en déplacement
est détenu par les Soviets
afin qu'il fasse adapter les chansons de guerre russes
en ballades américaines jouables
agent Matusow R. S. No. 115

Woody Guthrie Memorial Inc.
une corporation à but non-lucrative
pour un musée en vigueur
la date est 1972
le faux témoignage
sans vitre sans portes
la maison à l'intersection

de qui la terre
de qui
les chansons

* The distinction is Kurt Well's... (...) quoted in Eric Mottram's Interrogation Rooms (London: Spanner, 1982), p. 10.

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Translation of Eric Mottram's A Faithful Private - 3 Dolores Huerta by T Wignesan

Translation of Eric Mottram's A Faithful Private - 3 Dolores Huerta by T.
Wignesan

3. Dolores Huerta

aucun coq n'y annonce la reveille:
les étudiants et les dirigeants des travailleurs
font partie du piquet de grève contre les Wine Brothers:
les bourrasques collent contre les pancartes de grève
les jeans trempés les bleues de travail réfléchissant:
à Los Altos ils chantent des chansons de grève
à l'honneur de Chavez et de Dolores
dans un camion emménagé en un lit plat:
les enfants et les pères qui portent des enfants
la famille la United Fruit Workers
tout l'été sur les lignes de piquet de grève
dans des prisons des maisons et les meubles
vendus pour d'hivers vêtements voitures
les essentiels pour le travail au delà
de ce mois d'août au-delà d'épreuves:
deux hommes tués à Arvin
Nagi Daifullah tué
par la lampe électrique d'un chérif
Juan de la Cruz fusillé sur le piquet de grève

Dolores Huerta la vice-présidente
stratège négociatrice
ses dix enfants prises en charge sécurisés
sa grace
son rire par concentration
prends soins de sa santé
pour sa fille afin d'être saine
contre l'avarice
contre la charité des libéraux:
le machisme gagne maintenant les femmes
le non-violence provenant des femmes et enfants
leurs bras meurtris par les planches des Teamsters
les yeux de la police cernés par le plaisir
caressent leurs étuis de revolvers:

à la maison pas de conflits
l'homme est le chef:

une famille soudée par le respect
quant au machisme des hommes toujours
la vieille religion:
le mariage dissout détruit le Syndicat

des badges d'officiers des cultivateurs brillent
au lever du soleil les .22s en défense-propres:
"nous étions si heureuses, en paix et jolies
même les grand-mères jusqu'à
ce qu'ils commence à tirer avec leurs fusils":
Reagan fut photographié
en train de manger des raisins scab:
les troupes de Vietnam
mangent des laitues du gouvernement provenant des champs de l'entreprise
les trottoirs lézardés
stroes en délabrement: bousculent
dans les campements de l'entreprise
des terminus plein de poussière placés sous surveillance:
les travailleurs de Brothers dispersent
surveillés par des brigades en voiture

"you find a way
it gets easier
all the time"

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2017

Translation of Eric Mottram's A Faithful Private - 2 with Commentary by T Wignesan

Transl. of Eric Mottram's A Faithful Private - 2 with a Clive Bush comment on Mottram's poetry

Excerpt from an article, "From space to caves in the heart recreating the collective world in Eric Mottram's poetry" by Clive Bush, Director of American Studies, King's College, University of London in The Journal of Comparative Poetics, Vol. I, Nos. 2 & 3 (Paris), 1990/1991, p. 61. Founder-Editor: T. Wignesan.

"As Mottram points out in his article on Michael McClure, "ecology" is a major problem for both capitalist and communist societies.⁴⁷ Everywhere in Mottram's poetry is an appalling sense of anguish at the wastage and repressive cruelties of both major powers and their allies in our time. In *Interrogation Rooms* (1982) where the vision is very dark, Spinoza's dictum "there cannot be too much joy; it is always good: melancholy is always bad,"⁴⁸ is a hard-won and always unstable conviction. The existential anguish and sense of political betrayal felt by anyone of sensibility in the late twentieth century (and certainly acutely in post-Imperial, Thatcherite Britain) is never ignored: "the cultural scene can never be divided and it is always political and economic."⁴⁹ A Burroughsian vision of virus, sexual invasion, cancerous deterioration, hi-tec manipulations, malign control-fantasies, the deadening energies of mass media, and enactments lead Mottram to Artaud's cry quoted in *The Legal Poems* (1986):

do not make me do evil to myself
since God has already committed
every filthiness.⁵⁰

Un fantassin loyal - 2

le sang de vieilles bobines d'actualités des films
entachait dans des chambres d'induction
de la tribu

mais en soutenant la robe en tant que don
appelée l'invitation
alors puis-je passer à travers

dites aux étoiles "en haut"
sans (dire) "qui s'en sort"
asseyez-vous à la table ronde

sur la dernière étage vers les étoiles
ouvertes et entourées des modèles
dans leur imitation

abandonnez-vous les morts calcifiées
continuez afin de pouvoir passer à travers
pour manger des nouvelles branches

par le biais des chambres d'oreilles
entendez une scène d'odeur en couleurs
goûtez le matin du printemps les chansons d'oiseaux
trouvez-vous que cet écriture
soit placée sous l'emprise d'une charme

ayant mangé la vieille femme
elle s'est émergée de sa peau
altérée ses pores de pigment et
ses follicules ont une masque d'aliments

vieille déesse
homme nouveau fontaine

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2017

Translation of Eric Mottram's A Faithful Private - 1 with Commentary by T Wignesan

Translation of Eric Mottram's A Faithful Private - 1 by T. Wignesan

For Barry MacSweeney

(GENERA editions by Colin Simms, issue 13 - Kent Winter-Spring 1974 -
Ohio/London 1976, n.p.)

A poet should have on his coffin not a wreath but a gun to show that he was a
faithful private in the liberation struggles of humanity.

Heinrich Heine

“Un poète devrait avoir sur son cercueil pas une couronne mais un fusil pour
démontrer qu’il fut un fantassin loyal dans les luttes pour la libération de
l’humanité.” HH

Un fantassin loyal - 1

du fait d’être effrayé ce n’est pas quelque chose
dont nous n’avions pu être certains

le passage du temps nous le dira qui tombèrent
qui se trouvaient délaissés en arrière

le front de l’orage étendant à deux cents milles
vers l’est blanc derrière le gris
les ciels du nord et du sud

est-ce qu’un homme quiconque
choisit ou quelqu’un parmi nous
est choisi que le fait
de l’écrire fasse
une différence
frère
en liberté une espace
de flamme entre nous
se soulevant dans les Serpent Mounds
des chansons sans paroles
textes rites

les mineurs montent comme des machines
descendent pour rafraichir
l'aire
pour des mines d’humus
où le soleil brille fort

sans relâche et animé

"who is this man
from abroad
to tell us we are part
of disaster

against the Freedom Trail
he urges us not to be victim"

à l'extérieur sur un arbre dénué des feuilles
un cardinal ouvre au ciel
balayé par le vent une pluie qui se jette
à travers l'analyse
à travers des tons engagés
le détritius d'un siècle
se réuni dans des chambres des côtes
les rues affaissées
se moquaient du Trail

"we are not
a moment
of your insanity"

Excerpts from an article, "From space to caves in the heart recreating the collective world in Eric Mottram's poetry" by Clive Bush, Director of American Studies, King's College, University of London in The Journal of Comparative Poetics, Vol. I, Nos. 2 & 3 (Paris), 1990/1991, pp. 55-56. Edited by T. Wignesan.

"One of Mottram's most distinguished essays which is at least as important as Mailer's essay "The White Negro" (1956) which to some extent it modifies and extends, is "Dionysus in America" (1976). The essay looks at Rock Culture in the United States (and by implication the rest of the world), drawing an exemplary contrast between Altamont and Woodstock. Distinguished musician as he is, Mottram questions the value of Rock in general, makes important exceptions, and relates his two examples to traditions, inside American culture in general. Following the resources of the myth, Dionysus is seen as a "major origin of the Devil in Christian mythology and is deeply associated with ecstatic rituals of change."²⁷ Its embodiment in Rock music was first seen, therefore, to be profoundly upsetting to those in authority: "White Citizen Council groups linked it with sin and communism, while the Soviet Union linked it with sin and capitalism." (xxx)

(...) The Dionysian break-through needs social context of viable revolution if it is not to diminish into mere rebelliousness, licensed orgy or ritual which re-energizes the reactionary and lethal status quo. (xxx) ...Mottram also cites

Nietsche to the effect that, "Dionysus deteriorated gives us "a mixture of sensuality and cruelty," the sexuality of sado-masochistic power." (xxx) Within this radically impoverished and controlled space, traditional American revivalist dramas are enacted (ecstasy, dissolving rationality, the promise of new community). (...)

At one level, therefore, Rock is a permutation on all rituals of hypnotic ecstasy which need a constellation of angels, stars, gods who deliver "energy" to a passively-manipulated populace intended to "orbit in half helpless gravitation." (xxx)

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2017

Translation of Eric Mottram's The Nerves of Proust and Sitting Bull by T Wignesan

Translation of Eric Mottram's The Nerves of Proust and Sitting Bull by T. Wignesan

Excerpts from an article, "From space to caves in the heart recreating the collective world in Eric Mottram's poetry" by Clive Bush, Director of American Studies, King's College, University of London in The Journal of Comparative Poietics, Vol. I, Nos. 2 & 3 (Paris), 1990/1991, pp. 48-49. Editor: T. Wignesan:

"In Mottram's work there is no illusion that poetry will save us. Nonetheless a commitment to a poetry of intelligence with its necessarily radical and varied forms, to a clear-eyed and non-moralistic politics, to celebration of non-dogmatic forms of life, and to creativity and its happiness, at least rehearses the possibility of choice rather than submission. It is as necessary a task for Mottram as it was for Shelley in the era of the Peterloo massacre, or Swinburne observing Disraeli's absurd antics in relation to the Ottoman Empire. Certainly the difficulty is all the greater for Mottram in the sense that there is no "good place" for committed creative intelligence. (...) Mottram expands his frame of reference far beyond officially-recognised English poetic practice in order paradoxically to recover the actual and multiple richnesses of English cultural traditions currently betrayed by the know-nothing, pseudo-lyrical confessions of poets who mistakenly think their personal lives interesting enough to record in immediately comprehensible invariably tear-stained and melancholy mediocrity. The "immediately comprehensible" flatters a populace whose intelligence has been undermined by an autocratic State paranoid about criticism..."

Les nerfs de Proust et de Sitting Bull

comme une guérison pour l'original
tissu fin
qu'il a mis des bouchons d'ivoire
dans ses oreilles
avalait presque n'importe quoi
créa sa
scène inoffensive et l'appela la mémoire
pour honorer la divinité une centaines
de pièces de
peau lesquelles furent presque arrachées de ses bras
qu'il gagne
le triple farce de désobéissance

qu'il donne quelque chose
pour le reporter de Tribune de New York afin qu'il perde
la mémoire pèse pour réaliser un massacre
sur les nerfs qui
se sentaient une guerre Franco-Prussienne et commençaient à périr
dès le début
ainsi le passé d'une détaille urbaine voyageait comme le culte d'une cargaison
les Sioux donnèrent nos
jeunes américains qui rêvent d'un dernier bastion

(from Eric Mottram. the he expression. London: Aloes Books, 1973, p. 49)

(c) T. Wignesan, Paris, 2017

Translation of Eric Mottram's Twentythird Legal by T Wignesan

Translation of Eric Mottram's Twentythird Legal by T. Wignesan

Le vingt-troisième légal

pendant la guerre le peuple devient obéissant de nouveau
plein du respect (et) de la confiance les enfants naïfs dans la foi
la gouvernance nécessaire la responsabilité perdue
des serviteurs loyaux des castrés adults
la gouvernance appropriée dans leurs esprits c'est l'urgence
Ils se sentent bien obligés à la ration bien dans le manquement bien
d'être restreint l'anxiété permanente reconnaissants
pour le chocolat addictif
nous n'avons pas besoin d'une guerre pour l'instant
uniquement des structures favorisant la mort
une gouvernance parfaite
qu'ils posent des questions inattendues
alors nous pouvons continuer à vivre

(from The Legal Poems. Colne: Arrowspire Press, 1986, p. 19)

Excerpt from a review of EM's Selected Poems. 1989 by Simon Smith in
"fragmente", Issue One, Spring 1990, Ed. Andrew Lawson and Anthony Mellors at
Oxford, p. 39:

"...The police state enters these poems with great frequency, and its shadow becomes darker in later works like Interrogation Rooms and The Legal Poems. The oppression is seen as global not local. (...) The way we are pinned into responses and grindingly intolerable lives, Mottram reveals in chilling fashion with the "Twentythird Legal Poem"... (...) This is Mottram's bleak assessment of the situation facing us in Thatcherite Britain: his poetry is about the use and abuse of this kind of power. As he points out in "Elegy 4": "politics came through (sic) poets/ poet-statesmen the rule" (24). But the power networks have changed since Wyatt's time (a writer Mottram particularly admires). The poet is no longer one of Shelley's legislators; our poets are simply the most articulate of the dispossessed. This Selected (Poems) faces up to this readjustment in a way few others have dared."

Excerpts from Eric Mottram's letters from America during 1965-66 (continued):

August 10, 1966: «Dear Wignesan,

I'm so sorry I put you to writing to enquire about the safety of your Burroughs bundle: everything arrived safely forwarded from New York Univ. while I was up

in Buffalo. I just could not find the time towards the end of my time there for anything except teaching my two graduate courses and grading the hefty papers. Up there I found three editors who want the article [actually the first part of William Burroughs: The Algebra of Need. London: Marion Boyars, 1977, 282pp.]: to appear in Audit, Salmagundi and as a separate thing. Your work in getting hold of it and the letters must have been irritating and I sincerely thank you for it all. One thing: I did send the Reich - did you get it? Since you don't say, I gather not: that's worrying because you know how They are about Reich. Incidentally, Brown has a second book out at last - Love's Body -not quite the brilliance of Life Against Death but pretty good and an original form.

Otherwise I am hung up totally reading and thinking about Olson, as a result of hearing tapes of his discourses and seeing lecture notes of his seminars at Buffalo. Quite apart from my steady admiration for him as poet and Black Mountain organizer. (Incidentally I owe you one pound one and six for the postage - shall I pay you by check now or when I arrive?) Under the pressure of my courses up there, I felt energized and tackled a number of other projects in a way which astonished me - all sorts of things loose in my mind started to come through connected. Partly the decent conditions, the sunshine, the airconditioned office, and the excellent company recruited for the summer session - Fiedler, Barth, Richard Stern, Mudrick, Clive Hart, Arnold Stein, Basil Bunting, Tony Connor - etc - and Me. - it added up to work done and feelings used. Not one bad dream. [... 11 lines suppressed] Olson is not a Negro - why did you think he was I wonder? :interesting. You are right about my position in London and the betrayals of everything you and I stand for: latest is M.L.Rosenthal's piece on Ginsberg - after years of talking to him about Allen and hearing my lecture on him at Kilve, he comes out with this classic shit in the NY Times Book Review. But I now have three of my best students teaching in universities in England - some hope and happiness here. And let me say, everywhere I have taught and seminared and lectured here, the response has been great, and the jobs offered very heartening. Especially at Buffalo. [... 10 lines suppressed]

I shall not write again from here - I have three weeks to do everything in. So I am telling everyone no more letters from this end -unless imperative. I have unfinished business from Buffalo to get down to while the whole thing is fermenting, and a number of pieces to complete here. Whether I'll get to San Francisco as planned I doubt - not only the plane strike but sheer weight of things. I earned the money for the trip, so that's ok. On[e] thing I would like to do is to go and see Olson at Gloucester at the end of the month. Feel I need it.

So that's it. Let me know if there is anything urgent at all, nevertheless. Otherwise we'll get things out in September - sailing the seventh.

[1 para of 6 lines on my writing lobbed off] Yours sincerely, Eric.»

[From c/o Wilentz, 17 West 8th Street, New York 10003. Letter addressed to Room 3, 7, Buckland Crescent, Swiss Cottage, N.W.3]

Translation of Eric Mottram's 1922 Section 1 in Earth Raids 1976 by T Wignesan

Translation of Eric Mottram's 1922 Section 1 by T. Wignesan

for David Attoe

Notre devise pourrait être: 'que nous nous ne soyons pas envoûtés'
Wittgenstein in Zettel

laissez pendre la graisse sans cou
où la tête flotte sur les épaules
un joyau sacré liaison contre
la chair nouvelle
nom nom
appelez le nom la marque du nom
l'impression de l'ange
emmène la loi emporte le soleil
nom de la lune le mangé la cuillère le nom
nom de merde baignoire lit pot (le pot du lit)
le mal le bien le silence à plat sur votre dos
le nom joyau s'appuie sur le muscle
n'importe quel bébé doux

il arrive en volant du plaisir
übersichtlich* l'habileté d'un aigle haut à l'intérieur
s'intègre l'oeil la touchée et la tête lignes
un champ de passage facile
l'un vers l'autre ange au pays cartographié
ainsi le joyau règle les rêves
décline tombe
donnant de noms aux animaux
donnant de noms aux poupées le sobriquet
le vieux Nick

* EM notes in "Resources": Wittgenstein's 'descriptive word for an arrangement of factual material for easy passage from one part to another'.

*

May 23, 1966: «Dear Wignesan,

All right, I know I am a poor letter man but really I have [been] so occupied with travelling around and lecturing lately. [...5 lines suppressed] By the way, speaking of the Enemy, you could do me a favour: could you collect that

damn Burroughs article from Peace News for me? I still haven't heard a single bloody word from that 'f-----g' McGrath: when I get back, that man is going to suffer if it's the last thing I do. He's not worth the full word. The interview I did from New York was with the editor of the Realist, Paul Krassner - a fine satirical man who puts the wind up every fool within earshot. I admire him completely. Do you know the magazine? You used to be able to get it at Better Books, but now I gather all is changed and no terrible beauty born with it. Except that Miles fellow who had the gall to say in the East Village Other that London had no regular poetry readings last year which paid the poets - the bastard never turned up to a single one of the things Bill Butler and I put on at ICA.... So much for his oh so touted interest in literature, the sod. My next Negro piece will be very different to the last: I want really to examine the business of anti-semitism among Negroes, and to look into the blackness business - each number of the Liberator kills my reason. Incidentally, or rather not so, Leroi Jones was finally thrown out of the Black Arts and escaped to a hiding place in Newark - by his own people - and he still does TV shows and radio ones attacking the whiteys, the Jews (I happen to know that he regularly gets money from and cashes his checks with a Jewish friend), and intelligence. A curious trio, don't you agree? (There is no paperback Shadow and Act yet: if there is one, you will have it, I promise). (Anything you want otherwise?) As for me, I lecture in universities where I am listened to as I am not in England, let alone London: I could have any number of excellent and richly paid jobs for the asking; my reputation gets better, my work therefore improves because my inferiority feelings diminish with encouragement; I have friends such as I rarely have found in England - people really I can move with; and the thought of coming back to the humiliations of London fills me with apprehension. Recently, I was in Michigan, in Kent (Ohio), and Bridgeport (Connecticut) - and spent a long weekend on Shelter Island, an idyllic place in the arms of Long Island at the Atlantic end. I saw Plisetskaya dancing with the Bolshoi and felt the radiance that comes of charismatic womanhood and total skill. Now I have to leave my flat because the owner is returning from his travels, so I shall be staying eith [with] Ted Wilentz and his wife until the destiny boat in September but I shall not be there much. I go to Buffalo to do a graduate course on June 25 - unti[l] August 5 - and somehow I have to make Harvard and San Francisco as well. It looks like that boat will be the haven it was last September. I can't rest up, and there it is. But I'm reading a lot and sort of blossoming.

[... A whole para: 5 lines left out]

Yours ever, Eric.»

[From New York University. Letter addressed to 156, Gloucester Place, London N.W.1, but re-directed twice to: 47, Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6 and 7, Buckland Crescent, N.W.3]

Translation of Eric Mottram's 28th Legal: Letter Jan 2, 1966 by T Wignesan

Eric Mottram on the American literary and cultural scene during 1965-66 while he was the recipient of the American Learned Societies' award for a year. (begun in the last post and to be continued)

January 2, 1966: Dear Wignesan,

[...9 lines suppressed] One thing I can I'm afraid say for certain: it is highly unlikely that Laughlin will do Bunga Emas [An Anthology of Contemporary Malaysian Literature: 1930-1963]: he is blocked with reproducing his past books which turn out to be so excellently judged that reprints are needed. Can I see the Soyinka review? (Much as I hate Peace News's guts at the moment): contrary to your thought, Tom McGrath did not send a copy, the b---d. He has not replied to my letters either and is hanging on to my Burroughs article when I want it back to try to find a home for it over here. [...4 lines omitted] As for your comment on my own pitiful lack of confidence and hubris, you are not the first to say that, and someone over here said exactly the same thing last week. With which I am tired. But I do see that I am in danger of being left far behind by activating loafers. Your choice of politics or university is so enviable I could weep. It's probably that my birthday, just 'celebrated' makes life hateful. I must make decisions I can't make about my future career. If only it were as easy as just accepting the jobs offered here. What happens is I don't think about it and go on writing, thinkong[sic], reading, talking to people. The reception of my TLS piece was decent here - even among Negro writers who saw it. Which is a test. The response to the Stand piece on Williams has yet to come although Roy Fisher wrote me nicely about it. Now I have just finished another marathon on Arthur Miller for next year's Stratford Theatre Studies. No more commissions now so I must get on with my books. Only a jazz piece to do, but it's nearly done. You seem to think I lecture etc here - not at all: my fellowship strictly says no lectures except one-shot occasions. So I turn down offers, although I am doing a summer course at Buffalo in July, when my grant technically ends: it's a very lucrative affair and should be interesting working with postgraduates on American nineteenth century writers. I did one lecture recently on Auden as Ang[l]o-American poet for NYU. Mostly I listen to others, which is good for me. Already a third of my visit gone and I have to book my cabin home this week! Good old tempus. But at least the reading for the Negro article - masses of it which did not go into the final thing - will come in useful. I've just read Stepanchev's American Poetry Since 1945 and it is one of the worst books of criticism I have every[sic] read; fortunately it is short or I wouldn't have bothered to finish it. It claims to be a survey and treats the poets like bits of literary history - and even then has nothing on Koch, O'Hara etc and their crowd (a little and useless on John Ashbery), nothing on McClure, Snyder, Ferlinghetti or Corso or Whalen, and inadequate on Duncan. And Ginsberg treated simply as a 'popular poet' who sells well for inexplicable reasons. You'd never guess from this book that the poetry scene is rich and wildly varied: I have been to a number of good readings by a variety of poets and the younger men still come on, as Sandburg might say. The avant-garde

theatre too: last night I saw a production of Gertrude Stein's Play I Play II Play III and Ruth Krauss's A Beautiful Day - at Judson 'Poets' Theatre: both were brilliantly done, with a flair and a certain vigour which I liked very much. The Columbia Contemporary Music Group puts on programmes which would make the Third blush for shameful conservatism and the experimental cinema has two regular theatres for its stuff, much of which is admittedly pretty awful but some of which is really new and realized: mostly in the field of combining film with stage and happening ideas. The new Tulane Drama Review will give you an idea. In painting and sculpture, the pop, op and abstract expressionists and hard edgers are still pouring stuff out. Recently, at the Jewish Museum, they had a show of Tinguely's mobile sculptures, and Kenneth Koch put on a play which used them - actors in the production included the painters Jane Freilicher, Larry Rivers, Joe Brainard etc. and the writers John Ashbery and Arnold Weinstein. I was lucky enough to get a seat - the performance was oversold many times. So while establishment poetry, theatre, etc. is as businessman-bound as ever it was here, the new thrives as nowhere else. The trouble is that politically America is imperialistically nineteenth century and socially it lives in the past era of charity. As for the integration of Negroes - what a joke! Nothing substantial really has happened at all. And yet jazz is greater than ever: the new names - Shepp, Ayler, Sun Ra, Pharoah Sanders - are unknown in England but soon will be. I heard Mingus the other night and it was just pitiful repetitions of old successes - he seems temporarily to have lost the gift. But at the New School they had the New York Art Quartet in a programme of advanced jazz (tiny audience) which was superb. Incidentally, you would be interested in the Free University over here, set up to counterattack the other universities as a Marxist and progressive evening affair, with lectures on subjects the universities don't make available. There seems to be a strong case for such a thing in London. For instance, who gives a course there on Marxism and Existentialism - and after all it is here that the crucial enabling beliefs and actions lie, it seems to me too. Well, enough. Best wishes for everything. Yours sincerely, Eric»

[From Dept. of English, New York University. Letter addressed to 28, Cheniston Gardens, London W.8 and re-directed to 33, Mimosa Street, London S.W.6]

(c) T. Wignesán - Paris, 1990/2017

Translation of Eric Mottram's Poem 33 in Interrogation Rooms

1980-82 by T Wignesan

Translation of Eric Mottram's Poem 33 in Interrogation Rooms by T. Wignesan

33. on a vu un homme courir/ de la scène de crime un homme est maintenant en
train d'aider/ la police avec leurs instruments/ devrais-je dire l'enquête
criminelle/ interrogations/ ceci fait partie d'une vieille bobine un homme en
train de prendre la fuite/ de leur scène contribue/ à investir son sang/ après
l'assassinat un homme/ courait depuis la vieille scène/ noir Irlandais poilu/
ne tentez pas/ de l'arrêter vous-même/ ceci n'est pas une vraie bobine c'est le
déchet/ un morceau d'exposition/ vous payez pour voir la même scène/ de la même
série/ ceux qui ne sont pas inclus sont des privilégiés/ l'homme qui coure est
un remplaçant nu/ qu'on ramena/ êtes-vous celui qui rentre/ les déchets de
n'importe quelle cité/ le Berlin de Grosz se chevauche/ ce que contrôle
étroitement les réactions humaines/ mais quand Kokoschka demanda à tout le
monde de s'entretuer sur la lande à l'extérieur de Dresde/ Grosz et ses
malfrats lui menaçaient de faire pendre sur un lampadaire/ comme la Putain
d'Art Kokoschka/ les manteaux-rouges pourchassent dans les comtés/ les nobles
déversent/ le sang rouge des animaux/ ceux qui sont habillés en bleu détruisent
les justes/ des prêtes prennent la fuite en compagnie des pandas/ à une proie
faites collé n'importe quelle crime/ selon les règles des cannibales/ des
cartes détaillent des fautes/ mais on réussit à effectuer l'assassinat

*

Eric Mottram from/on the States as the American Learned Societies Awardee:
1965-66. Excerpts from the correspondence - shorn of personal matter - to T.
Wignesan in London.

[Note: Eric Mottram was appointed in 1960 lecturer at King's College,
University of London; in 1973 Reader, and in 1983 Professor of English and
American Literature; Professor Emeritus in 1990.]

March 4, 1966: «Dear Wignesan,

Your peace news piece seems a breakthrough in many ways - style and
propositions and at least making it with a magazine again. (Personally, Tom
McGrath has my undying hatred for not returning my Burroughs article after
repeated letters begging him to: it's a dirty trick, if ever.) Re Ellison, his
new essays in Shadow and Act are first-rate and recently he read part of a new
novel on telly so he is thriving. It is difficult for him because he is
attacked by his own people for not being militant - meaning he doesn't march or
physically show his protesting spirit - and he doesn't make speeches or rants
about this that and the other latest move on one side or the other. He simply
generates intelligence. Liberator meanwhile deifies Malcolm - a long article in

the anniversary number messianizing him, and references to He and Him and to 'Audubon' as if it were Golgotha. They disrecommended the Autobiography because it dwelt too much on his early life, which doesn't actually yield to Christlike images.... The same magazine reflects black nationals' opinion by putting down Leroi Jones as a recently-joined Village intellectual who does not yet speak to Us, the militant Muslim galvanizers of Harlem and other ghetto militants. I had dinner in Harlem with Arna Bontemps, Langston Hughes and the Sth African novelist, Richard Rive (have you read his novel? I'm afraid I hadn't - rather embarrassing), the other night and regained my nerve a little from my last disastrous visit. But sitting waiting for the party to arrive (I was early) in a black Harlem restaurant is no pleasure, I may say. Rive seems a decent fellow and pretty shrewd about his country - he may be in England shortly - perhaps you could meet him through me (I am not suggesting you actually condescend to use my name.)

[...2 lines omitted] I was sorry to hear of the eviction and can only hope the new place is working out. But you as a Negro does not impress me! We are all black, don't forget. My silence, by the way, was that I closed down recently in order to get the damned Pelican out of the way. It had been hanging over my head damoclesianly for two years. But now, after a gruelling period of sweats, it is more or less done and Malcolm Bradbury and I only have the dribs and drabs to think about, borderlines and all that. What a relief. But now I feel freer, with that and the Arthur Miller article for Stratford Studies behind me. I am now working on a BBC thing on McLuhan: and this I want to expand into a critique of him, Kahn, Wiener and Fuller - these men fascinate me, and will make an obverse side for my power thinkings. These latter shape up nicely, thank you. I delivered some to kids at a liberal arts college in Vermont the other day: they really dug what I was saying, really came on with good questions and additions and understood how I must have a subplot (as McLuhan told me) about love and passivity, as power forms. As Allen embraced me through his black hairs last night, I remembered what he teaches and what I have used of his way of life to reconsider values of power. He had just arrived from Kansas and from a long tour lasting since last July, with Peter Orlovsky and the insane brother Julius. He had come to collect the mail from Ted Wilentz's and I was there having dinner. Allen chanted a new song and showed us his bus, with fridge, oven, watertank and all mod cons in which he travels about these days, recording his poems into a maginificant [magnificent?] taperecorder - he'd just made one as he came into the city and now played it back to us: a magnificent improvisatory ode. The scene will now begin in earnest, I'm assured.

Vermont I also enjoyed for the huge mountains and snows. The wilderness gave me antihuman feeling I had only once had before: in the jungles of central Malaya. Which reminds me: I see from the New Statesman that Evans is leaving his chair at Kuala Lumpur - did you know where he is going now? I'd be most intrigued to know if he's at last leaving that country.

Well, the rest is that it is March and I have just committed myself to the Queen Mary for September and the homeward voyage. It's hardly credible that

over five months of my time has rushed away. It seems yesterday I arrived in those ghastly tropical heats of September 1965, and today it is misty and springlike. Which means summer is nearing. I have worked all winter and now I want to get out into the country a little before I go up to Buffalo in July. All the best: I look forward to hearing from you. Eric»

[From New York University.

Letter addressed to 33, Mimosa Street, S.W.6 and re-directed to 156, Gloucester Place, N.W.1]

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2017

Translation of Eric Mottram's TWENTYEIGHTH LEGAL by T Wignesan

Translation of Eric Mottram's TWENTYEIGHTH LEGAL (Part One) by T. Wignesan

N.B. If any one is interested in reading the continuation of the extracts of letters that Eric Mottram wrote from America during 1965-66 to me, please read them at POEMHUNTER.COM. For some reason, I am no more able or "permitted" to post them on POETRYSOUP. September 27, 2017.

Extract of Eric Mottram's essay on poetics:

"I listen to a great deal of music of all kinds, play the piano and look at a good deal of television and films - and now have a rather large video collection. (Jeff Nuttall, the extraordinary British genius - poet, painter, ceramicist, novelist, performance artist, jazz trumpet player - was kind enough after a poetry reading to say that the rhythms and cadences in my work could only come from someone who paid attention to jazz.) Poetics are how experiences and decisions play into your life such that you still need to find words and put them in a controlled space - place speech in other time - and order them into the curious difference of silent steadiness in poetry. How to keep risks so that they have to be read as risks. How to keep language inventive, risky, invented, urgent. How to re-read Marvell year in and year out without envy or imitation or grief. Between 1961 and 1989, I have published scores of writings on poets I admire, in order to try to understand something of their excellence - among them Walt Whitman, Basil Bunting, Pound, Charles Olson, Robert Duncan, Paul Blackburn, Allen Ginsberg, Agnes Nemes Nagy, William Carlos Williams, Roy Fisher, Bob Cobbing, George Open, Jackson MacLow, Jerome Rothenberg, Barry MacSweeney, John Ashberry. This body of writing is probably as near as I have reached a poetics.

Such continuing appreciations keep you in transition about poetry and your own poems. And there have been one or two statements about my work from people whose judgment I accept completely - even if I disagree a little! And still being able to read to an audience now and then. But the happiness is mainly in the creative act and in other people's creations. But these days, Conrad's words are certainly primary: 'The postulate was , that there is a group alive, clustered on his threshold to watch the last flicker of light on a black sky, to hear the last word uttered in the stilled workshop of the earth.' "

Vingt-Huitième Legal

la civilisation est surtout l'histoire des armes
la poudre à canon l'alliée du bourgeois
comme l'étrier et l'harnais renforcent le pouvoir des barons
de l'Orient

quelles armes donnent à nous sans pouvoir
ce pouvoir furtif de viser
fusil bombe de la cuisine
une flèche empoisonnée
baise l'anneau du Pape Borgia
acte facile pour la faiblesse de notre démocratie
ondes de radio courtes
un chiffon de kérosène
contre une époque horriblement stable
comme les empires d'esclavage d'antiquité

inventaient-ils le pêché pour implémenter la domination
dans une large mesure quand avez
vous compris ça

(Notes-Resources: quotations from George Orwell: "civilisation is largely the
history of weapons"; Ezra Pound: "an epoch as horribly stable as the slave
empires of antiquity" - from The Legal Poems, 1986)

Pub. in The Journal of Comparative Poetics, Vol. I, n°1 (Paris), Ed. T.
Wignesan, pp. 55-56.

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 1990/2017

Translation of Eric Mottram's Courbet: Elegy 8 by T Wignesan

Translation of Eric Mottram's Courbet: Elegy 8 by T. Wignesan

Blanches oeuvres ouvertes
résident dans les jours
la surface du banc de travail est noire
les géraniums-lierres
les fougères et les adragans
accumulent leurs oeuvres et jours:
La toile noire de Courbet
un endroit où la lumière
puisse-être enfoncée
avec un couteau
pour créer une crête
cassée figée

la crête s'alourdie:
la nature sans soleil
est aussi sombre et noire:
Je fais comme la lumière -
Illumine les endroits qui projette

en toute connaissance de la tradition
découvrir une raisonnée et indépendante
conscience de ma propre individualité

Je place un vase blanc sur une toile blanche
toutes les difficultés
blanc sur blanc et à la cinquantième fois
Je l'ai eu regardes l'ombre sur la neige
comme elle est bleue
Je vois trop clairement
Je dois éteindre mes yeux

en ce siècle socialiste
les hommes voient sans apercevoir
leurs esprits occupés de commerce
vos mères ne vous cachaient pas
sous la maison à l'abri des soldats

des cochons essayèrent de dévorer l'art démocratique
il les dévorera
en dépit des renégats des troupeaux déments

afin que les muscles forcent la colonne vertébrale
courber l'esprit peinant
glaner des écritures adroites
devant des niveaux de l'horizon

(from *A Faithful Private*, 1976, includes "Statements by the artist on his work." This poem became Elegy 30 of *ELEGIES*, 1981) Pub. in *The Journal of Comparative Poetics*, Vol. I, n° 1 (Paris), p. 55. Edited by T. Wignesan

Note: In this and successive posts, I shall include extracts from Eric Mottram's letters to me during 1965-66 when he was the invitee of the American Council of Learned Societies, for his perceptions and comments on the American literary and cultural scene reveal nooks and corners of his own make-up and make for much intelligent perspectivising of the "outré-Atlantic". The fact that some comments refer to our own relationship cannot be helped - I cannot defer to some detractors "outré-Channel". Eric had urged me to publish all our correspondence during his last two visits to Paris, but literary publishing being what it is and has been in the hands of a favoured few, I have no choice but to...

October 31, 1965: «Dear Wignesan,
[...12 lines suppressed] I look forward to your NLR rebuttal but I have to admit I didn't see the cause: must have missed it among all the other magazines piled up and left behind unread. I think of the empty base [15, Vicarage Gate, London W.8] basement and [sic] few regrets, except that I miss all my friends, students, even you, quite a lot, even though the combination of university people and local writers here is beginning to surge in on me. The main problem is to take it easy. I do not have lectures to give, so that is fine, but leisure is a curious burden at first: the routine has to be worked out again based on learning how to sit in the square in the sun, take in a movie without guilt in the afternoon, or go to an exhibition, or read something not remotely connected with any work in hand. And not to have the near future mapped out ready to move into. Choice is strange when you are not used to it so totally. So I too - and not because of your absence - am beginning to write poems again, weird things but decently done. Perhaps I'm no scholar after all - long suspected, and on good evidence. I am still working on the Negro piece; masses of materials only part of which will go into the TLS article - the rest will be ready for anything further, apart from sheer interest of the thing. My Tribune article attacking American assumed innocences appeared and they liked it. Future thing on Frost in Spectator, etc. etc. But once this is through I'm not going to bother about writing these bits for a while. There's only one book I feel like recommending you, and that is not yet out in England - Ralph Ellison's *Shadow and Act*, a highly literate and penetrating collection of essays by the author of *Invisible Man* (you've read this novel? Penguin if not - it's tremendous and no Negro novel has approached it yet, although Leroi Jones's new *The System of Dante's Hell* is interesting in another way. Most of the stuff I've been going through has been sociologically fascinating but

artistically humdrum to downright bad. Kitschy stuff for the market only. Watch out for Selby's Last Exit to Brooklyn (and my broadcast with him) - it is mostly brilliant if entirely disturbing. Calder have asked me to defend it if necessary, since they apparently anticipate a court case. It does deal with violence and brutal sexuality but with a cool analytical sympathy which is new and necessary.

What else.... Oh yes: a good film called To Die in Madrid, compiled from the newreels[sic] etc. of the Spanish Civil war: the feeling I had of the futility of ideological warfare but its necessity was painful. Members of the audience openly cheered the Franco-RC priests combinations and there were one or two counter cheers but no fight. The film is generally too subduing. And the present context - the NY elections and the anti-war demonstrations too clearly part of a similar process of authoritarian government, backed by an ignorant and brutalized populace. Incidentally, films here are a superb opportunity - this week, for instance, one nearby cinema is showing in one programme three major Renoir films. Double bills of important films are a commonplace. Slowly I'm catching up on what I have missed. Have I been living wrongly these past ten years, all bound up in work rut and imaginary self-importance? Certainly, shifting here is perspectivizing. Write more of you[r] good news. When you have a moment's pause for breath.

Yours, Eric.»

[From Department of English, New York University, Washington Square, New York, New York 10003. Letter addressed to 28, Cheniston Gardens, London W. 8 and re-directed to c/o Howard Hotel, Friargate, Derby]

The Elysian Baby Feels Lament

The Elysian Baby Feels Lament...

for Katy Perry.....With manifold marigold "feels"

she lifts her sepals to show me her carpels
all this has got me into her megasporophylls
this oeils de chat mantis in her deep yellow marigold mantilla
preying on my mania
praying
has lasso-ed me
with her svelte carnation venison chops
"chop chop ...hey...do you mind if I steal a ki...."
"i know you ain't afraid to pop pills..."

what she saying....
"ride drop top and chase thrills"
Hey... do you mind
Invitation to pop pills
or chase thrills
anyway how d'you ride and drop on a spinning top
when with her left hand she lifts
the bed of ripe yellow mantilla mattress
to reveal her thighs in caress
flaxen hair streaming down her battering eye-lashes
head in the crook of her elbow pillow
maybe
Je n'ai pas les yeux en face des trous*
her svelte venison chops make oeillades**
at me

won't somebody tell me if there's some way one can get at her
feels
sideways broadways overways

"don't be afraid to catch feels"
what's that
she makes des yeux de velours°
at me my eye i haven't got them fixed in front of holes

God. It's eight already i've got to take my pills

got them in the tills
chop chop oh! thrills
put her down in my bills
gills and frills
won't somebody tell me what she feels

is she afraid of drills
in her gills
know you're not afraid of spills
e'en if I put you on grills
not on me wills
feels with me
reels me in mills
i know i'm not
afraid to chase pills
fills with me
in mills
i know you're not afraid of drills
in your feels
e'en glills
spills with me
i know you're not afraid of meals
e'en if it chills
frills
mills with me
pills in mills
grills me thrills
in her gills
spills with me
in her frills
i know i'm not afraid of feels
in her bills

Oh! For an ounce of sleep
I'd give up my meals
What wouldn't I give
To reel in her megasporophylls

...if she feels with me

(TONGUE-IN-CHEEK, of course)

*in French meaning: I'm half asleep or I'm not thinking straight
(but literally means: "I haven't got my eyes right in front of holes!")

** in French: "faire des oeillades à quelqu'un" = wink or make eyes at somebody

°In French: “faire des yeux de velours à quelqu’un” means “to make sheep’s eyes at somebody” (“velour” here meaning “velvet”)

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Translation of Eric Mottram's Fortieth Legal by T Wignesan

Translation of Eric Mottram's "Fortieth Legal" by T. Wignesan

(From: The Legal Poems. Colne: Pub. by Robert Bank at the Arrowspire Press, 1985, 39p.

Here's an extract from the blurb by Allen Fisher, dated December 1985:

"They record a cultural malaise where unjust, intolerant and exploitative power confronts the confidence of each personal movement. In this effort to stave off entropy, Mottram energises his scholarship into poetry through a constructed presentation that risks the frailty from its own breaking. Building and breaking paradigms become essential qualities to this art, and it is here, in the processes of uncompetitive action without interest in games, that his creative play reveals the ordering he presents for the reader to produce.")

Gatsby convertit à la poussière infecte
laquelle lui tourmenta
dans un rêve éveillé
les yeux braquaient loins des tristesses accablantes
la joie qui ne perdure que peu du temps
sur la lumière verte du sexe
au musoir des voiliers
des voitures garées partout dans l'allée
stocké dans la bibliothèque le barzoï néfaste*
les coureurs plus rapides
les amants plus accomplis
un ciel de satellites
une vie un processus au délabrement
la rue-légale
ne vous efforcez pas de vous comporter bien
juste normalement
adorez quelques martyrs
massacrez les autres
autant que vous pouviez
regardez en haut
toujours vers le haut
de l'espace dense
une espace où les géants peuvent balader
au-dessus de l'institution totale
ils font du théâtre en eux-mêmes

(* this line could also be interpreted as:
dans la bibliothèque la saleté de barzoï)

Translation of Eric Mottram's HOMAGE TO PAUL ELUARD by T Wignesan

Translation of Eric Mottram's HOMAGE TO PAUL ELUARD by T. Wignesan

(Note: Here, I retain EM's translations into English from Paul Eluard's poems and his source language quotations from "this vital spirits..." onwards, for, according to EM, 'they are taken from an early draft of Wordsworth's The EXCURSION and from The PRELUDE BOOK 2'.)

"the last bud of the future"

"both faces of the wall come
meeting "

"plunderer of thinkers ghosts
master builders"

"laugh and dream among the flames
among sun clusters"

"we who are helmeted booted
gloved" entraînés
à l'agence sombre battant
massacre réduits au silence

qu'est-ce qu'il y a qui peut monter
ouvrir les voûtes du soleil
laisse partir la danse
de leur création
fraîche pas ce qui est de la mode

contre les meurtres religieux
insoutenables dans l'illégitimité historique
pour les mullahs les pères les mitres

contre le désir pour les mains balafrés
les rotules écrasés
les tympanes éclatés
par les méthodes techniques

qui donnent des coups de pieds sur la tête et la cheville
une personne allongée
pour être enroulée dans des journaux
cellophane édredon

pour être balancés dans n'importe quelle rue

pouvons nous nous voir un et l'autre
qu'à travers la détresse
en parlant par le truchement des principes
la colère la clarté dissoute

la force du futur contre
les mangeurs des journaux
l'alimentation pour la perversion (sic) rouillée
érigée comme la justice

les rats se multiplient dans des bateaux coulés
les nouvelles des missiles de moyenne-portée
dans leurs crânes au goût sucré
les trous de bouches remplies de poussière fraîche

alors "this vital spirit in its essence
free As the light of heaven,
this mind that streams
With emanations like the blessed
sun"
au-delà "the close prison-house
of human laws"

ici
"the sands of Westmoreland"
"a stranger"
"my eye moved o'er
the long leagues Of shining water,
as it seemed Through the wide surface
of that field of light New pleasure,
like a bee among the flowers"

du besoin d'être reconnu
enfin ce poète entre dans la résistance

"Society made sweet as solitude
By silent unobtrusive sympathies
And gentle agitations of the mind
From manifold distinctions..."
"the spontaneous soul must extricate itself
from the meshes of almost automatic
white octopus of humanity..."

not waste itself in revenge the revenge

is inevitable enough, for each denial
of the spontaneous dark

soul creates the reflex of its own revenge”

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2017

Limericks crocheted: Once a bitter literary critic

Limericks crochetés: Once a bitter literary critic

Once a bitter literary critic
Tore to bits his own manuscript thick
When asked politely why
He cursed and swore most high
His fans believed it to be some trick

For many a year he reigned tyrant
And column in weekly turned virulent
Books by millions sold
His pages manifold
One talked of him at every event

At parties talk-shows subways cocktails
All broke silences with pent-up wails
What could be the matter
What brought on the chatter
What caused the paper to soar in sales?*

*I would like to know. Thanks.

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2017

Translation of Eric Mottram's KRIM: Autobiography to September 1989- III by T Wignesan

Translation of Eric Mottram's KRIM: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY TO SEPTEMBER 1989 - III by T. Wignesan

(This poem is from the collection, ESTUARIES: Poems 1989-91. Twickenham: Solaris, 1992, 62p. Pub. by Yasmin and Peterjon Skelt. Back cover photo by David McIntosh, "my sister's son" - Eric makes this a point of emphasis in his own hand on the fly page, for in his own words he was very close to his nephew in his later days. As the poem extends over four pages, I have divided it - for convenience sake - into three arbitrary parts. Just for the anecdote, Eric underwent severe memory erasures during a traumatic event in the seventies, and he had no clue as to who I was after a lapse of 22 years when we met up again in 1989. See extracts of his letters to me during the period 1957-61 in the festschrift: Eric Mottram at 70, pub. by Y. & P. Skelt.)

*

mes semblables et peut être également les vôtres aussi font semblant
ce que les autres personnes moins passionnées se sentent mais n'expriment pas
instinctivement rebellant contre un fait de notre société et de notre temps
le manquement de l'alignement entre un monde immense de l'intérieur
et d'un autre qui ne soit pas encore été légalisé ou officiellement
reconnu les formes qui peuvent tolérer la crue
des communications provenant de l'esprit à la scène d'action
de telles actes d'expression sont sévi par le sang avant
qu'elles puissent être tolérées et être comprissent par les psychiatres
sociologues l'appareil judiciaire la police (et) tout autres formes de la force
sociale

*

l'émergence d'une démocratie émotionnellement meurtrière
dérangeaient les vieilles catégories

*

risquer tout en s'alignant à un point de vue qui
le conduira dans un conflit avec les plus normales (partagée par la majorité)
émotions humaines au milieu d'une société de masse?

*

nous pouvons changer les définitions sur la réalité lesquelles sont déjà peu soutenables
perdant leurs prises sur l'imagination conceptuelle

*

la peur et même la pensée en vigueur de ce qu'on majoritairement appela l'insanité c'est presque une nécessité émotionnelle pour chaque sensible être réagissant comme un humain entier de l'être humain en l'Amérique

et qu'elle sortes du feu à un point où d'autres mots
que les conceptions différentes soient créés là où se trouvent les plaies

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2017

Translation of Eric Mottram's KRIM: Autobiography to September 1989- II by T Wignesan

Translation of Eric Mottram's KRIM: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY TO SEPTEMBER 1989 - II by T. Wignesan

(This poem is from the collection, ESTUARIES: Poems 1989-91. Twickenham: Solaris, 1992, 62p. Pub. by Yasmin and Peterjon Skelt. Back cover photo by David McIntosh, "my sister's son" - Eric makes this a point of emphasis in his own hand on the fly page, for in his own words he was very close to his nephew in his later days. As the poem extends over four pages, I have divided it - for convenience sake - into three arbitrary parts. Just for the anecdote, Eric underwent severe memory erasures during a traumatic event in the seventies, and he had no clue as to who I was after a lapse of 22 years when we met up again in 1989. See extracts of his letters to me during the period 1957-61 in the festschrift: Eric Mottram at 70, pub. by Y. & P. Skelt.)

*

je suis devenu un intellectuel du temps contemporaine
senti que j'ai été l'incarnation vivante du dieu-écrivain moderne
l'homme omniscient héritier de tous les âges d'histoire
le véritable roi du présent

je devais défricher mon chemin en criant jusqu'au sommet inévitable
de tous les doutes qui me torturaient la confusion régressive
l'incarcération fantastique

j'ai vomi chaque morceau non digéré de ma psyché
violemment bataillé pour atteindre ma chair crue
à travers la trajectoire hurlante de la fusée qu'on appelle l'insanité

*

nous devenons ce que nous admirons
une bazaar intellectuelle hautaine et contente de soi-même
ne vous dérangez pas de se lever je peux trouver la sortie moi-même
j'y vais

*

quand j'avais trente-trois ans des tensions dans mon être s'éclatées
j'ai couru pieds nus dans les rues

je me suis adressé à Dieu pour atteindre mes propres visées humaines
compréhensibles

je fus finalement cerné au quatorzième étage de l'hôtel St. Regis
par deux de mes amis effrayés et un autre frère et par le biais des menottes
que deux bobbies* avec sérieux et avec humour ont attaché sur mes poignées
on m'emmena à une académie privée de rire en Westchester
traitement de choc par l'insuline
après une période de neuf ou dix semaines moi aussi fut libéré
humilié humble prêt de vouloir rester debout devant la classe
pour répéter le code de classe moyenne de ne pas dire trop
le sens du dollar afin d'obtenir ma libération

*

complètement secoué tout seul
puis trop paralysé par des drogues pour bouger
je fus une fois de plus emmené à faire le long voyage
un homme-garçon tourmenté

le choc électrique matraquait mon cerveau jusqu'au hébètement inutile
je marchais bon gré mal gré pour être exécuté à plusieurs reprises
j'avais été "détruit par la folie" Monsieur Ginsberg
l'acte d'incarcération m'a fait comprendre
à quel point la liberté individuelle est importante

*

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2017

Translation of Eric Mottram's KRIM: Autobiography to September 1989- I by T Wignesan

Translation of Eric Mottram's KRIM: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY TO SEPTEMBER 1989 - I by T. Wignesan

(This poem is from the collection, ESTUARIES: Poems 1989-91. Twickenham: Solaris, 1992, 62p. Pub. by Yasmin and Peterjon Skelt. Back cover photo by David McIntosh, "my sister's son" - Eric makes this a point of emphasis in his own hand on the fly page, for in his own words he was very close to his nephew in his later days. As the poem extends over four pages, I have divided it - for convenience sake - into three arbitrary parts. Just for the anecdote, Eric underwent severe memory erasures during a traumatic event in the seventies, and he had no clue as to who I was after a lapse of 22 years when we met up again in 1989. See extracts of his letters to me during the period 1957-61 in the festschrift: Eric Mottram at 70, pub. by Y. & P. Skelt.)

I

Je voyageais à travers les ruelles et des pièges intellectuels
de la vie littéraire contemporaine pour arriver où
j'aurais dû commencer et ceci en faisant un effort
avec chaque gramme de tout ce qu'on possède

*

cette histoire perverse et d'une grimace de douleur

*

faisant partie d'une groupe d'esprits hautement intellectuelle
mais pas nécessairement artistique qui traverse avec une à peine concevable
liberté presque illégale sur le domaine entier
de ce qu'on pourrait penser et exprimer

*

la fantaisie de la grande visée inspirée d'Europe
nous motivaient tous grandement dans notre groupe jusqu'aux sommets
misérables et au désespoir vide

*

l'illusion du pouvoir immense et l'omniscience

*

ayant goûté du sang de la publication je n'y pouvais plus m'arrêter

*

la très snob et intellectuelle corporation à Nouvelle York
qui affectionne d'être sentimentalement éloquent sur des héros d'avant garde
après qu'ils soient morts et aide à les paralyser pendant qu'ils étaient en vie
à cause de leur charme noire laquelle s'accordaient avec la plus récente
et abstraite recette pour évincer leur sens de la profondeur

*

les écrivains s'efforcent de concurrencer un avec l'autre
dans une vision englobante Spendlerienne

*

mon frère fut interné quand je commençais mes années vingtaines
j'ai signé aussi le certificat pour qu'on réalise une lobotomie pré-frontale
laquelle s'aboutit en son décès à cause de l'hémorragie
sur la table d'opération à l'hôpital de l'Etat de Rockland

*

(to be continued)

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Translation of Eric Mottram's PEACE PROJECT 9 - le Projet de la paix 9 by T Wignesan

Translation of Eric Mottram's PEACE PROJECT 9 - le Projet de la paix 9 by T. Wignesan

.....Comme gel sous l'eau noire, sommeil fatale, crapaud.

.....'Sade' - Le Marteau sans Maître - (René) Char

la laideur éveillée du sommeil
le besoin de brûler le chaume
au bûcher funéraire sans utilité et râpé
les existences des bannières se livrent à la bataille des fanions d'idées

aux côtés des rivières
la Danube à Buda
l'Hudson sous les Cloisters
Canyon de Chelly pictographs

brûlent
plongent
vous apprenez comment nager
voilà nagez maintenant
dépecez le garçon nu
toujours pas pu rencontrer l'esprit
couler le contrôle dans le flux
prenant ces mouvements des bras
deux rives pour aller loins
sortant des eaux à quatre pattes

des tels gens sur la rive des prairies
des prés de pins au sud de Wolf Pass
le chasseur d'arôme
passez à travers
un sol aiguillé tacheté
un cerf se levant momentanément après avoir bu l'eau bleu
les andouillers d'un chevreuil se levant au ciel azuré

le thym la sauge la pente couverte d'herbes
dans des courants thermiques

ma tête une espace
dans l'espace
un endroit vide
vous ne saurez

jamais et ni des chutes d'eau nostalgique
une série de gratitudes
simplement

les vagabonds et des peuples de la mer
après leurs écroulement
les fous occupant des positions élevées
font investir des capitaux où qu'ils veulent
avec une élégance discrète
faisons ce que nous pouvions de cette horreur
faisant partie de tout cela
cannibales suicides adorateurs

réduit à vide ce rêve du pays
sans l'appui mythique
face au défi provoqué
pas de femme consolant la bavure des hommes

l'excrément de l'histoire des mythes
nous devrions réveiller
créer d'autres
voix ou nous devrions nous soumettre

"les seules créatures
capables de s'améliorer
sont mal adaptées
à leurs environnements"

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Translation of Eric Mottram's DEER HUNT - la Chasse aux cerfs by T Wignesan

Translation of Eric Mottram's DEER HUNT - la Chasse aux cerfs by T. Wignesan

"La civilisation est une maladie, le barbarisme rejuvenation."

Gauguin

en pleurant sombre dans leurs sièges
une nation se sent
se sent purgée
la culpabilité avalée avec du popcorn pour la W.-C.
leurs guerriers caucasiens
camouflées de la droite
tuent encore les sous-humains
pour l'argent et le peuple
aux lèvres des bébés en bavant l'onction
des lits de bambou descendent
l'histoire cousue dans des livres
dans de solide
salle humide
le nouveau patriotisme pousse des ouïes rougissant de plaisir
l'odeur de la suie de cave
à leurs hanches tournant les M-16s
dévastent les barbares
les triomphateurs de la forêt
un film pour sauver des forêts contre
des forêts détruites
pas de cerfs pas d'oiseaux
où la surdité des bambous coupe les chansons
déformés 2,4,5 - T bébés
multiplient en douzaines
des orphelins engendrés par des pères soldats chantent
'ne pleures pas pour des nouveaux nés
l'être humain est pour toujours fraîche'
le chasseur de cerfs trouve son chemin dans des forêts métalliques
le sang sur l'aile de la voiture à New Jersey
pour pouvoir s'éloigner des femmes
dans des bois afin de se livrer à la conversation vulgaire
des gants lourds en caoutchouc écartant avec force la mâchoire
en mesurant l'écart des six-points du chevreuil

la fumée des fusils et de l'alcool sur l'aire de la forêt

des vêtements d'une couleur orange clair dans des lanternes de
gasoline

'mon seconde tir avait presque bousillé son jambe postérieur
mais il néanmoins s'est mis debout'

des gars

'assis dans la voiture en mangeant mon déjeuner ce cerf sans peur
venait pas à pas jusqu'à nous mais moi sans ambages

j'ai sorti et lui ôtais de la vie'

l'histoire de la liberté des sangliers sauvages

c'est la nôtre si l'on essaie de la trouver dans des forêts

des cris qu'on lance dans la forêt

la forêt les renvoie

dégorges son cri du terreur

contre l'écroulant fondements de la loi

1979

(Eric Mottram. A Book of Herne (1975-1981). Colne: Arrowspire Press, 1981, pp.
34-35.)

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Translation of Eric Mottram's TIME SIGHT UNSEEN, Part 4 by T Wignesan

Translation of Eric Mottram's TIME SIGHT UNSEEN - Part Four by T. Wignesan

"Instead of an item in a school of rhetoric, the poem could have variety of articulations, continuity and discontinuity, sentence and parataxis, and an awareness of the imaginative possibilities of relationship between particles".
Eric Mottram.

December 29, 1924 - January 17, 1995, prolific poet, editor of the Poetry Review (organ of The Poetry Society in England during the seventies), eminent critic (Times Literary Supplement) and Emeritus Professor of English and American Literature at King's College, University of London in 1990. He won a scholarship from Blackpool Grammar School to Cambridge, but chose to join the Royal Navy in 1943. He obtained a Double First in English Tripos (1947-1950) at Pembroke College, University of Cambridge, after serving out the War as second-in-command of a mine-sweeper in the Baltic and the Bay of Bengal.

Just for the anecdote, his family traces its descent from the times of the Norman Conquest as " Lords of the Manor " on his father's side. His father was a civil servant who worked to put in place Britain's social security system. Once in 1964, Eric showed me - somewhat diffidently - the family's Coat of Arms, saying : " Do you know what this is ? ", and I never (for a while) stopped kidding him about it all. The real reason why he didn't take up the posts offered to him in the States - such as a professorship at Rutgers - was that he was very proud of being " British " ; yet he owed his post at London University to an American : Professor Robert Earnest SPILLER who authored The Literary History of the United States (1948).

The following translation is the fourth part of "Time Sight Unseen", published in The Poetry/Rare Books Collection, State University of New York at Buffalo, 1993, n.p.

4

les lois tendues vous réalisiez
furent enseignées
le droit civil
à présent reste intense

cette machine menti
à présent son temps présent
entre dans une absence vidée du temps

où même vos poux
disparaissaient en tombant
sans être alimentés Umheimlicher

les muscles se lassent
réapparaissent maniaque sur des roches
la marée mise à nu
les colonies renfermées
bleu noirci et noir
coups de froid coloniaux

les mêmes groupes
des bernaches moules anémones de mer
aspirés aux roches
attendent les lois de la lune pour couvrir
leurs voies aériennes minces avec l'océan

faites sortir la chair en forme de H
laissant en dehors
sa volonté

du physique au mental
le vieux ce
habitué à

c'était habitué à la pensée
mais jamais utilisa le mot
à l'exception pour

j'ai pensé que vous saviez
ou
je ne jamais pensé que vous voudriez

arriva du reste un dealer intéressé
maintenant le transformateur s'arrête
son affaire devenu loi

reste immobile
où il oeuvra sans relâche
aux intérêts mérités tant qu'ils augmentaient

uniquement au plan partiel
un portail sans affiches les gardiens dépourvus de la parole
tout pareil le langage silencieux

lèches bottes dissimulés derrière eux

passent par le portail en présentant des documents
sans un mot à travers

à une main de verre dans du cuir
faisant la lecture à travers des verres du soleil

l'invisibilité du passeport
eux ils ne l'en rendront pas
la résidence serait-elle un état si dénudé

une fois franchi les frontières
sans ces lampes blanches perchées en haut
la hutte dans l'ombre

regardez fixement en penchant
au dessus de la barrière du fil métallique
qu'est-ce qu'il y a dans le cartable

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2017

Translation of Eric Mottram's TIME SIGHT UNSEEN, Part 3 by T Wignesan

Translation of Eric Mottram's TIME SIGHT UNSEEN, Part Three by T. Wignesan

"Instead of an item in a school of rhetoric, the poem could have variety of articulations, continuity and discontinuity, sentence and parataxis, and an awareness of the imaginative possibilities of relationship between particles".
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The following translation is the third part of "Time Sight Unseen", published in The Poetry/Rare Books Collection, State University of New York at Buffalo, 1993, n.p.

3

un monstre à plat ventre là-bas
sous le feu du projecteur-ici il comme c'est
aveugle envers mis k.-o.
tombe en panne une plaine bosselée
pas de rêves visionnaires
pour ce mécanisme se roulant
plus ou moins

est simplement en train de poursuivre ses affaires
vous ne vous souviendrez pas de rien
pendant trois heures et du quart

une conscience alternative
ce n'est pas l'équilibre cet état
maintenant regardez l'équilibre et déclarez
perte du contrôle
mais dans quelle mesure
étranger à cet endroit
appelé théâtre

où un autre à peine moi
même pas récupérable par la folie
puisque j'ai été dérobé
vécu ailleurs en marchant maintenant non-sens
ce présent non-voulu
se pénétrant et devient parmi
l'étranger silencieux parmi nos
mutuel nos
mangeant la grande recette

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2017

Translation of Eric Mottram's TIME SIGHT UNSEEN, Part Two by T Wignesan

Translation of Eric Mottram's TIME SIGHT UNSEEN, Part Two by T. Wignesan

"Instead of an item in a school of rhetoric, the poem could have variety of articulations, continuity and discontinuity, sentence and parataxis, and an awareness of the imaginative possibilities of relationship between particles".
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The following translation is the second part of "Time Sight Unseen", published in The Poetry/Rare Books Collection, State University of New York at Buffalo, 1993, n.p.

2

mais ce nous disons ce rappelez
qu'il revient le trouvez réel
comme vous dites ce ne soit pas tout à fait ce
sans ra. pas d'instantants instantané mais
il y aura quelques changements autour d'ici
se trouvant immobile se couchant dans
des endroits à l'intérieur des processus
la recette dont nous partageons pour

le maintenant renouvelé
par le non-visible
même s'il n'est pas agréable à voir
si l'on a du courage qu'il faut
la vue inaperçue c'est un syntagme à apprécier
que l'on se prononce complètement dites qu'il soit
alors il est là
un jaillissement qui provoque l'émerveillement
toujours les moyens qu'il utilise pour faire surgir
des bonnes pressions inaperçues
plus ardemment que de la propulsion
de l'eau des causes non-éclaircies les distances
connaissables mais toujours merveilleuses
le sens complet soumis à l'examen
ainsi les temps n'étant pas susceptibles de tomber
dans la saleté
revient à l'esprit
voilà l'engagement
l'art éternelle intronisée sur notre rétine
voyez à l'extérieur et de la perception
le dessin est partagé
comme la lumière dérange
perturb
la donne appelée l'acte de vision
pas ce qu'on voit une vision mais l'art
l'art d'apercevoir l'oeil est un phénomène
le moi est notre l'autre
oeil pour regarder
nous sommes tous les deux en train de regarder une couleur
trembloter
dans un tableau rectangulaire
de laquelle elle surgisse
en dehors envers
tâchez de la retenir maintenant
au fur et à mesure
de l'intérieur

“ pour combien de temps un oiseau peut chanter
aussi longtemps qu'il connaisse sa chanson
je veux te le dire
qu'un imbécile peut se tromper”

Translation of Eric Mottram's TIME SIGHT UNSEEN, Part 1 by T Wignesan

Translation of Eric Mottram's TIME SIGHT UNSEEN, Part One by T. Wignesan

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The following translation is the first part of "Time Sight Unseen", published in The Poetry/Rare Books Collection, State University of New York at Buffalo, 1993, n.p.

I

là dedans
regardez là dedans ils ont les leurs
ce que ne pouvait pas être vu la pensée dégoûtante
une fois enfin et dans l'événement regardez
son temps
ils confèrent l'objet sur mon
le mien a été exploité
en rappelant ceux qu'on ne peut pas voir
ceux rattachés au temps et à la cage thoracique ainsi ses mains soulevées
leurs vies toujours vibrantes

saisissaient du temps de l'intérieur la seule
chronologie du temps de sang sujet chronique
la fondation saisie
le temps de l'intérieur étant à vous et à moi
sans cadran qui voyait la cage
courbé écarté pour atteindre
le passage sans faire un numéro
les mains là dans le non-vu
comme un entraîneur propriétaire calme vidé
assommé pour nous de notre
pour garder l'unique temps
à l'intérieur
chassé pour quand les organes à l'extérieur
voient l'extérieur une fois de plus
le vrai temps dévidait puis s'enroulait
pendant un certain temps n'étant pas réel

encore l'extérieur n'est pas visible
de nouveau après l'intrusion dans le seul sacré
les rouges sacs du temps là-bas ramenés et remis
dans l'esprit
rappelés à l'esprit
pour se soucier de votre temps
pourrait être filmé et vu de façon non-réel le temps réel
les images chaque seconde
sous la rétine trembloté
déjà vu auparavant comme la fin du réel
un passé dans la bobine avec des agents de conservations
dès ce moment où ce que s'éclata
l'amour les poèmes d'amour
les éclatements de peur
les découverts depuis des sacs du temps
des pulsations et ce que s'était passé se déroule
le grand secret répété devant nous
la machine déclencha
ces moments à nouveau
les vraies scènes les moments intimes mutuels. tout ce que vous pouvez

The Sixty-Four Rulers of the Yi Jing

The Sixty-Four Rulers of the Yi Jing

When chieftains uncrowned yearn to be enthroned
They either give their daughters to princes
Or invite other chieftains and have them poisoned
Some choose the war-path without hindrances

And lose their lives wives their land masses
In days of yore we call smirk as dark ages
Today's chieftains also own land masses
Stars with stripes pedigree business managers

Lawmen who make millions helped by judges
Generals in command of battalions
Through coup d'Etat fulfil ill-nursed grudges
All scions sired by pur sang stallions

Who won elections with money from banks
Or the pennies dropped by party members
All paths leaders take to the top while thanks
They give not to those who toiled to hoist masters

What may the difference be with then and now
One man still decides the fate of one's country
No man can encompass all the know-how
Any man can lose cool and berserk thrash free

When the going gets tough under pressure
When vested interests pull tout azimuth
Is divine right a blessing rained down treasure
Or the servile mind's habit of staying put

If sixty-four wise men ran a country
According to the dictates of the Yi Jing
The world will neither know war nor treaty
The future will be assured for every being

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2017

DIARY NOTES: Lamentable laissez-faire

Diary Notes: Lamentable laissez-faire

...the lèche cul is
back
every cell of her a seething surging cesspool of putrid suck
the darling of the Prusso-Lepeniste muck:
all degenerate foul-mouthed mean-minded sick:
“I’ll grab his private parts thus —>”
her scabrous claw relishing the plucking thrust
the latter-day Jeanne d’Arc of the revived Napoleonic Kingdom
she's back the neurotic blot on the wailing
phoney socialist rocambolesque reverie
not even the sparrows hug the hedges now
and no birds would sing in this worsted plain

Harvey spoils the eclipsed arc
the path of Yin is now well marked
all celebrating victories before they are won
the people the poor the duped left to their wits
in sewage pools eddying hopes slipping through dams and dykes
the people the poor
people always pay for the folly of hoisting fanfaron Pharoahs
up above pyramid pinnacles on palanquins

Yes, according to the very reverend Swift raiser of the race of Master Horses
the world west of the Silk Road now is divided into
Yahoos and the Netan-Yahoos
the jackboot now at last fits the untrodden masters
like a second moulted skin
Brexit isles moored and annexed to the new-found Land

She's back the lèche cul with her witches’ brooms and mops and
pails littered under the portico le portable stuck to her ear
proclaiming her arrival yet none gave her a long-awaited send-off
spying from a distance

“Let’s study the way he slips in
and slips out
of his cubicle door!”

this time from behind the kinder garten glass doors
all for the free
masonic fortress under foreign fiefdom

sun-burnt flesh reeks through the Mall
smacks of steak: raw or well-singed
the reek of rutting limbs is everywhere loud
in queues at milling supermarkets
at bus-stops
at postal bank self-service guichets
come September the unheeding dance and rejoice
October and their hinds begin to ache
November when the bruises bulges pulled muscles broken
promises make no bones of their State
the poor always pay for the mistakes and crimes of their masters

the moment of truth when thunder is stentorian
not a rumble on rails
nor a lone drone drawn out streak high in the sky heading for wind-swept isles
the hour of reckoning must be at hand

"I'll grab his balls all in one hand:
See, what can he do? See!" says she
the lèche cul

This's as far as the State can grasp
reduced to pilfering
reduced to a kind of stunted growth
the psyche stuck in a gluey paste
holding hands pressing pumping palms
waltzing on the Champs Elysée
lisping careless whispers:

"I'm never gonna dance again...
Guilty feet got no rhythm...
The way I danced with you oh oh...
So wrong that you had to leave me alone!"

Let's plunder the proof he has
Then we can all kick his ass

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2017

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE

IF YOU PULL A LONG FACE

If you pull a long face
Just because you had a bad day
That's alright you won't lose face
Everyone's beset some hapless day

If you pull a long face
Day by day come what may
Better know it's really out-of-place
To pull a long face in every way

Yet if you pull a long face
All your livelong dark day
You had better make an about-face
Or you'd end up in a fray

If you pull a long face
'Cause none with you will play
Then you have lost your birth-place
You'll not save face even if you pray

So if you pull a long face
No matter what or who comes your way
Give a damn who looks you in the face
Then you're made of sterner stuff, not clay

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2017

Communication - Fornication - Comm-U-For-Nication

Communication + Fornication = comm-u-for-nication

kettle cattle
little cat call cat
call kitten
casse role
roll kit ten
role call
lit till kit ten
call cat till cat
-tle call kettle
call casse
role roll call
kit ten
cat till
kettle call
kitten back
cat till casse
roll kit
ten cattle
kettle call
BLACK
et ainsi de suite...

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2017

Limericks de-crochetes: Is not shame self-humiliation

Limericks dé-crochetés: Is not shame self-humiliation

Is not shame self-humiliation
To be thought of with condescension
All men know some disgrace
Except those without grace
Dignity's the art of pretension

The man who fears not leaving this world
E'en without heir his name can fame mould
Knows no shame brought by birth
All's forgiven in mirth
Though what lies ahead mayn't rightly be told

Memory's a wild accusing thing
It best serves those who here nothing bring
Nothing take on way out
Nothing leave to shout 'bout
What one forgets might well be no-thing

Think of all the pain one puts up with
Just for the sake of the ego myth
To be thought of well - swell
Hail fellow well met - hell !
Who e'er lived to de-mystify death

Shame's the pain we face in hour of need
Stand alone you'll likely go to seed
Join the crowd to feel proud
The name well-clothed in shroud
All the shame humiliation must feed

End of day finds us shoring up shame
Orchestrated scenes of death-bed fame
Funerals in black staid
Write-ups by friends well-paid
All to keep shame hidden in the name

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Limerick crochets: Once cheerful Alzheimer motorist

Limerick crochétés: Once cheerful Alzheimer motorist

Once cheerful Alzheimer motorist
Drove stolen car on a real tight fist
Drank oil at petrol pump
Bought used golf balls from Trump
Got called to White House as Chief Theorist

First advice he forgot to give Chief
"Show House anagram on handkerchief!"
Got kicked upstairs to roof
To count suns water-proof
Saw shooting stars making much mischief

Forgot to keep his mouth right tight shut
Five gallons of oil came rushing out
All West Wing caught fire
Also Code Nuclear
Kim Jong Un lit cigars in a fit !

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2017

DIARY NOTES: Lament at Dawn

Diary Notes: Lament at Dawn

...at the heart of the township
ten-ton buses throb empty
their drivers slumped in the heat
behind their steering wheels listening to their favourite stations
hot full of drowsy hissed talk on the pregnancy of stars
at junctions overhead drives bridges roundabouts crossroads
you see mothers with shopping bags dragging woeful tearful
toddlers waiting at traffic lights where no traffic waits
the air disgorges itself of fumes
and no birds would sing to a deserted plain
at the academy building where garden warblers vied with larks
aspiring choruses at street operas
only the abandoned rickety scaffolding drip with stale paint
the Great tit so insistent in her quest
driven with late June cracker blasts at midnight
has joined some vagrant migrant lot to the Mediterranean mists
only stray magpies quarrel in undertones swearing cursing scrapping the mind
pigeons and turtle doves forage along pathways mocking foot-falling steps
the route round the back of the Prefecture for a year now is shut to the public
a reminder to the Charlie Hebdo ISIS fiasco
and the joggers take to the thoroughfare in their tell-tale whallop-y shorts
at the kinder gardens lone working mothers hang out with texting iPhones for
the evening bell

the beggars all gone to sun themselves (yes...this's cruel) on the Riviera

leaving four wizened figures long un-paying residents by the law faculty mounds
seated next to next in their unwashed best exchanging memories
like the kids they may have been at tenement blocks on an abandoned culvert
without toys
the skies cloud over and dissipate without complaint
now and then Atlantic winds bring news of thunder
and have us short-changed
the last we heard was the early morning 5.20 metro pull out of its shed

at the drug-and-grocery stores supermarkets only the migrant lot meet to chat
the Mall stays chockfull of lush-green girls dressed in their mothers' best
looking for a fix
the queues thin at the chemist's
security guards tire of looking into bags
they smile thinking of something that must have amused them
perhaps at some chance encounter or at some pungent lascivious repartee

the Maghreb-ian neighbours still won't give up their heedless tapage
you can even hear their gasping breath on creaking boards and floors

those who come and go at the entrance still spy on the locks and keyholes yours
to pick and click
waiting to tell the gardienne or some official still on vacation

the usual figures flit through the early light to dig into the rubbish bins
lepers of our remains
where do they bunk
in what mountain hold or time
silently busy not-caring
what the world might think

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Villanelle: Break not chains Sartre hooked on ankles in disdain

Villanelle: Break not chains Sartre hooked on ankles in disdain

Break not chains Sartre hooked on ankles in disdain
No Lawrence outsider sups with wooden spoon
Don't bitter gruel course through low coolie-lines vein

One thing's to espouse the cause of mighty swain
Another to champion masses without boon
Break not chains Sartre hooked on ankles in disdain

Shut not windows when floors are not wet with rain
Let not those who suffocate force you to swoon
Don't bitter gruel course through low coolie-lines vein

Who writes in huis clos invisible inane
Turn Left to stand up for the 'pariah' goon
Break not chains Sartre hooked on ankles in disdain

How much less harm this world could have borne sans pain
If only from mouth you spat out silver spoon
Don't bitter gruel course through low coolie-lines vein

Go tell the coolie his life is his to brain
Break existential chain with will not too soon
Break not chains Sartre hooked on ankles in disdain
Don't bitter gruel course through low coolie-lines vein

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Villanelle: Not Mind nor Soul but the Body's Prowess

Villanelle: Not the Mind nor Soul but the Body's prowess

Not the mind nor soul but the body's prowess
What stands out must crown man's vanity made bold
So what counts must make nations blazing success

Usury stocks and shares that banks re-possess
Wars in foreign lands paid for with oil and gold
Not the mind nor soul but the body's prowess

Win the match by whatever means or duress
Let match light like match in meadows manifold
So what counts must make nations blazing success

Must earth at receiving end turn to a mess
Yin acted upon by Yang brings forth fresh world
Not the mind nor soul but the body's prowess

Batsmen face fast balls or those spun nonetheless
Ton-up signals the century bought and sold
So what counts must make nations blazing success

Batter the mother who will the goddess bless
Dark suns look down upon a world long gone cold
Not the mind nor soul but the body's prowess
So what counts must make nations blazing success

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Villanelle: Often I think of writer-poets of yore

Villanelle: Often I think of writer-poets of yore

Often I think of writer-poets of yore
Who wrote in fear of lords kings patrons of church
Their voices hushed humbled by the stoop they bore

Often I conjure up their solemn lives raw
And wonder how their pages weren't left in lurch
Often I think of writer-poets of yore

Pages to patrons puppets to popes galore
Hidden chaste natures all resisting research
Their voices hushed humbled by the stoop they bore

Often addressing some damsel they adore
No more ambition than to lead her to church
Often I think of writer-poets of yore

Pauper some who pilfer to pen metaphor
Through some trope in their guts some scheme beyond search
Their voices hushed humbled by the stoop they bore

Lean those dead young despised by the loves they swore
Never knowing if their verses will us broach
Often I think of writer-poets of yore
Their voices hushed humbled by the stoop they bore

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Villanelle:Who will dare not love La Belle Dame sans Merci

Villanelle: Who will dare not love La Belle Dame sans Merci

Who will dare not love La Belle Dame sans Merci
Will she now dare budge from her perch in the clouds
No Knight-at-Arms her wiles entice sans souci

No belle dis-haunches curves just for a merci
Nor no beau fealty vows when she unfolds
Who will dare not love La Belle Dame sans Merci

La Belle Dame knows best why knights to grot go see
Best to keep armour on lest hell-met visor scalds
No Knight-at-Arms her wiles entice sans souci

Do knights her eyes gaze when they rout her easy
Nor think of fellow knights in arms she enfolds
Who will dare not love La Belle Dame sans Merci

Quaff not her cheap cheer unless from Holy See
Lulled not be by tales of woe laid by knights' holds
No Knight-at-Arms her wiles entice sans souci

Serves whom right to fall in love with Heresy
No true love sits on throne when knights be cuckolds
Who will dare not love La Belle Dame sans Merci
No Knight-at-Arms her wiles entice sans souci

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Villanelle: Has anyone seen my stray confounded poem

Villanelle: Has anyone seen my stray confounded poem

Has anyone seen my stray confounded poem
Two hundred leagues long ten times as much deep
All night I tossed in its wayward waters foam

Three lines I wrought short of just one neurone
Kept me waking drowsing falling back to sleep
Has anyone seen my stray confounded poem

Just three words nagging I could not call back home
Or was it the feminine rhyme I could not keep
All night I tossed in its wayward waters foam

I thought on waking up first lines had round come
I could see naked words before my eyes weep
Has anyone seen my stray confounded poem

Some naughty mermaid lure my lines to embalm
Or did some Rhyme Master frown down from crest steep
All night I tossed in its wayward waters foam

Redress not tresses nor shoals of letters blame
Let them swish and swarm comb hidden beaches sweep
Has anyone seen my stray confounded poem
All night I tossed in its wayward waters foam

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Villanelle: No man can on his own escape written fate, for THIRU-VALLUVAR

Villanelle: No man can on his own escape written fate

For Thiru-Valluvar, the “nameless” author of the THIRUK-KURAL

Note: In my previous posts, especially on Canto 38, I had expounded on the man and his work in relation to Hindu philosophical aims in life which I shall not belabour here in order to make space for other thoughts on his oeuvre. Without going into too much detail here (which is the province of the academic essay), let me lay out in brief what I think the poet attempted to do or succeeded in doing in order to make his work survive the times in which he lived. The fact that the author remains a nebulous figure till this day owes much to the conditions in which he lived cannot be gainsaid: if his work of perennial value did not motivate his contemporaries to record and celebrate the author’s life and circumstances for successive generations - despite the Indian penchant for neglecting details of authorship - it must have been due quite possibly to other reasons less congratulatory to be recounted here again, so here goes.

According to Hindu aims, the life of man should traverse four stages: love (kama), wealth (artha), virtue (dharma) and renunciation (moksha). The Thiruk-Kural, by contrast, has only three divisions: dharma (araththuppaal: Cantos 1 to 38), artha (porudpaal: Cantos 39 to 108) and kama (kamaththuppaal: Cantos 109 to 133). In my earlier posts, I had argued that there was. no need for a fourth book on the theme of “moksha” or “vidu” since the author had in several cantos and other diverse couplets dealt, in particular, with this subject. Yet I need not have pursued this line of reasoning for the sake of my present argument.

As I had stated in previous posts, Cantos 35, 36, 37 all lead up to and reinforce Canto 38 on “Fate” (uul) and that the latter canto nullifies all that has been propounded in the rest of the oeuvre. This is self-evident since the author attributes everything that happens to one’s life to pre-destination in this canto, and therefore the three previous cantos have to be associated with it as being part of a disconnect with the whole. Likewise, the first canto on “Submission to God’s Grace” (kadavul vaalththu), being the only specific address to the Supreme Being, must also be grouped with the four other foregoing cantos. In other words, FIVE cantos have not their rightful place in a work of ethics centred on rightful conduct in human behaviour and interaction with the sexes, the family, the community and the State.

This leaves us with 128 cantos, I.e. 133 minus 5. If we divide 128 by 2, we get

64, the crucial number which gives us the 64 hexagrams of the classical Canon of Change, the Yi Jing or the 64 squares of the chessboard and, THIS IS OUR POINT, the 64 PADAS (squares of meditation for the pilgrim) provided in the architectural plan and construction of the basic HINDU TEMPLE. What about the extra 64 not apparently taken into consideration. Well, the PALACE TYPE OF TEMPLE, the MANDUKA MANDALA duplicates the 64 geometric pattern. This is exactly what THIRU-VALLUVAR had planned and executed in his work. The THIRUK-KURAL's cantos fit mathematically and thematically into the architectural plan of temples which were propagated in the GUPTA PERIOD, from the 4th Century C.E.

The Hindu Temple (64-grid x 2 = 128) The Thiruk-Kural

I - Grabh-Griya (Empty pada at PURUSHA Centre) : Canto 1 (Purusha)
(Kadavul Vaalththu)

II - Brahma (4 x 2 = 8 padas): MOKSHA Cantos 35, 36, 37 & 38
(Renunciation to Fate)

III - Devika (12 x 2 = 24 padas): DHARMA Cantos 2 to 34
(Araththuppaal)

IV - Manusha (20 x 2 = 40 padas): ARTHA Cantos 39 to 108
(Porudpaal)

V - Paisachika (28 x 2 = 56 padas): KAMA Cantos 109 to 133
(Kaamaththuppaal)

Total n° of padas: 64 x 2=128 Total for Thiruk-Kural=128 + 5=133

Vastu-Sastra and Vastu-Vidya Sanskrit manuals for the building of palatial type temples were in circulation by the 6th Century C.E., so one possible conjecture is that Thiru-Valluvar's lifetime might date from the Gupta Period, but this is of secondary importance, for the moment.

Enough to say that, if, as I think, he was a marked man, subject to some sort of "repression", then the planning and execution of his work on the structure of temple architecture in accordance with its geometric and philosophic principles, attests to the "conjecture" that Thiru-Valluvar had successfully managed to subvert oppressive authoritarian rule - as far as he was concerned - in his time. The proof lies in my discovering the hidden fundamental structure of his poem. T. Wignesan

Villanelle: No man can on his own escape written fate

No man can on his own escape written fate
Most times in our lives we need help to survive
Unlike most creatures we adapt far too late

All men fall into a slot which we call fate
A place a time heritage parents revive

No man can on his own escape written fate

Ev'ry step we take leads to some open gate
What lies beyond unseen will sting us alive
Unlike most creatures we adapt far too late

Nothing trips us up as the next man's dark hate
Fate finds always those who will ill us contrive
No man can on his own escape written fate

No stratagem can forestall oncoming fate
Unless man foregoes all urges quicken drive
Unlike most creatures we adapt far too late

Dead men who move through life spectators innate
Each his life overhaul to let others thrive
No man can on his own escape written fate
Unlike most creatures we adapt far too late

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Florilege of Distiches from the THIRUK-KURAL: K129, K752

Florilège of distichs from the THIRUK-KURAL: K129, K102

K129: thiivinaal shutta*pun ullaarum aaraathE
naavinaal shutta vadu*

(*vadu (n.) = scar, ulcer; *shudu (v.) = burn)

In flesh by fire inflamed, nature may thoroughly heal the sore;
In soul by tongue inflamed, the ulcer healeth never more. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
The wound which has been burnt in. by fire may heal, but a wound burnt in by
the tongue will never heal. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

(Even) a fire-scorched wound can fully heal by itself; but never will
a wound inflicted by the tongue. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

K752: illaarai ellaarum elluvar* selvarai
ellaarum seyvar sirappu*

(* ellu (v.) = despise; *sirappu (n.) = excellence, renown, esteem, etc.)

Those who have nought all will despise;
All raise the wealthy to the skies. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
All despise the poor; (but) all praise the rich. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

The have-nots by all are mocked;
The haves all will highly esteem. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

(to be continued)

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RECIPE: Poulet Roti - French Style - Ballade Le Chant Royal - Concluding Stanza

RECIPE: "Poulet Roti" French Style - La Ballade "Le Chant Royal" -Concluding Stanza

(Note: As you can see, I have taken certain liberties with the fixed form, but have always kept close to the spirit of the ballade's form: rhyme, metre, stanza, envoi, and, now, concluding stanza addressed to an important royal personality. Exceptions are the introductory RECIPE - I and the extension of the FIVE eleven-line stanza to TEN.)

CONCLUDING STANZA

Now you have all seen how the French roast chicken
Not quite different, say, from British cuisine:
Lion-Heart Richard* lies with Jeanne d'Arc in Rouen
Not so different from other Royal spleen.
It matters little if powers visible
Go through motions where kings move invisible
Call it DEMOCRACY, call it what you like
Old shibboleths raise Gorgon heads still to strike
As Greek pauper Prince raised on German Jew brew:
"Seventy years as Pope you reigned recondite,
Never you'll know the pain you caused all for a few!"

Sol de France franchi
Terre d'asile
A-Dieu!

The "heart" of King Richard the Lion Heart is buried in the Rouen Cathedral - a stone's throw from where Joan of Arc was burned at the stake - bombed by the Allied Forces pilot who later let drop the first atomic bomb over Hiroshima on August 6, 1945. (Ref. Cf article by Flint Whitlock on-line.)

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RECIPE: Poulet Roti - French Style - Ballade Le Chant Royal 11

RECIPE: "Poulet Roti" French Style - Ballade "Le Chant Royal" 11

STANZA X

Even as this Royal Lay comes to an end
Yet one more crime hatched on one more ruse and lie
Gets committed to drive this one round the bend:
"Bite the bait, harrowed be, before you die!"
Same message for more than half a century
The Kafkayesque trial that wastes energy:
Witnesses who'd gladly turn King's evidence
Lawyers who'd hoodwink you and make no pretence
The migrant crowd trained to oust you out of bounds
To please authority Left or Right of fence
Independent de Gaulle men gone from home grounds.

ENVOI

"Freemasons Grand Orient kind take offence,
Want you kept down whatever your innocence:
At the highest level this decision stands!"
Said de Gaulle Police Chief in-charge of defence.
Independent de Gaulle men gone from home grounds.

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RECIPE: Poulet Roti - French Style - Ballade Le Chant Royal 10

RECIPE: "Poulet Roti" French Style - Ballade "Le Chant Royal" - 10

STANZA IX

Snubbed by Churchill, de Gaulle's June 18th appeal
Saves not crushed Rouen, Paris to liberate
Triumphant Le Clerc hurries after ordeal
Did not Liberation make Resistants great
Nazi Chief's deaf ear lets not Hitler burn Paris
Do the sacred cow Resistants scorn hubris
"Now e'en Presidents fear veteran Police!"
Ditto whole appareil judiciaire en lice!
Not till the last of veteran Combatants
Take Bastille Day's Arc de Triomphe honoured place
Nor till Allied Forces be hailed true Conquérants?

ENVOI

Overnight the mother serves as plaything nice
For lawyers judges politicians police
All Free-Masons none resist as Resistants
No place for father and son in such premise
Nor till Allied Forces be hailed true Conquérants?

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RECIPE: Poulet Roti - French Style - Ballade Le Chant Royal 9

RECIPE: "Poulet Roti" French Style - Ballade "Le Chant Royal" 9

STANZA VIII

The French way is to damn you as litigant
Constant professional victim of the Law
Make you read law books be your own defendant
Rush about hang in queues write letters in awe
To lawyers judges ministers presidents
Cull evidence witnesses sealed documents
Which lawyers misplace refuse to cite in case
Desert you in court judges' contempt to face
Appeal after appeal the single-parent
Must kneel to abuse looks threats to save one's face
Ev'ry legal ruse used to make one relent

ENVOI

The mother well-entrenched in high police place
Tightens the screws turns the spit with cruel grace
Lets son stew in acrid juice with lone parent
While her wild secret antics rue her race
Ev'ry legal ruse used to make one relent

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RECIPE: Poulet Roti - French Style - Ballade Le Chant Royal 8

RECIPE: "Poulet Roti" French Style - Ballade "Le Chant Royal" 8

STANZA VII

The warning first comes from the job's admin head:
"The Secret Service will persecute you to death!"
Then they drum the son hammer and tongs on head
After mounting terror to cut short his breath:
"We'll slaughter your dad just as your mom we spurn
Do as we say or you too will on spit turn!
Breathe not a word of this or hell you will pay!"
Of course the son his brain maimed mums what they say,
Just as his mother drugged raped blackmailed by State
Does what she always covert did without pay.
Seek not asylum where Rights scarce pullulate!

ENVOI

Now the stakes hinge on what the father might say
E'en childhood friends turn up to act in French play
Each act in this drama unfolds roles through fate
Aesthetic distance wrote original play.
Seek not asylum where Rights scarce pullulate!

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RECIPE: Poulet Roti - French Style - Ballade Le Chant Royal 7

RECIPE: "Poulet Roti" French Style - Ballade "Le Chant Royal" 7

STANZA VI

"Come, join us! Stand alone and we'll make you sweat!
See how your spouse sucks with us, so will your son!
Those who prop you up depart, yes, with regret.
Men can't pull their weight alone under any sun!"
"I have a book I consult from time to time
Which makes me believe how in another clime
My high-born friends still wish me well on this earth
Wish me to stick to my guns, stick to my birth."
"Bring your book with you, we pay well for clues views
Glimpses into the future to boost our girth.
Our Nation über Alles! Make that news!"

ENVOI

"Look up into the Heavens, then down on Earth!
Think on trillion worlds where our lives provoke mirth
The Légion d'honneur lapel pin, on Death's dues!
Is Life merely about success stories, not Truth?"
Our Nation über Alles! Make that news!

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RECIPE: Poulet Roti French Style - Ballade Le Chant Royal - 6

RECIPE: "Poulet Roti" French Style - Ballade Le Chant Royal 6

(NOTE: This French "ballade" is being composed on permutations of the number ONE repeated twice, I.e., 11. Eleven syllables to the line in iamb or anapeste, interposed with dactyls, I guess, and of course with the ENVOI added. Eleven lines to the STANZA in eleven in res media "instalments" involving the minutely PERSONAL in interaction with the larger hoi polloi in relation to the STATE and its tentacular authoritarian apparatuses designed to keep the independent INDIVIDUAL always nailed in limbo.) T Wignesan

STANZA VI

"So why don'tya get out of this Third World hell !"
Near-East stronghold now in Maghreb stranglehold
Where Asians and Africans mingle pell-mell
Where the French affix sign-boards on their soil: "SOLD!"
The moonlight flit now turned to Indian rope trick
Where East Europeans come thick and homesick
To join the ranks of those from South-Euro lands
Who make much of the Far Right extremist brigands
Les français de souche* still commute to keep jobs
Like they once nostalgic did in foreign lands
The migrant refugee does odd jobs and robs

ENVOI

French lasses push prams with babes sunburnt inlands
No Tariq Ali* need turn back for want of bans
May the World colourless be sans hapless gods
Or will it taken over be by hooligans
The migrant refugee does odd jobs and robs

*Les français de souche: the French of stolid French ancestry.

*Tariq Ali, the Berber Moor alighted on the rock of Gibraltar, in 709 C. E. , with 30,000 horsemen, and by 711 had over-run the Iberian Peninsula, but Abdul Rahman al-Gafiqi, the Governor General of al-Andalus, who tried to extend the conquests further into Europe was halted in his tracks by the Frank Charles Martel at the Battle of Poitiers/Tours in 732.

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RECIPE: Poulet Roti - French Style - Le Chant Royal - Instalment 5

RECIPE: "Poulet Roti" French Style - Le Chant Royal (Instalment 5)

(Note: Rhyme scheme of "Le Chant Royal" where capital "E" stands for refrain, thus - Stanza: ababccddedE, Envoi: ddedE)

STANZA IV

One thing's to find fourteen-storey toilet waste
Stealthily creep up your ground-floor shower drain
Another's to watch the migrant surgeon paste
Some part of your body he cuts up - in vain
Yet another: watch nurses scowl in pleasure
As they stuff some part of you with germs for sure
Unaware that some medicine or remedy
Can do you more harm than climate tragedy
Know not which doctor keeps Hippocrate sermon
Nor which in patriot secret society
The State always fears for its reputation

ENVOI

No place in such a State for chicken curry
The secret service thrives on Poulet roti
If wisdom tooth hurts guess who drills canine down
If glasses need changing better change body
The State always fears for its reputation

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RECIPE: Poulet Roti French Style -Le Chant Royal - Instalment 4

RECIPE: "Poulet Roti" French Style - Le Chant Royal (Instalment 4)

(Note: Rhyme scheme of "Le Chant Royal" where capital "E" stands for refrain, thus - Stanza: ababccddedE, Envoi: ddedE)

STANZA III

The idea's to pluck the chicken naked dead
But to keep it alive so long as there's fun
Stick pins and needles all the time on its head
So that when the COQ crows you know the bird's done
Was Marquis de Sade Torquemada's agent
The Socialist Mayor now out on tangent
Wishing spindle glass tower turns ivory
To keep him in power sans democracy
Get henchmen to preach comeuppance damnation
Tighten screws on chicken spit sans clemency
Now that lame bird can't fly away sans nation

ENVOI

Vain Socialist pique harks back to idiocy
Lax morals sport with intellect's papacy
Skinned and spiked chicken calls for condemnation
Do Napoléons fear Waterloo or Holy See
Now that lame bird can't fly away sans nation

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RECIPE: Poulet Roti - French Style Le Chant Royal Instalment 3

RECIPE: "Poulet Roti" French Style - Le Chant Royal (Instalment 3)

(Note: Rhyme scheme of "Le Chant Royal" where capital "E" stands for refrain, thus - Stanza: ababccddedE, Envoi: ddedE)

STANZA II

Cut the hot-water supply, make chicken freeze
Tear up the electric connections, the telephone
Ensure chicken swallows upstairs dust, e'en sneeze
Fix the plumbing, flood coop with merde from heaven
Funnel exhaust fumes into coop car cabin
After fixing the engine - closed doors - unseen
And when chicken leaves coop to forage for food
Invade the coop, sabotage shower for good
So as to keep chicken skin in constant stink
See that chicken pays for all damage in blood
Give the Alien Crowd free rope's nodding wink!

ENVOI

Use the migrant lèches culs, the all-willing brood
Rejects from anarchic lands up to no good
Kitchen-help strut as Mason Chefs in a blink
Make their Masters' ev'ry wish come true for good
Give the Alien Crowd free rope's nodding wink!

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RECIPE: Poulet Roti French Style - Le Chant Royal - Instalment 2

RECIPE: "Poulet Roti" French Style - Le Chant Royal (Instalment 2)

Stanza I

COQ knows best how to pluck the wayward chicken
Quill by feather each pock-mark telltales French skill
Twisted beck wan crooked claws warts on bruised skin
Thus MARIANNE marinates asylum swill
Let filter no known friends through the Internet
Dog ev'ry step the chicken takes e'en secret
Day and night confine the bird to its cramped coop
And there make the migrant crowd damn nincompoop
Morning day or mid of night drill his ears through
Lace marinade with acid sauce Injun soup
Let the World know how well chicken basks in stew

ENVOI

Sol de France franchi! Terre d'Asile! O! What scoop!
Trumpet the news! Co-co-ri-co! Got'im in coop!
Un-wifed maimed sucker son root for Great Chef crew
Asylum-marinade French cuisine's top soup
Let the World know how well chicken basks in stew!

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K1087 and K1089 of Canto 109 in the THIRUK-KURAL: Thagainangkuraiththal

K1087 and K1089 of Canto 109 of the THIRUK-KURAL: Thagaianangkuraiththal

(In the transliterations, the capital vowels stand for the repetition of the same vowel: eg., "A" for "aa")

K1087: kadAak kalittrinmEl kadpadAm* mAthar
padAa mulaimEl thuthil

As veil o'er angry eyes, Of raging elephant that lies,
The silken cincture's folds invest this maiden's panting breast. (Transl. G. U. Pope)

The cloth that covers the firm bosom of this maiden is (like) that which covers
the eyes of a rutting elephant. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

The ornamental frontlet covering the elephant in rut;
The maiden's veil of fine cloth covering her breast. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

(*kadpadAm = ornamental fillet or frontlet for blindfolding an elephant.
*kadAkkaliru = an elephant in rut.)

K1089: pinai*Er mada*nOkkum nAn*um udaiyAdku
anievanO Ethil thanthu*

Like tender fawn's her eye; Clothed on is she with modesty;
What added beauty can be lent; By alien ornament? (Transl. G.U. Pope)
Of what use are other jewels to her who is adorned with modesty, and the meek
looks of a hind?* (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

(*I find this Drew-Lazarus translation most elegant, indeed. T.W.)

In tandem with the hind's artlessness/simplicity of mien and innate modesty,
what stratagem of extraneous adornment can add to her beauty? (Transl. T. Wignesan)

(*pinai = hind; nAn/nAnu = modesty, shame; madam = female simplicity; thanthu =
scheme, stratagem, artifice.)

Book Three of the THIRUK-KURAL on Un-Authorised and Authorised LOVE: Canto 109, K109 to 133

Book Three of the THIRUK-KURAL on Un-Authorised (concealed) and Authorised (religion-ordained) LOVE: Cantos 109 THAGAIANANGKURAITHTAL to 133

(Note: Love between mainly the wedded pair from the standpoint of the fair liana-like “lady” of the pliant bamboo-shoulders, light of tread, fresh as the lotus-shoot of a light-green hue, bedecked in jewels, matched by pearls for teeth, her breath a gentle breeze of jasmine, her doe arched-eyes shooting darts through demure glances - happens to be a kyrielle of complaints - feigned or genuinely felt - in the Romantic vein of the pain of “unrequited love”.

There is much - even far too much - of the harping of the wife’s adoration of her lover-husband whose absence, even minimal, is experienced as a cataclysmic disaster, much as the “damsel in distress” in dire throes.

No where the inadequacy of the male is in evidence: he is the paragon of virility to be adored whole-heartedly for his looks, even if his fidelity is thrown into doubt.

The poet doesn’t - given the puritanical nature of his society’s moeurs - shy away from hinting directly at the joyous fulfilment of the sexual act or union through the repetitious use of the word “embrace” (muyakkam/muyangku).

The damsel or fair lady freely pines away when her Lord and Master distances himself from her doting presence - even in his thoughts - and she’s up to all sorts of “tricks” to enhance the renewal of ecstatic “embraces”. She pouts, her sorrow becoming the talk of the town. Likewise the hero also affixes his disappointment by riding the “madal” (meaning a “horse” made of palmyra leaf-stems on which the forsaken male lover mounts to proclaim his grief).

From time to time, the couplets are specifically addressed to a companion in order to unburden herself of her unbearable longing for the lover, much in the fashion of the Cangam Age (2nd to the 5th C.E.) aham (inner as opposed to external life) poetic conventions where the personae of the poems speak to companions or friends, and the reader merely overhears the expressions of joy or suffering in their conversations. One would do well to remember that these AHAM-PURAM conventions were a highly complex system of codification of symbols relating to the fauna and flora confined to regions in five landscapes, such as, mountains, forests, plains, deserts and coastal beaches, with a whole range of feelings and sentiments associated with each “object” found in a seasonal moment of time as well.

These couplets do not reveal any picture of the family or communal life, apart from the fact that she is still slave in her total attachment to her husband-lover. Now and then, she has recourse to ruses and wiles to ensnare the “disinterested” husband, only to enhance the “heat” of the re-union, though. Yet, the resulting picture does not elevate her out of the miasma of servitude to her lover-husband. She appears content in her role, though.

One gets the feeling that this third section of the Kural could not have been composed by our poet of high vision, methodically dissecting and analysing larger chunks of life in true philosophic fashion. In it therefore lies further proof of his genius.

Let us pause and examine the first couplet of Bk 3 to note, once again, how Thiru-Valluvar goes about constructing his maxims from a linguistic point of view.) T. Wignesan

CANTO 109, K1081: anangkukol aaymayil kollo kanangkulai
maatharkol maalumen nenchu

Goddess? or peafowl rare? She whose ears rich jewels wear,
Is she a maid of human kind? All wildered is my mind! (Trans. G.. Pope)
Is this jewelled female a celestial, a choice peahen, or a human being? My mind
is perplexed. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

SEMANTIC ANALYSIS

Canto title: thagaianangkuraiththal
thagai = beauty, excellence, appropriate quality;
ananku = (see here below);
uraiththal = (from 'urai' = to speak out/declare) declarations.

ananku = goddess/fascination;
aaymayil = exquisite peahen (aay = exquisite);
kanangkulai = woman wearing heavy ear-rings;
maathar = a woman;
maalum = be bewildered;
en = my;
nenché/nenchu = mind, heart, conscience;
kol...kollo...kol = in an enumeration of items, these phrasial post-particles
mean: whether....or....;

Whether a goddess or an exquisite peahen or a woman wearing heavy-studded ear
rings, my mind distracted is plunged in confusion. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

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THIRUK-KURAL on Women who know no bounds: Canto 92

Varaivin Makalir K913,K919 and K920

The THIRUK-KURAL on Women who know no bounds : Canto 92 – K913, K919 and K920

(Thiru-Valluvar comes down heavily on women of the « oldest profession in the world » in this Canto 92 consigned within Book Two since the stress laid on the wishes and practices of such women are based on WEALTH, the theme of the section, i.e., PORUDPAAL or ARTHASASTRA. Whilst in other couplets, including those mainly in Book Three : KAMATHTHUPPAAL, he is quite won over by the charms of the fairer sex in their innate innocent behaviour, and responsiveness to male attention, here he demonstrates no compassion for women of easy virtue. What is at stake here is not so much the rigours and dictates of the puritanical society in which he so quite obviously lived (and commented upon), but the material motivations of profit associated with personal and emotional sentiments underlying interpersonal relations between the sexes. To him, a woman bartering her flesh for money was a despicable creature.)

K913: porudpendir poymmai muyakkam irudduaraiyil
Ethil pinamthalii iyartru

As one in darkened room, some stranger corpse in arms,
Is he who seeks delight in mercenary women's charms. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
The false embraces of wealth-loving women are like (hired men) embracing a
strange corpse in a dark room. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

Pecuniary-minded women's embraces resemble those (men experience) while making
love to corpses in a dark room. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

K919: varaivuila aani laiyaar menthOl puraiilaap
pUriyarkal aalum alaru

The wanton's tender arm, with gleaming jewels decked,
Is hell, where sink degraded souls of men abject. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
The delicate shoulders of prostitutes with excellent jewels are a hell into
which are plunged the ignorant base. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

Limitlessly devoid of excellence, those who fawn over enticing shoulders of
women decked in jewels remain mired in vile depths. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

K920: irumanap pendirum kallum kavaram
Thiru*niikkap padbaar thodarpu

Women of double minds, strong drink and dice; to these giv'n o'er,
Are those on whom the light of Fortune shines no more. (Transl. G.U. Pope)

Treacherous women, liquor, and gambling are the associates of such as have (been) forsaken by Fortune. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

Indulging in women given to duplicity, drink and dice will cause men to be devoid of any grace (deserted by the Goddess Lakshmi*).

(*Thiru = prosperity, wealth, fortune, represented by the Goddess of Lakshmi)

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On Praising Ladies on their Qualities in the THIRUK-KURAL:

Canto 112, K1114 and K1120

On Praising Ladies on their Qualities in the THIRUK-KURAL: Canto 112, Nalam Punainthu Uraiththal, K1114 and K1120

[Please see "introduction on the plight of young girls" in the previous post on this Canto 112: K1111 and K1113, and please note that they were (and are still from all accounts though less frequently) given in marriage by parents who pay DOWRY in the form of cash and property to the bridegroom, despite the fact that the law frowns on such practices since Independence.]

K1114: kaanin kuvalai kavilnthu nilan n0kkum
maanilai kanovvEm enru

The lotus*, seeing her, with head demiss, the ground would eye,
And say: ' With eyes of her, rich gems who wears, we cannot vie.' (Transl. G.U. Pope)

If the blue lotus* could see, it would stoop and look at the ground saying, 'I can never resemble the eyes of this excellent jewelled one.' (Transl Drew & Lazarus)

Should the water-lily* be confronted by the resplendent gem-decked maiden, it would droop down, eyes downcast, thinking the comparison futile. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

K1120: anichcham* annaththin thuuviam* maathar
adikku neruñchip* palam

The flower of the sensitive plant, and the down of the swan's white breast,
As the thorn are harsh, by the delicate feet of this maiden pressed. (Transl. G.U. Pope)

The anichcham and the feathers of the swan are to the feet of females, like the fruit of the (thorny) Nerunji*. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

(Such the beauteous form of the maiden) that even the anichcham* and the swan's downy fur* are but caltrop thistle* thorns pressed on her feet. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

[* Here the use of imagery drawn from nature (flower, bird, plant, fruit), supposed to be ethereally delicate evoke poetic effusion (to the Tamils of yore), offset by their relegation to thorns by comparison to the maiden's feet.] T. Wignesan

Thiru-Valluvar on Praising Ladies of their qualities: Canto 112 - Nalam Punainthu Uraiththal

Thiru-Valluvar on Praising the Good Qualiities of Ladies: Canto 112 - Nalam Pinainththu Uraiththal

[The poet devotes the third part of his treatise, the Thiruk-Kural to INBATHTHUPPAAL, the amorous relationship between the sexes, i.e., cantos 109 to 133. of which the first seven concerns itself with "concealed love" (the Gandharva marriage) while the last seventeen has to do with "wedded life". Even if the place of the Hindu woman was at home, at the service of the man of the house, the mother's position in the family constellation was the holiest of all. The Tamil poetess, AVVAIYAAR (often linked to Thiru-Valluvar for her catechistic aphorisms) has this well-known dictum on the spiritual inviolability of the "Mother" in her didactic work, KONRAI VEENTHAN: "Thaayit siranthu oru koyilum illai" (There is no greater temple than the mother.) When it comes to the fairer sex, Thiru-Valluvar waxes romantically poetic in exquisite verses on love and beauty and pleasurable feelings; yet, on the other hand, he was quite obviously writing at a time when his society entertained no notion of "women's rights". The woman was wife and child-bearer, required to be absolutely sub-servient and devoted to her husband - even worshiping him as her only God - while maintaining her position often under dire circumstances as the mainstay of domestic life. In most homes, she was cook, house-cleaner, washer-woman, servant, principal draper, slave to her husband, child-raiser and even the first teacher to her children, and she accomplished all this without setting foot out of the house, un-accompanied. She was the last in the family to bed herself down, and the first to be up before dawn. By the time she reached thirty, she was hard-put to retain her innate charms. Note also that she was forced to wed her husband, chosen by parents, while still in her early teens.

Loose women, prostitutes and the unchaste wife were held to be the lowliest and vilest of beings; hence the bearing of sons conferred merit on her. Until the British administration abolished the practice of SUTTEE, widows were still - as late as in the nineteenth century - required to jump into the flaming fires of their husbands' pyres. What's worse, not until 1957, divorce in Hindu marriage was recognized by law: husbands could visit brothels or maintain mistresses, but the wife délaissée simply had to take it all - or nothing - lying down. In a certain incremental number of cases, very young girls, including orphans, were offered/sacrificed to the local temple to serve as "temple dancers", an euphemism for pedophily on the part of priests and the propertied classes/castes. Polygamy was not unknown to the rich, while the princely WARRIOR-caste (kshastriya) maintained "harems" at will. Often the latter caste of rajas/princes would wage against one another large sums to see who could "de-flower" the greatest number of virgins in any given year. No wonder the Muslim invaders found it easy to over-run (and split-up) the sub-continent with

their superior fleet-footed cavalry as opposed to the clumsy slow-moving armada of elephants and peasant foot-soldiers with scant military training. It is therefore not surprising that the THIRUK-KURAL re-inforces the inferior social status of the fairer sex, though the dalliances of chaste love-play receive in our poet's eyes all the respect and jouissance the liana-like damsel deserves.] T. Wignesan

K1111: nalniirai vaali anichcham* ninninum

melniiral yaamviil paval

[*anichcham = according to Pope, "an imaginary (?) flower, the poet's commonplace for anything peculiarly delicate and sensitive"]

O flower of the sensitive plant! than thee

More tender's the maiden beloved by me. (Transl. G.U. Pope)

May you flourish, O Anicham! you have a delicate nature. But my beloved is more delicate than you. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

All Hail! to your exquisite nature, Anichcham!* By comparison

infinitely more tender is the one I love! (Transl. T. Wignesan)

[* the mythic anichcham flower is supposed to fade once it's smelt. Note the sexual connotations.]

K1113: murimeeni muththam muruval verinaatram

veelunkan veeyththo lavaddu

As tender shoot her frame; teeth pearls; around her odours blend;

Darts are the eyes of her whose shoulders like the bambu bend. (Transl. G.U. Pope)

The complexion of this bamboo-shouldered one is that of a shoot; her teeth are pearls; her breath, fragrance; and her dyed eyes, lances. (Transl Drew & Lazarus)

Slender with pearls for teeth, enveloped in sweet-scented aura,

Her eyes lances darting over pliant bamboo shoulders - ['that's my gal', says the poet!] (Transl. T. Wignesan)

(to be continued)

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RECIPE: Poulet Roti French Style - Instalment One

RECIPE: "Poulet Roti" French Style - Instalment One

I

If as for so many LIFE solutions
Come bottled in prescriptions
Like the burning SOUL's hunger for PEACE
Through LOVE and FORGIVENESS with ease
Then just take mescaline or cocaine
Eat grass and flipout on heroin
Make pavement music for a dime
And sleep fifteen hours per diem
The rest on analytical meditation
Linked to some fad reincarnation
Go sit at feet in fairy Dharamsala
Peace Prize awaits at Himalaya
Sol de France franchi
Terre d'Asile

II

LIFE's a bit more complicated than that
Caretakers and providers less delicate
Know much about managing the State
To hide their lack of proper mandate

FORGIVE the slut who scorns her son
Pusher who pounds veins with poison
Sly socialist nurse who steals your sleep
To compensate cohorts the slut to keep
The son's will, broken by Masonic whip
Turned patricidal spy in their secret grip
Sol de France franchi
Terre d'Asile

III

The sub-plot of Portuguese landlords
With Maghrebin tenants rude as toads
All out to drive the octogenarian
Into the cesspool of bloody oblivion

Like playing Black Sabbath Iron Man backwards
Imitating Arabo-Hebraic Peace talks inwards
While the lèche culs lusitano-ibériques
Thrust their crude porc chops histrioniques
Sol de France franchi

Terre d'Asile

(to be continued)

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Impartial insights or Intellectual Snobbery in Thiru-Valluvar's THIRUK-KURAL: Canto 84 PEETHAIMAI

Impartial insight into Human Nature or intellectual Snobbery in Thiru-Valluvar's THIRU-KURAL: Canto 84 - PEETHAIMAI*

[Note: Throughout his oeuvre, there can be found aphorisms which broadly hint at Thiru-Valluvar's intolerance of the less-endowed individual, and none characterises this trait as PEETHAIMAI or "Folly". Likewise his somewhat oblique comments ensconced in the descriptions on the status and role of women in Tamil society, not that women enjoyed better rights elsewhere until about the beginning of the twentieth century. (Will elaborate on this subject in Thiru-Valluvar's words in coming posts.) Sample these couplets.] T. Wignesan

K833: naanaamai naadaamai naarinmai yaathentrum
peethaamai peethai tholil

Ashamed of nothing, searching nothing out, of loveless heart,
Nought cherishing, 'tis thus the fool will play his part. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
Shameless indifference (to what must be sought after), harshness, and aversion
for everything (that ought to be desired) are the qualities of the fool.
(Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

Unashamedness, lack of curiosity, callousness, attaching value to nothing -
such attitudes characterise the fool. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

K839: perithuinithu peethaiyaar keenmai pirivinkan
piilai tharuvathuonru il*

[Please don't apply this couplet to political events in an international
setting. Thanks.]

Friendship of fools is [a] very pleasant thing,
Parting with them will leave behind no sting. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
The friendship between fools is exceedingly delightful (to each other): for at
parting there will be nothing to cause them pain. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

The overwhelming warmth of intimacy among fools hardly afflicts them when from
their midst they depart. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

K840: kalaaakkaal palliyul vaiththatraal saantrOr
kulaaaththup peethai pukal

Like him who seeks his couch with unwashed feet,
Is fool whose foot intrudes where wise men meet. (Transl. G..U. Pope)
The appearance of a fool in an assembly of the learned is like placing (one's)

unwashed feet on a bed. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

The act of lying in bed with unwashed feet is tantamount to the presence of fools in the assembly of the learned.* (Transl. T. Wignesan)

[*Thiruvalluvar certainly has not seen - it can be said - hot Hollywood bedroom scenes with socks ... and shoes to boot.]

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Limerick: No Cossacks charge down Arc de Triomphe

Limerick: No Cossacks charge down Arc de Triomphe

No Cossacks charge down Arc de Triomphe
Champs Elysée hurra! in triumph
For World Ruler no less
Come to check French prowess
World rivets eyes according to Gumph

Here the Seine rises not to greet Trump
Nor the Eiffel Tower lean in slump
Loose tract of Arctic ice
Bound for US in vice
Great Leader returns to rule vast swamp

At last the World will groan all alone
At Djibouti PRC horns blown
Will Marines take over
From Great Landless Leader
Thus ends Climate Change Treaty in clone !

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The THIRUK-KURAL on not offending the Great: Canto 90, K899 and K900

THIRUK-KURAL on not offending the Great*: Periyaaraip Pilaiyaamai - Canto 90, K899 and K900

[* The "Great" here are indifferently the King or other learned and wise people whom the King ought to respect and fear. In this canto, Thiru-Valluvar repeats himself (though elegantly, cf. K899 & K900) - unless it were for the purpose of reinforcing the idea of the weak who dare pit themselves against the strong and powerful - and contrariwise the strong and cruel meet the same fate of ruin if they incurred the wrath of the noble and virtuous-minded. It is evident nothing anti-authoritarian was permitted or conceivable in his time. Yet, reflect on how Lenin outlived the Tsars; Solzhenytsin and Pasternak - Stalin and his successors, just as George Washington - the British Imperial Crown; Vietnam veterans - Nixon; Li Xiaobo - thanks to the Nobel Committee and other campaigners like Human Rights Watch and Amnesty International who would shut an eye to wanton persecution within Western democracies - Xi of the Peoples Republic; the German Jews - Hitler; but NOT the one-man (Sri Lankan) opposition leader Jeyaretnam in Lee Kuan Yew's Singapore.]

K899: eenthiya kolkaiyaar siirin idaimurinththu
veenthanum veenthu kedum

When blazes forth the wrath of men of lofty fame,
Kings even fall from high estate and perish in the flame. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
If those of exalted vows burst in a rage, even (Indra) the king will suffer a sudden loss and be entirely ruined. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

Should the virtuous in lofty positions become angry, even the king (of kings) will fall from high heaven. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

K900: iranthuamaintha saarpudaiyar aayinum uyyaar
siranththuamaintha siiraar cherin

Though all-surpassing wealth of aid the boast,
If men in glorious virtue great are wrath, they're lost. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
Though in possession of numerous auxiliaries, they will perish who are exposed to the wrath of the noble whose penance is boundless. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

No way the powerful can avoid downfall should they offend and incur the wrath of the noble-minded greats. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

THIRUK-KURAL on not offending the Great: Canto 90, K895 and K897

THIRUK-KURAL on not offending the Great*: Periyaaraip Pilaiyaamai - Canto 90 K895 and K897

[* The "Great" here are indifferently the King or other learned and wise people whom the King ought to respect and fear. In this canto, Thiru-Valluvar repeats himself (though elegantly, cf. K897 & K890) - unless it were for the purpose of reinforcing the idea of the weak who dare pit themselves against the strong and powerful - and contrariwise the strong and cruel meet the same fate of ruin if they incurred the wrath of the noble and virtuous-minded. It is evident nothing anti-authoritarian was permitted or conceivable in his time. Yet, reflect on how Lenin outlived the Tsars; Solzhenytsin and Pasternak - Stalin and his successors, just as George Washington - the British Imperial Crown; Vietnam veterans - Nixon; Li Xiaobo - thanks to the Nobel Committee and other campaigners like Human Rights Watch and Amnesty International who would shut an eye to wanton persecution within Western democracies - Xi of the Peoples Republic; the German Jews - Hitler; but NOT the one-man (Sri Lankan) opposition leader Jeyaretnam in Lee Kuan Yew's Singapore.]

K895: yaanduchchentru yaandum ularaakaar venthuppin
veenthu cherappad davar

Who dare the fiery wrath of monarchs dread,
Where'ver they flee, are numbered with the dead. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
Those who have incurred the wrath of a cruel and mighty potentate will not
prosper wherever they may go. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

Wherever one may flee, one risks losing one's life if the same person had had
offended a mighty king. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

K897: vagaimaanda vaalkkaiyum vaanporulum* ennaam
thagaimaanda thakkaar cherin

[*Tamil has portmanteau constructions such as these to mean: "great wealth
heaped up to heaven"]

Though every royal gift, and stores of wealth your life should crown,
What are they, if the worthy men of mighty virtue frown? (Transl. G.U. Pope)
If a king incurs the wrath of the righteous great, what will become of his
government with its splendid auxiliaries and (all) its untold wealth? (Transl.
Drew & Lazarus)

All manner of life-sustaining powers, including great possessions piled up to
heaven, stand to be dissipated if the noble and the virtuous-minded disapprove
(of the actions of the king). (Transl. T. Wignesan)

(to be continued with K900]

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Limerick crochets: Once Tamil Promotion Director

Limerick crochets: Once Tamil Promotion Director

Once Tamil Promotion Director
Excised wise Japanese co-founder
Called him names like rogue thief
Set himself up as Chief
All Dravidian Tamil Editor

He posed as the Royal Ancestor
Even of the Chola* Emperor
Slave-drove workers in fief
Used savants make belief
Such the Tamil Highness Publisher

He caged talents the Money-Maker
Poised as Conference Organiser
Preyed on Buddhist belief
On Chan and Zen mischief
To lard his own family bunker

Ideas he plucked from the Other
Made as if he put up with bother
Tamils to lead as Chief
No matter what the grief
None see his pen as plagiariser

All helpers rough-rode he the Miser
Shed them shorn one after the other
Damn not this common thief
Just his penchant for Chief
For Tamil knowledge made he Server

[* The Chola dynasty (among other South-Indian reigns) of the 10th to 12th centuries C.E. extended Tamil culture and civilization over the better part of Sri Lanka and Southeast Asia without having recourse primarily to conquests and/or of maintaining colonies.]

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The THIRUK-KURAL highlights the role of the AMBASSADOR as the King's Messenger-SPY: Canto 69

The THIRUK-KURAL highlights the role of the AMBASSADOR* as the King's Messenger-SPY: THUUTHU, Canto 69

[*THUUTHU in Tamil translates as ENVOY and principally connotes variously as: "messenger", "message", "ambassador", "embassy" and "SPY" (little wonder, today, we find parallels in the action taken by President OBAMA to expel 70 Russian diplomats back to Moscow). In any case, these office-holders in the royal courts of ancient Tamil kingdoms were, according to Thiru-Valluvar, to be selected from the highest class of individuals in the realm - judging by the distiques in CANTO 69. These representatives had to be of the noblest stock, highly educated, of presentable bearing, courteous, totally loyal to the sovereign, gifted in the art of expressing themselves in foreign courts, never given to wrathful speech, learned and cultured. In other words, these individuals were compelled to make their Lords, the Kings, look like paragons in the eyes of the world since they represented the royal person by divine right.]T. Wignesan

K684: arivuuru* aaraaintha kalviyim moontrum
cherivudaiyaan chelka vinaikku

*"uru" = form; "uruvu" = form, shape, beauty, mien; "cheri" = be close, near;
"cherivu" = modest, nearness, reserve]

Sense, goodly grace, and knowledge exquisite,
Who hath these three for envoy's task is fit. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
He may go on a mission (to foreign rulers) who has combined in him all these
three, viz., (natural) sense, an attractive bearing and well-tried learning.
(Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

Learning, refinement, a disposition for deep reflection - these three
acquisitions equip the man of reserve for mission in other lands. (Transl. T.
Wignesan)

K688: thuuymai* thunaimai thunivudaimai immoontran
vaaymai* valiyuraippaan panpu*

[* "thuuymai" = purity; "vaaymai" = truth; "panpu" = good quality, excellence,
courtesy]

Integrity, resources, soul determined, truthfulness.
Who rightly speaks his message must these marks possess. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
The qualification of him who faithfully delivers his (sovereign's) message are
purity, the support (of foreign ministers), and boldness, with truthfulness in
addition to the (aforesaid) three. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

Integrity, reliability (even with foreign assistance), fearlessness - these three qualities, together with honesty, make up the personality of the ambassador. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

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THIRU-VALLUVAR discourses on the duties of the King's Ministers: AMAICHCHU - K637 and K639

THIRU-VALLUVAR discourses on the duties of the King's Ministers* in the THIRUK-KURAL: AMAICCHU - K637 and K639

[* In presentday context, read as Minister(s) of State, Secretary of State, Special Counselors in the government, etc.]

K637: seyatkai arinththak kadaiththum ulakaththu
iyatkai arinthu seyal

Though knowing all that books can teach, 'tis truest fact
To follow common sense of men in act. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
Though you are acquainted with the (theoretical) methods (of performing an act), understand the ways of the world and act accordingly. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

Even if the minister knows how best to execute any official act or duty, he should first take into account the habitual ways of dealing with the issues at stake [and act accordingly.] (Transl. T. Wignesan)

K639: paluthuennum manthiriyin pakkaththul thevvOr*
elupathu kOdi* urum
[* "thevvOr" = enemies (from thevvu = hatred); kOdi = 10 million]

A minister who by king's side plots evil things
Worse woes than countless foemen brings. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
Far better are seventy crores* of enemies (for a king) than a minister at his side
who intends (him) ruin. (Transl. Dreaw & Lazarus)

To have at his side a minister who plots his downfall, he (the king) may as well suffer the siege of seventy crores* of enemies. (Transl. T. Wignesan)
[* crore = 100,000 (iladcham/ilakkam) x 100 = 10 million; 70 crores = 700 million]

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THIRUVALLUVAR discourses on the duties of the King's Ministers: AMAICHCHU - K633 and K635

THIRU-VALLUVAR discourses on the duties of the King's Ministers* in the THIRUK-KURAL: AMAICCHU - K633 and K635

[* In presentday context, read as Minister(s) of State, Secretary of State, Special Counselors in the government, etc.]

K633: piriththalum peenik* kolallum pirinththaarp
poruththalum vallathu amaichchu

[* peeni = to cherish; *amaichchu (manthiri) = minister of state]

A minister is he whose power can foes divide,
Attack more firmly friends, of severed ones can heal the breaches wide.
(Transl. G.U. Pope)

The minister is one who can effect discord (among foes), maintain the good-will
of his friends and restore to friendship those who have seceded (from him).
(Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

To set asunder foes and (yet) to cherish (them), to bring together (again)
those gone astray are (among the) duties of the minister. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

K635: aranarithththu aantruamainththa* chollaanenj ñaantrum
thiranarithththaan theerththich* thunai

[*aantruamainththa = full, perfect, complete; theerththich = accurate
knowledge]

The man who virtue knows, has use of wise and pleasant words,
With plans for every season apt, in counsel aid affords. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
He is the best helper (of the king) who understanding the duties, of the
latter, is by his special learning, able to tender the fullest advice, and at
all times conversant with the best method (of performing actions). (Transl.
Drew & Lazarus)

He who deviates not from virtuous conduct and is always eloquently able at
imparting apt advice, employing means informed by accurate knowledge, serves as
a staunch pillar holding up the realm. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

Villanelle: I woke up in the middle of the morning dream

Villanelle: I woke up in the middle of the morning dream

"Happy Birthday" Amerika !

I woke up in the middle of the morning dream
Found my family sucked under plastic carpet slime
Too late to draw the shutters or let out a scream

My father in his rocking chair choked in pipe-dream
My children all out on the lawn playing at crime
I woke up in the middle of the morning dream

My mother in the kitchen plastered full of cream
The baby in the cradle cage covered in slime
Too late to draw the shutters or let out a scream

I plucked the iPhone floating past broken pipes steam
To call my Senator through unplugged bathtub grime
I woke up in the middle of the morning dream

Two eels came slithering out of the wall's cracked beam
And the basement coughed up miles and miles of rude rhyme
Too late to draw the shutters or let out a scream

I saw my country sinking under stale ice-cream
And the President on breaking news making mime
I woke up in the middle of the morning dream
Too late to draw the shutters or let out a scream

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Further qualities of the King the THIRUK-KURAL lauds: IRAMAADCHI - Canto 39, K381 and K382

Further qualities of the King* the THIRUK-KURAL lauds: IRAMAADTCHI - Canto 39, K381 and K382

[*modern-day "kings": presidents, prime and chief ministers, governors, dictators and the like; K381 & K382 have already been posted.]

K383: thuungkaamai kalvi thunivudaimai immuuntrum
niingkaa nilanaal pavarkku

A sleepless promptitude, knowledge, decision strong:
These three for aye [sic] to rulers of the land belong. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
These three things, viz., vigilance, learning, and bravery, should never be
wanting in the ruler of the country. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

Not being lulled to sleep, always acquiring knowledge and fearlessly assuming
the lead - these three qualities crown the king of a country. (Transl. T.
Wignesan)

K384: aranilukkaathu allavai* niikki
maran*ilukkaa maanam* udaiyathu arasu
[* "allavai" = sins, evils, unreal things; "maran" = bravery; "maanam" =
honour]

Kingship, in virtue failing not, all vice restrains,
In courage failing not, it honour's grace maintains. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
He is a king who, with manly modesty, swerves not from virtue, and refrains
from vice. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

Always virtuous, eschewing evil, heroic in deed and honour-bound - of such
mettle the sovereign should be.* (Transl. T. Wignesan)
[* Which leader in our world embodies the dictates (and constraints) in this
maxim? One often goes to war for seemingly righteous causes, sacrificing foot-
soldier lives in order to fill some "cartel's" private coffers; or one might
endeavour to boost the growth rate by half a dozen % points only to draw the
polar ice-caps down on our children's heads and throats; one might build the
finest sky-scrappers of the future megalopolises on the slave-wages of
indentured immigrant labour only to deprive them of human rights in the name of
the Supreme Creator; one might nonchalantly let city-centres choke in the fumes
of carbon monoxide and let human excreta pile up on the roadsides in the name
of cultural and spiritual enhancement through the pomp of rallies and
manifestations on a grand scale and for what? - to keep the soul purified? -
while the "kings" of spiritual development rely still on the divine right to

rule the poor bugger down below, conditioned by words from the cradle!] T.
Wignesan, June 29, 2017

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Further observations in the THIRUK-KURAL on those who would be King: K389 and K390 WITHOUT COMMENT

Further observations in the THIRUK-KURAL on those* who would be King: K389 and K390 WITHOUT COMMENT

[* such as short-term presidents, chief and prime ministers, governors, dictators and the like]

K389: chevikaippach chotporukkum panpudai veenthan
kavikaikkiilth thangkum ulakam
[chevi = ear; kaippu = bitterness; kavikai = umbrella]

The king of worth, who can words bitter to his ear endure,
Beneath the shadow of his power the world abides secure. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
The whole world will dwell under the umbrella of the king, who can bear words
that embitter the ear. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

When scathing words assail to no avail the ear of a nobly forbearing sovereign,
the world will find refuge under his panoply. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

[Note: NO COMMENT]

K390: kodaiali chengkOl kudiOmbal naankum
udaiyaanaam veentharkku oli

Gifts, grace, right sceptre, care of people's weal;
These four a light of dreaded kings reveal. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
He is the light of kings who has these four things, beneficence, benevolence,
rectitude, and care for his people. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

Liberal giving, kindness, just rule, protection of subjects -- the king who
enshrines these attributes, yes, shines forth a (celestial) luminary. (Transl.
T. Wignesan)

[Note: NO COMMENT]

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Acute advice to those who would be King from the THIRUK-KURAL: Valiarithal K475

Acute advice for those* who would be King from the THIRUK-KURAL: Valiarithal - K475

[*like presidents, prime and chief ministers, dictators or even modern-day "emperors" under the guise of revolutionary leaders of oppressed peoples]

Note: In this the 48th Canto, Valluvar is back - from the purely literary point of view, given his ultimate reasons for maintaining the decadal format for each topic - to composing epigrams some of which merely serve to "fill in" and complete (as I have repeatedly reminded the reader) the decade.

Here, the first two distiques are of a general introductory nature; the next two, the key statements contain his pronouncements on the theme of "how to wield power" in politics; the following two re-capture in imagic form the teaching in the previous couple, and the last four - no less literary gems in prosodic exercises - mere repetitious variations of the main premise enunciated in 473 and 474.] T. Wignesan

K475: piilipey saakaadum acchuirum appandam
saala mikuthup peyin

With peacock feather light, you load the wain;
Yet, heaped too high, the axle snaps in twain. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
The axle tree of a bandy, loaded only with peacocks' feathers will break, if it
be greatly overloaded. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

Load to an inordinate degree even peacock feathers onto a wagon and the axle
will snap. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

[ANALYSIS: "piili" = peacock's feathers; "pey" = drop (as rain), pour in,
place, assemble; "achchu" = axle; "saakaadu" = a wagon; "iru" = break/"irum" =
will break; "pandam" = material, goods; "saala" = to be full, abundantly;
"mikuththup peyin" = should it be overloaded.

The likelihood of a metallic axle (unless the author specifically wishes to
denote a wagon of some non-metallic material) giving way under the weight of
peacock feathers conjures up such a far-fetched image that, it is evident,
Thiru-Valluvar was trying to draw attention to the over-weaning sense of self-
conceit in a certain type of individual leader (the subject of treatment in
this chapter) who would like the peacock strut around, feathers splayed out in
full array, proud of the the spectacle he was promoting, rather than hint at
the vehicle coming to a standstill. Here, the dazzling beauty of dark-blue and
green "eyes" (like king cobras swaying for the kill, their hoods spreadout) of
the fanned-out feathers, all in an effort to win the favours of the peahen,
accompanied by the nuptial dance's uppity movements, contrasts with the
lifelessness and cold hardness of the carriage - the latter serving to eke out

the metaphor as a warning to the king who does not perceive the ruin at the door of his reign should he devote himself to the "frivolities" of ego-inflation rather than hark to the duties of the monarch which are to protect, preserve and pander to the needs of the peoples under his charge, at large. Participating in sword dances with Saudi dervishes might or can involuntarily slay the nonchalant dancer or his co-revelers! Studded gold-chains notwithstanding nor charms and amulets of scented Arabian Nights!]

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Appropriate advice to those who would be King from the THIRUK-KURAL: VALIARITHAL, K473 and K474

appropriate advice from the THIRUK-KURAL to those* who would be King:

VALIARITHAL - Understanding the Wielding of Power, K473 and K474

[*like presidents, prime and chief ministers, dictators or even modern-day "emperors" under the guise of revolutionary leaders of oppressed peoples]

Note: In this the 48th Canto, Valluvar is back - from the purely literary point of view, given his ultimate reasons for maintaining the decadal format for each topic - to composing epigrams some of which merely serve to "fill in", as I have repeatedly reminded the reader, the decade.

Here, the first two distiques are of a general introductory nature; the next two, the key statements contain his pronouncements on the theme of "how to wield power" in politics; the following two re-capture in imagic form the teaching in the previous couple, and the last four - no less literary gems in prosodic exercises - mere repetitious variations of the main premise enunciated in 473 and 474.] T. Wignesan

K473: *udaiththam valiariyaar uukkaththin uukki

*idaikkan murinththaar palar

Ill-deeming of their proper powers, have many monarchs striven,
And mid-most of unequal conflict fallen asunder riven. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
There are many who, ignorant of their (want of) power (to meet it), have
haughtily set out to war, and broken down in the midst of it. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

Those who ill-assessing their own might push on heedless in strife will topple
- as many have - from the pinnacle. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

[*udaiththamvali = 1. "udai" strengthens "tham" (own); 2. having prevailing power; 3. power which will be broken (weak, fragile).

*"idaikkanmuri" = fall from high estate]

K474: amainththaangku olukaan alavuariyaan thannai

viyanththaan virainthu kedum

Who not agrees with those around, no moderation knows,
In self-applause indulging , swift to ruin goes. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
He will quickly perish who, ignorant of his own resources flatters himself of
his greatness, and does not live in peace with his neighbours. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

He* whose conduct is in discord with that of his fellows checks not himself,
but indulges in self-praise, invites swift doom. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

[*The only misplaced "self-praise" one can level against President OBAMA is when he maintained after the last presidential count that, had he had a third term to run for, he would have won the Oval Office again, and this to single out Hilary Clinton's dismal defeat in spite of all that he had done to back her, y compris et malgré the debacle of the Russian electoral interference. Otherwise nothing justifies the short-sighted "wielding of power" to undo all the good that he had introduced and put in place with modesty, consideration, generosity and dignity.]

(to be continued)

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More appropriate advice from the THIRUK-KURAL for those who would be King

More appropriate advice from the THIRUK-KURAL to those* who would be King:
VALIARITHAL - Understanding the Wielding of Power

[*like presidents, prime and chief ministers, dictators or even modern-day "emperors" under the guise of revolutionary leaders of oppressed peoples]

Note: In this the 48th Canto, Valluvar is back - from the purely literary point of view, given his ultimate reasons for maintaining the decadal format for each topic - to composing his epigrams some of which merely serve to "fill in", as I have repeatedly reminded the reader, the decade.

Here, the first two distiques are of a general introductory nature; the next two, the key statements contain his pronouncements on the theme of "how to wield power" in politics; the following two re-capture in imagic form the teaching in the previous couple, and the last four - no less literary gems in prosodic exercises - mere repetitious variations of the main premise enunciated in 473 and 474.] T. Wignesan

K471: vinaivaliyum thanvaliyum maatraan valiyum
thunaivaliyum thuukkich cheyal

The force the strife demands, the force he owns, the force of foes,
The force of friends: these should he weigh ere to the war he goes. (Transl. G.U. Pope)

Let (one) weigh well the strength of the deed (he purposes to do), his own strength, the strength of his enemy, and the strength of the allies (of both), and then let him act. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

In all belligerent activity* consider well one's own strength, the might of the enemy, and those of helpers on either side before setting forth. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

[*vinai has four senses: 1. action in general; 2. retributive action; 3. warlike operations: and 4. hostility.]

K472: olvathu arivathu arinthathan kanthanggich
chelvaarkkuch chellaathathu il

Who know what can be wrought, with knowledge of the means, on this,
Their mind firm set, go forth, nought goes with them amiss. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
There is nothing which may not be accomplished by those who, before they attack (an enemy), make themselves acquainted with their own ability, and with whatever else is (needful) to be known, and apply themselves wholly to their object. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

If one knows what is possible*, without letting any unknown aspect or facet to cloud his mind, then no failure will await him in his undertaking. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

[* olvathu = what is possible]

(to be continued)

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On men of high birth or station, the THIRUK-KURAL admonishes

On men* of high birth or station, the THIRUK-KURAL admonishes

[*on modern-day Kings, Emperors, Dictators and the like leading nations declining as powers through faults of their own]

K963: perukkaththu veendum panithal siriya
surukkaththu veendum uyaavu

Bow down thy soul, with increase blest, in happy hour;
Lift up thy heart, when stript of all by fortune's power. (Transl. G.U.Pope)
In great prosperity humility is becoming; dignity, in great adversity. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)-

When life bestows upon you fortune, be humble;
when life by-passes you, maintain still your dignity.* (Transl. T. Wignesan)
[* boast not of your fertile "imagination" nor of your vaunted "original idea" for ideas are - as you know - dime a dozen, Mr. President, for most even at that rate can get to be richer than you if they were not blocked by the likes of you]-

K964: thalaiyin ilinththa mayir anaiyaa maanthar
nilaiyin ilinththak kadai

Like hairs from off the head that fall to earth,
When fall'n from high estate are men of noble birth. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
They who have fallen from their (high) position are like the hair which has fallen from the head. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

Just as strands from the scalp wilt, so do those from exalted positions fall to the lowliest depths. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

K969: mayirniippin vaalaak kavarimaa annaar
uyirniippar maanam varin

Like the wild ox that, of its tuft bereft, will pine away,
Are those who, of their honour shorn, will quit the light of day. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
Those who give up (their) life when (their) honour is at stake are like the yark [sic] which kills itself at the loss of (even one of) its hairs. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

Much as the kavarimaan* would lay its life down for good should one strand of its hair be shed, so should the high-minded whose honour is called into question. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

[* kavarimaan: a mythic animal in literature]

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Further relevant observations on Kingship from the THIRUK-KURAL

Further relevant observations on Kingship* picked at random from the THIRUK-KURAL

[* generic term for heads of state, dictators and the like]

K738: piniyinmai chelvam vilaivuinbam eemam
anienba naadditkuiv ainthum

A country's jewels are these five: unfailing health,
Fertility, and joy, a sure defence, and wealth. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
Freedom from epidemics, wealth, produce, happiness and protection (to
subjects); these five, the learned, say, are the ornaments of a kingdom.
(Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

Free of pandemics, (reserves of) wealth (ensured), crops (galore), (the
populace) enjoying life and (the topographical layout of the land conducive to)
defence of the territory - these constitute the five ornaments of the land.
(Transl. T. Wignesán)

K740: aangguamaivu eithiyak kannum payaminree
veenthuamai villaatha naadu

Though blest with all these varied gifts' increase,
A land gains nought that is not with its king at peace. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
Although in possession of all the above mentioned excellences, these are indeed
of no use to a country, in the absence of harmony between the sovereign and the
subjects. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

All the above endowments [and much more in eight other couplets in the chapter]
are of scant advantage if the king enjoys not the trust and loyalty of his
subjects.* (Transl. T. Wignesán)

*Despite what fluctuating polls may say.

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Additional advice to those would be King from the THIRUK-KURAL with Commentary

Additional free advice to those* who would be King from the THIRUK-KURAL with Commentary

[*like presidents, prime ministers, dictators of declining (falling or fallen) nations or even empires]

K442: urran0y niikki uraa amai munkaakkum
petriyaarp peenik kolal

Cherish the all-accomplished men as friends,
Whose skill the present ill removes, from coming ills defends. (Transl. G.U. Pope)

Let (a king) procure and kindly care for men who can overcome difficulties when they occur, and guard against them before they happen. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

Pope here makes a comment on Beschi's latin rendering of the maxim which we cannot attribute to him, for he adds the words: "See Pancatantra":

"Evils come from gods [read this word here as "Nature" - my interpolation] (malaiinmai/droughts, mikumalai/excessive rains, kaartru/winds, thii/fire, pini/disease); or from men (pakaivar/enemies, kalvar/thieves, chuttraththaar/kindred, tholilseyvoor/servants).

To remove the former, atonements (saanthigal) must be used. For the latter, the four methods (saamapeethathaathanthandangkal) of pacification, disruption, gift, and punishment must be used."

Commentary: Atonements? Can a whole nation, where collective responsibility is the case, atone for its misdeeds? For instance, for Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Hardly likely. Most unlikely, so let Nature wreak its ravages: let loose typhoons, hurricanes, tsunamis and the like, taking into consideration President Trump's refusal to commit the USA to climate change rescue in Paris. As for the latter where individuals or groups of individuals are the perpetrators, THIRU-VALLUVAR's advice can make much sense even in our hotch-potch day and splintered age. Let's take just one aspect of the issues at stake: IMMIGRATION and resort to just one form of remedy: PUNISHMENT.

First, massive immigration destabilizes society at large, engenders wherever sizeable minorities gather and take root, differences of opinion, ways and aims of life which produce conflictual situations that do not contribute to harmonious relations, on the one hand, among the diverse immigrant populations, and on the other, with the host communities whether or not their inter-personal perceptions, faiths, attitudes, customs, sense of respect for one another's practice of conventions, and ingrained methods of abiding or not by the laws of the country of reception differ or are even partially similar. The illegal immigrant is by necessity and definition a "criminal" who has little to lose

but his soul. He is an interloper in a society where - according to all previous aspirations - his hoped-for higher economic condition must be made to prevail over all others who pose by necessity a threat to his safety. In such a conflictual situation the battle is waged first and foremost against his rival - the other immigrant serving another "god". And here, the battle is a free-for-all where the villain is whoever who can take, pluck, steal, dupe, con, batter and even kill. The host merely shuts a conniving eye. When the immigrant populations achieve their aims, and rise above their initial menial circumstances, then they turn on their hosts, passports and citizenship papers in hand, that is, when they feel comfortable enough to sleep with the host's spouses and sire future presidents with the host's daughters; so what's the solution?

SIMPLE. CLOSE ALL BORDERS. SEAL ALL ENTRANCES!

1. Instead of the WALL, construct a high-powered ELECTRIC CORRIDOR; if need be, even in the north. Patrol the shores: this is done normally anyway. (Demonstrate what would happen on tv to those who would want to "scale" the corridor: "Poulet roti" à la française* could serve as a good convincing example.)
2. Impose heavy fines on those who fly, railroad or ship illegal immigrants as a first offence. Especially on foreign airlines and travel agencies.
3. Second offenders must be crippled with payments they cannot afford.
4. Thereafter, prison sentences must be handed out without fail.
5. Next, deportation must be resorted to wherever and whenever possible, if it does not inhumanely split up families - children from parents.
6. All guilty of illegal entry must be made to pay off their "crime" by working on farms and "outsourcing" installations in a COLONY to be created within the States, under supervision by the authorities. This is not a PRISON, and if anyone chooses to leave* the "premises", he or she should be invited to work for his or her passage to wherever the person came from, in the first place.
7. Jordon and Turkey have absorbed masses of Syrian refugees. Why can't oil-rich nations: Saudi Arabia and the Gulf States be persuaded to lay out the red carpet to their brethren? Likewise with other rich Afro- Asian nations with others who flee their own tortuous shores?

* Just to give you an idea of how the Socialist French (who will be ousted in tomorrow's confirmation general elections) grill their chicken, sample this: In 1983 and 1984, I appealed to the Socialist President François MITTERAND for a "sauf conduit" (safe conduct pass) for me and my handicapped son out of the country. On the second appeal, I received an invitation from the president's Human Rights Counsellor, Mme Cécile SPORTIS to the Elysée Palace (read as the "White House"). After listening to me for over an hour, she asked for the proof which I provided in a dossier surpassing some 500 pages of documents and letters, etc. Appalled, she promised to shake heaven and earth to set things right. She asked me to call back "in a month". I did. Her secretary said that there was no trace of my file, except for a letter to a lawyer Me Jean-Jacques de Félice.

I wanted to know the decision of the President. She said there was none. André Fontaine, then the Chief Editor of the Le Monde paper called to check with the president. His reply was that, as I was not a "diplomat", he could not issue me a "sauf conduit" out of the country.

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More advice for those who would be King from the THIRUK-KURAL with Notes

More free advice to those* who would be King from the THIRUK-KURAL with notes
[*like presidents, prime ministers, dictators of declining (falling or fallen) nations]

K386: kaadchikku eliyān kaduñchollan allanaal
miikkuurum mannan nilam

Where king is easy of access, where no harsh word repels,
That land's high praises every subject swells. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
The whole world will exalt the country of the king who is easy of access, and
whose words are without harshness. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

Where at royal audience all may attend a king gentle of voice and mien*,
That kingdom's praises all will sing. (Transl. T. Wignesan)
[* recourse to threats and reprisals can only undermine the good name of the
land]

K429: viyavatka eññaantrum thannai
nayavatka nantri payavaa vinai

Never indulge in self-complaisant mood,
Nor deed desire that yields no gain of good. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
Let not a king praise himself, at any time;
let him not desire to do useless things. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

(The king) should neither blow his own horn
Nor occupy himself with acts* that bring in no corn. (Transl. T. Wignesan)
[* like building a porous wall on borrowed cash while tens of millions of the
poor sick die in pain, EVEN IF AMERICA will wake up some day to realize that he
was after all right about the measures he's wanting to take over IMMIGRATION,
unless everybody wants the kind of irreversible situation FRANCE and GERMANY
are going through.]

K454: manaththu ulathupOlak kaadti oruvat
inaththula thaakum arivu

Man's wisdom seems the offspring of his mind;
'Tis outcome of companionship we find. (Tranls. G.U. Pope)
The knowledge of a man, while it appears to be from his mind is (really) from
his associates. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

[(The king) who makes as if his words (and ideas)* emanate from within himself,

(the contrary being the case) will find it difficult to conceal their true source(s). (Transl T. Wignesan)]

[* A king who has difficulty expressing himself in the "King's English" and whose repertoire of epithets is mostly limited to: "terrific", "terrible", "horrible", "horrific", "wonderful", "tremendous" along with threatening phrases like "watch my words" would do well to ask the ghost-writers to step forward and take a bow.]

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Limerick crochets: Once a blaring braying bold trumpet

Limerick crochetés: Once a blaring braying bold trumpet
for Nicanor PARRA

Once a blaring braying bold trumpet
Used to serenading mere strumpet
Could not hold back loud fart
While entertaining tart
Now the tart on his fart took a bet

That she'd hold back twittering trumpet
If his strumpet balls bowl in cricket
So great fanfare to start
Nations came to hear fart
Trumpet let down strumpet: tart lost bet

(can be continued...)

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Free advice to those who would be King from the THIRUK-KURAL with Notes

Free advice to those* who would be King from the THIRUK-KURAL with notes
[*like presidents and prime ministers of declining (falling or fallen) nations]

K381: padaikudi kuulamaiccu nadpuaran aarum
yudaiyaan arasarul eeru

An army, people, wealth, a minister, friends, fort:
Who owns them all, a lion lives amid the kings. (Transl. G.U.Pope)
[army= the most formidable air, sea and land forces; wealth= minus the eighteen
(?) trillion debt and not counting his own well-earned piddling billions; a
minister=read as Prime Minister (V.P. or Sec. of State?); people=less by three
million-odd democratic votes; friends=dwindling, save for staunch Israel by
marriage; fort=impenetrable nuclear shield.]

K448: idippaarai illaatha eemaraa mannan
keduppaar ilaanum kedum

The king, who is without the guard of men who can rebuke him, will perish, even
though there be no one to destroy him. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

K444: thammit periyar thamaraa olukuthal
vanmaiyul ellaam thalai

So to act as to make those men, his own, who are greater than himself, is of
all power the highest. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

K447: idikkum thunaiyarai aalvaarai yaaree
kedukkum thakaimai yavar

Which king who (encourages and) heeds the criticisms* of his henchmen fears
conspirators? (Transl. T. Wignesan)

[*not-heeding the advice of Ivanka and son-in-law on climate change commitment
in Paris, even if the polls show a majority in favour of polluting the planet.]

K448: iduppaarai illaatha eemaraa mannan
keduppaar ilaanum kedum

The king who insulates himself from his helpers'* critiques will perish even if
his enemies left him alone. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

[*the role of the media in keeping the WH incumbents in check, for without the
journalists working over-time to whet and wet-blanket the language and
blunders, the King would have perished by now.]

K450: pallaar pakaikollin paththaduttha thiimaiththee
nallaar thodarkai vidal

Having to put up with the enmity of legions* is ten times less harmful than
forsaking the support of good (impartial) people*.

[*legions= Hillary Clinton and the NDP; *good (impartial) people= like FBI Dir.
Comey for one, even if he has an eye (twenty-twenty vision) on the presidency
in 2020]

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K169 and K170 of CANTO XVII of the THIRUK-KURAL with Translations and Commentary

K169 and K170 of CANTO XVII of the THIRUK-KURAL with Translations and Commentary

[If one could put together all that has been said, written and published on the Thiruk-Kural and on its progenitor Thiru-Valluvar, it could easily, I'd wager, exceed the volumes of the heftiest encyclopaedias, and yet one gets the feeling nothing really new, enlightening or elucidating appears to be added to our knowledge of the subject every time a new book of translation or criticism or academic research surfaces. Recently, I was asked to edit the papers in English contributed to yet another major conference on the book in India, and I must admit some few showed remarkable ability in their scholarship, but the callousness and avidity - and even downright trickery - of the organiser I was in touch with make me wonder if there can be any virtue in getting together savants in the language for yet another effort to propagate the greatness of the author when the wisdom couched in the maxims is quite evidently overlooked. Each contributor - as well as the organizing body - appears to be imbued with the idea of being elevated high above their humdrum or lofty status merely by pronouncing on some aspect of pet notions on either the book or its author or both.

The real worth of the book's aims seems to be ignored. Or else it is nonchalantly taken for granted. I couldn't help detecting the role of vanity and self-arrogation to a rather high degree in a certain number of those concerned. But then, even "great minds" over the ages kept making statements on the book which seem to shed "greater light" on their own egos and on their own level of sagacity than on the specificity of Thiru-Valluvar's expositions on the motivations, say, of human behaviour at large, such as, the observations by the author on the topic of this chapter.

Everybody seems to take for granted the unchanging nature of the polity as delineated by Thiru-Valluvar in Book Two on "Wealth" (Artha/Porudpaal), and the dalliances of flirtatious feelings and emotions in the questionable invariability of mores in Book Three on "Love" (Kama or Inbam) par rapport of succeeding ages.

Even the inviolable tenets and principles of Book One on "Virtue" have over the ages undergone much wear and tear to make them less than wholly viable these days, so much so that the book cries out for re-evaluation, though the only constant factor in Thiruk-Kural studies is the personality of the author, himself. No one can, even if they wanted to, dispute his literary genius. As an admiring student of the book, myself (I certainly am no expert in the language of the Kural nor of Tamil literature at large), I have put myself to some pains through study of the works of experts in the field to demonstrate the complexity and archi-difficulty in composing the Thiruk-Kural and this in several sites devoted to poetry on the Internet.

As such, I do hope the leaders of the Tamil intelligentsia and their political backers would not parade their emotions in conference after conference for the sake of the so-called greater glory of Tamil populations all over the world, but would rather deploy their efforts in the strict exegesis of the text itself. Much work needs to be undertaken in this regard in times to come, and it will serve to fence in and circumvent organisers of conferences who are determined petty peddlars of their own image and glory. And it might also turn out that the book's true value may lie elsewhere than in the predictable consequences of posturing academic practices.] T. Wignesan, June 6, 2017

K169: avviya neñcatthaan aakkamum cevviyaan
keedum ninaikkap padum

To men of envious heart, when comes increase of joy,
Or loss to blameless men, the 'why' will thoughtful hearts employ. (Transl. G.U. Pope)

The wealth of a man of envious mind and the poverty of an upright man will be pondered. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

The envious-minded person's wealth and the sorry plight of those who know no envy - just think on this! (Transl. T. Wignesan)

K170: alukkartru akanraalum illai ahthillaar
perukkatthil thiirtthaarum il

No envious men to large and full felicity attain;
No men from envy free have failed a sure increase to gain. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
Never have the envious become great, never have those who are free from envy been without greatness. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

No envious person has attained to greatness, nor have those who envy not fallen from grace. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

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K167 and K168 of CANTO XVII of the THIRUK-KURAL with Translations and Commentary

K167 and K168 of CANTO XVII of the THIRUK-KURAL with Translations and Commentary

[Here, again, in these two couplets Thiru-Valluvar is having the time of his life making his followers dread the consequences of what he certainly considers the worst of all sins: ENVY.

He has therefore recourse to Hindu mythological allusions: in K167, the Goddess Lakshmi (by the way, Hindu imagination has - according to all reports - concocted some 300 million gods: I wonder who convened them all to take a head count, for he certainly must have passed away before the job was completed!) who is the Goddess of Good Fortune, and her elder sister Jyeshtha who destroys the good fortune of enemies taking the form of a She-Devil, both paps and belly hanging low.

In K168, we are threatened with hell, itself, in the next life.] T. Wignesam, June 5, 2017

avvitthu alukkaaru udaiyaanaic ceyyaval
thavvaiyyaik kaadti vidum

From envious men good fortune's goddess turns away,
Grudging him good, and points him out misfortune's prey. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
Lakshmi envying the prosperity of the envious man will depart and introduce her sister to him. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

Unable to tolerate those possessed of/by envy, the Goddess Lakshmi will keep her distance from them by letting Jyeshtha get closer to them. (Transl. T. Wignesam)

[Note the use of adequate symbolism here: Lakshmi = Heaven; Jyeshtha = Hell.]

K168: alukkaaru ena oru paavi thiruccertruth
thiuli uytthu vidum

Envy, embodied ill, incomparable bane,
Good fortune slays, and soul consigns to fiery pain. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
The sinner's envy will destroy (a man's) wealth (in this world) and drive him into the pit of fire (in the next world). (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

The envious person being an incomparable sinner will see his wealth dispersed and his life thereafter wither in Hell's furnaces. (Transl. T. Wignesam)

[The contrary also could very well be the case. I do not think Thiru-Valluvar actually believed this to be true, but, knowing how his fellowmen suffer most

of all from this malady, he was probably trying his best to dissuade them from wasting their time playing their most favourite of all their games. In any case, if he were here today, he would be hard put to prove the truth of this maxim of his. I'm convinced in his heart of hearts, he gave himself no end of fun composing a good many of his couplets.] T. Wignesán, June 5, 2017.

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K165 and K166 of CANTO XVII of the THIRUK-KURAL with Translations and Commentary

165 and K166 of CANTO XVII of the THIRUK-KURAL with Translations and Commentary
(continued)

(Commentary: The more I delve into Thiru-Valluvar's work, the more I'm convinced that it's not in each and every couplet that the poet's inestimable worth is ingrained; rather the self-imposed "decade" for each topic appears to be an exercise in flexing his mental poetic muscles.

For instance, take K166 - see here below - the author wants us to believe that the envious person will lose his kith and kin, his clothing and food supply. The question is, do those who conserve all the above: relatives, clothing and food, are they - all things being equal - NOT envious. I would not be wrong in thinking that most people enjoy the favours of their relatives, are pretty well clothed {at the risk of being arrested on the charge of indecency}, and survive through imbibing some sort of victuals. Are all these people then NOT envious-minded? I have a feeling Thiruvalluvar is just trying to drive terror into the hearts of those who may be inclined towards being envious. If, on the contrary, he is right, then it would follow that the vast majority of the humankind is not plagued with envy, and so we may all skip this chapter in the book, for it would become redundant. And then again, he may merely be indulging in "filling in" the decade for some other purpose, and I think I can explain why. Not now though.

I leave you to contemplate on the following distique of his:

uduppathuum unnpathuum kaanin pirarmeel
vadukkaana varraakum kiil

The base will bring an evil (accusation) against others, as soon as he sees them (enjoying) good food and clothing (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)]

T. Wignesan, June 4, 2017.

K165: alukkaaru udaiyaarkku athusaalum onnaar
valukkium keediin pathu

Envy they have within! Enough to seal their fate?

Though foemen fail, envy can ruin consummate. (Transl. G.U. Pope)

To those who cherish envy that is enough. Though enemies fail (in their attempts), that

will bring destruction. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

Those riven by envy even if enemies falter in their efforts to wreak harm on them, they will perish of their own accord. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

K166: koduppathu alukkarupaan curram
uduppathuu um unpathu um inrik kedum

Who scans good gifts to others given with envious eyes,
His kin, with none to clothe or feed them, surely die. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
He who is envious at a gift (made to another), his relations and even his
clothing and his food will utterly perish. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

Should one espy with envy what is given to others, he will lose the favours of
his kith and kin, and even his clothing and his food supply. (Transl. T.
Wignesan)

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K163 and K164 of CANTO XVII of the THIRUK-KURAL with Translations

K163 and K164 of CANTO XVII of the THIRUK-KURAL with Translation (continued)

K163: aran aakkam veendaathan enbaan
piranaakkam peenaathu alukkarup paan

Nor wealth nor virtue does that man desire, 'tis plain,
Whom others' wealth delights not, feeling envious pain. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
Of him who instead of rejoicing in the wealth of others, envies it, it will be
said,
"He neither desires virtue nor wealth." (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

He who prefers to live in envy of other people's wealth, rejecting the benefits
accruing in a virtuous envy-free life is one who will be blessed with neither.
(Transl. T. Wignesan)

K164: alukkaartrin allavai seybaar
ilukkaartrin eetham padupaakku arinthu

The wise through envy break not virtue's laws,
Knowing ill-deeds of foul disgrace the cause. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
(The wise) knowing the misery that comes from transgression will not through
envy commit unrighteous deeds. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

Sensible people realising the harm envy abets them to commit are likewise
conscious of the harm that will engulf them (if they give in to their
impulsions). (Transl. T. Wignesan)

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On the need to avoid being envious: CANTO XVII, K161, K162 of the THIRUK-KURAL

On the need to avoid being envious: Canto XVII, K161, K162 of the THIRUK-KURAL, Translation with Commentary

[ENVY, of course, knows no racial nor ethnic boundaries, but I wouldn't be wrong, I dare say, in thinking or assuming that being envious in an inveterate manner could be considered one of the principal Tamil character traits. How else may one explain the total lack of verifiable information on Thiru-VALLUVAR's life and times? What we know and have of him is a dismal kyrielle of hearsay and myth, together with some linguistic evidence culled from his work linking him to the Kanyakumari district of Tamil Nadu, but this isn't evidence which sheds light on his personality or educational background or, for that matter, his professional or personal circumstances without which - since he has not given us any clue or aperture to his self in his work - we cannot with certainty pronounce on the influences he was subject to, nor whether he was amenable to such influences either. It is quite obvious he was the object of much "envy" on the part of his peers. My hunch is that his enormous capabilities, knowledge and energy might have invited "oppression" from all quarters. Envy, as we all know, plays no great part once the period of his/one's generation or two comes to an end. And somehow the Thiru-Kural was preserved and handed down by successive generations who were not plagued by the presence of the author. One possibility of suppression owing to envy may have been his social caste status. Upper caste Tamils of his time - if he belonged to a lower or the lowest caste such as it was presumed in his case - might not want a priest of the Valluvar caste to outshine them. Normal reaction among Tamils!

I have said elsewhere he "deliberately" - knowing the situation he was in - left us some clues in his work which would ensure its perennity. Sooner or later, I'll deal with this topic: Stay tuned in!

Just a word on THIRUKKURAL publications and conferences: To say the least, these are so numerous and breast-beating (now that the poet is absent), and like all money-raking shenanigans, the book is sure-fire attraction the moment some publisher or institution of learning decides to do one or the other, often with the backing of the Tamil Nadu Government or some Tamil diaspora authority. The Thirukkural has long attained the status of a "bible" among the Tamil populations, so much so that nothing rakes in the cash as the celebration of a bard of incontestable honour and reign which translates as something as close to the deification of the author through his work. As everybody knows, ask in the name of the giver's god and none will withhold even their last penny! In every decade, the number of publications or conferences tend to become ever so redundant that there is grave danger the contents of the treatise on ethics by our "unknowable" poet might become so debased and mammon-ised (to coin a word)

that Tamilian ethics may need to be recast by a second-coming of the poet, himself.

Two recent readily-available paperback publications require singling out:

1. Thirukkural Tamil-English Version. Translations by Rev. G.U.Pope, Rev. W.H. Drew and Rev. John Lazarus. Chennai: Kumaran Pathippagam, 2015, 288p. Price Rs 140.

(This version appears in clear print, and the translators hardly need to be introduced, for they number among the few who have rendered Tamils and foreigners interested in Tamil studies great service.)

2. Thirukkural. English Transliteration & Translation with CD. Chennai: The Wisdom World Publication, 2016, 276p. Price Rs 475.

(Selections from eleven translators' efforts are proffered, among them Pope, Drew & Lazarus, with a totally muddled-up "appreciation" by the Tamil Nadu government cultural affairs official in five short paragraphs and an obfuscating preface about the origins of the selections by V. Ramamurthy, both of whom quite frankly judging by their texts cannot possibly be knowledgeable in English. One would do well to discard the book pullulating in grammatical and printer's errors. The CD, only in Tamil, is worth keeping, though.)

According to G.U. Pope, the Thirukkural, written in the venba metre lends itself to "ceppalOsai", that is, the recitative or didactic tone, and this is further extended, according to the quantity of the feet in each couplet, into the "balanced recitative", the "grave recitative" (K397 is the only case) and the "mixed recitative". The great majority of the couplets are in the last category, giving rise to a variety of rhythms.

K161: olukku aaraak kolka oruvanthan nencatthu
alukkaaru ilaatha iyalpu

As 'strict decorum's' laws, that all men bind,
Let each regard unenvying grace of mind. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
Let a man esteem that disposition which is free from envy in the same manner as propriety of conduct. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

One should in one's heart cherish the state of being devoid of envy and make that a cardinal principle of virtue. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

K162: viluppeetrin ahthuoppathu illayaar maadtum
alukkaatrin anmai perin

If man can learn to envy none on earth,
'Tis richest gift, -- beyond compare its worth. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
Amongst all attainable excellences there is none equal to that of being free from envy towards others. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

Of all the most cherishable qualities one may strive to possess, nothing

compares to that state of being where envy has no place. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

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K379 and K380 of Canto XXXVIII of the THIRUKKURAL Translated with Commentary

K379 and K380 of Canto XXXVIII of the THIRUKKURAL, Translated with Commentary

(Just a note on the translations to say that, even if G.U. Pope did more to research and elucidate the THIRUKKURAL, his translations - with some exceptions - bent on rhyme and stilted structure, require further interpretation and are sometimes needlessly obscure.

W. H. Drew and John Lazarus's translations are generally quite clear, but tend sometimes towards needless expatiation. In my own rendering, I have tried to keep to the semantic ordering and grammatical structure wherever possible. Lest non-Tamils unfamiliar with the Kurals think that the author Thiruvalluvar also used punctuation marks found in the translations, would do well to note that Tamil writers of yore never had this bother to cope with. Besides, as Pope points out, the short and long vowels like "o" and "O" were undifferentiated in the original; now and then however the dot over the "l" (there are three in the Tamil alphabet) was used to indicate the use of "l" as "ela" or "la".) T. Wignesan

K379: nanraangkaal nallavaak kaanpavar
anraangkaal allal paduvathu evan

When good things come, men view them all as gain,
When evils come, why then should they complain? (Transl. G.U. Pope)
How is it that those, who are pleased with good fortune, trouble themselves
when evil comes (since both are equally the decree of fate)? (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

When everything goes well, we tend to enjoy life (for what it is worth);
When things take a turn for the worse, why should we whine? (Transl. T. Wignesan)

K380: uulin peruvali yaavula matruonru
cuulinum thaamunth thurum

What powers so great as those of Destiny? Man's skill
Some other thing contrives; but fate's beforehand still. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
What is stronger than fate? If we think of an expedient (to avert it), it will
itself
be with us before (the thought). (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

Is there force mightier than fate? It will forestall the very thought of one
who tries to dodge it. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

Villanelle: Who's afraid of Virgin Wolf's wisdom tooth

Villanelle: Who's afraid of the Virgin Wolf's wisdom tooth

(As unlikely as it may sound, this happens to be the TRUTH: the foremost French journalist, André FONTAINE of Le Monde; an illustrious Academician poet, Pierre EMMANUEL*; President de Gaulle's Prime Minister-President George POMPIDOU; de Gaulle's Minister of Foreign Affairs, Maurice SCHUMANN; a State Counsellor, brother of de Gaulle's Minister of Justice, Paul TEITGEN - all in one day on December 16th, 1972, out-manoeuvred a dastardly plot by the French Left (Jean-Paul Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir, André Gorz, Me Jean-Jacques de Félice, Michel Foucault and an ex-Tunisian lawyer, etc.) to deprive me of any rights - while I was on my way from Madrid to London - at obtaining residence papers in France, so the constant persecution and attempts on my life - the first attempt in January 1977 having reduced/maimed my then infant son with a serious lifelong handicap - continue without respite. Others from the Left joined in, however, to ward off total destitution.) * I met Maurice Schumann and Paul Teitgen at Pierre Emmanuel's house on the evening of the day André Fontaine published my "Témoignage: Sans Patrie Ni Asile" in the Le Monde, p.2 (16/12/1972. A few days later, while I was being grilled at the Paris Police HQ, President Georges Pompidou intervened directly by special courier from the Elysée Palace, and I was granted my papers on the spot, hardly twenty minutes later while (for the anecdote) a Black Panther who had hijacked a plane to Algiers was kept waiting at the door.- T. Wignesan, May 29, 2017

Who's afraid of the Virgin Wolf's wisdom tooth
Its sage bite makes even more wise the scum bag
Oh What a state the State's in hiding the Truth

Wisdom teeth sink not well in scum bag for sooth
No, the Great State first hoists its colours not flag
Who's afraid of the Virgin Wolf's wisdom tooth

Scum bag the State drags on nails to give It worth
Ride with medical care the wheezing old hag
Oh What a state the State's in hiding the Truth

Champion of noise nuisance the State drills tooth
Keeps all scum bags sleepless till they sag and lag
Who's afraid of the Virgin Wolf's wisdom tooth

The State drugs spouse rams her makes her rotten sleuth
Takes into custody sons too weak to brag
Oh What a state the State's in hiding the Truth

Silly the State that lifts its glass of Vermuth
One foot on scum bags the scourge of its Reichs tag
Who's afraid of the Virgin Wolf's wisdom tooth
Oh What a state the State's in hiding the Truth

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K375 and K376 of Canto XXXVIII of the THIRUKKURAL with Commentary

K375 and K376 of Canto XXXVIII of the THIRUKKURAL Translated with Commentary

(Biographical details of an author, especially of someone having thrived in a land given to scant regard for documenting history in a systematic manner and in a milieu where the oeuvre took precedence over its creator, may only be useful in elucidating some extraneously relevant literary data. In such a case, one need not lament the fact that we know practically nothing about the author of the Thirukkural. As I have already demonstrated, even his name « Valluvar » is a caste-oriented term, meaning a priest who officiated in a Hindu temple meant only for the purpose of serving the Untouchable caste. Besides, such a priest could not have had access to a vade mecum of knowledge of the entire spectrum of linguistic literary and philosophical aspects of Indian civilization. To attribute his literary skills and wisdom to the apostle St. Thomas or his worldly wisdom to his friendship with the captain of a sloop Eleela Cinkam begs simple common sense.

On the other hand, to claim that he was a native of the Kanyakumari District in Tamil Nadu on the basis of some linguistic evidence in his work may appear sound at first glance, but in the absence of hard facts about his birth, family circumstances, education and role in society, we can do better than to hoist enormous statues in his memory. The Tamil Nadu government has erected a 133-foot statue off-shore at Kanyakumari in memory of the poet; so have they of contemporary politicians elsewhere who have like the late Chief Minister Jayalalitha fleeced the land and let the State stew in a kind of open sewer for decades now.

My contention that he was an « unjustifiably oppressed » individual stems from the fact that whilst he lived his fellow countrymen did not enshrine his worth in more concrete terms of appreciation, and I would not be wrong in assuming he was the victim of sheer envy on the part of his fellowmen. He had even consecrated a chapter on the subject of ENVY, a form of pestilence that has plagued Tamils, if I'm not mistaken, throughout the ages. He found a way of getting his own back on his detractors, but that is another story for the moment.)

T. Wignesan

K375: nallavai ellaa am thiiyavaam thiiyavum
nallavaam selvam seyatku

All things that good appear will oft have ill success,
All evil things prove good for gain of happiness. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
In the acquisition of property, everything favourable becomes unfavourable,
and (on the other hand), everything unfavourable becomes favourable (through the power of fate). (Transl. Drew and Lazarus)

When in the act of acquiring wealth, all good omens can take a turn for the worse and vice versa. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

K376 pariyinum aakaavaam paalalla uytthuc
coriyinum pohkaa thama

Things not your own will yield no good, however you guard with pain;
Your own, howe'er you scatter them abroad, will yours remain. (Transl. G.U. Pope)

Whatever is not conferred by fate cannot be preserved, although it be guarded with most painful care; and that, which fate has made his, cannot be lost, although one should undertake to throw it away. (Transl. Drew and Lazarus)

What is meant to be yours is yours to keep, even if you went out of your way to throw it all away. Contrariwise the same principle applies. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

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K373 and K374 of the THIRUKKURAL Translated with Commentary

K373 and K374 of the THIRUKKURAL: Translated with Commentary

The poet's name, THIRUVALLUVAR [Thiru = Sacred and Valluvar = the name of the priesthood caste of the « Pariah » (whom Mahatma Gandhi preferred to call "Harijans", "the children of God"), is very probably a misnomer. His name is sometimes followed by the collective title of « Nayanar », a term signifying religious Siva Bhakti poets and whose work had been anthologised first in the collection : TEVARAM by Nambi Andar Nambi of the Xth to XIth century CE. No one knows his real name nor his origins, whereabouts and birth circumstances. G.U.Pope, one of the few great foreign scholars of Tamil, began his missionary work in the enclave of Mayilapur (meaning "the township/bourgade of peacocks" in the city of Madras/Chennai, during the nineteenth century) . The term « pariah » denotes something most derogatory, for in the Hindu caste hierarchical system these members of the lowest non-caste were treated as "defiled", not worthy of being seen or being found in their company, due to their having to handle corpses, serving as "night soil men", employed in the tanning of animal skins and in other extreme menial duties and functions -- all considered "un-holy" by the upper castes]. Pope follows the claims of the popular tradition in thinking the poet lived and grew up there for there is to be found a temple consecrated to the poet in Mayilapur. Others like S. Padmanabhan and the Tamil Nadu authorities associate his name with Kanyakumari, the southernmost district of the Tamil peninsula on the strength of certain words in the Thirukkural which were in usage in the area during the first millenium of our era. Yet, others - Tamil Christians in the majority - wish him to have imbibed Christian doctrines and teachings at the feet of the martyred apostle St. Thomas who was assassinated in Mayilapur, obviously in the first century of the Christ's existence. Pope and the great missionary translators and interpreters of the kural, such as, D. H. Drew, John Lazarus, F. W. Ellis, the illustrious Italian Beschi, the German Graul and the Frenchman Ariel -- all pay him their profoundest respect and admiration while drawing attention to the tradition of ethical maxims in other literary cultures to which Thiruvalluvar may or may not have had cognisance. As usual, as in all such cases, a good deal of myth also willingly gets spun, absorbed and perpetuated like the story of how he was the illegitimate issue of caste-miscegenation, that is, between a Brahmin father and a "Pariah" mother.

I have already in my previous posts shown how complicatedly arduous it is to compose a "kural" in the venba metre, the most difficult of the Tamil prosodic structures. Add to this the plan and structure of the whole composition, and it will become evident that no one who had not enjoyed the highest literary and mental capacities could have authored this oeuvre.

Even the language the poet used was free of "sankriticisms", the principal linguistic influence over other languages in the sub-continent. According to Pope, himself, the language of the kural is a product of pure high Tamil. For

instance, Tamils everywhere today would use innumerable words of Sanskrit or of other origins in their spoken or written forms like "kobam" for "anger" or "sadtchi" for "witness", but in the kural the poet employs "vekuli" and "kari" respectively, words of Tamil concoction.

I, for myself, am convinced he was, as I said earlier on, "unjustifiably oppressed". In that case, how has his work survived the ages. That is because he outsmarted them all. I have my own « theory » or conjecture or deduction about it all. (T. Wignesan)

K373: nunniya noolpala katpinum marrunthen
unmai arivee mikum

In subtle learning manifold though versed men be,
The wisdom, truly his, will gain supremacy. (Transl. G.U.Pope)
Although a man may study the most polished treatises, the knowledge
which fate has decreed to him will still prevail. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

Even if one imbibes works from the most learned sources, knowledge that
is inherent* in him owing to fate will triumph (over the rest).
[*in the sense of the inherited genetic code.]
(Transl. T. Wignesan)

K374: iruveeru ulakatthu iyatkai
thiruveeru thelliyar aathalum veeru

Two-fold the fashion of the world: some live in fortune's light;
While other some have souls in wisdom's radiance light. (Transl. G.U. Pope)
There are (through fate) two different natures in the world; hence the
difference
(observable in men) in (their acquisition of) wealth, and in their attainment
of knowledge. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

The nature of the world is such that fate provides some with the ability to
acquire wealth and others knowledge. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

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THIRUKKURAL: Translation of Canto XXXVIII with commentary

THIRUKKURAL: Translation of Canto XXXVIII with notes and commentary

Canto XXXVIII of the Thirukkural on the topic of FATE which I give here in translation (by stages) forms, in itself, a separate "book" in its own right, for it nullifies so-to-speak almost all the rest of what the poet Thiruvalluvar had to say in the rest of his oeuvre in one fell swoop. One cannot escape the fact that the author subscribes to the Oriental preoccupation with DESTINY as something pre-determined (as a result of one's balance of virtuous deeds or KARMA in the previous life), something which conditions and controls all one's actions in the present life.

There would therefore be something inviolable and invariable about the course one's life would take and which can be mitigated (if the karma produced a life wrought with insuperable obstacles and difficulties) only through penance by way of renouncing all desires and acquisitions; in short, to sacrifice one's life in order to avoid either being born again (vIdu/liberation or mOdcham/moksha) or of obtaining relief during one's présent life.

Chapter XXXV on « Renunciation », Ch. XXXVI on the « Perception of Truth » and Ch. XXXVII on the « Extirpation of Desires » - all lead up to this fatidic climax, that is, that whatever one does one cannot "hoodwink" fate. As the Yi Jing, too, prescribes, to put it succinctly in my own words: "When fate comes knocking, there's no place on earth you can hide!" Whether what happens is due to one's karma or not cannot however be proven, nor whether by resorting to asceticism as a shield from its ravages, one may elude fate must remain an inflexible conundrum . From the maxims in this decade, one can divine the author was convinced of the role of fate in our lives.

K371: aakuulaal thoonrum adaivinmai kaipporul
pookuulal thoonrum madi

Wealth-giving fate power of unflinching effort brings;

From fate that takes away idle remissness springs. (Transl. G.U. Pope)

Perseverance comes from a prosperous fate, and idleness from an adverse fate.
(Tranls. Drew & Lazarus)

Activity that increases one's possessions fate will promote while the lack of activity that lethargy engenders is (also) the oeuvre of fate. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

K372: peethaip padukkum ilavuul arivakarrum
aakaluul urrak kadai

The fate that loss ordains makes wise men's wisdom foolishness;

The fate that gain bestows with ampler powers will wisdom bless. (Transl. G.U. Pope)

An adverse fate produces folly, and a prosperous fate produces enlarged knowledge. (Transl. Drew & Lazarus)

When adverse fate comes around, it will limit one's knowledge; favourable fate produces the contrary effect of making knowledge blossom. (Transl. T. Wignesan)

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Villanelle: Whenever Life stamps me down under heels

Villanelle: Whenever Life stamps me down under heels

Whenever Life stamps me down under heels
I think of those who died living deaths young
So say i who am i to bleat meek squeals

Ages gone by how many mute appeals
Fell on deaf bigot ears great lives un-sung
Whenever Life stamps me down under heels

Who dared shift Earth from centre to out-fields
How Galileo ate humble pie dung
So say i who am i to bleat meek squeals

Nuanced scales stringed by chords neuronc peals
Had Mozart in debt into common grave flung
Whenever Life stamps me down under heels

Van Gogh Cervantes Dostoyevski shields
Me from vainly emptying my spent lung
So say i who am i to bleat meek squeals

If my words can't Gorki's lives serve dire meals
Then would not mine and your pen seem low-strung
Whenever Life stamps me down under heels
So say i who am i to bleat meek squeals

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Villanelle: Better anarchy than hypocrisy

Villanelle: Better anarchy than hypocrisy

Better anarchy than hypocrisy
Bluff prosperity breeds doomsday blast out
Probity keeps on toes reality

Executive responsibility
Ends before the term of office runs out
Better anarchy than hypocrisy

Quinquennat* four-year executive spree
Lead to wielding effete politics clout
Probity keeps on toes reality

Who makes speeches ring like Presidency
Mimes inane ghost-written texts like robot
Better anarchy than hypocrisy

If all that matters is "democracy"
Should not voters cast nulled votes in ballot
Probity keeps on toes reality

Who keeps arming the world breeds enmity
Wars cars hot-air mouths stoke intense black out
Better anarchy than hypocrisy
Probity keeps on toes reality

*quinquennat: French for five-year mandate of the presidency.

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Villanelle: What we know is what we can prove on earth

Villanelle: What we know is what we can prove on earth

What we know is what we can prove on earth
Whether it be by rule of thumb or by sum
Far-flung worlds who see us here must bake mirth

Two and two's not what 2×2 bring forth
Add man to woman on hands knees four-some
What we know is what we can prove on earth

Way out on the outback of Big Bang birth
Adding man on woman might be boredom
Far-flung worlds who see us here must bake mirth

Here we talk as if the Truth we un-earth
The moment Milky Way began to hum
What we know is what we can prove on earth

The gods we raise all had some kind of birth
Then the Lord Almighty rules He Kingdom
Far-flung worlds who see us here must bake mirth

Yet Man on Earth can split hairs not in dearth
Conceive Devil to make equal the sum
What we know is what we can prove on earth
Far-flung worlds who see us here must bake mirth

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Two Wraiths in a gust in between frames with a Third

Two wraiths in a gust in-between frames with a Third

...was it when i bumped into you last
a little put out by the awkwardness
something not willed not even by chance
who knows an air of Oh please spare me the excuse
eyes darting from cheek to contorting lips
the turning breeze curling into your bitten bud of an ear
expiring burnt breath
just the intimate release of breathless control
shifting feet somewhere in some other film frame
a door closing creaking in the soft amber sheen
of the flickering street lamp
was it in another slot
of time held in some half-remembered patched-up reel
footsteps slap quick-shuffled the soundtrack dragging the heels
The Third Man
down wet cobbled stones chiaroscuro classic
withholding comment

no time to grasp even the outstretched hand
a finger or two trailing no the index thumb and Mount of Venus
ever so lightly alerting the eyes yet for a fractured second
averting eye-contact slicing presences
or was it just that i wished to overlook the rebuff
thwart the unkindest cut into my roiling belly juices
the day you took careful aim
for some slight some mite of a pain complaint
a moment so gossamer thin so ephemeral no trace lingers
in the wind-swept thrusts of the pulse in the brain
does one hesitate in the accusing hour
an old sagging man cap in hand wordless and wan
hardly daring to lift lame will and sorry self
for once the back is turned no thoughts
of humped puffing breath bathing the cheeks
the lips the bacteria baked unbrushed stench
and the less than hoped-for wish trailing aghast
when next we stumble and slip
from one another's grasp...

Villanelle: What's flabbergasting is the limitlessnesses

Villanelle: What's flabbergasting is the limitlessnesses

What's flabbergasting is the limitlessnesses
Time Space Suffering the meanness of everything
The only exception: never deathlessnesses

Take KARMA example of prowess excesses
Such as the Mean Violent doing their own thing
What's flabbergasting is the limitlessnesses

You're not supposed to know past lives' excesses
Though you do good continue to take a beating
The only exception: never deathlessnesses

Thinkers on the subject of lobsidednesses
Simply say: ponder! as if waiting for lightning
What's flabbergasting is the limitlessnesses

What if Life comes to an end locked in fastnesses
Your karmic interests lost in false accounting
The only exception: never deathlessnesses

Who d'you damn for this in other universes's
What if you took chances doing your own thing-fling
What's flabbergasting is the limitlessnesses
The only exception: never deathlessnesses

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Villanelle: Kill not Mad Poets the Soul-Blood of Mankind for Emmanuel MACRON

Villanelle: Kill not Mad Poets the Soul-Blood of Mankind
for Emmanuel MACRON

Kill not mad poets the soul-blood of mankind
Better kill gods teacher-preachers saviours
Their words stretch galactic aeons of the mind

Who kills trills of the fine feathered chirping kind
Never clapping thunder smother lonely warblers
Kill not mad poets the soul-blood of mankind

The Merle Noir maddens the Warbler Subalpine
Will not the Woodchat Strike tease Yellow Hammers
Their words stretch galactic aeons of the mind

aiOoo loie loieC screEch screEch tWine tWine
dingk dingk twingK clUt clUt aiOoo sRoothers
Kill not mad poets the soul-blood of mankind

Who but raving politicos seek to bind
Mad poets lyrical fill hungry beggars
Their words stretch galactic aeons of the mind

Who recalls greed-fed conquests all anodyne
Blissful mad morning trills drill Orphean Warblers
Kill not mad poets the soul-blood of mankind
Their words stretch galactic aeons of the mind

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Villanelle: After-Life's the Centrillion-Dollar Question

Villanelle: After-life's the centrillion*-dollar question

After-life's the centrillion-dollar question

Where do we go to make amends pay for sins

KARMA* panacea for stupefaction

Who else escalates karmic evolution

Animals insects do they dog-eat-dog sins

After-life's the centrillion-dollar question

Heaven Hell be they but religious fiction

Lame constraints games to make us fight shy of sins

KARMA panacea for stupefaction

What if we on earth live lives of extinction

Who knows who comes back for what reasons or ends

After-life's the centrillion-dollar question

Whose existence calls for justification

Can Eve be damned for causes or origins

KARMA panacea for stupefaction

Who plays with our lives for delectation

Watch how EVIL triumphs over GOOD and grins

After-life's the centrillion-dollar question

KARMA panacea for stupefaction

*centrillion : a hundred times a trillion (million times million) :

100,000,000,000,000

*KARMA: the philosophy of ethical action and thought as defined by the Bhagavad-Gita. The hindus and buddhists believe in REINCARNATION which, on one level, means that the sins we commit in our lives have to be atoned for in the next and the next, until we rid ourselves of the need to be re-born (samsara), through MOKSHA (obviously also signifying a state of being free of all sin) by re-joining the SUPREME ATMAN, the GOD-HEAD BRAHMAN, the Primal Creator. Individual karma which serves to project a global sum of spirituality is meant to influence the entire world

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Villanelle: Hoist not the flag of your hidden vices

Villanelle: Hoist not the flag of your hidden vices

Hoist not the flag of your hidden vices
Wonder not why enemies pick on entrails
No foe will salute nor sing your praises

You cannot make curry without spices
Worst not enemies with cat o' nine tails
Hoist not the flag of your hidden vices

Enemies crop up as you throw dices
They hide in pockets and wear long tails
No foe will salute nor sing your praises

They even sport horns to cuckold spouses
Call you names while you look for holy grails
Hoist not the flag of your hidden vices

Enemies revel not in open spaces
Splice them only in their hidden entrails
No foe will salute nor sing your praises

Best enemies wallow in pungent sauces
Flapping from naked flag-poles stuck in jails
Hoist not the flag of your hidden vices
No foe will salute nor sing your praises

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Villanelle: What space occupies the tiniest space

Villanelle : What space occupies the tiniest place

What space occupies the tiniest place
Today the Higgs Boson's all the rage
All discoveries via the inward gaze

Yesterday the neutrino led the race
Even as the atom ancestors did engage
What space occupies the tiniest place

Hydrogen the atom bomb did replace
Much as MOAB the grenade savage
All discoveries via the inward gaze

The secret of the Golden Flower's grace
In the heart of hearts make particles rage
What space occupies the tiniest place

He that seeketh not becomes common place
All particles whirl and churn the mirage
All discoveries via the inward gaze

Today's seeming truth : nothing stays in place
Yet tomorrow all change may mismanage
What space occupies the tiniest place
All discoveries via the inward gaze

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Villanelle: Generalize and prejudice will congeal

Villanelle: Generalize and prejudice will congeal

Generalize and prejudice will congeal
No prejudice justifies the call to arms
Exceptions crop up only for common weal

Know the next man's the best chance for a fair deal
The exception always battens down your qualms
Generalize and prejudice will congeal

Not to generalize makes neither big deal
The other man's prejudice will quash your balms
Exceptions crop up only for common weal

Many or all nurse their hatreds and conceal
Their dreams of pure race culture under sweet psalms
Generalize and prejudice will congeal

Genes that mutate miscegenate still reveal
Our Father who art in Africa's realms
Exceptions crop up for the common weal

The only prejudice worth a mighty peal
Who the damn stuffed genius brains in human forms
Generalize and prejudice will congeal
Exceptions crop up only for common weal

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Villanelle: For whom does the self pay rent: body or soul

Villanelle: For whom does the self pay rent: body or soul

For whom does the self pay rent: body or soul
"i" say "I" and you say why not wait till "i" die
Who seeks the Landlord in the head to console

How many the bodies laid low in camisole*
Release the soul in saints and rishis gone by
For whom does the self pay rent: body or soul

Which self thinks first in the heart and for what goal
Who best opens an account where the heart must lie
Who seeks the Landlord in the head to console

Who owns the name of the self when things go foul
Must the heart stop to make the head go stark dry
For whom does the self pay rent: body or soul

Solder the broken body Mend the ripped soul
Must the self take the blame for hazard or lie
Who seeks the Landlord in the head to console

The body is not your own to house the soul
The rent the Landlord charges is far too high
For whom does the self pay rent: body or soul
Who seeks the Landlord in the head to console

*camisole: French for strait jacket

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Villanelle: Do spun balls eddy in Black Hole corsets

Villanelle: Do spun balls eddy through Black Hole corsets

Do spun balls eddy through Black Hole corsets
Or cosmic spins pierce through armoured shells
Who threads sheltered yards in safe space rockets

Make the side win hoards of precious nuggets
Rousing Super Bowl far-flung galaxy yells
Do spun balls eddy through Black Hole corsets

Elsewhere rugger lads break through pelting belts
Asteroid storms of bare bones and muscles
Who threads sheltered yards in safe space rockets

Watch how rugby touch-downs pile-up sweats
Barely kissing ground hugged balls crushed in smells
Do spun balls eddy through Black Hole corsets

Rugbymen fall for foes during somersaults
Some even take home loads of their scented cells
Who threads sheltered yards in safe space rockets

O! Lord of the Nations! Let fear nor threats
Keep you from flexing wills with alien spells
Do spun balls eddy through Black Hole corsets
Who threads sheltered yards in safe space rockets

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Plenty of room in Le Fut for Soccer

Plenty of room in « Le Foot »* for Soccer
For Doug Vinson at PoetrySoup.com

I

Not long ago King Pelé
Set "le foot" in America
Today his peoples' muted "Olé"!
Rue the day at Maracana

Now from coast to conniving coast
Your Can-Can gals kick "le balon"*
No Wall in between the goal-posts
To win at summit many a "galon"*

Alright! Keep your cherished football
Iced-hoc-key bounced balls in basket
But let echo corked-leather on "saule"*
Crikey! "le cri-cri"* of "le cricket"

II

Tremble at the hakka-cry of the All Blacks
Cringe before Aussie toughs at Springbok élan
And let them romp with the Six-Nation packs
Over your greens with fifteen Argentinian

Call out to the run-machine Little Master*
And let his blade flash home-runs tout azimuth
Over heads of fielders spectators and trainer
And let your millions throb and catapult

Your new knights sans armour in world arena
And gasp at fresh records topple centuries*
On pitch and turf in Tests across suburbia
And join the world in friendly rivalries.

*"Le Foot"or "Le Fut": French for football/soccer.

*"le balon": French for ball.

*"le(s) galon(s)": French for "stripes" as in "to win one's stripes in battle"
(gagné ses galons au combat) .

*"le saule": French for the willow tree. "Willow" is metonymy for the cricket
bat as the latter is made from the tree.

*"le cri-cri": familiar French for "le grillon", the insect cricket.

*"Little Master", sobriquet of Sachin Tendulkar, the retired legendary Indian
test-cricketer, the counterpart of the Brazilian Pelé in soccer. See my poem:

"The Little Master: Sachin Tendulkar", my most-read ever poem.

*"centuries": batting records in cricket run into a few centuries, mostly in five-day international test-matches.

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EPITAPH for a Living Poet: WPN

EPITAPH for a living poet: WPN

(upon reading a bookish interview of his on his poetry)

He had talent and a voice
And vocation not by choice
Now his words lie all alone
Living, none left them still lone

His words came from all around
Voices from merry-go-round
He read Masters many bold
All drowned his message untold

He espoused a language
Not his own to assuage
A chasm sans tradition
His land of re-edition

He had willed the borrowed tongue
Adorned he in ways unsung
He refused not the honours
Re-making words for others

Would he now contented be
First poet of his country
Nay, re-invent poesy
For all mute poets at sea!

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ARTE MAYOR: Neither Cricket nor Football

ARTE MAYOR*: Neither Cricket nor Football

Is this the way to prop A-first
Sock not oval ball overhead
Slam not round ball with drumstick dead
Cut not corporate tax: the worst
Hundred millions sweat till tv burst
Swamp Super Bowl cheer-leaders' tights
The day England scorned Wales' rights*
Would armed football rugby durst

Catch not ball in leather-gloved hand
Watch how slip-fields pluck balls from air
Out-fields brave boundaries debonair
That's what cricket's in any land
Trumped-up charges make no A-men grand
Nor soft base balls stop eyes grow sore
A-1 Nation must make World soar
Hail Rugby! King Twickenham brand!

Throw missile back You Quarter-Back
Take no step beyond the Red line
Referee draws to keep the front-line
Push no further than ball in pack
The Golden Rule's not to kick back
Unless you're in scrum cheek to jowl
And lick the foe if he must growl
Block those horns in grid-lock Am-track!

Curve ball's By Gad no in-swinger
Reach first base sans one lone strike
Home runs no match sixes through dike
Stop runs coming through huge bouncer
Best way to take the World over
Scrap apéd games from lean memory
Learn to play ball gentlemanly
You'll need no Vinson carrier!

*Arte Mayor (Sp. Major Art) stanzaic form, the art of Archiprest de Hita (12th-13th c.): eight syllabic lines in eight-line stanzas, rhyming abba acca.

*England beat Wales in epic match at Cardiff to win Six-Nations' Rugby 2017 Trophy; the same day the Super Bowl was watched by 125 millions on TV. If the same audience could have seen the match at Cardiff, I'd wager that would have

been the very last Super Bowl event in history.

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Ambiguity and Ambivalence in the THIRUKKURAL: Canto 4, K35, a random example

Ambiguity and Ambivalence in the THIRUKKURAL: Canto 4, K35, a random example

alukkaa ravaavekuli yinnaacchon naangu
milukkaa viyanra tharam (unrefined, given in the original state of
the connective/combination particles of "punarcchi" rules)
alukkaaru avaavekuli innaacchol naankum
ilukkaa iyanrathu aram (refined, shorn of the connective particles)

Tis virtue when, his footsteps sliding not through envy, wrath,
Lust, evil speech - these four, man onwards moves in ordered path. (Tr.
G.U. POPE)

That conduct is virtue which is free from these four things, viz., malice,
desire, anger and bitter speech. (Tr. W.H. Drew & J. Lazarus)

The way of vileness, self-congratulatory aid, ire and foul-mouthing - these
four attitudes will cause the alms-giver to slip from the natural path of
virtue into ignominy. (Tr. T. Wignesan)

Breakdown of the words and their individual meanings:

alukku = foulness; aaru= way; avaa= desire, lust; vekuli= wrath, anger; innaa=
unpleasant; chol= speech, words; naangkum= (the latter) four; [ili= slip down,
fall down, become vile;] ilukkam= ignominy; iyanrathu= that which has proceeded
naturally; aram= virtue.

Discussion:

I - Both G.U. Pope and Drew & Lazarus translate "alukkaaru" as "envy", and they
are not wrong, but I have opted for an etymological separation of its semantic
constituents and have come up with: 'the way of vileness', i.e., "alukku" =
foulness and "aaru" = way, so that ambiguity emerges (becomes apparent) from
both the valid translations. Yet, it must be observed that the Pope and the Drew-
Lazarus' translations appear to deliberately avoid having to relate their
versions specifically to the topic of the decade, i.e., the giving of alms and
make/intend their versions (to) conform to the general theme of the section in
which the kural occurs; in other words, they rather draw attention to the
general theme of VIRTUE at large and not VIRTUE as related to ALMS-GIVING.

II - In my translation, I keep close to the topic (though I give nothing or
only a little away by way of nuance) under discussion: Alms-Giving.

III - Evidently, both versions are valid (though one or the other may be
preferred by the reader at any given moment depending upon his/her participatory

performance), and hence it could be said the KURAL in question is AMBIVALENT, giving it an additional dimension in the reading.

IV -It would serve to note that the indigenous exegetes like Parimelalargal and others opt for the individual topic explication. What this exceptional poet intended in the first place matters, of course, even if one cannot refuse disowning or accepting concepts such as "intentional fallacy" or "total intention", especially in a case where the whole is in the detail and the detail will/must not detract or displace art from the ultimate purposes of living life itself. The artful way of living the art of life is no less a life worth living. Does the one enhance and enrich the other without in any way detracting from the other? (I'm well aware of the tautological expressions in the above argument.)

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Mnemonic Devices: Rhyme and Alliteration in the THIRUKKURAL, Canto 4, K35

Mnemonic Devices: Rhyme and Alliteration in the THIRUKKURAL, a random example: Canto 4, K35 by T. Wignesan

alukkaaru avaavekuli innaacchol naangkum

ilukkaa iyanrathu aram (refined, shorn of connective particles)

The way of vileness, self-congratulatory aid, ire and foul-mouthing - these four attitudes will cause the charity-giver to slip from the natural path of virtue into ignominy. (Tr. T. Wignesan)

I - Rhyme (ethukai: there are SIX kinds) in the Venba metre of classical Tamil poetry:

(a) Initial Rhyme (idaiyaasethukai): where the second letter/syllable of the first words in successive lines have to rhyme, e.g.

alukkaaru/ilukkaa

Here the syllable "lu" (with a macron underneath the "l" to distinguish it from two other "l"s in the Tamil alphabet) occurs in both the identical slots.

(b) End-Rhyme (iyappu): naankum/aram

II - Besides, two other forms of rhyme can also be found:

a) thalaiyaasethukai: the entire first feet in the two lines are identical, even if and because "a" and "i" are phonetic equivalents (of the same genre):

b) moonraamelutthonrethukai: the third letters/syllables of the first words in both the lines are in consonance - "ka" and "ka".

II- Alliteration (monai: here, too, there are SIX kinds):

For this feature to be valid, it is enough that the first letters of two or more words be either the same or one of its class, i.e., their phonetic equivalents:

Here, 1) the first letters of the first and second words are "a" in the first line;

2) the first letters of the first and second words are "i" in the second line.

The above two examples of alliteration are known as "inaimonai", i.e., where two successive words are in alliteration.

Commentary: It's quite obvious the poet was writing at a time when widespread dissemination of his work was not available to him (and to others of his ilk), and so poetry having been the principal form of expression for the Tamils throughout the ages, they developed the art of making learning by rote as simple as possible. If you knew that a kural consisted of seven feet in two lines, and that the initial rhymes fell on the second letter/syllable of the first word in each line, and that alliteration was an adornment Tamil poets could not do without, not to mention the special character of the seventh foot

(cf. previous posts on the Thirukkural), these features in themselves would be sufficient to aid constant and total recall.

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Metre in the THIRUKKURAL: Kural 35 of Canto 4, a random example

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milukka viyanra tharam (unrefined, given in the original state of
the connective particles of punarcchi rules)
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Breakdown of the words and their individual meanings:

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unpleasant; chol= words, speech; naankum= (the latter) four; [ili= slip down,
fall down, become vile;] ilukkam= ignominy; iyanrathu= that which has proceeded
naturally; aram= virtue.

Scansion: The classical VENBA metre with which the poet has to contend in order
to compose a mere two lines - not to mention (I will treat of other prosodical
and literary features in the next post) the elements of occasional ambiguity
and ambivalence/multivalence with regard to the whole; allusions and symbolism,
etc.

First, there are in the Thirukkural 1330 couplets, i.e., 2660 lines, each word
or groupings of words making up a foot. Each kural is made up of SEVEN feet. In
other words, there are in all 18,620 feet which the poet had to assemble in a
particular order according to very strict prosodic rules. This in itself is a
formidable and trying task.

In the VENBA metre, there are TEN feet, some have equivalents in the European
tradition, like the iambus, trochee, pyrrhic, spondee, anapest and dactyl,
etc.

1) Now, the strict rule is that certain feet ending in a long syllable (THEEMA=
spondee and PULIMAA=anapest) must not be followed by one beginning in a long
syllable.

2) Likewise, feet ending in short syllables (KUUVILAM= dactyl and KARUVILAM=

proceleusmatic) must be followed by feet beginning with a long syllable.
3) The same rule applies to four other feet (THEEMANGKAI, PULIMAANGKAI, KUUVILANGKAI and KARUVILANGKAI) as in (2) above.

The short syllable can be designated by "u" and the long by "__". Hence, the above kural can be transposed as

uu__ / u__ /uu__ / __ __ __ / __uu /
uu__ / uuu__ / uuU /

The last foot in the kural has its own particularisms, often ending in the phoneme "u", and in the present case, known as PIRAPPU.

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Niitthaar Perumai, The Fundamental Role of the Ascetic: Canto 3, K29 and K30 of the Thirukkural

Niitthaar Perumai, The Fundamental Role of the Ascetic: Canto 3, K29 and K30 of the Thirukkural by Thiruvalluvar

(In these kural, I give both the "unrefined" versions using connective particles and modified post-positions (in Tamil: according to the rules of "punarcchi", etc.) of the seven groups of words and, subsequently, the "refined" versions where the alliterative phonemes are clearly apparent.)

K29: anthana renpoo raravoormar revvuyirkkunc

senthanmai poondoluga laan (unrefined)

anthanar enpoor aravoormarru evvuyirkum

senthanmai poondoluga laan (refined)

Towards all that breathe, with seemly graciousness adorned they live;

And thus to virtue's sons the name of 'Anthanar' men give. (Tr. G.U.Pope)*

The virtuous are truly called Andanar; because in their conduct towards all creatures they are clothed in kindness. (Tr. W.H.Drew & J. Lazarus)*

(*In both the above works, this kural is #30.)

The Virtuous are deemed "Anthanar"*, those who towards all creatures, being imbued with love, show respect, these will be so acclaimed. (Tr. T. Wignesan)

*(meaning "ascetics" or "sages"; Anthanan= The Supreme Being)

K30: urannennunth thooddiyaa noorainthung kaappaan

varanennum vaippukkoor vitthu (unrefined)

urannennum thooddiyaan ooraintthum kaappaan

varanennum vaippirkuoor vitthu (refined)

He, who with firmness curb the five restrains,

Is seed for soil of yonder happy plains. (Tr. G.U.Pope)*

He who guides his five senses by the book of wisdom, will be a seed in the world of excellence. (Tr. G.W. Drew & J. Lazarus)*

(*This kural occupies the fourth place, i.e., #24 in the above translated works. The order of the couplets, as far as I can judge is of no great moment.)

The man who persists in controlling all the five senses from going astray
His is the seed that will propagate in Elysian fields. (Tr. T. Wignesan)

[It should be evident to the reader of these couplets in this Canto 3 of the Thirukkural that the poet had some other design in mind when he set himself the task of having to elaborate on one given and self-chosen topic or theme in a fixed decade for all 133 chapters, that is, his monumental task of having to encapsulate an entire philosophical perspective of the Hindu PURUSHA aims in life.

The question is why would the author choose the extremely difficult and concise

venba metre to restrict and confine his thoughts in? The answer should be evident to all. He was writing at a time when there was obviously no printing paper nor printing press. He had a code of ethics to impart, and he had to find a means to make quotation and repetition possible for all - the learned and the ignorant, so something that approximates the proverb would fall within his choice; and hence the reliance on mnemonics: alliteration and initial rhyme, the riddle in the form of the complex clause with the key word falling often on the fourth word or feet, not to mention the last foot in the form of a long syllable (neer) or two or three short syllables (nirai) and often ending in the phoneme "u".

And as for the reason why the poet insisted on expatiating the kernel of an idea in a topic into TEN couplets, I do not think, however, it has anything to do with the Judeo-Christian penchant for the Ten Commandments by way of an influence. T. Wignesan).

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Niitthaar Perumai, The Fundamental Role of the Ascetic: Canto 3, K27 and 28 of the Thirukkural

Niitthaar Perumai: The Fundamental Role of the Ascetic, Canto 3 of the Thirukkural-K27 and 28. Translations and Commentary.

K27: kunamenung kunreeri ninraar veguli
kanameeyung kaatthal larithu.

The wrath 'tis hard e'en for an instant to endure

Of those who virtue's hill have scaled, and stand secure. (Tr. G.U.Pope)*

The anger of those who have ascended the mountain of goodness, though it continues but for a moment, cannot be resisted. (Tr. W.H.Drew & J.Lazarus)*
(*In Pope's book et al, n° K29)

Resist not the visitations of ire of the ascetic who secures his powers by the requisite discipline won only after equivalent efforts at scaling mountain heights (for the consequences will turn out dire). (Tr. T.Wignesan)

K28: ainthavitthaa naarra lakalvisumbu laarkoomaa
ninthiranee saalung kari

Their might who have destroyed 'the five', shall soothly tell

Indra, the lord of those in heaven's wide realms that dwell. (Tr. G.U.Pope)*

Indra himself, the king of the inhabitants of the spacious heaven, is a sufficient proof of the strength of him who has subdued his five senses. (Tr. W.H.Drew & J.Lazarus)*

(*In the respective books of the translators, n° K25)

The very existence of Indra, the King of the gods who rules the endless heavenly spheres, bears testimony to the powers of the ascetic. (Tr. T. Wignesan)

(Here again, there's some wayward proof that Valluvar, the presumptive author of the Thirukkural, was first a Hindu and then perhaps - by adoption - a Jain or a Buddhist ; both these latter religions having flourished - even nation-wide - since the great Maurya emperor Asoka's rule in the sub-continent. See my poem on the poet: "Master Valluvan the long-misunderstood Tamil Mentor" in Rama and Ravana at the Altar of Hanuman: on Tamils, Tamil Literature and Tamil Culture. Allahabad: Cyberwit.net, 2008, 750p. First published by the Institute of Asian Studies, Chennai, 2006, xiii-439p. Also available at PoetrySoup, PoemHunter or OccupyPoetry and in BLIND MAN's LANTERN: Poems that lash out, mock and rip into the dark. Allahabad: Cyberwit.net, 2015, 886p.)

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Niitthaar Perumai: The Fundamental Role of the Ascetic, Kurals 24, 25 and 26

Niitthaar Perumai: The Fundamental Role of the Ascetic, Kurals 24, 25 & 26,
Translations with commentary

K24: niraimoli maanthar perumai nilatthu
maraimoli kaadti vidum.

The might of men whose word is never vain,

The 'secret word' shall to the world proclaim. (Tr. G.U.Pope)*

* In the Pope edition of the Kural, this's number 28.

He who guides his five senses by the book of wisdom,

will be a seed in the world of excellence. (Tr. W.H.Drew & J.Lazarus)

In this world, the ascetic's greatness will reveal itself
through (magically) unfathomable means. (Tr. T.Wignesan)

K25: suvaioli pooroosai naarramen rainthin
vagaitherivaan kaddee ulagu.

Taste, light, touch, sound, and smell: who knows the way

Of all the five, -- the world submissive owns his sway. (Tr. G.U.Pope)*

*In the Pope edition, this kural is numbered: 27.

The world is within the knowledge of him who knows the properties of taste,
sight, touch, hearing, and smell. (Tr. W.H.Drew & J.Lazarus)

Only ascetics who control the five senses: gustatory, visual, tactile,
auditory,
and olfactory - can influence (and possess) the world. (Tr. T. Wignesan)

K26: seyatkariya seivaar periyar ciriyar
seyatkariya seikalaa thaar.

Things hard in the doing will great men do;

Things hard in the doing the mean eschew. (Tr. G.U.Pope)

The great will do those things which it is difficult to do; the mean

cannot do those things which it is difficult to do. (Tr. W.H.Drew & J.Lazarus)

Men who have renounced this world can do what is out of reach of those who
remain attached to this world. (Tr. T. Wignesan)

(Here, it would be tautological if "niitthaar" were to be translated as "great
or noble" men in the sense of the "jun tzu" of the Yi Jing. The emphasis is
clearly on the element of sacrifice: the wilful suppression of the rewards of
the five senses and their concomitant detachment of benefits available for
selfish indulgence, so much so that a more literal translation would sound
rather platitudinous, such as:

Big things can be done by big people. Small men who attempt to carry out great

undertakings will fail.

In other words, the purpose of this couplet is somewhat dubious (it doesn't add to our knowledge); it rather looks like a "filling in" of the decade.

T.Wignesan)

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Sun setting over the dark green fringe of a shivering lake

Sun setting over the dark green fringe of a shivering lake on the last day of winter

An old man still unbent sits on a deserted wooden bench
with the load of his cares on his convex-ed back
beside him a plastic bag full of weekend wares sags
unable to straighten his cowed congested torso
he blinks through mist hanging under barely-clothed branches
hardly a soul trips over the jagged burnt-amber cobbled-bricks
fresh bursts of prickly sweat teem under collar
cramped armpits
the unease of sticky underwear stretches taut legs
but the load will not set him free
from the pincer lock and spanner hold
three score and the six year curse
undermine the octogenarian as if
a cast-iron sickle and chain hooked his mind to a runaway train
he gasps and leans against the load
his eyes smart assailed by the column of simmering myriad mirror chips dancing
on the lake swept by swishing cold blasts of reed-tossed gleam
over the never becalmed lake
transparent linden and birch stare cropped and cut-up
naked and unashamed
neither warblers nor crows crouch hushed in their lost fastnesses
only the claret whistle-sharp tweets of a lonely but jolly Great tit
cleave the air from sunrise all around the lake and skirting tenement-flats
tree tops
piercing clear over the crunch of tires stuttering hoots and growls of changing
gears
while the Song thrush apes and parodies the forlorn complaint
past children yelling during recess after painted gaudy face rubber balls
spilling over gated kindergarten railings
for days now she or a he calls on every cluster of branch brush or bower breach
dingk dingk/dingk dingk/dingk dingk dingk dingk dingk ding.../
wher've ya been
dingk dingk dingk dingk...
have you/have you/have you seen my mate these days now/ have you/tell me now...
the burnished listless eye of molten gold
over the sill of mauve ether waves
floating on grey eminences of pencil-shade cloud banks
reflecting infinitesimal shiny scales all aquiver in the instant gaze
till the yellow yolk gold stains the melancholy mauve
looming larger than the eye
yet for some more moments

as the grave grey grow
round as a robin flirt
the demure circular twinkling of the garden warbler
tweeting for a partner
as the silver beam on the tired murky waters
recedes
even as it were there now
now no more
the mauve turning ever so reluctantly
till grey cloud formations recall
the silver-lining of a sunken undimmed molten globe
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Niitthaar Perumai, the Fundamental Role of the Ascetic, Canto 3 of the Thirukkural by Thiruvalluvar

Niithaar Perumai, the Fundamental Role of Ascetics, Canto 26 of the Thirukkural, the Tamil Classical Treatise on Ethics, Translation and Commentary by T. Wignesan

[Given the scarcity of information (mostly conflicting even then) on the origins and times of the author of this classical Tamil literary masterpiece, I have selected the above decadal canto for treatment in order to ease some of the contention over the author's weltanschauung. The decade here also best illustrates some of his literary strengths and weaknesses, for not all his distiques stand up well to impartial scrutiny. His choice of elaborating on a topic through composing ten couplets a piece may perhaps have had other more elusive aims (on which I too have my own verifiable notions), but this canto should serve to illustrate both his ingenuity as well as his forte at spinning out an idea -at moments - simply, it would seem, for the sake of it. The question is why only ten maxims per topic? Why not twelve? Or even twenty?

Is the Judeo-Christian "ten commandments" a possible influence in the form and/or content? Christian Tamils would be the first to rally to this hypothesis, even if Europeans like Pope and Zvelebil would less grudgingly decline such an honour. In some cantos/chapters, one gets the feeling he is merely exercising his talents by approaching a topic from various angles without, in reality, having added fundamentally to the perceptions some few couplets had already convincingly contributed to the élaboration of the case. Only the overall picture is being served here, that is, the author like most of his counterparts in the South Asian continent has had the main religio-philosophic PURUSHA aims of ultimate spiritual development in life in view: aram (virtue), artha (wealth), kama(m) (pre-marital love, sexual and wedded co-habitation) and vidu or moksha (release from re-birth through renunciation), according to the purusha concept of the mainly Hindu aims and phases of development in life. Yet, even if a specifically entitled fourth book devoted to « moksha » is absent from the Thirukkural, there are many couplets which treat of the subject such as this section under discussion.

The poet, himself, has come to be described as an « eclectic » thinker, a label first mooted by G.U.Pope in the nineteenth century and echoed by others like Kamil Zvelebil and a host of others in the twentieth. The Jains claim him as their own, not without reason, but, on the same score, perhaps the Christians ought to delve deep into the Dead Sea Scrolls to see how the Buddha's teachings seeped into their own.]

Canto 3 : « niithaar perumai » and a few translations to highlight the manner

in which the poet Thiruvalluvar ensconced meaning in order to serve both literary and didactic purposes.

K21: olukkatthu niithaar perumai viluppatthu
veendum panuvar runivu

The settled rule of every code requires, as highest good,
Their greatness who, renouncing all, true to their rule have stood. (Tr. G.U.Pope)

The end and aim of all treatise is to extol beyond all other excellence, the greatness of those who, while abiding in the rule of conduct peculiar to their state, have abandoned all desire. (Tr. W.H.Drew and J.Lazarus)

The true worth of moral works ought to be judged by whether their teaching directs one to renounce all forms of possession through inner detachment. (Tr. T. Wignesan)

K22: thuratthaar perumai thunaikkoorin vaiyatthu
thirantharai yennikkon daru

As counting those that from the earth have passed away,
'Tis vain attempt the might of holy men to say. (Tr. G.U.Pope)

To describe the measure of the greatness of those who have forsaken the two-fold desire, is like counting the dead. (Tr. W.H.Drew and J.Lazarus)

If one were to measure the greatness of those who have renounced the world, it would be tantamount to totalling up the number of deaths on earth. (Tr. T. Wignesan)

K23: irumai vakaitherinthu iinduaram poondar
perumai pirangirru ulaku

Their greatness earth transcends, who, way of both worlds weighed,
In this world take their stand, in virtue's robe arrayed. (Tr. G.U.Pope)

The greatness of those who have discovered the properties of both states of being, and clothed themselves in virtue, shines forth in this world (beyond all others. (Tr. W.H.Drew & J.Lazarus)

The highest attainment resides (in pondering and) rejecting both birth and re-

birth [samsara], the ultimate achievement open to man on earth. (Tr. T. Wignesan)

(to be continued)

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The Anatomy of a Kural: Maxim 245 of the Thirukkural by Thiruvalluvar

The Anatomy of a Kural: Maxim Number 245 (taken at random) of the Thirukkural, the Tamil Classic on Ethics by Thiruvalluvar

allal arulaalvaarkku illai valivalangum

mallalmaa naalam kari (K245)

“The teeming earth's vast realm, round which the wild winds blow,
Is witness, men of 'grace' no woeful want shall know.” (Tr. G.W.Pope)

“This great rich earth over which the wind blows, is a witness that sorrow
never comes upon the kind-hearted.” (Tr. W.H.Drew and John Lazarus)

“Misfortune the good-natured spares, the wind-tossed
Great cornucopian world bears ever testimony.” (Tr. T. Wignesan)

allal=privation or affliction

arul=kindliness, benevolence

aalvaar(kku)=to those who manage or exercise; (ukku)=here denotes the dative case ending

illai=negation (no/not)

vali=wind

valangkum=passing round

mallal=abundance

ma=great

naalam=the pendant globe of earth

kari=witness

Now the task here for the poet is to put these senses of the words together in an arrangement of seven metrical feet to comply with the classical Tamil prosodic rules while incorporating certain rhetorical features, such as,

initial rhyme (ethukai), alliteration (monai), exceptionally end-rhyme (iyaippu), typical to a particular metre called "venba".

Example of "ethukai": allal/mallal. The rules require that the rhyme must fall on the second syllable, here: "ll" or as pronounced "il".

Example of "monai": line one = a/a/aa/i/ (according to the rules "a" and "i" (or as pronounced "e") for the sake of alliteration are phonetic equivalents.

Feet: There are seven metrical feet in each "kural" or couplet or distique, four in the first line and three in the second, though now and then this pattern may be reversed.

The feet are represented by both the short syllable: "-" and the long: "_". This distique (given the lack of adequate diacritical signs on my computer) could be transcribed as follows:

-- -- _ _ _ - - --_ ----_

--_ _ _ -- --*

* lines above are short, lines below long.

In order to respect the brevity of these pithy sayings, the author has also to constrict the grammatical structure of the sentence (often a complex sentence with a main and a subordinate clause) by the adroit use of ellipses through omitting case endings or post-positional morphemes, etc., and by the use of substantives to take the place of verbs and by juggling the words in groups through meaningful juxtapositions.

To illustrate this device, see how he uses the negative particle "illai" placed further away from the noun "allal" which it qualifies; or see how he separates the epithet: "valivalangkum" from the "noun" it qualifies in the next line while interposing yet another two epithets in between. The last word, the seventh is almost always only made up of two short syllables.

Thiruvalluvar has had to cope with all these poetical and prosodic devices and literary embellishments, such as, the use of imagery, metaphor or simile, and even ambiguity, all through 1330 couplets, arranged according to thematic chapters of ten distiques apiece. This exercise in itself is a veritable achievement, not to mention the overall philosophic treatment of his thesis which is the admonishment of a way of life for a people in all the aspects of the domestic, amorous, social and political spheres of their existence.

Little wonder then why the Thirukkural has enjoyed the highest place of praise and pride in the hearts of an entire Tamil population which can boast of having

engendered a totally unrelated/isolated family of languages in South India (including Brahui in present-day Pakistan) with a continuous corpus of literary masterpieces lasting over at least two-thousand three hundred years.

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Villanelle: Whose terse lines lie entangled in the colophon

Villanelle: Whose terse lines lie entangled in the colophon

for the author - male or female, prince or pauper, playboy or priest - of the THIRUKKURAL*, the reputed "bible" of the Tamils, the principal Dravidian race credited with having engendered the first literary heritage of the Indian sub-continent. Only one thing might be said of him with certitude: he tamed the language like none other and was more alive to his "times" and his literary, inter-personal, romantic, religio-philosophical and political environment than any prince, philosopher or priest ever since. In my view, whoever he may have been, he was an unjustifiably oppressed individual like King Wen who wrote the judgments on the hexagrams and provided the explanations of their images and the Later Heaven arrangement of the Yi Jing, the Canon of Change.

Whose terse lines lie entangled in the colophon
Words come asunder blown on road side-table
Debris of wanton collisions intone

Long-gone ages singe the stylo his work shone
Who knows what diamond crumbs spill disable
Whose terse lines lie entangled in the colophon

Sans case-endings morphemes participial pun
Regimented feet in seven steps enable
Debris of wanton collisions intone

Who confined meaning in drumbeat phoneme moan
Lest envy upper-caste knowledge expose enable
Whose terse lines lie entangled in the colophon

None know who he was nor what age saw he sun
Savants pat cheeks his lines to render readable
Debris of wanton collisions intone

While lordly conferees seek to feather nests own
His sculpted riddles tease meaning and jumble
Whose terse lines lie entangled in the colophon
Debris of wanton collisions intone

* Thiru=Sacred; KURAL, meaning "short" or epigrammatic composition in the form of couplets (1330: ten kurals allotted to each topic in three books with a short introduction), composed and ordered according to the rules of a strict classical prosodical pattern: the "venba" metre while adhering to complex

rhetoꝛical features, such as, alliteration, assonance, initial-rhymes and ellipses. The author was known as Thiru-VALLUVAR. One of the earliest commentaries on the Kural, still extant, was made by a Tamil scholar PARIMELALAKAR during the 13th century.

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Unquotable quotes: EVIL PEOPLE - VIIIL

Unquotable quotes : EVIL PEOPLE – VIIIL (42)

Animals (amphibians, reptiles), birds, insects, dinosaurs and even imaginary beasts kill to eat. Humans for pleasure, pain and profit.

Evil people never think of Evil lest they feel remorse over whether the extent, duration and intensity of their acts wrought the mostest and the damndest on the object(s) of their wilful designs.

Evil people never inflict harm on others unless it is to placate their gods. And their gods are always right, so say their prophets and their preachers.

Crusades, conquests and colonizations are always under-written by the sacred commandments of holy texts rained down from above for the benefit of heathens only, for they are invariably the most devout.

Evil people never understand why the evil they wreak is not always successful nor productive –from their point of view – for they fear to step out into the open from out of the grip of their conditioned reflexes they were bound into from babyhood. They rather not – they will not – believe their gods can be less than the plenipotentiaries of the multi-verse pantheon, even if the revelations of present-day astrophysics and quantum mechanics were unknown to their gods and prophets at the time of the composition of the holy texts taken right out of the mouths of their gods.

Evil people always feel invulnerable when they lay their lives down for their beliefs and convictions: god before country, country before caste, race before religion, religion before rights, club before cause, sperm before spouse, money before madness, airs before achievement, avidity before nudity, the party before parents, the House before home, profit before principle, the prophet before poet, violation before violence, the President before peasant, His Holiness before humanity...

Evil people always find happiness for the happy are those who are protected here-in and here-after by the powers that be.

Evil people know they are always right for don't their leaders always remind them of their might.

The Seal of the Saviours always sits well on evil people provided they further his/their side every time they have fun at the expense of those born with less in their pockets or much less grey-matter behind eye-sockets.

Evil people always manage to stay afloat: watch how they gloat even in a leaking boat in the moat around their fortresses, far from the final departing coast.

Evil people earn merit by trampling on those who swear by no holy spirit.

Evil people all hate to be told they make no haste to read the texts of their ingrained faiths, nor that they take no vows to vie with other fellow louts.

Evil people all dream of the day when their captains will call it a day to put an end to the melting mountains of ice by pulling the foolscap over their eyes.

Evil people all drink and belch in the faces of those without the wherewithal to be merry for they know they can sell their souls as a last resort for a thimble-full of sherry.

Evil people all put the blame on the nation for their trials and fibrillations of their fabrications owing to the wheezing bag of bones in the name of the people prone to a measly existence.

The ancient Chinese classic of Change, the Yi Jing says: Retreat into yourself when you see evil people approach: they will go away by themselves.

But maxim 1073 of the classical Tamil treatise on Ethics, the Thirukkural, says:

theevar anaivar kayavar avarumthaam
meevana seitholuga laan.

Evil people resemble the gods in that
They too may do as they please.

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Le Rat Noir - Translation of Iris Clayton's The Black Rat by T Wignesan

Le Rat Noir - Translation of Iris Clayton's « The Black Rat » by T. Wignesan

(Iris Clayton of the Wiradjuri tribe in New South Wales was born in 1945. One of nine children, six of the elder children were forcibly removed by the authorities and placed in « wardship » - according to Kevin Gilbert in Inside Black Australia, 1988 - which amounted to « slavery », having to work for a pittance 'as cooks, housemaids, gardeners, stockmen, and quite often being sexually abused and used as concubines.' This White Australia policy of « assimilation » was the motivating force behind the annihilation of aboriginal culture and traditions, even to the extent of severely punishing children at foster homes if ever they used aboriginal words. 'A lot of the girls died from sclerosis of the liver, through alcoholism ... some turned to prostitution, lots of them committed suicide.' Iris had six children of her own and worked for the Australian Institute of Aboriginal Affairs in Canberra, and she was determined to let the world know 'about the injustice, racism, slavery and abuse that still happens in this country today.') T. Wignesan, Paris, December 17, 2016.

Il habitait la cabane dont le sol la terre endurcie,
La porte fut composée des sacs cousus ensemble.
Il était un soldat, un Rat de Tobrouk jusqu'à quarante-cinq,
Il faisait partie d'une poignée qui rentrait vivant.

Blessé et martyrisé, il battait pour cette terre,
Et dès qu'il rentra, tout le monde s'apprêta à serrer sa main.
Le prix pour lutter pour la liberté de l'homme
N'a guère amélioré la condition humaine de cet Homme Noir.

Il était allé à l'intérieur, mais ne trouva pas des copains,
S'il osa boire une bière, il risquait la prison et une amende.
Il a dû vendre toutes ses médailles qu'il portait avec fierté,
Elles n'avaient plus d'utilité pour lui dorénavant.

Confus et solitaire, il errait partout
En cherchant du travail sans pouvoir trouver le moindre.
Des défilés d'ANZAC, il les avait évité,
Et ses camarades l'ont bien compris qu'on lui avait oublié.

Il luttait pour ce pays afin d'être libre,
Mais il n'avait même pas pu voter malgré son calvaire au désert.
Et ces années au désert lui avaient coûté chers,
Il s'est allé là-bas un jeune homme mais rentra un vieux.

Grand de taille, il appartenait à une tribu des Noirs fiers,
Il s'éteint tout seul – personne à ses côtés.

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Les Souvenirs de Noel - Translation of Joy Williams's Memories of Christmas by T Wignesan

Les Souvenirs de Noël – Translation of Joy Williams’s « Memories of Christmas » by T. Wignesan

(Joy Williams, b. 1942 in Sydney. Since she was born « fair » of skin, the authorities forcibly removed her as a baby to be placed in a children’s home, and at the age of 6 to be assimilated in a « white » institution. She later studied for a B.A. at Wollongong University in New South Wales. Joy’s first born, Julie-Anne Joy, was taken from her at 10 months by the Aboriginal Protection Board. She worked for an organization called : « Link-Up » in Canberra with tentacles all over the continent whose prescribed aim was to bring together parents and children thus forcibly separated by the authorities. Joy, finally, « linked-up » with her family 42 years after enforced separation. – Info culled from K. Gilbert’s Inside Black Australia, Penguin, 1988.) T. Wignesan, Paris, December 16, 2016.

Les Souvenirs de Noël – Translation of Joy Williams’s « Memories of Christmas » by T. Wignesan

C’est 16 heures la veille de Noël et je pense de toi.
Je m’amuse en rappelant de ce que tu as dit : Noël est pour les enfants –
Je pleurais car je ne jamais étais un enfant.
Je vois un arbre, tout allumé des guirlandes de Noël,
J’aperçois la réflexion des lumières dans les yeux de mes enfants tandis qu’ils dansaient autour de l’arbre avec une anticipation joyeuse.

Je me demande ce qu’elle aurait pu être la vie d’un enfant.
Est-ce que mes souvenirs auraient pu être heureux au lieu de rien ?
Est-ce que mes enfants se souviendront de leur enfance ?

C’est le matin de Noël,
J’entends des cries de joie,
On m’a réveillé d’un sommeil agité et j’ai senti deux paires de bras autour de moi,
J’éprouve le sentiment qu’on a besoin de moi.
Dieu, comme j’aime mes enfants !

J’essaye d’apprécier le Noël à travers d’eux, mais, à l’intérieur, je pleure,
Une nonne arrive avec une boîte de vivres et je me sens malade et vidée,
Elle comprend ce que je ressens. (Mettez la boîte là, je dis.)

C'est le soir de Noël,
Je suis fatiguée.
On m'aime.

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Le Probleme avec des blancs - Translation of Jim Everett's The White Man Problem by T Wignesan

Le Problème avec des Blancs – Translation of Jim Everett's « The White Man Problem » by T. Wignesan

(Jim Everett, Mawbana Pleregannana, b. 1942 on Flinders Island, Tasmania, has had a chequered career and like almost all the aboriginal poets and writers in English of the first post-WWII generation, hardly made it over the primary school curricula. He's a poet, playwright and essayist (short articles). Among the jobs he tried his hand at : telegram boy, factory hand, fisherman, merchant seaman, rigger, truck driver, public servant, aboriginal community worker and political activist. He was the national secretary of the National Aboriginal and Islander Writers Oral Literature and Dramatists Association.) T. Wignesan, Paris, December 15, 2016

Des aborigènes ayant lutté ne cessent de perdre.
L'homme blanc est venu pour répandre son fléau,
Ils ont apporté leurs droits que nous n'avons pas choisis.
Nous ne pouvons pas contrôler cette chose qui nous étouffe,
Malgré cet obstacle nous devons nous faire avancer
Et nous devons aussi rester fidèle à nos croyances dans leurs
évolution,
Dans l'espoir que l'attitude des blancs va se diminuer.

Des hommes blancs ne s'intéressent pas à comprendre nos
traditions,
Ils pensent que leur technologie est la meilleure solution pour
l'homme.
Et ils persistent à nous faire renoncer à nos coutumes ancestrales
Et leur 'civilisation' continue à nous nous faire soumettre.
Ils ne voient pas à quel point ils ont tort,
Etant aveuglés par la gloire et le pouvoir.
Leur pouvoir les empêche à distinguer le vrai but de la vie,
Ainsi créant le problème des hommes blancs qui nous rende
amers.

Les problèmes des blancs s'avèrent être l'avarice et le viol,
Et leurs dix commandements qu'ils désobéissent à volonté.
Pour quelle raison ont-ils des telles lois s'ils ne peuvent pas les
suivre,
C'est toujours le cas des tous les blancs.

La réponse devrait se trouver dans le fait de leur pouvoir,
Exploitant d'autres pauvres blancs sans défense parmi eux.
L'histoire de l'homme blanc se résume à : chacun pour soi-même,
Que le problème de l'homme blanc n'est guère confiné à la
couleur de sa peau.

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Tali Karng:Le Serpent du Crepuscule-Transl go W Les Russell's Tali Karng:Twilight Snake by Wignesan

Tali Karng : le Serpent du Crépuscule – Translation of W. Les Russell's « Tali Karng : Twilight Snake » by T. Wignesan

(W.Les Russell, b. 1949 in Melbourne, joined the Royal Australian Navy – where he received training in photography – in 1965. He soon found himself at odds with the hierarchy, and so he requested and obtained an honorable discharge in 1970. He worked for the Education Department in Victoria for ten years as a photographer, and thereafter served on many levels on various aboriginal uplift bodies in Victoria and Queensland ; in the latter state, he helped to make the Aboriginal Mining Information Centre, according to Kevin Gilbert in Inside Black Australia, 1988: « ...one of the largest indigenous research bodies in the world... », and says of this poem in English that it « shows a control and imagery far beyond the parameters of the majority of Australian poets to that greater universal level beyond country, beyond life. ») T. Wignesan, Paris, December 14, 2016.

**Tali Karng : the serpent du crépuscule :
Dans le cratère se trouve le lac.
L'eau brun roux : peu claire profonde ;
Le lac froid : un lit des feuilles et des écorces
Déchiqueté raide le mur du cratère
Tous couverts gris vert imposants
Plantes alpines et Cendres de Montagne
Où des oiseaux délicats de plumage éclatant cabriolent
D'une branche à l'autre en chantant d'une voix douce
Jusqu'à l'arrivée subite du soir doré
Et :
Tali Karng : le serpent du crépuscule :
Est en train de chasser près des eaux du lac.**

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L'octroi des droits a Jacky - Transl of Mudrooroo Narogin's They Give Jacky Rights by T Wignesan

L'octroi des droits à Jacky – Translation of Mudrooroo Narogin's « They Give Jacky Rights » by T. Wignesan

(Note : The first aboriginal writer to have achieved – according to Kevin Gilbert's Inside Black Australia – international fame with his novel : Wild at Falling (1965) as runner-up for the Llewellyn Rhys Memorial Prize, in 1966, Colin Johnson who renounced his Christian names in 1988 for the aboriginal : Mudrooroo Narogin was born at Narogin in Western Australia in 1938. Educated at an orphanage, he was thereafter left to fend for himself on the streets of Melbourne. He has also travelled widely in Southeast Asia, Britain, the United States and India where he became a Buddhist monk for seven years. He is a published playwright, poet and novelist, and he co-authored : Before the Invasion : Aboriginal Life to 1788 (OUP, 1980) with Colin Bourke and Isobel White.) T. Wignesan, Paris, December 13, 2016.

On l'octroie des droits à Jacky
Comme le serpent tigre des droits à son proie:
On l'octroie des droits à Jacky,
Comme le droit d'une victime d'être visée d'un viseur de fusil.
On l'octroie des droits à Jacky
Comme on les donne à un bébé pas encore né
Arraché de l'utérus par une mère insouciant.

On l'octroie à Jacky le droit de mourir,
Le droit de consentir qu'on fonde des mines sur sa terre.
On l'octroie à Jacky le droit de regarder
Comment sa terre sacrée du Rêve (Dreaming) devient un trou -
Son âme meure, ses ancêtres pleurent;
Son âme meure, ses ancêtres pleurent:
On l'octroie à Jacky son droit -
D'avoir un trou sous le sol ?

La Justice pour tous, Jacky s'agenouille et prie,
La Justice pour tous, ils font des trous dans sa terre ;
La Justice pour tous, on lui accorde ses droits :
Une cruche du vin de table pour calmer sa douleur,
Et sa femme devait se prostituer pour ce cadeau.
La Justice pour tous, on lui octroie ses droits -
Un trou sous le sol pour y cacher sa méfiance et sa peur.
Qu'est-ce que Jacky peut se faire sinon continuer à lutter :

Les esprits de son Dreaming* lui rendent fort ?

•Dreaming/Alcheringa : The creation of the universe, the time known to most people as the Dreamtime or the Dreaming. (Oodgeroo, My People, 1990.)

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Buddgeline Bey - Translation of Rex Marshall's Buddgeline Bey by T Wignesan

Buddgeline Bey - Translation of Rex Marshall's « Buddgeline Bey » by T. Wignesan

(Rex Marshall, b. July 16, 1943 at Grafton, belongs to the aboriginal tribe, Thungutti/Gumbaingeri of the Baryulgil

Reserve in New South Wales. He studied up to 6th grade in primary schools and then set himself the task of working for the betterment of aboriginals. The Hardy company's asbestos mine, situated right in the centre of the reserve, accounted for the deaths (through asbestos poisoning ; l'amianté in French) of many miners and their family members. Asbestos tailings were used for covering roads. Rex Marshall and his fellow kinsmen then set up the Aboriginal Embassy in 1972 in order to draw international attention to « the racist oppression and covert genocide of Aboriginals. » He served on various aboriginal organizations for the uplift of his peoples, both on the regional and national levels. (Inside Black Australia, 1988). T. Wignesan, Paris, December 12, 2016 .

Les nuages noirs s'amoncellent loin dans le ciel
D'un moment à l'autre l'orage va s'éclater
Et Maman le tient à l'œil sans cligner des yeux
En tenant l'hache dans ses mains et en gardant les deux pieds
bien fermes sur le sol
Enfin elle se prépare pour se défendre
Contre le vent déchainé et la pluie se tombant tout autour
En accordance avec ses coutumes, elle devait couper les
nuages orageux
Pendant qu'elle agitait l'hache en chantant avec toute
vigueur
Un rite qu'elle avait hérité de sa tribu
Cette coutume qu'elle pratiquait toute fière d'elle-même
Elle acheva le rite en poussant le cri : « Buddgeline Bey ! »
L'orage est bien sûr dissipé.

© T. Wignesan - Paris, 2016

Le vieil identique probleme - Translation of Kevin Gilbert's Same Old Problem by T Wignesan

Le vieil identique problème - Translation of Kevin Gilbert's « Same Old Problem » by T. Wignesan

(For Kevin Gilbert - cf. the introduction to Inside Black Australia (1988) - as quite obviously for Oodgeroo, too - aboriginal poetry refused to adopt the « 100th monkey imitation style that was so prevalent in Australia during the 70s. » Aboriginal poets « identified with the freedom poets of the lately decolonised countries (...) demanding a new perception of life around us, a new relation with the sanctity, the spiritual entity and living Presence within the earth and all life forms throughout the universe.' Aboriginals strove to preserve their culture by vigorously opposing assimilation and by the need to protect themselves against abuses, such as, the sport of « 'Lobbing the Distance' which entailed the burying of live Aboriginal children up to their necks in sand and seeing who of them could kick off the heads of the Black children to the farthest distance from the body. » Another sport involved the slitting of Black women and men's throats and « let(ting) them run in terrified flapping circles » before throwing them and Black children alive « into the flames. ») T. Wignesan, Paris, December 11, 2016.

Souvenez-vous de l'haine
le taux de mortalité
le taudis et la pluie
les enfants qu'on enterre
la douleur que vous dissimulez
le désespoir et la dénégation vous subissez à l'intérieur du pays
vous êtes désemparés, vous êtes battus
il y reste quand même de l'ombre de l'espoir
le passage du vent emmenant du soupir
que vous ne pouvez pas vous expliquer
mais
de nouveau vous êtes leur problème
dû à votre refus de mourir par votre obstination
votre sac d'eau est vide
les travailleurs mineurs vous moquent
la poussière remuée par leur Toyota vous brûle la gorge
aux Elections du Novembre
les contestations abordent toujours les Noires
il y a du fer là où votre Saint- cœur refuse de céder
souvenez-vous des rivières d'eau
vos chansons
s'arrête point l'instant que les cavaliers apparaissent

vous devez 'smell off' (?) le bétail

'vous ne devez pas boire ici

les hommes de votre tribu ne doivent pas boire cette nuit

les hommes de votre tribu seront assoiffés de vengeance cette nuit

Vous voyez les Pléiades

les sœurs et le serpent, le sacré dingo à la poursuite

les esprits éternels qu'illuminent les cieux

et presto ! - une ligne brillante s'entache leurs visages

une satellite tourbillonne là où les dieux promènent

un autre endroit pour être sondé

vous essayez d'être sages et retenez l'haine

en pleurant des rivières pour les aveuglés

vous penchez sur la pelle sachant par cœur ce que se passe

un mec au gouvernement soupira

'encore un mort, effacez son nom de la liste

ces jours-ci ils crèvent comme des mouches.'

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Ceux qui celebrent '88 - Translation of Kevin Gilbert's Celebrators '88 by T Wignesan

Ceux qui célèbrent '88 – Translation of Kevin Gilbert's « Celebrators '88 » by T. Wignesan

(This poem mocks the bicentenary celebrations of the founding or « settling » of the Australian continent by the British in 1788 from the point of view of the aboriginal.)

Les feuilles bleu vert et grisâtres du gommier
furent emportés derrière le banksia qui penchait
avec respect suppliant sans dire rien - en deuil
dépourvus du cercle des noirs qui autrefois s'étaient assis
autour de son tronc pour le caresser et chanter des chansons
lequel firent couler les fleuves en faisant enrichir la vie
des légendes et la rivière aujourd'hui sont remplacées
par des ravines rongées par les moutons et la boue
lesquels entravent les rivières en battant la retraite
finissent par s'accumulant la boue comme un signe de la défaite
on entendait le croassement des corbeaux devenus plus lugubre
en goûtant de la chair humaine en putréfaction
sous la pureté du soleil depuis l'époque des pionniers
aujourd'hui voilés par le smog qui empêchait même les
fantômes de les s'apercevoir
les colombes de la rivière s'arrêtaient de chanter par peur
invitera le chasser apportant la mort foudroyante
le kookaburra rie étonné puis garda la silence
haletant tout en étant saisie par la peur

Les plumes des législateurs en mouvement hésitaient
comme des voleurs s'accroupis autour de leur butin
combien de milliards eux ils octroyèrent
pour fêter le Bicentenaire
et faire dissimuler leurs tueries par la hilarité
et donner voix à la chanson pour ne pas entendre le grondement
du fourgon mortuaire.

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La Paix et le Desert - Translation of Kevin Gilbert's Peace and the Desert by T Wignesan

La Paix et le Désert – Translation of Kevin Gilbert’s « Peace and the Desert »
by T. Wignesan

Pendant que la braise du campement de feu scintille
J’entendis l’appel
du courlis annonçant la naissance
ou la mort de quelques uns
le vent du désert calmait durant la nuit
et dans une voix
tremblante poussa un soupire à l’entrée interdite des pas
quand on entend le battement des tambours lointain
le petit matin arrive en ne faisant pas trop de bruit
la nuit des premiers âges est en fuite
laissant l’impression frémissante des bruits
du carnage et la puissance des carnivores
immobile, malgré l’espoir d’un roitelet gazouillant
un lézarde qui survive bougeant sur un roché
un émeu, deux cherchant de l’eau dans une source d’eau
les aigles fixent leur regarde en toute intensité
heureux du fait de ce que la nuit pourrait les apporter
les tourbillons s’élèvent inaperçus en remuant
les arènes en convulsions
par les pas d’une danse macabre
s’abandonnant à l’ivresse des derviches
aiguilles qui piquent mes joues mon front
puis lance des cris de rage sur cette mer maintenant morte.

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Le Vrai et Nouveau Hymne National - Translation of Kevin Gilbert's The New True Anthem by T Wignesan

Le Vrai et Nouveau Hymne National – Translation of Kevin Gilbert’s « The New True Anthem » by T. Wignesan

En dépit de ce que Dorothea a dit
sur le sujet de la terre brûlée au soleil
vous ne l’aviez vraiment jamais aimé
ni essayé de lui rendre plus précieuse
vous polluez toutes les rivières
et répandez des détritrus sur chaque chaussée
votre graffiti d’une telle barbarie
défigurent la scène où des grands arbres poussent
les plages et les montagnes
sont couverts par votre honte
l’injustice sévit sans restriction
malgré votre insistance sur votre renommé
les fleuves pollués alourdis de boue
sont cachés derrière des barricades afin
que des voyageurs et des assoiffés ne soient pas au courant
où des sabots d’étrangers ne les piétinent
votre âme dominée par la tyrannie
et que vous êtes aveuglée ne voyant pas votre propre image
votre manque de pitié et vos manières grossières
aujourd’hui la marque de distinction de votre peuple

Australie 0 ! Australie
vous aurait pu s’ériger en un pays fier et libre
nous pleurons en étant angoissés et amers
en raison de votre haine et votre tyrannie
les corps brûlés des noirs se tordant dans des convulsions
- humanité enchaînée -
vol de terrain et d’assassinats raciaux
vous vantez de vos gains
en copeau et en uranium
la mort angoissée que vous répandez
laissera les enfants de ce pays
un héritage mort

Australie 0 ! Australie
vous auriez pu s’ériger en un pays fier et libre
nous pleurons en étant angoissés et amers
en raison de votre haine et votre tyrannie

Klacatoo - Translation of Kevin Gilbert's Klacatoo by T Wignesan

Klacatoo – Translation of Kevin Gilbert 's « Klacatoo » by T. Wignesan

On nous avait coincé sur la rive de Lachlan
un endroit qui s'appelle Klacatoo
là où nous rassemblions au coucher du soleil
quand nous entendions le cri de la Mort du courlis
les femmes appelaient leurs enfants autour d'eux
les hommes prenaient leurs nulla et lances en mains
le courlis de nouveau sonna son avertissement
on se sentait les pas de la Mort s'approchant de nous
Barjoola sautait haut illuminé par le feu du campement
Et en jetant son lance cria : 'Courrez !'
son corps brûlé vifs dans la braise
atterri par le coup de feu d'un fusil
le cri perçant du courlis comme celui d'un sifflé
fut submergé par l'éclat du tonnerre
hommes femmes et enfant entraînés de fuir tombèrent
et s'entendait une voix : 'Nous l'avons tous éliminé'
et puis on entendait l'écho des coups de feu isolés
mettant fin aux corps qui bougeaient un après l'autre
et au-dessus du bruit de la hémorragie coulant à flot
on entendait le rire nerveux d'un homme déclarant :
'Ils sont un peuple rusé, surveillez la rivière.'
ils tiraient jusqu'à ce que tous ce qui nageait soient
noyés
mais ils n'apercevaient pas la famille Djarrmal
se cachant sur le côté sous le vent de la rive
Djarrmal dit aux autres : ' Si vous bougez, vous êtes morts
Ils nous massacrent comme nous étions des chiens sauvages
mettez des roseaux dans vos bouches – sous l'eau
nous allons flotter sous la couverture de tronc d'arbre
un coup de feu sonna et perça le tronc
une jeune fille Kalara s'arrêta de respirer en se suffoquant
plus tard elle deviendra ma arrière grand-mère
et raconta l'histoire de la mort de mon peuple

L'oiseau Yoorung pleure encore en cet endroit-là
aucun poisson de taille grande ne nage dans ce trou
mon peuple ne s'arrête pas quand-t-ils passent par là
effrayés leur âme frissonnant
la nuit quand les blancs se sont endormis
se contentant à se rêver d'une manière moderne
nous nous passons par Klacatoo avec hâte

où nous entendons même aujourd'hui des cris qui nous font
trembler
vous dites : ' Ne chantez plus des chansons d'un temps déjà
écoulé
ne nous discutons plus de tout ce là'
mais la question toujours reste sans réponse
Comment pouvez-vous nous refuser comme faisait Pilate
on nous privant des droits inaliénables.
Le pays est maintenant approprié
la scellé commun de la Couronne est un linceul
pour cacher le vol de terre et les crimes d'assassinat
lesquels ne suffissent pas pour suffoquer les rêves des gens
d'une fierté digne.

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Tu le fera, n'est-ce pas, Papa- Translation of Kevin Gilbert's Won't you, Dad by T Wignesan

Tu le fera, n'est-ce pas, Papa ? – Translation of Kevin Gilbert's « Won't you, Dad ? » by T. Wignesan

Si toutes les jolies mélodies
de ce monde eussent été chantées
et toutes les chefs d'œuvres des maîtres
fussent être exhibées dans des meilleurs galeries
et toutes les statues de David et
les poèmes et autres œuvres de l'Homme
eussent été mis à feu pour la joie de la Mort
partout dans le monde,
un petit enfant me regarda et en souriant
et en étant tout fier rempli de l'amour et de la joie
et il dis : « Tu ne laissera pas qu'on explose la bombe
sur ma tête, Papa. Tu les empêchera, n'est-ce pas, Papa ? »

Son signe d'interrogation
c'était comme un arche entouré
des flammes
Je lui répondis en toute confiance :
'Nous les empêcherons, mon enfant.'
Mais, dans mon cœur, j'ai peur et l'honte me consume
de faites je PAYE L'HOMME
pour fabriquer la BOMBE
Je lui donne de l'IMPOT pour chanter
sa chanson d'haine
Je tiens le chien de guerre en laisse
Je l'aide à éprouver la haine et la faire croître
Je PAYE L'HOMME pour fabriquer la bombe
pour garder le monde et mon enfant dans la peur
Je ferme mon cœur aux autres êtres humains
comme s'était j'avais peur
quand l'amour est en train de m'approcher

C'est MOI qui suis en faute
c'est MOI qui fais bruler la chanson
c'est moi qui fera bruler la jolie mélodie
parce que j'ai peur que d'autres humains près de moi
peuvent d'une manière ou l'autre me faire remplir d'amour
la flamme se chauffera et fera fondre les yeux
de mes enfants en train de me regarder
et demander aujourd'hui avec amour

et confiance en moi :
'Tu les empêcheras de faire tomber la bombe sur moi,
n'est-ce pas, Papa ?'

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L'Arbre - Translation of Kevin Gilbert's Tree by T Wignesan

L'Arbre - Translation of Kevin Gilbert's « Tree » by T. Wignesan

Je suis l'arbre
la maigre et dure terre qui a faim
le corbeau et l'aigle
le soleil et la lune et la mer
Je suis l'argile sacrée
laquelle constitue la base
l'herbe les vignes l'homme
Je suis tout ce qui est créé
Je suis vous et
vous n'êtes que rien
mais par le biais de l'arbre
vous existez
et rien ne peut m'atteindre
que par le portail de cette seule chose
pour être libre
et vous êtres toujours rien
car toute la création
- terre et Dieu et homme -
est rien
sauf qu'ils s'intègrent
et devient partie d'une totalité de quelque chose
ensemble s'intégrant dans une même conscience
et chaque partie sacrée soit consciente
vivante dans un même esprit d'affinité

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Maman - Translation of Kevin Gilbert's Mum by T Wignesan

Mama - Translation of Kevin Gilbert's « Mum » by T. Wignesan

Kevin Gilbert (July 10, 1933 - April 1, 1993) - father of Irish-English ancestry, mother an aboriginal from New South Wales - was orphaned at seven. His elder sisters looked after him until he left school at 13 to scavenge a living through hunting rabbits and kangaroo and thriving on what he could pick up from white peoples' rubbish heaps. He was also a seasonal worker, as he says, « ...not just because times are hard, but because I was BLACK and the white man had taken my country from my people and kept me and my people as victims, as slaves. » In 1957, he was sentenced to penal servitude for life for having killed his white wife in a brawl when he was « pissed » in the wee hours of the morn. « ...of which I can only say that, I was a Black boy in a white court where the jury, the judge, the lawyers were ALL white. What chance of justice ? » He served fourteen and a half years in prison where he managed to get some training in printing : a good many of his works were self-published at first. He has the distinction of being the first aboriginal playwright (his first play, The Cherry Pickers, written on toilet paper, was smuggled out of prison) ; the first to anthologize aboriginal poetry ; the first to produce a political tract or dissertation, and the first to produce an oral history of his peoples in book form. Like his contemporary Oodgeroo Noonuccal, he enjoyed the reputation of being a great talker. This poem and the quotations are from his anthology : Inside Black Australia, Penguin, 1988.) T. Wignesan, december 4, 2016.

Quinze chiens rôdaient
ils hurlaient sans relâche
leurs poils sales
broussailleux et leurs os
désignaient leur forme
rappelant d'un passé maigre
voire, encore plus pénible
autour de leur vieille maison
dont ils restaient toujours fidèles
comme si ils voulaient dire
il y ait quelque chose plus que le manger
que nous retiennent ici
une qualité que nous nous sentons et apprécions
laquelle fait hérissier et briller nos pelages
par l'amour de ceux qui habitent là-dedans
et en entrant par la porte de la tente
je m'étais pris à la gorge
je vis

une femme sur un lit
ses jambes pareilles à des boîtes d'emballages
morte - elle resta immobile
le drap d'une couleur jaune sale
la couverture déchirée se trouvant
sur ses pieds
la condition déplorable de sa tente délabrée
des casseroles enrobées de graisse m'ont presque obligé
à pousser des cris d'horreur - mon esprit
divaguait tout azimut - le bruit me tambourinait aux oreilles
j'entendis la voix douce d'un homme : « Ma Mama
elle est aveugle et pendant toutes ces dix-sept
années je n'ai jamais vu
sans rime ni raison la décision
pour ne pas nous accorder un chez-soi
ce fait
témoigne de cette vérité-là : la tente le lit
les chiens sont mieux abrités,' lui dit-il.
'Ma Mama, elle est aveugle, elle dors maintenant
elle réveillera bientôt
la vérité est que
elle n'ira nulle part
ailleurs que restait dans son lit
La Commission décida : pas de foyer
ne pas mérité
ou Noire ou quelque chose et...'
dit-il :
'les chiens vivent mieux que nous dans ce pays
et nous ne pourrions faire mieux que mourir
ma mère, elle est aveugle,'
dit-il.

Un appel - Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's An Appeal by T Wignesan

Un appel – Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's « An Appeal » by T. Wignesan

Les hommes d'Etat qui ourdissent les lois de la nation
Munis du pouvoir pour contraindre ceux qui résistent,
Guidez nous réaliser le but de notre cause:
Ceci est le devoir des dirigeants.

Les écrivains dont la nation toute entière sont à votre écoute
Vos plumes sont des sabres qui font reculer les opposants,
Parlez haut et clair de ce que nous sévit
Afin que tout le monde soit au courant.

Les syndicats qui soutiennent la démocratie
Protecteurs de la liberté sociale,
Soyez sensible à la justesse de notre plaidoirie
Et agissez-vous avec vigueur.

Les églises qui prêchent le Nazaréen,
Soyez de notre coté et intervenez en notre faveur.
Montrez-nous ce que c'est l'amour chrétien
Nous qui l'avons tant besoin.

La presse qui est dotée d'un pouvoir suprême,
Les déshérités vous en font appel:
Mettez fin à cette injustice et le fléau
Dont nous nous souffrons.

Tous les blancs qui nous soutiennent, en dernier lieu
Nos plus ardents espoirs se trouvent dans vos mains ;
L'opinion publique c'est notre meilleur ami
Pour lutter contre l'ennemi.

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Le Courlis poussa des cris -Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's The Curlew Cried by T Wignesan

Le courlis poussa des cris – Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's « The Curlew Cried » by T. Wignesan

(Note d'Oodgeroo : Le courlis fut le frère d'aborigènes. Il venait trois nuits de suite pour pousser des cris près d'un campement afin d'annoncer la mort d'un entre eux. Ils croyaient que le courlis venait pour conduire les ombres des morts vers le monde Inconnu.)

Durant trois nuits on entendait le cri du courlis,
L'ancien avertissement tous savaient interpréter :
Le cri leurs rappelle quelqu'un va mourir cette nuit.

Tant frère qu'ami, il entre et sort
En dehors de la Terre des Ombres
La voix la plus insolite sur terre.

Il a en sa charge le bien-être de ceux
Dont chaque âme qu'il conduit à sa destination –
A quel monde mystérieux, à quel étrange Inconnu ?

Qui donc devait nous quitter cette nuit :
Le vieux aveugle ? L'enfant handicapé ?
Tout le campement sera au courant demain.

Le défunt malchanceux ne sera pas si effrayé,
Le frère de la tribu lui tiendra compagnie
Quand le voyage non voulu devrait être entamé.

'Tiens bon, la mort ne pas une fin en soi-même,'
Il semblait dire. 'Bien que tu dois pleurer,
La Mort est bienveillante puisqu'elle est ton ami.'

Durant trois nuits le courlis poussa des cris. Une fois de plus
Il vient pour accompagner les morts timides –
Quelle macabre changement, quelle épouvantable rive ?

c) T. Wignesan – Paris, 2016

La Tombe d'arbre - Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's Tree Grave by T Wignesan

La Tombe d'arbre - Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's « Tree Grave » by T. Wignesan

**Quand-t-il s'était parti, notre défunt,
Au-delà pour le Monde des Ombres,
Pendant que nous poussions des gémissements,
Nous lui avons enrobé dans d'écorce d'arbres,
Et nous lui avons porté, en récitant
Notre chante de mort lugubre,
Vers sa tombe dans un arbre isolé
Au bord de la Longue Lagune.**

**Même quand nous sommes bien éloignés
De nos feux de campements éparpillés
Nous ne l'oublions jamais
Ni de jour ni de nuit
En faisant face à l'endroit où il sommeil
Sous la lumière d'une lune blanche,
Au bord des eaux scintillantes
De la lagune silencieuse.**

**Sont déjà oublié ses exploits de chasse
Et les chansons qu'il avait composées ;
Le pauvre gars tout seul,
Il aura surement de la peur
Quand les vents de la nuit chuchotaient
Leurs aires d'épouvantes
Parmi les chênes marécageux hantés
Au bord de la Longue Lagune.**

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Daisy Bindi - Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's Daisy Bindi by T Wignesan

Daisy Bindi - Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's « Daisy Bindi » by T. Wignesan

L'esclavage à Roy Hill, quelle honte profonde misère:
Les noirs obligés à travailler sans paie l'année durant,
L'esclavagistes encouragés par la connivence policière
Avec la bénédiction subreptice du gouvernement.
Mais une femme guerrière sans aucune aide
Conduisait son peuple noir pour abolir la servitude.

Saluons cet esprit fin,
Daisy de la tribu Nullagine,
Qui sans aide et avec vigueur
Osa l'esclavage à défier.

Daisy Bindi, la grande, pareil aux hommes chaussa les étriers,
Entama les tâches de l'élevage dès le lever du jour
Et les heures du ménage qui rendaient la vie pénible
Les années durant, même sans paie hebdomadaire possible,
Quand Daisy du cœur inébranlable organisa son clan
Réclama la justice pour ses pairs et des Droits de l'homme.

Toute honneur et l'éloge
A Daisy de Noongah siège
Pour avoir mis fin à la tyrannie
L'esclavage elle osa à bannir.

O ! les patrons la menaçaient, les patrons en vitupérant
En faisant appel à la police pour contourner la loi,
Et les hommes et femmes noirs furent malmené et attaqué
Pour avoir résisté la dégradation fut battus et incarcérés,
Mais Daisy, la militante, aucun homme ne pourrait dompter
Celle qui réussit faire sortir son peuple de l'enfer.

(Note d'Oodgeroo : Madame Daisy Bindi de l'intérieur d'Australie de l'ouest s'était fait connaître comme une meneuse des aborigènes. A Roy Hill Station où elle travaillait, les aborigènes éleveurs et domestiques travaillaient sans salaires ni récompense jusqu'à ce qu'elle motiva son peuple à lutter pour leurs droits. C'était une longue bataille parsemée d'incidents outrageux commis à l'encontre de sa race, mais le résultat final fut victorieux aboutissant dans l'instauration de l'admirable Pindan Co-operative Aboriginal Community à Port Hedland.)

Mon amour - Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's My Love by T Wignesan

Mon amour - Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's « My Love » by T. Wignesan

Me posséder ? Non, je ne me permets pas
L'amour que les autres connaissent,
Car j'ai épousé une cause:
Je me prive de tous loisirs de finesse.

Vous voulez me posséder toute entière:
Mon corps, mon âme et mon esprit;
Mon amour est réservé à mon peuple
En premier lieu, et puis l'humanité m'a pris.

L'entité sociale, celle qui désigne mon Moi
J'y ai renoncé depuis des lustres;
Ma vie est vouée au service des autres,
Aucun homme ne peut la ravir en maître.

L'intolérance des blancs m'emprisonne,
Des insultes et le mépris à me contraindre,
Je me dois d'être libre, je me dois d'être forte
Pour pouvoir lutter et les vaincre.

Car il y a des injustices à rectifier,
La malveillance des hommes à supporter,
C'est un long chemin, un parcours de solitaire,
Mais, Oui, le but est sûr et salutaire.

C'est bientôt l'aube - Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's The Dawn is at Hand by T Wignesan

C'est bientôt l'aube - Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's "The Dawn is at Hand" by T. Wignesan

(Note : In this poem - the title poem of her second collection - Oodgeroo has come full circle, la boucle est bouclée, come to terms with her and her people's predicament ; no more the fierce apostrophising she filled her first poems with. Yet, disappointed with the Labour Government's refusal to enact the promised Land Rights laws, she renounced her Christian names : Kathleen Walker and assumed the aboriginal name : Oodgeroo, meaning the « paperbark tree » (of the Noonuccal tribe) and returned to settle in traditional tribal land in North Stradbroke Island on Minjerrebah enviorns. From then on her protest movement led her into militant political activity as an office-holder in aboriginal development affairs, both as a speaker and as a pamphleteer. In this translation, I have tried to keep to the original structure and rhyme scheme, not without taking some very minor liberties.) T. Wignesan, November 28, 2016

Mes frères noirs, la première race australienne,
Bientôt ils occuperont la place qui est les siennes
Comme des frères, longuement attendus en triomphe,
Jamais plus en habitants de la zone limitrophe.

Pénibles, pénibles, les larmes que vous avez laissé couler
Quand l'espoir fut anéanti et la justice restée aveuglée.
La longue nuit était-elle épuisante? Soyez fort, clan noir,
Le lever du jour est bientôt là.

Allez de l'avant avec fierté et sans crainte
Pour réclamer vos droits inaliénables, jusqu'ici restreints,
Car d'ici peu l'honte du passé
Sera enfin effacée.

Vous serez le bienvenu avec l'esprit de camaraderie
Dans toute entreprise et l'industrie ;
Aucune profession ne vous lancera des apostrophes
Jamais plus en habitants de la zone limitrophe.

Les noirs et les blancs à pieds d'égalité
Dans des clubs et des bureaux et circulant librement dans la
société,
Vous sentirez l'amitié chaleureuse du pays
Dans la façon on vous serre la main en paix.

En partageant la même proportion d'égalité
Dans des collèges et de l'université,
Tous les labours soient manuels ou d'intellectuels
Ne vous serons plus conflictuels.

Car toutes interdictions et préjugés seront abolis,
Le futur vous encourage d'avancer avec courage unis
Pour accéder aux domaines des arts, des lettres et du monde
officiel en triomphe,
Jamais plus en habitants de la zone limitrophe.

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Ne soyons pas rancunier - Translation of Oodgeroo's Let us not be bitter by T Wignesan

Ne soyons pas rancunier – Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's "Let us not be bitter" by T. Wignesan

(Note : The fiery fearless rebel of Where we going (1964) and The Dawn is at Hand (1966) – Oodgeroo's first two collections – soon finds appeasement and forgiveness in My People (3rd edn.). The overwhelming consensus of the Referendum of May 27, 1967 conferring citizenship and voting rights to the estimated 400,000 aboriginals, together with her own projection on the international stage, must have contributed towards the thawing of her heart though Oodgeroo continued to rage against the Federal Labour Government's refusal to enact the promised National Land Rights laws. Oodgeroo's conciliatory tone in some later poems must attest to her own maturity as a poet – she had had to become a domestic servant again as a single parent earlier on when her husband deserted her. The International Acting Award she received for the film based on her life: Shadow Sister (1977) and the year she spent as Poet-in-Residence at Bloomsburg State College, Pennsylvania, during 1978-79, may have helped to ease the pain of not belonging anywhere in particular and paved the way towards adopting an enlightened attitude vis-à-vis her nemeses:

"European Australians must let go of England. (...) American universities are the leaders in providing cultural role models for students.(...) ...our universities must acknowledge and recognise the fact that their domineering and entrenched elitism still implements the mid-Victorian attitude of the 'survival of the white tribe at any cost' and is counter productive to the racial equality of the future." (My People, 1990) – T. Wignesan, November 27, 2016

Finissons-en avec l'amertume, Mon propre Peuple basané,
Venez, prenez position avec moi, avec le regard tourné vers l'avant et non
derrière soi,
Car un nouveau monde s'ouvre à nous tous.
Il est temps que nous changions. Pour une éternité
Le Temps s'était arrêté pour nous ; nous le savons maintenant
Que la Vie n'est que changement, la Vie est progrès,
La Vie signifie l'apprentissage, la Vie continue.
Les hommes blancs auraient dû apprendre à vivre selon les exigences de leurs
civilisations,
Maintenant c'est notre tour.
Finissons avec l'amertume et la mémoire du passé insupportable ;
Faisons un effort pour comprendre le comportement de l'homme blanc
Et acceptons-les de la même manière qu'eux nous acceptent ;
Essayons de juger les blancs par le comportement des meilleurs parmi eux.
Ceux qui sont racistes sont moins nombreux que nous,

Nous ne nous voulons pas du mal, pas plus qu'eux à notre rencontre,
Ne soyons pas amer, c'est une attitude négative,
Un vers de terre dans l'esprit.
Le passé a disparu exactement comme nos jours d'enfance au bon vieux temps,
Le futur arrive comme le lever du jour après la nuit,
Tout en emportant sa récompense.

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Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's Dawn Wail for the Dead by T Wignesan

La plainte au lever du jour pour les Morts - Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's "Dawn Wail for the Dead" by T. Wignesan

(Note: The style of the original smacks of hurried note-taking, say, by an anthropologist or that of just a mere diary entry.)

Maintenant la lumière peu claire à l'aube
Désigne à peine les corps de ceux qui dorment au campement.
La vieille Lubra, la première à se réveiller, se souvient:
Le premier devoir au lever du jour
C'est de se souvenir des ancêtres, pleurer leur sort.
Doucement au début elle pousse des gémissements
Un après l'autre en se réveillant on l'entend,
On la joint dans la plainte, et l'entier campement
Pousse des gémissements pour les Morts
Partis d'ici vers l'Endroit Sans Lumière:
Eux ils restent présents dans la mémoire.
Puis le devoir est complet, maintenant commence la vie,
Les feux sont attisés, le rire se répand dès lors,
Et un nouveau jour les appelle à la tâche.

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L'age de pierre - Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's Stone Age by T Wignesan

**L'âge de pierre - Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's "Stone Age" by T.
Wignesan**

Homme Blanc, ce que nous séparent ne que du temps.

**Il y eu une période dans le lointain passé quand vous habitaient dans des
caves,**

**Vous utilisaient l'hache de pierre, vous vous habillaient
avec les peaux des animaux,**

**Vous aussi avaient de la peur pour la nuit, vous fuyaient tous ce que vous ne
comprenez pas.**

Retournez-vous à cette période-là, souvenez-vous de votre propre Alcheringa*

Quand l'éclair semblait être produit par magie et vous vous cachaient

Face au terrible tonnerre réverbérant aux cieux.

La race supérieure blanche: ce qui nous sépare ne que du temps -

Exactement comme certains sont des adultes et d'autres malgré eux des enfants.

Nous sommes les dernières de tribus de l'âge de pierre,

Attendant notre tour

De la même manière que le temps vous avaient servi.

**•The creation of the universe, the time known to most people as the Dreamtime
or the Dreaming. (Oodgeroo)**

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La Femme Woor - Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's The Woor Woman by T Wignesan

(La ballade de) La femme Woor – Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's "The Woor Woman" by T. Wignesan

Le chasseur Bhoori demandit de la colline,
Puisque le ciel à l'ouest était de rouge,
Et le monde entier devenait triste et calme

Les arbres chuchotait quand-t-il passa là-bas,
Il n'y avait eu personne non plus. Il entendit
Le chant poussé de crake et aussi celui du pluvier.

Il s'était arrêté et regarda autour de lui. Là-bas dans la verdure
Une étrange femme debout lui fixa des yeux,
La plus belle qu'il n'avait jamais vu.

Elle changea de position et courrait un peu,
Puis elle s'arrêta et tourna son regard vers lui.
'Suis-moi, suis-moi' dite-elle, semblait-il.

'Si, je dois la suivre,' dit-il.
'Elle hantera mes rêves dorenavant
Si je la laisse fuir loin de moi.'

Une fois de plus elle s'éloigna, puis elle s'arrêta,
Et continuait ainsi de la lui faire suivre
Tantôt animé, tantôt un peu effrayé.

Jusqu'à qu'ils arrivèrent là où il y avait d' eaux,
Le marais silencieux de la Femme Woor
Où personne n'osait aventurer ni de nuit ni de jour.

Au-delà il voyait des eaux qui brillaient .
'Suis-moi, suis-moi,' elle semblait dire.
Bhoori continua de la suivre comme dans un rêve.

Soudain sur les eaux devenues moins claires
Elle courrait ses pas légers et y resta debout,
Et là elle restait ses yeux fixés sur lui.

'Je vois l'apparition, maintenant je le sais,
Elle fait partie du Peuple des hommes.'

Et comme l'accueil chaleureux et confortant
Des feux du campement de sa tribu,
Son peuple lui recevait en l'appelant par son nom.

Mais Bhoori paraissait comme un homme envoûté,
Son peuple à lui maintenant devenu des étrangers,
Aucun visage lui fut familier.

Son histoire on écoutait avec des yeux écarquilles
Et tandis que certains souriyait, les vieux
Témoignaient de la pitié et murmuraient entre eux.

'C'est le signe de la vieillesse,' disaient-ils.
'Bhoori a vu la Femme Woor.
Ici trois jours, il n'y sera plus.'

© T. Wignesan - Paris, 2016

Les Protecteurs - Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's The Protectors by T Wignesan

Les Protecteurs - Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's "The Protectors" by T. Wignesan

(Note: Oodgeroo never claimed to write poetry à la manière des poètes occidentaux; she said - without mincing words - her lines were sheer 'propaganda'. Others thought otherwise:

Judith Wright, a part-time reader for the then newly-founded Jacaranda Press and the young publisher Brian Coulson recognised the need for an honest and courageous voice to set right wrongs, and thus began a career to seek justice for the hard-pressed and humiliated aborigines in Australia. As Judith Wright, herself, says:

"Those demands, and many more, rang out against a background of long-accepted silence, and they seemed to me imperative. This poetry had to be published and listened to, for it was a challenge and a warning as well as a new achievement./ Was it poetry? It could be set against the general run of largely boring and cliché-ridden verse that thudded on to publishers' desks every day..." (Oodgeroo, p. 166)

And here's a relevant quote, if justification to voice oneelf in poetry were thought necessary, from Oodgeroo's acceptance speech on the conferment of an honorary doctorate from Griffith Universty:

"As a proud Aborigine, I have witnessed, among Asian and European peoples, the replanting of their grassroot cultures on my Aboriginal homeland, and I have seen only the continuation of prejudice and suffering for my people. Only the history of the European and English Australian, it seems, repeats itself over and over again in this, my country." (Oodgeroo, My People, p.104) T. Wignesan, Novmber 23, 2016.)

Trop de gens nous méprisent et nous exploitent
Quoiqu'il en a des blancs qui nous aident,
Mais non pas ceux qui sont nommés et des fonctionnaires salariés.
Non, certainement pas la police des protecteurs feudales,
Les protecteurs qui ne protègent pas.

La police qui se trouve dans des bourgades à l'intérieur,
Le Protecteur d'Aborigènes
Qui nous déracines ici et ailleurs comme des bétails
A la demande des surveillants et leurs épouses
Nous nous sommes réduits à des animaux, propriétés du Sergent-Major,
Le Protecteur qui ne protègent pas.

En cas de viol d'une fille noire par un ou plusieurs hommes blancs
Il n'y aura lieu aucune enquête ;

Il n'y a pas de remède, pas d'appel aux autorités.
A qui pourront-nous faire appel sinon au Protecteur lui-même?
Celui qui méprise les noirs.
Le sentiment est mutuel, Sergent-Major!

Lui, il s'en fou si les enfants noirs ne sont pas inscrits dans des écoles,
Ou des femmes obligées à travailler du matin au soir sans relâche, se sentant
emprisonnées et malheureuses ;
Il rit avec les autres en entendant comment les noirs sont dérobés par les
magasiniers,
Ils ne font que de la sourde oreille quant à tout cela,
Ces grands patrons des bourgades dotés du pouvoir absolu sur nous,
Le Protecteur qui ne protège pas.

() T. Wignesan - Paris, 2006

Le Passe - Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's The Past by T Wignesan

Le Passé - Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's « The Past » by T. Wignesan

Que personne ne le dise: le passé est mort.
Le passé nous entoure et aussi là-dedans.
Hanté par le souvenir de la tribu, je sais
Que ce petit moment, ce présent accidentel
Ne me définit pas entièrement dont la conception prolongée
Est fruit d'un passé profond.

Cette nuit tandis que je suis assis dans un faubourg de la cité
Devant un appareil de chauffage enfoncé dans un fauteuil
Se sentant chaud dû au feu rouge et brillant, je me glisse dans un rêve :
Je suis partie
Je me trouve autour du feu de campement des broussailles, parmi
Mon peuple à moi, assis par terre,
Sans aucun mur autour de moi,
Les étoiles dans des cieux
Des grands arbres autour que le vent fait bouger si peu
Faisant sentir leur propre musique,
Les douces chansons de la nuit que nous rappelons, là
Où nous faisons partie des vies de la vieille Nature
Tantôt reconnus qu'inconnues,
Dans des endroits où nous étions bien accueillis quoique maintenant abandonnés.
Le fauteuil profond et le radiateur électrique
Datent que d'hier,
Mais des milliers et des milliers de feu des campements aux forêts
Se chauffent dans mon sang.
Que personne ne me dise que le passé soit totalement disparu.
L'instant présent ne qu'une partie infime, une si infime partie
De toutes les années de la race dont font partie de mon être.

© T. Wignesan - Paris, 2016

La Civilisation - Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's Civilization by T Wignesan

La Civilisation - Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's "Civilization" by T. Wignesan

Nous qui sont arrivés en retard à la civilisation,
Une lacune des siècles que nous ait laissé tomber,
Lors de votre arrivé à nos terres nous vous admirions émerveillés
Mais nous ne nous sentions pas effrayer.
A l'époque nous n'avions rien d'autre que le don d'être heureux,
Chaque jour un jour férié
Car nous étions des humains avant d'être des citoyens,
Avant d'être redevables aux impôts sur le revenu,
Et locataires, consommateurs, employés, paroissiens.
De quelle façon pourrions-nous comprendre
Les stratifications de l'homme blanc, toutes rigides et sans appel,
Vos totems sacrés, de Seigneurs et Dames,
Altesse et Sainteté, Eminence, Majesté.
Nous ne pourrions pas comprendre
Votre étrange culte de l'uniformité,
Cette adhérence totale à la ponctualité, discipline comme à programmer le
travail.
Confus, nous nous doutions
De l'importance pour vous de l'urgence et de la signifiance
Des cravates et des gants, de cirage, de l'uniforme.
Des prisons et des orphelinats étant des nouveautés pour nous,
Des locations et des impôts, des banques et des hypothèques.
Nous qui possédons quasiment rien hormis les choses essentielles,
Nous n'avions pas des policiers, des avocats, des revendeurs intermédiaires,
Des courtiers, des financiers, des millionnaires.
Ainsi ces choses-là, tous ces merveilles nous avaient rendu abasourdis
Valeurs mobilières, le marché d'immobiliers,
L'intérêt composé, des ventes et des investissements.
Si nous avions pu nous en profiter et de nous faire élevés
Avec des telles connaissances nouvelles peut-être un nouveau monde aurait pu
nous accueillir.
Absorbés de jour au lendemain dans de façon à vivre de l'homme blanc
Nous voilà acceptions avec résignation tout avec joie et reconnaissance,
Puisque c'est la voie de l'inévitable.
Mais souvenez-vous, Homme Blanc, si par contre la vie est faite pour atteindre
la joie de vivre
Ne vous aussi nul doute éprouveriez grand besoin de changer.

Je suis fier - Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's I am proud by T Wignesan

Je suis fier/fière – Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's "I am Proud" by T. Wignesan

Je me trouve noir de peau parmi les blancs
Et je suis fier.
Fier de ma race et fier de la couleur de ma peau.
Je suis abattu et pauvre,
Je porte les vêtements usés et déchirés de l'homme blanc,
Mais n'y pensez pas même un instant que j'ai honte.
Des lances ne pouvaient pas nous protéger contre les fusils et
nous étions vaincus,
Mais quelques choses y restent qu'ils ne pouvaient pas
arracher de nous ni de les détruire.
Nous étions vaincus mais non pas dompté,
On nous avait obligé d'obéir mais nous nous restions digne.
N'y pensez pas d'ôter mon esprit d'indépendance comme
certains blancs se soumettant aux autres.
Je suis fier,
Bien que humble et pauvre et sans abri
A l'égal de Christ.

© T. Wignesan – Paris, 2016

La discrimination raciale - Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's Colour Bar by T Wignesan

La discrimination raciale – Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's "Colour Bar" by
T. Wignesan

Quand d'ignobles d'hommes me méprisent parce que je suis
brun de peau
Ce là ne m'inquiète pas.

Mais quand un enfant ridiculisé rentre à la maison le visage
taché des larmes
La colère féroce m'emporte.

La discrimination raciale ! Ceci révèle une mentalité
D'une sorte d'idiotie.

L'Homme n'est toujours pas sorti de son état médiéval tant
que
Une telle sottise persiste.

Si seulement il pourrait s'apercevoir, ce con qui cherche à
discriminer
Qu'il renvoie le blâme au Dieu

Qui nous a tous créés et tous Ses enfants Lui
Il aime de la même manière.

Tant que les frères sont bannis de la fraternité
Vous continuez d'exclure,

La Chrétienté que vous appréciez tant
N'est qu'un mensonge,

La Justice des paroles d'hypocrites, le contenu
Qui renvoie aux précédents.

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L'Integration - Oui - Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's Integration - Yes by T Wignesan

**L'Intégration - Oui! Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's "Integration - Yes!"
by T. Wignesan**

Nous apprenons de vous avec gratitude,
La race qui nous devance,
Vous qui incarnent des siècles des usages et coutumes,
Nous sommes des Australiens long temps avant
Votre arrivé lequel ne date que d'hier,
Que nous devons être disposer de changer,
Apprendre à vouloir des choses que nous ne voulons pas du
tout,
Des nouvelles contraintes que nous n'avons jamais subis,
La rançon de notre survivance.
Une bonne partie de ce que nous aimons a disparue et devait
disparaître,
Mais ne pas les fondements profonds de notre être.
Le passé fait toujours partie de ce que nous sommes,
Il se trouve toujours autour de nous, toujours en dedans de
nous même.
Nous sentons les plus heureux
Quand nous sommes parmi notre propre peuple. Nous
aimerions pratiquer
Nos propres coutumes vivantes, nos vieilles
Danses et chansons, nos arts et nos corroborées..
Pour quelle raison devons nous échanger nos mythes sacrés
pour les vôtres !
Non, pas d'assimilation, mais l'intégration,
Pas de domination mais de notre essor,
Afin que les noirs et les blancs pourraient s'avancer main
dans la main
En paix et la fraternité.

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Le gommier de la Municipalite - Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's Municipal Gum by T Wignesan

Le gommier de la Municipalité - Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's "Municipal Gum" by T. Wignesan

Le gommier qui se trouve sur la rue de la ville,
Le bitume autour de tes pieds,
Il vaudrait mieux que tu sois
Dans le monde des espaces fraiches entouré d'arbres feuillus
de la forêt
Et des chants des oiseaux sauvages.
Ici tu me parais
Comme ce pauvre cheval de trait-là
Castré, démolì, une chose écartée et damnée,
Harnaché et bouclé, c'est l'enfer prolongé,
Dont la tête baissée et le mien fade exprime
L'espoir à jamais perdu.
Le gommier de la ville, c'est douloureux
De t'apercevoir ainsi
Figé dans ta pelouse noircie de bitume -
O concitoyen,
Qu'est-ce qu'ils ont fait de nous?

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Translation of Aboriginal Charter of Rights by Oodgeroo Noonuccal

La Charte des Droits de l'Homme pour les Aborigènes - Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's Aboriginal Charter of Rights by T. Wignesan

Nous avons besoin de l'espoir, pas de racisme,
La fraternité, pas d'ostracisme
Du progrès pour les Noirs, pas l'essor des Blancs :
Faites-nous des égaux, pas ceux dépendent de vous.
Nous avons besoin d'assistance, pas d'exploitation,
Nous voulons la liberté, pas de frustration ;
Pas de mainmise sinon la confiance en soi-même,
L'Indépendance, pas l'obéissance
Pas d'insouciance sinon l'éducation,
Respect pour soi-même, pas de la résignation
Libère-nous d'une soumission abjecte,
D'une Protection bureaucratique.
Nous allons oublier des esclavagistes d'antan.
Donnez-nous de la camaraderie, pas de faveurs,
Encouragement, pas d'interdictions ;
Des foyers, pas des cantonnements et des campements de
prosélytisme.
Nous avons besoin d'amour, pas de la surveillance
autoritaire,
Qu'on nous serre la main, pas d'être fouetté par nos maîtres,
L'opportunité qui range
Les Blancs et les Noirs sur une base d'égal à égal.
Vous nous dépriment, vous nous laissent sans protection,
Vous nous proscrivent au lieu de nous traiter comme des
amis.
Faites-nous sentir le bienvenu, pas avec mépris,
Donnez-nous le droit de choisir, pas la coercition froide,
Un statut digne, pas la discrimination,
Les droits de l'Homme, pas la ségrégation.
Vous incarnez la Loi comme le Romain Pontius,
Faites en sorte que nous soyons fiers, pas conscients de notre
couleur ;
Rendez-nous ce que nous appartient lequel vous vous aviez
Approprié de nous,
Soyez gentille avec nous, ne montrez pas le préjugé d'un bigot ;
Laissez-nous sentir ambitieux sans interdiction,
La confiance et ne pas la condescendance ;
Octroyez-nous le droit de prendre l'initiative, pas de restriction,
Donnez-nous le Christ, pas la crucifixion.

Bien que baptisés et bénis et endoctrinés avec la Bible
Nous sommes toujours l'objet de tabous et de diffamation.
Vous les pieux vendeurs de la salvation,
Faites de nous vos voisins, pas d'habitants de bidonvilles ;
Faites de nous vos copains, pas des parents non privilégiés,
Citoyens et non pas des esclaves dans des plantations.
Devrions-nous le peuple d'origine d'Australie
Compter parmi des étrangers sur notre propre terre ?
En abolissant toutes les restrictions et en détruisant les
rigueurs (du système) de caste
Qu'on arrivera à gagner ce que nous appartient de droit.

(Note : In 1788, the first white settlers set foot on Australian soil after James Cook's maiden voyage of « discovery » in 1770. The aboriginal peoples were allowed citizenship and voting rights only in 1967, three years after the publication of Oodgeroo's first volume of poems.)

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L'Assimilation Non Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's Assimilation No by T Wignesan

L'Assimilation - Non! Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's "Assimilation - No !" by T. Wignesan

Born Kathleen Jean Mary RUSKA on November 3, 1920, in the North Stradbroke Island, off Queensland, she was deemed as an aboriginal (poor whites too were subject to the same fate) - as was the custom during the White Australia Policy days Down Under - fit at 13 to leave primary school to labour as a house-servant, and in 1939, she volunteered to serve out the War in the Women's Corps. She married Walker, a fellow soldier - who spent his days in detention at Changi Prison in Singapore under the Japanese Regime - and had two sons: Vivian and Denis. After the War, she met and befriended for life her biographer, Kathleen Cochrane, a great solace to her during her "single parent" days. Kath Walker then wrote poetry, essays, stories and articles to highlight the plight of her downtrodden and despised kith and kin, and with the publication of her first book of poems: "Where we going" in 1964 (sold out in three days) achieved national fame, and other collections soon followed in 1966 to the eighties with the backing of the poet and critic, Judith Wright. Soon followed after international acclaim, even a doctoral degree honoris causa. Not just the first aboriginal poet to be published, she became almost instantly the spokesperson for her people all over the Continent, a people until then without a voice: not until 1967 were they even given voting rights, and not until recently has the government even proffered an "apology" for the way aboriginals had been treated for so long.

Kath Walker - before her demise in 1993 - then assumed her native name: OODGEROO - "Noonuccal" being the name of her tribe. At the same time, she even chose to wear loose flowing garments as a symbol of her difference and achievement as the champion of the aborigines in Australia, a success story to reinforce the belief in poetry as the most formidable weapon of peaceful change in history.

(Oodgeroo was also a competent cricketer, having represented the State of Queensland a couple of times or more, and it only goes to show that having mastered the finest art form of play known to man, versifying or poetising was mere child's play to her: it goes without saying that good cricketers make for dazzling poets!)

Assimilation - Non!

Versez votre cruche de vin dans la grande rivière
Et où se trouve votre vin ? Il n'y a que de la rivière.
Le génie d'une vieille race doit-elle disparaître
Afin que la race puisse-t-elle survivre ?

Nous qui désirons d'être des égaux de vous, un peuple digne,
Nous devrions maintenant nous priver de trop dont nous aimons,
Des libertés d'antan pour des nouvelles contraintes,
Votre monde en échange pour le nôtre,
Mais un noyau restant nous devrions conserver toujours pour
nous mêmes.

Vous nous faites changer et nous contraindre par la force afin que
nous assumons une autre forme,
Mais laissez nos racines ancrées profondément dans la terre
d'antan.

Nous sommes dotés des cœurs et des esprits différents
Dans des corps insolites. Ne nous demandez pas
D'être des déserters, désavouer non plus nos mères,
De changer l'inchangeable.

On ne peut pas persuader un gommier de comporter comme un
chêne.

Quelques choses se perdent, quelque chose est sacrifiée, mais
Nous allons continuer d'avancer afin d'apprendre.
Ne pas être vaincus et perdus, dilués, mais conservant
Notre propre identité, notre fierté raciale.

Versez votre cruche de vin dans la grande rivière
Et où se trouve votre vin ? Il n'y a que la rivière.

Ou allons nous: Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's Where are we going by T Wignesan

Où allons nous? Translation of Oodgeroo Noonuccal's "Where are we going" by T. Wignesan

Ils sont venus dans une petite ville

Une bande à moitié nue soumise silencieuse

Tout ce qui restait de leur tribu.

Ils sont venus à leur vieux territoire bora

Où beaucoup d'hommes blancs maintenant vont et viennent
comme des fourmis.

La pancarte de l'agent immobilier dit: "Il est permis de jeter
des ordures ici."

Maintenant les ordures couvrent plus que la moitié du cercle
de bora.

"Nous sommes maintenant comme des étrangers, mais la
tribu blanche est en réalité des étrangers.

La terre nous appartient, sommes nous les héritiers des
vieilles coutumes.

Nous sommes la corroboree* et la terre bora.

Nous sommes de vieux rites, les lois de nos aïeux.

Nous sommes des contes des émerveilles du Temps de Rêves,
des légendes racontées de tribus.

Nous sommes le passé, les chasses et les jeux qui nous font rire, les feux
allumés autour de nos campements ici et là.

Nous sommes des éclairs sur la Colline Graphemba
Eclatants et effrayants,

Et le Tonnerre venant après lui, ce gars bruyant.

Nous sommes le lever du soleil silencieux

Illuminant pas à pas la lagune enterrée par la nuit.

Nous sommes des ombres-épouvantes revenant
subrepticement aux feux de campement qui
s'éteignent doucement.

Nous sommes la Nature et le Passé, tout ce qui comporte nos
vieilles traditions

Maintenant en train de disparaître ici et là.

Les broussailles sont détruites, ainsi la chasse et la
rire.

L'aigle, lui, est déjà parti, l'émeu et le kangourou ont aussi quitté les
lieux.

Le cercle du bora a disparu.

La corroboree a disparue.

Et nous sommes en train de disparaître.

***An Australian Aboriginal dance ceremony which may take the form of a sacred ritual or an informal gathering. 'Aborigines living in the coastal Kimberley region of Australia's top end sometimes dance a corroboree re-enacting the arrival of dingoes to Australia. (Oxford English Dictionary)**

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Unquotable quotes: The How of Democratic Kill - IXL Part Two

Unquotable quotes: The How of Democratic Kill - IXL, Part Two

No, tell me not my vote now does not count
(Shakespearean Sonnet)

No, tell me not my vote now does not count
For with my vote you do what pleases you most
You stoke the breath of dragons in Levant
And melt the caps of ice encased in frost

Tell me not my vote will make enemies flee
And set right wrongs long festering in hearts
My vote's my word you take and hold un-free
In Senate and House with bickering darts

You cursed and you conned your rival's public
You lorded your worth with your campaign wrath
Who would've wondered who I'd have to pick
And make me rue my days gone behemoth

Ask not for my voice to be raised in hope
Lest you lay at my feet world in syncope

The difference between a Democratic State and a Dictatorship is that there is - in the ultimate analysis - NONE! when it comes to dealing with its/their so-called "opponents" whom they consider "persona non grata" within or beyond the State (likewise between States), with the difference that Democrats - through long experience as colonisers of "barbaric" heathen peoples - have acquired the art of best concealing their means: toolkits and tried and tested highly refined sophisticated methods of persecution. Dictators, on the other hand, don't much care what the world thinks of their art of enslavement which simplifies things for them.

Within the Dictatorship (as with Royal Houses), "the family and favourites" assume and share power to the exclusion of even the army or the political party which may have at some pivotal stage permitted the rise and empowerment of the Dictator and which will have "legitimised" his sway over the masses by permitting him to abandon the electoral processes and by dismantling the bi-cameral institutions in order to make room for direct rule by decree.

In the democratic state, the leaders like to be seen to be courting the people with populist chants during election campaigns which somehow have the habit of

turning into hollow promises during the period they stay in office, as if to say, "If only the mandate had been for life!"

Under a dictatorship, the leaders subject the people to the constant fear of being held in a perennial court where the Dictator displays the art of taking the law into his own hands, whereas in the democratic state political-party leaders succeed in subverting the due process of law whenever it serves their interests.

By contrast, in a Democratic State, even if all the semblance for the proper working of the rule of law appear to be in place, real power would seem to reside in monolithic political party heads, trade union leaders, industrial magnates, conglomerate bank CEOs, media over-lords, the secret service, the police and in some cases the very judicial apparatus, itself, and the chiefs of armed forces and veterans of resistance movements and other pressure groups, lobbies and their likes, but the truth is certain ethnic and/or religious entities and the not-so Free-Masons share the power to influence and shape the future of communities and townships not only within but also over the borders of nation states.

Now the real or imagined "personae non grata" in a democratic environment is often made out to be an "anti-democratic" individual (when in actual fact the free-masonic and religio-ethnic groups brand the unwanted un-submissive individual as a bigoted racist or anti-semite). Democrats are only as racist as their morals are free.

If you watch carefully how politics evolve(s) mostly on the world stage, the driving motivating force is racial or religious/atheist in origin, no matter how much or how fervently politicians and religious leaders talk of love of unity and peace in the name of humanity at large. At an insignificant level, some like the Free-Masons may give the impression of wanting to transcend racial, religious, sexual or ideological divides, but this even in countries with five major "obediencies" reeks of hypocrisy: in one, you have to be a Jew; in another, a woman; in yet another, be mixed man and woman; in the fourth, a Catholic or Christian, and in the last, an Atheist.

Just as there are dictatorships and democratic states, there are "demi-dictatorships" all over the colonised world striving hard to imitate their mentors.

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2016

Villanelle: Whose voice so insistent and so early to whine

illanelle: Whose voice so insistent and so early to whine

(I have just found a poem I wrote three days before I was tossed up and knocked down by a speeding car while I was mid-way on a zebra-crossing on an entry-road to a mosque. I had the right of way. The curious thing was/is that I saw no car approaching from the right. The driver - a Tunisian in a hurry to pay his respects to Allah - did not, according to him, see me either. Curious! P.S. The car hit me right where there is a 30km speed limit signpost in front of a primary school, and the driver is still driving around in a postal services delivery van. Vive la France! Viva la Francia! The emasculation through isolation and the strangulation through noise nuisance continue unabated! The Brave New World! under Socialist management!)

Whose voice so insistent and so early to whine
Jabbering heads rap on the panes of my ears
Can howling winds meticulous eke out Nature's design

Last Exit to Brooklyn not by rote every line
Requiem for a Dream's stream of consciousness leers
Whose voice so insistent and so early to whine

Do my words madly rushing winds now entwine
Whose bones rattle in the shutters of my fears
Can howling winds meticulous eke out Nature's design

Does the magic fridge's realism pop pills divine
Make me look the svelte creature the world requires
Whose voice so insistent and so early to whine

The Algebra of Need's burning cold in my vein
Black dealer king's piston bursting through dry tears
Can howling winds meticulous eke out Nature's design

The gaping hunger in my soul sickens in my brine
Spoon-fed needlefuls bloat attention in dears
Whose voice so insistent and so early to whine
Can howling winds meticulous eke out Nature's design

(c) T. Wignesan, Paris - February 6, 2015

Unquotable quotes: Addictions: Smokes, Drugs, Sex, Films and Sleep - XL, Part One

Unquotable quotes: Addictions: Smokes, Drugs, Sex, Films and Sleep - XL

Where the hand leads, the eyes close.
When the eyes shut, imagination is on fire.
What you don't really see is what you feel.
When you feel at ease you fool yourself.
No joy is real until the pain is turned on.
If the pain digs in, illusion becomes reality.
What's real never fails to be distasteful.
Pray on your knees, the head'll rejoin them.
Habit makes all things equally legitimate.
All one asks for is a little bit of nothing:
A chance to loop the loop on the tangent.
When you fall asleep, you forget yourself.
When you wake up, you re-mind yourself.
Sleep forever in dreams, never to wake
O! Happy Happy the Day!

Tobacco consumes itself when lit up emitting hot air, smoke and stench, leading to cough, consumption and cancer ; so does sex with the difference the more you do it, the more the gum comes unstuck.

If you suck on a cigarette, cigar or pipe and fail to puff on it again and again, it will go out on you, so will your partner, however much he or she says...

The film industry before the sixties thrived on making its actors chainsmoke at every appearance ; since then it has added violent, bestial, sadistic sexual acts to its répertoire. What's left ? Paedophilia or Incest or copulating with animals?

Who made sexual preoccupation a figment of the imagination ? Should women not entice once in a season and men knock themselves out for the privilege of siring the harem ?

How does the other guy or gal know what size fits - until they have tried them all at least just once ? And have tried and tested them on tarmac, tree-trunk, bitumen, gravel, lofty stool, back-seat, bumpy bus, ferris wheel, crashing train, stair-case, kitchen-sink and toilet to boot ?

If the week had 6 days and the weak-end 9, the population of the world will return to the wild old filthy cave-dwelling days.

Beat the carpet over and over again if you don't want to have to bite the dust by putting your wo/men in the lurch.

The purity of the Brahmin caste and its spiritual aims can be gauged by the caste of the author of the Kama-Sutra.

For decades since the post-WWII Independence spree, Western powers prised secrets by waving the white-young-chick muleta at African and Asian Brahma bulls : now that the muleta is torn to shreds by immigration and toros roam the arena at will, their horns bloodied-full with mini-skirts, what's the new secret weapon of the secret services ?

The harder the rock, the louder the battery drums and gongs : no wonder the baby bawls when born !

Wilhelm Reich's designation of the sexual act as a method by which to free oneself of neurotic behaviour acquired through « sexual abuse » makes of it an art form that might spare the embryo dread and damnation !

Non-mothers of course may happily envoyer en l'air by getting their Fallopian tubes bound up !

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Unquotable quotes: The How of Democratic Kill - XXXIX, Part One

Unquotable quotes: The How of Democratic Kill - XXXIX, Part One

Born in 1868, Alexei Maximovich PESHKOV, better known as MAXIM GORKY and hailed as the chief proponent of Soviet literature, the veritable champion of the proletariat and the downtrodden masses, and who counted among his foremost friends LENIN, STALIN and TROTSKY, was poisoned with camphor by his doctor Levin at the instigation of Yagoda, the former Chief of Secret Police in 1936. His father passed away when he was five, and his paternal grandfather turned him out of the family home after subjecting him to merciless thrashings which had him bed-ridden for weeks at a time. He was condemned to roam the streets and wilds for a living right from his teens and his attempted suicide ruined his own lungs for life. His experiences, unlike those of the cosseted and untrammelled bourgeois Tolstoy's (whose wife besides slaved as his literary amanuensis: no resemblance to Patricia and Naipaul though), fed his immensely popular stories, novels, plays, articles and his autobiographical trilogy, culled from living in Russia (Nizhny, Novgorod), Georgia (Tiflis), Italy (Sorrentino, Capri) and the USA (New York).

For Alexei Maximovich PESHKOV, the reputed "Father of Soviet Literature"

Now the Cossack rode roughshod
From Novgorod to Vladivostock
Trans-Siberian rocked the railroad
-40° suckled by deepfreeze livestock
Tartar's shuddered locks splayed on docks
On Syrian shores an Assad naval sword

Levin commits sin
in Stalin's Krêmlin
Yagoda in Tsarist skin
makes Lenin turn Putin

Who executed the high Bolshoi entrechat
on the battleship Potemkin
Was it Kerensky or the scélerat
or Rasputin under Romanov skin
Unstrip the balalaika chez the Peshkov
to let grandma kitchen tales unfold

Levin commits sin
in Stalin's Krêmlin

Yagoda in Tsarist skin
makes Putin turn Lenin

Go now Ivanko! Cut hermit Miron's head off
and his prayer for mankind eternally cold
Ivan the Terrible'll make Daech listen to Lavrov
no camphor poison could ever be Soviet sold
Did Yagoda tell Saudi Prince Al-Qaïda off
Or a Putin not bar lethal secret tatami hold

Levin commits sin
in Stalin's Krêmlin
Yagoda in Tsarist skin
makes Lenin turn Putin

No petty Levin plied the Volga or bakery
Escaped the pogroms under Stalin enmity
The long arm of rivalry split Trotsky
skull in exiled lost Méjico City
Drained the peoples' lungs of victory
In the proletariat Chief Maxim Gorky!

Levin commits sin
in Stalin's Krêmlin
Yagoda in Tsarist skin
makes Putin turn Lenin

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A Soulful Cry of Anguish against Fate

A Soulful Cry of Anguish against Fate

("The Tale of the Lonely Ghost", a film (2013) by ANUP SINGH - who collaborated on the screenplay as well, an Indian, a Sikh born in Dar-es-Salaam but settled in Switzerland - enjoys the good fortune of an exceptionally brilliant Parisian: Béatrice THIRIET for the musical contribution: the tone/mood of the multi-tragical tour de force is struck right from the start and maintained right through to the end, a profoundly moving poetical elegy on the fate of simple village folk, victims of their own traditions and taboos. Set in the post-Independence India-Pakistan "partition" torn Punjab during the Hindu-Muslim and Sikh carnage in 1947, the film must convey even at this late date some of the stark déchirements of religious conflicts and political faux pas: a British magistrate who had no inkling of the ethno-religious set-up of the region merely settled the border issue between the two new countries by drawing a blunderbuss line across the map. The sets and frames vacillate constantly between desolate rugged terrain and other-worldly Rembrandtesque facial expressions whose under-tones depict fierce obsessions and helplessnesses in the wake of tradition and custom reducing every character to mere pawns in the fatidic drama of interplay with even the supernatural. Near the end, at the moment of dénouement Béatrice Thiriet introduces an excerpt of a song in the background which best encapsulates the spirit of the telefilm, at about 1 hour 13 minutes 53 seconds. Click on the link if you so wish to sample vicariously the pain.

The transliteration is approximate, and my English translation takes directly after the French sub-titles - with apologies and thanks to the film property owners, if they have no objections for I do not know how to obtain prior permission.)

<http://www.arte.tv/guide/fr/043014-000-A/le-secret-de-kanwar>

(This link will not open after October 4th, 2016, so hurry up and torture yourselves.)

roko ji kahi roko jaathu jagumathu jagumathu ji
raathu va geindi kaali
chaduthjar jaave lasuthaaraa lasuthaaraa lasuthaaraa
chaduthjar jaave lasuthaaraa lasuthaaraa lasuthaaraa
isukhi rathi ya kare shaara
isukhi rathi ya kare share
roko ji kahi toko toko ji kahi toko
suhi saruthalu saruthalu ji
raathu gaali

La nuit glisse sur nous
Un serpent de passion
L'étoile rouge sang s'élève
Impregnée d'amour elle nous fait signe
Retenez-moi, je vous en prie
La pas de la porte vibre
Rouge, rouge encore

The night slithers over our bodies
A serpent of passion
The blood-red star over the horizon
The blood-red star over the horizon
Shining with love beckons us
Shining with love beckons us
Hold me back, I implore you
The doorstep quivers
Red, still glowing red

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Unquotable quotes Writers - XXXVIII

Unquotable quotes: Writers - XXXVIII

for Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra and Fyodor Mikhailovich Dostoevski
who let not even hope sustain them and who used their own last
drop of blood for ink

The time is at hand when robots tutored by “how-to-write” softwares are ready
to take over from creative-writing teachers.
Successful “robot writers” won’t need penthouse apartments nor mountain resort
hideouts to produce their masterpieces.

The cut-up and fold-in method, the stream of consciousness and surrealist
techniques are mere bird-formatons broken by airplane wings or shoals of
sardines shattered by sharp shark strikes.

Every living creature espies the world through a tiny aperture in its eyes. The
writer perceives the same world with himself in the principal role.

Writing unlike painting or composing music requires full-time living and for
which you don’t get paid: it’s like living in limbo and you get paid once
you’re dead.

A writer who has attained “sacred cow” status through, say, the attribution of
a Pulitzer, a Booker or a Nobel, produces thenceforth manna and ambrosia fit
only to be consumed by the Gods.

Even the most prolific writers have only a few much-talked of books to their
name, but the greatest only leave one – at the most two – to be remembered by:
The Odyssey, Ramayana, Shakuntala, Manimekalai, Silappathikaram, Genji
Monogatari, Monkey, Don Quijote de la Mancha, Gullivers Travels, Candide,
Canterbury Tales, Crime and Punishment, Ulysses, excepting Shakespeare, of
course, for he certainly must have had three pairs of hands.

The self-published writer still perpetuates the hallowed lineage of the great
writers of yore.

You can always tell when a writer has nothing much to tell: the book gets
catapulted into the eye from every bus-stop and train station platform.

Isn’t the best writer of prose always the poet at heart.

Who is the true author of the book? Experience or the educated eye? Or both?

Can a man or a woman who hasn't lived dangerously nor be in constant danger of being overwhelmed by life, itself, author a work of lasting value?

Writers who autograph their books at a book launch can be assured the buyer will not read beyond the autographed pages.

Post-colonial writing is exactly what it says: after the fashion of the colonial-canon: historical fiction, magical realism, anthropological travelogue, diary diarrhoea, testosterone feminism, poésie à la mode de bourgeois sentimentality... War and Peace, Dr. Zhivago and Cien Anos de Soledad beget Midnight's Children, etc., and A Suitable Boy; Greek tragedy - The Road. And a good deal of what passes for poetry in South Asia and Southeast Asia where Eliots, Yeatses and even Horaces abound!

The successful prize-winning author - in the eyes of the media - is a prophet: by rights he/they may pronounce and declaim on the fate of the world.

The unquenchable dream of all unknown writers, not represented by top-notch literary agents: an Ayatolla FATWA!

The facile tongue often betrays the true métier of the author: ACTOR !

The pecking-order for authors in the limelight is ordered by the number of books sold.

Writers who have made it into the eight-digit royalty class tend to shed wives like moulting skin: fill in the blanks - Arthur _____/
Marylyn _____.

Don't "enfants terribles" writers let late starters walk all over their backs as "fast finishers" ?

A wise writer will hold on to his best work while he lets the literary agent and publisher's editor re-write his juvenilia, until the hooked public acclaims his name.

When you have finished reading a novel, and you are not totally and abysmally disgusted with every living human being still standing - including yourself - then, ask for your money back !

Writing is like eating: what gets digested must of necessity be absorbed; the rest must be expelled. It helps to have sturdy Hemingway legs!

If you became a full-fledged writer by following creative-writing courses, then you have no right whatsoever to your name on your books.

Who said: “Don’t ever (let your shadow) darken the portals of a university if you want to be a writer!” Tom Wolfe?

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Unquotable quotes: Gals, Dolls, Bitches and Broads - XXXVII Part Two

Unquotable quotes: Gals, Dolls, Bitches and Broads - XXXVII

An adulterous couple soon make lying, cheating and downright treachery (not to mention their role as carriers of germs within the orbit of the family) the principal characteristic of an ethic which is underwritten and buoyed by hypocrisy. It may appear legitimate for the Sartre-Beauvoir tandem to have advocated the tolerance of one another's emotional and sexual lives, but they should also consent to bearing the responsibility (since they became, whether they wanted it or not, the role models for the intellectually-inclined youths all over the Western World which the East replicates apishly) for the wanton rot corroding societies all over the world.

Being or becoming "intellectual" is not necessarily the hallmark of the possession of "intelligence": it's everybody's responsibility to everybody else to foster the "health" of mores and morals in every society.

It would therefore follow that sexual freedom is perfectly alright for those who don't have or don't want children, provided those who practise this art form don't impinge or impose their craft on those who accept the responsibility for the upbringing of children.

The Reich-ian Sexual Revolution, to all intents and purposes, aimed at undermining and dismantling the authoritarian state's strangle-hold on the defenceless individual without proposing a substitute to replace the family-unit structure as the principal incipient force in the shaping of individual character.

The Reich-ian solution of the orgasmic release as a cure for emotional blockages and all sorts of other psychological ills and phobias and neuroses has also accentuated the spread of venereal diseases, indulgence in perversions and sadistic behaviour which continue to find a repetitive crescendo echo in films from all over the world.

Whether we like it or not, we have a duty, first and foremost, to ourselves, even if Nature has already devised its own overall plan for us in the long run.

GOU - Hexagram 44: "Coming to meet." One Yin associates with five Yang (might even mean more). Beware of the lean pig in June hoisting and flaunting her haunches in mid-autumn. The Yin's shoes fit the male's feet as well. Whatever fascinates makes you forget your own embattled situation. The quality of life depends on who is mother.

No child can outlive the reputation of a mother gone totally or even partially astray.

Curiously enough, though, if it were not for gals, dolls, bitches and broads, LIFE – as we know it – would not be perpetuated on earth. They are the principal drivers of the Yin's motor: they entice, rivet, pollute, distract and entertain and sap the Yang forces, and all they have to show for it is their ephemeral flicker of

fun and release from the cares of the world; all to no purpose for they are made to self-destruct themselves unless they drag the Yang down with them, too; their saving grace being their role in the perpetuation of the human race, for better or for worse.

Nature makes certain they don't wreak havoc all their living days. They may and do reign supreme between the ages of fifteen and, say, thirty-five, leaving them alone to their abject fate and their wiles in managing their own pleasure and pain thereafter. A sad plight! A very sad fate!

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Unquotable quotes:Gals, Dolls, Bitches and Broads - XXXVII Part One

Unquotable quotes: Gals, Dolls, Bitches and Broads - XXXVII

(No aspersions are being cast here, willingly or otherwise, on the fairer, stronger and infinitely more sagacious sex. Even if these over-used words are somewhat overloaded with derogatory connotations, depending on the circumstances, their use here in these "effete efflorescences" are not meant to affirm or deny the original sacred conception of womanhood which is made up of the qualities of the most refined, and, not to mention, the most beautiful "creatures" among the human or even animal species. No attempt is made to sidestep the issue: the spectrum of life forms include the best and the worst specimens, of course.)

No apologies are tended, here, for the use of these terms: gals, dolls, bitches and broads since what they represent are the salt and spice and also alas! the vinegar of our daily existence: take a pinch or sip and feel the itch twitch for the rest of your days.

Given the traditional roles of "Mother" and "Sex-Object" that gals are called upon to assume, it would only be fair to remind them: You can't have your banana and milkshake it as well!

The choice is plain: Either you opt out of being a mother or you make the ultimate sacrifice - multiply the population of the world, but PaLEASE! Stick to one or the other!

The quality of human life and the human race depends on your choice.

All forms of morals and the enduring values of human existence depend on/await your choice.

Not to make the choice by continuing to assume both the roles is the fatal error: you can't be a virtuous mother and loyal wife and - let's admit it - a "bitch" as well.

Life would be an interminable Sunday morning liturgy on TV if gals, dolls, bitches and broads didn't make us sink deeper into the quagmire, that is, late Saturday night - only to wake us up early the next morn.

Who is the more despicable a character: the thieving hound who hides out in the basement or the stairways till the husband shunts off to work or the adulterous bitch who hurriedly kisses her children and bundles them off to school? OR, or

the husband who drops off the commuter train to bounce some other babe on the way home?

If you're a gal and some guy called you "bitch", or even - excuse the word - "bloody bitch"! What would you do? Take it all lying down like a putdown paid broad? Or would you mount your charger and pound the guy in broad daylight down your street, cheered by all the dolls in your neighbourhood?

Why is it an axiom that a really stunning-looking gal when ogled at would be generous with her poses and rewarding with her smiles whereas the opposite is the case with the passably pretty bitch or broad?

Wouldn't wives give half their gold reserves to know what their husbands tell broads about themselves?

Doll-makers know as much about the art of sowing wild oats as dolls about dark matter.

If dolls can bitch about what kids did or do to them in a year, even a broad's ear will shrink from shame.

Even if guys who play with dolls all day long keep bitching about it all, they'll sooner or later get them enthralled.

Guys who fall for gals but refuse to tie the knot tend to make their dolls bitch, look and talk like sods.

(End of Part One)

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Unquotable quotes: Poets - XXXVI

Unquotable quotes: Poets, Poetasters and Platos - XXXVI

For James McAuley - in remembrance of a memorable week in Cardiff 1965

The greatest poet ever is NOT Homer, Lao Tse, Ovid, Dante, Chittalaic Chattanar, NOT Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dryden, Tulsi Das, Archipreste de Hita, NOT Goethe, Pushkin, Pope, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Quevedo, NOT Shelley, Keats, Gongora, Rimbaud, Yeats, Pound or Eliot, BUT as you all already must know: Ern MALLEY, for he draws on a thousand surrealist tongues. To be even greater, just emulate his creators!

The difference between a poet and a prosateur is that the latter is honour-bound - at the risk of exposure - to master grammar while the former is granted the licence to invent his own by those who cannot tell the difference.

The real reason why poets continue to dish out what they write is that no one expects them to be intelligible, much less by those who put their work out.

The less a poet appears rational in his creations, the more he'll be praised by those who do not or cannot understand his work, for they will read whatever they want into his work to conceal their own lack of comprehension.

The great thing about being a poet is that you can say the same thing a million times over and over again and no one will mind, so long as you are less coherent every time you repeat yourself.

If a poet understood or mastered the craft of poetry, he would still be composing the first canto of his epic at the end of his life.

In other words, the poem is the shortest cut to the epic highway leading back to the first steps of the poetic phantasy which is the fine art of lisping with words without aim.

This is why he who has never died alive cannot know the soul of the poet.

No poem says nothing.

Each word in a poem alters the meaning, if any, of a poem. The more the words, the greater the risk of deranging the sense, unless you really mean what you mean and not just let words mean what they mean anyway.

Poets are born, not made, says the critic who is weary of reading more than he can take.

Poets are born and made, says the poet who takes the trouble to read.

Poets are neither born nor made, says the mad poet drunk with the sound of words.

A poet who conveys exactly what he wants to say in a poem is a mathematical genius who has cracked the riddle of the poem and is eager to record his findings in an equation which he is convinced is a poem.

A poem is like a person you meet for the first time: the more you get to know him, the less you might think of him – unless you remember while you talk to him (or read the poem again) what others who know him better than you have said of him.

The most successful poems are those which like some (wo)men bend backwards to reveal every nook and crotch as long and as longingly as you want them to.

Poems that taste good to the tongue reek often of bad breath and gums.

A poem out-of-shape spilling out of the page is best read in the dark.

A hot poem makes you sweat with joy.

A poem which tickles your fancy is best read in the pantry.

A poem that cannot stop giggling in bed ought to be pilloried and bled.

A not tragically-inclined poem should be read post coitum when omne animal triste est sive....

Poems never die, only unpublished poets.

Proverbs are poems distilled by the illiterate masses over the ages.

Didactic poetry is the constant attempt to achieve proverbial status.

Even an anthropologically lost or isolated tribe is survived by its sayings, jingles and rhymes.

No great wealth or dominion, no nation, country or civilization can occupy the summits of glory if its heart is empty or even half-empty of poetry.

The human soul is entirely made up of poetry which is when it entirely stops being human.

Every people's greatest pride is their greatest poets, more than founding fathers or conquering victorious generals who spoke poetry to their wards and soldiers.

The gods people invoke to soothe their woes make them wax poetic.

The stuff of dreams is poetry turned to cash: stop dreaming and you end up among the poor mass.

Even a Cyrano de Bergerac nose turns into a Marlowe's which launched a thousand ships through poetising with his love.

The Republic everywhere is in shambles due to a Plato's hardened and un-poetic logic.

Abuse a poet, if you will, with common pedestrian pun, and he will return the kindness with sweet lilting rhyme and fun.

What poets love turn into pairs of lifelong doves.

Skip a meal a day and buy a book of poems every day: Dieu vous le rendra!

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Unquotable quotes: Paris the last week of the August reprieve- XXXV Part Two

Unquotable quotes: Paris, the last week of the August reprieve - XXXV Part Two
II

The first signs reek tell-tale

Buffer-to-buffer parking lots choc-a-bloc

Long insistent hornblowing concertos announce the Yin's arrogant blaze
uppitiness

Electric drillers sink deeper into the unconscious stirring unconscionable
beasts still dormant

Care-may-the-devil youths ride sputtering Broncos rearing their muzzles revving
their lawn-mower engines signaling their presences to their belles

Even lordly crows scare desert languishing lawns pavements quadrangles

Chinese crackers drop on the old and weary out to retrieve their morning
baguettes

Indoors slam the doors drop loads of toilet slam-a-dam-slam

Skateboards grind parquets

Dark stealthy hands whip carpets down terrace butter-cups

Bumpy pubertied girls bounce basket-balls on every stilted cobble stone

Harsh threats hurled by gardiennes on some lone defenceless decrepit ricochet
between grainy gravely walls

The monotonous neurotic beat of the rapper blares out of some open car door

Stately high wooden horse-shoed chairs screech-scrape naked parquets

The children upstairs take turns with parents to tap-tap with iron tongs your
scalp trepanised by stilettos

Lèche-culs gather favourite crowds at your doorstep to wail their concocted
woes

Mothers dragging loads of holiday-gossip on steel-grip chariots scream at
children they enroll for the new-born kinder-garten year

Overhead cargo planes and pompier helicopters tie clouds in whirls of
hurricanes

The Mairie sends forth its armada of grass-cutters branch-lobbers road-washers
to churn the cité in a putrefying maelstrom of carbon-monoxide

Interminable garbage chariots bring lone scavengers looking for the mislaid
meal their gastric growls louder than the grating wheels up and down the
basement climb

Heavy metal garbage vans pound kitchen utensils discarded car parts used-up
batteries spades paint tubs sloppy almeirahs in the still darkened dawn

Upstairs thick-skinned villains drop heavy spilling metal ball-bearings metal
boxes their nasty bottoms on uncarpeted wooden resounding terrain

Bulky chunky women stomp on high-heeled blocks all their way out of the
entrance foyer down stoney stair steps to catch the early Metro

No less than four-hundred sore throats yell into the intercom on their way in

or out

Late night revellers arrive in hitch-hiked cars to continue the yelling over the night-club din at the entrance patio never failing to rap on the first door
Distraught women yell their chagrin into mobile cases out in the midnight moonshine

Tiny tots drag school books paraphernalia through tarmac landing craft rumble
The lèche-cul terrors draw tight round their scents conspirators from far Slavic lands

Who said the Mediterranean didn't flow into the Black Sea
Even the thunder over the lake recedes into the rear of the ear
At the Carrefour cashiers' the queues thicken and stink longer

III

One dark perhaps failed actress, beer-can opened in hand, gives herself a captive audience:

"...I told him I'm forty-eight. He said: 'What? Can't be! (takes a gulp from the half-crushed can) You are thirty, if a day!' He shook his head, looked me over. (She pats and smooths out her streamlined abdomen.)...What's this world come to? Prices keep going up and up! You work all day (takes another gulp), work all year (spittle spurt on the guy in front who dares not move, dares not look back, the fear - mixed with pity or sympathy - of those gone round the bend, the fear of what might stalk any one of us, the fear of being opted out of life, the wonder that is life keeping us all in check)...I told Mrs. Minelli, you know, my neighbour...

You know what she said? (takes another gulp, her protruding lips on an otherwise elegant classic African-mask of a face, pouts)...What's this world come to? Who are we? One doesn't get a fair chance in this life." (her voice alternates between shouting and confabulating)...you give and give and see what you get in return?"

The more she shouts, the more resounding the silence all over the shop-floor. A gathering cloud of grief grips those within ear-shot. Are all withdrawn into their own private shells? People avoid looking at one another. Some sort of guilt descends upon us all - a shroud a winding sheet?

Yet, she's aware of herself; she knows what to do, how to use the self-service cashier machine. She pays and leaves no yells behind her now, her false straggly dull-blond knotted chiffon hair thick with dust, her worn-out décolté dirt-pink blouse slouches over faded bosom, soiled loose dark brown pyjama pants sloppy over hidden canvass shoes.

Was the silence due to just one phrase, punctuated by curses?

"What? You want a PIPE?"

IV - Do turtle doves in love in the last week of August go where halcyons rendez-vous?

Unquotable quotes: Paris the last week of the August reprieve - XXXV Part One

Unquotable quotes: Paris, the last week of the August reprieve - XXXV
Part One I

Even the turtle doves secretly in love in the sticky linden wake
In the still chill of the lambent dawn recalling halcyon days
The broods they raised gone to roost beyond the wooded lake
In wild terrain where the socialist sickle cut no customary hay

Where they told and re-told without halter nor sapping fervour
Their simple untrammelled joys hopping about fluttering insects
Over over-grown wild scrub lawns fooling around a grass-hopper
Now old cockle-warming tales turn rumble-grumble no one forgets

The short aptly-rhymed refrain rolling rough on gravel stone
The close-cooing couples' complaint toss through sleep frantic
The first leaves shed wilt down quilt shafts mementoes of bone
Brittle the worrisome air burnt oxygen neurotic cataclysmic

The Yin steal back in the witching hour of the frenzied night
Lèches-culs lèches-bottes and their official vaunting supporters
To hoist their flag still stewing in their murky muddy might
Roasted chestnut to their undies charred looks of brazen looters

Three months from June to hoist and foist their haunches
Now to stomp deep in the silt of their care-may-the-devil guilt
Rude thick the arteries pump up autoroutes to citadel ranches
To continue to suck the sap from a world other sweat built

The refuge of the kind who never seek to otherwise mind
If turtle doves too may make the most of what they built
Through the North and North-East passage of log-ice grind
Into the region of Southwest complaisance tomorrow may find

II

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(continued on next page: Part Two of XXXV)

Unquotable quotes: Olympic Antics - XXXIII

Unquotable quotes: Olympic Antics - XXXIII

Why do Judo-kas bother to wear anything at all since all they do is to try their very best to undress one another before hugging themselves on the mat? Wrestlers at least take up perverse porn positions right from the start. Besides, Judo-kas always also wait for their opponents to trip themselves up to end up on the latter while they are on their backs.

Gymnasts are still in the invertebrate stage of Evolution.

Archers in the Neanderthal.

A rotating disc is a slipped-disc taking to the air.

A horse well-trained is a horse ingrained with adductor muscles round the neck.

A steeple-chaser without haute visée is a stapled tumbler in the first water.

A long-jumper always leaves his hand-prints in the sands.

The escrime épée bout is the art of electrocuting your own clout.

The rugby sevens is a game meant to be played in the heavens by saints.

The hundred metre dash is the extreme strain of the first fifty metre pain in the neck.

Why do white skins turn dark at the end of a long-distance race?

The four-hundred metre race occurs when you chase your own tail.

The two-hundred metre race ends where your eyes cut round half the space-time curve.

The boxing match is the art of avoiding being hit by closing eyes behind blindly-flailing gloves.

A hit head is a swirling crown of sweat.

The rapid-fire pistol contest requires first and foremost the staring down of the targets.

The hop, step and jump is in fact a hop and step on your rump.

The marathon is run just for the joy of completing the ultimate round of 400 metres in the stadium.

The hammer-throw that rained nails down in throes.

Th shot putt is a hollow putt.

The javelin spun round in the air makes a permanent green-house hole in the stratosphere.

The Marathon Man talked in his sleep while he ran.

What vaults up a Pole comes down sans soul.

The kerlin in a velodrome can land you in an aerodrome.

The women's high jump can get you high up even before they jump.

The mile takes only as long to catch your breath after the kilometre.

The ten-thousand follows the five-thousand in the same steps all over again.

The art of synchronised swimming is the art of making your rear speak up.

Even walkers can walk on or under water without fins.

All medium-distance runners hunch their backs after the run.

To run a relay without a baton, you need to be Stateless.
The flag-raising ceremony is the most un-sportif event in the Olympiad.
If the hundred metres could continue straight on to another hundred even the Bolt of lightning in the intervening period will peter out.
Those who run or cycle behind or after others deserve to lose.
There's only one victor in every race or event - the commentator!

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Unquotable quotes: Janitor, Gardienne, Portero, Sereno, Hausgast -XXXII Part Two

Unquotable quotes: The Janitor, Gardienne, Landlady, Housekeeper, Portero, Sereno and the Hausgast -XXXii Part Two

The duties of the Housekeeper in the U.K. par rapport au Portero in Spain or the Gardienne in France is that the former is a sort of "official" who supervises the activities of others who carry out the menial jobs in bigger establishments like hostels, etc. , while in smaller houses of two or three storeys, she lives in and also does the cleaning and services the rooms let out by the Landlady. In hostels, the overall authority is the Warden who administered the place much as the Regisseur in France who had charge of a collection of buildings under one or more owners. These days, the Syndic, whose agency might be located quite far away, performs similar tasks akin to the latter's.

In Spain, the menial tasks fall to the spouse while the Portero, himself, occupies a niche in the entrance to buildings where - in the old days - he may play the telephone operator and check on anyone entering the building under his charge. In the not too distant past, the Sereno who was entrusted with the keys to all the gates to buildings in each street - from dusk to dawn - somewhat replaced the Portero. To gain entry into your building after dark, you had merely to clap your hands, and the Sereno would appear out of the dark doorways to let you in, and it was customary to tip them for they obviously belonged in the lower income brackets.

With the advent of improvements in telecommunications, the Gardienne, too, need no more place under surveillance the entrances, for the intercom facilities have rendered this task superfluous.

In post-war Germany, the euphemism "Hausgast" (family guest) served to mask either a paying lodger or a lover. Of course, the lodger left the cleaning and servicing chores to the landlady.

The important thing to remember is that all these "professions" must have come about either from the need to house people displaced by social mobility - from rural to urban areas - or from out of the need to supplement the earnings of land-and-property owners, or contrariwise for both reasons.

And it wouldn't be far-fetched to conjecture that such a situation soon required the services of a sort of "moral police" to keep a check on free movement in and out of houses and buildings.

And morals like thighs ceded to pressure when palms were soothed with tight wads of notes!

Yet, in recent times, with the growth of monolithic states, the authorities concerned could count on these building-and house-keepers as the primal source of information on the comings and goings of the inhabitants, and hence this lot is a protected and cherished "race" to be feared by all. A Malay proverb could best sum up this predicament: "Pagar makan padi." (Literally: The fence eats the paddy.) Or rather, trust not the protector!

El Manco de Lepanto keeps Sereno Vigil over Espana

Echoes hurry clapping in the Plaza de Espana
Wake-stirs insomniac Quijote on flankless Rocinante
His spear at the ready to serve his sweet Dulcinea
Serenos slump stiff in doorways of lands Levante

Slung tight over dark green clad Carabineros
Silent the semi-automatics steel soft the duo tread
Who goes there? Hark the Cornudo! Voice the Madrilenos
In the bedded down velvet streets Senoritas bled

Jingling keys turn in iron-cast chastity-locked belts
Distressed Sancho gawks at windmills in la Mancha
Who hears now El Manco of Lepanto's cry melts
The snows of Guadalajara in copas de horchata

Brothel brawls at Valladolid blamed him for brouhaha
Was Cervantes the Sereno of today's lax morals Espana

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Unquotable quotes: Janitor, Gardienne, Portero, Sereno, Hausgast -XXXI Part One

Unquotable quotes: The Janitor, Gardienne, Landlady, Housekeeper, Portero, the Sereno and the Hausgast - XXXI Part One

Be they so named or not in these here parts, visions of shrieking furies with Gorgon heads and frightful temple-guardian Dvarapalas and Gothic Frankensteins with blood-dripping fangs and gnarled claws loom into view at the very thought of these gentle folk.

This class of saintly women cannot but live off the mass of urban populations under the pretext of serving the latter as their hand-and-foot maidens. Gare à vous!

The C.S. (Conseil syndical), the all-powerful co-proprietors council which decides what is to be done with the monies they require residents to pay for the so-called upkeep of the place under their control. The CS - mainly composed of women: housewives, spinsters, widows and old maids, with one or two crusty men thrown in for good measure - is supposed to be elected by the entire number of co-proprietors at the annual general assembly, but, in actual fact, the inscrutable ways of democracy being such the ring leaders canvass and obtain by proxy the majority of votes to do whatever it pleases them.

The Syndic administers the accounts of the co-property: collection of provisions, payment for services rendered by plumbers, electricians, lift and intercom maintenance technicians, insecticide sprayers, including the payment of the whopping salary to the gardienne (and her otherwise employed husband), and of course the famous organization of the General Assembly when decisions taken by the CS are put to the vote for the succeeding year's expenditures. The president of the CS also maintains a common account from which (s)he pays for certain emergency services, the sums of which (s)he recovers from the Syndic, however.

Now, the rub is this: the Syndic receives payment for his services; the gardienne is paid a regular salary, but the CS, nothing. Their services are considered to be offered in an altruistic spirit for the betterment of the co-proprietors, but is this the case? That's for you to decide. It is however a convention among all the residents that they may help themselves as and when they please to whatever appears appropriate in the circumstances and here much developed forms of imaginative speculation is required to guess at what they can do to pay themselves for what may be considered "work" whether foul or not.

The gardienne has the quintessential role in this set-up. She knows the ropes, for her kind on a national level have managed all exigencies and are worldly-

wise about how to keep the money flowing. She informs and directs the hand of the president of the CS who then allows her a sizeable cut of the purse. For this purpose, a whole array of service providers who are willing to cooperate are called upon to serve them. And the coproprietors don't much bother about who benefits from what, so long as the job gets done, and they are not put out - much too much - of their pockets. Their least of all concerns is the legality of the situation. In this thieves paradise, the insurance companies' employees too willingly play the game by shutting a conniving eye to misdeeds.

Little wonder then that in Napoleonic territory, the chief players in this particular form of laissez-faire hail inevitably from the Mediterranean countries. Only such a state of affairs could have provoked the greatest wit in these parts to comment: "...wherever you go in France, you will find that the(ir) three chief occupations are making love, backbiting, and talking nonsense." Cf Candide by Voltaire.)

The Terror at the Door

There she blows the tough lump twitching rude bums
Riding on the mop stick between wily witchy thighs
Nasty tongue lolling with itchy gossipy gums
Messy breasts soured by curdled milk's retchy sighs

Mean glutton button eyes on the lookout for victims
Those without rich connections the lone occupants
On whom she unleashes her venom her whims
The hushed neighbourhood numbed by wails by rants

Each morning the terror strikes at some bolted door
Some migrant woman in arrears rent husband on dole
Accusing the wretch of littering some space out of door
Summoning to witness the mighty indigene soul

Each night she'll scorch indecent threats on paper:
"He who laid that lame cabinet down by the basement
I know by name - Before the day grows duller
I'll have him arraigned by holy writ's firmament!"

So she'll whine and she'll grind her victims to pulp
Till she's got them all on the run tout azimuth
While she fawns kiss-asses the rich who cuddle pup
At the buildings entrance where she sets up court

There to villify denigrate and condemn
Those who dared point a finger at what she got

To justify phantom expense free flat unearned gem
The terror at the door the lèche-cul lèche-bottes

This migrant terror who would not finish school
Sports a sinecure even Ph. Ds cannot earn
Add to that kickbacks from fake contracts drool
And payments from useless chores money to burn

Do Lords of the Manor tolerate terror at their door
Turn masochist key in keyhole of prison
What system of human rights permits such horror
A land that's seedbed to such criminal poison

Everyone's out to break the coded law at will
Who's there to watch over other individuals' rights
Can the system of Justice prevent wanton kill
When the vast majority abhor others' written rights

When rulers and electors are left to their devices
All turn a deaf ear to open faults and crimes
The people show brazen courage in upholding vices
So long as those who suffer do not decry the times

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Unquotable quotes: Beggars - XXX

Unquotable quotes: Beggars - XXX

Who said beggars cannot be choosers?

Who chooses for them the place, the moment or the people they choose to beg from; the hours of the begging day; the alms they refuse; the advice they brush aside; the language they use - or the looks they reserve - once your back is turned (depending on the weight of the coin or the shape and size of the note) you place in their hands ?

There are beggars and beggars: beggars who beg to survive; beggars who beg for others: their children, their old and decrepit; and beggars employed by syndicates and cartels; professional bodies, the police, the fire-brigade, non-profit associations and poorly-subsidized hospitals, charitable organizations who stoke the "waste-industry" with their mountains of publicity and return part of your contributions as bribes in the shape of quasi-useless objects; churches and religious orders, the Salvation Army, governments - crooks, criminals and thugs piously wrapped and quoting the sacred teachings; campaigning politicians, political parties who promise the world until they seize power and exact payment from the suckers who elected them by enacting laws to make citizens pay for their mismanagement of funds (though they do ensure the continuity of law and order and economic development through the existing apparatuses and institutions they inherit); secret societies through repeated threats of execution by making offers one cannot refuse, and so on and so forth.

Who said beggars cannot be choosers has not tried the easy and flourishing art of getting rich quickly sans sweat.

The lay of Parisian beggars in August

Where have all the beggars gone
on this cool bright summer's day
To tan their skins they have gone
on glittering swanky Riviera bay

O! Why do they desert Paris gai
Alone miserly muttering nay

Oh! When will they be back, pray!
for their daily euro handout frais
Down by the Mall's five-foot way?

They'll be back, they'll be back, you say
Once they've jiggled jingling bags away
in their glad rags gay

O! Will they be back, will they be back, say
before winter's frost is here to stay?
Fear not, fear not, O! gentle soul, Sire
They'll screech their woes the blue jay
Tweets tweets rude tales from yesteryear
From yon winter passage lands gay

O! Will the Croatian come cavorting, say
on crutches of seeming porcelain clay?
And on Prefecture fence let limbs splay

And will the Haitian light butts, they say
cocaine piths within lips dark grey?
Yes, Mon Sieur, yes, he's gone Breton way
to hear lone father in farmhouse bray

O Why do they desert Paris gai
Alone miserly muttering nay

Across the road along Mall gates' marches
lie devastated old women all day
Their conniving Kosovan looks reflect touches
Saracen swords cleaving mothers at play

O! Where's she gone, gone, my Gypsy lassie ray
traipsing down the Palais by walkers jay?
Whose pipe-dreams she pops open today
down dark alleys for frayed euros pay

O Why do they desert Paris gai
Alone miserly muttering nay

Roumania! Mania! Screeches naughty blue-jay
Will she be back to flaunt her chops anyway
Decked in fineries while lords on horses neigh?

Or that wayward child's drained cheeks may
Now sprout vibrant goatee strands grey

O Why do they desert Paris gai
Alone miserly muttering nay

Unquotable quotes: Fat People - XXIX

Unquotable quotes: Fat People - XXIX

(I know this piece sounds mean and cruel but as every single parent must have experienced, this is also the expression of utter exasperation, and perhaps there's also the slightest hint of an iota of necessary truth in it after all. No offence meant to those who may feel hurt. If you can laugh at yourself, you are well on the way to a cure, even if what you read is of very bad taste.)

The gravest danger facing mankind is NOT the Rio Olympics, NOT the greenhouse effect, NOT the nuclear arms race, NOT the organized immigrant or refugee terror attacks, NOT asteroids and meteorites slamming down on us, NOR the War of terrestrial gods coming to a head after three thousand years, but - you guessed it - HUMAN FAT, in other words, GLUTTONY!

Be it deemed of utmost importance that LAWS be so enacted by common consent among nations, and approved by the United Nations' General Assembly, that whenever and wherever countries are stricken by widespread famine due to - or not - over-eating by over-sized people that these latter ought and should be slaughtered to feed the starving masses.

And should this extraordinary measure not suffice to relieve the emergency, then other nations being likewise depleted by the self-same variety of culprits in their midst should come to the aid of the afore-mentioned stricken country by dispatching plane and ship-loads of their own excess fat at the first drop of the hat. (Here, my own donation to the cause: a fifty-odd excess-weight progeny who can eat anyone out of house and home.)

Be it hereby known that it would be cheaper and easier for any nation to balance its payments if the State in question passes laws to put behind bars all who are oversized on the assumption, for once in there, they can be put on a starvation diet and forced to work to pay off their keep and chow, and this for the betterment of the human race at large.

There's no crime more bloody or unseemly than the very act of becoming fat: watch the glutton eat and you'll want to commit a capital crime.

The glutton will willingly forego sex to stuff himself in bed.

Chew, chew, chew your food, gently chew your meat; merrily, merrily keep adding to your rude seat!

Oh! How easy it is to say the fat man or woman is the victim of depression! True, do them a favour and save them from themselves - by force!

What the future portends for them:

Imagine a future Olympics with fat athletes, even if it will attract more spectators for obvious reasons: the marathon might take four years to complete, if at all.

The Tour de France will have to be scrapped for no velo/bicycle will withstand the crush of the first downhill carambolage.

Restaurants in the near future will carry sign-boards saying: "Dogs and Fat People Please Take to Your Heels!"

All cars, buses, trains and planes will be equipped with single seats - half the size of those manufactured now.

The entrances to public lavatories will be reduced to half their present size for the specific purpose of preventing fat people from entering these facilities.

Fines for defecating in public places will be tripled or quadrupled.

The manufacture of clothing beyond the small-medium or X-size will be definitely banned.

Fat people who normally take up 90% of the walking space on pavements and sidewalks will be prohibited from wearing shoes and slippers.

Prostitutes will make fat people pay a whopping supplement equal to more than three or four times the usual fee.

The sale of chocolates and potato chips to fat people will be limited to one bar and one sachet once in a blue moon.

Travel agencies will be instructed to put fat people in the front of the plane's seating arrangements to facilitate the de-capitation of the air-craft during the landing process.

No over-sized person will be allowed to present himself or herself for elective office at any level of government.

Beaches, spars and swimming pools will be out-of-bounds to over-sized people.

The fire-brigade and the emergency health services will be authorised to refuse first-aid to over-sized people struck down by a stroke or heart failure.

No over-sized person found in bed with or without another occupant in a nonplussed state will be given a burial according to his religious rites: he or they will be summarily immolated in that very bed without further ado.

Furthermore, at the rate populations all over the world grow increasingly fat, sooner rather than later even the porn industry will go fart: one would need to fart vigorously to locate the apertures in concealed flabs and folds of pits!

And, finally, to balance the weighing-machine, all manufacturers who grow fat on the weight-accumulating produce, such as, sweets, cakes, greasy meat, potato chips and the like that they churn out indifferently should be made to gorge themselves with their own merde!

Which paradise is not the elusive chimere

Which paradise is not the elusive chimère?

...how long does it take to live one life...learn the lessons of a lifetime...find the time to live...find the time to sort things out...know what you did was wrong...know in whom lay the blame...what court hears your plea over your unwanted unwilled birth...who is there to tell you here is where you went wrong in the choices you made...take you by the hand and tell you this is not your making...this is all a dream...a dream that'll never come true... what... is the maker a masochist...to what enduring purpose have you been asked to join the rest... would you want sex if you knew who you would put into this world... is there a crime more despicable than the life you engender into a world you cannot foresee... can you live as long as your progeny to protect them from the torture your genes prepare them for... can you provide for the unforeseen... for the dark that awaits you...your own faults visited on some one else you could never have conceived in thought...since the yonder is dark unknowable for all you know empty why continue... what ultimate purpose aeons from now affects you... is there a purpose to purpose...we search and search and see far enough only to be told we are getting closer and closer to the truth... nearer and nearer to the eternal truth... the one single formula to explain it all... the unified theory of theories... only to be told in between lie the dark matter the black holes three times the known dimensions of worlds hidden within unfathomable worlds of universes buried beyond sight beyond thought... all exploding colliding intermingling intersecting in the unreachable distance that may have been but never probably was...that the infinitely tiniest world releases the infinitely bigbangish universe... who is to believe we're going anywhere... who is to believe we are going some place...can you conceive of anything of anybody of anybeing of any self-making engine who/which can create an ounce of space let alone the mighty exploding skies hidden within the atoms... can you conceive of a plan so complex so minute so self-propagating so complete so thorough from time immemorial to time eternal from the ends of the endless space which could have inhabited some mighty self-sufficient all-mightiness...and yet it is true... it must be true...how else can you explain this eternal laila this eternal ephemeral-ness this eternal dance...nadaraja stomping twisting flailing his six arms in all six pairs of eye-directions...siva the destroyer...siva the adept dancer...siva the twelve to twenty-nine strings dancing vibrating in dimensions unseen to the eye... IT is there to be seen and be wondered at to be felt and to be suffered to be thought of and to keep thinking about to be befuddled about and to be flabbergasted by... to know that IT exists... touch yourself and you touch the IT... think you're touching and you're the IT thinking... but spread your fingers and cry abracadabra... no matter materialises no ready-made canvass no finished book no symphony drivels drops drips from your fingers... is this a mystery... is this a joke... if i'm part of the IT why is there no nothing at my command... are we then part of the IT... can we be part of the IT... or is the IT split into smithereens... no more the IT... no more the

creating preserving destroying omnipotent IT the dancing Nadarajah the
thundering Rudra the wailing Vayu the slaughtering Kali the admonishing Krishna
the cool beneficent Vishnu...is the IT then in need of its sundered parts...must we
all come to gather come together to save the IT and put IT back into place... put
IT back in ITS self-conceiving womb never again to see the light of the Brahma
Day...is the IT in need of all the consciousnesses IT split into to constitute
ITS once inconceivable consciousness...is this the Christian redemption... is this
the Arabian heaven watered by streams of milk by date-palms... oases... to the
sound of the singing of seventy-two virgins...nay...succulent dates... 'a book of
verse/a jug of wine/and thou singing beside me in the wilderness/and the
wilderness is paradise enow//'' ...is this the Buddhist nirvana... is this the
Taoist-Stoic submission to the ways of Nature...if not what purpose is there to a
finalising finite world... what purpose is there to extending a quest for
betterment when the Aztec sun drunk with human blood never rises again...when
suns quasars galaxies universes are all doomed to be exploded out of their
orbits... what purpose to so much human suffering and animal and insect and plant
degradation...but gaseous-mineral stoicness...

Abstracted from T. Wignesan. Ice in my Eyes...Paris, 2004-06, pp. 308-310.

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The reading of Villon poems at West Berlin's Free University during the 1957-58 Winter Semester

The reading of Villon poems at West Berlin's Free University, Winter Semester 1957-58

for Fleur Adcock (b. February 10, 1934)

The hall was packed full, and the audience seemed particularly restless. No announcement was made from the stage, and the programme spelt out Villon's rather sleazy background: a string of poems to be read, together with some excerpts. That was all. (We) were to listen to the work of a great fifteenth century French murderer and thief turned into one of the finest lyric poets. He was banished from Paris where he was a student reading for his Master's degree at the Sorbonne, for having killed a priest in a street brawl. He then roved all over France. On being pardoned, he returned to Paris, only to be sentenced to death after being found near where a serious offence had been committed. The theft of five hundred "crowns" earned him also a prison sentence. He was then banished from Paris again and was never heard of thereafter. He is however admired for his frankness about himself and his times, and for his ballades and rondeaux. Scheduled to start at six-thirty, the rather youngish audience began to fidget and chat out loud. Students rose from their seats and hailed others in other rows. Some turned around and leant over their seats to chat with some others. A good many were making their way up and down the aisles. The stage remained cloaked in darkness.

Then, without any warning, a voice from the audience rose above all the cacophony. A young man in a long white overhanging shirt and brown tight drain-pipe hose(s), his long straggly hair tied roughly over his nape, a leather pouch hanging from a stick over his shoulder, rose from his seat, or perhaps from the steps in the aisle, quoting a Villon ballade and made his way to the front. Lights dimmed. Piped background instrumental music was turned on. Everyone was caught in mid-conversation. Every eye followed the speaker. He virtually sang Villon's lyrics. A great hush descended on the hall like when a Tube/Metro comes to a sudden halt in-between stations.

.....

Everyone there was quite obviously struck by the dramatic opening scene. The man playing Villon then moved up stage, continued his recitation, then went up the opposite aisle, right to the back of the hall as the entire audience - apiece - turned their heads to follow his movements. He never let up. He recited from the little and the great Testaments. And the background accompaniment of organ and some stringed classical instrument rose and fell with his voice, in unison. Some parts of his recitation were followed by German translations in another voice.

Even if those present could hardly follow every word or line, they appeared to register the soul-stirring performance, something to stoke their minds with and let their spirits wander away in a rigidly measured rhythmic world of iambs and anapaests in tetrameters. The sound of florid persuasive language soon relaxed and alternatively electrified their bodies, the fluctuating vowels spinning torrid scenes of squalor and prayer as they let themselves be permeated by torrents of words without immediate meaning, a virtual frontal assault on their sensibilities and consciousness.

.....

*...me a murderer murdered in my tongue in my steps in my roving beyond words
lost in the bylanes of history my death unknown my life interred in the bones
of a jean genet from hotel bed to prison bed my story rolled in toilet rolls i
go unrecognised in my garb of a trouvère my bag of musical words blowing in the
gusts of backtracked time through drinking hovels among hail-fellow-mets my
stolen crowns all five hundred of them clinking through the veins of my
rondeaux lines straining into ballades my eye on the envoi my mental feet
tapping to the tetrameter en cette foi je veuil vivre et mourir tell your son o
maria up high in heaven de lui soient mes péchés absolus the almighty son
taking on our weakness laissa les cieux et nous vint secourir and gave to death
his very dear youthfulness en cette foi je veuil vivre et mourir et Jeanne la
bonne lorraine que les anglais brûlèrent à rouen où sont-elles où vierge
souveraine mais où sont les neiges d'antan mais où est le preux Charlemagne
prince vous ne sauriez chercher de toute la semaine ni de toute cette année or
all your life where they are sans qu'à ce refrain je vous ramène but where are
they gone the snows of yesteryear where true may he have gone the valiant
charlemagne now alas my song is done ici se clôt le testament et finit du
pauvre villon come ye all to his burial when you hear the carillon dressed red
like vermillion car en amour mourut martyr ce jura-t-il sur son couillon quand
de ce monde vout partir and do you know what he did when it was time at last to
go un trait but de vin morillon this villon this villainous villon this
villinous villain but where are they gone the snows of yesteryear*

Abstracted from T. Wignesan. Ice in my Eyes Smoke in yours. (A Novel).

Allahabad: Cyberwit.net, 2016, pp. 317-320.

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Unquotable quotes: Outsiders and Odd Men - XXVIII

Unquotable quotes: Outsiders and Odd Men – XXVIII

for Colin Wilson (1931-1913)

regrets for the “provoked” faux pas

To each his own: to Colin Wilson his alienated creators, doers and thinkers – Lawrence of Arabia, Nijinsky, Van Gogh (to name but a sample), but what about those who sweated their lives out within soft screen to hard covers: James Mason’s “Johnny McQueen” in Carol Reed’s version of Green’s Odd Man Out; Steinbeck’s mute mice and merciless military men in Viva Zapata; King Wen of Chou trapped within the hexagram Ming Yi for six years in the tyrant’s dungeons made ultimate sense of stray lines on tortoise shells or El Mancho of Lepanto languishing for years in Algerian stone quarries for want of 30 thousand ducats hatched his quixotic plot to appease those who let their whims overwhelm them; like a Ho who would not let a defeated people go down on their knees to superior fire power; like a Gandhiji who elevated and enshrined hundreds of millions of Dalit sous-hommes in articles of human rights in the sub-continent’s Constitution; like the Midnight Oil’s wail to keep sleeping on while their beds burn Down Under: ‘A fact’s a fact/It belongs to them/Let’s give it back’; like Kurosawa’s Seven Samurai come to the rescue of guileless peasants at the mercy of brigands and the waywardness of seasons; like a Mandela who steered his beaten down and trampled apartheid victims into the clear ground of fairplay in the aftermath of Botha detention; like a Lenin unwilling to let the Tsarist insouciance feed on the under-fed and over-worked proletariat corpse: like Mao who took his diehard followers on the Long March to re-possess his ravaged country equally from traitors and infiltrators and scheming conqueror hoards; like the general who turned the tables on his colonial masters to found the nucleus of the Republic now in Washington; like a Lincoln who forestalled Jefferson’s segregationist and cleansing plans of repatriation to bind the Union in mixed blood; like the ever-faithful Castro ready to sacrifice in bon-fires his women and children to face the Roman conqueror onslaught...

All all “outsiders” who harbour the spirit of the “odd man out” in their psyches and willing at all cost to pay the ultimate price for wanting in their dreams to change this incorrigible world in the grasp of bigoted profiteers....

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Limericks crocheted: What if what he warns's true sin

Limericks crochetés: What if what he warns's true sin?

Is he the wrong man said the right thing
Though it'll be wrong to agree with him
Who know darn well we mean
Such the omen of Djinn
Now it's just as likely he might win

Thumbs up or thumbs down winds favour him
He can go on saying the same thing
The more he thumps same thing
More the votes he'll reap in
Better be wise let him badly win

See how and what he does once he's in
Till he undoes self in the West Wing
There's no way he can grin
And keep himself within
Right or wrong he must face music's din

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Unquotable quotes: Fashion modeling with an eye on footballers - XXVII

Unquotable quotes: Fashion modeling with an eye on footballers - XXVII

Isn't "haute couture" like "cordon bleu cuisine"? Both equally edible? You still have to pull the shrimp scales apart to get at the meat.

What do models model more than their own bodies? And are their bodies any the more worth modeling than the cuts and slashes of draperies they model?

Isn't the art of modeling the art of walking on stilts and keeping from tripping on your shreds?

The mincing gait or the panther stride, the blazé look, the exposed adductor thigh muscles, the tight twitching taught tantrums, the nonchalant swagger and the prayer in the tréfonds du coeur to stay the stumble - what more can the model wish for?

The model is the only member of the human species forced to walk from side to side, the art of walking by crossing one leg over the other being an optical illusion, an art footballers all dream of acquiring in order to avoid the yellow or even red card.

What makes the final turn on the modeling stage a gasping breath escape - exposing the twitching cherished view from the rear - the return to oblivion?

Will the fashion industry die the day models take to the Mohicun-multi-dyed cuts footballers now sport? Contrariwise would footballers take to modeling hair-cuts now in vogue on Euro pitches and turfs?

Touch a model and you touch bone, and you'll be lucky if you don't get a well-heeled stiletto in your face; touch a footballer and he'll crumble and tumble and go sprawling and writhing on his face until he gets a free penalty kick. Put a ball between the legs of a model and it'll stay stuck in there all the time she goes gallivanting down the turf; put a ball at the tip of a footballer's toes at a penalty shoot-out - and leave the goal empty - and he'll still aim high enough to place the ball at the bawling gawking crowds behind.

Where do the pick of the Tout Paris want to be seen to be thought chic/chique? Gawking up by the modeling walkplanks, of course.

Where do you think opera singers go to clear their throats and yell their heads off?

Yesteryears' discarded fashions – whom do they adorn?

Do kept “wives” and “darling boys” walk the streets to accompanied piped lilting music and canned stage lighting?

How many the unemployed if the fashion industry just closed shop to let each and everyone design his own wear without conforming to the tastes of a dictating few – however brilliant – or to custom-imposed straight-jackets?

When billionaire “daddies” cloth their damsels and dames in haute couture, whom do they show off?

There's talk now and then, here and there – certainly from vicious sources – about fashion designers collecting and distributing models like trainers their footballers – the only difference, one imagines, is that no models are forced to warm the reserve benches with their butts.

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Unquotable quotes: Journalists - Dedication to Andre Fontaine - XXVI

Unquotable quotes: Tale-Carriers, Gossip-Mongers, Courier-Pigeon Caretakers, Smoke-Signal Puffers and Tom-Tom Thumpers - XXVI

Could there be such things as political shenanigans or inter-continental warfares, even catastrophes, natural disasters, tsunamis, irruptions, conflagrations, inundations, landslides, typhoons, tornadoes, hurricanes, plagues, pestilence, famines, accidents, police brutality, paedophilia, fratricide, patricide, racism, anti-semitism, corruption, assassinations, bankruptcy, elections, stock-exchange slumps and ruptures, parades and protests, street demonstrations, hooliganism, gangsterism, sexual scandals, incest, money-laundering, illegal migrations, airplane crashes, train derailments, highway pile-ups, weather forecasts, UFOs, even "Trumps" without journalists pouncing to remind us of them all the time? Has anyone wondered how our forefathers managed to live without them?

If you want to know what happened yesterday - too late - when you were asleep, then read the newspapers.

If you want to know what happened a week or a month ago when the floods had already washed your cherished possessions down gaping ravines, then read the weeklies and monthlies.

If you want to know what is going to happen the very next minute - or even moment - then watch TV breaking news - only be prepared for the long haul - baby bottle warmers and napkins at the ready.

As you all already know, the only use left for the radio is to keep truck-drivers from dozing off on the thighs of hitch-hikers up on high winding mountain trails.

If you look carefully at a TV interview with politicians, you are bound to see a safety zoo rocky pit and railings between the interviewer and the interviewees: your guess as to who play the fauves or predatory immunised overlords.

Have you ever wondered why even the most powerful politicians in a TV interview never fail to use the catch-phrase: "A very good question!" - either as a shield for their embarrassment in not wanting to reveal the truth or as a ploy or ruse to appease the blood-thirsty interviewer. The Pulitzer awaits the interviewee who can devise another catch-phrase like: "Great question!, I'd never have in a million years even.! And Lo! a golden sunlight beam lassoes the Sultan's turret in a noose of fright!'"

Every one-man/one-woman show is an excuse for the host to voice his or her own

opinions on any or all subjects: the guest-invitees serving as mere sounding boards.

Why is it that TV literary programmes always shy away from having to examine the contents of books in lieu of the authors, critics and publishers' personal and inter-personal relations?

The football commentator spends 90% of his time telling the tele-spectator just what transpired two minutes previously, and the rest of the time reminding us of the idiocy of the coaches on the losing side for keeping the real stars stuck to their reserve benches.

If only there was a button on the TV remote control to shut out the commentators' grumpy voices at the annual Euro-Vision Song Contests!

Even the studio-commentator's voice hushes when the golf-ball is about to be hit!

The difference between a news anchor-man and an anchor-woman is that the latter makes the former envious.

Do failed writers take to journalism? Or do writers who want to get published take to journalism?

The press conference is the most frequent opportunity journalists have to embarrass and expose politicians.

The wise politician appoints a Press Secretary to avoid the debacle - for it is he and he alone who can put an end to the conference.

There's a Franco-German workday news review run by a winsome bubbly, quick-thinking lady - given now and then to lewd jokes - called "28 Minutes" on ARTE (the liveliest and most intellectually stimulating "University" in the World) which brings together intellectuals and savant commentators who vie with one another to out-talk themselves all at the very same moment, and if you put together all the words uttered in one line, it would wind its way through our Milky Way and re-appear as fulminating and salivating volcanic cheese. If anyone still wonders who inherited Imelda Marcos's wardrobe, you don't have to look hard or long at the show every evening!

Every so often, guest cartoonists (male, saucy females) appear on the scene, and even before the cartoons are flashed - subliminally - on the screen, the debators would have laughed their heads off, making it all seem (except to the French, one hopes) the very private jargon joke of the journalists' trade cracked in a French café.

If only journalists could be nurtured on Alistair Cooke's "Letter from America" (1947-2004), the (Manchester) Guardian correspondent in New York, the world

would appear less harrassed and be put through less turmoil, and be amused by his detached but curious eye, while being titillated by his avuncular tone.

Just think Orson Welles' "Citizen Kane" and his radio series on the Martian invasion of New York - after all - goaded him to lament: "I spend 98% of my time looking for the funds to make my pictures..." (or words to the effect).

Had André Fontaine, Chief Editor of Le Monde, accepted the offer of the top diplomatic post in Peking during the seventies, would the paper sway Presidents and PleniPotentiaries today?

Report an isolated act of injustice, and the people will want the culprit lynched; report the repeated acts of injustice of a given State, and a whole lot of States within the Bloc will rush to succour the beleagured ally. Stop reporting these acts of injustice, and they will diminish on their own - for the perpetrators love the limelight. The more one sees and listens to leaders on the tele, the more they become entrenched in their "self-martyred" positions.

Thanks to journalists, the World lies at the tip of our fingers: we can eat and watch, we can eat and computer-read; and we can eat and listen to the tell-tale tom-toms. Or NOT at all !

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Unquotable quotes: Witch-Doctors and Tribal Headmen - XXV Part Two

Unquotable quotes: Witch-Doctors and Tribal Headmen – XXV (Part Two)

Which Asian “King” would crown himself “Emperor” during an elaborate theatrical ceremony while facing and exhorting the ruins of his Illustrious Ancestor’s capital?

Which commoner army captain would seize power through skill and grit to crown himself “Emperor” with his own hands and appoint his siblings kings, queens, princes and princesses of his conquered territories?

Which dear old Royal Dame Head of State reads the Racing Post from cover to cover every day?

Which pauper prince might not have received even a secondary school education had it not been for marginal largesse loot only to open the royal gates to thugs, rogues, swindlers and pimps of the moneyed kind?

Which royal playboy groomed by a dictator would go off on an elephant hunt funded by the State coffers when his people chalk up 30% unemployment figures? Which Far-Eastern village chieftains issuing from a self-appointed Hindu “king” appoint themselves sultans with rights to elect kings from their ranks claim in the process descent from Alexander the Great?

Which class of hereditary princes by caste set themselves the task of deflowering the greatest number of virgins presumably to convince themselves of their virility while their subjects battled their conquerors to free themselves?

Which heir-apparent to an illustrious throne surrender his “god-given” rights for a commoner divorcee only to abandon her to her “chauffeurs” while he cubbed little “choir” boys in one wing of the hereditary castle?

Which future king would abandon his virtuous “princess” spouse for a divorcee only to hoodwink her for Russian prostitutes in another capital?

Which Pacific son of the Rising Sun would make a pact with hereditary warriors in uniform to rape the down-trodden masses of the Asian Continent?

How many the centuries scientific truths lay chained and condemned in deep dungeon irons by Witch-Doctors who feared the debunking of their “holy” texts?

How many the orphaned hostel boys sworn to dumbness through soul-splitting shame and psychic drubbing stuffed by bible-quoting Witch-Doctors?

How many the virgins and dejected spouses gone to confide and beg for solace stuffed by Witch-Doctors chanting mass and morning prayers?

How many the orphaned virgins sacrificed to temples as dancers for a fee at the mercy of Witch-Doctors’ whims?

How many the billions forced to abandon common sense and reason for fear of the fire and brimstone promised by Witch-Doctors if they did not swallow the dictates of their “holy” texts and hasten to slaughter, sack, soil, slay,

sully, suppress, shame, slander, sicken, shun, swindle, slap, swat, slog, sling, spit, split, scuttle, soften, straighten, sink, stink and sell their souls to keep them (Witch-Doctors) in place?

How many the Witch-Doctors who would anoint themselves as Messiah-Kings in the centuries to come?

How many the Witch-Doctors still to escape from the World in order to find refuge in the Cuckoo's Nest?

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Unquotable quotes: Witch-Doctors and Tribal Headmen - XXIV

Part One

Unquotable quotes: Witch-Doctors and Tribal Headmen* - XXIV-Part One

The Uhr-Father of the embodiment of spiritual power since the Middle Ages must certainly have been the Witch-Doctor of primitive societies who shared power with the Headman of the Tribe (to which each of us separately belongs). The roles Witch-Doctors and Tribal Headmen assume and enact out in every society has never changed, though in some cases both roles have coalesced into one and the same person.

Quite conceivably, the Headmen are those who manage to seize power over the rest of the clan through intrigue or by brute force. In some cases, they might quite conceivably have been born leaders who came to the rescue of their fellow-men through sheer courage in times of hardship by displaying a sense of justice in the face of corruption and terror, though their hereditary successors fall in line with the Witch-Doctors.

On the other hand, the Witch-Doctors - the close associates of the Headmen, one needing the other - might resort to power through the agency of "magic formulae" and the use of spells, mantras and dubious ceremonies claiming ownership of the "unseen/unseeable" dark forces which could either be interpreted as "spiritual" or "daemonic" and with which they threaten the unwary laymen - and likewise the Headmen - with retribution and damnation here-in-after if the others didn't submit themselves to their own will and demands. The primordial role of Witch-Doctors is the consecration and anointing of Tribal Headmen who thus become invested with Divine Rights permitting the setting up of Royal Houses with hereditary lineages through heavenly transfusion of "blue" blood.

Likewise the "anointers" get to arrogating this right from the Almighty Himself or, at least, this is what they would like the common folk to think.

The most lethal weapon ever conceived by the human mind is "the fine art of indoctrination": Burrough's Algebra of Need - catch them early, catch them dazed and hungry, is the motto.

Power operates by stealth: through intrigue and secrecy.

He who wields power has access - without your knowledge or consent - to your soul and to your purse as well.

The Witch-Doctor and the Tribal Headman are by nature Slave-Traders.

The idea is to device a bait, something to drive terror into your psychic depths and hold you prisoner there, and nothing works as well as "fear" - fear for your life, for your children, for your kith and kin, and for your tribe and country, but most of all for the here-in-after, the fear of the Unknown, the Unknowable being the Almighty: for Hell.

From the moment the Witch-Doctor instils fear in you of the hell awaiting you, you are his slave. And in this, the Headman will be his closest associate.

Hence, with invented texts of “holy” authority the Witch-Doctors manipulate the masses.

They control and guide your life on earth by soothing your psychic pains with words of comfort, according to each of their denominations’ doctrines, tenets and beliefs.

The Witch-Doctor – mind you – is not responsible for the Dead.

The Witch-Doctor is protected: his job is to keep the flock in his charge at his beck and call or at his disposal.

The Witch-Doctor declines responsibility for the damage the indoctrinated inflict upon some rival’s followers.

The Witch-Doctor is a slave to his Lord and Master and must do the bidding of his Alma Mater’s managers.

In short, he is the paid employee of his own concocted “god”, not the Almighty, for that would mean working for all “gods”, that is, the entire populations that have inhabited this gullible earth.

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Unquotable quotes: Dancers - XXIII

Unquotable quotes: Dancers - XXIII

Dance like Cassius Clay, Sting like Muhammad Ali.

The dancing Dervish's ethereal trip makes the Sufi's Qawwali breathlessness sound like the radio-astral waves dashing on the beaches of their consciousness.

The only unlicensed dance free of feet is that of the honeysuckle moth's at the dying of the day.

Would a Ginger Rogers marry a Fred Astaire if he didn't have a pair of electric flying feet?

The Hindu temple dancers are little virgins offered by their silly parents seeking religious merit as a sacrifice to their gods in order that priests may loan them out to those who can pay to fill the temple coffers.

Astro-physics traces the movements of astral bodies through the Dance of Siva (one of the Hindu Trinity of the Godhead Brahman).

The difference between a professional dancer and an amateur is that the former legitimately makes every effort to project that part of the anatomy which we are accustomed to concealing while the latter is hard put not to make the effort.

The dancer's raison d'être is to serve the voyeur through twists and turns. Even (s)he who dances for joy must be seen to be thought coy.

Disco dancing is aught but coïtus interruptus.

Dance all your troubles away so long as you can make it back even on one leg limping all the way.

The ballet dancer is one who is always on the verge of taking off either by spinning on his/her toes or by floating on his/her hefty thighs whereas the flamenco artist and the tap dancer are continually trying to drive herself/himself underground.

The trouble with watching classical Indian dance meant to communicate epic anecdotes and mythical dallying of the gods by making the body - eyes, fingers, limbs and body postures - speak renders the performances intelligible mainly to the deaf and mute.

Dancing to the beat of the tom-toms develops the paps from puberty.

Dancing with tomahawks in hands before going on the war-path develops the biceps for splitting heads.

Dancing by jumping up and down and swaying in a mass to the blaring beat of the rock-n-rollers develops an acute sense of gradual deafness to the meaning of unheard words.

Dancing in disco joints with blinking psychedelic forms in variegated colours can induce in some epileptic reactions while others simulate these contortions wide awake on the floor.

Dancing to the jog of thudding beer mugs on wooden logs and stamping trooper boots develops the art of the clash of battering rams.

Dancing to the sweep and lilt of waltzes on smooth ballroom floors develops the art of sweating elegantly under gowns and mufti.

Dirty dancing like salsa is hard-core porn turned to art.

He who has never danced to abandon has never broken out of the walls of his prison.

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Unquotable quotes: Philosophers - XXII

Unquotable quotes: Philosophers - XXII

Take Socrates: the insignia of a true philosopher is the bald pate and the luxuriant beard – the very reason why women make for such pathetic philosophers.

The bald pate facilitates the evaporation of the scorching heat generated by deep thought, and the beard attests to their forgetfulness – from the moment philosophers wake absorbed in hectic phrenetic activity – in getting a shave. Philosophers are supposed to supply all the answers: that's why they merely ask the most difficult questions which – thanks to hermeneutics – get interpreted as the right answers.

When in doubt, ask a philosopher: he'll complicate your doubts even further. A philosopher who has all the answers is not a philosopher: he is God (whatever the latter word may mean)!

A philosopher who takes time to think is faking it.

Ideas make the philosopher – not the other way round.

A philosopher who proclaims his thoughts in a book is most certainly trying to conceal the fact that he has picked somebody else's brain (the latter most likely in the plural).

An undisciplined thinker is not a philosopher: he is a poet.

When two philosophers meet in peace, one is most certainly a disciple of the other – or a future widow.

Pick a philosopher's brain, and your thinking is bound to get muddled up.

The difference between a philosopher and a professional philosopher is that one makes you think; the other requires you to think.

If philosophy as a subject in any field of thought is developed by practitioners to make things more clear to both the specialist and the layman, why is it always possible to go on splitting hairs on almost any given aspect of the issues at stake?

Are philosophers mystificators? In other words, are philosophers by nature unwilling to be intelligible, except with their own disciples who are reared to perpetuate the Master's all-pervading vision of whatever the "mystificator" propounded.

Why is it that the most influential thinkers of yore never penned their own thoughts down? One possible reason – the Buddha is supposed to have said: 'Don't believe anyone who says this is what I said. Reason it out first for yourself. If you find it reasonable, then believe in its truth, if you so wish!' (or words to the effect).

When philosophers gather to expound their theories, the onlookers and eavesdroppers hold their own silence (and even their breath) for fear of disclosing their utter lack of comprehension.

The more complex and continuous and never-ending the discourse on any given topic, the more profound the admiration the ordinary or average individual is

willing to accord the debators.

The proportion of women philosophers to men philosophers is so lopsided that one is encouraged to ask (be it ever so politely and with the utmost deference) if women are not so well-disposed to the actual act of profound reflection. It is curious how high a place established philosophers occupy in the hearts of those of their own social, ethnic or racial ilk - sometimes even to be condemned and discarded by opposing religious groups; so much so one wonders not why there is a developed science of war and an enhanced state of the art of waging war?

Since a philosopher devotes many hours in the day to solitary reflection, what does his wife do during those hours?

Philosophers would gladly - and obliviously - inhabit ivory towers, if only the world would mistake the towers for light-houses!

A country without a philosopher can always boast of a prophet.

'No man is a prophet in his own country,' says the lonely household philosopher.

All you need is a philosopher to make even a "happy" world look delirious - if he speaks his mind.

Why do philosophers prefer hemlock to the guillotine? Probably to keep their heads intact.

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Unquotable quotes: Teachers - XXI

Unquotable quotes: Teachers – XXI

The pupil, the bitch and the walnut tree, the more the teacher beats them, the better they be.

In the old days, teachers were born to the métier like poets; today softwares do the teaching for them.

A teacher a day makes the parent all gay and given to play.

There's nothing one teaches that cannot be learned by oneself on his own; aren't the best teachers self-taught?

Every girl remembers well the arm-pit odours of teachers forced to lean over them in their over-zealousness in imparting knowledge.

Do you wonder why the French call teachers a "sale race" (a dirty damned race) by parents? Is it because they wield such ultimate authority over their progeny, and their opinion of those in their charge never equals that of the parents?

A teacher's myopia is his pupils never-relenting phobia.

Mimicry as an art owes its charms to teachers, for which teacher's mannerisms have not been the subject of imitation by his pupils?

A teacher who really tries to teach, that is, who takes himself and his subject seriously, is always trying to convince himself he can teach.

Pupils love teachers who suffer from a bladder problem – in spite of their disappearance from class every so often.

Pupils always remember the ticks, swear words and expressions and idiosyncracies of their teachers more than those of their parents, for parents are always grateful to see their children off during the better part of the day.

The wise teacher waits until his favourite pupil finishes school before he proposes marriage.

The teachers one remembers the most are the ones who dish out more than the marks we deserve in our exam papers; yet the teachers one never forgets are the ones who shamed us in front of the rest of the class.

Oddly enough, a teacher's favourite never really makes it in life. He or she can never figure out why his peers and elders overlook him or her in their choice of a pretender to a higher post.

Most teachers at the school-leaving stage teach subjects they hardly knew much about the previous day or two.

A teacher who accidentally or not farts in class is remembered for life, probably due to his penchant for pungent cuisine, the cause probably also why pupils raise such a din during the immediate recess.

A teacher who punishes an innocent pupil for the noise/ruckus his class raises makes an enemy out of him for life; the victim's dreams then on take on the dimensions of a nineteenth century Gothic novel with the teacher on the operating table.

Why is it that a teacher who makes his class repeat after him always gets called all sorts of names under breath?

A teacher not prone to failing his pupils stays popular all through school but earns opprobation thereafter.

A pupil who asks the teacher an awkward question which puts him in a spot is likely to find himself the object of incessant interrogation from then on.

Teachers always bring home the germs of their pupils in exchange for those their children bring home from other teachers.

A most conscientious teacher is one who volunteers to stay back in class to supervise the homework of pupils who are bound to become fashion models.

A teacher who does not know or who has forgotten the answer to some question never fails to put the question over and over again to his class until some pupil by chance gives the correct or false answer.

Everybody knows the greatest teacher is Life itself – not the parent nor the school-teacher but that which delivers the hardest knocks and setbacks.

Teach a donkey to trot and he'll make an ass of you.

Teach not a dog how not to bark.

Never teach anyone the art of writing: you might deprive him of the enormous pleasure of discovering original writing for himself, and you risk multiplying the host of lack-luster imitators and plagiarists – not vibrant creators.

The truly original teachers teach by example without wanting to: the Shakespeares, the Jonathan Swifts, Euripides, Aristophanes, the Dantes, Lady Murasaki, Cervantes, Ilango Adigal, Liu Wu-ki, Lao Tse, etc., etc.

Unquotable quotes: Lawyers - XX

Unquotable quotes – Lawyers: XX

(No aspersions are willfully or otherwise cast on the honorable profession of the Law. Though I'm not a Barrister, I passed – through self-study – all the subjects at the Bar Examinations set by the Inns of Court School of Law, London, by 1956. And my knowledge of the practice of the law is derived from being compelled as a litigant nearly all my adult life.)

"The Law is an Ass" for lawyers often squat on the Ass.

"Only a fool goes to court without a lawyer", yet only a nincompoop/dumbkopf/retardé mental will go to court – period!

When lawyers get together, they talk Culture, the commodity they most wish they could own.

Whenever you are in the presence of an unsuccessful lawyer, be truly aware you're in the presence of the next President of the Republic.

The first time you walk into a lawyer's chambers as a client, you'll be convinced there's such a thing as Divine Justice. Then on, you'll walk the plank without being pushed.

Notice how when lawyers go on strike, the breast of the Lady of the Balance of Justice heaves more freely and gently.

Never ever lend an ear to the suggestion that lawyers all should be put on the government's payroll: this is worse than downright blasphemy.

If you have plenty of money and you don't know what to do with it, then go see a lawyer – he'll help you be free of it.

Remember, from the very moment you walk into a lawyer's chambers, you put yourself at his service twenty-four hours a day preparing your case – for him. Always remember when you go to see a lawyer with your case: you want to put a stop to a life-threatening nuisance; lawyers don't ever want that to end.

When a lawyer tells you to do something, always make certain you DID it.

Marry a lawyer and you'll most certainly make an appearance in the dock for something you have not done.

Always choose a lawyer of the opposite sex in your divorce case: (s)he'll aid and abet you in your wrong-doing for the purpose of first-hand evidence.

Don't forget that the time you spend in a lawyer's office is 90% used up with personal calls under the guise of in-coming calls from other clients, but you foot the bill for all.

The more famous a lawyer is, the more schooled is he in the art of losing cases with oratory and panache.

Do not wonder why the crucial documents you gather at great expense for your defence – at the request of lawyers – somehow never get mentioned or produced during a trial or hearing.

A lawyer who takes on more than he can chew always turns up late for the hearing/audience/trial – only to ask for a postponement.

Some lawyers oddly enough forget on whose side they are pleading their case - much to their own surprise when the judgment is handed down.

Don't ever forget that the lawyers' own disciplinary boards are elected by their own ilk.

Lawyers don't marry lawyers for fear that the divorce case might last longer than the marriage.

Is the solicitor (in England) a tout between the barrister and the client?

Lawyers are never guilty of negligence or ignorance even if their clients are obliged to appeal the lower court judgment.

How many crimes get to be committed in the actual deliberations and formulations of procedures in cases? Has anyone made a count?

How many the billions who simply let torts, crimes and wrong-doing submerge them - day in and day out - without respite?

Everybody knows the bigger the name, the bigger the lawyer's fees. The more money you have, the better your chances of getting off the hook.

When an innocent man is condemned, who is to blame? The prosecution? The Bench? Or the lawyers? Or all? Do they ever pay?

Legal aid is another form of grudged hate.

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Some men die to survive

Some men die to survive

the Hard endures
the Soft succumbs stews in juices reproduces exults
disappears
the heartless breaks cracks crumbles
drags
the Ephemeral down the ravines of the also-ran rivers
dissolves
explodes

The myriads and myriads who breathe but spent air
the haemoglobin of genetic change
all the ephemeral dust of pain
destruction and damnation

Now and then one hears talk of everlasting Oneness
of undying Truth and Salvation
whose whispers linger longer than the astroidal rain's howling phantom winds
holocaust blasts in the ears of ovens
pent-up change piercing permanence

Some men die to survive
nothing remains of them but the hollow word they shaped and filled with sense
common sense
the word that thinks creates the Void

Even the Compassionate Prince's plain truths grow limp and fall on hardened
ears
his tooth
a colossal myth
piercing the sky
common words of common sense
fetched in Essenic straw-buckets of Dead Sea scrolls
whose words survive
on the lips of those who cannot lie
who remember only the Law
words will uphold
what Truth will never connive
mind-full messages torn from tongues long silent
come crashing from mountain-top roofs the frozen trek down tricky treacherous
slopes
words meander through slots of seething ice-packs

the Wanderer surrenders with squeezed-out bated breaths
the burden of ages
preserved on the lips of the deathless errant Everyman
handed down by the Pauper-Prince
become the common man who strolls through untrodden paths
the simple obvious truths which never stifle
throttle

How many stark truths make up the ultimate whole Truth
will Truth out
no matter what

The naked Truth is not for Man
he needs his truth cloaked clothed
to be unraveled
made a mystery of by mystificators
by authors who only know how to speak with their hands
accompanying gestures of effete moral preachment skeins
embroidering the skies that shift and shatter with the times

Some lisp the Truth
heard only by the few
and made to look all anew
afresh bestowed given as life-renewing elixir
and let others connive whose skills lie in making It ring true
in caverns beyond lost horizons
by starlight
gathering mists hugging low the Dead Sea growls

Take the worshipful apostle myths away
a hundred a hundred and fifty odd years gone
the myrrh the high-quality incense
the barn-birth and the Three Wise Men
led by a trekking star
the carpenter's intestate Holy Virgin
the Sermon on the Mount
the bared cheeks
and you still hear Shakhyamuni
voice not doubt on the Cross

Eli Eli Lama Sabachthani

Unquotable quotes: Nurses - XIX

Unquotable quotes: Nurses - XIX

A nurse well-dressed is a nurse well-thought of, even if she administers the coup de grace.

Prick a nurse and she'll pamper you; pamper a nurse and she'll prick you.

Displease a nurse and no doctor can save you.

Report a nurse's malfeasance and you'll find yourself on a stretcher at the morgue's entrance. (This is from personal experience.)

A nurse a night can make a patient feel much better over-night - since the bed is paid for already for the price.

Always address a nurse as "doctor"; she'll not think you need a doctor.

Always make it a policy of hoarding the presents you receive on your hospital bed; the nurse will almost certainly help you lighten the load.

To relieve the back psychological itch, always ask the nurse to scratch your back facing you.

When the nurse is absent from the ward, so is the ward doctor.

Always ask the nurse how she spells her first and last names while pretending to write on a pad; you're bound to raise her hopes about the contents of your last will and testament.

Always remove the ring on your third finger whenever a nurse enters your room. In the presence of the nurse, always remark aloud how the nurse's uniform fits her Brigitte Bardot form.

Never fail to attribute the low humming and buzzing sounds emanating from nurses around hospital beds to Maria Callas.

Whenever a nurse approaches your bed, just whistle: "Jeepers, Creepers, Where d'ya get those eyes?"

Must the percentage of patients dying in hospitals always stay the same when nurses go on strike?

Marry a nurse and become an eternal patient.

A nurse in need calls a Hemingway to arms.

A nurse in bed raises the Dead.

Nurse a nurse and you'll always be fed....up!

Unquotable quotes: Leftists XVIII

Unquotable quotes: Leftists - XVIII

(Note: What goes for the Left can go for the Right, too. All you need to do is to interpose the words wherever possible. Don't read ideological warfare where there is none intended.)

If the Left is right, the Right cannot be in the right.

The more the Left splits right down the middle, the more the leftists in the Right.

Since everything on the Left is supposed to be socialist, on which side stands the National Socialist? Or do socialists refuse to subscribe to the notion of the Nation State?

In the now tamed Wild West, socialists of various sorts prefer to parade as democrats - an open affront to the European Welfare State.

The Left's greatest achievement - first in the Western World and now everywhere else - is the un-buckling of the chastity belt, all due to a world famous French couple double.

To be thought of an intellectual, just affect being liberal and "leftist", but make certain you first bury the silver spoon you were born with: you can always dig it up when no one is looking.

Leftists band together to oppress a fellow leftist when they fear the rattling of socialist skeletons in their own socialist sub-consciousness cupboard.

When the Right is bereft, the Left denies and denigrates the theft.

Why is it that less attractive girls always - well, nearly always - parade with leftist stamps and stickers on their bosoms and bums in order to appear "chic-ly" artful and/or intellectual? On the other side, it would appear they prefer them straight and loose without the packaging or the slogan-chanting.

The Leftist label fits all who play ball with those screwballs who throw balls at night fall.

The great thing about being Centre Left is that at some time or other you'd rub shoulders with the Far Left to the Far Right of your rubber neck.

The Far Left suspects the Left more than the Far Right, for the Left insists on being thought of as the sole arbiters of rights.

Don't turn Left unless the road ahead is blocked; in which case, turn Right-round and come back.

What feels good about being in the arms of the Left is that the Left's left-hand comes right round to the Right - around your back.

Leave the Left and you'll be left with no Right whatsoever.

Left hand and Right hand lock to form one big hug.

Left in the lurch is a right for no Church.

Left to yourself is a State no Right can dislodge from the ideological shelf.

The Centre Left can neither fall to the right nor to the left for its hands stretch out for balance to the Far Right and the Far Left.

Keep the Left hand and the Right hand always out of reach, and they'll always be dirty - for does one know what the other does?

He who comes to equity must come with clean gloves even if the hands stay dirty.

Left side, Right brain; Right side, Left brain.

Why does the left-handed batsman always confound the right-handed bowler? Is it because the right-handed bowler has no arm left?

Left by Love is Right bloody rough; right in love makes one an incorrigible bluff.

Left hand, Right hand, two faces of the brain span - minus the pineal gland. Pinch each hand to see which can outstand the other.

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For old Star-Gazer Master Khayyam - a name like Shakespeare's for some other giants - Part Two

For Old Star-Gazer Master Khayyam - a name like Shakespeare's for "some" other
giants - Part Two

III

Is there an answer to this gaping question
Will that something which follows on behave
Here at least we know death despises life
What do you call that which you have

Do you die too after what length of time
What do you do while you wait for the end
What space d'you occupy in our timespace
Or does anti-self exist in a parallel dimension

Not that these make worrisome questions
Nice to know we don't quite disappear
Right out and that we go on despite reasons
Or perhaps for nothing much after all

Here we are caught in swirling whirlwinds
Of petty time-pinching emergencies
We give what we can of our might to those
We care for reserving the best for ourselves

Sooner or later the world would just peter out
First the sun would give up its nuclear fissions
Slowly fizzing down while its body bloats out
Then the earth and planets would fry out

Would you be still around or would we be too
And when the solar system freaks out
What will be the fate of your bodiless forms
Or would you be hiding in some safe black hole

IV

What good would it do to know the final outcome

If you are caught in a terrestrial fateful bind
So do we all the ultimate spacial expanse become
Locked into it all by no-backtracking time

Does what matters to you be of no moment to us
Do we need to be wily to hanker after heaven
We're either just alone or wholly naked forsaken
Or fused in a mounting blinding swirling circus

Some may call this the ultimate form of Oneness
Some the Godhead that directs all our wills
Some might prefer the wayward terror of ghosts
Some just can't bother one way or the other

Some who suffer ill the womb of common unity
Decide to come together only to wreak hell
These harden without mercy for what they wreak
They whose work you put down to devilry

So where lies the good of your worry-dispelling verse
Long have we lost the feeling for your example
Yes at first yes repentance we experienced at parting
Sorrow at what we might have wanted to curse

But all that jitterbug's gone past by now
We know darnwell better now the dance
No use bothering with what anxious selves see
Over what will or will not after be

There is just this enormous monstrous engine
It throbs on seemingly without and within
Who knows why or who deemed it must
It simply rumbles on whether you think it just

Myself when young did dwell so long
Upon your sweet O deep forbidden verses
Draughts in tankards quaffed I with song
Dreams couched in nubile cascading tresses

TAMUM SHUD

June 16/18, 1996

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1999.

For old Star-Gazer Master Khayyam - a name like Shakespeare's for some other giants - Part One

For old Star-Gazer Master Khayyam - a name like Shakespeare's for « some »
other giants - Part One

I

Why don't they ever come back?
Even if it's just to say
We are still there or gone for a while
Or just too damned busy

That's the reason why we're absent
And not for what people say
We're gone with the last breath
Gone for good into the beyond

If that's so then just let us have a sign
Why more than just a sign
Make Shakespeare direct our hand
Let loose Hamlet anew on the Strand

And if that's too difficult
Ask of Aristotle
The text of his lost poetics
Cast in a hard disc

Better still command the Son of God
To make a grand appearance
Fanfares heralding the event
In a technicolour firmament

Or make known to us
The lost masterpieces
The great forging inventions
Bombed to ashes in wars

Or for the departed father
To come set his house in order
Brother against brother
For want of a better master

O Where have they all gone
Leaving us in their muddles

Such a kyrielle of contortions
We leave for those behind us

Those of us who piled effort upon effort
For a better day for ourselves
Now going we rued the tightfistedness
And the bitterly whining quarrels

II

We have no need to come back
To see the mess we've left behind
We who ourselves had to sort out
Our fathers' mighty ill-windfalls

Nor to see what each does in quiet
In your sleep in lavs behind walls
What we ourselves did of course
And thought no one ever the wiser

To see how each of you clings to his shell
To make it shine best of all
Only to see how ours turned to loams
Or into a fistful of ashes and bones

All all for the pleasure of another body
Bodies oozing with slime and foetid stench
From all we stuffed them with in contempt
Worse still what the voracious brain we fed

Is it for this carpe diem reason
And for all that they say is vanity
For the futility of non-interference
In whose favour might we intervene

Since all sides pit against all sides
Just to keep the inter-twining yin and yang
In constantly conflicting tug-of-wars
That makes for progress of sorts

That we see no reason to pull either way
For you do it well enough without aid
Though some amongst us wish for revenge
And perhaps tilt the balance now and then

But you are none the wiser in your pain

For you think only of your body's gain
And those in whose breeding chain
You thought you couldn't lose in vain

But where's the justice in this all
Living we too strained to achieve
Dying we saw the futility of it all
Just a game dying from boredom

Better we know now we see you in tether
There's no justice either way
Somehow the particles come together
And strive to make sense of one another

With the result there is life
There is a building in strife
Mounting to an ultimate prize
The creation of the perfect monster

Once the form is gone the content
Takes no form of its own
The content is the form's overall product
Born of a lifetime's construct

Dying thus gives fresh birth
To what is not of this earth
We are free to roam and rollick
Though we see no point to it

Being without form we may merge
Into one whole formless mass
Or simply drop out inane
As you the voyeurs in a train

Here they waft those great Persian savants
A sardonic smile all that's left of them
They who best knew how the heady wine
Made one forget the burden of the grind

Yet none read his verse for fear of contempt
Those who do make little of the rhyme
Others cried foul for he preached the impossible
Are wine women and song bought for a dime

Turn away from us for your time has come
No need to ask us the reason for your end

You too will know the total of your sum
And face another dilemma round the bend

June 16/18, 1996

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growing up too soon

growing up too soon

you said: is there anything more excruciating than lagging behind
being passed by
a hasbeen
still knocking on portals
twitching toes twirling thumbs
in fidgety drawn-curtained waiting rooms

and the always taken-for-granted toiling mothers maimed in mid-life stoopbent
under rotting burdens eternally putting-up with their disgruntled men pining
for fresh meat their children far too busy suckling roaming the woods for stray
milch cows

are parents less prone to feeling deserted or girls when young given to much
much too much you know to what the side-saddle bum flabs the hangdog lips and
nose-tips and nostrils sore grainy
red
innocence crushed
(wu wang hexagram 25)
the conning leer lurking behind the simulated orgasm
blazé finicky O dear my split varnished nail
the mignardise

growing up too soon

leaves you a little behind hesitant no fresh tarts nor the leisure of making
belief the privilege of mending emotional fencesnor the time to toast things
over in the backburner or prepare for the day when you may retire in style
proclaim to the world your ardent wishes
convictions
reforms
revolutions

growing up too soon

leaves you a toddler thrusting up in the hunched back regrets simmering in the
bitterly polluted taste buds chewing the tongue neither the leisure to
pipedream muted laughing peels reverberating rocambolesque within soiled sheets
keeping the persona humoured till you stand up wide awake stripped
nor the frolicking flaming female mid-summer fudge

growing up too soon

is not just bypassing a whole generation of ghosts you look back dazed to watch
grand nephews and nieces twittering in space-curved time living in a sort of

limbo in a cramped attic crib snorting the crawling dust unread books breed
heating for the third time your oat meal porridge casting stolen looks from
behind drawn curtains wondering who's going to benefit from your garnered gains
watch callow lads and frisky girls and wonder when was it you last grew up
dallied amongst them
unsure you knew any of the kind you see as women today

growing up too soon
is to forfeit something you never had nor can ever have yet you refuse to let
it go even as unwon bread all through your teens seizing handouts the rightful
boon until the recurring pain of tendons exploding make you see round the
foreshadowed corner round the spacetime's curve
and know
there's really nothing to cry about
nor there's anything you can do without
the damn thing which slips through the thinning crop straggly on your bald pate

growing up too soon's
a blessing
you know you want
for the maimed
for the gnarled and contorted
for the ill-provided
for the luckless
for the inglorious
damned to a vapid existence
in the cave of their shameful lameness

how you'd wished you were so blighted

1997
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anyone for humiliation

anyone for humiliation

do even the best cringe
in shame
at the bottled-up look they take of themselves
most in fear of being found out
others the damage they must have wrought
in the image they have of themselves
but all all
by the tasks and choices their lives lead them on to
either through the immediate pleasure that can be got
or for wanting to shine in the midst of peers
they cling to the glory their imageselves chase after

O it'd be so easy to say
life after all abuses every one
humiliates every precious person
puts us all to the acid test
some hapless irreversible irreparable disaster
inadvertent mistake
lapsus
even for the insignificant wayward
nonentities
and leaves us all less proud of our makings
our fathers mothers
it's even easier to seek the fault in our genes
or insist that such and such was the compelling circumstance
put the blame on this damned unrequiting thing we call Life
which after all must come will come to a final self-defeating end

There are others who'd say
this life of ours was precisely for this purpose
precisely given to make of us
the gods we were never born to be but to hanker after
unless we sought the feet of the Almighty
batter death down and survive into aeons of bliss
on the mindblinding petals of the Golden Flower

How many may take this death-defying firstclass deluxe flight
and for what purpose
if the Almighty himself as they who come as messengers say directs all lives in
secret
is he looking for an assistant

Who cares if one is born again
since we remember not where or from whom we came
and take everything here on earth
for what it's worth
what can the isolated adult do
the most corrosive abusive power rides in the vaults of mindless banks
l'appareil judiciaire the police the secret services
the chiefs of armed forces the cabals the cartels the secret societies masons
or not the media Kings the monolithic political party bosses trade union cadres
and in those who wield psychiatric netherworld control of the mind and souls
the priests in skirts all all managed by the hungry few in the line of
succession in the hierarchical hereditary edifice the age-old royally
pontificating pyramidal straight-jacket world

must we not then accept our lot
try as best we can to let things not get much worse
but if the chips fall right only in the other birth
think little of the setbacks
and come back again stronger
all all
wishful self-numbing reverie

May 8, 1997

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In Bed

In Bed

The central nervous heating system
pumping the womb
floating free
in seminal fluid
sucking on the umbilical chord

Curled in the bed
in the Reichian curlicue
between clean silk sheets
in the cosy cage
away from the cold and the sleet's scorching bone beat
tumbling only when the flushing revolving door pulsates
the thunder knocking to come crashing in
the blood in the mother stream choking in the throttled rush

Who wants to be out
in the rain in the shine
worrying about work about degrees
no work lack of opportunity
of hurts through making love
warding off pain shame and the retributing conscience
of justifying every action every little game
of the mind
from our own standpoint
by running everybody down
even those who stand up for us
brother sister mother father
backbiting in the sweating bed
in the haven imagining triumphs glories rosy utopias

Who hates not some one
hates himself
hates some body if not his maker
at the thought of his plight
out the safe mother oven
harrowing hate turning the dynamo of pretence
hypocrisy basking in blind bigotted bile
hate stoking the intense rocket-thrust furnace
consuming the guts
till
everybody hates everybody

the most intense force hidden in the pleats of the neuronal strata
hates the entire world all humanity
the strongest human force generated by man

Who would want to be out
before time
before we're called upon to mind others we have put out
of the womb
of the world
of the safety of the dream bubble bed
unless if you call we can say
go away i'm in bed
or hold on just a sec
come to bed
bed with me till the morrows never end
or something like that
and keep the terror of the slinging mind from plunging through the cul
de sac

for yet a while longer

April 26, 1997 - Paris

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(1999)

Thinking materially gaseous Mineral

Think(ing) materially gaseous Mineral

if anything can be thought to be certain
what thinks thinks up the multiverses
in the first place
minus the ego
so solipsistic faramineux worlds
as the solitary thought can contain
other diachronic universes
thought up likewise by our anti-selves
hidden by necessity to our Selves
behind blind coulisses
sliding door dimensions
opaque window views for some perhaps all

= black hole in the head

mundane life an out-of-space experiment
well why not
robots evolving into Pavlovian mice-minded humans
but experiment and life
equally part of the thinking ding an sich

neither beginning nor end
the maddened dog spinning after its own tail
keeps us in the space-time curve
the robot cannot understand nonsense
or can it be programmed for
away with avatars saviours prophets messiahs gurus soothsayers
mystificators

give us this day our four fundamental truths
and forgive us our ignorances
for Thine is the Big-Bang
for ever and ever
till Big-Crunch Day drums at your four firm Judgement feet

who lives to prove this
if answers must always be sought
by Einsteins
discoveries awaiting corroboration
for once gone
you're gone for ever UNSUPPORTED CODE

for THINE is the Big Banged Kingdoms
for ever and ever
till bigcrunched balls litter
your four law-bound feet

May 5, 1997

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Where do we come in

Where do we come in

in medias res not knowing nor caring when

doesn't everybody pine being number one we leave behind our lives in pages pictures or else make for images of what we saw dreamt of as part of our lives in marble stone rock twisted metal scrawled hieroglyphics of the tortured deserting mind do we have to leave then or when or do we strain for more ours and others

lives in one vista of the whole on the tele they are playing games plentiful games rubber boats caves and scaly cardboard mountains in gluey-glossy plastic colours each team was flown in on the sponsor's purse each team member tailored for each part sporting spotted crocodile scales bunny tails blown butterfly ears bearhair streaming down from head to toe in a brownish hugging fur hue before and after the sponsor's exclusive breaktime slot invited guests clapping deaf on peak dinnertime and for millions and millions of others relaxing at home or maybe standing leaning against the open door or lolling on sofas sweetmeats within reach of crawling fingers highballs in hands after lush juices streaking down protein-heaped plates turned to a gravy curd on the low table that the au pair would remove before the programme end while the prize board chalked hundreds of thousands for those who merely did nothing else other than have themselves a ball

in whose stomach-holes do the golf balls sink

the postman in the morning brings in the Waste Industry's thick envelopes stuffed with multi-coloured magazines together with ball-points with your name inscribed as though you were to be called on to affix your signature to international treaties that last only as long as the ball-point would that is to say three and half days if you use it only twice your name and add elegantly embossed on handsome stickers asking for handouts with glorious recall of their efforts for the poor the sansabri the diabetics the heart-stricken the spastics the handicapped the endless medical research for cancer how many million times can research be duplicated and all those lush colours in deluxe printed covers if only they could print a poem for some poet without a literary agent every time they send out a bulging envelope you give to one and the whole damned carnival is at your door cymbals clanging voices hymning every week of the year year in and year out they send you their mag with professional photos of dying but well-fed sick forsaken-looking children posing from Ethiopia India Costa Rica ha the Rich Coast what you give in return cannot cover the cost of stamps after a mere stream of au secour calls for oeuvres caritatives during a period of weeks or months

in whose sick souls do the golf balls sink

what are they doing so wonderful that is not like the blaring blazé voice of the compère on the tele on a Saturday evening primetime show who gets paid in the hundreds of thousands just because he's a celebrity and all the made-moi-

selles in the front row with tongues lolling would at the slightest glance be ready to lick their hands a tincan Saturday night chivalrous mounted charger whom the hebdomadaire hounds write pages and pages about their visits to any old place what they wear which senorita worshipping at their lapels so often that people don't look at their faces anymore for they know every feature by heart every trait every dimple and pimple
in whose brain holes do the golf balls sink
right round the year shine tennis stars the same faces jumping up and down the ATP grunting and swearing after balls that bounce out and away from their needless hands their eyes straining beyond all measure of human endurance each ball they hit virtually a hundred dollar bill and when they are pushed down in the ATP list by the fresh teens buoyed by muscle tyre-lessness there's always the clowning in the rigged up exhibition matches or the doubles or mixed doubles Man and John Yan and JM to take the laugh out of the bounce in the yo-yo ATP also-ran list
in whose psyche-holes do the golf balls sink
what do they send in the post to the directors of the beggars' opera what do popstars contribute they who sell the I heard that classical melody song on bandaid to millions and get gold in return infinitely more than they can use who filled the paupers' grave with Mozart who gives a thought to the lonely pilfered Cervantes but the Sancho of his delirium
in whose a-holes do the golf balls sink
was that MJ gyrating grabbing his crotch in a spacecraft the decor specially ordered and paid for for the nonce what did it cost what's the cost of an Ethiopian peasant Indian meal a day uncooked corn or flour douzed in tinned or dried milk the surplus waste of white markets all above-board of course eaten out of rusty discarded worm-twirling tins and cans and shells of infested coconuts
in whose dream-holes do the golf balls sink
where do the directoires of the beggars' opera dine what do they suck on and how often do they sup together in the name of the needy all over the romping world do they wine themselves while gobbling on foie gras caviar shark's fin and pheasant or is this an impudent question you the charity-mongers
so here we come in
in medias res
it ain't mon problème that the needy can't ask but in the street i'm not the conscience of the world the grapes of wrath the martyrised conscience of the common Indian patting tortias on the mud patch a strong people don't need a strong man how do you make a people strong if not with tortias and chilli con carne are they still strong where Zapata left only his riddled body in straw sandals has the Indian peasant still enough fight left in him where drug cartels rule a kingdom where ideals hardly thrust up on reefers
follow the golf balls and squirm jumping up and down in a squirting frenzy on the mons veneris

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Prizes for Ultimate Sacrifices - Part Two

Prizes for Ultimate Sacrifices

is there a prize for living

for caring

for doing what is right

for waiting for the end without making it come any nearer

for not trying to opt out and away from the responsibility of pure common sense
for not believing in the dogma of resurrection heaven and hell for not assuming
there may be something else on the other side waiting a prize a new favoured
life a higher caste a place at the right hand of the Heavenly Father how about
the Heavenly Mother in everlasting peace and plenty in an idyllic existence
forever and ever not wanting not caring with the temperature controlled by
mammoth air-conditioners the gorgeous meals prepared and served by angels from
Maxim's or the ending of the ending endgame through Brahminic moksha liberation
forever and ever by joining up with the Atman the Godhead unborn undying
forever and ever and who the hell cares if there was a Big-Bang or if there is
going to be a Big-Crunch and whether there are laws physical laws governing
everything the four fundamental laws of the universe the universe not having a
beginning before time nor where all the material came from the trillions of
trillions of trillions of trillions of trillions of centillions of megatons to
the square root of 32 of hydrogen helium carbon particles particles within
particles and particles within unseeble and unknowable particles which way do
the Blackholes suck and into what universes those that are parallel how many
billions are there of them and those that are continuous in what direction and
for how long can we ever see them with huge Hubble telescopes perched on the
edges of spinning galaxies

is there any prize for knowing

at the very last moment the truth

whoever comes back to set things right or even to semer la pagaille who cares
to set the yang and the yin apart and stop the conflict forever and ever from
the surface of our planet whatever happens elsewhere not being our concern who
has come back to bring to justice his murderer who his deprecator who her
rapist her child-abuser who his constant oppressor traitor swindler brutaliser
who who who WHO...

April 2, 1997 -From the collection : longhand notes (1999)

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Prizes for Ultimate Sacrifices - Part One

Prizes for Ultimate Sacrifices

prizes for the abstemious for abstinence chastity ?
the countless occasions for love you let slip

prizes for stopping
smoking by yourself
drinking even Bordeaux
munching on the meat of beasts
crustacean flesh fish fowl or eggs

for honesty with oneself
for commitment to lost causes
the ability to see through their deviousnesses
and refraining to do anything about it at all
for helping them at one's own peril
for giving away what you direly need for yourself and your dependents
for not thinking of your own future just to bolster someone else's
for depriving yourself of the pleasures of the day
when you can go out and buy them with what you got and still have enough
leftover

for spending hours and hours every so often just listening to those who need to
unburden themselves on you while you serve them aperitifs then coffee/tea and
finally end up cooking dinner and bedding them down in your only bedroom while
you may hardly stretch yourself out in amongst the books and things and boxes
of files of unread drafts and such and wake in the middle of the night because
the suffering soul behind the wall is moaning and tossing and apostrophising
aloud in your bed calling your name out at every fiery phrase for all you know
accusing you for all his troubles plus those of his friends near ones dear ones
and/or dependents

prizes for doing everything by yourself
looking after yourself cleaning the kitchen washing the clothes by hand doing
the dishes in cold water showering cold to save on hot water repairing the car
with spare unfit parts from the breakers learning languages all by yourself
typing your own manuscripts and those of others starting your own journal and
publishing others typing writing setting up photocopying designing printing
binding marketing writing letters and posting them after long waits at queues
attending to the plumbing redoing the parquet papering and/or painting your own
but rented walls shopping on the cheap after hours and hours of comparing
prices at different places keeping tabs on your dependents defending yourself

against marauding civil servants politicians fighting your own legal battles after reading up on difficult incomprehensible legal texts writing dozens and dozens of letters before you take them to court and lose because the blasted bugger who represents you in the civil case makes it a point of holding back the essential documents which you know were never submitted to the judge although the list of documents exchanged lists them and you can't check on the judge's file because you are not a lawyer or solicitor legally constituted in the case and you need a lawyer to represent you in a civil case

prizes for putting up with women

who tell you they love you to distraction and would rather die than be parted from you even during the live-long day who vow by suttee but who use you make you marry them by piling lie upon lie present you with a baby not your own while they get pumped by others and let you share the slime the spittal and the shit in their system and the syphilitic rot that will gnaw at your spine years and years hence and leave you with the baby to bring up while they harrass you with complaints and cases about how you may be bringing him/her up with right of access charges rights which they never really exercise themselves and when the baby is no more a baby come around to collect the lad or lass as a crutch for their old age by telling him/her all the lies about how you let them down how you tortured and beat them up how you shat upon them how you made them slave day in and day out and to top it all didn't bother even to shag them

prizes for keeping quiet and taking it all

in without riposte without carping without being even rude in return for bearing with all the slithering over crimes they rob you cheat you shit with your wives twist your children's minds up into a multiple Turk's head commit missed murders against you and when you discover their intentions the criminals commit more crimes to cover it all up use misinformation as a superpanacea to lull themselves into believing they are innocent dogooders after all doing it for the patrie for the defence of their nation the raison d'Etat without making it known how you the victim without a proper background without a useful education without friends who would swear by you without the citizenship bestowing rights without the State any state on your side without the passport to secrete yourself away without a job without the money put away for the purpose of facing up to them these the faceless cowards hiding behind their secret societies their secret services their secret cabals their secret clubs schools lodges cafés cabinets centres yachts arts and crafts academies royal this and royal that my foot college unions parties and programmes

(Continued in Part Two: owing to length restrictions)

April 2, 1997 -From the collection : longhand notes (1999)

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The fear of

The fear of...

being thought of
the less
than what one thinks of
railing vengeance against detractors

three
or four generations
all that one might stretch back to
and even then
with all the woes blights missed/thwarted chances

the few that one gets to know
in a tightening
district of stifling confinement
a few might remember
and try to forget
the awkward recall of some mishap
the not-so-good side of
at worst
the public suicide in the family
something left over funereally

if only one knew how
could agree to let go
of one's eddying image
the regrets that teach too late
does it matter who thinks what
years shave away the three-day old beard on a Monday
the thoughtless throttling words of
anger
and the repeated awkward clanger
the longing lascivious looks unrequited

futile fights in courts spilling over in Kafkayesque dreams affidavits closure
of communication of proof in the solicitor's sheets the plaidoirie that omits
the crucial documents in the wrapped womb of watching TV alone eating one's
insides out the mountains of hours hunched over shoring up that image zeroed in
from diverse angles

really who or
what

those who leave behind a name
leave not their inner laces graces meannesses gawkiness
their stench nor sneezes
only their fear of
being thought of
less

than what they thought of
dearly cherished mis-spelt polished names

the-dare-may-the inhabits the unkempt bearded
beggar taking a crap on the edge of the thoroughfare
by the Elysian fields of mode-minded graces
in full view of the policewoman on the beat

won't this his forbears remember
in triumph

May 23, 1997

From the collection (re-worked) : longhand notes (1999).

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Soliloquio del Individuo by Nicanor Parra, Translated by T Wignesan

Soliloquio del Individuo by Nicanor Parra, Translated by T. Wignesan

(Homage to Nicanor PARRA, 1914-2018, the Chilean ANTI-POET, winner of the "Cervantes Prize" (the highest literary honour for writers in Spanish), four times nominated for the Nobel Prize, studied Physics (Brown University), Cosmology (Oxford University) and taught maths and physics for some 40 years, but styles himself as the Poet who writes "Anti-Poems" - a fresh chastising wind to debunk self-styled poets hardly born to the métier but drunk with their own effete and ephemeral voices. T. Wignesan, Paris, 2016. For the original stanzaic format of the poem, check the original, if you please.)

The Individual's Soliloquy

I am the Individual
At first I lived in a rock
(there I carved some figures).
Later I looked for a more appropriate place.
I am the Individual.

In the beginning I had to procure food for myself,
find fish, birds, look for firewood
(and other matters also took up my time).
To start a bonfire,
firewood, forewood, where to find a little firewood,
some firewood to start a bonfire,
I am the Individual.

At the same time I asked myself,
I escaped from an abyss full of air;
a voice answered me:
I am the Individual.

Then I tried to live in another rock,
there too I carved some figures,
engraved a river, buffaloes,
carved out a serpent,
I am the Individual.

But no, I became bored with the things I was doing,
fire bothered me,
I wanted to see more,
I am the Individual.

I went down a valley irrigated by a river,
there I found what I needed,

encountered a savage people,
a tribe,
I am the Individual.

Saw that there they undertook some things,
they carved figures on rocks,
they kindled fires, Yes, they kindled fires also!
I am the Individual.

They wanted to know from where I hailed.
I answered in the affirmative, that I entertained no fixed goals,
I answered in the negative, that I would keep going.
Good.

I took hold of a piece of stone I found in a river
and began to work on it,
began to polish it
made of it a part of my own life.
But this is far too long.
I felled some trees in order to set sail,
looked for fish,
looked for different things
(I am the Individual).
Until I began to get bored all over again.
One gets bored with tempests,
the thunder, the lightning,
I am the Individual.

Good. I forced myself into thinking a little while,
stupid questions filled my head,
false problems.
So I began to wander through some woods.
I arrived at a tree and yet another,
I arrived at a fountain,
I arrived at a pit where one could see rats:
here it is I who comes, I then said,
have you seen a tribe hereabouts,
a savage people who know how to light a fire?
In this manner I kept going towards a westerly direction
in the company of other beings,
or rather all alone.
In order to see, one must believe, they said to me,
I am the Individual.

In the dark one could discern forms,
perhaps clouds,
perhaps one saw clouds, one saw lightning;
all these things had already taken place some days past,
I felt like I was dying;
I invented some machines,
manufactured watches
arms, vehicles,

I am the Individual.

I had hardly enough time to bury my dead,
hardly had I time to sow,
I am the Individual.

Some years hence, I conceived some things,
some forms,
crossed frontiers
and remained stationary in a sort of niche,
in a boat in which I rowed for forty days,
forty nights,
I am the Individual.

Later on droughts set in,
some wars ensued,
varieties of colours appeared in the valley,
but I must keep going,
must keep producing.
Invented the sciences, immutable truths,
fashioned the tanagras*,
published books running into thousands of pages,
let my face swell,
invented the phonograph,
the sewing machine,
then the first automobiles began to appear,
I am the Individual.

Somebody set apart the planets,
trees segregated themselves!
But I separated the set of tools,
furniture, stationery for the writing desk,
I am the Individual.

They also built cities,
roads,
religious institutions went out of fashion,
they looked for what was said, for happiness,
I am the Individual.

Later I spent the better part of my time travelling,
in practising, in practising languages,
languages,
I am the Individual.

I peeped through a keyhole,
Yes, I did, what am I to say, I did
in order to opt out of doubt, I did look through,
behind some curtains,
I am the Individual.

Good.

Perhaps it would be best to return to that valley,
to that rock where I lodged,
and begin to carve sketches again,
from back to front I engraved
the world upside down.
But no: life is devoid of meaning.

*statues of human forms made in Tanagra of Boetia.

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Hay un dia feliz by Nicanor Parra, Translated by T Wignesan

Hay un dia feliz by Nicanor Parra, Translated by T. Wignesan

To come by a happy day

(In this poem, Parra maintains lines of twelve to thirteen syllables with every other line ending almost in a mono-rhyme: "a"; I prefer not to follow the same pattern, for I cannot quite see the virtue in forcing the translation into something sounding rather artificially humdrum, given its length.)

Soliloquio del Individuo by Nicanor Parra, Translated by T Wignesan

(Homage to Nicanor PARRA, 1914-2018, the Chilean ANTI-POET, winner of the "Cervantes Prize" (the highest literary honour for writers in Spanish), four times nominated for the Nobel Prize, studied Physics (Brown University), Cosmology (Oxford University) and taught maths and physics for some 40 years, but styles himself as the Poet who writes "Anti-Poems" - a fresh chastising wind to debunk self-styled poets hardly born to the métier but drunk with their own effete and ephemeral voices. T. Wignesan, Paris, 2016.)

I dedicated this afternoon to combing
the solitary streets of my village
with for company good ol' twilight
who's the only friend I have left.

Everything was exactly as earlier on, autumn
and its diffused light (reflected) by snow
just that the weather had invaded everything
with its pale-looking cloak of sadness.

Never thought, believe me, for an instant
that I'd see again this beloved land,
now that I have returned, don't know
how I could have kept myself away from its portals.

Nothing has changed, not even the white houses
nor its aged wooden gates.
Everything was in its place, the swallows
in the tower taller than that of the church;
the snail in the garden; and the moss
in the wet grasp of stones.
In no way one can doubt, this's the kingdom
of the blue sky and of green leaves
where each and every thing has
its singular and placid legend:
even in my own shadow I recognize
the heavenly looks of my grandmother.

Those were the memorable facts
which my early youthful days brought up,
the post office in the corner of the square
and the dampness in the aging walls.

O! My God! Good thing! Never thought
that one can appreciate such a truth,
when we imagine that to be yet far away
is just when it feels even closer.

For the life of me! For the life of me! Something tells me
that life is nothing more than a chimera
an illusion, a dream without end,
a small cloud on the wing.

After all, at times, I don't know quite what I say
my emotions get the better of me.
Since the time to keep silent has chimed
when I embarked on my singular enterprise
one after the other in muted waves,
returned the sheep to the stable.
I greeted them all in person
and when I was standing opposite the grove
which entertains the ears of the traveller
with its ineffably secret music
I remembered the sea and counted the leaves
in homage to my departed brothers.

Perfectly well, I continued my voyage
like one who has nothing to look forward to in life.
I passed in front of the wheel of the mill,
I stood for a while facing a shop:
the odour of coffee is always the same,
always the same moon in my mind;
between the river of yore and that of the present
I am not able to make out any difference.

I recognize it well, this's the tree
my father planted in front of the door
(illustrious father who in his best moments
was better than an open window).

I dare affirm that his behaviour
was a faithful copy of the Middle Ages
when the dog was sweetly sleeping
under the right angle of a star.

At such heights I feel I'm enveloped
by the delicate odours of violets
that my loving mother cultivated
in order to cure cough and sadness.

How much time has passed since then
I would not be able to say with certainty;
nothing really matters, of course,
with wine and the nightingale on the table,
my younger brothers at this hour
must be returning from school:
only that time has erased all things
like a white tempest of sand!

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Poyecto de tren instantaneo entre Santiago y Puerto Montt by Nicanor Parra, Translated by T Wignesan

Proyecto de tren instantaneo entre Santiago y Puerto Montt by Nicanor Parra,
Translated by T. Wignesan

Soliloquio del Individuo by Nicanor Parra, Translated by T Wignesan

(Homage to Nicanor PARRA, 1914-2018, the Chilean ANTI-POET, winner of the "Cervantes Prize" (the highest literary honour for writers in Spanish), four times nominated for the Nobel Prize, studied Physics (Brown University), Cosmology (Oxford University) and taught maths and physics for some 40 years, but styles himself as the Poet who writes "Anti-Poems" - a fresh chastising wind to debunk self-styled poets hardly born to the métier but drunk with their own effete and ephemeral voices. T. Wignesan, Paris, 2016.)

The Anatomy of the Instantaneous Train (plying) between Santiago and Puerto Montt

The engine of the instantaneous train
occupies the place of the destination (Pto Montt)
while the last coach
straddles the station of departure (Stgo)

This type of train affords the passenger
the advantage of arriving instantaneously at Puerto Montt
at the very moment he boards the last coach
in Santiago

The rub is in order to continue voyaging
the traveller has to keep moving with his luggage
through the train
until he gains the first coach

Once the passage has been realized
the passenger may proceed to exit
the instantaneous train
which has remained stationary
during the entire voyage.

•Observation: This type of (direct) train serves only the uni-directional journey.

Source: Poem read by Nicanor Parra as invitee to the International Poetry Festival in the Netherands in 1989 (?)

Viva la Cordillera de los Andes by Nicanor Parra, Translated by T Wignesan

Viva la Cordillera de los Andes by Nicanor Parra, Translated by T. Wignesan

Long Live! The Andes Mountain Range!

I'm seized with a mad rage to yell
long live the Andes Mountain Range
may the Costa Mountain Range lie low slain

The reason I can hardly divine
but I can't hold myself back:
Long Live! The Andes Mountain Range!
May the Costa Mountain Range lie low slain!

For forty full years now
I've wanted to step over the horizon,
go far beyond the limitations of my myopia,
but I just didn't dare.
Now, by no means, Gentlemen
is there an end to my ratiocinations:
Long Live! The Andes Mountain Range!
May the Costa Mountain Range lie low slain!

Have they heard what I said?
There's an end to my ratiocinations!
Long Live! The Andes Mountain Range!
May the Costa Mountain Range lie low slain!

Doubt there's none over my lack of response
if they sever my vocal chords
(in such a case as this
it's almost certain they will)
well, if they do stifle my voice
I would like to say I have no choice
but to accept the dashing of my very last hope.

I am a merchant
indifferent to the positions of the sun
a professor clad in green-coloured trousers
who comes apart drop by drop as dew
an insignificant bourgeois is what I am
in what way do red clouds matter to me?

Nevertheless I appear on balconies
in order to shout out what I offer:
Long Live! The Andes Mountain Range!
May the Costa Mountain Range lie low slain!

Pardon me if I'm going out of my mind
while in the garden made by Nature
but I have to keep shouting till death:
Long Live! The Andes Mountain Range!
May the Costa Mountain Range lie low slain!

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Madrigal by Nicanor Parra, Translated by T Wignesan

Madrigal

(Although the poem's title takes on a well-known 16th Century form of Italian origin, made famous in Spain by Gutierre de Cetina, 1520-1554, here, Parra only manages to keep to a seven-syllable line at best, the rhyme scheme being quite wayward: abc/ddd/efeg/dhi/jkl. I have therefore not followed his wilfull versification.)

I'll become a millionaire in one night
thanks to a trick which will permit me to fix images
in a concave mirror. Or convex.

It seems to me my success will be complete
the moment I invent a coffin with a false bottom
which will permit the corpse to slip into the other world.

Indeed I have burned enough of the midnight oil
in this absurd horse race
in which the jockeys are kept from riding the wild beasts
and they're going to tumble into the throng of spectators.

It follows therefore that I should create something
which would permit me to live comfortably
or at the least permit me to expire.

I'm certain that my legs tremble
I dream that my teeth are falling out
and that I arrive too late to attend some funerals.

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The Test by Nicanor Parra, Translated by T Wignesan

The Test by Nicanor Parra, Translated by T. Wignesan

What's an antipoet:

a trader in urns and coffins?

a priest who does not believe in anything?

a general who entertains doubts about himself?

a vagabond who laughs at every thing

until old age overtakes him unto death?

an interlocuter of bad faith in a dialogue?

a woman who dances at the brink of an abyss?

a narcissist who loves everybody?

a bloody humourist

deliberately miserable?

a poet who dozes off in a chair?

a modern-day alchemist?

a pocket revolutionary?

a small-time bourgeois?

a charlatan?

a god?

an innocent?

a peasant of Santiago de Chile?

Underline the sentence you consider correct.

What is antipoetry:

a storm in a tea cup?

a sleeve of snow robed round a rock?

a shallow tray full of human excreta

as Father Save-the-Earth believes?

a mirror that tells the truth?

a big slap on the face

of the President of the Society of Authors?

(May God preserve him in his holy kingdom)

a warning to younger poets?

a coffin in river rapids?

a coffin of centrifugal force?

a coffin of paraffin gas?

a burning chapel without a corpse?

Mark with a cross

the definition you consider correct.

Poetry has washed its hands off me by Nicanor Parra, Translated by T Wignesan

Poetry has washed its hands off me by Nicanor Parra, Translated by T. Wignesan

I don't say I'm done with everything
I don't feel deluded in this respect
I would have liked continuing to poetise
but the course of inspiration has run out.
Poetry has continued to behave well
it is I who is guilty of horribly bad behaviour.

What do I gain from saying
that I (too) have behaved well
that poetry has not been of good behaviour
when everybody knows I'm the guilty one.

Serves me right that I made myself out to be an imbecile!

Poetry has continued to behave well
my behaviour has been despicably horrible
Poetry has washed its hands off me.

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Letters to an Unknown Woman by Nicanor Parra, Translated by T Wignesan

Letters to an Unknown Woman by Nicanor Parra, Translated by T. Wignesan

When years go by, when years
go by and the air having excavated a ditch
between your soul and mine, when years hurry past
and I be the only man to entertain feelings of love,
a being who hovered an instant in front of your lips,
a poor fella dejected from walking through gardens,
where will you be? Where
will you, O! child/daughter of my kisses!

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The Imaginary Man by Nicanor Parra, Translated by T Wignesan

The Imaginary Man by Nicanor Parra, Translated by T. Wignesan

The imaginary man
lived in an imaginary house
in the midst of imaginary trees
on the bank of an imaginary river

From walls which are imaginary
hang ancient imaginary framed paintings
irreparable imaginary fissures
which recall imaginary events
which took place in imaginary worlds
in imaginary places and times

Every imaginary afternoon
he goes up imaginary staircases
and leans over the imaginary balcony
to survey the imaginary landscape
which is made up of an imaginary valley
surrounded by imaginary hills

Imaginary shadows
approach from an imaginary path
singing imaginary songs
to the demise of the imaginary sun

And during imaginary moonlit nights
dreams with an imaginary woman
who offered to him (toasting) her imaginary love
once again he felt this same pain
the very same imaginary pleasure
and once again began to palpitate
the heart of the imaginary man

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Coplas on Wine by Nicanor Parra, Translated by T Wignesan

Coplas on Wine

(here, the famous AntiPoetic Chilean Poet Nicanor Parra, b. 1914, uses the more popular form of the « copla » genre that he contains in quatrains of 8 to 10 syllables with two lines of each quatrain rhyming at random, though not in perfect rhymes, in order to approximate the lilting « song » forms. He does not adhere to the syllabic and rhyme schemes of other more fixed forms, such as, the « Copla de arte mayor » or the « Coplas a pie quebrado », rather he favours the form known as « Malas coplas », songs composed and sung by the blind in the streets. Parra also uses words which are particular to Chilean expressiveness.)

Feeling nervous, but not without defiance
towards all that constitutes competition
in the face of those who deprecate, I beg
pardon and condescension.

With my face deadpan in coffin
and my butterflies of old
I also wish to affirm my présence
in this solemn celebration.

Is there (anything), I (dare) ask
more noble than a bottle
of wine well interposed
between two twin souls ?

Wine possesses power
to command respect and to destabilize
transmuting snow into fire
and make fire turn into stone.

Wine is all things : it's the sea
boots for twenty immeasurable distances
the magical interior insulation, the sun
the parrot of seven tongues.

Some drink to slake thirst
others to forget obligations
and to espy tiny lizards
and cracks and fissures in stars.

The man who's not drawn to drink
his cup filled with liquid like blood

cannot be, so I dare think
a Christian of staunch descent.

Wine can be sipped
from vessels of silver, crystal or clay
but it's best when in copihue*
in fuchsia or in white lily.

The poor allot themselves their portion
in order to placate their duties
which they are unable to fulfill
neither with tears nor with strikes.

If I was asked to choose
between diamonds and pearls
I would choose a portion
of grapes white and black.

The blind man with a cup
sees sparks and lightning streaks
and the lame of birth
who break out dancing the cueca.*

Wine when one drinks it
with sincerity inspired
only then can it be compared
to the kiss of a Virgin damsel.

In the name of all this I raise
my cup to the sun of the night
and drink this sacred juice
which makes brothers of us all in heart.

•copihue : flowering plant cultivated as adornment.

* cueca : popular Chilean dance.

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Antipoetic cricket: Chalkup the Score Board

Antipoetic cricket : chalkup the scoreboard

for the Belgium blast victims

Someone's crying

Someone's dying

Someone's lying

if it ain't this

'tis that

each gimmick's a trick

lemme ge' at 'im

he go' oneon me

one up

is one down

one down

packs tonnup

for the side

if it ain't for this

who'd not bowl from the other end

someun's go' to bat

someun's go' to bat

the score must go on board

the ducks and duck-breakers alike cannot hide

the innings defeat comes after one side fields twice

it ain't cricket to chalk up a draw

rain or no reign

August 3, 1997 (re-worked from the collection : longhand notes, 1999) © T.
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Did I say What I said You said

Did I say What I said You said

You said looking a little forlorn
a little redundant
the contradicting crosses in your eyelashes
thrusting forth the brazen prophet in you for the day
only
no country nor community at your command
bashfully

What is this life ? Once you're dead you're gone
gone forever !
some coarse stele the five a three or perhaps a nine
raven rot working into the rubbed-out stone
long the frangipani branches drifting with the tide
severed from the scarred bones

What you said I could have
the wooden broad sword of your scouring words
scathing my back my nape stung
awakening the nakedness of futile words
fixing memory
vain memory some lines here or there
some thoughts culled out of your hands
how might I eject sense empty the void of your accusing pain
your desolation
retain
keep only the one possible denotation of the moment

Whose ancestral voices
linger in my thoughts in yours
stray strands of concepts trapped
in subliminal dimensions caught just a while
in the slanting light cutting through your escaping inturned eye
interstitial arrows darting through undead time

Will my time age out of time
in the dead of time

conflict between those who beget you
conflict between those who assess you

Is there lack of those who'd hate you enough to love your enemies

come back a reformed reformist and
make the comeback
what you want

No one opts out for
even gone some remember the
harsh things you said the hurtful things you did and
all the things you should have but did not

Or do you depart in disgust
at all this fuss over nothing
the grating chores of shoring up your image
the unbending pride made you the arch-enemy
the fear too late of mending your name
the fumbling efforts to repair for those you cared
the coffee serré with four cubes let your body go
the rubbing spasms in stolen moments
all heinous crimes and more

Better be dead you said
than remember the Dead
and wondered why you tolerated living so vilely
in fear unfree a prisoner of your own will

I too may look back over my shoulder and see
a gaping vast expanse
and look for words teeming words
in lieu of you
a curlicue crescent balancing on a lame branch
in limbo

June 7, 1996 (from the collection - re-worked- longhand notes, 1999)
(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2016

Limericks crochetes: All the trappings of the rough-neck cult

Limericks crochetés : All the trappings of the rough-neck cult

All the trappings of the rough-neck cult
Baby-faced blond Aryans exult
Under star-striped umbrella
State seal insignia
Some Dad yells « OUT », muscle-men catapult

Can SUN also set in the Wild West
Where the cash – the Man says – will come to rest
How many will share wealth
How many get free health
Deplete coffers for great job conquest ?

The tragic loss of a rising star
O ! Mark « Blond » face ! He'll shine yet afar !
Blocked not by Destiny
But by peer fear envy :
Winsome mien sage's ears passion galore !

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Limericks crochetes: Once a cardsharp comic called Don Dump

Limericks crochetés: Once a cardsharp comic called Don Dump

Once a cardsharp comic called Don Dump
Made father's money jump during slump
Dreamed of ruling this earth
Joined campaign (in) stand-up mirth
Made people laugh without using trump.

He played to the gallery hirsute
Soon his jokes turned sauerkraut through soot
Before long they cried : Heil !
Jackboots clicked, people wail
In goose-step, give : Sieg ! Heil ! salute.

Moral : « Listen not to funny man Dump !
Migrants all know how to scale wall jump.
Ten million there love US
Minus some (who) think like louse !
Live not solipsistic world on rump ! »

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Villanelle: Who rules what is or what's not after the fact

Villanelle : Who rules what is or what's not after the fact

Who rules what is or what's not after the fact
The first poem struck wasn't it a cry of hope
Words gushing from constricting throats militant act

Who must with calipers measure the creative act
Draws hot blood choking in dungeons where poets lost grope
Who rules what is or what's not after the fact

Who lays the laws down robs the poem from the poet
Post-mortem never reveals how thoughts in body cope
Words gushing from constricting throats militant act

Words feel through emotions un-thought by Eliot
Though Bousono makes poets mindless on tight rope
Who rules what is or what's not after the fact

Words at random plucked by the senses speak with tact
Not so Essay on Man by Alexander Pope
Words gushing from constricting throats militant act

Songs of joy set to music in dance speak not slack
No Aristotle could glean rules where poets dumb mope
Who rules what is or what's not after the fact
Words gushing from constricting throats militant act

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Unquotable quotes - XVII

Unquotable quotes - XVII

The more the spread of the Multi-Verse(s), the less the possibility of purpose in our lives on earth.

In a world chock-full of people where almost everybody wants to be heard, be seen and be remembered, only fools listen to fools and the vain watch the vain and the duped remember the duped..

Only evil-doers think and act as though they can get away with it all for good. Life humiliates ALL, so what's the difference if one rises or falls.

Every born being is a ridiculous thing, and most of all the king.

Thinking one can remedy it all - get the better of one's detractors - before one's end is the height of gall.

No individual can in all certainty be indispensable to - even - one's own galaxy - to keep it believable : Is our world of any moment to all the other possible worlds ?

What remains unseen/unseeable is always a mystery to everybody but a few who appear to be inhabited by some alien spirit.

Why do evil-doers always find it always easy to triumph over do-gooders ? The contrary is the case the other way round.

Nothing can change what lies out there - not even with all the goodwill in the world : no man, no god, no will, no sacrifice, no suffering, no prayer, no brilliance, no nothing.

Odd that the most obsessive form of pleasure is still rooted around the portals of birth and excretion.

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Unquotable quotes - Friends - XVI

Unquotable quotes Friends - XVI

Can friends also be lovers ; not certainly under covers.

Can friends do one another harm and stay calm ; not unless they have lost their sense of alarm.

Can you make a friend do what you will not do yourself ; what's the use of having a friend who will not.

Can you ask a friend for a recommendation which will get you a better job than his ; if you were him, you'd check to see if the signature was his.

Can you ask the friend running the marathon race with you to keep you company until the end ; if he does, dump him before you take the last bend.

If you asked your friend to take your sick dog to the veterinarian's and if he agrees, give him your chihuahua, your kakatua, your Siamese twin and your cochon d'Inde, for a start. Keep the anaconda for a little later.

If you have a friend who has a large family, especially of the right sex, ask him to bring his entire family to your nudist camp at the local beach for the club's commemoration day ; if he doesn't, he cannot be your friend, so try another ; if the fool does, make certain the battery pack for your movie camera is fully charged and within reach.

Can friends who know one another well enough share the same dreams ; yes, if they lick on the very same vanilla-flavoured ice-creams.

Can friends you call on the phone at home after hours not hang up before you do be trusted to fork out a loan for your mortgage payment ; if yes, then go and live with him or her at once.

Can a friend who backbites and carries tales about you be trusted to give your bride away at your seventh nuptials ? Yes, he most certainly can !

Can a friend who reviles his fellow candidates in an election primary be trusted to offer a longstanding friend a cabinet post in the event of a final resounding victory ? Indubitably, otherwise they wouldn't be friends for that long anyway.

Can you let a friend take from you to give to a sworn enemy ; of course you can if you have been trying to get rid of her for a very, very long time.

Can a friend who never ceases to talk of having saved you from your friends be counted among your enemy's best friends ?

Wives of friends who are always alone need to take up the trombone or trumphone.

Villanelle: Who but Great Powers make World look like market place

Villanelle : Who but Great Powers make World look like market place

Who but Great Powers make World look like market place
The crib courtyards of Russia China and US
Who reigns in the United States concerns all in space

Don't tell the down-trodden rest they're out of the race
Even sinking island states may hope for prowess
Who but Great Powers make World look like market place

Lebens raum's an excuse for Conquistadores
Spices for regal banquets stolen art pieces
Who reigns in the United States concerns all in space

A hundred years of wars deprives Man of grace
Leaders thrive on gullible populace nonetheless
Who but Great Powers make World look like market place

The more the whine the more the fish-market brag place
What counts is the clout each Big Brother promises
Who reigns in the United States concerns all in space

What makes a nation great if not the populace
Can any man then replace what's good in US
Who but Great Powers make World look like market place
Who reigns in the United States concerns all in space

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Unquotable quotes: friends - XV, Part One

If you stick your neck out for a friend, you're likely to lose your head.
A friend is a potential enemy in disguise as a loving wife just before vowing ties.
Friends are of all kinds but the kind you want them to be.
A friend you use is a friend you abuse and who has no use of you.
The friend you call upon in need is always in greater need.
If you give a friend an helping-hand, make sure you take it back as soon as you can.
If you trust your friend with your girl, you're the biggest dope in the world.
When friends meet, they always talk about beating meat.
If you take a friend to dine, make sure he leaves his horse behind.
The friend with daughters is the kind you wished sported blinkers.
A friend who works in banks, we always drop in - in person - to say thanks.
The friend's wife even if she's a bad cook is no chinook to hook.
If friends go on vacation with their wives, they always know who connives.
Friends who live close-up always end-up in the lock-up.
A friend with an axe to grind always uses it on some friend's uterine.
A friendly father is one who takes a lasting interest in his daughter's girl friends.
A friend who loans you some dough is always knocking on your door.
Only a friend who walks his dog picks the hour your wife goes out for a jog.
A friend at your beck and call must be wondering why you don't him enthrall.
A friend by any other name is a still a friend you can put to shame.
A friend is someone you can entrust your shame with, but never your fame.
Keep your distance from the friend who shouts in your face for it's a downright disgrace he spits in your face.
Friends who work for rival companies tend to share daily work memories.
Friends who work in different embassies are thick as thieves.
The greatest friends are those married couples with very large families who realize far too late they are/were really homo-sexuals.
Friends who give one another too many presents ought to look for friends who only give presents.
The best friends are those who need no psycho-analysts for they can see each other without waiting for appointments.
Childhood friends always end-up wishing their friends on other friends.
A friend of a friend always turns up for a spend or a lend.
Long lost friends who meet to go out for the night leave behind wives happy, whallop-py and tight.

Villanelle: Those whom the gods disdain bloat tough in hubris

Villanelle : Those whom the gods disdain bloat tough in hubris

Those whom the gods disdain bloat tough in hubris
Vesuvius sank isle strung duckweed in Mid-Sea
Tectonic plates clash Zeus' curse sinks Atlantis

Tough talk across Atlantic makes Olympus hiss
Triumphant magnate tandem with pale Yin on knee
Those whom the gods disdain bloat tough in hubris

No Plato to lament holy Lost Angeles
Split through Grand Canyon guts out at New Jersey
Tectonic plates clash Zeus' curse sinks Atlantis

Meru's father stomachs no campaign mudsling blitz :
« Stop the la-di-da now or I'll make you float free ! »
Those whom the gods disdain bloat tough in hubris

« Let Minerva win or I'll split Oval Office !
I'll not say it again : You'll lose Land of Free ! »
Tectonic plates clash Zeus' curse sinks Atlantis

No curse worse than what shatters Olympus bliss
« Come to your senses now : Trump card will make you flee ! »
Those whom the gods disdain bloat tough in hubris
Tectonic plates clash Zeus' curse sinks Atlantis

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The idea is to

The idea is to...

steep oneself in panacea
scriptures
when times seem too unbearable
irretrievable
finding solace in public place pageants
waving papier mâché penants
but not lingering too long in the cowed comfort of
feeling blameless
take courage then and return
to this tortured blighted
ephemeral existence

How else may you live
knowing nothing of what lies beyond
bad enough
while we're here
too many things to worry about
time to get up
the effort to sleep long enough

remember
not long ago about four hundred million years ago
there were but twenty-two hours to the day

did the cavemen then sleep two hours less than we who see through our cataract
lids the catharsis of the late-night Tolkien saga

the cleaning the endless cleaning to stay the smell the dirt the germs
the endless spliced and spiced nourishment
for the body the brain
the damned boredom

to look out for those we put on this earth
for those who put us on this uni-directional road
and for that
to strain to study find a job and climb on slippery backs to scale heights of 0
far too late comfort

that would give us a name fame be looked upon liked loved cherished admired
glorified

followed remembered deified
by seven-day wonder blighters

fight for what is proclaimed Right
for the race for the nation
for the class caste community
lay down our lives for the faith
for our founding-fathers
mutilated families

who may choose to be born
chooses to die

the idea then is to seek relief
for as long as the cure us
sustains
and return to the fight to our diurnal plight

and hope in another four-hundred million years
we would evolve into highrise cavemen
needing no sleep
nor faith nor bonds of bloodied brotherhood
nor food nor sadist sex nor thoughts of selfhood

beings evolved beyond the gods
their descendants
our forefathers handed down to us

though on the way we may have laid waste
wreaked havoc with the contours on this ekedout earth
and all that stood in the way
of our will not to hold back yet another
monstrous bigoted world

July 2, 1997

From the privately pub. coll. (rev. 2016) : longhand notes (a binding of poems), 1999, 115p.

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Unquotable quotes - XIV

Unquotable quotes – XIV

Don't trouble trouble until trouble gobbles you ; don't rubble rouble until rouble rubbles you.

Don't marry a woman out of pity ; she'll make you regret her lack of fidelity for a ditty.

Don't lose your temper with any old party member ; they are all in league licking the leader's member.

Don't meddle with paddles if you have never rowed on water ; it's not the self-same action you practice with your partner.

Don't run to get insurance coverage when you're hanging from a ledge ; better wait for the dredger to empty the valley of sludge.

Don't go to the cinema to rub or warm thighs and legs ; what you're watching is not what you see.

Don't climb mountains only to be rescued in the public eye ; there are other more subtle ways like making naked love to appear on TV.

Don't crack jokes to make others croak ; crack their skulls open with a rebuke.

Don't eat with your fingers noodles soup ; drink the soup first, then slurp the noodles through fingers.

Don't tease the neighbour's daughter for lack of laughter ; for all you know she may be Bob Hope's screen writer.

Don't turn tables in a fight if you haven't got the might, unless you're John Wayne in a Western with a broken hind stern.

Don't squirm in bed dreaming of Clark Gable ; his teeth kept great actresses crying out for a gargle.

Don't swim against the current pretending to be Tarzan, unless you have a Jane willing to put up with any bane.

Don't cry for help with a mere yelp.

Unquotable quotes - XIII

Unquotable quotes – XIII

Follow love for it's free, free love and it'll flee.
Do unto others as you would have them undress you.
Easy come, eenie meenie mini go.
Practice makes sex a maniac.
God helps those who help ten elves.
Never kiss a gift horse in the mouth.
People who live in glass houses should not throw boomerangs.
Two heads are no better than none.
Actions speak louder than burps.
A watched pot suffers from boils.
You can't make a cutlet without breaking legs.
Hang on the hand that feeds you.
All good things must come to a fiend.
If you can't beat 'em, grind 'em.
If it ain't broke, don't make it work.
Dislocation is the greater part of valour.
There's no place like eohm.
A picture is worth a thousand broads.
Better late than dump her.
The pen is mightier than the sword for those who're illiterate.
One man's trash is another man's pleasure.
Beauty is in the dye of the painter.
Myopia is the mother of the optician.
Familiarity breeds when people camp unkempt.
Good things come to those who know how to put on weight.
A drain is only as long as the longest drink.
Absence makes the heart go ablunder.
You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him blink.
In teaching others we teach ourselves to teach others.
If you want something done Right, don't look to the Left.

Unquotable quotes - XII

Unquotable quotes - XII

To catch a monkey, you need a young coconut with three holes for eyes ; bore a hole in one and wait : the monkey will thrust its hand in to grab a mouthful and will not let go come what may.

To catch a false monk, you need an orphan.

To catch a thief, you need either a camera or a cobra.

To catch a bluffer, you need to make him believe ya.

To catch a fly, you need a spider with a parlour.

To catch a poisonous snake, you need a retracting loup on a long ten-foot pole.

To catch a giant, you need a sling with a stone.

To catch a Pharoah, you need his sister with a hisser.

To catch a priest, you need the advice of his Chief Geist.

To catch a stool-pigeon, you need another stool-pigeon.

To catch a plane, you need a valid ticket.

To take a train, you need a ticket-puncher.

To board a ship, you need to rise with the tide.

To catch the woman next-door, you need to wait until the paramour goes out the back-door.

To catch a ripe durian, you need to have a hard or an empty head.

To capture a girl in a burqa, all you need is another burqa.

To capture a rat in a hole, all you need is a secret service mole.

To capture a pirate ship in a canal, all you need to do is to lower the water-level.

To catch a polar bear and her cubs, all you need to do is to raise the level of your exhaust fumes.

To catch a lark on a bark, all you need to do is to click your camera.

To catch the sun in the morn, all you need to do is to sleep with your window open.

To catch cold, all you need to do is to stand stark naked bold.

To catch forty winks, you need to be full of drinks.

To get on peoples' nerves, you need to step on their toes.

To catch the pox, you need to meet a certain lady who lounges around the docks.

To come to grief, all you need to do is to rob Fort Knox.

Unquotable quotes with more Cricketing Jargon - XI

Take your own sweet time, and let others keep time.

Tea for two always ends up in a hell-uv-a bellowing brew ;
tea and sympathy in a hullaballoo.

The choice between Scylla and Charybdis is like the
dilemma between the crocodile and the pirana fish.

Popes, princes and paupers all piddle but a puddle.

The janitor knows when any tenant or proprietor in his
charge is about to sneeze or freeze.

A poor workman blames his stools.

Seasons follow one another like troubles and solutions.

Since Life (according to the Yijing) is « conditioned and
unfree », how is a kiss under the mistletoe completely
free ?

A new broom sweeps well, an old ? cannot tell, maybe
even hell.

If you put the pennies in a piggy bank for a rainy day,
what if it never rains ?

More haste, less speed ; more waste, less need.

Cricketing jargon

« Out stumped » : occurs when a batsman during play decides to leave the limits
of the crease in order to meet the bowled ball before it, for instance, hits
the ground but misses to connect the ball with his bat while the wily
wicke(d)t-keeper has (unknown to the batsman) crept up in the meantime to the
position right behind the wickets where, with the ball safely in his gloves,
decapitates the wickets of its bails, or pulls up one stump with one hand while
the other holds on to the ball up high -- a common foolhardy show of bravado
that could cost the batsman his wicket and make him « look stumped ».

« Caught and bowled » : occurs when a bowler delivers a ball and the batsman
strikes it straight and hard back in such a way that the ball in a nano-second
heads for the bowler's face just when the bowler buckles under in dis-
equilibrium during his follow-through : he then automatically puts up his hands
in a desperate attempt to ward off the ball but the ball gets stuck in his
palms by chance. This great feat in cricket is recorded by the scorer as «
caught and bowled » by of course the startled bowler.

« The break for tea at four » is a mere excuse to take a pee after a long hot
post-lunch snooze in the field.

« The runner » is another member of the team who is designated by the captain
to do the « running » between wickets, for some batsman who has the good sense
to cook up an excuse, such as, a sprained ankle which, curiously, disappears on
the way home to his wife simply because the wife wouldn't fall for the pretext
when it comes to fulfilling his marital bedroom duties.

A clever wife, of course, would ask for a « runner » to replace the husband in

bed.

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Unquotable quotes - X

Unquotable quotes - X

A beautiful wife gets to changing husbands as she may.

An ugly wife gets to keeping her husband out all day every day.

A plain-looking wife doesn't give a damn any either way.

A happy wife gets to watching her children in carefree play.

A shrew gets to driving her husband round the bend at the end of the day.

An adulteress gets to infecting her children every other day.

A nymphomaniac gets to making her husband out to be a gay.

A high born wife gets to sleeping somehow out in the hay.

A gay wife gets to making a harem out of the honeymoon day.

A loud-mouthed wife gets to keeping all her neighbours in fear away.

An over-aged wife gets to making her husband look like he was in her pay.

A frigid wife gets to making her husband out to be an impotent lay.

A dumb wife gets to keeping her husband without a say.

A saintly wife gets to thinking she wakes up every day on Groundhog Day.

A heftily-backed wife gets to thinking her husband hides in her bay.

A baby-faced wife in bed gets to making her husband look the other way.

A bored wife watches corridas on the tele on a rainy day.

A sad wife spots the hairs on her husband's head turn slowly gray.

A chaste wife is an empty church or temple where no one goes to pray.

A wise man gets to keeping well out of the way of wives and husbands in dismay.

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Unquotable quotes - IX

Unquotable quotes - IX

You cannot have your cake and eat it, but you can have your meat and beat it.

Sow your wild oats on a sow and your tame oats on a milch cow, and reap what you sow.

See not evil, speak not evil but fiddle evil.

Silence is olden.

Blood is thicker than 70% of the body.

If you eat your fill, who will foot the bill ?

Since l'habille ne fait pas le moine, what if the monk goes about in his birthday suit ?

Money makes Bunnies look funny.

When a white-collared worker marries a blue-collared worker, they invariably produce a red-collared sucker.

The only impermanent resident is the President.

It is only raining cats, not dogs.

We are just kissing cousins in the parloir but not in the boudoir.

Wake not a man asleep and tell him his wife has given him the slip.

Snakes and Ladders : To skid and fall is a blessing compared to climbing a ladder and falling from a height and being hit on the head by the falling ladder while the snake is waiting and hissing..

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Unquotable quotes - VIII

Unquotable quotes - VIII

The stray dog is always in search of a god.

A tiger leaves behind its stripes ; men their gripes.

A lame duck is a man without luck, and a luckless man quacks like a duck.

When friends and relatives depart, it's time to make a fresh start.

A sick mind in a sound body is the worst form of agony for the enemy.

Too lazy to want to live, yet too unwilling to want to die : best be eternally sick.

Empty vessels make the most ground on water.

If you walk a mile in someone else's shoes, you're likely to end up with athlete's foot.

A samurai's sword writes only in red ink.

Wild ideas fester in the coils of a turban : some lose their way in the labyrinth, others die inglorious deaths in the squiggly enmeshed strands.

Wars are waged by nations in order to reduce the size of the populations during times of prosperity when men and women - young and old - concentrate their best efforts in the art and practice of reproduction at the expense of production for the care and protection of their children who are the haphazard products of their carelessness.

God uses men to wage wars against one another in order to save Himself the bother of having to propagate Himself.

Men use gods to wage wars in Their names in order to enhance the status of their own gods.

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Unquotable quotes - VII

Unquotable quotes - VII

What comes in through one ear goes out through the rear.
Give him a wench and, he'll want her to be French.
Give him an inch and he'll take no small pinch.
Better be swallowed by a whale than be torn to shreds by a
shark of a girl in a gale.
The praying mantis kills after she copulates in bliss ; the
predatory woman drills a hole in your bank account first
before she kills for a thrill.
The banana kills its bearer for the latter cannot bear another.
Take the pillow but not the widow
Marry her sister if she's fatter.
Frogs in a well croak well in hell.
A crab walking straight is out of gait.

(continuing the series from UQ - VI)

We are all sinners under bums.
We are all looters under swarms.
We are all marchers under drums.
We are all dreamers under balms.
We are all loafers under palms.
We are all voters under domes.
We are all soupers under poems.

for Chrissie Morris-Brady

If you call a spade a jade, you've got it made
But if you call a maid a jade, you're likely to get laid
Though if you call a maid in bed, you're going to get wed
Yet if you call a maid to bed, you're sure to be up-fed.

If you call a maid in a hurry, you're likely to be sorry
Or if you call a maid in a lorry, you're bound to worry.

If you called a lad dad, he'd likely not be glad
Yet if you called the lad bad, he'd certainly be sad
But if you called the lad mad, he's bound to think you a grad.

If you called a nerd a turd, you could possibly get furred
But if you thought a Lord bored, you probably will get bored

Yet if you called a Lord a toad, he'll have you all towed.
Then if you called a Knight tight, he'll challenge you to a fight.
If you called a Baron daemon, he'll think you were a doorman.

If you refer to Jude as a nude, you're likely to get screwed
And refer to the nude as lewd, you're bound to get brewed
And think of Dude as crude, there's bound to be a feud.

If you called a squid a quid, it's bound to think like a Druid.
If you call what you said dead, you'll never ever get read

If you thought home food good, you must be a real hood
And rely on your word two-third, you sure are a dud.

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Unquotable quotes - VI

Unquotable quotes - VI

(Note : A good many of the « epigrams » in this sequence of quotes are a take off on other well-known short poems, proverbs, sayings or expressions faites, etc . The rest are my own epigrams.)

All the world's a stooge.

Paint the town red with blood.

Swing low, Sweet chariot ! Coming to carry me on throne !

Turn the other back for a slap on the back.

Can you turn your nose up while sitting on your high horse ?

Finders keepers, Minders weepers !

Black holes also suck white souls.

A bun in the womb is worth ten in the oven.

Cleanliness is next to Godzillaness.

Garbage cans are not rubbish bins.

What goes up must bring Heaven down.

We are all stinkers under the arms.

We are all sewers under bums.

We are all lovers under mums.

We are all beggars under alms.

We are all killers under arms.

We are all believers under psalms.

We are all thinkers under norms.

We are all schemers under qualms.

We are all bribers under palms.

We are all runners under bombs.

We are all rotters under worms.

We are all liars under gums.

We are all swimmers under foams.

We are soldiers under uniforms.

We are all writers under thumbs.

One need hardly fear the extinction of Life on earth through environmental or climatic catastrophe : inter-religious contention will get the job done well before-hand.

Cricketing jargon

« Style mahu kala tida-apa ! » (Doesn't matter if you're given out so long as you managed to play the right stroke !)

This « tongue-in-cheek remark » in Malay pidgin is often used in Malaysia-Singapore to describe those batsmen who surrender their wickets in style, i.e., batsmen who are sticklers to the art of playing textbook strokes irrespective

of whether the ball is engaged by the bat or not.

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Unquotable quotes - V

Unquotable quotes – V

Constant dipping wears out the hardest bone.

Out of sight, out of bind.

Too many cooks spoil the school books.

Be a cuckoo and lay your eggs at the cuckold's next door.

When lightning strikes, the fire-brigade rides.

Don't cry over spilt tears on a tilted table.

Give a dope a long rope to escape prison and hang yourself.

Till the cows come home lone and married.

Do not teach a dog how not to bark.

A shark's « fin » is the end of the film.

A rhinoceros's horn makes the infidel a born again thorn.

Early to bed, early to rise makes the wife stealthy, squalid and clock-wise.

A lawyer is a liar/Who rides a bicycle on a live wire/Smokes a salmon in her office oven/Slurps noodles with poor poodles/Makes fudges out of judges/Ends up selling divorced wives/On the internet stock archives.

A two-timing two makes fools of fours on all fours.

Go fly a kite when you're tight out of sight.

When the garden warbler trills on oblivious, the magpies ensemble grumble.

Patients can undo all the good doctors do.

Even cars can become chronically ill.

Children need not be seen so long as the noise they make reminds us of them.

Authority always provides cover for cruelty.

The nation is always worthy of the most scurrilous crimes.

Religious service serves only the ritual's hollow promise.

He serves God best who serves all creatures first.

God cannot be in need of help. Nor does He need adulation.

Is religion an attempt to bribe God ?

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Villanelle: The Cricketers' Hakka: How's Zaat

Villanelle : The Cricketer's Hakka : « How's Zaat ! »

Balls thud into pads bats gloves or whisk past batsmen
At bowler's end or square leg umpires stare stand
« How's Zaat ! » yell players game's holy silence broken

Two umpires two batsmen players eleven
All rivet eyes on five half ounces ball leather bound
Balls thud into pads bats gloves or whisk past batsmen

Main aim of the game ball must be struck by batsmen
Who guard Holy Trinity wickets honour bound
« How's Zaat ! » yell players game's holy silence broken

The idea's to score more runs to secure win
Leg before wicket brings down batsmen standing grand
Balls thud into pads bats gloves or whisk past batsmen

Matters not a whit if ball on pads make bails spin
Mighty yell in unison must umpire confound
« How's Zaat ! » yell players game's holy silence broken

Yell must at all costs contradict the truth even
Force umpires to doubt their own judgement to withstand
Balls thud into pads bats gloves or whisk past batsmen
« How's Zaat ! » yell players game's holy silence broken

Note : The batsman can be given out in various ways , but it's the umpire who decides whether the batsman's « out » in the following cases : « leg before wicket » (where the bowled ball is stopped from reaching the wickets by the batsman's pads), ; « run out » (where the batsman during play stands with his bat outside the creases at the wickets) ; « caught » (where the ball bowled by the bowler is caught by any fielder after it ricochets either from the bat or the gloves) ; « no ball » (where the bowler delivers the ball while his foot is outside the crease at his end), ; « hit wicket » (where the batsman even accidentally strikes the wickets with his bat) ; « wide » (where the bowled ball is reasonably out of reach of the batsman) ; « no ball or throw » (where the bowled ball is delivered while bending or hooking the elbow).
It is the custom - at least, in the old days - that whenever the above-mentioned irregularities occur during a match, the players on the fielding side all in one voice yell : « How's Zaat ! » (How's That !) and look at the umpire for his verdict in an attempt to intimidate him - just in case he was

inattentive at the crucial moment. Likely as not, it is also the custom to yell out even if there was no case to be made out in their favour.

(The wording is mine : the official description of the rules might differ from my definitions which are formulated from my own experience as a player.)

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Unquotable quotes: more cricketing jargon - IV

Unquotable quotes (More Cricketing Jargon) - IV

A « wide » is a ball aimed by the bowler at some absent-minded fielder.

The « silly-point » is the fielding position so close to the batsman that the captain forces his rival to occupy at the risk of receiving balls on the head, solar plexus and balls hit at over 300 m.p.h.

An « inswinger » is a bowled ball which changes course in mid-air and gets round the batsman to nick the bails.

An « outswinger » is a bowled ball which the batsman thought he connected for a six but which merely nicked his bat to reach the safe first-slip's hands.

A « run-out » is given when batsmen running between wickets wish to get back to the pavillion in a hurry.

To get « one's eyes in » is to see cricket balls the size of foot-balls.

A « partnership » in batting occurs when one batsman does all the stroke-playing while the other hurls abuse and advise on him.

The « night-watchmen » are batsmen sent in with blankets to keep the pitch warm at the end of the day.

The « opening batsmen » always take their own sweet time between the pavillion until their crease rituals.

The « one down » is the batsman who makes the ground look like an empty billiard table.

The « top scorer » is not the cousin of the official scorer.

« Clean bowled » happens when the batsman is looking at a blonde in the pavillion.

« Hit wicket » usually occurs when tall batsmen choose long-handle bats for their centuries.

« Leather-hunt » takes place when one ball takes to visiting all corners of the field in quick succession.

A century or two could very well take just half-a-day these days.

The « hat-trick » always occurs when the umpire is dozing after lunch.

« Good shot » means no one has dared put a hand out to stop the ball.

« Medium-paced bowlers » are fast bowlers who have been hit once too often out of the ground.

The « leg pull » always catches the leg and mid-field

talking to one another.

The last batsman always takes a wild swing at the first ball in the hope that it would land on the captain's head.

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Unquotable quotes - III

Unquotable quotes - III

When in Rome, do as the Roman Nero.

The rain in Spain falls mainly on the vain and the insane.

A grenade a day keeps the refugee away.

Cut your coat according to your girth.

The kettle calling the pot back.

Like father, like son; like mother, like neither.

Singing in the rain can get you pain in Spain.

Singing in the rain in Paris can get you chicks who do the twist with fairies.

A sound heart in a sick body is like a tart groggy with toddy.

The sun also rises best in the West.

Who said beggars are not choosers: they can choose the place and moment they beg.

A white tiger abhors orange.

A policeman's girl always wears handcuffs behind her back.

A lawyer who licks the back of hands always gets paid first.

A judge who yells at you tends to reduce the sentence to a phrase.

Building castles in the air with sand is cheaper by far.

A marathon runner remembers the thighs but not the laps.

At the end of the day is when you make your greatest mistake – you go to sleep.

Churn milk to make curd: churn speech to make turd.

Pounding rice as a marriage rite brings no surprise on the wedding night.

One swallow doesn't make a drunkard out of a teetotaller, but it sure signals a dry summer.

Cricketing jargon

The late-cut is the shave you missed out.

The off-cut is the cover drive turned phut.

The leg-pull is the batsman's bras de fer to the leg spinner.

The long-stop is the twelfth man on the field.

The straight drive pierces the umpire's reverie.

The full-toss is the fast bowler's slipped disc.

The ton-up comes after the spin bowlers give up.

The innings defeat is the army beating the retreat.

Test matches end up in ditches for pitches.

A bumper is an un-coded message from the bowler to the batsman.

A bumper is an overt warning to the inveterate blocker.

Tail-enders get to face the best batsmen all-rounders.

Umpires inspect pitches at the start of a match for coins dropped by lawn-mowers.

An over-throw is a fielded ball flung by an outfielder at the umpires and which misses the wickets by miles.

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Unquotable quotes II

Unquotable quotes – II

Spare the rod and knife the wife.
Empty drums make the most deaf wise.
Penny wise Pound English.
The Polyester Stomper heals the vain woman's heel.
Eat what you can but can what doctors ban.
Let the water tap run but drain rain.
The woman, the dog and the chestnut tree, the more
you beat them the harder the bark.
Let sleeping dogs neigh.
It never rains but indoors.
Honesty is the best example of idiocy.
Two's company, three's a broad.
Make hay while the sun shines.
There's no smoke without liars.
Don't count plots before they are hatched.
Preach not what you can enjoy in peace.
An eye for an eye, a tooth for a truth.
Parting makes much sweet sour.
A round peg in a square soul.
Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the knaves.
Able was I as I saw(ed) Abel.
It's a Rolling Stone that makes a fuss.
Those who tighten belts don't wear sarongs.
The high and mighty always suck with the flighty.
What's good for Peter is good for the Church.
The haiku is the silly bugger of the tanka.
The baker's dozen helps keep the poor cousin.

Cricketing jargon

The no ball is the cricket's late call.
The boundary is the sixer's mockery.
The wicket keeper bails batsmen out.
The googly makes batsmen squint through patchouli.
A leg bye makes the batsman somewhat shy.
The leg-before-wicket is when the batsman kicks-the-bucket.
The dropped-catch can be the slip's last match.
The leg glance is a missed forward drive.

Unmeant meanings

Unmeant meanings

Words keep watch

their eyes in the empty spaces
fingers feel their unformed faces

Can words mean what they were not meant for all by
theirnonselves
even if they come clothed in nonentity
cuneiforms hieroglyphics ideophonograms
strokes signs signals sounds shapes silences squiggles squares squirms suction
squirts scuds screams squelches screeches screams or sickening sobs

words sum up fix errant thoughts
speak for all
though in tongues without jousting knights
errancy will not lead to errantry

Only the blind conceive their shape form posture
the staid but rumbunctious music of stilled hieroglyphs
the pliability of ideograms caressed down rice paper
their squiggly strands
the self-effacing hand-and-foot maidens
of matronly phrases
some leaning awry
the calligrapher's trembling hand
all all straining upright
the custodians of invested stock
foot-stools of pouting poets
the sum-total of coveted currencies
exchanged stock variables

Who would be hurt knives himself
with meaningless words
who would laugh
breaks out into song
the sing-song stress and accent of vowels round and strong
learns wayward steadfastness
with his words
with words
with the word
with the world of wonder in

always willing and wilful words

April 23, 1997

From the privately-pub. coll. (re-worked 2016): longhand notes (a binding of poems), Paris: 1999, 115p.

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For those who go by his tentmaker's rope

For those who go by his tentmaker's rope

swing from one end to the other
though neither low nor too high
nothing will pass you by
if you swing not to the end of your tether

Let the tavern-keeper yell
no legs past his dream threshold
will wander before old Khayyam's knell
accept at last your unwanted vow
no damsel will crash into cleft-stick cuckold
sweep away celibacy
take your heart in tow

Is there talk of yes who may be chosen
what role could your pain fill in bold
letters which you'd rather see in numbers broken

Come away come away from all this quarrel
Let those who wish to be weighed in gold
make much of their worth par rapport
à l'infidel

June 5, 1997

From the privately pub. coll. (rev. 2016): longhand notes (a binding of poems), Paris:1999, 115p.

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Stock

Stock

Lines derail trains made from stern stock
shunting worsted words in wagons to and fro
cabins depleted by looters piled on dock
signals distressed faces not any more

forefathers shape not their twisted progeny
when foremothers shunt them out of agony

the fear that might in the grain burst bunds
resides unformed in unwilling face
the dark inscrutable face of race
blood thinning through bastardized sons

forefathers shape not their twisted progeny
when foremothers shunt them out of agony

to guard the rhyme within the quatrain
no end of artifice will make for sacrifice
content lets form intertwine lines in vain
clickety-clack of the train lulls us nice

foremothers never think of their progeny
when forefathers shunt them out of agony

May 6, 1997

From the privately pub. coll. (rev. 2016): longhand notes (a binding of poems), 1999, 115p.

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Stateless

Stateless

...thatched houses catch fire
sparrow tires from romping in the coned-flower chestnut
tree
alights on the road
tires crunch macadam
sparrow perches on live telegraph wires
winds sweep the plains
topple high-tweeting power poles
sparrow haunts deserted godowns
caterpillar cranes tear down loading wharves
sparrow unloads wings on marshalling yard
trains shuttle screeching now forth now back
sparrow glides then tumbles in air-pockets
temperature plummets
snow flakes
magpie in the châtaignier shrieks disgust to the skies
melting snow runs down eaves
air sizzles with imminent
thunder
Zhen of a sudden clapclaps righteous terror
The Eldest Son of High Heaven has high business to supervise
tapeworms bore deeper into the ground
the cicada scarcely calls to mate
wet hungry ruffled sparrow
has no chestnut tree to go back to now home to transiting seagulls tries to
alight on spring-green spare Pawlonia chockfull of crows
averts the mulberry tree à la feuille de platane
fishing gear lie splayed against the trunk
the dense dripping prickly hibiscus hedge
affixes
house-full
sparrow perches on the terrace rose pot
the neighbour's Siamese cat's ears perk up
sparrow rolls its eyes

April 24, 1997

From the privately-pub. coll. (rev. 2016): longhand notes (a binding of poems),
Paris: 115p.

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Who would milk the Tigress

Who would milk the Tigress

wears no armour gasmask
pail within squat thighs
nor bloodless forefinger and thumb

Cows wear forlorn looks
distressed mien
trailing tarred roadmap streaks
dry udder tears
for lost stripes
after mynas taken to the hills
forever abandon torrid flatlands
to the reverberating mockery of magpies

splintered limbs
split podiyal torn fiber ribs
jut through mortar-upturned tarmac
signposts to a lost bickering Peninsula and island children
Adam's Bridge of Hanuman hordes
loping to reclaim Sita
ghost-towns where once-fenced-in
palmleaf thatched huts in mud-caked villages husbanded grain
the unswaying palmyra droops with juice heavy nongku

the tiger cub teen thrust up
in sepoy bayonet salutes
thrusts her unsung virtue down
blind plunge in backgarden well

a warrior race of she-cats buried deep behind kitchen smoke

Those who came to milk the cow and drink peace
eat with hands besplurged with menstrual-blood

Where has the milkmaid gone
her pail half filled with her brother's blood

The wombs of Purananuru mothers long dry
bleed
for their sons
untethered tigers longgone from lairs
their stripes for flags

Is there a Mughal in Delhi
fears a Sivaji in Jaffna
or the ageing monarch in Colombo
his Nizam-ul-mulk in Trincomalee
who would have gladly traded his throne
to an armourless English captain
armed to The Buddha's Tooth
Would a Muhammad Shah prepare
for the coming of a Nadir Shah
from the far fastnesses of The Middle Kingdom

Whose no-man's-land
would skirt the Tiger-lined jungle trails
see stripes wavering at the cluck of each rubber fruit

Who would then growl to remind us
of thunder
of righteous anger
of wayward peoples
trekking for elbow space
under the hardy palmyra
with only the nongku to slake
sterile trampled soil
miles and miles of heaving padi-fields
wreathed in fatigues
the lone lithe tigress
licking her paw sweet

Resources

The historical references hark back to the events preceding the gradual rise under Jehangir's reign and final collapse of the great Mughal Empire: 1739-54 to 1858 in the Indo-Lanka context. Other references draw on the Sanskrit epic: Ramayana in the Indo-Lanka context.

-From the privately pub. coll. (re-worked: 2016): longhand notes (a binding of poems), 1999, 115p.

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Timed out

Timed out

...with what do you buy time
in stockmarket time
where would you store time
who guards the stored stock time
swishing past time
would time bought be just as good/pleasant/weighty/drawn out
come unstuck as hot noodles joyous/pervading/impalpable/harking back trillions
upon trillions of light years unborn as ageing time aching in weary time

stand time on its head and roll it forward into the future
will it come back to ask for more time
the shaman's gunig riding the dream tiger
the tiger standing stock still amidst the dense Yijing yarrow stalks
sixty-four times six lines for stripes the future filtering through the narrow
centre of the coins flipping in the vitreous humour a nanosecond on the retina
rolling back on the optic nerve to re-
form the hexagram fixed in perennial time

if time would waste and wear you out
and time and time again you're timed out
stilled in torrid time
moveable time
unchimed time
frozen time
take time out to time time
yes time is when you knew how to mind time
now time twotimes you

in what time do you wake up
d'you sleep in borrowed time
burrowed into time

are you conscious of the time you were in heaven
did the pleasure last till the end of time

now time slithers on its belly
when you keep time with your feet
crushing its ribs in the beat
2-4-3-2-5 222 4
take the pulse of this time and hang it on the clothesline
any time time its timeliness
time disentangles dislocates deranges
in extra-time

on which time are you treading
the time of your life
the time you laid your life down
timed out au-delà

how many times is one and the
only time
can you time time
parallel time
synchronic time
diachronic time
successive times
overtime
blackholed time

is Big-Bang the only time bomb

is time spent backwarding time time lost wandering time time reduced to
timelessness deadtime filtering through time gone forever time lost in a
singularity infinite time without trace time assassinated by time time frst
started in res media bent time lassoed by gravity turned back time lashing
kicking snorting time dying to join its unbigbanged time

time that kills kills time beyond time

does the time
you carry on you
carry you

do you occupy space or time
do you take space with you
when you're gone

past time

From the privately pub. coll. (re-worked: 2016): longhand notes (a binding of
poems), 1999, 115p.

© December 13, 1995 T. Wignesan - Paris

Naked death

Naked death

...the barred and sealed cattle wagons
disgorge
at the Konzentrationslager
the faux pas relief
from urine mud faeces sweat and tears
unkempt armpits buttocks best wear
turned to damp rags
reduced to moaning cattle
nameless
even the heifer wan straggly limp

Alles! Raus!

...the last quick dab of face powder
the lipstick dried blood tan
the felt hat lying soggy stained
through bellowed haste
on the mudcaked barrack floor
the wampumpeag plucked by the helmeted claw
stabbing on sole-cold cutting cement platform
averting glances on sapped sagging busts
shoulders hunched buckled in
fingers reaching to scratch loins
nostrils quivering
whose the naughty stench

then the trooped Indian file
stray belongings dumped
in a wasteproduct pile
the once highheeled gait
slumping to a side
from the hips down to a jaggedknee limp
prodding the miasmal mist
the exposed varicose veins
the knotty pubis
the mons veneris
the intimate warts and moles
last year's Ceasarian stitches
the rump twitched less

the lack lustre sentry gazes
the unmasked leer

the disdainful pursed lips

neither shame nor pudeur

and then the last gangway to nowhere
the Ave-Maria road to Himmelweg

a reprieve

From the privately pub. coll. (re-worked 2016): longhand notes (a binding of poems), 1999, 115p.

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Corpus

Corpus

in words
designs
coloured structures
tones movements
all the multifarious ways of being savvy earnest
of show-looking in earnest
of believing in earnestness
of wanting to be thought of in earnest
by being read thumbed
scrutinised listened to in silence

who shores up whose image

« when the feeling comes, I feel the need to go » ...
Sekoto said
looking into the guest with devouring Picasso eyes

and yet his image bothered him
his need to be felt useful needed
to be thought of as in the know
no background to lay the usual foundation
Ecole des Beaux Arts
Atelier in the Rue des Augustins
no one to lean on to
only the self-peddled jazz piano a lolling pittance
and the loud lingering death at the Maison des Artistes
canvasses stashed away at some brocanteur's junkyard

it matters to leave behind a corpus
a bibliography firsthand original right from the tréfonds
long before death
the diurnal deaths
felled by dizzy spells

some ex-librarian's list of secondary source pieces
articles talks opening-day speeches conferences radio-interviews
tv declarations chapters-in-books edited revised --editions reviews biblios
tertiary lists of critiques
unsigned TLS reviews communications
what the editor said in memoirs of his peers

not to have said enough is not enough

there will be those who will attribute what others have said to us

we have made provision for that

we told so and so what the others have taken from us

with a word carefully placed in the leeward of the ear

while sitting in the din of the rear seat words garbled gobbled by the exhaust
beat

to have left behind a load

heavy with prizes pounds royalties titles

by the dozens even scores

definitive recapitulative editions in velours

computerised translations transvesti(t)es

through years of solitude sans sexe sans joie sans care may the publisher be

forever loading to jettison

the heavier the corpus the longer/longer slower

the worm rot in the

mud catacombs of staring accusing

skulls

From the privately-pub. coll. (rev. 2016) : longhand notes (a binding of
poems), Paris : 1999, 115p.

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Fresnes, November 6, 1994

By how many badbyes can you measure the length of your day

by how many badbyes can you measure the length of your day

first comes the time too fretful on your hands
next the boredom of not knowing what to do with it all
then the memory erasures
the books underlined you thought you never read
and wince at the pencilled comments on the sidelines
friends you forgot you went to school with
the children who'd pray you wouldn't turn up
even à l'improviste
on an urgent pretexting errand
the flushed girlish faces that turn away your gaze in an alley
way
the tentative pace of your step losing grip on some junction
the only safe direction is the shortest cut to your hideout hovel
even those who need you prefer not to call on you
the telephone will do
you can insist on the shave
much good it would do you to scorch your tortured grimace
none note the difference
only the sparse crop you patter come apart in a sudden gust
clothes hug less and less the sagging frontal bulge
bones that grate lock ligaments that tear on the stair
the longing meniscus pain that refuses to part company during the prancing
stride
and the hours and hours you lay gazing at the ceiling
recalling other inept throes
muddled chances
replaying in slowmotion what might have been if only you hadn't
taken the hasty irate turning

friends that one by one get ticked off
most bundled through in dull hushed murmurs
some big names sportsground high kickers get heard of
their lean eager square-cut faces flashed on the 8 o'clock news
others by dint of their stolid work-soaked contributions
their theories discoveries conneries
are sung of in obituaries
but those you knew you cared for you shared moments long moments with on long
rainy
nights chewing the rag-end cud on the sofa
you wonder where or what they could be like
if they too had not gone too soon crushed under split tires

skewered through contorted metal

now the long vigil begins

daily the diurnal chores of waking to your querulous pallid face mocking the
vain ambitions festering under your lids

each morning

waking again after the thrall of mind-flushing siestas

fresh as the first springday you went out to your first girl at the thronging
choked spewing mouth disgorging the Underground

the madness now brings alive

in all her colours odours crinoline frills

no thwarted thoughts linger

only the regrets

regret at not having done better

regret at not having served her longer

nor tasted the fun offering for as long as she bent to caress your face her
tresses enveloping your cheeks your neck your ears your locked-in flesh

by how many more badbyes may you count your days

visits to the doctor

the unpaid bills rain

like the pathetically interminable urgent blood-on-your-hands requests demands
for donations to succour Africa's dying masses Asia's flooding rivers & ground-
shattering scientific research

arms for aids

aids for arms

alms for arms

letters dwindle even from friends you thought were friendless

you read the Monoprix's cutprice lists for the spring opening over and over
again

and eye the shining lasses in tartan skirts pink cheeks lean pinky thighs drawn
up to the chins

the dejectedly opened books you have not read and always wanted to read

now that time is all yours seem so frivolous in your constricting space

thoughts that nag at you from every turn in your tiny grubby flat from inside

you walk out in your slippers

in the dead of noon

and pass stragglers lunching on mayonnaise-oozing leafy baguette- sandwiches
without so much as a grumbled « salut »

linger searching for an excuse to pass away yet another few minutes gazing at a
municipal billboard

staring blankly at the same old inane inept faces permanent lodgers at the
Mairie

under the sparse shade of an ant-lined silvery birch
thoughts lost among throngs of gaily bickering garrulous sparrows screeching
within well-coiffured leafless forsythia bushes
the will moves on unwilling to there
where a solitary mud-splashed park bench lies lame forlorn
you crouch for an instant
your lungs expunging your longfelt hurt
your eyes blind to the couples stuck one-into-the-other on the muddy dog-dunged
grounds
you lay yourself back to expunge a long pent-up sigh

was it the lit-long day
or was it yesterday
or was it....

June 16/17, 1997

From the privately pub. coll. (rev.) : longhand notes (a binding of poems),
Paris :1999, 115p.

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Soul Genocide

Soul Genocide

No less a word than the last
for putting to rest the syllable
for every man a creed a cult
No final philosophy to last

Who can tell when the world ends
for the strong and the bold
for those who stand all alone
No better might their word lends

The last wise man who stood apart
for four noble truths in eight paths
for what may he have gone away
If prophets rain and never depart

Every age brings new divinizing calls
for saints bloodied in mad blabber
for what may holy rites wash away
If the world turns on mechanistic balls

If every man sought the painful path
for his depraved soul and the world's
for the sake of every child's hunger
Who may not reject nibbhana in wrath

Right paths or wrong paths we decide
for better or worse in this life
for the children forced to survive
Better hellfire than the souls' genocide

From the privately pub. coll. : longhand notes (a binding of poems), 1999,
115p.

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Poems: I didn't say Poem

Poems

(i didn't say 'poem')

... are as many as galactic swirling gnats multiplied by equal number
though not as many in shape and size and weight
as tough as feather-and-fly to middle-and-heavy in gait
but never as punchdrunk as a Dylan Thomas dervish quake
some like this tell you what to think
and make a show of the tinker rather than the tank
so take a cue and read no further than this
unless you want to know what a poem is

Poems are bundles
which tie themselves up
by just letting the words come together
in the order in which unless you take it/them back and let them/it out
according to whim
not like presents with name and age and knot on the top
all wrapped with care
kowitz after sai kere feet to kiss
serf to his Lord of the Manor
with utmost respect and honour
all for a piddling favour

bundles then of meaningless signs in strings of letters
synaesthetic strings of tactile gustatory olfactory auditive images
held together by syntactic gum

each bundle and there may be as many as you may want to or can see separately
tied
mixture of more or less of each synaesthetic string in a form on page (unless
you give voice to them which is still a voicepage distinguishable by
modulations of voice in the head)
the evident content pushing the words in or out of line (you'll note you can't
push it off the page like this unless you reduce the size of the teeth of words
till they cannot be read...)
bundles then within bundles
Russian peasant wooden dolls within dolls
magic Chinese surprise boxes

a bundle by any other name is still a bungle without a bunghole
unless you tie their toes up
only the sinusal knot which instructs its time its beat and rhythm is not so

easy to find where there are no rhymes and steady fixed wellworn structures
unless the poems come wrapped in multi-coloured papers with do-it-yourself kits
who-dunnit maps teach-yourself diagrams
they may be that is their insides on the outside as you're quite right in
thinking
or simply somewhere in one place in the inside where you can't get your hands
in/onto it even with an angiopathic catheter as easily as a Cronenberg
character digging his hand into his belly and drawing a pistolhand
so appropriate it's like Lynch saying where do you put the eye of the duck not
on the bill 'If it was sitting on the middle of the body, it will get lost...It
has to be placed in the head, it's the most detailed.'
yes that's where you'll find it but remember you can't untie it yourself
it'll untie itself when you still your senses your thoughts your feelings and
your sense of importance of your self
that is when you want to know what you do not know 'There's nothing more
exciting than something you don't know about.' [Eric Mottram a poet délaissé by
the mighty who make and break poets but can they break a poem like him]

so depending on how you go about it some bundles may open others not yet others
may stay open and you may not know how to profit from their guilelessness while
your thoughts and sensations take flight in other directions thinking of
yourself and how you might have done better the content of some bundles may mix
with the opened overspill and you may not know which bundle came first to mean
what
but the main thing is to let the bundle(s) open even all together at once

only then you may swing on the strings
only then you may see the trees from the underbrush jingly-jangly jungle noise
of course not all poems are bundles of bundles
those that narrate an event a story a heroic tale of yore
those that through unwideopen mythic mouth speak of holy lore
those that paint a picture so lovely you'd forget you're looking at a natural
Matisse colour print
those that cry raucously for the assumption of some material power the
castecraze of mythic mind-muddling mantras
those that confess some tale of personal tragedy and woeful dismay and
those in fact like this dictate define try to instruct make much of its
dialectics

the rest are they the only poems
bundles of synaesthetic strings
bundles of flights of fancy and fantasy
not so magical realities
bundles blasting through meaningfully-sewed and bound spacetime curves
bursting in the silencing din of mental short breath
budding colours of unknowable scents

the touch of taste
the flavour of an emotion
so intense you'd want to die says the lady watching a tearjerker
choking from empathic self-immolation
or while riding in an open motortaxi
the swirling dustfumes' apnées in a Chennai heure du point
sit suddenly back in unbelief
at the power of some black empty signs on clear woodmade ground
the heedless joyous cries of dustclad children shut in a pavement poem

From the privately pub. Coll. (revised) : longhand notes (a binding of poems),
Paris :1999, 115p.

© T.Wignesane April 28, 1997 Paris

Parallel Lives

parallel lives

fleeting neutrinos

electrons

photons

gravitons...

turn on the light

turn up the volume

rouse the thought

bolster the idea

flash the dream

are those dreams

do dreams undream

pages

inscribing words accounts

balancing sums illogically unbalanced

words that mean a little less than non-sense

in the waking state

does the brain trip up the mind

the thinking I

where do

other unbendable rules apply

other norms

other ends

for simple adding acts

or does the brain permit the flush

in its routine memory cleansing

jettisoning

words on the palpable page

fleshed out words

upright print

countable sums on balanced sheets

and the rhythm that distends then breaks with the imperfect

rhyme

who sings in the quiet of the grey matter folds

mermaids stroking sleek streaming hair over hived clacking
scales

what deep jungle tom-toms call to the air with verve
no human pulse can endure
where the quantum speed of arrangement rain poems on an
invisible time-curved screen

no hand writes
no I thinks
no bodyprint survives the speaking flirtatious crinkly crusty page

only the tangle of the doubt
was it you who wrote/spoke that which you cannot recall in full

how many the querulous whos roaming lost in the outworn labyrinths of your
sleep
coursing with neurons
trapped in synapses
swinging the trapezes of the sternum
the antebellum

blackholing reservoirs
the gateway divide
into other dimensions

or is it all just a mangled bungle of the hazy muddled
consciousness seen through twisted cataract prisms
taking lackadaisical stock of yet another straightened-jacket ironcast day

From the coll. longhand notes (a binding of poems), 1999.

© Re-worked 2016 : T.Wignesan - Paris, August 2, 1997

Villanelle: No lives are theirs those who embody rule of law

Villanelle: No lives are theirs those who embody rule of law

No lives are theirs those who embody rule of law
Inhabit the corridors of authority
Must of needs lay lives down their peoples to succour

Makes no difference whether tyrant emperor
Or those who sneak in barely in democracy
No lives are theirs those who embody rule of law

Falter even once nay their lives forfeit before
This the rule must be for those in authority
Must of needs lay lives down their peoples to succour

The judge who takes sides for the favours of a whore
The prince consort who soils queen's bed with germs mighty
No lives are theirs those who embody rule of law

President who risks State secrets with paramour
Minister who fills own pockets with rigged treaty
Must of needs lay lives down their peoples to succour

Qian holds Heaven where must reside nothing impure
Lest the downpour soak toiling souls' immunity
No lives are theirs those who embody rule of law
Must of needs lay lives down their peoples to succour

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Brahman Nemesis

Brahman Nemesis

22 But to those who adore me with a pure oneness of soul, to those who are ever in harmony,

I increase what they have and I give them what they have not.

23 Even those who in faith worship other gods, because of their love they worship me,

although not in the right way.

24 For I accept every sacrifice, and I am their Lord supreme.

But they know not my pure Being, and because of this they fall.

THE BHAGAVAD GITA: 9, transl. Juan Mascaro (London:Penguins), 1962

the puja never ends

the sound of conche-shells rush up from starved caving lungs the fire still burns ditheringly in tiered brass oil-lamps the sanctum sanctorum still resounds to the same old Vedic mantras their walls pitch-tarred by centuries of sacrificial smoke the naked granite Amman's torso and limbs sunk in massive mountainous pitchblack porous rock bathed in milk and coconut-oil jasmine petals vibhuthi the ritual never varied nor the droned sanskrit rocambolesques phonemes learned by rote and remembered since a toddling three or four through chanting playfully all-day-long in unison within bare highstone-walls amidst the making-of-faces to the bare-chested fair-complexioned eternal cousins in drawn-up and tucked-in dhotis their long-flowing gingerly-oiled sheetblack hair tied-up in a cone and sagging over the forehead these the keepers of the « I » who wants and Oh needs worship

You the Brahmins claim picked from Your head Your chosen

You who gave us the intelligence to question

Doubt and despite our conditioned voice our dissent

Now threaten us with holy fire the right path mistaken

O Allah-uh-Akbar

O the King of Kings

Give us this day Your comforting bread

now the days are almost over when Your chosen few strutted about Your smoke-and-incense-filled courtyard barechested lest their twice-born ethereal insignia misses the masses clanging bells yelling orders in mantric spells making as though You resided in them nay You were them they were You their minds wrought by the belief that work was for the menial castes all untouchables all fools all filthy their breath impure Your chosen children's

food pure sanctified daily by Your inner eye their genes their blood pouring
from one tumbler into another and back into their veins like the hot tea drawn
in an arc between arm-length held tumblers their vedas the only vedas their
language Your language a prayer in any other language gets channelled to Your
if we are to believe them sworn enemy the stoker of the fiery dungeons

there was a time there were millenia those who issued from Your arms thighs
feet and the néant below and beyond all all untouchables of course gave in
sacrifice to You what was demanded by Your chosen lot how you cared for your
few ordained representatives on this infinitesimal speck in your sweeping
vastnesses

but now the time is drawing to a close the pujas the marriages the deaths the
astrological charts net in hardly the sums needed to keep Your valiant few
intact their voice tremble now their chants in Your name growing meeker and
meeker through commonlaw marriages selflit pyres computerized astro-charts and
prayers offered in Your name while speeding in petrol-driven carts

who would you elect again as Your spokesmen
Whitehall White House the Kremlin the Imperial Palace or the Elysée Palace
who would speak for You
represent You
sing Your praises
keep Your house in order here on earth
and drive terror into those who would suspect a ruse

now that the prideless old but still plump priest with six unmarried daughters
begs with outstretched hand at the temple portals vying with the maimed
untouchable in shredded trailing rags his wide bright doleful eyes
a telltale warning to your indifference

one to keep his pure-bred lasses within unpryable walls
the other to keep hunger from shrivelling up his balls

the ultimate sacrifice

1 the brahmin conducted mass in the sanctum sanctorum as the intermediary
between Brahman (the God-Head) and the other castes, the latter paying for it
in cash or in kind

2 the Hindu Goddess Parvati ; also a suffix to names of deities signifying
malevolence.

3 powdered ash of cow-dung, used by Hindus on their forehead, arms and torso as
an insignia of their religiosity.

From the sequence : « Words for a Lost Sub-Continent » in the privately
published collection : longhand notes (a binding of poems), Paris : 1999, 115p.
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May 24-25, 1997

Villanelle: Write only as if this were your last deathbreath day

Villanelle: Write only as if this were your last deathbreath day

Write only as if this were your last deathbreath day

As if those words gouged out paper or tape

Words distilled from a lifetime's work and play

Write only what you think is what you say

And what you think never other lives rape

Write only as if this were your last deathbreath day

Write not to beg for praise or prize or pay

What you write must not want to prate agape

Words distilled from a lifetime's work and play

Write like wordsmiths who worked for Old Vic play

El Manco of Lepanto fate escape

Write only as if this were your last deathbreath day

Write Dostoevsky's death on pardoned day

To sink Underground swoon writhe out of shape

Words distilled from a lifetime's work and play

Ugly Beauty makes Art loudly pray

For poets who blindly abuse Muse's shape

Write only as if this were your last deathbreath day

Words distilled from a lifetime's work and play

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Unquotable quotes - I

Unquotable quotes - I

A friend in need is the goon who stokes your greed.
A journey of a thousand miles ends with the last broken step.
Don't kill the brother-in-law until the sister is dead.
Butter your toast on either side to lick hands.
Hang not the hangman with noose: you'll lose booze.
Half a loaf is better than no love.
Even a blind cat can smell a rat that bells the cat.
Take care of the pounds and the wife will pound you.
Take the load off your own fat.
Shoot to kill only if you can't stand still.
Slow and steady are two legs in a sack race.
A marksman is the marked man's also-ran.
A blacklisted writer is on every publisher's reading list.
A dime a dozen is no denizen.
He who cries thief knows no mischief.
Turn coat and capsize boat.
A snake in the grass may miss Mass but is full of grace.
Early to bed catches the worm.
All that glitters cannot be sold.
Immolate yourself to moult your soul.
Even if you're forced to burn your boats, fly by air.
Where there's a will, there's no giving way.
Run also with the hares and the hounds will eat you.
A little knowledge makes the master grin.
Birds of a feather share the same tailor.
Don't judge a woman with a book by its covers.
If you kick a can down the street, empty it first.
What burns up and out is the gas in the gut.
A stitch in time saves kith but not kin.
Forewarned is foredamned.
Don't put all your eggs in one basket, just lay them.
If the hens begin to crow, the cocks will lie low.
If you pour oil on troubled waters, Mid-East will dry up.
Still waters run in sleep.
Parallel lives never meet or greet.

Tribute to The Day before You Came by Bjorn Ulvaeus in the first 1982 ABBA version

Tribute to "The Day Before You Came" * by Bjorn
in the first 1982 ABBA version

The day before yesterday
You came together to play
To lift our hearts in joy
Belting out in convoy
The day after he came
We celebrate whose fame
You wailed through self-pity
But ne'er called it Beauty

'Infinite suffering thing'
Would that Eliot could sing
Pre-dramatic event
Your breaking-up you meant
"Pretty sure it must have rained"
"...rattling on the roof" hearts stained
The day after he came
Most songs seem sound the same

"Knowing you Knowing me"
Never meant to be free
"...my life...its usual frame"
"...sense of living without aim"
Yes "Some one is crying"
No some one's conniving
At noon must have left for lunch
"...usual place...usual bunch"

The sad journey on rails
Must break hearts crammed in jails
Due at eight in the morn
Back at eight all forlorn
"And turning out the light"
Curled safe in bed at night
For the day after he came
My life burned on a flame

The paradox of joy
Is that it makes one cry

'Parting is such sweet sorrow'
Better still safe routine in tow
"...I hid a part of me..."
"...in heaps of papers" for fee
And let the world pass by
Not knowing what is joy

Is joy carpe diem
Was day before he came
Now my life's over due
I've met my Waterloo
The train's an ugly monster
Dragging its hind legs after
Frida's howl pack of hounds
Benny's sound track train pounds

Anna's swan tones lament
Bjorn's lines uptight breasts rent
Beauty's not only content
It's also the way you vent
Conceit's the ermine cloak
Rattling skeletons croak
Bjorn's true lines exquisite poem
Sung in sweet pain What's its name

Notes

Words within inverted commas are from the song.
Single quotes indicate other well-known words.

*Rhyme scheme: 4 stanzas (3 of ten lines with concluding quatrain) in rhymed couplets of varying syllabic count.

1st stanza: aabbccde ff

2nd stanza: aagghhii ff

3rd stanza: ddggiijj ff

4th stanza: kk ff

Not all in perfect rhyme: rain/came (for instance)

The syllabic count (more or less): 14 (with the exception of the 4th line at 18 and eighth (exception: 1st stanza at 10) and tenth at 6.

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 64

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 64

Cogito ergo sum: I LIE therefore I AM
Even if I lie Nothing's more certain than Death
Not Birth Not Life Nor this Multi-Verse logjam

Does not violence invoke much pain loss all damn
Intended or not openly or in lethal stealth
Cogito ergo sum: I LIE therefore I AM

Is not violence the excess worlds condemn
And which by default attains the body's health
Not Birth Not Life Nor this Multi-Verse logjam

Any movement in any direction breaks dam
Can Qian rape Kun to make for eternal Death
Cogito ergo sum: I LIE therefore I AM

Is Death the Tao of non-action in I AM
No change without movement antithetic Death
Not Birth Not Life Nor this Multi-Verse logjam

Can the human mind find stillness in space maelstrom
Wish for NOTHING wholly want but Ultimate Death
Cogito ergo sum: I LIE therefore I AM
Not Birth Not Life Nor this Multi-Verse logjam

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 63

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 63

The mystery of Birth holds no great secret
Poïetics the creative process neither
Can Death twin sister of Birth nothing beget

Who has returned to re-possess carcass to let
If ever one there was what does he remember
The mystery of Birth holds no great secret

Which Pharoah still sails to lands unknown in debt
Which Zhong Guo Emperor led clay armies conquer
Can Death twin sister of Birth nothing beget

Yi Jing puts most of it down to whims of climate
The old lay their weary bones down by winter
The mystery of Birth holds no great secret

To kill no one first needs bury the hatchet
No Marquis de Sade roughride Justine either
Can Death twin sister of Birth nothing beget

Does Death disintegrate essence ultimate
Cult of the Unknown Fear of the Nether
The mystery of Birth holds no great secret
Can Death twin sister of Birth nothing beget

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 62

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 62

Everything's encased in square 8 by 8*
Each family member plays with 7
Now this now that the future turns out late

This villanelle's $6 + 2 = 8$
Day 1 Month 1 in Year (2016)* 7
Everything's encased in square 8 by 8

1 is the number this one first took freight
Met one 8 which - 1 gives 7
Now this now that the future turns out late

Change is the mode for life to complicate
Change comes round when the number makes 7
Everything's encased in square 8 by 8

GOU Hexagram $4 + 4 = 8$
Hell awaits on 06 06 66 + 1*
Now this now that the future turns out late

Everything begins again 8 times 8*
This sequence must end at $9 \times 7^*$
Everything's encased in square 8 by 8
Now this now that the future turns out late

- * 64 hexagrams
- * $2016 (9 - 2) = 7$
- * $06061966 = 16 = 7$
- * Hexagram 64: Wei Ji (Ferrying incomplete)
- * Hexagram 63: Ji Ji (Ferrying complete)

Transliteration from Richard John Lynn's translation: The Classic of Changes (1994)

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 61

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 61

Evil-doers at heart are the worst cowards
Since the war-path pullulates in their numbers
They conceal their greed in faces turned backwards

The Yi Jing's strategy compels turning inwards
Do big power foreign policies discount dollars
Aren't evil-doers at heart the worst cowards

To seek peace in one's well-being needs no words
Must countries sans big wing span claim to be powers
They conceal their greed in faces turned backwards

Turn not inwards for fear of others making inroads
Can what applies to countries fall on wax-clogged ears
Evil-doers at heart are the worst cowards

Yin left to itself cannot but collapse inwards
Retreat into the safety of the self indoors
They conceal their greed in faces turned backwards

The cavernous mouth sucks on its own innards
Shun the cannibal who feeds on his own neighbours
Evil-doers at heart are the worst cowards
They conceal their greed in faces turned backwards

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 60

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 60

Interplay of positive-negative current
How Nature alternates through light and darkness
Three hundred and eighty-four times made recurrent

All symbols of family diverse in content
Father Mother Three Brothers Three Sisters in harness
Interplay of positive-negative current

Lunar year split into two neither non-violent
Both sparking each other from out of loneliness
Three hundred and eighty-four times made recurrent

In sixty-four general images latent
Interpersonal relations contorted mess
Interplay of positive-negative current

Myriad chess-board movements create more content
From dark swirling wild quark masses sparking brightness
Three hundred and eighty-four times made recurrent

Yi Jing charts infinite conflicts' criss-cross current
Shows the right path out of shut dangerous darkness
Interplay of positive-negative current
Three hundred and eighty-four times made recurrent

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 59

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 59

Does Nature dispose at random by whim or wish
In all probability by set built-in laws
Part of free will which wills ill makes karma punish

Will good works against Nature's grain admonish
Can living beings alter the Big Plan strict laws
Does Nature dispose at random by whim or wish

Should Nature keep house for the tenant in anguish
About who's the owner of the wind that blows
Part of free will which wills ill makes karma punish

Nor for those who refuse house rules to distinguish
Turn not fire down let hot water run indoors
Does Nature dispose at random by whim or wish

Or when the owner's preparing to cook hashish
The tenant goes out to dine dance with rich in-laws
Part of free will which wills ill makes karma punish

Nature sets the rules of the game in his hospice
The guest who knocks late from revelries stays outdoors
Does Nature dispose at random by whim or wish
Part of free will which wills ill makes karma punish

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 58

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 58

No way must such protective force serve politics
Nor ally dictator army criminal police
None might weigh on Nature to impose its ethics

No exceptions tolerate no geopolitics
No super power excuse to fiddle with peace
No way must such protective force serve politics

No edifice stands aloft loose in building bricks
No Zapata fights for latifundio prize fees
None might weigh on Nature to impose its ethics

Dare not wanton call Nature's course fiddlesticks
Even if life you lay down for cause in sacrifice
No way must such protective force serve politics

Can one forfeit life placate people's economics
Mahatma Gandhi saw life's work torn piece by piece
None might weigh on Nature to impose its ethics

Only the chieftain who bears with peoples' conflicts
Can lead them along the road to Nature's hospice
No way must such protective force serve politics
None might weigh on Nature to impose its ethics

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 57

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 57

The use of force to protect the weak the hungry
A Zapata whose righteous anger boils bounds
To set right an injustice the peasant to free

Is that violence that must be put under key
Whose anger Madero's peaceable laws confounds
The use of force to protect the weak the hungry

Had not Steinbeck's Wrath in the Land of Plenty
Set free Mao and Castro's masses from their hounds
To set right an injustice the peasant to free

Who came to Kazan's rescue Mice and Men stand free
Hang honour Hang power Hang the world out of bounds
The use of force to protect the weak the hungry

In Steinbeck's words Can a man whose thoughts born angry
Bring peace to a world where laws of peace obey hounds
To set right an injustice the peasant to free

Who kills not to feed whose young who cry when hungry
Yet Krishna urged Arjuna take battle field grounds
The use of force to protect the weak the hungry
To set right an injustice the peasant to free

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 56

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 56

To what extent can there be room for free will
If what governs is the Principle Yang-Yin
Since the future can largely be told at will

Since the Yi Jing permits karma to fulfil
Good works compensate pitfalls one stumbles in
To what extent can there be room for free will

For the Principle to work there must be Evil
In living things with will embedded in the gene
Since the future can largely be told at will

At what stage can karma begin the peril
Quadrupeds sans will or when bipeds sin
To what extent can there be room for free will

Does karmic balance-sheet deduct influence ill
Parents environs victims of upbringing
Since the future can largely be told at will

None can be guilty as the mythic Devil
The game's over what pardon when neither win
To what extent can there be room for free will
Since the future can largely be told at will

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 55

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 55

What the human mind can conceive calculate
See beyond sight recall aeons lost in time
Yet we believe grandma tales spun inebriate

How the human brain can even brains create
Short-circuit evolution collapsing time
What the human mind can conceive calculate

Pack thunder and lightning in capsules of hate
Harness hidden quark energies for a rhyme
Yet we believe grandma tales spun inebriate

Earth's environs run in quantum leaps of late
Take pulsar quasar pulse long dead in lost clime
What the human mind can conceive calculate

Sound the molten hard heart of globe inchoate
Find untrodden paths along arcs of space-time
Yet we believe grandma tales spun inebriate

Let some men through cunning minds subjugate
For country conscience caprice incite to crime
What the human mind can conceive calculate
Yet we believe grandma tales spun inebriate

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 54

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 54

Must Nature fulfil its terminal plans
The question is Are we in its primal aims
Can Man be content with what he understands

Does Nature kill for fun or to teach lessons
Are we central to the Multi-Verse's claims
Must Nature fulfil its terminal plans

Does the Tao inform Siva's dream drunk dance
Or is some standstill boredom reason for games
Can Man be content with what he understands

Is so much lightning-thunder mere flash in pans
So many players in outfields lost without names
Must Nature fulfil its terminal plans

Must Nature destroy what IT creates in trance
Life and Death the Known and Unknown whom one blames
Can Man be content with what he understands

Is the idea Maya a contresens
Who would create to destroy what he proclaims
Must Nature fulfil its terminal plans
Can Man be content with what he understands

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 53

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 53

Must appearance differ from reality
In as much as front and back of the same body
To negate existence in non-duality

Being the non-existence of duality
Existence displaces both in one body
Must appearance differ from reality

Either and neither one incongruity
Make both come alive in one busy-body
To negate existence in non-duality

Everything comes from nothing logicality
Open your eyes you're the Purusha body
Must appearance differ from reality

Every time you conceive the entirety
You affirm existence in your own body
To negate existence in non-duality

Time's the hand draws curtain of eternity
Past nor future exists in any body
Must appearance differ from reality
To negate existence in non-duality

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 52

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 52

We still hear see Big Bang's greatest ever show
Pushing the known borders into the Unknown
Fist-tight Multi-Verse(s) unfurled aeons ago

What we see a mere back curtain peep but know
Dark matter dark energy late un-be-known
We still hear see Big Bang's greatest ever show

Solar system's a mere speck hardly aglow
Lost in galaxies countless billions alone
Fist-tight Multi-Verse(s) unfurled aeons ago

Does Nature display what Big Bang before bore
Brahman Night followed by born Brahman Day dawn
We still hear see Big Bang's greatest ever show

Can such Nature shape the human will to know
All that there is has been and future unknown
Fist-tight Multi-Verse(s) unfurled aeons ago

Make the Dark Continent cull the World from snow
Only to shun skin one another over skin tone
We still hear see Big Bang's greatest ever show
Fist-tight Multi-Verse(s) unfurled aeons ago

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 51

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 51

Brand not NATURE God word fallen in misuse
As if it were an all-pervading spirit
Principle rules laws all physical in use

NATURE eludes all mental means to confuse
IT stands not still for anyone to pin IT
Brand not NATURE God word fallen in misuse

Ignore the myths the holy words made obtuse
The mystery's in the vastness made to fit
Principle rules laws all physical in use

IT rules supreme and has no use for our Muse
Nor for the genuflections of our spirit
Brand not NATURE God word fallen in misuse

IT takes life at will though one suspects a ruse
Is life ours to dispose as we wish it
Principle rules laws all physical in use

We have but this life no home in Multi-Verse
We can take nothing with us when forced to quit
Brand not NATURE God word fallen in misuse
Principle rules laws all physical in use

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 50

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 50

Each gets to keeping own while making up whole
No one need sacrifice distinct difference
Yet the total's not a square peg kicked in goal

The idea's the centrifugal force control
Not to impose by force piercing self-defence
Each gets to keeping own while making up whole

No Security Council veto steam-roll
Each nation's voice strong and pure over fence
Yet the total's not a square peg kicked in goal

No fear genes be altered by remote control
Nor in vitro robots spell impotence
Each gets to keeping own while making up whole

Collective will subsumes democratic role
To serve the total without interference
Yet the total's not a square peg kicked in goal

Contradictions are not ingrained in the soul
Rather in the way bodies subvert common sense
Each gets to keeping own while making up whole
Yet the total's not a square peg kicked in goal

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - Part III - 49

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - Part III - 49

The ONLY god there is Is there in your eyes
Close your eyes at sundown Who awaits at dawn
Infinite grandiose Multi-Verse never dies

Physico-chemical bio-logicalize
Infinitesimal these laws never born
The ONLY god there is Is there in your eyes

Are not players in the field fire and ice
Trillion thunder blasts gouge out space new-born
Infinite grandiose Multi-Verse never dies

The principle's Yang/Yin or love turned to lies
If each living thing does not obey command
The ONLY god there is Is there in your eyes

Be not so vain as to think your god's more wise
Just watch the Heavens toil and churn every dawn
Infinite grandiose Multi-Verse never dies

Nature has no need for mythic petty lies
Nothing humans cook up reflects Nature's lawn
The ONLY god there is Is there in your eyes
Infinite grandiose Multi-Verse never dies

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 48

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 48

Prod not the elements fierce dragons can wake
Tsunamis El Ninos smog haze acid rains
Anger of the Heavens lightning thunder quake

Qian the Father Kun the Mother did hands shake
But Eldest Son Zhen can put mankind in chains
Prod not the elements fierce dragons can wake

Final signs there to see which we still forsake
Can World War scenarios depict real pains
Anger of the Heavens lightning thunder quake

Class race religion which can most money make
What takes over countries do it for its gains
Prod not the elements fierce dragons can wake

Mythic gods we concoct for our ego's sake
Have not they all harmed us more than mindless brains
Anger of the Heavens lightning thunder quake

Nation States make fated World we must un-make
The single choice One Race One World or HELL reigns
Prod not the elements fierce dragons can wake
Anger of the Heavens lightning thunder quake

-End of Part Two

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 47

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 47

Hail! The Historic Document! Heil! Furies!
Hardly a week gone leaders put us to sleep
The Debate's back to more cannons for countries

Can ISIS kill more than three 4C degrees
All that bluff about 1. 5 makes skin creep
Hail! The Historic Document! Heil! Furies!

Build Great Walls to keep out killers refugees
Can walls hold back tides that swell from oceans deep
The Debate's back to more cannons for countries

How sweet the Commander-in-Chief's qualities
Poor peoples adore applaud cherish worship
Hail! The Historic Document! Heil! Furies!

Cannons ablaze keep up smoke from foundaries
Daze the peoples under haze in tight whip grip
The Debate's back to more cannons for countries

Let leaders bask with two lines in histories
Will you let them dump lush Earth on rubbish heap
Hail! The Historic Document! Heil! Furies!
The Debate's back to more cannons for countries

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 46

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 46

Will COP leaders be around in five years nine
Their great careers made Their statues unveiled
To what future Super Men our backs supine

Apparatchiks clubby diplomatic kind
Allegiance to rival parties well-coiled
Will COP leaders be around in five years nine

Spying on one another to undermine
Using public forces to keep peoples embroiled
To what future Super Men our backs supine

Stock-piling nuclear arsenals to churn brine
While oceans lash out the people will be boiled
Will COP leaders be around in five years nine

Mighty men who pat each other to outshine
One another in local Catch-rings all coiled
To what future Super Men our backs supine

To what then duped masses owe their fated grind
If not to nymphomaniac egos well-guiled
Will COP leaders be around in five years nine
To what future Super Men our backs supine

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 45

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 45

Sound the gongs Blow the trumpets Let pigeons soar
The most well-kept secret's about to be sawn
At last Great Leaders can reveal the true Law

Who makes worlds go round and round like swinging door
Who turns on firmament lights like on home lawn
Sound the gongs Blow the trumpets Let pigeons soar

Who drew Andromeda into Milky Way's maw
Who raised Wall of Galaxies as tennis lawn
At last Great Leaders can reveal the true Law

Who made glacial periods run like mad wild boar
Who swung meteorites like golf balls every dawn
Sound the gongs Blow the trumpets Let pigeons soar

Truth ricochets like Le Bourget planes roar
The secret's hidden from us poor folks ill-born
At last Great Leaders can reveal the true Law

Thanks to COP21 we now know much more
NATURE is the plaything of those who use brawn
Sound the gongs Blow the trumpets Let pigeons soar
At last Great Leaders can reveal the true LAW

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 44

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 44

Billions of years to make one of trillion planets
Whose - dare you guess - already sinking in drink
Men of little vision dicing for nuggets

World transformed by Einsteins Nobel laureates
Poised by Dark Ages men on abysmal brink
Billions of years to make one of trillion planets

Party-mad men serve their term without regrets
Yes make improvements cut ribbons dine toast drink
Men of little vision dicing for nuggets

Parties win with funds from business pockets
High finance pollutes parties leaders hoodwink
Billions of years to make one of trillion planets

Blame it on industry on progress rockets
Not on men whose greed drags us down the stink sink
Men of little vision dicing for nuggets

Plimsoll Line at two degrees' Russian roulettes
Not to abstain NOW means aims aren't worth the think
Billions of years to make one of trillion planets
Men of little vision dicing for nuggets

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 43

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 43

Cuck-uk ruck-cuckoo Paloma on the wing
Who gets to curry pot with 100Bn
The Eagle or the Cock gets to down bird with sling

Are the waters receding while we loud sing
Who brought us to high point at 2015
Cuck-uk ruck-cuckoo Paloma on the wing

Ere the ink is hardly dry El Ninos swing
How many wars will be wrought now in between
The Eagle or the Cock gets to down bird with sling

Will the Good Lord re-freeze melting ice crackling
From mouths of Seine Thames or Hudson here eighteen
Cuck-uk ruck-cuckoo Paloma on the wing

Nuclear tests in Pacific still in ears ring
How many more lush love green isles sunk in sin
The Eagle or the Cock gets to down bird with sling

Cheer one hundred ninety-seven hands signing
On waters lapping on heels under heat-lid bin
Cuck-uk ruck-cuckoo Paloma on the wing
The Eagle or the Cock gets to down bird with sling

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 42

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 42

Wrap the self in fear for the dark cloaks the beast
Shut the door on vile thoughts no fear will wild knock
Does Death need an invitation for fun feast

Zhen the Eldest Son will pound the skies in jest
Ephemeral beings all will link arms lock
Wrap the self in fear for the dark cloaks the beast

Kan the Middle Son will come flooding through mist
Ephemeral beings all will cower in dock
Does Death need an invitation for fun feast

Gen the Youngest Son will cough fire at best
Ephemeral beings all will turn to rock
Wrap the self in fear for the dark cloaks the beast

Sun the Eldest Daughter will puff past the least
Ephemeral beings all will shudder shock
Does Death need an invitation for fun feast

Bright Li and Joyous Tui will sing dance the beat
Ephemeral beings all won't this rhyme mock
Wrap the self in fear for the dark cloaks the beast
Does Death need an invitation for fun feast

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 41

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 41

More the imagination more damnation
Where would Earth be without Galileo's lens
The Truth dares us in the face - condemnation

Ancient Greeks refined the mind spirit nation
And yet let their gods abuse their common sense
More the imagination more damnation

All roads led to Rome and the Inquisition
El Hidalgo de la Mancha's comeuppance
The Truth dares us in the face - condemnation

Quixotic souls in windmills seek ruination
Who made Socrates take hemlock in Athens
More the imagination more damnation

Which mundane god revealed depths of Creation
Which holy tract mysteries of Existence
The Truth dares us in the face - condemnation

Hermeneutics - art of deviation
How we love to split mythic hairs with incense
More the imagination more damnation
The Truth dares us in the face - condemnation

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 40

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 40

All Man and man-made things given time perish
Nations religions empires loghead gods
Not the Universe though in splendour relish

Would that Man saw fit to live free of fetish
He could free himself from the need to cross swords
All Man and man-made things given time perish

When Man gives birth to gods he's more than selfish
Thinks he could earn the favours of grateful gods
Not the Universe though in splendour relish

Not one god we create respect we their wish
Those who engender them wish to end up gods
All Man and man-made things given time perish

What the Buddha wished we may still accomplish
Make not human suffering the burden of gods
Not the Universe though in splendour relish

Pull that arrow from bleeding breast in anguish
Attend to your gaping wounds not those of gods
All Man and man-made things given time perish
Not the Universe though in splendour relish

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 39

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 39

Carbon molecules woken up by thunder
Is violence life-wire of existence
Can God come into being beyond Nature

Violence in warp and woof of our nature
Can one avoid being part of violence
Carbon molecules woken up by thunder

Who put Arjuna on guard against anger
The cause of the Great War was not in suspense
Can God come into being beyond Nature

Arrogate violence and commit blunder
Can one take life and affirm his existence
Carbon molecules woken up by thunder

Taoists live life in accord with Nature
The seasons come and go in munificence
Can God come into being beyond Nature

Make not god to quibble about his Father
No god re-appears like this Grand Existence
Carbon molecules woken up by thunder
Can GOD come into being beyond Nature

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 38

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent- 38

More the man-made gods the more the quarrel
Who wants to pray in a private night-club
Each faithful thinks his god's beyond riddle

Where faithfuls gather their gods aren't idle
Rather would they arm theirs to teeth with club
More the man-made gods the more the quarrel

Strange each nation sports some god from cradle
Nations want exclusive membership club
Each faithful thinks his god's beyond riddle

All nations dream holding World by bridle
So they give their gods the fossil fumes rub
More the man-made gods the more the quarrel

When words from gods one another needle
Do they hesitate to reach for the club
Each faithful thinks his god's beyond riddle

Now that gods got our Earth in a throttle
Will ONLY GOD intervene: that's the rub
More the man-made gods the more the quarrel
Each faithful thinks his god's beyond riddle

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 37

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 36

All day long we kill to keep the home clean
Insecticides aerosols rat poison
The killer instinct makes us bold and mean

Down by the pond mosquitoes wake and preen
Time to send fighter jets by the dozen
All day long we kill to keep the house clean

Peeled apples for veg flies succulent wean
We spend week-ends choking every last one
The killer instinct makes us bold and mean

Kids we love but not the kind who boil spleen
So we sock the wife more than hard in the bun
All day long we kill to keep the home clean

At Antipodes some guys flex muscles lean
Call that homefront affront to smite them down
The killer instinct makes us bold and mean

What counts home comfort by all overseen
Secure society to foist nation
All day long we kill to keep the house clean
The killer instinct makes us bold and mean

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 36

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 36

Blame not the man whose mind is not his own
From birth to death he'll do what he's told
Must he not those who're not his kind disown

Does the killer kill what to him is unknown
When does he decide when When he makes bold
Blame not the man whose mind is not his own

Do those who are killed kill in the Unknown
Killer who killed Who cast him in mind mould
Must he not those who're not his kind disown

Who does the killer kill if not his own
Who's the real killer Can it be told
Blame not the man whose mind is not his own

The mind that's massaged from birth makes no moan
Neither those who kill by proxy for gold
Must he not those who're not his kind disown

When each god must swallow words not his own
How might those bred into belief take hold
Blame not the man whose mind is not his own
Must he not those who're not his kind disown

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 35

Who'd watch tele if it showed Promised Kingdom
When breaking news takes us through hard day's sour sweat
Does blood-blast Yin-Yang tussle stay gut boredom

Broken bones shattered glass Doom's Day sunset bomb
Pan-flutes nectar river angels who don't sweat
Who'd watch tele if it showed Promised Kingdom

Piped South-Sea strains virgin damsels frolicsome
Singing psalms all day long on banks Euphrates
Does blood-blast Yin-Yang tussle stay gut boredom

Who'd want crystal-clear streams under palm
Nubile damsels gambolling sans due regret
Who'd watch tele if it showed Promised Kingdom

World pre-ordained or Yin-Yang clash at random
The Magic-Lantern show spinning wild inter-net
Does blood-blast Yin-Yang tussle stay gut boredom

Does Supra-Intelligence conduct Kingdom
While physical laws here on Earth operate
Who'd watch tele if it showed Promised Kingdom
Does blood-blast Yin-Yang tussle stay gut boredom

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 34

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 34

If only the tired masses had time to think
If only they knew leaders were prisoners too
Would not security forces with us link

The rocks some throw will into proper heads sink
Even leaders will no longer be taboo
If only the tired masses had time to think

The real Enemy makes money to clink
In the ears of leaders who'll join their ranks too
Would not then security forces with us link

Though this less-than-one-per-cent makes the World drink
Dance drunk much material progress to woo
If only the tired masses had time to think

Masses choose leaders who need moneyed-class wink
These mafia-made leaders dupe masses even more
If only security forces would with us link

In the end little use if masses could think
What leaders want more of is the vote or two
If only the tired masses had time to think
Would not security forces with us link

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 33

Yesterday colonial century ago
China Brazil India fed not masses
Today whose rate of growth cannot stop but grow

Rich and mighty nations always wanted more
Invested in ammunition to cut losses
Yesterday colonial century ago

Yesterday poor nations gasped for breath to sow
Who doled out guns made from lethal gases
Today whose rate of growth cannot stop but grow

Yesterday nomads roamed deserts without dough
Till from under their soles spurt oil and gases
Yesterday colonial century ago

Tomorrow rich nations will trillions borrow
Mass unrest will choke more than greenhouse gases
Today whose rate of growth cannot stop but grow

Day after tomorrow will expose vain Ego
Will national leaders all betray masses
Yesterday colonial century ago
Today whose rate of growth cannot stop but grow

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 32

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 32

Ask them who brought this World to the brink of doom
Why what they say now they didn't at COP1
Ask them if they can really reverse tides that loom

Ask them why on elections' eve they turn new broom
Do leaders come of age at fresh twenty-one
Ask them who brought this World to the brink of doom

Ask them why farewell speeches seem studied gloom
Who put in relief the joke on succession
Ask them if they can really reverse tides that loom

Ask them why campaign speeches bloom way from home
What if the next leader's gun-oil Republican
Ask them who brought this World to the brink of doom

Then ask yourself why some need others to groom
Need other leaders to prove they are Number One
Ask them if they can really reverse tides that loom

Ask them clean energy spells doom for whom
Who stands to gain what greenhouse gases consume
Ask them who brought this World to the brink of doom
Ask them if they can really reverse tides that loom

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 31

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 31

Pious promises roll not smog from dulled eyes
Once again Great Leaders refuse to be bound
The disease that blinds men ripe greed wrapped in lies

Those who keep Congress in their pockets to melt ice
Till Manhattan feet dig Arctic ice underground
Pious promises roll not smog from dulled eyes

Greenhouse gases spout from fat COP hot-air mice
Who will for polar bear cubs build igloo round
The disease that blinds men ripe greed wrapped in lies

The East must the West overtake in all vice
But drive masses hop along with feet still bound
Pious promises roll not smog from dulled eyes

Look not far to see where the fault really lies
Leaders must simply make nations' health look sound
The disease that blinds men ripe greed wrapped in lies

Once again they'll hug kiss part with tears in eyes
While we'll be lulled to think World safe and sound
Pious promises roll not smog from dulled eyes
The disease that blinds men ripe GREED wrapped in lies

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 30

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 30

Who would soil the bed in which he dreams with pride
Which guest will light the fuse to blow up shelter
No violence more pitiful than suicide

None other than humans bent on matricide
Soil not the bed on which you found sleep better
Who would soil the bed in which he dreams with pride

Unless the Master of the House whips his hide
Did not trillions warm the same bed: Donnerwetter!
No violence more pitiful than suicide

Let not the next occupant feel left outside
Leave the welcome mat clean or even cleaner
Who would soil the bed in which he dreams with pride

No nation owns this Earth cooled out of the Void
Not even Super-Man Land finger on trigger
No violence more pitiful than suicide

Nations in rat-race claim progress with false pride
Number One status serves none in the hereafter
Who would soil the bed in which he dreams with pride
No violence more pitiful than suicide

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 29

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At last 0 Children of the Mother Contrées*
Roll out the red carpets for High Potentates
The hour of glory at Champs-Élysées

Cry not from Eiffel Tower 20 degrés
Temperature rises end of century, Mates
At last 0 Children of the Mother Contrées

Streak frowning skies in red white and blue display
Let pent-up champagne pop through foie-gras plates
The hour of glory at Champs-Élysées

Limousines line up for haute couture soirées
Blue-ribboned chefs dress-up spruced-up back-door dates
At last 0 Children of the Mother Contrées

Tri-colour ice cream on rhino-horn purées
See not hear not how iceberg disintegrates
The hour of glory at Champs-Élysées

Chefs d'Etat promise profit for protégés
While oceans swamp islands rivers city-states
At last 0 Children of the Mother Contrées
The hour of glory at Champs-Élysées

•The final "s" in French is silent

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 28

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent- 28

These vain Little Men who strut on the World Stage
Come together again the twenty-first time
Can this polluted earth be saved at this stage

The World is yours mine must not be held hostage
By men who pout vapid irate words as mime
These vain Little Men who strut on the World Stage

Far more than kami-kaze terror carnage
Melting ice-cap Poles promise Fire Next Time
Can this polluted earth be saved at this stage

Watch how for profit wild fires worldwide rage
While leaders read ghosted-scripts to waste our time
These Little Men who strut on the World Stage

Earth's shield pierced by lethal Sun's rays wreak damage
Mutate living organisms make rot clime
Can this polluted earth be saved at this stage

Would such men who care only for polls image
Remember mighty empires last not a rhyme
These vain Little Men who strut on the World Stage
Can this polluted earth be saved at this stage

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 27

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 27

Pounce not like Tiger on lone backwoods fields
Never know who'd be chasing balls fall into holes
Balls roll back to earth from smooth Elysian fields

Stuff the coffin with hot golf balls till it yields
Watch that swing cuff not some angel's soft turf curls
Pounce not like Tiger on lone backwoods fields

Learn to swing the club of all sizes and wields
Too late when on Heaven's downy udders' twirls
Balls roll back to earth from smooth Elysian fields

Train that eye to watch how balls shoot through cloud shields
For once on that turf sound of choir psalms rolls
Pounce not like Tiger on lone backwoods fields

Swing that club while you can on mad muddy fields
Till muscle bone and nerve combine swing as bowls
Balls roll back to earth from smooth Elysian fields

What particles swing through which magnetic fields
To shape humans who roll (like) golf balls into holes
Pounce not like Tiger on lone backwoods fields
Balls roll back to earth from smooth Elysian fields

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - Part Two

Villanelle : The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - Part Two

Fail not to get your passports all in order
Make sure the belt around your breast's not too thick
The security check's stringent at Death's door

Do secret services stack agents au-delà
Moss-Add in Sea Eye Ache Am I 5 or sick ?
Fail not to get your passports all in order

Putt-Inn Quai Bee Jeas F(W)rench in the Works galore
All zero-ing in from satellites swirling blick
The security check's stringent at Death's door

Diplomatic passports with laissez-passer
Not quite sure if Death'll fall for the bloody trick
Fail not to get your passports all in order

Heads of State bank presidents monarchs mullah
Not quite sure if air-spaces' reserved for their ilk
The security check's stringent at Death's door

Rely not on agents with chicks and coffer
In the hope Death'll try deadly earth chick lick
Fail not to get your passports all in order
The security check's stringent at Death's door

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 25

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 25

Followers are made from day one in the womb
Not gods but by men in the full-length skirt
Pavlov mice all salivate stunned stark in tomb

Do not men in frocks drive terror promise doom
Those who heed not words they stuff into gods first
Followers are made from day one in the womb

Can honourable men raise gods from the tomb
Invite them back to earth slake believers' thirst
Pavlov mice all salivate stunned stark in tomb

Who split their gods' words plunge followers in gloom
Make dissenters fight staunch believers first
Followers are made from day one in the womb

Sexless men tear each other under own dome
Then order robot men to give up the ghost
Pavlov mice all salivate stunned stark in tomb

Who forbids men from praying under one dome
Don't middle-men stoked by sybarite Sophist
Followers are made from day one in the womb
Pavlov mice all salivate stunned stark in tomb

-End of Part One -

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 24

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 24

Shout it hoarse on mountains how gods stand for peace
And in private plot the ruin spurn another's faith
Do all voices hark to one and same mouth-piece

Zoroastrians Zen-Buddhists Jains Taoists
Do they seek to adorn other faiths in wreath
Shout it hoarse on mountains how gods stand for peace

Declare there's just ONE GOD when put in tight squeeze
Why then cling on for life on one's own blind faith
Do all voices hark to one and same mouth-piece

No believer conditioned by birth will release
Supremacy of his another's not to loath
Shout it hoarse on mountains how gods stand for peace

Look How religions flourish in locked inland seas
Once kings renounce or conquerors ram down faith
Do all voices hark to one and same mouth-piece

And think why the ONLY GOD does not want peace
The Creator sets the ground rules in good faith
Shout it hoarse on mountains how gods stand for peace
Do all voices hark to one and same mouth-piece

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 23

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 23

We make gods and to protect resort to arms
Do gods call upon men to save their honour
The more we cherish them quick the call to arms

Are gods so helpless as to be without qualms
Are not true gods invincible with valour
We make gods and to protect resort to arms

If gods are Gods Almighty full of charms
Could not they simply make this Life disappear
The more we cherish them quick the call to arms

There's no business like the call for holy alms
Care may the poor sick spastics die of hunger
We make gods and to protect resort to arms

No god we ever raised left us his own psalms
So we split his word to kill brother doubter
The more we cherish them quick the call to arms

If gods could wage wars would they need human arms
Could not they through skies rage and storm with thunder
We make gods and to protect resort to arms
The more we cherish them quick the call to arms

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 22

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 22

Does the fault lie in us or in warring gods
Paragon Bard of Avon beg pardon
Do stars exert a force not owned by bards

Do stars grow heads of State to confuse gods
The trust we hoist high on flags flapless groan
Does the fault lie in us or in warring gods

He who blows horn for his god usurps his Lord's
The Enlightened One begged us leave Him alone
Do stars exert a force not owned by bards

How many who blast themselves for their gods
Their holy books' basic tenets condone
Does the fault lie in us or in warring gods

Let not religions parade on public roads
Prayer in the soul's a private union
Do stars exert a force not owned by bards

Teach infants at school all about the gods
Till parents all know truth about religion
Does the fault lie in us or in warring gods
Do stars exert a force not owned by bards

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 21

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 21

Would Hindus see in Paris kill Siva's* will
Who's show is this: Puppeteer or puppet's
Kali-Yuga* dragging hind legs to standstill

Callow kids spray lead to warn not infidel
For what glory of own faith's idle pets
Would Hindus see in Paris kill Siva's will

What kills: finger on trigger or divine will
ISIS hand or lead Kalashnikov jets
Kali-Yuga dragging hind legs to standstill

Piecemeal World War III Papal wisdom mill
Did not racial hatred collide with tenets
Would Hindus see in Paris kill Siva's will

Some people seek to dress world in their frill
Are Crusaders fratricidal Semites
Kali-Yuga dragging hind legs to standstill

Andromeda clash through Milky Way spill
Lest ISIS pound Kali-Yuga with jets
Would Hindus see in Paris kill Siva's will
Kali-Yuga dragging hind legs to standstill

•Siva: Hindu Trinity of the Godhead Brahman
composed of Brahma (Creator), Vishnu (Preserver)
And Siva (Destroyer)

•Kali-Yuga: According to Hindus, the "Iron Age" (the last phase of human
existence), having commenced with the Mahabharatha (the Great War on February
18, 3102 B.C.E.)

will come to an end in less than 430000 years. - time enough to shoot the Milky
Way to pulp.

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 20

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 20

To what extent violent thoughts can be crimes
Is there one person who's not guilty by thought
The Real in the Apparent see you rhymes

With what reason Raskolnikov murder rhymes
Does Nietzsche see in him the greatness of thought
To what extent violent thoughts can be crimes

Can the rogue State justify wanton war crimes
Nor the Police non-citizen rights stamp out
The Real in the Apparent see you rhymes

Who tolls the church bells controls also the chimes
He who can think must also control the thought
To what extent violent thoughts can be crimes

Wanton acts of violence breed in all climes
Kubla Khan repeats the way Ghengis Khan fought
The Real in the Apparent see you rhymes

Does not Death commit unjust ultimate crimes
Who returns from the au-delà knows true nought
To what extent violent thoughts can be crimes
The Real in the Apparent see you rhymes

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 19

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 19

Eat no life you cut open first to let blood flow
Bird on wing fish that swim crawls slithers all on fours
Dare you stare down the dilemma watch trees sole grow

Must you resist to save your life from luckless blow
Watch your wife and children beg for life on all fours
Eat no life you cut open first to let blood flow

The green dress our earth dons pump all lungs to glow
The milk that babies suck flows from grass-fed udders
Dare you stare down the dilemma watch trees sole grow

Even trees do ooze with sap pretend not to know
Oblivious the falling tree on insect throes
Eat no life you cut open first to let blood flow

All that stirs all that stands still must pain undergo
Astral bodies all keep moving on first set course
Dare you stare down the dilemma watch trees sole grow

No Jain who tramples on acarions* must rue
The day he was born on this earth rife with woes
Eat no life you cut open first to let blood flow
Dare you stare down the dilemma watch trees sole grow

* French for house dust mites

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 18

Villanelle : The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 18

World in which is ingrained innate violence
Where nation-States all hell-bent on blitz wars
He who abstains from doing harm commits offence

Is branded traitor parasite perched on fence
On conscientious objector shine no stars
World in which is ingrained innate violence

Even cowards by nature obtain licence
To kill at will armed to the teeth in holy wars
He who abstains from doing harm commits offence

The non-violent sport no medals bright dense
Nor do they rape their loved ones inflicting scars
World in which is ingrained innate violence

Boosting ego is the craft of violence
Insecure feelings drive muscle-man jaws
He who abstains from doing harm commits offence

Do no harm and attain pure inner silence
Resort to arms let rage Raskolnikov indoors
World in which is ingrained innate violence
He who abstains from doing harm commits offence

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 17

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 17

Real power lies not in the ranks of the parties
Nor in heads of governments parties elect
Puppet-strings in hands of secret societies

Those whose claws pierce guts through nationalities
The bankers investors owners who select
Real power lies not in the ranks of parties

But in hereditary lords ethnic cronies
Those who speak for gods with violent effect
Puppet-strings in hands of secret societies

Those who allegiance owe through club affinities
Across borders oceans or lands derelict
Real power lies not in the ranks of parties

In lodges temples private media companies
Bound by rituals rites oaths sworn dead secret
Puppet-strings in hands of secret societies

For whom even to write quote such verities
Clamour of rage pounces on the hapless poet
Real power lies not in the ranks of parties
Puppet-strings in the hands of secret societies

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 16

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 16

Covert modern State wiles mock Greek democracy
Must People cast votes to elect block Parties
Athenians all took part in vox populi

Founding Fathers of Great America Party
Chief Washington revolution guaranties
Covert modern State wiles mock Greek democracy

Corsican blood runs blue in French royalty
Scottish rites oath govern secret warranties
Athenians all took part in vox populi

Politicos Police legal fraternity
Avarice cruelty sexualities
Covert modern State wiles mock Greek democracy

No vote counts for individuality
All is grist to Big Money incongruities
Athenians all took part in vox populi

Will Grand Architect of Universality
Show his true face from behind inanities
Covert modern State wiles mock Greek democracy
Athenians all took part in vox populi

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 15

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 15

The Republic's an headless Monster to let
Power mad individuals pay to rent head
The State's enmeshed in the Admin's red-tape net

The Administration cannot think nor beget
Must obey or its heads will be under-fed
The Republic's an headless Monster to let

National forces keep borders tightly knit
Secret Police shut People well under lead
The State's enmeshed in the Admin's red-tape net

The threat of force often makes the People fret
The use of force comes from the political head
The Republic's an headless Monster to let

People in modern States have cause to regret
Ritually replacing the Monster's head
The State's enmeshed in the Admin's red-tape net

Cut the head off the Monster replace State to let
In time to come with selfless Robot at the head
The Republic's an headless Monster to let
The State's enmeshed in the Admin's red-tape net

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 14

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 14

Who's guilty for some good States can't help but sow
All All who despise those on the other side
All All who bleed their hearts' beliefs parties mow

All All who toil helpless and let their blood go
All All men of worth who keep going with tide
Who's guilty for some good States can't help but sow

Monster changes heads but can't stop body grow
The Republic merely pits side against side
All All who bleed their hearts' beliefs parties mow

The Monster's nightmare the day when heads must go
Let litter gather for the next divorced bride
Who's guilty for some good States can't help but sow

Who pays for the stroke that cripples the State more
Than the dead People who make up either side
All All who bleed their hearts' beliefs parties mow

Men of not much worth who stoke the psychic maw
Hold to ransom the fate of peoples worldwide
Who's guilty for some good States can't help but sow
All All who bleed their hearts' beliefs parties mow

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 13

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 13

The State's then some kind of delirious Monster
Heartless It changes its head from time to time
Ultimate machine waging wars forever

Emits bizarre noises most smooth or clever
Through mouth-pieces that spin words sans sense nor rhyme
The State's then some kind of delirious Monster

Drops never to sleep for fear of the neighbour
Has its eyes and ears peeled open all the time
Ultimate machine waging wars forever

Devoirs people kept under threat of hunger
Deprives them of human rights and over-time
The State's then some kind of delirious Monster

Drives the sick into secret service gutter
Who then justify wars and villainous crime
Ultimate machine waging wars forever

Loves to strut on World Stage bonhomie player
While backstage lights the fuse Guy Fawkes failed to prime
The State's then some kind of delirious Monster
Ultimate machine waging wars forever

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 12

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 12

Rule-bound hemmed-in nobody's free in this world
Everybody must live in fear of the other
The civilized way calls for control steam-rolled

All through gestation trapped in lunging pubic mould
Squeezed out mid cries of joyful gasping terror
Rule-bound hemmed-in nobody's free in this world

Do's and don't's drive us to assume face made bold
Do unto us as we unto the other
The civilized way calls for control steam-rolled

Step in then those who cannot but take firm hold
Those who must be seen as the holy do-gooder
Rule-bound hemmed-in nobody's free in this world

As power accumulates in hands Pharoah
The few who believe in being ordained seer
The civilized way calls for control steam-rolled

The few delegate power but not their role
Use abuse their handymen drilled to order
Rule-bound hemmed-in nobody's free in this world
The civilized way calls for control steam-rolled

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 11

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 11

How might one batter to death rogue Nation State
Much less Institutions Parties Power Groups
Motherland religion Peoples' opiate

Kings tyrants prophets may under-estimate
The will of the People to upset their hopes
How might one batter to death rogue Nation State

Around rulers sycophants proliferate
Brahmins Mullahs Rabbis Mahatheros Popes
Motherland religion Peoples' opiate

Intrigue owe allegiance inordinate
Find forgiveness for evil deeds lethal troops
How might one batter to death rogue Nation State

Rulers shared power with sp'ritual Prelate
Don't religions all jockey like power groups
Motherland religion Peoples' opiate

When the individual's battered by the State
Turn not to Justice rather see dashed your hopes
How might one batter to death rogue Nation State
Motherland religion Peoples' opiate

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 10

Villanelle:: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 10

Wild elephants rage through lush reveries teem
Prides of hungry lions stalk the stray by night
The herd posts no sentinel – confident team

The mightiest nations victims of own dream
The herd instinct subject to divisive right
Wild elephants rage through lush reveries teem

No rogue elephant stands to gain from team
If the path it rages through grows yet upright
The herd posts no sentinel – confident team

Tusks trunks impenetrable mail-chain skin seem
Like all the darkest ages stand stoic might
Wild elephants rage through lush reveries teem

Small people raise great empires sans esteem
All on rapacious claws high swooping delight
The herd posts no sentinel – confident team

Do elephants trample the pelandok* dream
To sing the praises of their founders by right
Wild elephants rage through lush reveries teem
The herd posts no sentinel – confident team

* pelandok: Malay for “mouse deer”

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 9

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 9

Turn the other cheek kneel while kith and kin wail
Would that faithful followers step in between
Resort to arms in months when Yin blazes trail

Whose advice the Essene monk took in travail
Whose voice the Consul heard to nail the Essene
Turn the other cheek kneel while kith and kin wail

How easy the truth in search of the Holy Grail
Whispered under the pipal tree's leafy sheen
Resort to arms in months when Yin blazes trail

The elephant flaps its ears trumpeting flail
The charge comes to a halt before enemy mean
Turn the cheek kneel while kith and kin wail

The Yin yearns to hook the Yang without whom frail
Engage not the enemy when out to bait lean
Resort to arms in months when Yin blazes trail

Risk not the lot of what virtues earn entail
On the chance encounter demolishing Yin
Turn the other cheek kneel while kith and kin wail
Resort to arms in months when Yin blazes trail

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 8

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 8

The pain that M'm'selle inflicts on her toes
Twists itches in bums and bosoms of hope
Each in his own way straps on strappados

Mascaraed serene face trots on stilettos
Embryos oblivious violent lope
The pain that M'm'selle inflicts on her toes

Paths to pleasure lead through stabbing throes
Sadistic brutes loved more than sweet husband dope
Each in his own way straps on strappados

Tigress nape stung deep in tiger-tooth jaws
Thumped fury of loins turns mother salope
The pain that M'm'selle inflicts on her toes

The sacred act of making one life's woes
Born of the terra moto gasping breath grope
Each in his own way straps on strappados

Still the Big-Bang whistles tinnitus mementoes
Is the Universe the result of wanton rape
The pain that M'm'selle inflicts on her toes
Each in his own way straps on strappados

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 7

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 7

Who has not wished somebody battered to death
The janitor one's lawyer an ex-bed fellow
Feel in dark recesses mocking monkey breath

Who has not shoved the blame for one's set-back birth
Neighbour wife having a ball daily down below
Who has not wished somebody battered to death

Who has not tossed and turned on how to cheat Death
The junkie the usurer Santa Claus on furlough
Feel in the dark recesses mocking monkey breath

Feel the heart tighten thoughts of those under wreath
Those who toiled luckless never to see theirs grow
Who has not wished somebody battered to death

Find after all wierd monsters deep in one's depth
Break out some smooth summer's day dark as glow
Feel in dark recesses mocking monkey breath

Some Gandhi hounded by lust reduced to wraith
Invite violence into one's own sleepy hollow
Who has not wished somebody battered to death
Feel in dark recesses mocking monkey breath

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 6

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 6

Should the State legitimate entity be
To make the use of force It generates valid
True father protects for life his progeny

Change helmsmen and change its personality
The State's a will o' the wisp under tight lid
Should the State legitimate entity be

The State is as human as errors can be
Should It excuse seek or new elections bid
True father protects for life his progeny

No citizen conscription thwarts and breathes free
Abjure violence to be made invalid
Should the State legitimate entity be

Since consensus derives from majority
Who made the individual a Candide
True father protects for life his progeny

Overlook crush even one nonentity
What right have men to govern any breed
Should the State legitimate entity be
True father protects for life his progeny

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 5

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 5

Kings Prophets alike the Democratic State
Do/can/may use force on people they enslave
And individual rights incriminate

Oppressed peoples' rights remain inanimate
Until some Garibaldi wields the glaive
Kings Prophets alike the Democratic State

The art of government's how to amputate
The will of the people own voice to save
And individual rights incriminate

The Administration's the stooge incarnate
Festers in bosom the Secret Police knave
Kings Prophets alike the Democratic State

Who by Divine Right rule in the Police State
Muzzling media voice their power to save
And individual rights incriminate

Till all factions through coercion emulate
Tyrants who use violence and manic rave
Kings Prophets alike the Democratic State
Do individual rights incriminate

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent -4

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 4

Test not people of a violent nature
The choice is not that simple: run if you can
The situation calls for plans more mature

Yijing's 'Withdraw into your own armature'
May not the violent deter nor you ban
Test not people of a violent nature

Like as not more cunning than immature
Your lofty thoughts and plans put under scan
The situation calls for plans more mature

Not everyone can alter Laws of Nature
Yet it's everyone's duty to make a stand
Test not a people of a violent nature

If you let grow your own virtue in stature
The seasons will follow through according to plan
The situation needs no plans more mature

Can evil people cloaked rude in ill-nature
Succeed where violence breeds not in Man
Test not people of a violent nature
The situation calls for plans more mature

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Villanelle: If only the World were such as to be just - 1

Villanelle: If only the World were such as to be just - 1

If only the World were such as to be just
Then all girls would be born all all beautiful
And men would be the lame laid sex without lust

If only the girls were all all free as dust
And men could pick and choose and ditch them sackful
If only the World were such as to be just

If only in test-tubes girls their eggs entrust
Then men would much work find their clawing hands full
Would then men be the lame laid sex without lust

If only lifelong hour-glass shape girls love must
Through whirls twists and twirls be not at all bashful
If only the World were such as to be just

If only the girls in their joints did not rust
While men could lay themselves down just wonderful
Would then men be the lame laid sex without lust

Would men then cheat on spouses neglect thwart trust
And at every swaying dame steal an eyeful
If only the World were such as to be just
Would men then be the lame laid sex without lust

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Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 3

Villanelle: The Dilemma of the Non-Violent - 3

Politics' the art of decrying nations
The national art's how to prostitute Mother
Arming nations need no justifications

The People's Ego broadens shores of nations
Which provokes invasions by the Other
Politics' the art of decrying nations

Tongking's engulfed behind United Nations
You know whom strangled by the likes of Hitler
Arming nations need no justifications

Victim stones make no dent on pretensions
Vietnamese mothers bear with stoic laughter
Politics' the art of decrying nations

Resist and invite self-mortifications
Retaliate and be dubbed mortal sinner
Arming nations need no justifications

Hug the Nation during incinerations
Pride will stand us good stead in Life hereafter
Politics' the art of decrying nations
Arming nations need no justifications

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Villanelle: The dilemma of the non-violent - 2

Villanelle: The dilemma of the non-violent - 2

Villanelle: The dilemma of the non-violent - 2

The formal war according to ancient rules
The pitted hosts convened on common ground
Till the last man drops or takes to his heels

Pandavas* Kauravas* on Kurukshetra fields
Victim serfs spiral eddy underground
The formal war according to ancient rules

Ceasar's murder avenged on Philippi hills
Who but Anthony would wear Brutus' crown
Till the last man drops or takes to his heels

Would Krishna's advice suit glorious fools
Where would today's Police victims lone stand
The formal war according to ancient rules

Raison d'Etat sprouts spikes on Police bulls
Would Matador face dead toro rule-bound
Till the last man drops or takes to his heels

When cowards anonymous cloak their jowls
Under Ku Klux Klan racist Police command
The formal war according to ancient rules
Till the last man drops or takes to his heels

°Pandavas and Kauravas: opposing forces in the Hindu epic Mahabharatha (Great War), related by blood
and fighting for the anomaly of succession to the same throne. The Bhagavad Gita (Song of God) is part of this epic poem, the longest to date.

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Villanelle: The dilemma of the non-violent - Part One

Villanelle: The dilemma of the non-violent - Part One

The dilemma of the non-violent
How best to withstand the misuse of force
The nonchalant imbued with mal-intent

Be it your neighbour or your own parent
The country cult sect religion or race
The dilemma of the non-violent

The more you bear in silence your tyrant
The more he'll rally his rights to enforce
The nonchalant imbued with mal-intent

And if you so much as by instinct relent
Fail own family to protect perforce
The dilemma of the non-violent

Krishna to Arjuna: non-attachment*
Panacea for all abuse of force
The nonchalant imbued with mal-intent

Either way done for in this firmament
Victim or oppressor without remorse
The dilemma of the non-violent
The nonchalant imbued with mal-intent

•The philosophy of the Bhagavad Gita (Song of God)

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Limerick crochets: Once Warrior Fifteen from down under

Limerick crochetés: Once Warrior Fifteen from down under

Once Warrior Fifteen from down under
Trained so hard Hakka to outclap thunder
Scared s..t off rivals
To reach the Finals
At Twitch-in-Ham where Prince roared like Pauper

Anthems sweet lulled the cheery spectator
World hushed to watch Black Hakka Warrior
Earth shook hearts thumped shrieked gulls
Petrified spell-bound rivals
Warrior lungs burst Cup won by neither

Big-money football magnates cheered together
At last World will look up to footballer
American rivals
Or Pelé-fan Bra-zil's
Hakka now sole weapon of US soldier

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Villanelle: French Gourmand once sailed to the Isle of Ewe

Villanelle: French Gourmand once sailed to the Isle of Ewe

Dedicated to the great French actor, Off Course!

French Gourmand once sailed to the Isle of Ewe
Must you invite high breeds to the Hebrides
To maggis shellfish wine said: I love you!

Starved Loch Ness Monster kept well out of view
For this Gourmet eats even monster breeds
French Gourmand once sailed to the Isle of Ewe

Medieval monarchs gulped innerns – rest threw
To the serfs lords ladies dogs and hybrids
To maggis shellfish wine said: I love you!

French Gourmand let Scots talk their tartans through
Venison loins he carved out for his needs
French Gourmand once sailed to the Isle of Ewe

Goths Visigoths Vikings Normans or Dieu*
Falstaff nose and paunch hide much actor's deeds
To maggis shellfish wine said: I love you!

Eiffel Tower Louvre Versailles nothing new
Mountain Man kept apart Scylla Charibdis
French Gourmand once sailed to the Isle of Ewe
To maggis shellfish wine said: I love you!

•Dieu: God, but French pronunciation, please!
He might take exception.

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Limerick crochetes: Our great uhr-Father from Africa

Limerick cochetés: Our great uhr-Father from Africa

Our great uhr-Father from Africa
Hallowed be Thy fame in high Valhalla
The Asian walk-about
Down backbone coccyx snout
Who didst Thou mate in Peninsula Malaya

To produce orangutan Malaysia
Did our great uhr-cousin Gorilla
Chimpanzee when in doubt
Precede Thy walk-about
Swinging from tree to tree to Australia

To judge by great life in Southeast Asia
Smoke-filled lungs from HAZE in Sumatra
Death penalty for tout
With drugs- Hell for khalwat*
Is there doubt who preceded whom from Africa

•khalwat: (a Muslim - all Malays - religious law)

According to which, no Malay may marry a non-Muslim nor be found in close proximity giving rise to suspicion of promiscuousness, law enforceable by religious courts whose officials are empowered to spy on offenders and report their activities to the relevant authorities

A ZEN Sonnet: Everything comes from Nothing which is Something

A ZEN Sonnet: Everything comes from Nothing which is Something

Everything comes from Nothing which is Something
Something comes from Nothing which is Everything
Everything comes from Nothing which is No-Thing
No-Thing comes from Some-Thing which is Any-Thing

Everything's both Something just as well Nothing
Nothing can never be No-Thing and Nothing
Take No-Thing from Some-Thing and you get Nothing
Take Nothing from Something and get Everything

In the end does it matter if there's Nothing
Only to your aunt who hasn't seen Any-Thing
And what if you said you must have Everything
You can't have it all even if there's No-Thing

Do we go through lives already have-been lived
How else can some tell in detail Life un-lived

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Sonnet: Nothing feeds on itself like violence

Sonnet: Nothing feeds on itself like violence

Nothing feeds on itself like violence

The more it self-destructs the more its might

Goya geek – padi eaten by its own fence*

The dog that swallows its own tail in fright

Yet nothing changes fast as when throttled

Takes the weight of one's whole life to wake up

Many the night Dopplegänger dreams rattled

Will the hand that wields the chopper back up

To see the other severed from body

Since violence begins in thoughts at will

Who can hold it back once in thoughts born free

The root cause of violence springs despite will

Envy and hatred begin in the eyes

And stick in the head right until one dies

•Pagar makan padi: Malay for : The fence eats the padi/rice; meaning, treachery (where trust is betrayed).

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Limerick crochets: Once Angela signed pact with Doctor Jeckel

Limerick crochétés: Once Angela signed pact with Doctor Jeckel

Once Angela signed pact with Doctor Jeckel
Needed urgent help her kitchen all pell-mell
In far-off torn country
People turned refugee
By turnip-head Mephistopheles in Hell

Angela's wise friend Faust told her to toll bell
To tell the world how much her heart bled with knell
She'll take in all who flee
Bitten by bee or flea
Life-jackets galore Mephisto jumped to sell

In Mid-Land-Sea punctured floats jackets did spell
Drowned refugee yells worse than arrows Will' Tell
Angie slurped sea-green tea
With Jeckel invitee
While survivors charged through blockades raising Hell

If Angela dug an underground Chunnel
From her kitchen to Mephisto-lands un-well
Käse-Kuchen* Mummy
Made by hands refugee
To boost her economy – Angela! Hail!

*Käse-Kuchen: German for cheese cake

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The ZEN KOAN as Poem - Same Question - Part One

The ZEN KOAN as poem – Same Question – Part One

The Master said: "How do you stop Time from running?"

Said Monk-Disciple 1: "By running backwards against Time."

Said Monk-Disciple 2: "By running backwards facing Time."

Said Monk-Disciple 3: "By running backwards and looking over the shoulder at Time."

Said Monk-Disciple 4: "By running backwards alongside Time."

Said Monk-Disciple 5: "By running backwards hugging Time."

Said Monk-Disciple 6: "By running backwards over Time."

Said Monk-Disciple 7: "By running backwards behind Time."

Said Monk-Disciple 8: "By running backwards faster than Time."

Said Monk-Disciple 9: "By running backwards outside Time."

Said Monk-Disciple 10: "By running backwards in time with Time. Or in Time with time."

And the Master said: "What is Time's?"

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Villanelle: Crooks leaders and louts do they sing the same tune

Villanelle: Crooks leaders and louts do they sing the same tune

Crooks leaders and louts do they sing the same tune
Does he who strums vocal chords show them the ropes
Whoever wields the baton sure calls the tune

The sergeant-major pulls rank when opportune
Though captains and majors aren't exactly dopes
Crooks leaders and louts do they sing the same tune

To the Western ear the Eastern's mono-tune
Do harps and harpsichords belong in same groups
Whoever wields the baton sure calls the tune

Do the Police join the band to play to tribune
Or just one or two here and there simply mopes
Crooks leaders and louts do they sing the same tune

Blame must fall if blame at all on top dog goon
The mess people in power make envelopes
Whoever wields the baton sure calls the tune

The blame for this world the way it has been sewn
Goes for whatever makes possible human dopes
Crooks leaders and louts do they sing the same tune
Whoever wields the baton sure calls the tune

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Limerick crochets: Once a shy lost lass so-called Orga-San

Limerick crochets: Once a shy lost lass so-called Orga-San

Once a shy lost lass so-called Orga-San
Had much difficulty getting what you can
Heard of fly-catcher
Good at swatting lair
Gave him a lift bare-back over Japan

Trouble he wouldn't get off Mama-San
She went without doing what on bed-pan
Right over Fuji Yama
Leap-frogged like No-diva
Earth sudden shook Tsunami filled her pan.

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Villanelle: Who would put us on this blue-green hot-cold earth

Villanelle: Who would put us on this blue-green hot-cold earth

Who would put us on this blue-green hot-cold earth

Love us as much as we whose steps in vain grace

Why make us defile the holy womb of birth

Who wouldn't find us such a mawkish source of mirth

Our entry into world blessed with slime on face

Who would put us on this blue-green hot-cold earth

Should not some other means have been found for birth

Than the bang-bang thrust in lice filthy disgrace

Why make us defile the holy womb of birth

That pleasure be sought in and around the girth

And to make things worse drag down the beauteous face

Who would put us on this blue-green hot-cold earth

Unless the lesson's to rise above and loath

The fiend in thirsty loins contumacious

Why make us defile the holy womb of birth

Could our true fate be to disown very earth

Not knowing why we came in the first place

Who would put us on this blue-green hot-cold earth

Why make us defile the holy womb of birth

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Villanelle: What do you do if the Culprit's the Country

Villanelle: What do you do if the Culprit's the Country

What do you do if the Culprit's the Country
Will the Head of State turn against the Police
Go hang yourself on the nearest pipal* tree

Which country faults on its own territory
When It cracks down citizens or migrant mice
What do you do if the Culprit's the Country

Take the oath if it bolsters the Enemy
No pious paeon will wash sins away, please
Go hang yourself on the nearest pipal tree

Your life's not yours to take if not for Patrie*
Ribbons and medals on chest consecrate vice*
What do you do if the Culprit's the Country

O! for the belles bells tolling the reverie
Look! My Country's crown towers above cloud's fleece
Go hang yourself on the nearest pipal tree

No country's worth the life of one family
If the force that protects corrupts the Police
What do you do if the Culprit's the Country
Go hang yourself on the nearest pipal tree

•pipal: since the pipal tree has no prop roots, at least,
in death you can serve to prop it up

•Patrie: French for Mother Country
•vice: French pronunciation, please!

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Villanelle: Is there ever a moment when reason reigns

Villanelle: Is there ever a moment when reason reigns

Is there ever a moment when reason reigns

"Never! Ever!" – cry the forsaken by Life

"Friends depart, Enemies approach," Yi Jing ordains

Hold not to friends and think you can sever chains

Even to raise children you must beg the wife

Is there ever a moment when reason reigns

Friends are also humans the other self disdains

Like as not the same humans bind you in strife

"Friends depart, Enemies approach," Yi Jing ordains

Stand alone and your World will collapse in ruins

But what a lovely fight you got out of Life!

Is there ever a moment when reason reigns

You can spurn the mean the blackguard: "Filthy swine's!"

Turn back on hypocrites retreat into self

"Friends depart, Enemies approach," Yi Jing ordains

The same humans who to you cause all the pains

To some others serve as saviours in strife

Is there ever a moment when reason reigns:

"Friends depart, Enemies approach," Yi Jing ordains!

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Limerick Crochetes: Once Fukushima Lady Uranium

Limerick crochetés: Once Fukushima Lady Uranium

Once Fukushima Lady Uranium
Madly in love with Hanford Plutonium
Sent him hot-kissed missile
Twice Hiroshima smile:
"R.S.V.P. Pluto to Uranus in mime!"

Missile misfired detoured Koreanium
O'er Kamchatka harassed by Putt-Inn-ium
Security Council
Issued stark Codicil
"Pacific love letters: 'Putt-Inn-Bin, Hmh!' "

Then lovesick Mamasan Uranium
Stole Crime-ian Green Card made in Elysium
KGB stamp fossil
Put Putt-Inn behind grill
So cut through Alaska helped by Pale-Inn-Yum!

At last Mamasan came close to Plutonium
At Hanford received no hugs in delirium
Sat by waste river spill
Her heart sank without thrill
Till Pluto-Uranus sang the Union Hymn!

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Villanelle: Whose condition is the worst everyone asks

Villanelle: Whose condition is the worst everyone asks

Whose condition is the worst everyone asks
"Mine!" "Mine!" "Mine!" - everyone's desperate cry
Why the powers that decide wear such sharp tusks

Look at the basking billions enjoyng tasks
Then watch the hare-lipped cock-eyed shrivelled wretch sigh
Whose condition is the worst everyone asks

Gypsy dejection makes outcaste maniacs
Black film difference opportunities buy
Why the powers that decide wear such sharp tusks

Must everyone's fate be owed to dead crime larks
Birth time and place do not the living defy
Whose condition is the worst everyone asks

Who asked to be born let him rip open masks
Post-Big Bang soup stray elements unify
Why the powers that decide wear such sharp tusks

High and low meek and strong beg for the same marks
Nothing's neither here nor there after we die
Whose condition is the worst everyone asks
Why the powers that decide wear such sharp tusks

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Must you mileage chalk up in free verse speed way

Must you mileage chalk up in free verse speed way

For Kim Patrice Nunez*, with hope

Must you mileage chalk up in free verse speed way
Let your wheels skid by letting loose grip on wheel
Free verse range's for marksmen trained on rondolet*
Dipodic foot pantun villanelle dactyl

Cut their teeth on the slippery run-on-line
Roll their anapest tongue round limerick rhyme
Do not a ballad begin with aubade fine
Nor drive straight past end-stopped line's feminine rhyme

Such as painters' coprophilia canvasses
Hide chance ironic hidden ghostly faces
Cubist abstract surrealist morasses
Whose apprenticeships lead to trumping aces

Far too many poets love the sound of words
Yet shirk bardic tasks speeding on twisted roads

* Nunez: Sorry, no tilde over the "n" on my Mac.
•rondolet: French pronunciation rhymes with "way".

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Little the doubt in the worth of our world

Little the doubt in the worth of our world

Little the doubt in the worth of our world
Lost in the coils of drifting galactic swirls
Little the men of high disposition bold
Lost in the ooze of sticky carnal love twirls

Bold enough to look the sun burn in the eyes
Farther yet stare quasars rip space out of sky
Bold enough to scale Wall of Galaxies' ties
Farther yet than light may travel and not die

Make meaning out of phonemes in wild man screams
Drown dreams of sense in the making of the arts
Make meaning of signs and signals in our dreams
Drown dreams in particle theory and such parts

So much brain founders in such make-believe life
Each people caste class and nation clasping knife.

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To what profound penance owe you this boon, O YashOthA

To what profound penance owe you this boon, O! YashOtha! Translation of Oothukkadu Venkata Subbha Iyer's enna thavam seithanai - yashOthA by T. Wignesan

To what profound penance owe you this boon, O! YashOthA! ®

That He - the ParaBrahmman - who bestrides the Universe
Should call you "Mother!"

To what profound penance owe you this boon, O! YashOthA!

He who created the two times seven worlds
Whom you may lift up breast-feed and cradle in your arms
Such as to drive even Brahman and Indhiran to stark envy

(Yes) He whom you tied to the large stone mortar
Muffled and reduced to utter beggary, O! Mother!

To what profound penance owe you this boon, O! YashOthA!

What Sanakkadi Saints attained through self-mortifying
Endurance
You obtained that purity with ease just by being made His
Mother!

To what profound penance owe you this boon, O! YashOthA!

Transliteration

enna thavam seithanai - YashOthA (Refrain)
enkum nirai parabrahmman amma enralaikka
enna thavam seithanai - YashOthA
IrElu pUvanangkal padaitthavanai
Kaiyil Enthi cIr Addi pAlUddi talAdda
brahmmanum inthirannum manathil porAmai kola
uralil kaddi vAy potthik kenja vaitthAy tAyE
enna thaval seithanai - yashOthA
sanakkAthiyarthavayOkam seithu varunthi
sAthitthadai punitha mAthE eluthil pera
enna thavam seithanai - yashOthA

Resources

We are back again to celebrate Krishna in the words of the poet, and thus to evoke the penchant for « playfulness » in the Hindu mind which cannot be dissociated from the profoundly respectful pre-occupation with anything religious whenever Krishna, the avatar/ embodiment of Vishnu, the Preserver in the Hindu Trinity, is the subject of one's thoughts. The Hindu Pantheon is filled with some 33 million « gods », by some counts, but Krishna outshines them all.

In the Hindu religious tradition, the real and the mythological confound themselves, or rather the poet enhances the real through his imagination, with the result we are made to believe that the Supreme Being has a worldly life in which his worshippers may interact with Him. This poem is yet another example. Yash0thA of the herdsman caste is entrusted with the infant Krishna, and as His foster-mother, she is the object of envy even by gods.

The poem has been set to music in the Carnatic mode (with ragas and thalas) and sung by several able exponents of the art. Check out versions by Sudha Ragunathan or by Karthik and a good many others on the Internet (Abirami).

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Limerick crochets: Once Japanese Robot lied about its age

Limerick: Once Japanese Robot lied about its age

Once Japanese Robot lied about its age
To an American Robot under age
At marriage registry
Paid haemophrodite fee
That night in shed they locked jaws in mad glad rage.

One said: "If only I knew your true old age
I would not have stooped so low to engage
You in *pédophilie*
Despite the reduced fee!"
Said the other: "Shut your trap. Open your cage!"

All night they toiled without oil or French vintage
Pungent fumes coursed through finely wired visage
Love counter showed much glee
-Unusual degree-
Neither side of Pacific need take umbrage.

Hiroshima Nagasaki sheer mirage
Robot lingo spout like Zen-type soul adage
Nuts bolts screws a-plenty
War rights out of country
Robots join dumb Robots in Atomic Age!

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Villanelle:Should not Masters be They who cut through lands

Villanelle: Should not Masters be They who cut through lands

**Should not Masters be They who cut through lands
Who for pittance sake serve up cheap labour
Which Master cleans not house with migrant hands**

**Who must be seen giving with open hands
Let them oust enemies without bother
Should not Masters be They who cut through lands**

**Did not caravans snake through Wild West lands
Nor mountain lions snarl at brave Quaker
Which Master cleans not house with migrant hands**

**Who seeks to cow the Tyrant with commands
While stoking ego with canon fodder
Should not Masters be They who cut through lands**

**Then sack put to wrack big beauteous lands
Make no amends tear down stars stripes' grandeur
Which Master cleans not house with migrant hands**

**Would that migrants learn not to bite soft hands
That feed them at their door barbed by rigour
Should not Masters be They who cut through lands
Which Master cleans not house with migrant hands**

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Limerick: An invasion by the Maimed, Tamed and the Lane

Limerick: An Invasion by the Maimed, Tamed and the Lane

**An invasion by the Maimed, Tamed and the Lane
Is still an invasion by any other name
"She stoops to conquer!"
Hearths freeze in fire
Better life for theirs is the name of the game.**

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Limerick: Once a born blind man was promised full sight

Limerick: Once a born blind man was promised full sight

**Once a born blind man was promised full sight
By an ophthalmologist fully tight
Two slits and dabs all told
Saw in wonderful world -
Beauty Contest: gouged his own eyes outright.**

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Villanelle: Do States the raison d'Etat circumvent

Villanelle: Do States the raison d'Etat circumvent

Do States the raison d'Etat* circumvent
The collective will Has it a single soul
Should not the force publique* State crimes prevent

Who but a few stand for the State's content
The armed forces stifle in strait camisole*
Do States the raison d'Etat circumvent

Yet the elected crew behave innocent
The people's will blocked by the party's role
Should not the force publique State crimes prevent

The democratic way Does it not relent
Let parties alternate with no eye on goal
Do States the raison d'Etat circumvent

Entrenched forces damn all as of no moment
In the name of the People abuse their role
Should not the force publique State crimes prevent

Lives lie blunt forlorn twisted stymied rent
By mud-caked oath-swearing secret ritual
Do States the raison d'Etat circumvent
Should not the force publique State crimes prevent

- raison d'Etat: reason of State
- force publique: the Police
- camisole de force: strait jacket

Villanelle Ask not What the Devil's the Devil

Villanelle: Ask not What the Devil's the Devil !

Ask not What the Devil's the Devil
Back to back with the Holy Being
When Good snakes what leads not to Evil

God! Why can't the doG be forged on anvil
Black sparks from Whitesmiths black doG yelling
Ask not What the Devil's the Devil

Einsteins Heisenbergs delved atom's navel
Yet true Truman dropped bombs without trying*
When Good snakes what leads not to Evil

Ask not why go(o)d GOD won't quell Evil
Nor why BAD dab at GO(o)D reigning
Ask not What the Devil's the Devil

Good needs Evil much as God the Devil
Watch male-fe-male in abject writhing
When Good snakes what leads not to Evil

Only Time makes not the picture stand still
The end of Day lets drop the ceiling
Ask not What the Devil's the Devil
When Good snakes what leads not to Evil

* He could have dropped them on some deserted Pacific atoll first to warn the Enemy.

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Bharathidasan's Pulikku nAy enta mUlai, Translated by T Wignesan

Bharathidasan's "Pulikku nay enta muulai" (To the Tiger, the Dog knows no safe dwelling!) translated by T. Wignesan

Bharathidasan (1891-1964) was a self-proclaimed disciple of the eminent Brahmin poet: Cuppiramania Bharathiyar (cf. two poems of his already posted). Born in Pondicherry - a French enclave in Tamil Nadu - he solded a lasting friendship with Bharathiyar during the 1910s when the latter sought refuge there from the British Adminstration as a political agitator. For more details, check my article at

<http://www.stateless.freehosting.net/BHARATHIDASAN.htm>

For Tamils, Tamil is their mother-tongue, we said
For Tamils, Tamilakam is their motherland, we said

In Tamil Nadu what might the stranger yet seek to wreak?
From the pouncing tiger where might the dog refuge seek?
Drowsily withering subjection Tamils have known - enmity
Won't it be reduced to nought the day they wake up?

The ill-intentions of those in the North, their bones
Might crushed be given the might of the Tamil people.
Let each in his own land freely make his home - let
The coveting of another's land be crushed with force!

Let a carefree existence the whole world envelope!
Raised hands should good works accomplish before rest!
There was a time the world cowed to the Tamil people - then
Did the Tamils think of setting up their own colonial rule?

Arrogate the right to property over other peoples's goods
Were there those amongst us who wrought thus back then

Transliteration

Pulikku nAy enta mUlai!
tamilarkkut tamilE tAymoli enrOm
tamilakam tamilarkkut tayakam enrOm
tamil nAttil ayalark kini enna vElai?
tAvum pulikkoru nAy enta mUlai?
tUnkiya tuntu tamilarkal munpu - pakai
tulakum anrO elunta pinpu?
tinku purikinra vatakkarin enpu
sitaintitac ceytitum tamarin vanpu
avanavan nAttil avanavan vAlka - mar
rayal nAttaic curantutal atiyOtu vilka!

tuvalata vAlkkai ulakellam sulka!
tUkkiya kaikal aramnokkit tAlka!
tamilanuk kulakam nAtunkiyatuntu - ankut
tannatci niruvita enniyatunta?
tamatE enru pirar porul kontu
tamvala enniyOr enkular pantu!

Some reflections (abridged here) on the above poem with respect to the Tamil classical literary corpus:

Classical Tamil literature of the Cankam period, around the 2nd to the 5th century A.D., and the post-Cankam epic and religious compositions up to about the 10th century or so is handed down to us in strict prosodical structures and clothed in literary conventions whose canon was already laid down in the ancient treatise on linguistics, prosody, and poetics: Tolkappiyam, according to conservative estimations, as early as the 3rd century B.C. The reason for this is evident. Until the printing press was implanted at Tranquebar, a little to the south of Pondicherry, when Father Beschi, an Italian Catholic missionary who wrote and translated from the Tamil into Latin, in the early 17th century, all of Tamil literature was written down and preserved in perishable palm-leaf manuscripts whose longevity was limited to between two to three hundred years, depending on the quality of their conservation. As such, almost all of pre-nineteenth century Tamil writing was committed to memory, and learning by rote constituted the essential mental exercise for the very young in age.

The colonial European "enemy" of the past set aside, he then takes on, in the following quatrain, the indigenous northern Indian Aryan as the "enemy" who may be construed as forming part of the Brahmin minority - though infinitely powerful caste - in Tamil Nadu.

The final quatrain then holds up the Tamil glorious mediaeval past as an example of conquerors who were unwilling to play the colonial master.

Paratitasan, of course, is here refering to the great Tamil Cola kings: Rajaraja I (985-v.1014) and his son, Rajendra I (1012 - 1044), and Rajendra Kulottunga Cola I (v.1070-1120), whose army and naval forces conquered Sri Lanka, Southeast Asia, and the lands leading up to the Ganges River at Benares from the Southern Peninsula and the Deccan, after having defeated the Calukyas of the northwestern Deccan with their army of nine-hundred thousand soldiers and followers.[Sastri:1984, 140- 341]

.....

Let us next look at the prosodic organization of the poem. At first glance, the rhyme scheme: end-rhymes or iyaipu, is as follows: aa bb cddd efff ghii. If we put aside the taniccol or separate word common in Tamil prosody in c, e, and g, there is only h which detracts from the almost perfect scheme of rhymes. But then, in actual fact, barring the taniccol, all the end rhymes are perfect: aa bb cccc dddd eeee (cf. the transliteration). The only ending, in the fourteenth line, which appears to deviate from the norm is actually made up of tuntu and a, the latter being an interrogative particle. Further, excluding the first couplet which is a mere statement of fact preceding the body of the poem, somewhat like an epigrammatic quotation, the three quatrains with the second couplet placed at the end could make for a Shakespearean sonnet.

Tamil poetry still places much store by alliteration or monai, a poetical device which enjoyed much appreciation in all forms of mediaeval poetry. The first three words of the first two lines, the first two of the fifth, the first

and third of the ninth - are all appropriate examples.

Another basic requirement of Tamil prosody is the initial rhyme or etukai which falls on the second syllable of the first word, repeated in successive words or lines. The first couplet is a perfect example of initial rhymes. Others may be found in the last two lines, and so forth.

The above excerpts are taken from a chapter in my book on Tamils and their literary achievements. T. Wignesan. Rama and Ravana at the Altar of Hanuman: on Tamils, Tamil Literature and Tamil Culture. Chennai: Institute of Asian Studies, 2006 & Allahabad: Cyberwit.net, 2008, 750p..

Limerick: The chief cause of all personal problems

Limerick: The chief cause of all personal problems

The chief cause of all personal problems

Some* women need daily orgasms

Build them hot dream box

Which jerks farts and rocks

Made to fit all sizes 'n' perversions.

•I hesitate/vacillate between "some" and "most".

Would some kind soul enlighten me!

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Limerick: A hundred years ago, nay, fifty

Limerick: A hundred years ago, nay, fifty

A hundred years ago, nay, fifty

Who dared prod the female anatomy

Now men ride rough shod

On toll-free wide road

Ere steam-roller dries tar in a jiffy!

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Translation of Cuppiramaniam Bharathiyar's poem: Kannamma, My Love by T Wignesan

Translation of Cuppiramaniam Bharathiyar's poem: Kannamma, My Love! (Kannamma En Kaathali) by T. Wignesan

Yet another poem by the most famous modern Tamil poet, written a century ago - despite the commonplace imagery - follows in the original very complex classical Tamil prosodic rules in the execution of initial and end-rhymes, alliteration in each line and in the immediate and successive lines as a whole, the inner rhymes of assonance and consonance notwithstanding. The non-Tamil can best savour these poetic and/or musical qualities by listening to the version of the poem set to music, and here sung by Mahathi:

YouTubeFR: Aasai Mugam Jukebox - Songs of Bharathiyar - Tamil Patriotic Songs (It's the 4th song down on the left column)

Does not the endearing warmth of our mutual gaze - Kannamma
Reflect the light of the sun and moon alike?
Does not the precious circular eye - Kannamma
Dispel the darkness of the skies?
Dressed in deep blue-black silk - the sari
Inlaid with choice diamonds
While in the core of pitch darkness - glitter
The scintillating stars - Dear-Girlie!

Does not the blossoming grove fade - lit by your
Illuminating smile?
Even as blue-tinted sea waves -your
Breast heaves in unison - Girlie-Dear!
Just as the enticing cuckoo call - your
Sweet dulcet tones invade, My Dear!
O! You unspoilt young maiden! - Kannamma!
The bridal feast* has yoked my heart, alas!

You speak of comparing birth-charts* - Kannamma
What avails such astrological omens?
For those who can hardly repress yearning - Kannamma
Might the stars forebode greater bliss?
If our elders will bestow approval - nuptial
Arrangements we will later formalize
Will I be waiting for you, My Dear - to seal
Our vows - plant I this kiss on your cheek!

Notes

- According to Hindu custom, the brides's family has to offer a sumptuous dinner to the formally-invited bride-groom.
- Hindu marriages are often contracted after verification of birth-charts, drawn up by astrologers, to ascertain the compatibility of the bride to the bride-groom.

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Limerick She blew topless on Sea Anne Anne

Limerick: She blew topless on Sea Anne-Anne

She blew topless on Sea Anne-Anne
When her anchor sank in hurry-can(e)
Then quaked Nepal earth
No way to hide girth
Since wears smile and lets down her man(e).

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Villanelle: Teach not a dog how not to bark

Villanelle : Teach not a dog how not to bark
(This dog the mawkish villanelle baulks)

Teach not a dog how not to bark
Dogs bark for a lark in the dark
When Masters mawkish dreams embark

Do dogs bark to ape human talk
Or wake Masters to take side-walk
Teach not a dog how not to bark

Each dog howls up some Jack's Bean Stalk
For the wolf in the dog must stalk
When Masters mawkish dreams embark

Do dogs bark to make the dingo baulk
At some sick Master's leash-end talk
Teach not a dog how not to bark

Each dog lifts its leg at some bark
Don't preachers too leak after dark
When Masters mawkish dreams embark

Every dog knows it must bark
Every dog knows its own bark
Teach not a dog how not to bark
When Masters mawkish dreams embark

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Translation of Oothukkadu Venkata Subba Iyer's poem Thaye Yashoda by T Wignesan

Translation of Oothukkadu Venkata Subba Iyer (circa 1700-1765)'s « THAYE YASHODA » by T. Wignesan

This devotional song and poem in Tamil (the principal Dravidian language which has spawned over twenty languages in the southern Indian sub-continent) is -unlike

Western poetical traditions - strictly composed to accord with set musical rules and conventions, melodies and rhythms/beats (ragas and taalam), much as Tamil poems are required to adhere to complex and elaborate classical Tamil prosody and conventions (ethugai and monai, initial rhymes and alliteration). This poem is a plaint by Gopi cowherdesses who are « molested » by the mischievous Krishna.

The Tamil language which has a continuous and prolific literary corpus on record dating from centuries before our common era is - on a par with Sanskrit - an officially-recognised classical language of India.

The transliteration cannot however convey to the non-Tamil ear the euphonic qualities of the poem, so I give here a link to a rendition of the song/poem by Sudha Ragunathan for those who may be interested - the Carnatic ensemble here being made up of the mridangam (drum), the tambura (stringed-instrument which keeps time in the background), the flutes (both in bamboo and brass).

<http://www.tamiltunes.com/alaipayuthae-kanna-sudha-ragunathan.html>

There are, of course, many notable versions of this song, such as, by Karthik or by K. S. Chitra, among others, but, I'm sure, none will grudge Sudha Ragunathan her very inspiring execution, sustained by the faithful mridangist.

From a Hindu-and-Tamil point of view, the Brahmin poet here (born at Needamangalam, near Mathurai, the ancient cultural centre of Tamil culture) cannot easily be excelled by any of his compatriots, even after three centuries.

Pallavi (refrain):

O ! Mother Yashoda* ! - in whose cowherd caste Mayan*
GopalaKrishnan* incarnates
Listen to this plaint of pranks he plays
(repeat)

Anupallavi (refrain) :

Oye ! the novelty ! O ! Mother ! What ethereal goings-on !
Listen ! No child - amamma* ! like yours in this wide world
Have I ever laid eyes on !
(repeat)

Caranam (stanza) One :

Anklets jingling - bangles clinking - pearl necklaces rustling
He descended on the street entrance

Heavenly bodies rejoicing - Earthly beings eulogising
Feet and hands rhythmically moving to the beat
He, the blue-hued Kannan*, He came dancing* entranced

« Balan* » I called leaping to welcome Him - O! Yashoda!
(And) taking me for the host who garlanded Him
Planted He a kiss on my lips

Is not He ? Krishnan* ? who plays these many pranks
Your son ? Even in the presence of four eavesdroppers
O ! what shyness overwhelms me ! while this plaint I lisp

Caranam (stanza) Seven :

As dusk fell the day before yesterday feigning familiarity
He came close and performed many magical feats

Even if the butter were a mere glob in size, says He would leave
If I could let him have it (then) He touched my frontal knot
(Or sari's end-knot) and undid it - defiant in spirits

Yes, that indeed was the Vasudevan* ! O ! Yashoda !
Yet mistaking Him for a human child
I cradled Him in my lap, there to nurse
(And) while watching bewitched His glorious face
He revealed to me in his mouth all the vastness* of the Universe !
(refrain)

Notes

* « Yashoda » : the baby Krishna's foster-mother, belonging to the cowherders' caste.

- * « Mayan » : another word for God
- * »GopalaKrishnan » : Krishna's full-name, the most adored deity in the Hindu pantheon..
- * « Krishna » : supposed to be the eighth Avatar of Vishnu, the preserver of the Universe in the Hindu Trinity of the Godhead Brahma.
- * »amma » : « amma » is the formal address by children to their mother, but, here, the repetition can invoke both astonishment and disbelief.
- * « Kannan » : the familiar pet-name for Krishna.
- * « Balan » : yet another pet-name for Krishna.
- * « narttya » : the art of classical dance, referring most probably to the southern Indian style, known as Bharatha Natyam, in which Krishna is featured dancing with his wives Radha and Rukmini, according to legend, of course..
- * « Vasudevan » : another name for Krishna.
- * "vastness" : by this one word I have tried to convey what in Tamil is an elaborate image of "God (Indra) having created the two-times-seven worlds"

Beloved Face, Translation of Bharathiyar's poem Asai Mugam by T Wignesan

Translation of Mahakavi Bharathiyar's poem: "Asai Mugam" or "Beloved Face"
By T. Wignesan

Out of mind that beloved face has gone - this
Tragedy who can I confess it to - My Dear
The chest never voids feelings of love - yet
Can the memory of His face be lost forever?

Even as it appears in the mind's eye - there
Kannan's* true image does not appear complete:
Even if His beauteous face manifests itself - that
Choice blossoming smile conceals itself replete.

He who toils not knowing any respite - He
Whose Self works selflessly in aim altruist:
Even as you espy His mouth enunciate - that
Illustrious burgeoning form's between and betwixt.

The pity eyes may not comprehend - in life
Kannan's real form cannot be erased:
As if in the bosom of mature women - alas
Might one naïve*for once be recognised.

The bee that's made to forget honey - glowing
Fullsome in blossom yet oblivious the flower:
The paddy that forgets the nourishing sky - such
In this entire world can never be true, My Dear.

If one cannot at will recall Kannan's face - these
Two eyes would they be of any use staying open?
Since paintings of Him cannot be seen - verily
How might this life serve any purpose, Companion?

*Kannan: the endearing Tamil sobriquet for Krishna,
supposedly the Eighth Avatar of Vishnu, one of the trinity of gods of the God-
Head Brahman.

*PEthai: also means a simple-minded woman; a girl from five to seven years old;
or a haemophrodite.

(from the sequence: "Kannan - My Lover (2)" in Bharathiyar Kavithaigal.
Chennai: Kavitha Publications, 2006, pp. 273-274.)

TRANSLITERATION

Asai mukam maranthu pOcCE

rAgam : PILAHARI

Asai mukam maranthu pOcCE - ithai
yAriDam solvEnaDi thOzhi?(Refrain)
nEsam marakkavillai nenjam - enil
ninaivu mukam-marakkalAmO?(Ref: Asai)

kaNNil theriyuthoru thOTram - athil
kaNNanazhagu muzhuthillai?
naNNU muka vaDivu kANil - antha
nalla malar chirippai kANOm?(Ref:Asai)

Oivu mozhithalum illAmal - avan
uruvai ninaittirukkum uLLam?
vAyu-muraippathuNDu kaNDai - anda
mAyan pugazhinaiyai pOthum?(Ref: Asai)
kaNkaL purinthu viTTa pAvam - uyir
kaNNan uru marakkalAccu?
peNgalInattilithu pOLE - oru
pEthaiyai munbu kaNDathuNDO ?(Ref: Asai)

thEnai maranthirukkum vaNDum - oLi
chirappai maranthu viTTa pUvum?
vAnai maranthu irukkum payirum - intha
vaiyya muzhuthum illai - thOzhi?(Ref: Asai)

kaNNan mukam maranthu pOnAl - intha
kaNgal irinthu payan uNDO?
vaNna paDammum illai kaNDai - ini
vAzhum vazhi yennaDi thOzhi?(Ref: Asai)

Paratiar Chuppiramaniam (Bharathiyar Subrahmaniayam) - 1882-1921
(Abridged version)

Chuppiramaniam who distinguished himself with his compositions at the early age of eleven was conferred the title of « Bharathiyar » by the King of Ettayapuram though he later moved away from his court to become a teacher in Madurai and a journalist in Madras (Chennai). Having lost his mother at five and his father at sixteen, he was married at fourteen to Sellamma, and yet he

found time to work for the Indian Independence Movement : he was present at the Congress in Calcutta where he met the old guard under Swami Vivekananda, and later at Rajagopalachariyar's place in Chennai, he met Mahatma Gandhi. He had had to escape British colonial disapproval for his activities by finding refuge in Pondicherry under French connivance from 1911 to 1918. He wasn't quite happy there either, so on his re-appearance in Tamil Nadu (Madras Presidency), he was arrested and remanded for a month. He continued to write and publish, and, in 1917, his most popular collection: Kannan Pattu was released. In 1921, he was badly mauled by the temple elephant at Thiruvallikeni, and he passed away - due to stomach complications - on September the 12th., at the age of 39.

Bharathiyar or « Mahakavi » (Great Poet) belongs in a long and revered line of « saintly » poets, beginning in the sixth century with the ALVARS, and who closely resembled the Sufi poets and thinkers of the later centuries. Though born into the Brahmin caste, he disavowed all forms of social and racial discrimination and forsook the intervention of the priestly caste's rites and ceremonies (chants and mantras) to reach out to God through direct exhortations, a form of devotion which has universally characterised the poetical effusions of these adherents throughout centuries. One might even say that when the Nobel Committee conferred its literary prize on Rabindranath Tagore's Gitanjali, the Swedish Academy was indirectly honouring innumerable collections in all the vernaculars in the sub-continent.

This poem has been widely set to music, from the eminently classical renderings of Mahathi and Karthik to the jazzed-up versions by Shankar Tucker, the latter an American clarinettist from Massachusetts making inroads into Carnatic music traditions by introducing Western classical harmony and counterpoint. The moving version by Suchitra Karthik whose voice sustains the tense and solemn mood of the poem is - sadly - drowned by the orchestra's insensitivity (the ghatam's painful clock-work beat) to her rôle as the principal performer. All the Carnatic classic versions are commendable even if some (Karthik's) tend to become exercises in restraint in a low key mode. The Iyer Sisters Vidya and Vandana's version is certainly most captivantly nuanced, but one wishes their soothing voices would take off now and then into the release of energy the poem's spiritual fire commands.

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Villanelle: Think of the trillions who have gone unsung before us

Villanelle: Think of the trillions who have gone away unsung before us

Think of trillions who have gone away unsung before us
Think what they have left us without staking any claim
Yet the prophets we recall have all been thrust upon us

Those who used this world for their own petty purposes
Those who abused mankind to hoist their peoples' name
Think of trillions who have gone away unsung before us

Think of the common grammars that underlie languages
Think of the basic numbers logic's foundations contain
Yet the prophets we recall have all been thrust upon us

Think of hieroglyphs cuneiforms carved into papyrus
Think of the ideo-phonograms that alphabets disdain
Think of trillions who have gone away unsung before us

Think on all ancient thinkers from King Wen to Socrates
Then think on what has been proclaimed in God's name
Yet the prophets we recall have all been thrust upon us

Think on what makes particular faiths amenable to races
And wonder if all Life's simply not Somebody's idle game
Think of trillions who have gone away unsung before us
Yet the prophets we recall have all been thrust upon us

Villanelle: One or the other has to give in a tug of war

Villanelle: One or the other has to give in a tug of war

One or the other has to give in a tug of war
If for altruistic reasons you invite the foreigner
In order to accommodate the guest from afar

You cannot make him feel welcome if you bar
His goat his god his concubine from your door
One or the other has to give in a tug of war

Some men cannot move without saddling altar
On their backs even if you protest as a martyr
In order to accommodate the guest from afar

The guest might share your bed with daughter
Though not the status his god reigns superior
One or the other has to give in a tug of war

He could barter his tongue for your own by law
But never the way he prays nor his women's wear
In order to accommodate the guest from afar

The host not the guest has to give in a tug of war
If he knew the guest had come to stay forever
One or the other has to give in a tug of war
In order to accommodate the guest from afar

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Second Quiz with even broader hints for blind poets

Second Quiz with even broader hints for blind poets

The Princess Anna stood
arms half-akimbo
at the scrawny edge of the receding bank
her Polonaise pollarded down
to her exposed tarsus heels

A wilting comb of fern and shrivelled grass
still clinging to her rump
mud trailing in crusty clumps around the soles
half exposed at the base of the trunk

A soft curling gust about her waist
shook the pantics of her bells
light translucent purple corolla
peeling tinnitus at her lobes
out of the gathering Siberian clouds
sounded like her father calling:

" Pavlovnia! Pavlovnia! My Darling!
Shake! Shake! Your ample locks!
And let your capsicles pop and drop
Your myriad minute pods
Wafting towards Tsarist towers
Tintinnabulating on troikas and travois! "

" Hélas! Hélas! My Royal Pa!
I'm wed for life to nether water-logged land
See how the wind furrows the leathery waters
Licking and tickling my bared soles!

Here with one sawn shoulder and one twisted arm
My hip sags with each dastardly axe-raised slap
Leaning onto the other talus's side

They say it's for my own own good
My head was severed at the start
My heart-shaped tresses thick in the heat
Now float on the faint muddy bank tide!

I dream of the day

My Phoenix tubers will climb
And seek the sunrise over the Eastern divide
In lands where the waters drain
Whole crowns of dark-green broccoli buds
Before the sun goes down in the Taiga! "

" O! I'll tell your whey-faced mother, My Dear!
Her eyes look long past the Western Gate!
Till your timbers all grow strong with sheen
And we'll look for a handsome Prince, My Dear!
Sturdy as oak-bound sails on brine!

O! We'll cut and soothe the grainy boards
Till the dressing-chest's adorned
With trefoil liana round mirrors and knobs
On the day of your dowry's prize
For you! For you alone! My Dear!
Down in the lowlands shut in fear! "

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Villanelle: Is there shame worse than that to be caught dead unknown

Villanelle: Is there shame worse than that to be caught dead unknown

Is there shame worse than that to be caught dead unknown
How many would give their lives young to be acclaimed
Sell their souls deceive connive plagiarize unbeknown

Burn Rome to the tune of fires surging from a lyre lone
How many Caesars seek Cleopatra's arms to be proclaimed
Is there shame worse than that to be caught dead unknown

Remember Kennedys risk turns with a beauty home-grown
To recall a king forfeit his throne for a woman twice-maimed
Sell their souls deceive connive plagiarize unbeknown

Yearn for a name to keep from gnawing marrow-less bone
Seek solace striving to escape the stifling that's ordained
Is there shame worse than that to be caught dead unknown

While others don thick-skinned masks in search of renown
Contort their insecure senses in complexes unrestrained
Sell their souls deceive connive plagiarize unbeknown

Who among the living can claim to have produced the clone
Genji Monogatari Monkey Quijote among authors maimed
Is there shame worse than that to be caught dead unknown
Sell their souls deceive connive plagiarize unbeknown

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Villanelle: To what great good singular individuals sacrificed their lives

Villanelle: To what great good singular individuals sacrificed their lives

To what great good singular individuals sacrificed their lives
To free their peoples from the oppressors' superior mores
Only to find after they're gone no true local legacy survives

To what great good Mexican peasants seized land archives
When President Zapata refused to administer hard-won laws
To what great good singular individuals sacrificed their lives

To what great good Mahatma Gandhi's fasting skill revives
The age-old Hindu-Muslim mistrust and Brahmin maws
Only to find after they're gone no true local legacy survives

To what great good faithful Castro's will still contrives strives
To keep his Marxist revolution going in open American jaws
To what great good singular individuals sacrificed their lives

To what great good nations boxed in by their leaders' drives
Go through deprivation depression desolation for saviours
Only to find after they're gone no true local legacy survives

To cap it all each nation favours some god with inane lies
An excuse to sanctify the nation's man-made partisan laws
To what great good singular individuals sacrificed their lives
Only to find after they're gone no true local legacy survives

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Villanelle: Nations barely survive the turbulence of international events

Villanelle : Nations barely survive the turbulence of international events

Nations barely survive the turbulence of international events
Yet end up like interpersonal relations with other nations
Nations rise and fall yet some hardly ever merit compliments

What great Luxuor grandeur falls now to Egyptian peasants
The glory of five thousand years broken by Arab civilisations
Nations barely survive the turbulence of international évents

What great good from just Asoka's illustrious achievements
Held Hindu sub-continent together through Muslim invasions
Nations rise and fall yet some hardly ever merit compliments

What great Aristotelian tutorship of Alexander's managments
Kept the shores of Peloponnese free of Xerxes's Zoroastrians
Nations barely survive the turbulence of international events

What great King Wen's hexagrams and King Wu's comments
Inform the sacrifices of Mao's Long March peregrinations
Nations rise and fall yet some hardly ever merit compliments

Do nations come together only to blow asunder fundamentals
Nations apart every life deserves equal rights and conditions
Nations barely survive the turbulence of international events
Nations rise and fall yet some hardly ever merit compliments

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Villanelle: Whosoever's inveigled by the general theory of Good in Evil

Villanelle : Whosoever's inveigled by the general theory of Good in Evil

Whosoever's inveigled by the general theory of Good in Evil
Knows not Yang in Yin's tai chi arms gets kicked out of bed
The fight's then over better still forfeit all moral wherewithal

The Good by nature will not stir to quell the scheming Devil
Post-coitus female praying mantis munches the male's head
Whosoever's inveigled by the general theory of Good in Evil

If you do nothing at all everything will turn to rot or swill
The sink will reek with stink and leeching bed-bugs are bred
The fight's then over better still forfeit all moral wherewithal

Then even the police and security forces will outright kill
Seize by force the rightful hard-earned virtue of the Good
Whosoever's inveigled by the general theory of Good in Evil

The relativity principle wants that both abide in goodwill
Be that so who lets the Evil get the upper-hand and go ahead
The fight's then over better still forfeit all moral wherewithal

Hound rape denounce torture deprive confound steal kill
All thoughtless actions which in the heartless are self-bred
Whosoever's inveigled by the general theory of Good in Evil
The fight's then over better still forfeit all moral wherewithal

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Villanelle: When countries slaughter maim who brands that homicide

Villanelle : When countries slaughter maim who brands that homicide

When countries slaughter maim who brands that homicide
Proclaim citizens who kill under the patrie's pennant heros
Permissible by far all things done to boost national pride

Killing for your god even to ward off a remark thought snide
Fellow believers'll enshrine your name in martyrs pantheons
When countries slaughter maim who brands that homicide

Leaders lie cheat slander even - forbid - commit fratricide
Citizens shrug shoulders and pass it all off as political woes
Permissible by far all things done to boost national pride

Sick secret service scions see to it their victims all slide
Down the slippery slope of unaccountable anonymous blows
When countries slaughter maim who brands that homicide

And yet leaders and preachers claim peace for all with pride
Their individual charters and scriptures back sinister goals
Permissible by far all things done to boost national pride

Why then history relegates the greatest actions taken at tide
To memory's junk pile where fester countries and their heros
When countries slaughter maim who brands that homicide
Permissible by far all things done to boost national pride

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Villanelle: Wander not into a land where the indigene's indolent

Villanelle: Wander not into a land where the indigene's indolent

Wander not into a land where the indigene's indolent
Likely as not the country will be run by interlopers
Open-heartedness is often a cover for self-bemusement

The first signs crop up when lax morals make him relent
Shuts an eye to alien antics on his wife and his daughters
Wander not into a land where the indigene's indolent

When foie gras vacation rather than who runs government
Or the long weekend pont makes the migrant caretakers
Open-heartedness is often a cover for self-bemusement

Fanatics from dictatorships money-minters from the Levant
Drugsters* outsourced from banana republics' carpetbaggers
Wander not into a land where the indigene's indolent

And lo! Ere the cock crows every face in the pram's sun-burnt
In one generation one-third pray through tongue-twisters
Open-heartedness is often a cover for self-bemusement

In two generations three-fourths take over government
Pimps drug-addicts loafers wage war with spiritual gangsters
Wander not into a land where the indigene's indolent
Open-heartedness is often a cover for self-bemusement

* drug-pushers, drug-dealers, drug-addicts and their bankers

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Villanelle: No curse worse than the place and name you inherit to hate

Villanelle: No curse worse than the place and name you inherit to hate

No curse worse than the place and name you inherit to hate
There where you first blink your own coffin you have to nail
The exiled wander aimless in the throes of never-relenting fate

Hounded by carnal goals and bound fast by your fate innate
The hammer that pounds the nails in your blood without fail
No curse worse than the place and name you inherit to hate

The long arm of fate can reach you through the friendly state
The Wanderer has no place he calls home but the un-walled jail
The exiled wander aimless in the throes of never-relenting fate

Neither lust nor love can spare the place's trap or fumigate
The quick flaming grass that traps you on the mountain trail
No curse worse than the place and name you inherit to hate

You may nurse the cow in you be not gruff never joke nor prate
Nor vie with otherland hosts where other unjust ways prevail
The exiled wander aimless in the throes of never-relenting fate

Nor claim the imported god incarnates the only Law in the State
Sack burn pillage and plunder the recumbent host's Holy Grail
No curse worse than the place and name you inherit to hate
The exiled wander aimless in the throes of never-relenting fate

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Villanelle: Whose voice does the non-native English poet verily hear

Villanelle: Whose voice does the non-native English poet verily hear

Whose voice does the non-native English poet verily hear
Words which sound to native English speakers as gibberish
Does received pronunciation yoke the borrowed voices' ear

The poet hears a voice probably his own loud and clear
As he scribbles words English dictionaries list and cherish
Whose voice does the non-native English poet verily hear

Can the fine feel of a language's rhythms and cadences cohere
In the non-native speaker's bookish learning albeit feverish
Does received pronunciation yoke the borrowed voices' ear

When a Malaysian-Chinese poet whispers into his dear's ear
Lines he has learned for exams from native speakers of English
Whose voice does the non-native English poet verily hear

Post-colonial poets simulate voices buried in psyche's rear
Words they utter in tutored voices under authority of the English
Does received pronunciation yoke the borrowed voices' ear

To whom does this poem belong if it stirs not far from here
The voices that bred these words all swirling around dervish
Whose voice does the non-native English poet verily hear
Does received pronunciation yoke the borrowed voices' ear

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Villanelle: Nothing so upturns creative cauldrons as retching up art

Villanelle: Nothing so upturns creative cauldrons as retching up art

Nothing so upturns creative cauldrons as retching up art
As the craft not art of constructing poetry for expediency
Does the poet's art lie in not collocating words set apart

Isn't each word a brick a stone a rock in the poet's craft
That simple folk through the ages filed sans hypocrisy
Nothing so upturns creative cauldrons as retching up art

What representation of experience can by craft be wrought
To distill meanings imbricated in sensuous mosaic artistry
Does the poet's art lie in not collocating words set apart

Do English words sound the same in a loud Indlish mart
Or evoke the connotations of a Shakespearean century
Nothing so upturns creative cauldrons as retching up art

A South Asian voice reading Pope must sound like fart*
To a Dryden stunned by a Malawian's Jacobean poesy
Does the poet's art lie in not collocating words set apart

The sense of sound divides Indlish poems from English craft
As galactic spaces loom in between Indlish pen and literacy
Nothing so upturns creative cauldrons as retching up art
Does the poet's art lie in not collocating words set apart

* A reference to Eric Mottram's comment on hearing Dom Moraes reading his poems on the BBC's Third Programme in the fifties, characterised as an imitation of an Oxford don farting... Cf. *Alive in Parts of this Century*: Eric Mottram at 70. Twickenham & Wakefield: North and South, 1994, p. 17.

Villanelle: The Fake or the Phoney thrive only on blatant envy

Villanelle: The Fake or the Phoney thrive only on blatant envy

The Fake or the Phoney thrive only on blatant envy
Who'll stoop to any level to scuttle the imagined rival
Smiles drawn tight on faces sullen with conspiracy

Yin's motivating force lies in usurping Yang's glory
Drives it to ape and rob the Yang for supposed survival
The Fake or the Phoney thrive only on blatant envy

In scarce genuine values world the spurious spawn many
Few who strive for what endures bypass not the ephemeral
Smiles drawn tight on faces sullen with conspiracy

Cryptomaniacs control art subsumed into personality
Accidental uses of material rate neither as error nor trial
The Fake or the Phoney thrive only on blatant envy

The Spurious clamour with the public for easy bounty
Even time-tested concepts and ideas hardly prove original
Smiles drawn tight on faces sullen with conspiracy

Envy turns the sprocket chains of fortune for the many
Who just skip and dance and hoot till the final upheaval
The Fake or the Phoney thrive only on blatant envy
Smiles drawn tight on faces sullen with conspiracy

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Villanelle: O What a wonderful world this sordid life could verily be

Villanelle: O! What a wonderful world this sordid life could be

O! What a wonderful world this sordid life could verily be
If only humans were not subject to envy nor jealousy
Worse than that pride of place makes man a chimpanzee

Our primate brother carries on his butt his Wounded Knee
We by contrast drape our tender unders in frills of Paris
O! What a wonderful world this sordid life could verily be

The garbage man carts away our rotten odours with glee
While we look on in disgust the irrepressible onset of palsy
Worse than that pride of place makes man a chimpanzee

Brothers mount thrones on humped backs in every dynasty
And slice the throats of those they love by gouging gentry
O! What a wonderful world this sordid life could verily be

The primate flees from human greed into his community
While humans stoke fires to roast their brothers up the tree
Worse than that pride of place makes man a chimpanzee

Birthplace pride makes man a hunted primate un-free
And envy turns the key in livid eyes to seething jealousy
O! What a wonderful world this sordid life could verily be
Worse than that pride of place makes man a chimpanzee

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Villanele: Everyone's life is really one and the same role

Villanelle: Everyone's life is really one and the same role

For Lyric Man, in compensation for the last villanelle

Everyone's life is really one and the same role
Some write the script and others mime the words
The scene never really ever changes on the whole

Everything takes place so far away can't see a soul
No use wondering who's there riding the comet's roads
Everyone's life is really one and the same role

Don't bother looking for the reasons or the goal
Everything's hurtling away from one another's loads
The scene never really ever changes on the whole

No one ever asked to be made such scapegoat toll
Yet seek we not in pain to confer meaning on our modes
Everyone's life is really one and the same role

All writhing bodies squashing the other down sink hole
Just to suck on the sun's ego-boosting legacy of golds
The scene never really ever changes on the whole

Only he who can say he never ever tortured a soul
Need ever look back in fear when his own story unfolds
Everyone's life is really one and the same role
The scene never really ever changes on the whole

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Villanelle: The only game solution to the human condition

Villanelle: The only game solution to the human condition

The only game solution to the human condition
“Don’t nobody move a muscle” and hold your breath
Stop having sex with the opposite sex in motion

In a billion years men will pass babies with their motion
And suffragettes will be the toothless kind with bad breath
The only game solution to the human condition

Our girls will all live up to receive the Nobel unction
While our boys will all learn to shoot crap in stealth
Stop having sex with the opposite sex in motion

Lao Tse said “Reduce the size of the State and the population”
Border guards made him cough up The Way in lieu of wealth
The only game solution to the human condition

Time somebody put an end to this unfair competition
Girls have only from fourteen to barren fortieth
Stop having sex with the opposite sex in motion

Naked porn-stars roam Holy Woods far cry from titillation
Chain-saw massacres take us beyond deep-freeze death
The only game solution to the human condition
Stop having sex with the opposite sex in motion

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Villanelle: Dare you stain the portals of your deity's sacrosanct citadel

Villanelle: Dare you stain the portals of your deity's sacrosanct citadel

Dare you stain the portals of your deity's sacrosanct citadel
Which mortal mammal's primal address the rapists desecrate
Be not taken aback the yoni passage leads astray linga infidel

Seeds of life ever come tumbling from out the sacred temple
There to greet in meiosis and in secret reverence gestate
Dare you stain the portals of your deity's sacrosanct citadel

Do heathen women toiling in the dark draw the blinds on hell
And Gorgon heads of demons deep in them shudder vibrate
Be not taken aback the yoni passage leads astray linga infidel

Yet deafening tunnel shrieks of the human species' s carousel
Re-winds obsessive tinnitus ear-pounding thuds to celebrate
Dare you stain the portals of your deity's sacrosanct citadel

Who keeps the sanctum sanctorum well-cleansed spiritual
But the defiant procreator linga tireless distending inebriate
Be not taken aback the yoni passage leads astray linga infidel

He who bestial disembowels the temple in a frenzied spell
His own mother disowns and hysteric squats on life's dictates
Dare you stain the portals of your deity's sacrosanct citadel
Be not taken aback the yoni passage leads astray linga infidel

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Villanelle: Stringent laws only serve to constrict our hearts to hate

Villanelle: Stringent laws only serve to constrict the heart to hate

For all Eric Garners who went down breathless

Stringent laws only serve to constrict our hearts to hate

“Nur wenn das Herz erschlossen Dann ist die Erde schön”

Put the blame on Bushmen genes which wandering mutate

Yea put the blame on the Maker too for making world rotate

Way we're all made contend we not for the one an' same bone

Stringent laws only serve to constrict our hearts to hate

Some people who on this earth set foot much too late

Still hope to displace take and hold on to what others earn

Put the blame on Bushmen genes which wandering mutate

Those who love to lick the chokehold sweat mostly gravitate

To the force that arms preserve till eternity burns in urn

Stringent laws only serve to constrict our hearts to hate

All that happens be it not the changes wrought by climate

If the winds just blew one single way will none ever moan

Put the blame on Bushmen genes which wandering mutate

Everything happens way it does to keep from kicking planet

Sans white or black beauty nor butt we'll all die of boredom

Stringent laws only serve to constrict our hearts to hate

Put the blame on Bushmen genes which wandering mutate

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Villanelle The fall from grace is the shame borne as lost face

Villanelle: The fall from grace is the shame borne as lost face

The fall from grace is the shame borne as lost face
What were once cherished hopes serve only to nag
The first to fall papal pride in the purple stride of mace

All that one once fought for family position place
Lie now trodden by the wayside no sweat nor brag
The fall from grace is the shame borne as lost face

The once fine psittacine nose at parties shone with grace
Now hangs pudgy a curlicue strawberry smudge a snag
The first to fall papal pride in the purple stride of mace

The ego shifts about the hidden interstices of the maze
Fears of the embattled siege in the psyche's empty bag
The fall from grace is the shame borne as lost face

Sudden moments of anger take all spouse job and lace
Ego stomps out of the house grimacing grudge vowing no lag
The first to fall papal pride in the purple stride of mace

Deserted one sits unwashed on the pavements in disgrace
Eyes avert insatiable molly-coddled egos which drag gag
The fall from grace is the shame borne as lost face
The first to fall papal pride in the purple stride of mace

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Villanelle: Cowered crushed cramped cold in the pit of our stomachs

Villanelle: Cowered crushed cramped cold in the pit of our stomachs

Cowered crushed cramped cold in the pit of our stomachs
We drag our ego thrones saddled on stooping lean backs
Fiendish liege Lords' furnace mouths whiplash at run amoks

None can bear the thought shrunken image left on dry docks
Unconsoled by doctoral degrees or skills won on bent backs
Cowered crushed cramped cold in the pit of our stomachs

The terrifying shame of being left to rot on torrid tarmacs
The will to keep going in the face of spites and silly smacks
Fiendish liege Lords' furnace mouths whiplash at run amoks

Les mille vices and pin-pricks we put up with as decoy ducks
While His Majesty Liege Ego rides in pomp pitfalls on tracks
Cowered crushed cramped cold in the pit of our stomachs

All mere paying passengers grovelling on groaning stomachs
No tenant fit to reign in his own fiefdom his baggage unpacks
Fiendish liege Lords' furnace mouths whiplash at run amoks

He who runs not with hares but howls with hounding packs
Is he content to walk straight smile strung on lips and locks
Cowered crushed cramped cold in the pit of our stomachs
Fiendish liege Lords' furnace mouths whiplash at run amoks

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Villanelle: Live with the borrowed lives made by your own mistakes

Villanelle: Live with the borrowed lives made by your own mistakes

Live with the borrowed lives made by your own mistakes
A stranger to your stricken selves a tenant in your body
Disown not the erred life battered by the body's quakes

The life you can have is not the life no one else makes
The tortoise shell you unwanted haul a life-long threnody
Live with the borrowed lives made by your own mistakes

Child of wanton self-boosting lust the pounding of stakes
Lost in the blind rubbing spasms slime of airs bloody
Disown not the erred life battered by the body's quakes

Time enough to turn the leaf over sleepless in bleach wakes
A thousand regrets come thousand morrows heal nobody
Live with the borrowed lives made by your own mistakes

Let pity not spew and drivel at the sight of lascivious rakes
You are not the Guardian of the errant world's sorry body
Disown not the erred life battered by the body's quakes

Unscathed lives live imagined only in the minds of fakes
Life scars with bloody blisters the undersides in everybody
Live with the borrowed lives made by your own mistakes
Disown not the erred life battered by the body's quakes

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Villanelle: For one life lived through mistakes how many defy death

Villanelle: For one life lived through mistakes how many defy death

for Greg Paul

For one life lived through mistakes how many defy death
For each mistake a new life blooms on the Tree of Life
Sibling souls come together to meet the first on last breath

If the original course of the first life makes a bee-line to death
Then each mistaken life takes off at an angle in equal strife
For one life lived through mistakes how many defy death

Now each individual's life line criss-crosses the other's birth
Who's watching whom in Prentententoonstellung alive
Sibling souls come together to meet the first on last breath

Spinning shafts of light fissioning out of revolving depth
Dense nuclear porcupine quills jutting out on the axis of hive
For one life lived through mistakes how many defy death

Pairs of eyes stare at image in revolving mirrors out of breath
Sandwiched between endless mirrors broken lives connive
Sibling souls come together to meet the first on last breath

Till the day the one life that never a mistake made myth
Will never his image in the mirrors reflected be alone alive
For one life lived through mistakes how many defy death
Sibling souls come together to meet the first on last breath

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Villanelle: Even childhood teenage nurture stops not the rupture

Villanelle: Even childhood teenage nurture stops not the rupture

Even childhood teenage nurture stops not the rupture
No eagle first takes the plunge without daring demon death
Yet mindless mistakes make us the picture of caricature

Make just one mistake a day in the year and collect torture
Shut the day out alone in shell and court worsening health
Even childhood teenage nurture stops not the rupture

Could the straying baby elephant avoid instant capture
From the pride of lions stalking in frenzied stealth
Yet mindless mistakes make us the picture of caricature

What original sin smacks not of the mistake of rapture
Where the hapless heart flounders in Adam's gasping breath
Even childhood teenage nurture stops not the rupture

Were not the juicy fruits Eve bore the objects of rapture
What did she promise more than the pulpiness of wealth
Yet mindless mistakes make us the picture of caricature

Human error tosses our lives into the churning of culture
Err not and the lives we lead lead us into the noose's wreath
Even childhood teenage nurture stops not the rupture
Yet mindless mistakes make us the picture of caricature

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Villanelle: Trust no one even wife-husband with personal secrets

Villanelle : Trust no one even wife/husband with personal secrets

Trust no one even wife/husband with personal secrets
Some day shame will stalk as flames at villain stake
A reticent tongue policy ensures a pact of no regrets

Today's bosom pal is tomorrow's cause for threats
Even pillow indiscretions can put one's life at stake
Trust no one even wife/husband with personal secrets

Fly with the heron hoards and watch out for the egrets
Closeness of the species call not home the same lake
A reticent tongue policy ensures a pact of no regrets

Yet he who holds his lolling tongue well often regrets
Another's running commentary on lives on the make
Trust no one even wife/husband with personal secrets

When the moment comes as it must in joined couplets
Consonance will with assonance dissonance make
A reticent tongue policy ensures a pact of no regrets

Even Allied Nations covet one another's vile secrets
As Top Dog power struggles scramble what's at stake
Trust no one even wife/husband with personal secrets
A reticent tongue policy ensures a pact of no regrets

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Quizz with broad hints for blind poets

Quizz with broad hints for poets

the nose bridge

an ear sans fold kneeling on a slab (sometimes

an upward curling lobe)

two upper ears sans lobes both folded into each other

two narrow noses meeting isosceles arms one leg

crossed on the right arm flat down

an upside down mirror-image interrogating sans point

an upright eye with fish tail tuft

left shoulder and loosely-dangling arm

upper and lower lips intertwined upright

knee-cap over bow leg

vertebral column sliding into hole

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Villanelle: All are prisoners locked in the prism of timespace

All are prisoners locked in the prism of timespace
A few sail through cushioned from the rigours of hate
Yet none may opt out never losing the favours of grace

Would that it were nobler to suffer confined in space
Than be thought brave to overcome the fear of fate
All are prisoners locked in the prism of timespace

Fear of the Unknown plunges us all in utter disgrace
Though desperados fail not to open the ultimate gate
Yet none may opt out never losing the favours of grace

Most sport excuses to want to stay in this only place
Family mate duty cause unfinished work started late
All are prisoners locked in the prism of timespace

Yet others pray for the day of deliverance to save face
Wait in patience for the scythe to sweep clean the slate
Yet none may opt out never losing the favours of grace

Don't we look around and wonder at this endless place
We call a living-space hoping for more on our plate
All are prisoners locked in the prism of timespace
Yet none may opt out never losing the favours of grace

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Villanelle: Bequeath not an image which isn't wholly your own

Villanelle : Bequeath not an image which is not wholly your own

Bequeath not an image which is not wholly your own
No not all the tasters of Isphaha can patch it back whole
Living did you your true voice with packs of lies loan

Poetasters all to echolalia Babel be haunted gone
Where words will sour and curdle in a soup bowl
Bequeath not an image which isn't wholly your own

No patchy poet's torn image can verily be sewn
Whose poems cannot own up to an innate soul
Living did you your true voice with packs of lies loan

Who says poets are not to the calling be yet re-born
Which mewling mumbler hacked his way to the goal
Bequeath not an image which isn't wholly your own

The easiest persona is still the begetter of the poem
Words strung in any old order fit well into any old hole
Living did you your true voice with packs of lies loan

No treasure equal to a people's spirit anyone disown
The fearless voices of a people's pain the world console
Bequeath not an image which is not wholly your own
Living did you your true voice with packs of lies loan

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Villanelle: Everything's just much too much and fudge far too far

Villanelle : Everything's just much too much and fudge far too far

Everything's just much too much and fudge far too far
All things cling together only to tear one another apart
Yet nothing's so complex as to appear so dissimilar

So does any age beset by gnawing fratricidal war
When humans use words to confuse every thought
Everything's just much too much and fudge far too far

Seasons come and go as the watchful evening star
Nothing about roaring Nature reflects the human part
Yet nothing's so complex as to appear so dissimilar

Lives are merely words forged in the nuclear star
They bubble and gurgle then blow themselves apart
Everything's just much too much and fudge far too far

Mountains speak to rivers and rivers the oceans scar
As every word starlings twirl into ritualistic art
Yet nothing's so complex as to appear so dissimilar

Each human's a replica of a blind and drifting star
Though Heaven and Hell be not so darned far apart
Everything's just much too much and fudge far too far
Yet nothing's so complex as to appear so dissimilar

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Villanelle: Talk not of the birth of planets around distant stars

Villanelle : Talk not of the birth of planets around distant stars

Talk not of the birth of planets around distant stars
Nor of how déchets comets shunted life to arid earth
What's our life worth if we live in mangers as bores

Wildly lashing oceans marked the limits of our maws
When travel slithered on foot mountains did us girth
Talk not of the birth of planets around distant stars

How many the astral bodies how shiny the lights of yores
Would clog up the firmament to keep us from eternal truth
What's our life worth if we live in mangers as bores

Flights of human minds forged in the blasts of quasars
Can in no way enlighten the frigidity of the hearth
Talk not of the birth of planets around distant stars

Even if life down hère could have evolved brazen bizarres
Pluck not excuses from the skies aloof to comfort us in mirth
What's our life worth if we live in mangers as bores

Much rather stop this brilliant race from owning stars
Than believe in the sacrosanct rule of space by earth
Talk not of the birth of planets around distant stars
Will life be chaste if we stoke more monstrous maws

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The Doer does: Yes, he does

The Doer does: Yes, he does

The doer never says what he does

He does

Nor what he's going to do

He simply does

Fears not the consequences

Of what he does

If by the hoi polloi right

He does

In accord with vox populi

He does

Even what the lambda citizen spurns

He does

Fears not what history books record

He does

What he's compelled to do

Only just does

Takes only tentative steps

Never really does

Even when lame-ducked

He does

His heart's not in it

A contrecœur does

Puts not the blame on the other side

For what he does

Nor the lambda hoi polloi for the mess

He does

Wags not the flag of executive terror

And what it does

If he fears not his own vested power

Aught he does

Even if only one people remain un-free

Nought he does

Depletes not his side's chances

With what he does

If he takes time out to shore up his side

Will forget about what he does

Should he think only of what he could do

Will wonder about what he does

Will re-double his appearances

To talk about what he does

And the other side'll take the advantage

Not because of what he does
Yet because of what he does

So he does
Yes he does
Yet he does
Yea he does
What He does !

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Quail not at Death's door if you wrought no wilful harm

Quail not at Death's door if you wrought no wilful harm

Quail not at Death's door if you wrought no wilful harm
Should turning back in vengeance be the Dead Man's qualm
Though even as the end nears the comfort of proffered pardon
Will in no way replace the sacrifices to expunge the burden

Sure everyone wreaks harm by chance or through ignorance
During those moments when control depends on circumstance
The way the chips fall is not a matter for individual call
Is not that the way centillions of quarks knock into it all

Do the Dead turn back to set right their splintered houses
Or do the worlds keep spinning guided by original causes
Tell not the man whose wits desert him what's really wrong
The punishment the Dead incur is a judgement well foregone

He who turns self-righteously around to avenge or to meddle
To set right the world's injustices in the Manichean treadle
Might earn himself a life's sentence to roam all over again
Dead people walking numb through friendless terrain

All they may be able to do is to warn you of a fiddle
Of some danger sapping your strength the key to a riddle
Even if friends and relatives who betrayed your confidence
Will cling to spurious justifications ever through repentance

Think not of the lives milling lost in the neck of your clouds
Is there no end to ramifications vilifications in livelihoods
Do the Dead take along with them the history of their lives
And in which distant sibling planet are they stored in archives

If only it were as easy as to look up and wish them all away
What good can this earth be with us all dead in it anyway
Bickering for pieces of molten land pieces of names in decay
Metals and rock on fire hurtling down minuscule Milky Way

What need has the Maker for such a vast and roving Empire
Even children give up playing with trains and coaches on fire
Do the Dead renew passports before entering galactic spaces
Or do they coddle up in comfort in inalienable birth-places

Wouldn't our world be some thing else but for this baffling secret

The foregone fate of earth-born gods if it weren't for this regret.

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Do the Dead see with their own eyes

Do the Dead see with their own eyes

for Thadchayani, my poetry-loving doctor sister : 28/08/1929 – 26/10/2014
-the « only » child of father's begotten seven -

The Dead do not see with their own eyes
They shed their bodies back in old lives
Neither time nor place makes for barriers
Nor for holding back tears for their dears

Three or four days before bones they abandon
Grow cold underground or hot to the touch in oven
All the hurts and slights and the sordid details
That the unconscious buried under knotted pigtails

The world is theirs and all the rabid secrets
They who have a long long way to cover with regrets
Might they reveal what lies beyond our sights
The curtain abruptly drops behind to hasten their flights

None may turn back or cast a longing cowed look
At those they may have wronged or for profit forsook
Unless they take the oath of incurred punishment
Should they exceed the courtesy of just one moment

When they may arrest the attention of a loved one
Who instead of taking fright condones the unknown
The shared oneness of having been in the same womb
The frangipani freshness invading from au delà the tomb

Don't they know everything and with what insistence
They mock at the folly of our measely existence
We who must soon join their other-worldly ranks
Where all is nothing and nothing's so many pranks

They must play without ever disclosing their hand
For the bubble once pricked cannot be second-hand
In the silence of your thoughts and transporting reveries
A window opens into the turmoil of disrupting miseries

While you toil wrapped in the quiet of monotoned cobblers
The scent of cured leather singeing velvet antlers

The sudden wind rustling through an open paper basket
The crockery shifting positions beside the crooked casket

The book you're reading tumbling out of your hands
Swarms of autumnal gnats electing to circle inlands
And without looking up you know you are the object
Of attention from an erstwhile être stopping by to check

Yet none may be so certain as to call it by name
The art of staying dead is the name of the game.

(I feel I should add the following piece of information, for it might be of some interest or use to some should they be confronted by a similar predicament. The untoward happenings I described or hinted at in the poem, I must say, at first, rather « intrigued" me, and I was not quite sure how I should have reacted in the circumstances. I wished for a more concrete form of « manifestation » before I could have participated in the obvious « call to communication » with « whoever" it was who was wanting to « speak » to me during the four to five days before the Sunday, the day my sister expired. On that day, she was with me most of the morning and part of the afternoon and made her « presence" felt, first at my place when I was still in bed, and later in my car when I went out shopping. I'm not going to impart in any way what she actually said or did for such information must forcibly remain private. The very next day, I received an email message that my sister had passed away in Adelaide, Australia, and that she had been in a « coma" for two weeks prior to that Sunday.

She had already been to see someone "very close" to me before coming my way. From that Sunday onwards, I have had no further « visits" from her.) July 20, 2019, Paris, France.

© T. Wignesan - Paris, November 3, 2014

Una or Death, Life: 43, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Una ou la mort, la vie: 43 by T Wignesan

Una or Death, Life: 43, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Una ou la mort, la vie: 43 by T. Wignesan

As they used to say and keep saying still
Nobody ever takes poetry seriously
They would like to say that after a long life
You have provided us always with verse so pretty
Others laugh in the deep of their caverns
While he's outside knowing well that in broad daylight
The most beautiful songs are of no importance
Simple and massive like an air-vent on the horizon
Blue over blue (not to see this colour play of the blind)
He cultivates his solitude in the midst
Of that crowd and of which he's a part detaching himself
Like a mountain through which the surrounding lowlands
breathe.

* According to Anne-Sophie Constant, Una ou la mort, la vie (first book in Livre de l'homme et de la femme, just as the other two books in the trilogy : Duel and L'Autre, all in twelve lines), the poems are untitled, but numbered.

(Una ou la mort, la vie, O. C. t. II, p. 754)

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Una or Death, Life: 42, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Una ou la mort, la vie: 1 by T Wignesan

Una or Death, Life : 42, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Una ou la mort, la vie : 42 by T. Wignesan

To love words is to love life itself
As early as when he could speak, he understood this
Each vowel took on the form of a fruit
And he a little peasant from his days at school
What he learned was how to savour their meanings
He recalls the taste of grey figs
Milk curds smelling sweet, the whirl
Of Latin words enveloped by pebbly voices
Poetry (as they used to say) that he recited
At the age of seven with catechistic fervour
His heart swollen with love ever since he started breathing
The rhythm of men even higher than the mountains.

* According to Anne-Sophie Constant, Una ou la mort, la vie (first book in Livre de l'homme et de la femme, just as the other two books in the trilogy : Duel and L'Autre, all in twelve lines), the poems are untitled, but numbered.

(Una ou la mort, la vie, O. C. t. II, p. 753)

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Una or Death, Life: 1, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Una ou la mort, la vie: 1 by T Wignesan

Una or Death, Life : 1, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Una ou la mort, la vie
by T. Wignesan

Sometimes he wonders what good a poem can be
Of course in his case doubting is blasphemy
An absurd benumbing of life
In truth, what good can a poem serve
Where all the overpopulated deaf people despite noises
Make believe that they listen in to him
The only thing which matters is the heart beating against
The ear-drums and becomes the organ of hearing
The heart which spreads in a stellar network
The beat maintained in the finest capillaries
Infinitely infinitesimally
The ubiquitous unit of life : Poetry.

* According to Anne-Sophie Constant, Una ou la mort, la vie (first book in
Livre de l'homme et de la femme, just as the other two books in the trilogy :
Duel and L'Autre, all in twelve lines), the poems are untitled, but numbered.

(Una ou la mort, la vie, O. C. t. II, p. 733)

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Achab, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Achab by T Wignesan

Achab*, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Achab by T. Wignesan

One man alone stands erect before the king, and speaks
A man
Alone

The king is not accustomed to being confronted face to
face
He reigns over heads bent.
He prohibits their looking at him
The eyes of men.
He has nothing but idols
In front of him.*
His looks and those of the others
Stare into the void
The majesty.

The king is not accustomed to being addressed.
Words only serve as air to fan him.
The empty mask does not listen
In the same way as his eyes stare into the void.
This muteness represents the idol
That each supplicates.
He pretends not to exist
Faced by the void
His majesty.

The king is not accustomed to being human.
Being appears to him a promiscuous entity.
This livestock's the leather
Produced by thunders.
He remains the imperturbed idol
A nimbus of lightnings.
His glory resides in his power to kill :
Void the earth,
His majesty.

The king is not accustomed to being drawn into discussion
Think what one may, his power enables him to shed blood.
Whether one dies or survives
He should defer to the monarch
And make believe the king's the idol
Whether dew drops or rain pours.

Everything should find its place
In his vacant looks
In majesty.

One man alone stands erect before the king
And speaks.

Between the king and him there's no level ground. Neither
For the moment, between this man and the mass. Such a
man

Is not to be led some day by the flock.
The king limits the grazing grounds of the masses
Whose far too high foreheads he'll mark and relegate them
to the slaughter-house
It's our species which is uneasy at being erect
Our fear of being able to think for ourselves being
sanctioned by law
Commonplace couch grass being nibbled at on this flat
earth.

That's in no way the man. Who is the man ? Question
Void like the Void up above which answers him.
The irruption of evidence in a man
Who's absolutely certain that he can do anything he says
he can
Absolutely certain of the Speech in him.

A man alone, who deliberately blows through
This painted idol in the void. This blasphemy
Which imitates here below the empty Glory in the
heavenly spheres.
One act of courage detaches itself from the crowd
And speaks for the army of ages and says : I
As if all the kings were so many skulls
Weightless sleigh bells in the glorious void
Only one says I because he's certain of existing
Having dedicated his life to serving the only Living Being.
He's the man : his entire being is made up of the word
Received, given. He knows what power resides in him
The Void has emptied him of everything but his Reign
And his own name serves as a gage.

« As true as the Living Being is the Living Being
And I in his service
There'll not be during these years
Neither dew drops nor downpours
Only my word »

Says Elie.

*Achab, son of Amri and King of Israel (either 918-897 BCE or 875-854 BCE). Married Jezebel. Allied with Josaphat, King of Juda, against Syria. Killed by arrow during war to conquer Ramoth Galaad.

* Queen Jezebel, Princess of Sidonia, led Achab into idolatry, according to Catholic Encyclopaedia

(Tu, O.C. t. II, p. 592)

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Drogman, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Drogman by T Wignesan

Drogman*, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Drogman by T. Wignesan

My mother, illustrious in the kingdoms of the Orient
Is seated surrounded by water
The water forms a belt around her, a boat.
This's the threshold of infancy
The step which leads into the past
Is filled up by the sea.

You're accoutred as a very old princess
In dire age-old poverty
A sack tied to the small of your back
An ashen camisole.
The odour of the humus in autumn
Tames me into accepting your disappearance.

Your face is the wind that blows on me
Another wind blows past the back of my eyes.
Since you are now eternally
Impenetrable and black
Impenetrable and black.
Even with stars twinkling from time to time
The way out was impossible.

Now that you are dead some twenty years
I understand that my dreams
Speak in your voice.
My premonitions indicate to what extent I loved you
I who was ashamed
Of your derangement.
Heavy are the tears of love flowing in me
Huge and tenderly
And it's like a change in the seasons
The change in reason
All that was atrocious and absurd to me
Makes some sense to me now.

Mother, you wished that your son
Became a drogman in the kingdoms of the Orient
In order to be able to explain your plight.
Today as a sleeper I return
To the brink of an infancy

Which is my death
Perhaps I assume this truth.
My dreams form the crest of your discourse
Their coherence is their ocean
Your shadow, lonely seagull and savage
Is my spirit

•Don't quite know what this word means, unless its etymological origins are to be found in the Arabic « tarjuman », meaning « translator ».

(Tu, O.C. t. II, p. 531)

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Eli Eli Lama Sabachthani, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Eli Eli Lama Sabachthani by T Wignesan

God ! God ! Why have you forsaken me ! Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Eli Eli
Lama Sabachthani by T. Wignesan

Opening the eyes requires such an immense effort
As if the entire sky were their eyelids
And the forehead how to hold it up raise the earth
To stare wide-eyed the space between the sticky eyebrows
In order to be able to see

All of a sudden the neatness of the slashes
Of black and white during the afternoon's storm
A world of sharp detached angles
The exact banality of the tiniest things
All for nothing

So therefore it's really for nothing he was going to die
On this stump of a cross his ankles frozen
By your atrocious coming and going to the beat of the
lapping
Inundating the cramped sinister woods
O ! the Crowd !

If the gallows were the Tree in the Garden
Indeed it has changed since Adam enjoyed its shade
So vast and dark in waves of palms towering high
The taste of these nocturnal waters rendered them insipid
The sky

Adam concentrated on the fruit and in the fruit the night
His eye was the ultimate star the most solitary
Someone wanted to destroy himself screaming into it
The hand already held the fruit. Of a sudden the anguish
Abated

Now the Tree is extirpated from all space
Its sap is concentrated in one monstrous fruit
This body where God is shrivelled up this Face
Of the Person in the désert of an over-populated world
This is the Man

God ! God ! Why have you forsaken me !
The Christ as pulp bruised empties itself in the depths of

the void

The entire spirit is drawn upwards by the cry

But the taciturn echo awaits that it enters into him

The Yes

This Yes that Adam has refused him in the Garden

Adam Christ uttered it out loud to sum up his tortures

Necessary that the act of abandonment be out of
proportion

And the cross the supreme echo of divine Names.

(La nouvelle naissance, O. C. t. I, p. 1088)

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First Day of the Year, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Premier de l'an by T Wignesan

First Day of the Year, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Premier de l'an by T. Wignesan

Each moment of waking up is an act of giving birth
I use the iron tools myself on the mother
To death

Myself : Who is this myself ?
Am I somebody else other than the weight I bear
Who resists who clings refuses
To be born ?

This weight deliberately reinforces itself
Through its heaviness
It wouldn't want ever to be anything but matter
Half-conscious half in a state of stupor
Root before being stem
Seed which pushes upwards through the ground
Without being pulled out

Meanwhile it fathoms its false state of sleepiness its
burrow
(And) in delving into it it expels proportionately
All its skin goose-pimpling to the touch
Hairiness of anguish enormous world
She kneads it more and more into the narrow passage
Her own abdomen compresses in vain his anguish
Towards the interior and the exterior at the same time
An every day happening that's always impossible
The act of giving birth

This first day of the year nineteen seventy-three
Aged fifty-six years and eight months
Once again after twenty-thousand times more
I knew I have to be born
I do not want to.
I cry out to Someone who is stronger than me
That he might pull me out of my old fears originating from
my mother*
That they put me on this earth
So that I might walk towards my end once and for all in

my stride
With my dead elder-sister for company
On this earth of living beings

Someone who is I right at the end of the route
Up above
Puts aside with might the thin-lined horizon
So that I might be born

One day the more.

•See his poem : « Now to be flesh of a man and a woman »
(Sophia, O.C., t. II, p. 416)

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Verbum Caro, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Verbum Caro by T Wignesan

Verbum Caro, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Verbum Caro by T. Wignesan

Glory to the resuscitated Lord
Incarnate cry of the Flesh becoming Verb
The body is not the place of death
Where the soul feels alright despite revulsion

He who holds his nose
While passing his house full of droppings
Whatever be said : My flesh my pigsty
It is he the tomb requiring cleansing

A body all armed comes out of me
From the invincible nakedness
Fomenting peace in the midst of war
He's of an innocent cast of mind

As virile as the sun
His worth illuminating the earth
The world is set on his head
The man straightens up It is midday

(from Les Jours de la Passion, first published by the Abbaye de la Pierre-qui-Vire by the Editions diu Zodiaque, 1962)

© T. Wignesan - Paris, 2014

The Passing of the Lord, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's La Mort du Seigneur by T Wignesan

The Passing of the Lord, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's La Mort du Seigneur
by T. Wignesan

Lord ! I'm unable to think of your passing without crying
I count the flogging blows I rain upon you
And despair at being exhausted trying
I re-open and again open the mortal wound
In order that I become the wound inflicted upon you
Here's the opening where all mankind is bound
On their God who died to be reborn

Lord ! I'm unable to think of your passing without crying
I do repent me who in a while am going
To nail my brother on the same gallows
I'm going to let spill his blood right up to his heart
At the point where his suffering stifles my cruelty
Both of us slaking our thirst from the source of pains
Your saintly face and our identity

Lord ! I'm unable to think of your passing without crying
Yet I speak not the truth like water seeping through sand
I am nothing I have neither features nor substance
All the mud in me mounts up to my face
My blurred eyes bog down your pardon
Thus every man when he fathoms your grace
Avoids it to return to his silt

Lord ! I'm unable to think of your passing without crying
At such a moment when every man all of Man
Falls into mud you alone are reborn
At such a moment when God ceases to be man
Which leaves you bloodless and the Verb hollow
At such a moment the void overcomes you
And both man and God having abandoned you

Lord ! I'm unable to think of your passing without crying
You are my thirst me the mud which sucks
The bitter universe pressing upon your lips
Your cross in vain elevates my nature
It's on my mud your lever finds a fulcrum
And when your body falls like a ripe fruit
My mud doesn't change when everything's accomplished

Lord ! I'm unable to think of your passing without crying
Your perfect affirmation underwrites all of history
Suffering to death without in any way being bothered
Yes, to the mud which mocks your victory
Where Man's reborn though not having been changed
Yes, to this God who extends not his hands to receive
His only Son and total stranger

(from Les Jours de la Passion, pub. July 2011)

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Passage through the Sea, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Passage de la mer by T Wignesan

The Passage through the Sea, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Passage de la mer
by T. Wignesan

It's not enough to be torn apart from the night
The night must be made to give birth.

Now this earth's a sealed-off orbit
This sea an abdomen without lips.
When the ground and the sky are not but one wall
When water flowing into water becomes totally welded
Death appears hermetically maternal
At the moment when one should be saved.
How many times Oh ! How many times
Fetus expelled without the feeling of your being born
Would you want to be re-engendered before being
expelled ?
You despair always you hope
Until the Day of all Days.
Here between Migdol and the sea
You said : « Was there not in Egypt
Enough graves for us to be buried in ? »
You wanted to return to Misraïm
To consume your last piece of bread
In front of your burial pit.

You know of the anguish the death
Of the infant who has to be born.
For him in that mortal matrix
If he showed more resistance
He would want to be born contrary to nature
He suffers the horrible imminence of the Wind
The space beyond space itself.
Here at least forever in an embryonic state
Without being born he is.

But the Wind endows you through all the fibers
He is of your fiber
He praises adoring blessed glorified
He forces the lips of the sea through your lips
In order to be pushed outside by your scream
You are born here.

It's not enough to be pulled out of Egypt
It was necessary to pave your entry into the desert
Exaggerate the aridness as the promised land
In such a way that your breath surging up to the heavens
Forms with its dust a column of fire
Which never-ending
Going through him
Conducts.

(Tu, O.C. t. II, p. 549)

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The Way barred, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Le sens clos by T Wignesan

The Way barred, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Le sens clos by T. Wignesan

Every man has to confront his own night
If he wants to continue on his journey.
But Death takes it upon itself to meet him
At the hour and the place it chooses
(The moment when sometimes this man's most at peace
Making him forget the profoundness of being at ease.)

There's this look which suddenly arrests him
This wall against which he collides headlong.
There's this arrow-like fixedness focussing ahead
Visible in his pupils. There's this stiffness
Of the nape through which the soul is reached.
There's this man's expression of utter surrender
Yet he takes the step into the impenetrable void.

Yet this obscure hardness is an invitation
To force the impenetrable door through dire anxiety.
It being convenient to defer to terror
The way one dons a wedding dress. As long as God
Does not imbue with madness those who love Him
He's not loved as He would have wished.

Just the way the Patriarchs the Prophets
Train their sights towards this wine. And the face
Gaping at the first to arrive on the road
To take him back home. Someone fills it up
Like one does a cup : this passer-by becomes Jacob
Unable to control God in his veins,
And the over-abundance frothing in his eyes.

He who assails the invisible (perhaps you)
Little does it matter if he's petrified
Or if his limbs flail in the emptiness. He equally
Experiences the misery of such venerable persons
Who mask their vacant selves with such gestures
Their atrocious trances with such stillness.

If every man must on his own open the door of his night
That's just so as to reveal what's meant for all mankind.
No Jacob will ever stop clasping at God

Nor await Abraham's Justice

Nor keep silent under Isaac's knife.

Nor for the Adam in every one of us to provoke

The echo of the void at the portals of paradise.

(Jacob, O.C. t. II, p. 147)

© T. Wignesan – Paris, October 19, 2014

Hostages, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Otages by T Wignesan

Hostages, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Otages* by T. Wignesan

This blood will never dry up on our land
and those felled will lie there exposed.
We'll keep grinding our teeth for fear of blurting out
we'll not cry over these crosses upturned.

But we'll remember these laid low devoid of memory
we'll keep count of our dead as hours were numbered.
They who weigh heavy as a scourge upon history
tomorrow one'll spurn them low will they be surprised.

And those who kept quiet for fear of being caught
their silence too will not be pardoned.
Those who stood up to argue and to pretend
even the less pious will have them condemned.

These deaths these wanton deaths are all our heritage
their poor bleeding bodies will not be separated.
We will not let our recall of their faces lie fallow
orchards will bloom on meadows lush green covered.

May they lie exposed naked under the sky like our land
and may their blood be mixed with our origins cherishcd.
The wild rose bush will cover them with the roses of ire
with their blood fierce spring seasons will be enlivened.

May these spring seasons be so cool beyond all words
songs of birds and children trundling paths be they filled.
And like a forest surrounding them heaves a sigh
a great people pray in subdued tones with arms raised.

Rhyme scheme of the original quatrains : abab, cbcb, dbdb, ebeb, abab, fgfg

(La liberté guide nos pas, O.C., t. I, p. 420)

*First published in the review Traits, in January 1942, and again in L'Honneur des poètes, in 1943. According to Anne-Sophie CONSTANT, the editor of Anthologie Poétique, « Hostages » evokes the execution of hostages in the Chateaubriant Camp on October 22, 1941.

Seven years Rachel, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Sept ans Rachel by T Wignesan

Seven Years Rachel*, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Sept ans Rachel by T. Wignesan

For seven years Rachel remains sealed
By the kiss she received from Jacob
For seven years she keeps her eyelashes lowered
Under the impact of their unique encounter.

When he saw her on that one occasion
He was reduced to tears,
So very much of her sweetness was revealed to him
The blue tint of the nocturnal sunset
Reminiscent of God.
There's no love without nostalgia
When will I seize what has gotten hold of me ?
You're as beautiful as the fleecy Rachel
When the immense army comes together.
You shine on up there like a moon-like pebble
At the bottom of a well.
You are unreachable further than the stars
An a priori hint of Him.

From the moment your gaze comes to rest on me
It lights up the fires of Bethel.*
I have seen God enthroned in your pupils
And all the exit paths in the world
Converge upon you.
The désert which has pursued me close upon the heels
Hardened roused till it reaches you
Until my return to the fold
That was a spiraling tearing apart of the fire
Hatched from beneath my entrails.

O ladder which consumes me O flame
The dwelling by whom my insides burn
You are the native home of the soul
You are the mother's smile come to rest on the child
Yours is the infancy of God over this world
Virgin speech like God's own gaze
The unruly smoothness of fire.

(from Jacob, O.C. t. II, p. 62)

***The poem alludes, draws and constructs itself on the imagery relating to the « legend » of the biblical Jacob's dream and the ladder, recorded in Genesis, key symbols in the interpretations of Judeo-Christian and Islamic religious concepts and history.**

•Bethel : (Lit.) « House of God »

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Follow me, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Suis-moi by T Wignesan

Follow me, Translation of Piere Emmanuel's Suis-moi by T. Wignesan

Everything begins on a morning like just another but
which becomes its own following day.

The next day of a common event of which in an instant
nothing will be left.

But for the moment it's still yesterday and each
individual attends to his everyday tasks

The fishermen are on their fishing boats and the
énarques* go about fulfilling their important duties.

This happens to be a working day and not a holiday
nobody can spare the time even if out there
somewhere there's the sky

(But nobody either wants to take it for a Sunday so
long as the idea drags him down in the dumps.)

The way things are ordered by right is fine but to
entertain doubts about it all leads to losing one's
place

Nothing therefore must ever transpire here but that
which must allow business to take place as usual.

Now, it's always on such a morning whether
intentionally or not Jesus decided to go
Meeting Phillip on the way he said to him : Follow me !
and Phillip obeyed him at once

Leaving behind the police and the banks and the
Industry and the National Education Ministry
And watching tv in the evenings in the bosom of the
family inculcates in us social wisdom.

Right at the moment they set off they caused the
the Great Big Shop to tumble down

Where at every moment things are bought and sold
but not Life nor the eternal Next Day.

These things are devoid of commercial value and
therefore without price because they make a
present of themselves

And it's just then that one realises that in the Shopping
Mall there's absolutely no one about.

For a long time perhaps imprisoned in this Void one
has looked for the exit.

It's also possible that one loses hope in this stasis and
in this frenetic state .

Yet without a lull dispelling the buffeting caused by the
hungry crowd by itself

In the distance close by mounting and somber the call
of this irresistible and absurd : Follow-me !

If need be I'll come out like a fetus ! the first born head
first !

The voice tugs at me in spite of myself that I may be
certain is my only prayer

Just as Jesus long before seeing Phillip saw Nathaniel
under the fig tree

He looks at me this tomorrow all of a sudden yesterday has
ceased becoming endless.

Tomorrow arrives while my head is beyond all stuck while
I am still

Sniffing the humid night with stars I strain towards my
daybreak

May this morning just like any other be the definitive
Today

May the dawn slice the Eastern Sky like one does with the
abdomen and may it cut open the flesh of the dead to
the Quick.

* énarques : A graduate of the elite higher education school in Paris, National
School for Administration (Ecole nationale d'administration) which supplies
candidates for the top administrative posts in government.

(Tu, O.C. t. II, p. 627)

© T. Wignesan - Paris, October 16, 2014

Me the infant, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's L'Enfant moi by T Wignesan

Me the infant, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's L'Enfant moi by T. Wignesan

The infant a stranger to me who grew up poet
You whom he missed even in his sleep
He who had to disinter himself upon waking
Every day in his quest with increasing effort

He who had not known your breast nor lap
Manically he sought your odour in bed clothes
Sniffed under the covers your sphinge hair
And searched every bush for your mystic antrum

In vain forgot blackness of breasts in death
More avidly survives the memory of your milk
Longer I live more the haunting infant pleases me
When the eternal Night projects her by the threshold

At death the infant's visited by the maternal shadow
Dissociated as two blue perfect globular moons

Note : Original rhyme schème of sonnet :
abba cddc effe gh)

(from Sophia, O.C. t. II, p. 348)

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Well, to be born, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Or d'etre ne by T Wignesan

Well, to be born...Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Or d'etre ne... by T. Wignesan

**Now to be flesh of a man and a woman
All my life I will long for that
Without any hope of being re-born, being born
Of an absent father and a demented mother
Both the names continue to elude my quest
Come together one day by chance to beget me
And dead some day without ever having my authors be
Yet these two inexistant beings are my father and mother
I love them in this corner of my memory gone dim
Where as a young couple they posed at the portals
Of a town hall or of a church in a village
After which without me they vanished into thin air.**

**Note : Both the poet's parents left him when he was barely three weeks old to
be brought up by a paternal uncle in Lyon and emigrated to the States.**

(from L'Autre, o.c. t. II, p. 970)

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Barabas, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Barabas by T Wignesan

Barabas, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Barabas by T. Wignesan

This insignia that Barabas be
Seditious and murderous
None so worthy as he can be
Bartered body for Jesus

Criminal right down to genes
To our father of all is he son
For assassinating crowd he stands
Which acquits and absolves him

Just as it should be the crime
Paid for by a price equal deem
Be that the blood of his victim
Serve Barabas to redeem

(from Pierre Emmanuel's « Les Jours de la Passion », pub. July 2011)

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Kiss of Judas, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Le Baiser de Judas by T Wignesan

Kiss of Judas, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Le Baiser de Judas by T. Wignesan

In our century where one sells father and mother
Husband his wife and wife her husband
And who doesn't with ease dispose the only brother
Gives up yet two scorched by blade and fire

Of course breath comes hard to him who thus
Horribly heartless sacrifices his friend
But efforts turn to Nought before man comes of age
Who without remorse at first is forced to vomit
Disembowelled in one's own mummified body

No one's spared by the multitude
Which draws us into it all like an epidemic
Each is smothered in the crowd as in the prison cell
All become lambs : who's to be betrayed first

Under constant surveillance yet others to victimise
Each spies within the circle surrounding him
His soul lives stuck to the peephole
And if while in their midst they catch him in the act
To punish him they give him up to the Law

Thus every man in the steps of an apostle
Seeking to be approved worships the Law
The great one-eyed lady
The arrogant goddess
Whoever stands for such justice demeans his spirit
And creates in us a vile and villainous heart

In the name of the men of law and the public force
All functionaries like you and I
In this Darkness where Emptiness reigns supreme
I mete justice out to Judas
What he did he did for me
So that I might in turn do the same
Kissing the forehead in good faith
To such as he all over the earth
Every day umpteen times I vow

The mechanical anger
Of the labourers of the Law

(from Pierre Emmanuel's Les Jours de la Passion)

© T. Wignesan - Paris, October 11, 2014

I wash my hands of it all, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Je m'en lave les mains by T Wignesan

I was my hands of it all, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Je m'en lave les mains by T. Wignesan

**And what could we have done in his place
Who in this century would dare to judge him
he belongs to you and you are me-myself
A tiny cogwheel
An average individual
Someone responsible neither for evil nor for good
Who merely transmits
For others to execute**

**I am not to blame
Even if these things are not the makings of anyone in particular
they just happen
When such things happen I'm never around
It always takes place elsewhere
It's not my fault I'm just a soldier**

**They'll tell me Yes you're not to blame
A command is a command
I am a soldier I obey orders I'm given
I merely pass them down the ranks**

**It's not my duty to be concerned I wash my hands of it all
All this then just drains through my fingers
There are other hands to own up to all this
Replete with a hangman who's one of them
More cowardly than Ponce-Pilate**

**Who at least kept saying I wield power
Who did everything thought he could really do anything
Excepting the impossible and hence did nothing
To save him**

**And Jesus said You wouldn't have had this authority
if it weren't handed down from up on high
Everyone of us is a grain out of the stock
Each is stymied by all
One's implacable spineless There's nothing I can do, I'm helpless
This's the unending wail rising from humanity**

He who alone agrees to bear the burden
Of all the others which none can bear alone

Is capable of the impossible

(from Piere Emmanuel's "Les Jours de la Passion", July 2011)

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The Stomach-Depths of the Eye, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Le ventre de l'oeil by T Wignesan

The Stomach/Depths of the Eye, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Le ventre de
l'œil by T. Wignesan

Neither hither nor thither nor space nor time neither
height nor depth
Nothing
Nothing without recoiling fold nothing unheard of
primordial Ahan* in a static state
Abyss resounding in silence Where without echo Alpha's
latent in Omega

Where ?

Where the open mouth's stuffed without roof a hole
Without walls nor borders nor substance a gaping hole
Identity without Self no Eye without pupil
Immense Void un-divided neither All nor One
Wind which knows not itself breath not having yet been
born
The Self constricted upon (it)self its entrails spiraling
Blindness of space in no way palpable

* Ahan: no one-to-one equivalent in English; etymologically an ancient French word with several connotations, such as, labour; unbearable pain; cultivable land; harvest, etc. Here, the possible usage could be the intense energy deployed to engender the contrary of a state of nothingness.

(from Anthologie poétique, p. 32; Sophia, O.C. t. II, p. 195)

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Orphic consecration, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Dedicade d'Orphee by T Wignesan

Orphic consecration, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Dedicade d'Orphée by T. Wignesan

Here am I back from the other dubious bank
where Orpheus's abandoned lyre laments
the wind down there fills my veins dizzy drunk
and my redoubled hangover numbs my senses.

After having used up my human resemblance
mauve moons of Hell have gotten me in a spin
My eyes ? two diamonds of winter or two fountains
which stare at an immutable sun and remain frozen.

Similar tree springing deep roots, blind to murmurs
shakes in its sleep nocturnal verdures
where defunct suns ripen forgotten :

Very same tree that by day the light violates
bereft of foliage, bereft of birds, clawing at clouds
curses summer with its huge arms anathème.

(from the collection Sodome, O.C. t. I, p. 253)

Note : Sonnet's original rhyme scheme :
abab, abab ccb, ccb

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Silence, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Silence by T Wignesan

SILENCE, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's poem: Silence by T. Wignesan

The silence PRIOR to silence

Silence anterior to the ineffable SYLLABLE where silence is born where it's accomplished in advance

PERCEPTIBLE syllable distanced by far from pure silence by an immutable very flat zero movement

By distending explosive the stretch of this A which during an infinite moment dazzles in an INSTANT

Not EMANATING from any Being not the bearer of any pure breath envelope bathed in Being and breath projecting forward

Without stirring in the Immense where all sound ceases and vibrates everywhere at the same moment of the drumming of the OCEAN

But pushing but howling without a fold which crinkles the horizontal VOID of an imminent effort

AAAAAAAAAAAAAA UUUUUUUUUUUUUU*

U sans end nor cesure after sounding off this A which rushes in to strangle itself in the closing-in of ranks

U the long neck of the uterus where even before the UNIVERSE is born the process of birth goes on interminably

Endures fretting as an OBSTACLE to itself and constrains itself into braking its ardent frictioning

U hole of the zero MOUTH forming a carnal thick-lipped circle to expel what went Earlier on

Inconceivable is This which thus CONCEIVES itself

UN BORN indestructible and ever more in the act of giving birth

U channel where the abyssal A devoid of space solitary in the joy of being ITSELF and auto-nourishing

Great torrent of MILK over-zealous breasts spurting

to satiate the infant's hunger

Which is BORN to rise to the marine breasts this blade of the deep on its mouth frothing

AAAAAAA UUUUUUU MMMMMMM*

This self-same infant even while it ingests the milk experiences the withholding towards its nourishment

Feels the retention at the Commencement which is the SOURCE and the mouth from the Being it obtains its sustenance

The latter not even being aware of its own existence attaches itself on to

OMNISCIENCE and there feeds on while asleep

The ineffable Syllable is the caress of the MOTHER and the matrix of everything
without engendering anything

Is the accomplishment and the HYMEN of howling silence the mouth finally filled

OM*

(from Le grand œuvre, O.C. t. II, p. 993)

•Note : OM/AUM, identical-sounding, interchangeable Hindu (also Tibetan Buddhist) sacred mantra syllables, preceding and closing sacred texts in Sanskrit.

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The Wedding Ceremony of the Dead, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Les Noces de la Mort by T Wignesan

The Wedding Ceremony of the Dead, Part One, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's
Les Noces de la Mort by T. Wignesan

Orgy of stone !
I drank hate in your inferior parts
And bathed during a wild summer our green sepulchres
O ! death
and my animal mouth became distorted
on those decomposed lips which long ago turned
strange

Stricken by god for having loved you
during transfiguring summers O ! Madeleine
wholly naked breasts dried up by such severe beauty
and by such an impetuous sun between your legs
and upon your flanks two large smelly wounds

I loved you streaming and golden through fatigue
O ! grape of sin ripened by my gaze
I loved your heated mounting sucking in shadows
and the houses your famous teeth and your gardens
all juicy the evening of the dream of whores

Nocturnal city whose walls of tears bitter crypt
the obscene litanies that I have sung that I have prayed
to your Madonnas of pleasure and those testing
the guilt-ridden ex-votos which I trimmed
during my wild years !
How I prayed shed tears sang
How I intoned in a tenebrous voice your praises
at the organ of winter's rains in the tubas
vertiginous in the shade
and how I walked !

How I stalked Death for a long time under your arcades
with my blood I mixed the oil of cobbled paving
where I looked atrociously for pure crime
amongst discordant murders the agonies
the love

And the svelte leaded-glass window I loved
so naked in the square of memory

that she was visible in the great heaps when her hair
raving cascaded graminaceous over you revealed
your proud marble O ! speechless
that she was grave and sculpted by your labours
death which bathed you with her tender arms
that she was tall like down in the depths of the lakes
and that your rivers ran sweet on her ivory

How difficult was the offering of tears where to be
crucified,
you appeared
to be betrayed down there in the darkness

How she was superbly black this heavy calice
raised by two hands of blood over your sin

Which
from the other being never useless
is the tomb

II

Lord ! You looked for me
in the vacuous waters of a woman
under the searing myrtles You stifled her
the youthful dead drenched in tears ! And you cried out
more desperately than the light
and You laughed at the earth one could hear
Your heart beating ferociously amongst the stones
Father of my pain ! You tear apart my demise
but why destroy the cadaver since You want
the blood ? and why the emptiness ? and why
do You let me have this victim ?

Hands sullied by the night Am I the murderer
am I the cursed priest of this death
have I eaten the bread over her and drunken the wine
have I shed Your blood over her
have I invented
her body cross of voluptuousness whereupon to have me
nailed

O ! jealous gods ! what is my crime ?
I loved her
She was a sword of fury between us

in times gone by,
but dead what can she still retain of my likeness
this forgotten rock pounded by her kisses ?
Is this blasphemy
that these rites of a pious heart
serve as down under the stone's wing
a black sun in her hair
a sip of shadow at her lips
a portion of autumn in her hand
a herb

But O !

You aren't at all deceived by these environs
of alleys of tranquil slumber : and You require
that I were naked in the battle !
Here I am
made glorious, a great flag of adorable countryside
Death
at the highest tower of the impossible,
laid out for her !

I am the fort on which converge all vistas
raised on the naked ire of memory
hymn of stone and the resounding tomb
where adorable Easter rises protected in You
she who was death
O ! Sacred One !

You Lord, march into crime !
amidst
the detonations of the soul and the mammoth
explosions of the depths,
hurry up with the profanous dénouement or the darkness
or it hardly matters the resurrection ! and don't ever
lift eyes towards the curtain of the theatre.

(from the collection : Tombeau d'Orphée, 1941/1946/1967)
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(from the collection : Tombeau d'Orphée, 1941/1946/1967)

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I know, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel s poem, Je sais by T Wignesan

I know, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's poem : Je sais by T. Wignesan

I have seen upon this earth the gangrene of mass graves
I have seen the sky foul up with human ashes
I have watched the breath of superb beings
Mist over with their blood the universe
I have seen how the hearts of the powerful decay on their
lips
I have seen men thought of as possessing wisdom
While they picked their way through pools of blood
I have seen the just in spirit breathe in massacres
As if the wide open spaces puffed up their lungs
I have seen the good at heart repulse God
And that brought on a tide of extermination
They were clothed in the white linen of words
To dissimulate the stains of blood

I opened my mouth God bear witness
I wanted to speak out
My heart unable to bear being human
Wanting to burst upon other men
Shrieking so as to cleave the sky
But the air thrust its fist down my throat
Out of my heart streaked words turned to lies
That I was unaware of
Those words were put into my mouth
And I pronounced them
I would rather have died than utter them
And (yet) I uttered them

In turn I have turned words into carrion
The human soul manufactures words
Which by fault of my own rot in the face of God
I have become the speaker
Who has been deprived of the meaning of Speech
My eyes are the mirror of lies
And my ears the echo of lies
And my mouth the melting-pot of lies

And my soul clogged up with lies
Froth on the lips of a dying God

Who proffers even a word without lying ?
Who dares to address crying out at the Cross :
Have I not murdered the Verb ?

I assassinated the Verb gifted by God
I am an assassin like everyone else
But not all know who's put to death by them
Me
I do know it.

(from the collection : Visage nuage, 1955)

© T. Wignesan - Paris, September 29, 2014

The crime is snowed over, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Il neige sur le crime

The crime is snowed over, Translation of Pierre Emmanuel's Il neige sur le crime

Are we buried under snow holding our silence
in what immense Cimmerian (collision) of terror ?
The mouth kept open in the shriek of interminable shade
lips held fast in the frozen depths
we disturb the slumber of the Dead with our yelling
mute - calling Whom, alas ? We howl by the sepulchre
the absence of a name stretching towards a solitary Name :
but the Voice suppressed down our throat strangles
the liberating Name which could call back on its feet.
The head in the tomb and touching our lips
the lips of these the dead that we shall become tomorrow,
we continue to live in spite of it all but let's conceal our
breath
for fear of dispelling the silence gathering around us
for God could oblige us to confront ourselves
and more than the Fear of Him, we are (indeed) afraid.

Fire over the snow
Fire at those still alive
What matters is that blood saturates this land/Earth
Words enough snow down to cover up the blood

It snows over the Shriek of long sighs of absence
the glossy smiles over twisted lips
It snows over wounds of pale hands, capable
of simulated caresses like those of naked tortoises
It snows weighted flakes, the glaring white of the blind
which fill the great orbs the eyes of the dead make
It snows a gentle down of murder on the plains
just as troublesome as the slumber of assassins
The Shriek sans end reaches up to lunar heights
where trees are shorn of their barks : listen
the strident whiteness of vast deserts populated by men
where abandoned stones howl in the face of death.
The Night, the immense snow Pièta of an ebony Christ
looks at the shadow cast by rifles pointing towards her
dead son
the shadow of murderers projecting over the snow
-- she feels the breath of that Shadow on her feet

the horror freezes her over up to the stars ah crying
« Fire » so that at last the salve explodes and downs
these shadows of rifles these over-sized canons
But the tears of this great Death
shall alas get the better of this snow.

(from the collection : La liberté guide nos pas, 1945)

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Note : Pierre Emanuel, b. May 3, 1916, d. September 22, 1984 at Gan in the Basses Pyrénées, was one of the most prolific of XXth Century poets. His corpus also included books of critique and a novel. Rejected by a distraught mother at three weeks, his parents emigrated to the U.S., leaving him to be brought up by a paternal uncle, according to Anne-Sophie Constant who selected and prefaced his Anthologie Poétique, out this year. Upon graduating from the University of Lyon where he studied literature, he taught for some years before heading the English language services at the RTL and writing for Témoignage Chrétien, Réforme and Esprit. President of the French Pen Club (1973-76), he later headed the French National Audio-Visual Institute and the Cultural Affairs Commission of the VIth Plan. Elected to the French Academy of Letters in 1968, he renounced the honour in 1975 in protest at the election of Félicien Marceau. For a time, he also headed the International Association for Cultural Freedom. As a poet, he had already made his mark with his first collections : Elégies (1940) and Tombeau d'Orphée (1941), followed by a steady stream of some forty collections thereafter. Received - among many - the Grand Prize for Poetry of the French Academy in 1984. A-S. Constant quotes from two interviews on his inveterate independence : « Je ne me sens pas la vocation d'un maître, et je ne veux aucun disciple. » and « Je suis un poète et un chrétien. »

T. Wignesan

COPLA 114 CONCLUSION: This Bad Guy World

COPLA 114 CONCLUSION : This Bad Guy World

The way Evil triumphs in this World
What lies in store must be much worse :
Yet Evil serves

Toddler gods in this Grand Plan make so bold
As to usurp Laws of Universe -
Get what each deserves :

The turntable of three Continents
The cradled civilizations
There end should come

And so must these Manriquenas' contents
Be the homage of my supplications :
By/My Death overcome

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The entire series of COPLAS de pie quebrado dedicated to the XVth Century
Spanish poet, Jorge MANRIQUE

COPLA 112 RESOLUTION: This Bad Guy World

COPLA 112 RESOLUTION : This Bad Guy World

Cowardly criminals hide behind wall
Make certain the Good Guy's all alone :
Then strike him dead

Helps to boost ranks raise walls tall
Courage grows when faced with arms of stone :
So they spit lead

But first they concoct a « just » cause
By branding the Good Guys as « anti-them » :
How convenient

One by one their victims they louse
As World looks on helpless to condemn :
Subservient

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COPLA 113 RESOLUTION: This Bad Guy World

COPLA 113 RESOLUTION : This Bad Guy World

This Immutable Yi Jing Law :
Do harm and join the Bad Guy ranks -
Is Bad/Good the same

Absurd so long as past Death's door
None may reveal what's on nether banks :
WHO plays this game

Can thoughts survive the death of neurones
Trillions of intricate connections :
Bio-chemicals

Harmful acts 'interred' with one's bones
Makes no sense Good Guys suffer restrictions :
Frees the criminals

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COPLA 111 RESOLUTION: This Bad Guy World

COPLA 111 RESOLUTION : This Bad Guy World

Criminals and cowards are blood brothers
Both operate in stealth to inflict
Harm to increase wealth

States multinationals speculators
Rely on spineless banks to restrict
Works for GoodGuy health

Tyrannosaur States join hands with culprits
To protect criminal states' interests :
Make bad banks bulge

Sinistre hollow cowardice hides hits
When blood brothers threaten interests :
State banks indulge

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COPLA 110 RESOLUTION: This Bad Guy World

Torrero *sans l'aide de* Picador
Such artful courage *sans pareil* :
Gored in the loins

No need to shout who Bad Guys stand for
Mean lances of the Picador slay
Split Toro groins

Speak not of Bad Guys in the same breath
As of fighting bulls and bull-fighters :
Can courage die

Seek not Bad Guys' ultimate death
Shakespeare says they ever die blighters :
Let cowards lie

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COPLA 109 RESOLUTION: This Bad Guy World

COPLA 109 RESOLUTION : This Bad Guy World

What drives the Bad Guy is avarice
And the cruelty he invests this vice :
More never less

He'd get under your skin to suck your kiss
He'd make out as if he were trampled mice :
Suck World bloodless

He's deaf to bird-song blind to squirrel romp
The World's for him a tree to plunder :
Sap fruit flower

He'd wipe you off the slate of Elysian pomp
If you dared tell him what's his blunder :
Love of power

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COPLA 108 RESOLUTION: This Bad Guy World

COPLA 108 RESOLUTION : This Bad Guy World

The question's not which the real god is
The question's how to learn to do good :
Abhorning harm

The good despite gods still the good is
The good need not be labelled « Good ! » :
Harm feels no qualm

Bad Guys will claim their lives in danger
Excuse to put Good Guys underground :
To be polite

Bad Guys too struggle to defend manger
Against other Bad Guys wanting more ground :
Babes in the night

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COPLA 107 RESOLUTION: This Bad Guy World

COPLA 107 RESOLUTION : This Bad Guy World

The Good Bad or the Bad Good Guys
All the shades of meanness in between
Do Bad Guys clean

Neither talent nor intelligence lies
On one side or the other's esteem :
Can genes be mean

Chances are that growing up makes one mean
Those who have not feed on customs faith
Looks status and fame

All conspire the Good Guys to demean
The thought that one's god rewards not faith :
What utter shame

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COPLA 106 RESOLUTION: This Bad Guy World

COPLA 106 RESOLUTION : This Bad Guy World

The still centre of independence
Is not inhabited by vacancy :
Inaction voids

Can Love alone ensure existence
In a void and make Bad Guys fancy
No harm overrides

Stand not alone unless you renounce
All the joys of life within your reach :
Dangers approach

Bad Guys derive pleasure from their stance
In damning Good Guys isolated each :
Then they encroach

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COPLA 105 RESOLUTION: This Bad Guy World

COPLA 105 RESOLUTION : This Bad Guy World

The revolt of the Persecuted
Against all forms of authority :
Justifiable

The Meek turn the cheek humiliated
Should father let destroy his family :
Impardonable

How long may the Untouchable
Be trampled by caste consciousness :
Three thousand years

Skin colour nose bridge hair disable
Suffering billions from human kindness :
Go pray in tears

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COPLA 104 RESOLUTION: This Bad Guy World

COPLA 104 RESOLUTION : This Bad Guy World

Ethnicity geography parent
Ferment in spiritual cauldron :
Breed gods violent

Who wants to serve gods heirs apparent
Can believers be made to reason :
God indolent

Gods thus get imposed on others
Through violent spiritual conquests :
Meek must submit

One Way of Life spread over borders
Not by sword nor by royal behests :
There gods must quit

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COPLA 103 RESOLUTION: This Bad Guy World

COPLA 103 RESOLUTION : This Bad Guy World

Roughly speaking hindus are Indians
North Americans protestant :
Give or take some

Most catholics invest Europeans
Plus the South American continent :
Save Brit Kingdom

Almost all the Malay world's muslim
Likewise Maghreb and the Middle-East :
Africa mixed

Buddhist tour à tour East Asian
Chinese orthodox Slavs communist :
Rest animist

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COPLA 102 RESOLUTION: This Bad Guy World

COPLA 102 RESOLUTION : This Bad Guy World

One's spiritual convictions
Depends on who your parents are :
Hardly a choice

Kings changed crowns with religions
So do subjects their underwear :
Pay but small price

A regional map of the world
Is also the map of religions :
His story wraps

Humans in bundles of match-sticks rolled
Takes but an atheist to fire legions :
Wars of madcaps

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COPLA 101 RESOLUTION: This Bad Guy World

COPLA 101 RESOLUTION : This Bad Guy World

Born helpless in a void without rights
Each a naked being in tow :
A wordless spell

Purveyors of beliefs through myths by rites
Know this well enough while kneading dough :
Ephemeral

The howling spirit wanders like wind
Would wrap its angst round any pillar :
Turns not to soul

No quest can shut out the singeing din
Than the feeling of being forever :
Is that a goal

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COPLA 100 INVOCATION: This Bad Guy World

COPLA 100 INVOCATION : This Bad Guy World

Brilliant open as the human mind
Blinkered bigoted the human spirit :
Each bleeds for gods

From the cradle to the crypt blind
Pitted one against the other split :
All crazed by gods

Said one two thousand five ago :
The business of God is not yours
Don't do His job

If all man-made gods decide to go
And live in different galactic twirls :
No one need sob

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COPLA 99 INVOCATION: This Bad Guy World

COPLA 99 INVOCATION : This Bad Guy World

Look : how Great leaders smile at the sky
Proud of the kettle-drum thunder they ply :
Safe underground

Yet tectonic plates inch by inch shy
Away from the Gondwanian crunch nigh :
Earth molten bound

Zhen the Eldest Son shockwaves the gong
Drowns our thunder bound in moth balls :
Nature's close call

See how Pompei's pillars go for a song
Come the Krakatoa tsunami walls :
(Do) Great leaders fall

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COPLA 98 INVOCATION: This Bad Guy World

COPLA 98 INVOCATION : This Bad Guy World

Bad Guy nations club for protection
Of their ill-gotten gains and power :
Yet they too serve

On and off they do good and function
In worlds which tilt in their favour
Power reserve

Their hegemony put to the test
Brings out the worst in them as allies :
Greed cunning vice

They club together to avoid contest
Of sharing the world's goods with all lives :
Break the blocked ice

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COPLA 97 INVOCATION: This Bad Guy World

COPLA 97 INVOCATION : This Bad Guy World

God of money makes monkeys of man
Great leaders line up for Mammon mass :
Count notes sleepless

Sound of money clinking in the bank
Is enough to make leaders kiss *ss :
Monkey business

Leaders decide when to declare war
Silence disgruntled men in their youth :
Weapons bring loot

Warring peoples always want something more
Like a thousand acres of greed to soothe :
Vanquished stay mute

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COPLA 96 INVOCATION: This Bad Guy World

COPLA 96 INVOCATION : This Bad Guy World

How bad's the Bad Guy State on its own
Strangles own peoples by its laws :
Rule by fear

Can the State's only aim be foregone :
Shore up flagging image in the jaws –
Horse for Lear

Leaders come together to control
Wayward gods who know not One God :
God be leader

What about that One Great Soul
What's His role in this God**** World :
Powerless Seer

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COPLA 95 INVOCATION: This Bad Guy World

COPLA 95 INVOCATION : This Bad Guy World

Tyrannosaur State eats rebel states
Even if its peoples' stomachs ache :
Pollute pumped gas

Some toddler states like to lie in crates
Full of Tyrannosaur shells and cake :
Jiving to jazz

Others congregate to make war
On tyrannosaurs decrepit :
Born enemies

While our mighty Tyrannosaur
Falls all by itself into cesspit :
Making babies

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COPLA 94 INVOCATION : This Bad Guy World

Can the State be arraigned by the State
And condemn and imprison itself :
Whose is the blame

Do many Bad Guys make Bad Guy State
Or does one the other way round delve
To reveal game

Tyrannosaur states auto-absolve
Themselves for the wrongs of bad guys :
Raison d'Etat

Yet selfish acts of Bad Guys resolve
Themselves into acts of the Wise :
Au nom d'Etat

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The lone wolf shies away from the pack
The tyrannosaur scoffs at his kind :
Systems with it

Tiglons roam lone on the beaten track -
Fall prey the gnu foal lame and blind :
Systems well-knit

Stand alone and the pack will hunt you
Lose your integrity to live safe :
The human fate

The Overman'll camp on the volcano
Far from the humdrum crowd's stifling life :
Asylum bait

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Is authority an entity
On its own or individual
Spiritual

Or is it en bloc bound by duty
A super individual
With no equal

Or composed of individuals
With their own fates and destinies
Tearing apart

All fed by powered victuals
Serving no higher Almighties :
Ships without port

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Not on whose coat-tails hang the Yang
Other values than lip-service count :
Nor country birth

Wave no flags at Death's door crying « Bang ! »
True bravery quenches staunch souls' fount :
Denial's worth

Harm's wrong however right the cause
Refusing timely help's likewise an arm :
Do souls alarm

Even intentions turn to grouse
If kept from keeping neighbour warm :
Yin feel no qualm

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The more you're Yang the more the Yin
Will seek to plague you : that's the Law :
Must mess such mean

The consummate Yang does not win
Asceticism's outside the Law :
Golden's the mean

If you think you're the Son of God
The Yin will plan your end by Cross :
Die not extreme

The genes so dosed none'll be Lord
Even incarnated good'll be loss :
Is Justice seen

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Just as the virgin's cossetted
Nursed untouched raised in seclusion :
So's the toro

Two beings born to be slaughtered
For sado-masochistic fruition :
Virgin toro

Then the day comes for her sacrifice
Even as the toro's let loose in ring :
Blood's espada

Banderilleros splice eyes
Faenas rip muletas and sting :
Estocada

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Will the meaning of the Word be plain
And what is said not corrupt sense :
Contain the word

Words cannot come alive nor complain
Utterer and uttered entwined fence :
Sense the discord

In the beginning what was the Word
Does OM of all sounds utter Truth :
Mother of words

Aren't white lies begot by discord
Between the Truth and the Untruth :
Can lies stoke words

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If you zero into the centre
Of your existential doubts :
You'll disappear

You cannot be the prime doubter
And the subject of your own doubts :
To see clear

What you see must of necessity
Be past the curve of your time-space :
Gone is the trace

When everything can with certainty
Be known to have stayed in its place :
All'll end by grace

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If Worlds stand still for nano-second
Logic can bind all in straight-jacket :
Alas how nice

There'd be reason for this errand
On Earth as in Heavens to mock at
His artifice

Who is that comet hurtling in space
Looking for answers in mindless face :
Disintegrate

Could the answer be such simple grace
As to stop reproducing this race :
None then can prate

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If the aim's to nullify conflict
How could evolution be willed :
Sheer accident

Since species are subject to roles strict
Just to keep each entity drilled :
None come out spent

If the idea was mooted first
Then set to plan by innate laws :
What's the purpose

Just to assuage Creator's thirst
To see how we obey His powers :
Meaninglessness

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Unchecked Bad Guys will romp rampage
And turn World into warring ground :
Good Guys resist

At the height of summer advantage
Good Guys rein in secede no ground :
Soon comes the mist

Bad Guys bait entice fascinate
Give them the long swinging tight rope
To strangle in knots

Let not thoughts enmesh imbricate
In life and death struggles sans hope :
Bide time Yin rots

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How many Hamlets hatch the plot
Or is Shakespeare just doing the thing :
Do the Dead care

Or are they in need of a slot
In the machine to make them sing :
Heard voices dare

Whose engraved voices rise to the ears
When the pierced coins jingle on the board :
Ancestors speak

Or is the printed word ours
Must King Wen's and son's come from Lord :
Echoed thoughts meek

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Do Bad Guys try to make amends
When it's not their role to be good :
Do they regret

Do Good Guys come back to help friends
Since it's their duty to be good :
Do they forget

No spirit returns to tell us why
They cannot reveal the lived truth :
Except farewell

Only a few days reprieve to spy
Neither revenge nor help as sleuth :
Who sounds the knell

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Bad Guys perforce resort to prayer
They pray to augment the harm they wreak :
Should Good Guys pray

Who then assesses prayer power
Who dispenses what Bad Guys seek :
How fare the lay

All the evidence is in the genes
Just as the Earth's in ocean cells :
Bad Guys impose

If Good Guys react by all means
Out of season all by themselves :
World'll decompose

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What to You the World can matter
Who You assail on a pedestal :
The games You play

Volcanoes Your molten breath sputter
Your heavenly hearth throbs infernal :
Mind blasting clay

Some snakes slither deprived of venom
Others hoods-unfurled scoff at power :
Yet both survive

Who makes the enthroned Law Heaven
Who then in the dungeons cower :
Who must connive

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Whatever the Law behind Nature
Naturally flow ways of life:
Come seasons go

Each in his time must grow mature
The fruit that ripens ripens strife:
Must Justice know

Is what's Immuable thought out
A priori or accidental:
Reason must reign

Nothing's made of nothing throughout
Everything began in the middle:
Think not in vain

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Recruit killers from the cradle
"Touche pas à mon Dieu! S'il te plaît!"
Crazed Pavlov mice

Curious holy books lie idle
Bits and pieces froth in mouths lay:
Rest lice in rice

Even if faiths feed best within *ethnies*
Holy writs and laws best divide them:
Make each Other

Some faiths lay claim to affinities
Yet each other slaughter and condemn:
Curse their mother

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Bad Guys hope to keep their disguise
For they all parade as Good Guys:
Whisk their masks off

So bloated their egos through lies
They think their mission's to act wise:
Rub Good Guys off

The history of violence
Is the history of religions:
For Go(o)d they slay

And who enjoy such indulgence:
The puny guys sans neurones
Who chant hearsay

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Is the authoritarian set up
Also the Confucian Heaven:
Prince on people

Can the rogue State cushion blow up
Under the pretext it's Yang's Tian:
Good Guys grumble

If the Earth sinks Heaven'll break loose
If Tian rises through sinking Earth:
World is at peace

Can Confucian States Bad Guys disguise
Be made to hound the Good Guys' worth
And still save face

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If it weren't for the experiment
Why would our past lives not be known :
Is karma writ

Who among us asked to be re-sent
Barring Bad Guys re-cycled re-born :
Bodies aren't knit

Don't guys out there stir the gene pot
To screw up our World with bad juice :
Fun games by far

Make Good Guys stew in bad juice pot
Just to see them turn to Bad Guy Muse :
Deurmekaar

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Is the quark a zero sum dot
Likewise the table to the mountain:
Try dot the spot

So is the gogga to Hottentot
And your toddler to the dragon:
Earth mere sun spot

Solar system lost in galaxy
Universe in Multiverses:
All gone to pot

Whose is the sum of this jelly
All strung up in stringy ellipses:
Might turn(ed) to rot

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Flit through Khayyam's magic lantern
Or be nudged on chequer boards by
The Unseen Hand

One thing's certain dark hands beckon
From behind barred doors – ask not why:
Sealed by No Man

Only an extra-terrestrial
Experiment requires this:
Not Evolution

Would the Maker put on trial
To ensnare us and then dismiss
Life's equation

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Bad Guys know they have a good time
In these multi-verses out of sight:
Who the hell cares

Is the exit door the end of time
None to answer knock locked right tight:
Served sentence dares

Talk of string vibrations in thoughts
And the mite's view of dimensions:
Whose idea this

That the most intricate contorts
The Will to unravel tensions:
Exit in bliss

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Though never short of material -
Short of substance spiritual -
Nor of number

Though rare the intellectual -
Dumb mass saved by individual:
Human error

Time to spare on expanding space
Time enough to ignore causes:
None need slumber

Thus You insist on hiding face
While You tame by galactic crashes:
Humans suffer

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To keep the play going - You? Who?

Must see to it the plot's a fix:

Despite Freytag

One thing's certain - empty seats: No!

Always a packed house to dry climax:

Ideas may lag

Good play bad ploy Good Guys don't buy

All that's needed - someone to watch:

Can house void clap

You taught Your puppets on the sly

To write their own plays Yours to match:

Turn cheek for slap

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Yet the way You humiliate us

Is to make us grovelling slaves

To bloating bodies

Thank You for clothes combs and tooth brush

And the soap that barely cleans souls

And such goodies

Do we complain at every turn

Or merely stumble and give thanks

Knowing not why

Or is the lesson we must learn

Before the lights go out: Who descends

To watch us cry

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We drop from the filthiest parts
End up wanting to get back in:
Sense of humour

Thank You! For keeping the head's thoughts
Far from losing face in within
Though women sour

The rest of Life's littered obstruction
You put in place just to surmount:
Care for children

Till insurmountable damnation
Riding bare-back on Himavant
Men limp broken

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"That's the spirit, Tell the Old Man off!
Who does He think we are, s'il vous plait!
Of course, you're right."

If there were a God anthropomorph
Yes, we could all take umbrage and pray:
Universe might

Might we not be an experiment
Of some advanced civilization:
Testing Self Will

Or the chance physical accident
Of Immuable Laws' equation:
Force renounce will

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High ideals aims des hautes visées
To stand on tested principles
You don't reward

For You it'd seem sometimes nausée
You caution mixing with infidels
To move forward

You set the main stage for villains
Who romp and jump on proscenium
Cashing the light

You let the trodden poor in chains
Serve morons without premium:
You call this right

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Humans refuse humanity
Humans love nationality:
No better friend

"Platoon" lives' anonymity
Rips masks off hypocrisy:
Souls inner fiend

You who made the World go around
Sharpened the sick souls' will to kill:
In Your own name

Such killings as with hatred bound
More lives we produce in lustful thrill:
Forfeit Your claim

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No one denies Life's stunning rich
What we all have to put up with:
Stark sacrifice

Spite of beast in Man or the Witch
Brains soar limitless heights or width:
As gods we rise

Bad Guys drag us down ugly depths
Role Good Guys must accept as fun:
Who stands to blame

Yin-Yang conflicts not shibboleths
From dying bored stiff keeps Man:
The crying shame

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The Enemy resides in us
Not by invitation nor by ruse:
Bad day Good night

Could lone Yang gather in surplus
The Yin put down to no good use:
Dark day Bright night

Could the Almighty fear Evil
Is he ONE opposed to the ONE:
Both indigenes

Garden warblers' pure early trill
Deaf magpies shriek and rasp their tongue:
Mutable genes

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Anger hell-bent at enemy
Despair at Bad Guys' existence:
Bring self-defeat

Let him not provoke your envy
Nor make you expose inner essence:
Minds must not bleat

Only the dispassionate will
Gita's detachment of action:
Leads to success

Everything else being equal
Plus strength of cause and conviction:
War's then pointless

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Even just cause makes not good war
If you attack you put to waste:
Good does no harm

Marshalling defence at your door
Can make bloody retreat in haste:
Shrieks of alarm

If you let the Dao lead the Way
Bad Guys'll jump up and down in vain:
To tumble down

Even apt choices bring dismay
While you listless wait and bear pain:
Time's the rogue clown

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Bad Guys bully to boost pleasure
Assure themselves of their meanness:
Just to keep trim

Not minding own onions' lure
Makes them feel insecure bone-less:
Who's the victim

Good Guys keep wond'ring what to do
Defend attack or simply wait:
No choice cower

The longer they wait in limbo
They'll find fighting back far too late:
Choose don't dither

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Fear's the ultimate sly weapon
No one need fear nuclear bombs:
They explode dead

Through Fear alone we praise Heaven
Fear makes us dread what future becomes:
Let Fear drop dead

Fear's the lethal tool mind-twisters use
Their source of Fear kept well hidden:
Fearful exposure

We fear Fear to avoid abuse
Of the Self within us deaden:
I me fear sure

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All the rest's sheer insanity
"I have the best reason to live":
Says everyone

No one'll admit to cupidity
"For my wife and children I live":
Says the lost one

Great many live for their own god
In lands they slaughter other gods:
Yet say all ONE

In other lands some imitate God
Men of money who live like Lords:
World they govern

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All for the bliss in somebody's arms
Just for those few lightning moments:
Never to last

Breed innocent kids by the swarms
Watch them turn into beastly gents:
Like us outcast

The lesson's not trick of Indian rope
Birth Growth Joy all through filth in pain:
Abstain in stealth

The greatest invention is still soap
One way to tell God without disdain:
Thanks yet for death

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When in need don't do just anything
Short cut to humiliation:
Need feeds on need

Violence is the need of being
Big Bang is the need for motion:
Need to be freed

When the impulse to commit goads
Pull yourself together step aside:
Pleasure passes

What insatiable primal need prods
The Almighty to make gods stride:
Boredom pulses

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Centre-half's the heart of defence
Danger comes from the Right and Left:
Ball politics

When heart's corrupt fickle sans sense
Enemy dribbles through with zest:
Goal posts drumsticks

The second line's the general
Prince and people rally round him:
Alert spearhead

Goal keeper pulls skin over all
Defence cataracts make him victim:
Balls bounce dead ahead

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Today's revolutionaries
Cheer tomorrow's diehard tyrants:
New wealth old pose

Bad fruit engender not sturdy trees
Good Guys tend to slither down hot pants:
While world's gods doze

Bad Guys feel good to be truly bad
Ill-gotten gains worth dying for:
Bad Good Guys lay

Even Good Bad Guys can turn bad
And the Bad Guy world all restore:
Utter dismay

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People see what they love to see
All that glitters makes them feel bright:
Tip sinking boat

Right now ball craze all films of glee
World of adverts subverts the sight:
Salesmen sail moat

A young woman stands at street door
Dazed by drugs an oozing sex pot:
Short years hence hag

Suckling aids milk son of whore
Whose mind will unhinge smoking pot:
Jet lag lost bag

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Stand and fight! Don't abandon the field!
Confront not the Enemy alone:
Bad Guy cowards

So long as Good Guys drop their shield
Bad Guys will multiply and clone
Filthy innards

Yi Jing says denounce the Yin first
Let everyone see its bared face:
Make public - fate

Seek not to quench your smarting thirst
The more it hurts the more the furnace
Will burn in hate!

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Evil pounces on the defenceless
The covert path beckons the Bad Guy:
Pollutes pure blood

Watch how the Bad Guys congregate unless
Good Guys en bloc block Bad Guy ploy:
Altar sacred

When plots are hatched covered with lies
With Security Council vetoes:
Who sucks profits

All trussed up by treacherous spies
Truth's smothered in accursed ghettos:
Rich man's glove fits

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Favela children see no World Cup
Their dire distress kept under lid:
Sick bodies sour

Watch the kicked ball in a toss up
Fun wars to buttress countries' bid:
Pecking order

Hearts jump up or sink with each goal
He who works the plot sets the trap:
Hold high the beam

The more the "gods" the less the Soul
Hold high the country lest it flop:
Hollow esteem

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Meantime we've got this Bad Guy World
Where the Bad Guys have it all their way:
Should Good Guys laze

If Good Guys stop toiling to mould
A better world in Tao Way:
World in a daze

The Grand Design calls for Spoil Sports
Those "society" thinks less of:
Who the hell cares

Bad Guys are made up of all sorts
President doctor or prof:
Scared guy Life snares

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How easy it'd be to believe
All is maya all mere figment:
Nada vision

Yet how might one make believe
All is night in the firmament:
Just illusion

Who has returned when breath has gone
Who knows no lasting pain in this life:
Who does not cry

Pain is real sorrow's turned to bone
Separation the lone soul's strife:
Can this angst die

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Could humans be thought intelligent
And gods dumb blind bloody heartless:
Might it look true

Or are humans made to relent
Higher design by gods no less:
More likely true

Supreme God uses toddler gods
The rhythmic Shiva dance divine:
Yang-Yin la-di-da

Till humans learn to become gods
And submit to His Grand Design:
Lordly lila*

•Lila (leela): In Hinduism, the Supreme Being (Brahman) in a magical creative act manifests himself in the Universe acting out the “Divine Play” through a rhythmic dance (of Shiva), and the “Divine Actor” casts a spell on the beholder of the creative act which appears as an illusion (maya) to him. And then He returns to Himself.

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Religious hate-mongers pullulate
Gullets stuffed full make laymen loathe:
Sacred totem

Even football wins dedicate
«To Country, Race and team-mates' Faith!»:
Sport's anathème

When prayers rise from stadium grounds
For wins against rival teams' gods:
Holy Crusade

Who plays whom on consecrated grounds
Little gods dribble balls with swords:
Pray in stockade

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If all the people on this Earth
Decided to believe in One God:
Guess who jobless

Sure, humans need caring from birth
Not at the cost of sparing rod:
Coax hate madness

Who will speak for the Almighty
Must show proof of saintly presence:
Loin-cloth yogi

Not that there weren't some thought saintly
They served lepers not malevolence:
Power hungry

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Animals mammals kill to eat
Thinking animals kill humans:
For their own gods

Most of all those who One god feat
Turn on themselves with blasting guns:
Schizophrenic gods

No founders of religion wrote
The words attributed to them:
Holy hearsay*

Clergies interpret arrogate
Late remembered words post mortem:
If gods could pray...

*Note: Excepting Taoism, but then the "Tao Te Ching" is a philosophy, a way of life, a commentary. Lao Tse, the "founder-author" was prevented from leaving the province/country unless he left behind his "wisdom" which he then composed in 5000 characters, the source of the "religion" as it is practised today.

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No one's to blame for being a dope
Nor for nursed beliefs from cradles:
Unless born Lords

Nor be blamed for sucking on dope
Nor for believing word riddles:
If told they're God's

Not what but where raised to believe
Born to parents in which country:
Pavlov rats all

If God loves and knows all who live
Why This World so unjust un-free:
His beck and call

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This Life's nothing but a sink pit
You wake up one day deep in it:
No one's to blame

Yet the Phoney Fake Hypocrite
Don't even have to try to make it:
Theirs is the game

Still here and there the genuine
Leave sweat behind them in chagrin:
Bled tears don't dry

Those whose lives distil ink in pain
And those whose stuffed mouths spout din:
Same world don't vie

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Engine turns on a principle
Whole physical laws based on it:
E-motion-less

Humans think their plight's multiple
No one's asking them not to quit:
Life's such a mess

Whole planets and solar systems
In white heat blow up as Quasars:
Or Black Holes suck

Would pastiche Primal Soup poems
Paste poets on canvass stars:
The best of luck!

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The World looks good for those on top
For theirs the very handiworks:
The rest serve them

For long centuries top spun top
Some turned tables to take over works:
Looks good to them

If changing hands changes no head
Bad Guys gravitate up ladder:
World upside down

Turn the pyramid on its head
Vow of poverty for ruler:
Make good rain/reign down

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In cauldrons of faith gods fester
Legions of bigots follow blind:
Some sane more mad

In between shades of good better
And the best taint all of a kind:
Motley mass mud

Between the gods and the mad mass
Lodge those bound by rituals rites:
Usurp gods' edicts

Priests who love to massage the mass
Arrogating heavenly rights:
God's politics

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COPLA TREINTA Y OCHO This Bad Guy World

COPLA TREINTA Y OCHO: This Bad Guy World

Not all Bad Guys fall on their own
No Gandhi can make them all fall:
Some bad survive

Even after Zhen's thunder's worn
And the land lies cleansed and trees tall:
Evil must thrive

Be it ever so much as mite
Past Axis Triumvirate death:
Conflict goes on

Nip not Evil in the bud tight
Each petal will unfurl Death's breath:
World War goes on

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COPLA TREINTA Y SIETE This Bad Guy World

COPLA TREINTA Y SIETE: This Bad Guy World

When wrongdoing piles up on top
Bad Guys strut and yell out like hell:
Whose fault's within

Withdrawal sloth makes the worst cop
Nature shirks to balance rights well:
Yang lets Yin win

Either abandon all to Dao
Or seize the seasons by the lock:
Life comes alive

Winter solstice arms the Yang's bow
Zhen's lightning thunder bolts spring shock:
Let Yang Guys thrive

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COPLA TREINTA Y SEIS This Bad Guy World

COPLA TREINTA Y SEIS: This Bad Guy World

On the international plane
Yi Jing's advice might even fail:
Lone man lame duck

Engage not the enemy lone
Bad Guy on his own will turn tail:
Let run out luck

On the grand scale the enemy
Must jointly be brought down on knees:
By year seven

Past this ridge evil will levy
'Sweat and blood and tears' as first fees:
Besmeared Tian/Heaven

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COPLA TREINTA Y CINCO This Bad Guy World

COPLA TREINTA Y CINCO: This Bad Guy World

If the Russians failed to fight back
We'll all use the Hitler salute:
No nuclear bomb

Bad Guys can only be held back
When selfless Good Guys join pursuit
To strike them dumb

When you see evil people says
Yi Jing: find refuge in your head:
Fine for yourself

When a people let evil rise
Evil leader sprouts Gorgon head:
People engulf

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COPLA TREINTA Y CUATRO This Bad Guy World

COPLA TREINTA Y CUATRO: This Bad Guy World

Everything points to Life being
Some Body's idea of a joke:
Should be better

Of all the deadly sins breeding
Greed and lust Man's sloth provoke:
Perish never

Lust drives Man to steal neighbour's wife
Greed makes him want to kill neighbour:
Trickster takes all

Imperative in dreary life
Is the stoking of desire:
Hear Death's last call

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COPLA TREINTA Y TRES This Bad Guy World

COPLA TREINTA Y TRES : This Bad Guy World

Yet the odd thing about Life is
That without Bad Guys' bag of tricks
There'd be no life

Conflict between Good and Bad is
What makes the World go round axis:
Husband and wife

Looks like the World Life Universe
Was conceived to amuse Some One:
Out of boredom

Who has to pay with his prize purse
For the Hell caused by Bad Guy fun:
The Good succumb

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COPLA TREINTA Y DOS This Bad Guy World

COPLA TREINTA Y DOS : This Bad Guy World

Human existence's redundant
Universe's too vast and lost
Our Earth's nought

Fat Cats steal the show with their stunt
Flex vain muscles on this thin crust
Fools give not thought

Power's just a stuffed pyramid
Men of little worth sans vision
Straddle countries

Andromeda's hurtling rabid
Wall of Back Holes tugging suction
Milky Way freeze

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COPLA TREINTA Y UNO This Bad Guy World

COPLA TREINTA Y UNO : This Bad Guy World

Is Life then an experiment
At death humans stand stark naked:
Must right be wrong

Can there be greater merriment
Than Fat Cat Wars celebrated:
Image votes strong

No pardon then for confessions
Each his own hidden fears must face:
Right here on Earth

Those who visit Earth in missions
Must laugh at Fat Cats' kissing grace:
What show of mirth

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COPLA TREINTA This Bad Guy World

COPLA TREINTA : This Bad Guy World

The same goes for the Big Fat Cats
Their body-guards aren't going to die
When boss-man dies

Big Fat Cats burn best with tummy fats
Kittens best keep distance not nigh:
Don't become fries

When Good Guys knock on Elysée
President of Heaven answers:
Apt courtesy

Good Bad Guys with much dough they say
Turn Bad Bad vile with stolen furs:
Angel bribe fee

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COPLA VEINTINUEVE This Bad Guy World

COPLA VEINTINUEVE : This Bad Guy World

The more Bad Guys countries co-raise
The more badly will they behave:
Simple logic

Human existence has no place
In its essence for country crave:
Die fanatic

At death no angels check passports
So don't go waving flags to Hell:
There they will burn

Bad Guys love to play stacked-up sports
In order to look mighty swell
While insides churn

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COPLA VEINTIOCHO This Bad Guy World

COPLA VEINTIOCHO : This Bad Guy World

Bad Guys with bad girls squirt at will
Since sexual revolution:
Plague emotion

The intellectual love kill
Learn from Left-drilled safe permission:
Drug-filled Dick-tion

Kids who rampage on exposed thighs
Quote Beauvoir and Sartre as of right:
Leak-minded sots

They who let babies suck on lies
Heroic mothers out-of-sight:
Who rock the cots

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COPLA VEINTISIETE This Bad Guy World

COPLA VEINTISIETE : This Bad Guy World

Are guys then just born to be bad
Just as others get to be good
Then where's the rub

There's the art of being less had
Renounce violence/sex you should
And bad birth drub

Easy women who take no heed
Let wanton sexual hunger
Make bad guy love

The best males at the right time breed
Even animals observe order
Make best guy love

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COPLA VEINTISEIS This Bad Guy World

COPLA VEINTISEIS : This Bad Guy World

Yet there's one more explanation
Psychopaths make the best businessmen
All in the genes

Way the chips spin into motion
Bad Guys can blame it on semen
And spill the beans

Watch the Bad Guy twist turn and split
Most convenient it's to slip up
In short play sick

His role's to get Good Guys to quit
So this rotting world will blow up
Till all fall sick

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COPLA VEINTICINCO This Bad Guy World

COPLA VEINTICINCO : This Bad Guy World

One thing is to look for the cause
Another to suffer the effects
Ours the result

No excuse can philosophise
Turn suffering into defects
That's an insult

Nature then cannot be perfect
No use looking up to heaven
Ours is the fault

Bad Guys misbehave and infect
World built on sweat of brethren:
Oceans of salt

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COPLA VEINTICUATRO This Bad Guy World

COPLA VEINTICUATRO : This Bad Guy World

Let's take it one step further yet
There's nothing per se good nor bad
"Thinking makes it so."*

Life's indifferent to conflict
Holds unfolding drama a fad
Some kind of show

Playing on centillion planets
Dark energy in dark matter
Pulling the strings

Weird bodies on other planets
Writhing quelling one another
Evil GOOD brings?

* Spencer Chapman. The Jungle is Neutral. London: 1948.

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COPLA VEINTITRES This Bad Guy World

COPLA VEINTITRES : This Bad Guy World

For the sake of the argument
Let's admit Good-Bad thrives in self
Does it matter

Without Yin-Yang predicament:
Conflict bound in the self-same self
Makes life matter

Yet in this Day-Night lantern show
Light and dark flit through like shadows
Who plays the roles

The pain is real when laid low
Good Guys stung by banderilleros
What hurts in souls

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COPLA VEINTIDOS This Bad Guy World

COPLA VEINTIDOS: This Bad Guy World

Can withdrawing into yourself
Keep the Bad Guy evil away
Wishful thinking

Easy to think thinking's the Self
Stop thinking: self's in disarray
Think not living

Bad Guy's role begs to make you think
He's the projection of your self
Splits up your thought

He'd as lief not make you re-think
If he could live his life himself
Good Guy well caught

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COPLA VEINTIUNO: This Bad Guy World

COPLA VEINTIUNO : This Bad Guy World

Bad Guys seek safety in numbers
At heart most dependent cowards
Fear not their fangs

To stalk you they'll don false fauve furs
Drop not standing alone your guards
Stress not their wrongs

They love to make a show of strength
Myths push roots in infertile minds
Blades in bowels

Choose not battles which drag at length
He who gorges blood his life binds
Drowns in revels

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COPLA VEINTE This Bad Guy World

COPLA VEINTE : This Bad Guy World

Expose the wiles of the Bad Guy
He'll stoop low and use stratagem
And if he fails

He'll cry foul play and devise ploy
Hold himself out as the rare gem
The World defiles

If you succeed in nailing him:
He'll say pro patria mori
Or some such god

If you then let him play victim
You'll fall right into his hands free:
Like him be sod

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Parsing Time

Parsing time

Along the slope he leant
with his caved-in shoulders
not standing on end
one foot upturned
the other curled
a shrivelled cucumber sole

Which way did the past go
past the point where the wind turned tail
behind the shadow of curling light
or the precession of Mercury

If you see your tail swish
before any hint of thought could wish
How do you know if it did
If you didn't see it topple the intent's lid

Many the whisper of a word
will come calling in untrod chasms
by the waylaid tongue
Whose the nameless parole
the lexicographers culled
for want of another word
or two

If time travels in an unflat trapezoid
Which way will it be going first
Your way
My way
Or that away

Time is not Time
If it didn't travel

Time then is unrealizable motion
What doesn't move of its volition is dead

Time masters all life

If you kill every being on earth
Destroy every trace of every particle

On earth as on every other sphere
In this universe
or heavy dark matter
Likewise on every parallel universe

Time will go berserk
Running trapezoid wild
in every direction
for it'll have nothing to relate to
Yet it'll be the solitary inhabitant of the Void
Calling out to itself to void the Will
For it'd have had a past
A body to call its own
And you cannot kill a body
Which does not exist in Time

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Limerick crochets Portrait of a Dead Brit Nazi Lord of the Lollypoppians

Limerick crochets: Portrait of a Dead Brit Nazi, Lord of the Lollypoppians
Part One

Once an uppity man from Poland
Wed a stumpy wench from High Golan
Result: mangy mongrel
Was no way you could tell
His front from his toady tail-end

In Broughton raised as Mancunian
For his stature was Lilliputian
Sent up to hot Eton
To become smooth Briton
Of hoi polloi he nursed low opinion

There at the clubby institution
Three thorough-breds of noble distinction
Chased him in quadrangle
Stuck dildos up sockle
In his hock-filled mouth sans elocution

Lacking shining past in his pedigree
Made him mug up facts in history
Shot up into Oxford
Father grandeur afford
Marks and shillings through frilly ling rie

At New College what spoke most was money
Free drinks all around and clothes so horney
So things ran with his ilk
Reeking of mothers' milk
Ere going down he rode high and pretty

Once down he was not down and out either
With free hand in till of his step-mother
In book trade old mongrel
The art of the scoundrel
He made much of his blithering litter

Dreamed day and night of the House of Lords
To rub knees with the Chancellor of Boards
Stuffed Labour coffers cash

Stood for Commons: whiplash
Injury by hoi polloi on records

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Limerick Once an anti-Academic doctor

Limerick : Once an anti-Academic doctor

Once an anti-Academic doctor
Prescribed poison for ailing professor
Prof gave powder to wife
Wife sold it to mid-wife
Who mixed it in husband doctor's dinner.

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COPLA DIECINUEVE: This Bad Guy World

COPLA DIECINUEVE : This Bad Guy World

All biped animals aren't Men
Some are elves, fairies and witches
Others yet thugs

All are born to play roles given
Time Place Parents Beliefs Glitches:
The fate each lugs

Guys good and bad make up charade
Tug of war levels out with time:
If bad guys lose

When bad guys gang up to invade
Other guys living in good chime:
Charade red glows

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COPLA DIECISIETE Corollary This Bad Guy World

COPLA DIECISIETE (Corollary) : This Bad Guy World

Either account you must for self
At Death's door or everybody
Gets a clean sheet

In either case it's not your self
Which will inhabit your body:
None turn back neat

Pardons for wrongs encourage sins
Who gave whom the right to condone:
Not in His name

Comfort in numbers makes has-beens
Face your own guilt Death will spare none:
Stand by your shame

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COPLA DIECISIETE: This Bad Guy World

COPLA DIECISIETE : This Bad Guy World

After-life: litmus of this life
Some know how to make us connive:
Make us repent?

So they console us in this life
By spiriting guilt while alive:
Pardon well spent?

Confess now to be made pure clean
Extreme unction frees you from doubts:
Who takes last step?

Bad guys all feel their wombs thus clean
Sin is sin: numbers don't hold clouts:
Lone the last step!

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Limerick Once a dainty Milkmaid with hands like lead

Limerick : Once a dainty Milkmaid with hands like lead

**Once a dainty Milkmaid with hands like lead
Milked a cow whose one eye was painted red:
She woke up terrified
Thought Dali Pasteurized:
Felt upturned moustache growing through her head!**

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Limerick Once a tipsy Lord of the Manor

Limerick : Once a tipsy Lord of the Manor

**Once a tipsy Lord of the Manor
Took leash to be led by Labrador:
His Lady called him back -
Tied the tail on its back
But the dog turned tail behind the door.**

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Villanelle If you knew what the rest in silence think

Villanelle : If only you knew what the rest in silence think

(if a guy not so Sterling be)

If only you knew what the rest in silence think
You wouldn't rush to hang him on a string
Look at his gal and see why he's such a stink

We're all Africans whichever way you blink
If you fathered Man do not your sons sting
If only you knew what the rest in silence think

If your girl leant close in Magic Johnson's clink
Wouldn't you bounce up and with envy wring
Look at his gal and see why he's such a stink

Leave the guy alone and let him jealous sink
His gal will drop him and millions you bring
If only you knew what the rest in silence think

Be not so self-righteous and haughty think
No sweet Blackie stuck on Whitey you not sting
Look at his gal and see why he's such a stink

Lucy's blood drains down Cro-Magnon's brain link
All the world's but one long genetic string
If only you knew what the rest in silence think
Look at his gal and see why he's such a stink

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Bye bye for now - Adieu Ma Dear

Adieu Ma Dear

Puisque tu es arrivée
trop tard dans cette vie
En trainant trop dans l'autre
dans l'oubli

Arrivée seulement
pour me dire adieu
L'innocence triste tremblant
dans tes yeux

Sur tes lèvres d'étudiante
tremblant
Tu me demandes
D'un air peiné autour
de ta coiffure
d'une déesse de Landes
J'eusse passé des jours
Sans trop troublantes
convenables

Comment puis-je te les dire
pour de vrai
Sans que tu ne passes tes jours
à mes côtés
Toujours et à jamais

Si tu es à moi
à moi
à moi
Toute seule

Les liens noués
dans les cieux

Je n'ai qu'attendre
Que tu me rejoignes
dans l'au-delà

Je t'attendrai
pas trop long
J'espère

dans l'autre vie
Tardes pas une seconde fois
Moi qui t'attendrai
d'arrache-pied
toujours seul
dans l'au-delà
Ne manque pas le coche
cette fois-ci
On n'a qu'une chance unique
A vrai dire
La deuxième n'est qu'un refoulement
Un déjà vu
La première n'est qu'un avertissement

Adieu Ma Dear
pour le moment

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Limericks crocheted Once a Bar Student in the fifties

Limericks crocheted : Once a Bar Student in the fifties

Once a Bar Student in the fifties
Hoped to finish quickly his law studies:
Some students tipped him off
Pass-list clerk Good Enough
Will shift around marks for Five Guineas!

One late Singh Bar-at-Law, Seremban
Took finals with student Wei Ni Shan:
May nineteen-fifty six
Trinity exam fix:
Who was called to the Bar if not Shan?

Said Singh: "Week before results are known
At Council of Legal Sovereign Crown:
In open envelope
Put five guineas like dope:
Clerk will to refectory come down."

Now Singh had booked his return passage
His fee reached clerk by special message:
"What! Only five guineas?"
Wei Ni Shan made much pleas.
"Once on Pass List give more to assuage!"

For decades choice invitee at bars
Was you know who: O! Do-good-er woes!
Look up or down: East-West
Never at him in jest:
Think: all the good he did to Yahoos!

Wei Ni Shan twice went to refectory
Early one morning at nine-thirty:
Saw West and East Indians
All shot-up onions:
Drop their envelopes in mail-rack tree!

Mister Do-Good-er was good enough
The hundreds of lives not to think of
All over Empire
Famished straits all dire
Waiting for Barrister to lift off !

When empires crumble on last legs
Old Masters then hatch sly loaded eggs
Ensuring level best
Way to scuttle the rest:
Yahoos make enslaved Houyhnhnm dregs !
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Limerick: Once a lean Lecher in his nineties

Limerick: Once a lean Lecher in his nineties

Once a lean Lecher in his nineties
Wondered if he could relive his twenties:
He went on a diet
Of French fries and cutlet:
The Wench said it felt like rigor mortis !

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The Rhine Salmon Complaint Translation of Etienne s Complainte d un saumon du Rhin by T Wignesan

The Rhine Salmon Complaint, Translation of Etienne's Complainte d'un saumon du Rhin

For Yvon Belaval

(A lilting musical poem of varying line length in quatrains with a refrain and much internal rhyming; end-rhyme scheme: alternate rhymes in succession: abab or in aabb and abba...)

The Salmon:

Banks of the Rhine
Joy of my loins
Bronze-sounding roaring
of limpid spindrift !

No, my bleaks,
I tarry not
until the feast
whence I make haste.

When the salmon of the Rhine
swims towards encountering its lovers,
for all the gold of the Rhine
no chance of its turning back.

Lorelei:

Leap, salmon ! Leap much higher !
Leap much higher, higher than the water,
than the waters of life, than the waters of death,
than the waters of death, than the waters of gold

The Salmon:

Bloated dogs stuffed with soul,
what do you want of the plains?
I'm on my way to my lady
outwitting the (sirens') breasts.

The poisons of filthy waters
haul you towards death;
with my lustrous paddles

I'll arrive at a better station.

Every chance there on high,
beyond the echoes of thunder,
hop! with one jolly good jump
I'd have gained the glass palace...

Lorelei:

Leap, salmon ! Leap much higher !
Leap much higher, higher than the water,
than the waters of life, than the waters of death,
than the waters of death, than the waters of gold !

The Salmon:

Fishermen, you are mistaken
Who thinks of catching me:
I'm off to meet my lover:
Discard your quenelles.

Nothing will stop me,
neither the grass
of the deep calm,
nor the beaches of the isles,

nor the darkest shingles,
over which the sun enjoys
dressing for our eyes
temporary altars of fire.

Lorelei:

Leap, salmon ! Leap much higher !
Leap much higher, higher than the water,
than the waters of life, than the waters of death,
than the waters of death, than the waters of gold !

The Salmon:

At the heart which right night
am I going to - at last - know the truth?
Exhaust my desire for him
who palpates the eggs of my spawning?

This force within me so profound
being less of a salmon, I'd be drowned,
it carries me like a wave
and crushes me like a ray.

She breaks me and makes me whole
and lets me triumph over your sexual prowess
O ! Sirens, queens so rosy.
I don a head band to take on other battles.

Lorelei:

Leap, salmon ! Leap much higher !
Leap much higher, higher than the water,
than the waters of life, than the waters of death,
than the waters of death, than the waters of gold !

The Salmon:

I have in vain a premonition of Kehl's caresses !
The quid, one could say: furious and curious, upright
in its ink of flame and mud, ah! Which
dam of blue flashes, the black holes...where but where

am I? Oh! Prisoner of these queues of magicians
who seduce and disembowel you during their emotional
bursts!

But here's my current and death is theirs
and I go past the bridge and life I'll have won !

Gurgling air bubbles where the quid sleeps:
I have cut your gullet which had you tied to gold,
to the mud of galleons rotting on the Rhine bed,
to gold, when it's love that I bear in my loins !

Lorelei:

Leap, salmon ! Leap much higher !
Leap much higher, higher than the water,
than the waters of life, than the waters of death,
than the waters of death, than the waters of gold !

The Salmon:

Stronger than the force in me
vivacious, this failing
in me which cuts me off
from my back, would it be

cupping glasses of river lamprey ?
an eel which crushes me
in this informed gesture
while I snap up an herring ?

O fruity salmon,
O trout of blue flashes,
after this night...
tired, how I am pumped out !

Lorelei:

Leap, salmon ! Leap much higher !
Leap much higher, higher than the water,
than the waters of life, than the waters of death,
than the waters of death, than the waters of gold !

The Salmon:

And my night entangles itself in billions of gulf weed,
Thickened in black milk which hardens and brings rotten luck,
The aveniau of currents cling to my scales,
I'm carried away downstream, I weaken, I give in,

Help ! I'm drowning. Surfeit of love, of soft roe,
For this back made lean through fasting and through faith.
Everything's heavy, everything's pulpy, everything's deaf; but I
hear this time
true thunder - peace - the recompense.

Should my back break with the effort and when the hour
of truth stares me fixedly in my eyes,
leap, salmon, leap even higher ! And with little concern
but for the act of spawning, and for the best, so be it, you die !

Lorelei:

Leap, salmon ! Leap much higher !
Leap much higher, higher than the water,
than the waters of life, than the waters of death,
than the waters of death, than the waters of gold !

When the salmon of the Rhine
swims towards encountering its lovers,
for all the gold of the Rhine
no chance of its turning back.

Banks of the Rhine,
joys of its loins,
bronze-sounding roaring
and limpid spindrift !

It doesn't tarry
before the feast.
Gaze upon its head,
and its bones.

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COPLA DIECISEIS: This Bad Guy World

COPLA DIECISEIS: This Bad Guy World

Takes nothing to produce a life
Much less to make it cry or die:
Life's far too cheap.

What matters is brain's after life:
Thoughts and ideas never die.
Brains make Man leap.

What must count should be the person
What spoils is he's part of people:
The Bad Guy part.

Peoples drive notion of nation:
Persons' brains stifle in people:
Nazis roll out.

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Limericks crochetes: Once French Socialist met Brit counterpart

Limericks crochetés: Once French Socialist met Brit counterpart

Once French Socialist met Brit counterpart

They turned right and round and round each other:

Frenchman took two steps right

Brit four right steps with might:

Ended up one on top of the other !

Then they met American new Leftist

Who taught them how to do the ragtime twist:

Turn left and then to right

And the twist will come right:

Now Far West Leftist sandwiched well-betwixt !

The Three met Russian-Chinese Communist

And danced round the Maypole on May Day feast:

A little to the left

And ropes knot in the cleft:

East showed West how to beat the Marxist "Beast" !

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Three states of the same nape Translation of Etienne s Trois etats d'une seule nuque by T Wignesan

Three states of the same nape, Translation of Etienne's Trois états d'une
seule nuque by T. Wignesan

(End-rhyme scheme: ababacac//abab//ababacdddddd//)

Nape no 1

Since so many lovers have thought it beautiful,
and have extolled it earlier on than I have
relapsed and rebellious, I want that
this nape be made to fall for me
under the axe of an hangman,
and rot in my tomb.
Being the orphan of you and of it,
I'll rot there, a young old handsome.

Nape no 2

When my sword in its proper fitness descends into my sheath,
if my spirit dips towards the knot of your nape
concelebrated in times gone by, my executioner's sword
at one go cuts your neck and the knot of the eunuch.

Nape no 3

Even if so many lovers have found it beautiful,
and had it extolled earlier on,
I would that he who would in me rebel
against these executioners of my belief
that this nape were more beautiful
yet and that, soon as my ashes
scattered be, know how to descend
and to rise up to your heart
he who I await without rancour:
he who I stretch over your heart,
he who I spread over your heart,
he who falls in love with your heart,
he who traps me in your heart,
he who returns you to your heart.

Broussais, 1977

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Limerick: Once right Spaniard looking for a job

Limerick: Once right Spaniard looking for a job

Once right Spaniard looking for a job
Found nothing in his country to rob:
He crossed the Pyrenées
Left he turned on his knees:
They made him King sans his shedding a sob!

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Marble breasts Translation of Etienne's Les Seins de marbre by T Wignesan

Marble breasts, Translation of Etienne's poem: Les Seins de marbre by T. Wignesan

For Eugène Guillevic

(An eleven line poem of between ten and twelve syllables lines, with the following end-rhyme scheme: aaabbcddeec)

The breasts that you sculpt in marble or alabaster,
poets: antics! I laugh at all your plasters,
flat moulds stung by Cleopatra's asp.
Mottled red and blue, smooth, shiny, over taut,
marbled all over ruptured vessels, minus epidermis,
that in one life the only ones in a generous sense
I have seen the night – felt the day –trembling in spasms,
more infinitely sensitive than during an orgasm,
crazed and charred by cobalt fire,
barbed, smarting, fixed within two blocks of basalt,
which during her death were those of a cancer victim.

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The temporary altar Translation of Etiemble's quintet Le reposoir by T Wignesan

The temporary altar, Translation of Etiemble's quintet: Le reposoir by T.
Wignesan

For us

As for me, I have renounced the noxious vault
where the other life child concealed a father
whom he had sometimes betrayed his mother
who took him for someone else
the baby she sensed to be a clone.

For you, I have renounced the death mask
which earlier on I yearned leaving on this earth,
baked dust. Pride? But tomorrow you wander about
looking for me in this me, void of feeling,
i'd rather leave nothing: all: my image in you.

For you, I have renounced the common grave
where, in me, eponymous heroes mortify themselves.
Pride of another kind – hero and zero, these rhyme! –
which provoked me to disown my verse thanks to theirs
in swarms: for you, my passing is not news in brief.

For you, I have renounced the morgue's formalin:
life lingers on in me as a Sorgues medic
glides me in a body-bag after the great organs
of the death mass. I'd hardly serve to
disgorge your viscera live, and dead, to undo you.

For us, I'll burn in a crematory oven:
not love's fires which burnt their poems:
not loves gone cold which had me in thrall
-the floodtide of sperm and blood, mixed with anathemas-,
but of wood and for you. Death, where's your victory?

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Three French quatrains Translation of Etienne's Trois quatrains français by T Wignesan

Three French quatrains, Translation of Etienne's Trois quatrains français by T. Wignesan

Fly ...fly !

For Sylvie (Etienne) on the occasion
of commencing primary school

All cats are school-goers
watching a fly fly
but the teacher caught the fly:
one should seize the collar.

October 1978

1. Narcissus

For Sylvie who came late to the mirror stage,
but who has since made up for it... (1981)

All ducks are Narcissuses
kissing the ends of their beaks.
Comes the solstice's rigour:
the ice clouds the dry mirror.

2. All ducks are Narcissuses
kissing the ends of their beaks.
Comes the solstice's rigour:
the silt clouds the dry mirror.

The Frog Translation of Etienne's quintet La grenouille by T Wignesan

The Frog, Translation of Etienne's quintet: La grenouille by T. Wignesan

(This quintet rhymed: ababc might in its propos -
perhaps in its imagery and allusion - be based on some family history involving
the tragedy
over a son and the subsequent adoption of a daughter. If I'm wrong I offer my
profoundest
apologies in advance.)

Lime-stuck last night by the frozen water of the pond,
frog boxed in glass window fending off thickening waters,
it's our naked daughter, heart of cold gold, shivering
recumbent statue hardened: withstanding the rigours of
our wars:
stuck the other night by the cold of its/her times.

This's our hardened son who plays the frog and to
himself lies,
caresses sharks, courts a female cosair
puts trust in spurious air which entices and captures,
flimsy trapped game strangling us by the collar,
frogs petrified by the fright of our times.

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Limerick: Once crazy Coot in spring chased female Coot

Limerick: Once crazy Coot in spring chased female Coot

**Once crazy Coot in spring chased female Coot
She squawked and shrieked and refused the suit:
He dived and swam up close
Then bit her tail and rose:
Jumped, did his bit and didn't give a hoot !**

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The drowned man Translation of Etienne's poem Noyé by T Wignesan

The drowned (man), Translation of Etienne's poem: Noyé by T Wignesan

(Etienne who devotes some pages in this only verse volume to translations was a stickler

to the practice of reproducing the original in its form, metre and prosodical structure, a

methodology I find quite useful, on the one hand, and pedantically futile, on the other.

"No man is perfect", an axiom which could easily apply to both poems and their translations.

In my view, it is not the translator's duty to improve on the original creation nor is it to

re-create another poem based on the original. Where the ambiguity of sense arises in

vocabulary and syntagms, the translator has to make a choice, albeit even a personal one.

End rhyme scheme of the original: aaaa, bbcc, dede, fgfg. Syllabic count irregular, roughly

around eight, give or take one or two.)

The sea, its games, its lights of jade,
its crazy sheep, cheerless foam
obsolete languages, their countless watering places
standing open-mouthed, all their harbours

nets of steel where sometimes
an insignificant strip of my fingers
signed my passage through these harbours
underwater strewn with cadavers,

all these actions in which I lose myself
and find myself always strong(er)
all these abysses where you hope
to find in vain the last port

and which vomit you via an hiccough
towards shoals and their setbacks,
towards their beaches, their precipices:
non! it's not for the sea to imbibe.

On the Beach Translation of Etienne's poem Sur la plage by T Wignesan

On the Beach, Translation of Etienne's poem: Sur la plage by T. Wignesan

(The end-rhyme scheme of the original : abb(b)a, cdcd, efef, ghgh, iijj, klkl, fmfm, nnhh)

How good-looking he was this spy
all studded with sea-shells,
that the sea disgorged on the beach
(that the waves buried on the beach ?)
at the very moment we departed this world!

Anemones for his eyes,
a clam instead of an ear,
a bouquet of algae for hair.
Long, hard, white and similar

to those statues of salt,
for every tongue a cuttlefish bone
whose caress rough and dry
awaited only a venomous kiss.

Clothed only in sand whose fever
and the shock of our death
had turned to wood our lips,
we called into question the treasure :

« English ? - French ?- Nazi ?- Who knows ?
But Young, Oh ! yes ! Drowned, that's for
sure ; doubly drowned : the mouth open
for the ultimate gulp of green water.

How tenderly you leaned forward
to seal the ancient eye-lid,
that a tear, born of your needle-eye,
heavy, colourless like stone

trickled from his mouth : the honey
suave !- « Oh ! the sea anemone flowers,
there, unfolding their double rainbows,
bubbles of rubber easily stained ;

look, I killed him ! » « Fool, I said to him,
admire with me the prodigy,
and the proud perfume of his body
the body of a deceased still faltering. »

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Journeys Translation of Etienne's tercets Voyages by T Wignesan

Journeys, Translation of Etienne's tercets: Voyages by T. Wignesan
For André Gâteau

(End rhyme scheme: aab, ccd, aab, eed in the original, the first and third
tercets beginning
with "Pour vous..." and constituting one complex sentence each. One would do well
to bear
in mind in this poem that Etienne was the foremost authority on Arthur
Rimbaud's poetry.)

For you all over I laid out
my oases, all their date palms
in the tiresome desert without wells,

where the salts of nitrous valleys,
for you* only and your hollow hips
squeaked with the leaps of camel calves.

For you only I stretched out
the fine lace of the poplars
over the blue shirt of the nights

and scoured out of this bone
the winding sheet of dead stars
a place to lie as long as mine.

* "tu": second person "you".

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COPLA QUINCE This Bad Guy World

COPLA QUINCE: This Bad Guy World

Don't Bad Guys think of after life
Knowing Good Guys will do no harm:
See if they die

Good Guys pluck from their backs the knife
Say karma used the Bad Guy's arm:
So there's no lie

What if Good Guys defend themselves
Defend the lives of near-dear ones:
For after life

And found nothing remained of selves
None will reap true comeuppance:
Karma or non-life

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Dreams I Translation of Etienne's poem Reves I by T Wignesan

The Deception of Free Verse: Dreams I, Translation of Etienne's L'imposture du vers libre by T. Wignesan

(From René Etienne's only poetry collection: le Coeur et la cendre: soixante ans de poésie (the heart and the ash sixty years of poetry). Paris: Les deux animaux, 1984, pp. 123-126.)

Yet He, who contemplated his incandescent world
and the sterile streaming
of the lava,
drunk with the swirling of the primal incense
dreamed on...

His shape, during that period, took on all forms
ten thousand beings milling in him, inexistants;
the amoebas mixed with gigantosaurus
awaiting the hour
of the amoebagigantosaurus.

How you were divine, God, before the Creation
of your own non-being,
before your sacrifice, your suicide,
how divinely monstrous:
I see you such as I was you in your entrails
all the bodies of all the fishes in all the seas in all ponds,
blossoming on greenish scales of mackerels, the fins
shining on roaches
and red fish,
in all the wings in all the albatrosses feathery
in all the skies,
the wings of all the chicken,
walking on the thousand feet of all the scolopenders
on the four hairy columns of mammoths,
of rough rhinoceroses
on the four legs of lambs
on the two feet of all pterodactyls
of all ducks,
of all humans,
on the rings of all the earthworms.
Your voice which charms deaf rocks more
than songs of future sirens
sometimes raucously roared;
your caresses bill-cooing turtle-doves

trumpeting strident
when your ten thousand mouths opened.

Therefore,
hermaphrodite inseminated by its universal sperm
the Being
bearing plants and beasts, all
and the woman whose womb as yet to be formed
dreamed in this way:

The scintillating effervescence of granite, of basalts,
of diamonds
freeze into position thus:
Mountains of rock, organs of Titan, crystals of fire.
Collapsing clouds, rapid cataracts
tumble down abrupt stony walls.
The earth swells valleys
mother earth made pregnant by ferns of great shadows.
Ocean rivers sweep along continents
open into flanks of mountains' heroic holes
pour a freshness of love on thirsty roots...
the first pollen grain pollutes the first pistil.
The first flesh dazzled by the light
sketches the quiverings of joy that will be.
Two lives lie in the wet clay
two lives
ten thousand lives.

The eye - without becoming the enormous dreamer -
closes over this total image of its death
sees the saurian ichthyophages
horned beaks with sharp teeth
shivery mammoths
all the theory of winged horses
winged men
men without wings
Me
And I, on this earth where I was dropped by mistake
In your dream
however much I raised my eyes higher than the clouds,
however much I scrutinised the celestial transparency
however much I could recall the person who in your
entrails I was as you
no more do I see your face in its ten thousand true
Facets,
nothing more do I hear

the rustling of so many snowy and metallic scales over
so many feathers.

Nothing
nothing more...

"No! No! Not this reckless Golgotha!
God! You are mistaken.
God! I surrender myself (only) to you yourself."
But the winds wailed with the wolves
"Tough luck!"

"Just as well!"
At last my egoism refuses to accept the cross the spear
and the sponge
with the venom
Why then every evening the same stars
entice themselves into the self-same ponds?
Stars, make yourselves scarce!
I know all about you and your promenades.
Too docile, horses offer their jaw bits on flanks where
spurs caress the necks.
Water which flows so miraculously so fastidiously servile:
seas part themselves,
alcarazas freeze lips.
Every night when fatigue overcomes me with sleep
the sun
retracts its golden claws in order not to derange my
sleep.
Drunk with power
like a Ceasar like a Nero like a Caligula
I make myself small
"O! such as I was you in your entrails
allow me the remembrance and the regret."

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Limerick: Once Chaplin wanted to play Brando

Limerick: Once Chaplin wanted to play Brando

**Once Chaplin wanted to play Brando
So he hired a walrus for duo
Walrus refused to shave
Lather's scent far too grave:
Chaplin played Hitler with moustachio!**

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The deception of free verse Dreams II, Translation of L imposture du vers libre by Rene Etiemble

The deception of "free verse": Dreams II, Translation of Etiemble's
"L'imposture du vers libre" by T. Wignesan

"Free verse, free not to be verse" - Audiberti

My love is not blue like a lake
my love is not blue like a sky
but red swollen with blood
and of ire
No lapping sounds of oars
playing out a nocturne
Bienne lake or that of Bourget
ever beat out the loping of my heart
My love's neither blue nor like a lake
nor like a sea of oil
In the cauldron of boiling oil
a witch throws in a thumb
and the formula
My witching love
sputters and bursts out
stinging these busts and this lip
red
Vehement like a she-demon
it dances in a mad whirl
My left temple
wails
with the furious ocean
which rumbles under my pillow
What ships wreck in this sunken heart
still bleeding
of all the hearts it peeled
bleeding bodies of the young girl
And this heart weeps over its deaths
Like those on All Souls' Day
the old hoary woman weeping
twisted up into wailing somersaults
which pad the cries of skeletons
clinging to rapacious granite
My heart beating on the pillow
muffles the voice of the friend
which begged the evening gone by
"Tell me it's not over yet!"

And like the ocean cowardly
I collapse into my bed
to better listen to the tolling
of my temples and my heart
a delusionary
song of joy.

Signed: Jean Louvern  (pseudonym)
(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2014 (Translation

Haikus with commentaries by Etiemble Translated by T Wignesan

Haikus by René Etiemble, with commentaries, Translated by T. Wignesan

(Taken from Etiemble's only collection of poems (out of thousands which he burned in a fit of rage against the university in 1983): *le Coeur et la cendre: soixante ans de poésie* (the heart and the ash: sixty years of poetry). Paris: Les deux animaux, 1984, 158p. He had also published a critical work on the haiku.)

1. Epigraph strictly intended "for the heart and the ash":

For fear of dying
of leaving dear ones behind
he did die of fear

(As the above seventeen syllables, which forced themselves upon me in October 1983, do not contain any latent kigo nor patent kiregi, I can hardly claim they make for a (proper) haiku. Let's simply pretend that they are made up of seventeen obsessive syllables. Page 15.) Pages 92-97:

2. Haikus for Konrad CZYNSKI, Columbia University in the City of New York:

Millions of diamonds:
sun shines on this freezing rain.
Thousands of dead trees.

"The length of the haiku which does not permit itself to be laid out with blank spaces within its three metrical units, (yet) here in France and elsewhere is presented as a tercet; I insist on preserving its original form and thus have let it run over two pages (in one line)." P. 94.

3. Not a cloud in sky.
pond pitter patters: downpour?
burnt grass scent fills air.

4. May winter be late
on these white flakes of April!
Petals of flowers.

5.

(a) Milling sea anemones
carnivorous under sea:
my field frozen under.

(b) Milling sea anemones
carnivorous under sea:
field of frozen white.

(c) Milling sea anemones
carnivorous sea flowers:
my field frozen under.

(Etiemble says even Basho didn't always respect the 17-syllable count. And adds: "Basho may never be able to say that in this page he didn't recognise and approve (at least) ONE haiku!" Page 96-97.

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The Offering, Translation of Offrande by Rene Etiemble

The Offering, Translation of "Offrande" by René Etiemble

(Quatrains rhymed abab, cdcd, efef, ghgh, each line made up of eleven to thirteen syllables. Etiemble is wary of free verse as we shall see in the next posting. From his only collection: *le Coeur et la cendre: soixante ans de poésie* (the heart and the ash: sixty years of poetry). Illustrs. by Hiro Soumita. Paris: Les deux animaux, 1984, p. 43.)

For you! Here are the hands more scarce than chance
the nails of my fingers remain in bud
which never shed their leaves and agonies of perfumes
there fuse their aromas with the roses of Menton.

Here for you my arms, weary of so many wars
so heavy to bear, so many sent to concentration camps,
that the flesh looks lifeless where of late it sagged
in cribs for winter, in chains for summer.

Here for you my breast (did you sense it so close?)
made heavy by sorrow and this darkened core
that the most beautiful nipples in their flesh cock of the rock
achieve fullness: the cause of their desperation

Here for you this yet unformed abdomen which age
nor love can wound: Ah! Don't let it worry you
even a bit, forgetting your death by drinking its mirage
and to want to die by drawing the screen!

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A French Narrative Poem, Translation of Narration Francaise by Rene Etiemble

A French Narrative Poem: A wren comes to rest on a reed after the storm – Dialogue between the bird and the shrub. Translation of Rene Etiemble's poem: Narration Française

(The very first poem composed by Etiemble while a student of Class 5A at the Lycée de Laval on Octobre 14, 1921, i.e., when he was only 12 years old. The poet provides the two pages on which they were written in his school exercise book. The poem is rhymed abab, cc, dede, afaf, agag, hihi, ff, ajaj, kjk, flfl, each line made up of eleven to thirteen syllables. Amazing maturity! In a footnote, he states that in 1983 during a fit of rage against the university he burned a great many of the exercise books he had preserved until then. T. Wignesan)

The storm has abated. A wren
Arrives wings a-flutter close to a felled oak tree
And shivering with cold, his feathers stuck together
He alights gently near the vanquished giant.
On the reed dried up by the shining sun,
He tarries all surprised and says to him into the ear:
"This terrible north wind has wreaked but havoc
Even the haughty oak tree has been cowed
And you, you are upright. How might this be?
That the life of him whose powerful crown
Spread proudly over the forest has been uprooted?
The reed replied: "And that of the mighty
Is it not cut by the imploring Park
As an ear of wheat by the scythe of a yokel?
The oak which you see, bleeding there, laid low,
Addressed me in this proud language: "Poor little reed
You are unable to bear the weight of a wren
And the softest zephyr bends your back.
Nature has made you the plaything of her desires
Under my protection you would suffer much less
For the north wind to me is only zephyr
My Caucasian summit rises to the highest point
My dense foliage provides shade to the child
And my powerful branches extend up to the firmament."
"Don't you believe it, I said, that you can resist
All kinds of hurricanes. Your proud ridgepole
Will fall perhaps sooner than you believe.
When the rain and the winds turn the soil to mud
My frail stalk bends but does not break."

Just as he was uttering these words a furious wind came a-blowing
At first the oak tree trembled and then finally was laid low.
"Thus dies, he said, this proud giant
The king of the forest at least a couple of centuries old.
Then the sparrow dry and whistling
Went away looking for his brothers and to them related this story.

Signed: R. Etiemble

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Nothing to hide, Translation of A coeur ouvert, poem by Rene Etiemble

Nothing to hide*, Translation of a poem: "A coeur ouvert" by (René) Etiemble

For Jeannine

(Later in life, Etiemble suppressed his first name, ostensibly on account of the accented "é"

ending his first name and preceding the accented "é" of his surname. The poem is dedicated

to his second wife: Jeannine Kohn who taught literature at the University of Tours and

survived the world-renowned Sorbonne comparatist in 2002. See my poem on Etiemble,

titled: "Front door, side door, back door: Which door might the Confucian take?" in

PoetrySoup.com, PoemHunter.com, OccupyPoetry.net, ZCommunications.org, etc.

This poem,

one of a dozen or less which have survived a "fire", according to the poet in a 1988

video-interview with the famous literary journalist: Bernard Pivot, is from his only poetry

collection: le Coeur et la cendre: soixante ans de poésie.)

The steps taken close to you in the forests,

the steps mounted thanks to you even higher in me,

have at last enabled me to descend into my true self

far from the summits and peaks where I strained

to reach the sublime and the eternal snow:

delusional eternity, as much as in these books,

where out of my essence only the waste I let go,

and where I couldn't free myself of infantile fantasies

safe for the pitifully only end in order to somewhat survive.

Today more than in days gone by, fodder of this deaf existence!

What matters to me is to live with you: only with you.

A thousand glory years of mine - of a sudden - I'll exchange

for just a day longer in your hands, in your eyes,

in your hair: and through these the sweet scent of stew!

For you will have yet for the upteenth time taught me

that true love never resembles l'Hâmour*;

that it draws us to the earth and flings us into the sea;

that it cultivates lowlinesses, illnesses,

that the cries of sufferance and those of voluptuousness

mix by rustling in the darkness of our days;

that the cross to bear matters to lovers
that we are, a married couple, in this waking dream
far more than the affected smile of "White teeth"!
If by chance their eternity were to exist,
I'd make little of them by cursing myself to death
and in this way to have you betrayed after fifteen years,
of bodies, of spirit, of loyal hearts, but of a love
and of ill-chosen words which plastered you with wounds
which made me suffer far more than if I were inflicted with
abscesses and ulcers,
a love that I enjoyed better by far than follies
which I had inanely sublimated into wisdom
epicurean. In fact that of eternity: the void.
I will therefore never have the time to punish myself
for this lapse in my love: by my death.

(at Broussais, 1977)

* "A Coeur ouvert": literally "Open heart".

* Hâmour: A French surname and/or a select brand of tea and coffee. I must confess

I can't quite make out its connotations, if any, in its comparison with "true love" in

the same line unless of course the comparison is made to stand out against something
of ephemeral value.

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Villanelle: Hope not hope against the landing of the craft MH370

Villanelle: Hope not hope against the landing of the craft MH370

Hope not hope against the landing of the craft
The sky is deeper than the oceans of the earth
The last voice you heard does it come from the loft

What goes up must come down be it just on raft
The longer you wait the dimmer must grow faith
Hope not hope against the landing of the craft

Days stretch into nights till lights dim dark on raft
He who knocks from the other side knows true mirth
The last voice you heard does it come from the loft

Man's meanness to man cannot be Maker's graft
Two hundred thirty-nine ways show World the truth
Hope not hope against the landing of the craft

Million dashed hopes founder by scion in graft
Too many the mourned lives roving lone the earth
The last voice you heard does it come from the loft

Sixty years of a cover-up now erupt
In the face of those modelled by Master birth
Hope not hope against the landing of the craft
The last voice you heard does it come from the loft

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The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake: Part Thirty-Six

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake: Part Thirty-Six

Hardly had the CS drawn tight the net round the mosque and lake
The red phone on his desk at the Préfecture signalled a break
Through at the Orly Airport end: "Guests from the Near East: ARRIVED!"
Protocol required their being transported for Prophet's sake!

The Foreign Office rushed to proffer red carpet treatment with gloves
But the Princes refused to board the suburban trains in droves
Roads stood blocked choc-a-block so helicopter commutes were proposed:
A landing pad at Carrefour de Pompadour if the Lord approves!

And so it came to pass but the Princes stopped at junction sign-posts:
"What's this?" Prince addressed his French Agent: "Hôtel des Postes-
Banque de France, Hôtel de Police, Hôtel de Ville, Préfecture Hôtel du
Département?
Why haven't you bought these hotels as well? The billions we pay in costs!"

"Your Highness! If you'll kindly pardon me, these hôtels aren't for sale!"
"Well, never mind Hôtel des Postes! Buy me Banque de France sans fail!"
"I'll see what I can do but it might take a pretty penny or two!"
"That's no sweat! For fifty years or so we'll pay in gas and oil!"

"As for the last entertainment consignment my retinue still complains!
They got stitched and patched up fifteen-year-olds for their pains!"
"Your Highness, that's the age limit down here since laissez-faire!
We'd be hard put to find a virgin over ten in these terrains!"

Limericks crochetes: Once a Policewoman put on road duty

Limericks crochetés: Once a Policewoman put on road duty

Once a policewoman put on road duty
Ate heart out thinking of rival beauty
So she pinned a ticket
On rival's car bonnet:
"Take this: your engine's old and filthy!"

Said rival to the policewoman:
"Under the hood I may be common
Yet in shiny carcass
Ride many a jackass
Who pay(s) your fines in diamond!"

"True enough!" said she who was jealous:
"No wonder your sinus pipes leak pus
When key's in ignition -
Fumes cough up munition."
"Think! What/Who jitterbugs in my octopus!"

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The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake: Part Thirty-Five

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake : Part Thirty-Five

Chief of Staff commandeered the Lake Restaurant and Sailing Club
Setting up mass long-term cuisine facilities for Robo-Cop
Turned Swimming Pool amenities into canteen facilities
Took over the now vacant Lycée class-rooms as rest-room club

As someone said within ear-shot: "He has bouclé la boucle!"
Added Galapago Rani: "He sure runs a tight ship schedule!"
Chief Executive called him up: "I can come for seven hours."
"Sir, best to stay put: Never know what's between now and next poll!"

The drones and sound-barrier blasts of fighter plane practice runs
Have died down in the distant swan-song red-eyed horizons
And Maghreb prayer for the Faithful was drawing to a close
When the now less-than boom-voiced Commandant edged by entrances

Seeking to confront the Holy Mullah with the Writ's purpose
Black-beaked Bernache geese stretched sleek clarinet necks to hoot opus:
The Lake's sacred even-song anthem bidding one and all adieu
As the wintered Sun still majestic drew woollen curtain cloak close

CS ordered check-points to be set up at short intervals
In the Robo-Cop five-strong ring round the Mosque's exit portals
Lest the "Miscreant Poet" sneak out in chador black by night:
Dainty Robo-Cops were rushed in to frisk chador-clad mortals!

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The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake: Part Thirty-Four

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake : Part Thirty-Four

Sea Anne-Anne Queen in between managed to make it to the Chief's car
Helped by five Robo-Cops she charmed with fine-timbered voice of star
The Chief (C) feared being quoted in his official capacity :

« From an anonymous source close to the SCC00 ! »

Urged Galapago Rani : « O ! Anonymous Chief ! Be assured ! »

As the camera focussed on his reflection on glass blurred.

« Could you give us first the composition of the arching SCC00 ? »

« The Chief Executive heads the Crisis Council of the forces armed,

« But immediate decision approval remains in the hands of CS. »

« Who else ? » « Yes, co-opted members include various ministers :
Interior, Defence, Transport, Justice and Foreign Affairs. »

What about the Prefect and Mayor ? » « Only as consultants ! »

« Yes, as Mayor and Chairman of the Regional Authority

He has been made head of the Department of Casualty :

His Ambulance Corps must by foot first to the Metro du Lac
Till Metro Echat thence to the hospital of the Faculty. »

« Jesus ! That'll be the Day ! Since coming to this terrain

Several of the media fraternity suffer from broken brain !

All cobbled paths and pavements in these surrounds make for pitfalls ! »

« Besides, » interpolated the Chief, « if it weren't for rain ! »

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Limericks crochets: Once an Outlaw wished to abide by the Law

Limericks crochétés : Once an Outlaw wished to abide by the Law

Once an Outlaw wished to abide by the Law
He married sister to Officer Law -
Then he went to college
Now lawyer in village :
His in-law divorced to marry Outlaw !

He took her case up to Appeal Court
The judges pronounced the divorce naught
So she joined the husband
To form the In-Law bund
To trap couples in marriages fraught

He thus named his law firm : In-Law & Co :
Specialists on marriages broken by law -
His clients were divorced
Payment by cheque not forced :
Outlaws lawyers in-laws knocked on his door !

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The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake: Part Thirty-Three

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake : Part Thirty-Three

Just then out of the arboured portals of the hotel emerged the wily woman
Clad head through bent back to toes in black silk bulging gown
She thread her way through free-flying curses to reach Darling Dears
There the Arabic she picked up through sucking Maghreb rivers overflown

Now stood her in secret stead to hoodwink jasmine band of Dears :
The Chief had to warn Robo-Cops not to succumb to their lures
For such sacrilege could in an instant flare Jihadi fires
So he bade Robo-Cops to keep to the rear with their gears

The Chief of Staff (CS) took things into own hands to set up SCC00 :
Supreme Crisis Council of Operations to lead succour
Moved relief Robo-Cop contingents on to the playing fields
Along the swimming pool and sealed off the hillock's back door

Moved heavy artillery on Prefecture hump overlooking mosque
Authorized overlake Bastille Day practice flights at dusk :
Fighter planes' red-white-blue smoke streaks drew gasps from assembled crowds
And gave the Franquist woman in chador chance to sneak in mosque

While some Faithful steeped in Maghreb prayers shook in fear inside
The wily woman murmured under burqa state of the mosque divide
The Chief (C) wanted her to approach the muezzin's tower steps :
« Nothing doing ! » she spoke into micro : « All sealed cordon-tied ! »

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Limerick: Once step-Father gave daughter away

Limerick: Once step-Father gave daughter away

Once step-Father gave daughter away
But first exercised his rights of sway
Droit de cuissage decree*
Gave to Wife repartee:
Doubled their joy now in every way!

* In European feudal societies during the Middle Ages and thereafter in succeeding centuries, it is thought that the Lord of the Manor or Seigneur of the Serfdom arrogated for himself the Droit de cuissage, i.e. the right to sleep with the bride of a serf on the wedding night.

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Limerick: Once an intrepid Olympian

Limerick : Once an intrepid Olympian

Once an intrepid Olympian
Craved for anthem gold on the podium
Games after games came fourth
So sawed his arm in wrath:
Won at Paralympics gold and odium!

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The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake - Part Thirty-Two

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake - Part Thirty-Two

Late afternoon. Doldrums. The waters stood still. Was She asleep?
Lady Lake then drew her petticoat up to scratch Her shins deep.
At Embryo Islet the siesta-bound birds stirred and squawked.
Did matters of Form and Faith plague only minds of men who weep?

By the spindle Mairie tower wobbled the defiant Sea Anne-Anne fleet:
Galapago Rani of Pharoah's Independence Square feat
Set course for Pubic Isle with her staunch camera women
But the sail stood limp while Lady Lake puffed Her exhausts down feet

Undaunted she threw rustic baguette crumbs to lasso swan cob
Then to cleave becalmed waters she enticed the cob lob by lob:
Austro-Hungarian Empire looked forward to Waterloo -
Glides and jerks moored her boat on Pubic Isle to ensure her job

From the port-holes of the Préfecture's seaside ship liner shape
Keenly-trained eyes watched her moves with great approval for her shape:
Chief of Staff thought out loud if she could pose questions for their lot
The wooden bridge to mosque meadow looked saggingly out of shape

Yet again the Commandant strove to clear his throat Writ in hands:
"O! Wise and Learned Mullah! Would'st Thou keep Faith in these here lands!
The dire day wanes fast while this Writ stays unclosed hard and fast..."
"STOP!" cried the Imam. "Maghreb calls! I must hence to avoid bandhs!"

Limerick: Once queer Duke insisted on Serf Thigh rights

Limerick : Once queer Duke insisted on Serf Thigh rights

Once queer Duke insisted on Serf Thigh rights*
So bridegrooms replaced brides on first nights:
Droit de cuissage* then free
Duchess claimed repartee -
Since newly-weds rush to castle in tights!

•In European feudal societies during the Middle Ages and thereafter in succeeding centuries, it is thought that the Lord of the Manor or Seigneur of the Serfdom arrogated for himself the Droit de cuissage, i.e. the right to sleep with the bride of a serf on the wedding night.

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The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake - Part Thirty-One

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake - Part Thirty-One

The Tent-Vendor's son kept whining and wailing on the road
Such that none could even hear their own thoughts mocking aloud:
"Now what doth yon Sirrah untimely break open our contained Faith!"
Exclaimed the High Prelate, white crown-band an overwhelming load

"Sire!" called a yea-sayer, "He crieth like some thwarted fiend!
For - says he - his war service won him neither medal nor friend."
"And what might that service be?" - thundered the Imam all fired.
"At thirteen ball-bearing catapult blew a légionnaire's mind!"

"Allah! Forbid! Come to judgment! Free this miscreant's soul!"
All around the sacred ground 'Insch'allah!' echoed the Faithful!
Eyes fixed on sky, the Imam cried: "Can such be true?" Loud silence reigned.
Up stepped the Commandant, "Yes, Your Holiness! Word, deed and all!"

"Our files attest to this forfeiture: he now works for us!
On the list of the Franquist Woman he collects détritus!"
"Our mind boggles: why wouldst thy sworn enemy now be thine?"
"Thwarted enemies make the best enemies of enemies!"

"Sire! Whilst we are on the subject, I beg Thy condescension:
Habeas corpus ad subjiciendum... Ibrahim's son..."
"STOP! Will'st thou refrain from thine use of Canon and Sceptre!
Here on consecrated soil it's beyond our comprehension!"

The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake - Part Thirty

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake - Part Thirty

While the Mullah versed in the Hadith and fiqh harangued his flock
All over the milling crowds outside plastic cups did hands lock
By four even before the dazzling Cyclop-eye pierced the gloom
The mosque's Administrator convened a crisis meeting ad hoc:

"Be it known from this hour forth no more couscous nor green tea
Will be served for our stocks - thanks to chefs - stand consumed empty
The hallal shelves at malls' "Square-Oven" and "Prix-de-Chef" stores
Stand undermined transparent since noon this Faithfuls jamboree!"

The King of Morocco promised his palace tea consignments
The Begum Ali her weight in gold for present requirements
Local residents boiled water to brew other sachet scents
A steady stench rose like humus vapours for lack of toilet vents

Rowdy commotions outside drowned the holy deliberations
To bring the harrowed Mullah out on the Faithfuls' positions:
Braying half-Turk clad in jellaba borne over heads by hands
Wan Quixotic head with beard wobbling through elucubrations:

"Set not this Tent-Maker Miscreant on consecrated land
Let drop this putrid loin of meat on tarmac or public sand!"
"Sire!" quoth the Administrator, "This be no Tent-Maker's son!
Forsooth, he's of no other than the Tent-Vendor's vagrant band!"

COPLA QUATORZE: This Bad Guy World

COPLA QUATORZE : This Bad Guy World

Bad Guys all bind stand together
Engender their kind forever:
Love each other

Good Guys think alone they matter
When Bad Guys approach they scatter:
Get run over

Countries get ruled by both the guys
But Bad Guys push for unjust wars:
Peoples' bodies

Media people make the most noise
Decide – for the People – sans mores:
Wars boost countries

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Limericks crochets: Once a French Goncourt telecast live

Limericks crochétés : Once a French Goncourt telecast live

Once* a French Goncourt* telecast live:
“You don’t write from knowledge of (knowing) Life.
You write from reading books!”
Prize won for swagger looks?
Or longest novel on unlived strife?

Who takes the Cup for creating lives?
Should Shakespeare not read Plutarch’s lives?
Nor Cervantes adventure?
Greek tragedians Homer?
Watch! Which kurti* Goncourt henceforth survives!

- Once: Elisabeth Quin’s “28 Minutes” on ARTE channel, Feb. 28, 2014
- Goncourt: Premier French literary award(ee)
- kurti: shirt (kurti) hanging out of long pants (salwar), Indian style

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The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake - Part Twenty-Nine

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake - Part Twenty-Nine

"Sire!" cried a lame yea-sayer: "I know this mad hookah addict!"
"Then drag him here by the scruff of neck be it hook or by trick!
But first when thou seest him Jap-slap him before and after!"
The unfortunate crony jerked crab-wise for fifteen slabs of brick:

And came toppling back: "Your Holiness! What Jap-slap really mean?"
"Slap him when you first see him and then slap him after seeing him!"
"Oh! How might that be, Sire? Right at this hour Abdul dreams deep!"
"Well, pluck him from Widow Zaynub's lap! Shake down his heroin!"

And even as blood thawed in dragonfly under water veins
The dribbling pitter-pattering rains unclogged the stubborn drains
Hidden stifling demons shook ominous wings to draw the veils
The shroud of mists lifted over the assembled hosts' terrains

To reveal the pent-up currents of mystifying self-hood:
The Commandant strove to confront the prelate in the right mood
The Imam caught up over and above sacrament duties
While Robo-Cops and the Faithful hung fraught by their livelihood

Regional Council convened in the Mairie spindle tower
Chief of Staff rounded up forces' heads at the Prefect's bower
The Writ-Server constrained sang: "I must this behest unload..."
"STOP!" cried the Imam, "I must this very hour conduct asr!"

COPLA TRECE: This Bad Guy World

COPLA TRECE : This Bad Guy World

Bad Guys evolve best in big banks
Where they can stack gold in coffers
Minting money

Best cover : secret service ranks
Where they tighten screws on others
Their conscience free

Banks dish cash to Bad Guys to probe
The inner workings of Internet vibes
For Lords country

Passwords adds suck into their globe
They nail you down to chips with bribes :
Resurrect flee

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Limerick: Once a fine Fireman on night shift

Limerick : Once a fine Fireman on night shift

Once a fine Fireman on night shift
Called home to check if wife was adrift
Called alarm post number
Rushed home helter-skelter
Found his wife on fire doused in the rift.

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The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake - Part Twenty-Eight

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake - Part Twenty-Eight

Other media meanwhile busy with who's sleeping with whom
Relying on New-Sweep and Thyme to make loud front-page zoom
Mainly of those who leapfrog into top power palaces
On whether de Beauvoirs or transvestites be given more room

Dohr took dire toll on the High Prelate's laboured vocal chords
And just as the Chief pow-wowed with advisors and legal boards
So did His Holiness with a delegation come from afar
The results as well as can be expected turned out: Discord!

The wily Franquist woman counselor slammed the Chief's car door
And bee-lined the barred gates of the trysting hotel's portico
The Chief sent Commandant in hot pursuit of bent-backed woman
Scarf drawn over pockmarked scalp limpet-mouthed suction sore

As the dohr throngful of the Faithful streamed out queues formed for asr
The Commandant waylaid the Imam come out for some air:
"...ad subjiciendum... Omar...Tent Maker's prodigal heir..."
"Means thou Umar ibn Al-KHattap...Exalted Caliph Sire?"

Non-plussed the Commandant looked hard at Writ in his thick hands:
"Your Holiness! Be it thy pleasure to peruse these commands!"
One yea-sayer read aloud: "Oooo..maaaar ibn al-Khaaayyaaaamm..."
"Who? Must be that drunken half-Turk by rich widows favour finds!"

COPLA DOCE This Bad Guy World

COPLA DOCE : This Bad Guy World

Of all sins crimes the crying shame
Make one more life damned to the grave
Be yours the last

Don't kid yourself just playing game
You fell into trap made for knave
No love will last

Look at it this way: make the most
Save pleasure what's there truly left
That too lasts not

Let the Bad Guys shout out vain boast
All they want is more through MORE theft
Leave them the LOT!

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Limerick croises: Once a loud-mouthed Sergeant-Major

Limerick croisés : Once a loud-mouthed Sergeant-Major

Once a loud-mouthed Sergeant-Major
Joined Cold Stream Guards to troop colour
He kept wondering why
He heard not himself cry
Until he took bearskin helmet off ear!

So he left the Lilywhites Guards
To lounge around the 'Frisco bards
Beats made him bleat poems
Sans use of micro-phones:
What he heard made him rejoin Guards!

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Limerick: Once a lone House Dog led a dog's life

Limerick : Once a lone House Dog led a dog's life

Once a lone House Dog led a dog's life
Always wondered about life with wife
Day and night heard House gripe
Master duck Mistress swipe
Happy his kids grew up sans his wife!

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The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake - Part Twenty-Seven

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake - Part Twenty-Seven

The near-full Moon at night lit the lake up majestic proud
More than the fissioning Sun at noon could make out contours loud
Scurrilous exhausts tore down Her lush flanks and flustered chadors
Eyes peeled as Vollsclang curves of the Darling Dears bulged their shroud

A lone garden warbler perched on cutting curve of the Crescent
Over the tinted panes of the muezzin's turret casement
Trilled kyrielles of cascading notes one upon the other
As if to notify the world of the essence of sacrament

And Lo! The gilded orange rays streaked through the soaking gloom
And caught the assembled crowds in a burning feverish bloom
Rings and shafts of stabbing ricochet lights pierced drooping eyes
To remind the colliding forces of self-benighting doom!

Those who would Our Sun pluck out of the sky to own
Must of needs also sweep up into their arms the Unknown:
Countless suns which burn and die through aeons of blinding light
Cannot yet make the Human Soul feel Man is not alone!

This need to feel secure in the bosom of the ONLY God
Is it the sickness of the Soul? Or the weakness of the Word?
Or the play of Light and Shade to keep the Truth well hidden
Far, far away from the Human Will to subvert the World!

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The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake - Part Twenty-Six

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake - Part Twenty-Six

Soon all the rooms at trysting hotel were for years booked through
By pilgrims from Mindanao and Minangkabau to Timbuktu
Saudi princes bought the hotels at Carrefour de Pompadour
Kings of Malaysia with retinues planned long séjours

Sea Anne-Anne's "broken news" chartered all the sailing club's boats
The Mayor sacked the Accounts Chief for failing to raise the rates
Sea Be-As put out feelers to buy the Pompiers de Paris
All-Cheese-Seas-Roar made a secret pact with the mosque's prelates

All-Lions-Fun-Press opened offices at the Préfecture's terrace
Bee-Bee-Sea late as usual wanted a Royal Palace
So they got the Queen to confer Lordship on the Président
Beings-Port set about organizing annual matches face to face

Between Robo-Cops and the Darling Dears clad in chadors
On one condition: they all fought it out in the lake outdoors
Just then His Holiness with his yea-sayers strode out for air
When boom-voiced Commandant pounced on them with Robo-Cop jaws:

"Pray! Esteemed Prophet's Emissary! Lend me thy sovereign ear!
Habeas corpus ad subjiciendum this writ makes clear
Miscreant Tent Maker's son Omar doth s'installe à demeure... »
« STOP ! » ordained the Imam, « I must forthwith lead the dohr prayer !"

The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake - Part Twenty-Five

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake - Part Twenty-Five

The Chief Executive gone a day doubled back to Hexagon
From Arcadian fields where old "friends" feasted the traditional bond
Took one look at road map and declared an Etat d'urgence
School boys and girls jumped up and down and gave thanks to High Heaven

Léon Blum chicks on the way to lycée swooned at Robo-Cop feet
While the Darling Dears in chador silk black looked daggers to greet
All around at lunch break the Faithful assuaged hunger slaked thirst
The mosque's restaurant was caught short of green tea and couscous treat

Far too grave a problem rose with the need for instant relief
Spring stayed yet far away for wet winter to come to grief
Leafy bushes still being scarce nor tree trunks of decent cover
Long queues formed at public conveniences or where grows belief

On the routes and roads shops hotels restaurants and gas stations
Took a toll from urgent users of their private dire motions
Though none could stop cirri of turds piling up on pavements
Nor the armies of street vendors with pizzas in demi-portions

From down the route the gypsy camp a pebble's throw away
Steamed sullen women and hapless children up and down the way
Crying ZAKAT with extended hands from pilgrims come to pray
While Robo-Cops exchanged places with a relief force in array

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The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake - Part Twenty-Four

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake - Part Twenty-Four

A chill-marrow scowling wind rushed up abysms of the South
Rumpled Lady Lake's sparse dripping tresses splashing up Her mouth
Gushing fountain raced down the waterfall crumpling eye-lashes
And slurped the choppy tide into swishing slopping mammoth

Trillion cursing harpy screams raged down her full furrowed loins
And set feathers wildly clapping where Embryo Islet joins
Pubic Isle: aborted marsh of reeds and rushes cypress grave
Where now the avifauna scatter chased by mythic Tiglons

Some alien monster wild has escaped its abysmal rest
And shakes and shatters the moribund year as if in jest
Doors slam windows swing and crack as the beast goes howling past
Is Zhen the Eldest Son still snug in autumn's arms as guest?

Over the stranded cases of milling flesh cracks a rude blast
Has Qian woken up his heir with the thunder clap at last?
Was it the fire-cracker to summon false Fire Horse Year?
Something's let loose in this air bodes no omen fair to last!

The Commandant retraced heavy steps to the Chief's guarded car
Tense reddened eyes sought relenting signs in faces wrought by far
Yet who in all this surging melée gave a thought to the Bard
Oh! Where might Ol' Khayyam be hiding! Alone! Or on some star!

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The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake - Part Twenty-Three

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake - Part Twenty-Three

Is it true the sun dared cock its eye over the hillocks
Nor did it with affront sink into raging Atlantic docks
Such the glare of armoured headlights singeing the mist-crowned mosque
Though the assembled hosts ogled the Furies with hidden locks

The Faithful knelt with heads humbled down facing best the mihrab
Be it on sidewalks thoroughfares parking lots or slab
Calling out in strength: "Allah! Le Clément et Le Miséricordieux!"
Hundreds of thousands of hungry voices rose in one gift of gab

Faced down by Darling Dears Robo-Cops looked lively about them
When outstepped prayer-full worshippers in composed phlegm -
From out the Chief's official car rushed the dazed Commandant:
"Tarry yet, Gentle Folk, bid His Holiness to our errand come!"

The Senior Mosque Administrator decked in robes and headgear
Spake out in measured tones grave and strict amid silence dear:
"The Prophet's Servant hath just now gained his hard-earned quarters
Whence at this very hour breaks the fast with sacred bread pure!"

Bison Futé traffic reporters echoed "panic stations" in tears
Safe for one route leading from Pyrenées to tell-tale Poitiers
Retreat was no longer feasible: bylanes to broadways
Lay clogged with shiny metal and armour-plated zigzag gears.

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Limerick: Once Schuhmacher-Shoemaker from Brazilia

Limerick : Once Schuhmacher/Shoemaker from Brazilia

Once Schuhmacher/Shoemaker from Brazilia

Made a shoe shaped like the Ark of Noah

Birds and beasts of forests

Fought acarien* pests

Till toes itched: that's how Man danced the Salsa!

* mite

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The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake - Part Twenty-Two

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake - Part Twenty-Two

The day broke on this fateful date like gravestones pushed asunder
Transcontinental wagons hooted their humming blared thunder
The Faithful six million alerted to the confrontation
Made their way in unison to the muezzin's call yonder

The lake's squadrons of Bernache geese trumpeted in response
Took to swooping in formation along national routes dense
The Faithful abandoned their vehicles and bikes at will
Once they converged on the citadel at siege with incense

Even pole stars at noon hiding behind clouds claimed no rights
Congregations of men and women choked the portals' lights
More than plain portables buzzed during sacred ablutions
Plane loads from Maghreb to Middle East had Orly in their sights

Even as the last words of chour sermon filled Faithful ears
Jellaba white under black overcoat chador black in tears
Strode out to form thick walls of human flesh like parapets
Sandwiched between Robo-Cops and theirs furies of chanting Dears

They came by plane by cars by buses till arteries choked
Till crammed railroads and metros screeched under loads unlocked
Clutching Hadith books they sang or murmured psalms and sayings
Pilgrims treading on well-worn Compostela routes unhooked

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The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake - Part Twenty-One

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake - Part Twenty-One

Meantime the Faithful gathered for prayer sans delusions
His Holiness excused himself for the usual ablutions --
The Commandant backtracked to an official car for pow-wow --
Lights dimmed as indoor lights were turned on for inspections

Starch stiff blue-black uniforms and sleek arms rallied round the mosque
Throttled roads with dark coaches and cars loomed rocambolesque
The sullen force trudged in from the east over Her matted tresses
Town and national route entrances choked with armour and lock

Within the hour as prayer murmur surged up to the dome
Polished cars of expensive make gathered as pious gnome
On sidewalks banks driveways all roadways had chockfull become
Till even the national route alongside to standstill succumb

His Holiness at the forefront of flock strode out in regalia
While all around the standing blocks rose faithful echolalia:
"Our Lord Master of Security bids us thus announce:
In the Name of the People: Habeas Corpus inter alia

"On Sha'ban 27, 1431 A. H. mentions
This writ one miscreant 'Omar' given to calculations..."
"STOP!" declaimed the Imam, "I have to proceed with chour!"
And thus turned on his heels to lead the congregations.

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The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake - Part Twenty

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake - Part Twenty

Trillion pin-pricks of the sticky mists surround the mosque's turret
Shrouding the pallid angular slabs of the Faithfuls outlet:
Even the muzzled pit-bulls marshaled out in the cold winced.
At the sharp tweet of the Commandant's whistle car-lights uplit

Like some otherworld Xanadu the mosque loomed ethereal
Floating on fizzing cloud mists in a sky turned surreal:
"Awake! And unbar the portals," boomed the thick-chested Chief,
"Dawn's disapproving face frowns down upon us in denial !"

Some penitent come for early fajr prayer called out in fear:
"Who art thou in armour-bound black hidden by helmet visor?
Is this some Garth Varda come to task? Or some Spielberg quest?
The cock summons not the day nor doves huddle in the clear."

"We've come to serve a warrant for the arrest of a miscreant.
Go! Tell the Imam forthwith! Wake the Holy Incumbent!"
So hollered the Commune Chief's barrel-chested Commandant.
"Grand Officier of the Légion d'honneur, pray be patient!"

Silhouetted against shiny walls stood the stout robot force
Not an arm stirred though eyes stayed peeled with ears to the boss
When into headlights strode the jellaba-draped Prophet's servant:
"What heinous crime hath brought the Caliph's wrath down upon US!"

The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake - Part Nineteen

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake - Part Nineteen

"Not that I had not spied your tulip-lipped doting jasmine airs
Nor the way your wraith-like form take me back to sumptuous fairs
Of Samarkand yore whence I dallied with dulcet-toned damsels
Just that my incognito pursuit here had little need for flares."

"The sombre air you cloak yourself in to much deceit succumbs,
I pain to endorse the waste your ivory casing entombs.
Come! Let's conjure the day ere the lurid night-half lengthens,
I would you were mine to confide ere summer solstice enthrones!"

"Now I'll this reconnaissance to Our Lady Lake entrust
Know thou well my light-foot Maiden being of like-nature must.
Time is but a secret door like-minds might easily unlock:
Be it days or years or eons two hearts in one bind robust !"

Alas! Alas! The Ol' Bard's message bobbed up and about
Lady Lake's unctuous raiments buffeted by squalls in bout;
The tulip-lipped Lass unawares thought no more of her act
Till the Mairie's men-at-work fished the bobbing bottle out !

The Men of Paperasse studied the Bard's note in all duty haste
And drew the conclusion: 'Secret messages across time's waste
Confirm the guilt of one and the other from distant powers!'
The arraignment was drawn up, signed and sealed with wax paste.

The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake - Part Eighteen

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake - Part Eighteen

Even as the lower rubbed its dazed eyes over Her hillocks
The light-foot Lass of Lahore made her way past the boating docks
Past the Marie's dank reedy banks over Her heaving breast
Tip-toeing over the complaining boards of Her nose-bridge locks

Hugging a bottle labeled "OMAR" where Her bust cut an arc -
A left-behind lame garden warbler tweeted its dirge dark
While the doe-eyed Lass tilted the bottle at the water's edge -
Her own secret message to save the Sufi Khayyam from wreck:

"Oh! Illustrious Beacon of the Saljuk Empire!
Pray! Let me so much as I might deign to sing sans lyre!
The WORD is out: Your Eminence's proscribed by penal mettle:
The Republic's Procureur Général wants you in pyre!"

"Your humble sister begs your esteemed bardic indulgence:
Two fitful summers gone past we did cross each other's presence
Me a mere slip of a girl from yon Ghaznavid Empire
Heard the clamorous reed warbler's Himalayan penance!"

"This bottle with the missive I know the Lady of the Lake
Will to you waft: tidings dire as to keep me awake
Through bitterly biting lonesome nights you stumble and rove:
Take heed! POLICE cycle-brigades have tripled round the lake!"

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The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake - Part Seventeen

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake - Part Seventeen

Of late the tepid cold only rebousse poil her coyness
Nowhere the slushy mud caked into strands of crunchiness
Even the over-mothering coots let their chicks roam all alone
Sand and soil slop in swishing puddles down her tress fullness

Darkness bloomed along her gamboling Riviera façade
Window-panes like so many cryptic poker-face cards invade
While amber-lit promenades reflect once debutante gaiety
Now swans sail in wanton jerks into the late evening jade

Cocky sea-gulls from far-off cascades spurn the land-locked lake
Screech and caw like white-crows and bully bread crumbs from swan beak
All over her borderless skirts droop stems and stalks fading downcast
And the froth and foam gather at the Prefecture's northern gate

Was she ailing in the meniscus all summer to icy spring?
The promenade of choice girding the Prefecture like a sling
Stayed slammed and riveted with the gate gutter over-flowing
Some said 'twas the asylum seekers broke into the building

To rob official stamps and cartes de sejour to gain false entry
Others less scrupulous thought Omar the culprit roaming free
Said some the Procureur made out a writ for his instant capture -
Abetted, said they, by the Resident Maid - our Bard sans country!

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COPLA ONCE: This Bad Guy World

COPLA ONCE: This Bad Guy World

No such thing as the Perfect Being
Even if Bad Guys prey on Good Guys
Life still goes on

For Good Guys learn by suffering
The price they pay doesn't turn to lies
When death bears down

Yet should the Bad Guys give it thought
They'd see they too need not have to slog
And in void cry

Ephemeral beings all come to nought
They flit through life spans agog
Not knowing why

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Limerick: Once a Politician on hunger strike

Limerick: Once a Politician on hunger strike

Once a Politician on hunger strike
Dreamed of juicy steaks Champagne and Klondike
Meantime ate humble pie
And promised not to die:
So they fed him caviar and the like!

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The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake - Part Sixteen

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake - Part Sixteen

Who dreamed this dream also dreamed he was dreaming all alone:
Tail-end swish of winds barely pulled up the lukewarm afternoon
Cob love-bound with pen from Down Under clad in ruby and black
Emerged among mute and complacent bevy of milk-white bone

Was it the dream of the Other Self? Or the love-lorn Bard's?
Dreaming they'd for an instant slip through the sluice of Time's
guards

To ease the pain of a locked-in fateful reality bane
Are there as many universes as there are caring gods?

Two teenage mates promised by parents with an eye on lineage
Linked in self-contained charm among feathered-kind old adage
All conscious of their bridal status' precious caste crimson stakes
Their marriage to recognise children romped at the water's edge

Two darling loving non-Mutes on their first and last honeymoon
Come from the nether world's unbroken Darwinian festoon:
Bienvenue! Welcome! Sing songbirds all cloaked in cosy warmth!
We drink to this untarnished couple! O! See Ol' Khayyam swoon!

All knew 'tis but the Old Bard in disguise with his Lady Lake
All incarnate in stolen time during their one summer's wake:
What the purest in heart desire most even stern Gods relent
To watch out of envy what holy emotion can truly slake!

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Limerick crochet: Once budding Writer took private tuition

Limerick crochet: Once budding Writer took private tuition

Once budding Writer took private tuition
Father wished him a Man of Distinction
He got straight As in school
No one thought him a fool
At higher studies won commendation

Got high-paying job in government
Promotions to highest firmament
Wished to be great writer
Looked around for tutor
Who showed the way out of predicament

"First enrol in creative writing schools
Where Shakespeare and Cervantes are thought fools:
They didn't take tuition
Abhorred imitation -
Follow our advice and drool out stools!"

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Limerick: Once a hangman tied the proverbial knot

Limerick: Once a hangman tied the proverbial knot

Once a hangman tied the proverbial knot
On a woman who smoked sizzling pot
Tried as he could his best
To take it all in jest:
Smoke in pot rot the knot round the sot.

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Villanelle: Only in democracies reigns surprise

Villanelle: Only in democracies reigns surprise

Only in democracies reigns surprise
The majority cast their franchised rights
Elect CEOs who tell fat cat lies

In dictatorships the leader is wise
He elects himself and appoints his mites
Only in democracies reigns surprise

On election day leaders on the rise
By the hundredth day majority fights
Elect CEOs who tell fat cat lies

By end of first term majority dies
Wonders how they kept the leader uprights
Only in democracies reigns surprise

By start of second term the voter cries
Give us our oligarchy by rights
Elect CEOs who tell fat cat lies

In dictatorships people march in files
To show they don't much care about rights
Only in democracies reigns surprise
Elect CEOs who tell fat cat lies.

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The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake - Part Fifteen

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake - Part Fifteen

She dreamed a dream all unfulfilled all through the dragging day
Even while she tossed and grumbled half-starved and in dismay
Two lives she lived as the swivelling Door swung through her faith
Did Ol' Khayyam keep her company absent during the day

Through the empty branches on her shoulders the squinting sun
blinked
Yet tore a dazzling path across her swirling lithesome loins inked
The constant lapping and lolling currents tilling her mien
Where the light-foot Lass of Lahore gravely treads lights fuse linked

Doleful night or dreary day the Door swings loose on hinges
As the Maudite of the Lake knows not whether Khayyam cringes
At his quest to seek and save her from the blindness of fate
Even as the sizzling orb blurs the horizons fringes

A lone lost dove hops from one Tim Burton branch to another
Damp benches under white birch trees keep lover from lover
Unseen seeds shoot their hopes through decaying wheezing morasses
As pigeons corner head-darting mates across her feet's lather

The sluices of her invisible canal lie in limbo
Each level of water rises into some alter ego
Till the Door that she must cross opens on Ol' Khayyam's quest:
Now her brimming breast heaves with the Bard's bold super ego!

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Limerick: Once a back-pain Man from Japan

Limerick: Once a back-pain Man from Japan

Once a back-pain Man from Japan
Who couldn't even lift a can
Went to Geisha Palace
For much-needed solace:
Since then does Can-Can with Mama-San!

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Rondelet: Scoop of the World

Rondelet: Scoop of the World

Scoop of the World

It's not what rich Advertisers say

Scoop of the World

But yacht golf formula one gold

Where scoop-searching Journalists stray

There the Readers cannot say, "Nay!"

Scoop of the World

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Limerick: Once a gay Roman bored Emperor

Limerick: Once a gay Roman bored Emperor

Once a gay Roman bored Emperor

Sailed Near East as great Conqueror

Queen there married brother

Was this a great bother?

He married Queen to have the Other!

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Limerick: Once a true benign Pope wore iron Cross

Limerick: Once a true benign Pope wore iron Cross

Once true benign Pope wore iron Cross

Ate humble pie dressed white spoke not lipgloss

Other Lords reigned in pomp

Caught in their cool aplomb:

Up Calvary got seared into steel Cross!

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COPLA DIEZ: This Bad Guy World

COPLA DIEZ: This Bad Guy World

Bad Guys all organize – strengthen
To give lone Good Guys a bad time:
Their raison d'être

If Good Guys don't resist – weaken
They'll only be adding to crime:
World will regret

Envy cunning greed slander
Tools of the Bad Guys' stock-in-trade:
Make them mighty

Should Good Guys stoop in ways similar
Bad Guys will leave their safe stockade:
Make world filthy.

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Limerick: Once a Barrister hired a Spinster

Limerick: Once a Barrister hired a Spinster

Once a Barrister hired a Spinster
To work his pump short of a sphincter
She bought piston and nuts
Fixed up the leaking guts
Then Spinster married Barrister's sister.

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The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake - Part Fourteen

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake - Part Fourteen

Even sea-gulls mistake this lavish lap of water for sea
All day long their cries betray their delusion so eerie
Circling and swooping and settling on her deranged graces
Coming in with wild winds this day dismal and dreary

Cannon fire: a shot? Pigeons by the dozens take wing
Atlantic sea-gulls shriek and circle above her hovering
A squadron of bernache cravant takes to the air trumpeting
The alert blares loud: the Lady of the Lake is whimpering:

"Murder!" "Vile iniquitous act!" proclaim madly hopping crows
Shriek hell upon her tummy in motion: "Everybody knows!"
Grebes and coots dive to bring up the truth: "Dark purple poison!"
Behind tinted glasses Men of Paperasserie in throes.

Enticed inveigled lured to her fallen tripped entrapment
Her cervical and lumbar discs verily out of joint
No many-splendoured rays of the rising and setting sun
Reflect the rhododendron dewes of her irises glint

Only the lone Bard of Nishapur hears her anguished quails:
"They see not the heinous hurt of the hills dug into dales
Nor drink they pure geothermal juices of the guts of the earth:
Here must I lie die till Sister Seine flows into my entrails!"

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COPLA NUEVE: This Bad Guy World

COPLA NUEVE: This Bad Guy World

Bad Guys multiply on their own
Faster even than the microbes:
They fascinate

Though they cannot thrive on their own
They need to feed on Good Guys' lobes:
Just hibernate

Summer solstice up to Winter
Let them bask fry in howls and scowls:
Feel not pity

Left to themselves they'll waste blunder
Watch that hip swing from bum to jowls:
Nitty-gritty.

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The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake - Part Thirteen

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake - Part Thirteen

Oh! Woe! Woe! On pubic islet the dirty deed's done
Bloodied needle leaves stain the Zen-rock cobbled garden
The derelict torn womb spills seminal fluids on the ground
Fallopian tubes shredded by the elements count down

Her mons veneris rough-scaled and crushed by bombarding rams
The cicatrised wooden ramparts no more serving as soil dams
Not a lamina of palmate leaf even so much as shaking hands
Where the maple tree once swayed to vulva-lapping tom-toms

This soggy desolation of mud and gangrened charred rock
Three weeping willows drooping wan lifeless at the water mock
Where even the wild fowl desert the juicy period spoils
Tell-tale signs of the Lady Lake's pilloried grief in stock

Where the surgeon's thrusting irons reigned now stands the shiny
bridge
Three dark as dungeons evergreens bear lurid witness knowledge
Of an unwholesome demonic deed done to the locked-in Dame
Look! That Ancient Bard of Nishapur will surely acknowledge!

Hark! The tulip-lipped Lass from Lahore walks downcast on stones!
The Maiden of the Main lifts her head to utter bye-bygones!
Pale Ol' Khayyam still roams dreaming of the Dame of the Lake!
Yet the foul deed still resounds up to the highest heavens!

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Limerick: Once Steppes Chief Mongol in a loose hose

Limerick: Once Steppes Chief Mongol in a loose hose

Once Steppes Chief Mongol in a loose hose
Tried to jump Great Wall with horse and Rose
Horse kicked hole in hose goal
Chief bored hole in the Wall
Guess who licked Rose red-in-the-nose?

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MERRY XMAS to ALL Soupers !

The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake - Part Twelve

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake - Part Twelve

As one solstice surrenders its last gasp of warmth to winter
The Lady of the Lake's icy grip tightened over her
Still yon Dreamer of the Deep blew smoky wisps over coiffure
While rodents and rabbits scurried through warrens to stock their
lair
All night the scowling harpy gusts scoured her furry skin
Bourrasque après bourrasque pour bourrasser la Dame sans fin
Slates of icy hail jabs slammed into her tortured sickened flesh
Whiplash after whiplash thundered into her tender skin

For what crime Gorgon-headed harpies come to make her pay
For what sin or debt of karma centuries cannot repay
Window shutters shook and shuddered by wildly whining winds
Is there no remorse fit for her vengeance from this mournful day

Whoever cuts this life short must to the sexton explain
If his judgement at the time was less than willingly plain
A man once jumped into the water arguing out rescuers
Or was it the Lady of the Lake with hungry hands of rain

Now weeping willow lemon yellow leaves litter her face
And the bare frilly lindens' have turned the sod to fudgy lace
Along her belly brittle branches collect the year's regrets
As Ol' Khayyam's astir in his tent with the wine of disgrace!

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Limerick: Once Big Chief Indian called Count Big Toe

Limerick: Once Big Chief Indian called Count Big Toe

**Once Big Chief Indian called Count Big Toe
Always counting loud fingers and big toe
Big toes said they worth: Two!
Small toes wanted that Too!
Cut big toes: Now called Big Chief Count No Toe!**

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Limerick: Once a London Bobby wore a bobtail

Limerick: Once a London Bobby wore a bobtail

**Once a London Bobby wore a bobtail
Little girls pulled his leg by the tail
So he cut off his leg
They pulled his other leg
So he cut off his head to keep the tail.**

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The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake - Part Eleven

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake - Part Eleven

Once a wounded turtle dove ground out its pain in a bare poplar
When autumn sunset bid bitter farewells to the lone star
Three black liana lassies trudging homeward swayed to strains:
'It's not a second, Seven seconds away,' from Africa

One swore she saw the Bard linger by the reedy marshes
'Just as long as I stay, I'll be waiting,' at her haunches
Where the Préfecture's tinted glasses ricochet sunset sadness
Where the long low wooden wharfs burst pyrotechnic gushes

Here where her weedy mud periods foul barnacled autumns
Where sharp shafts of icicles shoot shut her twitching bottoms
And in her gripping gash the killing cold relent geothermal
Sweet Nature yet watches over the Maudite Maid of Dungeons

Where the Bard of the lost astral eye keeps vigil in his tent
Astral pebbles skim over her sleek seductive juicy rent
"Ghalatan Ghalatan hami ravad ta bun-i-ku"
No sign of her release at day's end when autumn's old and spent

Oh! Stay yet with Ol' Khayyam! Ye! Dream-tongued Lass of Lahore
Lest he pine waste away let dry poesy's wine ever more
While the lush Maiden of the Main dreams on for all silver tongues
The stuff of such dreams as stuff universal words into Law!

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The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake - Part Ten

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake - Part Ten

Of late dying yellowing orange rays glint through the turret
Where neither muezzin nor mullah bids the sun to set
Lyceen lassies in threes swear by a ghostly figure
A gaunt gray-bearded lean man with hollows for the eye-socket

Amble past their school his eyes fixed past the lake's horizon
Not one amidst the believers chanting on Fridays the orison
Decked in white djellabas, black gilets and leather sandals
Vollschlang women in wobbling overalls shuffling by their men

Some say there he stood the Bard lone long at the swimming pool
Others, nay, he passed oblivious the Boating Club's rowing school
His glazed eyes as in a mystic Sufi opium swirl
The mad red poison coursing his veins for a long-pined girl

He wafted through trodden paths of dark red cranberry bushes
Passing as though through the unsuspecting strollers in bunches
Sometimes he'd tarry to gaze at the waters along her supine spine
And just as duty-bound waft towards where dipped her eye-lashes

Alas! Not for Khayyam the chant of the murmuring masses
Nor the bouncy cadences of West Indian steel band noises
Nor the drunk-driven drumming of the marathon stompings
Only the eerie wailing the Maiden of the Main voices!

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Limerick: Once Lucy met Heidelberg Man

Limerick: Once Lucy met Heidelberg Man

for Nelson Mandela

Once Lucy met Heidelberg Man
Then Neanderthal and Peking Man
Tortoise said to the Turtle:
"Where's your doggone girdle!"
"What a disgrace to my race," said Bushman!

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The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake - Part Nine

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake - Part Nine

Staring sun perches on Créteil hillock hump and dazzles lake
Waves slop through tingling streaks of furrowed light dance
quake

Blinding nuclear fissions in a cloudless cinematic sky
Sparse streaks of ephemeral jet trails cirri overtake

Over the wings of silver shafts flutter in the distance
Two troupes of gulls some on wing others squat circling aissance
Where eddying currents trap bream and trout going berserk
Ashen yarrow tuft fur heads lean over complain nuisance

Single-mast sailing boats across her breast to and fro streak
In Parthenon pillar curves chart their collision free trek
Aranjuez violins and guitars serenade the lake
As the light-footed Maiden of the Main skips for Khayyam's sake

There on her luscious tresses the Bard lay stretched in her curl
His eyes glazed from too much wine and pining after one girl
While she lies cloaked in dreams of golden spires and marble domes
Worlds where nectar words with absinthe in phials gently twirl

Tingling spring sensations invade the lake's deciduous stench
To remind Ol' Khayyam of his infernal thirst to quench
All that glitters lasts not even a single winter's day
Yet at dusk Créteil Lake stirs and winks one sly eye, the
Wench!

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The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake - Part Eight

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake - Part Eight

At her feet gather daily plumage dark white to brown leather
Pigeons geese crows sparrows larks and wild ducks in sunset colour
And the resident owners of the waters by the fleet
The snow-white swan-lake ships gliding majestic in clover

Every day come older women with children or decrepit
With sling bags stuffed with golden crumbs of yesterday's baguette
Some Berber women with sacks of semolina for couscous
All to seek good works at her feet where waves lap up and beat

Where the lazy louts of the spoilt winged clans wait on one leg
Pretend to keep an appointment though not to seem to beg
By rushing to providers with an air: hail dope well met!
Till some Labrador runs amuck just missing a juicy leg

Just then on that well-worn wooden bridge past the portcullis
Did Old Khayyam steal in a glance a wisp of a form bliss
Doe-eyed leaning on the rail in a gossamer negligee
The infinitely lamented thing that's this lady all miss

Once more the Lass from Lahore lifts her dark diamond eyes
The breeze softly displaces the cowlick from vision's disguise
Does she espy the Bard strain his thoughts fingers through his beard
While the Dreamer Dame of the lake leaves without much choice!

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Limerick: Once Cute Pute in Gay Paris called Miel

Limerick: Once Cute Pute in Gay Paris called Miel

Once Cute Pute* in Gay Paris called Miel*
Plied her trade around a Ferris Wheel
Rode them roller coaster
Spun them on wheel later
Got lush cut on fines for police squeal!*

- Pute: stands for “prostitute” in French
- Miel: for “honey” in French
- A new French Bill, dated December 7, 2011, proposes the fining of prostitutes’ clients. French law, by and large, tolerates the profession, even if overt solicitation, procuring, and prostitution of minors IS NOT. According to French law, sexual maturity is recognised at 15, but for prostitutes 18 is the legitimate age. Prison sentences range from 2 to 7 for related offences, and fines can run up to €100,000.

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Limerick: Once Professors of Philosophy

Limerick: Once Professors of Philosophy

Once Professors of Philosophy
Came together to solve human folly
Each defended his birth
In his school of thought’s worth
So with fisticuffs they split hairs to flee!

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The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake - Part Seven

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake - Part Seven

The balding weeping willow by the Prefecture Gate's railings
There where on drowsy summer's day gather swan and goslings
To unfurl and let fan the crisp ensconced feathery quills
Litter and scum frothing in a creepy morass of leavings

Yarrow stalk mats faded leaves sticking to twigs and branches
Skewered tins dead fish collapsed beer cans plastic bags bottles
Shredded rags browned-off yesteryear's papers broken toys turds
All fizzing curdling in unholy pot au feu stench

There where her knee-cap juts round the firemen's helicopter pad
Along the shin-wobbling cobbled promenade laid rough shod
Signs of her sick bowels cling to the nostrils and sticky soles
Or is she with baby taken her tummy heavy with pod

Had old Khayyam goosed her during abandoned sleep numbness
Caring less for her image than her breeding will confess
Or did she dream immaculate conception to walk the plank
Even before returning cranes cross over to Loch Ness

Alas! Deep in her longing quest the lone siluroid dreams
More than all the poetasters of Isphahan Khayyam convenes
The sun at four burns sickly upon her breast and collar bones
Woe to the Damsel in distress the Poet forsakens!

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The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake - Part Six

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake- Part Six

Awake! Dour Dreamer! And draw the curtain of benumbing clouds
Fairies hover by ears to whisper mantras dispelling doubts
Already unheeding magpies cluck rudely tongue-in-beak
And trans-continental flights from Orly pierce through rain clouds

Good hour or two has gone by since Metro Lac broke loose
Gardiens de paix drive into the buckle of her tresses noose
Barnacle geese strut at her feet preening proud feathers sleek
Mullahs wash their feet by fountains gushing djellaba loose

Murmuring Berber prayers from cowed heads rise to the skies
While lyceen innocence dries up on loud tutored lies
Do hotel beds lost in harbours get bought for sleep or trysts
Stompings on her esplanade nose-bridge: she frets and defies

Wake the dreamer of unwholesome dreams and set the hour right!
How long lone and stricken chained beneath the main tight!
"What ails thee beneath thy furrowed frown! O! Prisoner of sin!"
The tent-maker's son still roams with galaxies drifting plight!

"Lift that gorgeous head just once: let us see those laser flashes
That make this lake look thunder-struck even through sun-glasses!"
Fitful sparrows in hedges and eaves seek not to share her thoughts
Oblivious Mall shoppers let slip lone tears from her gashes.

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The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake - Part Five

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake - Part Five

All day she toiled to keep her knees and busts in position
The Mairie's serrated metal-hearted spool of derision
And the glinting fly-eye cutaways of the Prefecture
She who must mind her own onions during dutiful mission:

Let school-children slap her lolling belly with oars' un-silence
Let schools of swan swipe and furrow her concupiscence
Let darting coots and grebes play hide and seek in eddying depths
And let cyclists and dogged runners trample her dire patience

And when the day's work at last done prepares the earned shower
Lo! a canopy as dark and dense as the Afro bowler
Pulls the shroud down on her: dismal soot round the white of eye
Resplendent sings the gilded orange band: sunsets in clover

Restless parent coots cleave the face on the dream-lidded Lady's
Surge with rage to ward off stray swans from their young amidst
reeds
During some purdah couples' chance of enlacement in the dark
And the long breathless night returns to her adenoids

She dreams the dreams of precious princesses warding off demons
Her dreams fester in her clasp and spiral up to heavens
In musk infused melodious gestures buoyed on lotuses
Release streams of ruby wines from lutes strum by virgin maidens!

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Limerick: Once Academic got into panic

Limerick: Once Academic got into panic

Once Academic got into panic
Asked to make rival's panegyric
He copied article
Sans def'nite article:
Learned art he was trained to mimic.

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The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake - Part Four

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake - Part Four

Lovers stroll down her nubile spine blithely to pubic isle
Where under linden boughs and mulberry spread connive smile
Old and young keep parading swathed in bundles of fur wear
While children romp around on tri-cycles with befuddling guile

Leon Blum lyceens cart on bulging backs their home-worked chores
While their waddle with rollicking bums speak of runaway mores
And boys groomed fast to mature men cast lewd eyes on wives
Teens no more stop to listen if the Lady of the Lake snores

Colonies of campers come to barbecue on her tresses
And watch some husbands kick the balls through two stumps of
dresses
While strained and starved-looking dames escort and watch children
play
In a Bordeaux and yellow toy-land sandy circus wine-press

The Grande Armée of the sporting fishing clan pitch their tent
On her soft flanks for solitary siluroids anglers hunt
The bashful toothless mammoth lost in nightmarish dreams
While cameramen stalk their every gesture in contempt

At her itchy feet where Pompiers de Paris come to train
Rinse uniforms, flush cisterns and fly over crested main
Pigeons grumble wobble while crows flap razor-sharp tailcoats
As tourists from nearby trysting hotel blink in disdain!

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The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake - Part Three

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake - Part Three

Note: I do hope it's clear to readers by now that – strictly speaking – in these ruba'iyat, I deviate from the original Persian medieval model, introduced by Rudaki in Ghazna, in that I do away with the 7-syllable hemistich and even the 14-syllable line of the couplet in order to create a longer more breathless ruba'i of my own. I adhere only to the intent and the tone at large. Apologies to Master Khayyam and his ilk.

Then as the dawn comes creeping through the dull cold listless haze
Shattered by nitpicking crows still in their tuxedo craze
Raucous squawks remind her to take that woollen mantle off
And stretch her legs just where her feet splintered the brittle glaze

Yet no one had ever seen her curious darling eyes
Her fronds of glaucous eye-lashes lie under thin ice
On some frosty winter morn gusts shake her locks threadbare loose
While some Himalayan pine bucked her will long bent with vice

No frog croaks nor cicadas cut into eerie silence
And the vapours of sticky unkempt limbs hang low and dense
The forsaken dame dreams on as on every December morn
No carbide stench of Bastille Day fireworks will choke her sense

On such lone nights when joggers dare not dig into her sides
She'd unclasp her python coils to search through shopping guides
For sherwanis and sarees to rouse Khayyam from his cup
While the svelte lass from Lahore wanders in her coils besides

Come winter! Come shine! This life's nothing but a longing grind
Each in his own way dying to find his own special kind
If that happens, will this world be bereft of its only quest
For never does the search bring together two of the right kind!

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The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake - Part Two

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake - Part Two

All night her troubled sleep buffeted the makeshift ramparts
The flip-flop flop flop flop of her tears undermining hearts
The plaintive cry of the lone crane seeking the flock heading south
When it paused on her pubic luses' warm geothermal parts

Some thought she'd un-crossed her legs during the chill of the night
Though the islets and reed pockets still held their primal sight
Others heard her moan and groan in the dark of their tight sleep
While strapped sailing boats shook their mast-heads testing their
frail might

Full many clusters of menacing clouds came hurrying by
Hoping to caress ripe bosom and swell lap on the sly
Some girl gazed past misty curtains and saw Ol' Khayyam rise
On hillock shoulder where he pitched his tent to the dim sky

No lover so loyal as that lonesome lass from Lahore
Everyday as she gently treads to her job on the Mall floor
Her dark diamond eyes carved into milk-white blushing cheeks
Her tulip lips part for the tent-maker's son of Nishapur

And all the glory of an opening night at La Scala
Break through to greet Bonjour to our Lady Traviata
She blinks her stricken eyes to turn fountains to water-falls
Then rippling tummy and lolling breasts belt: Viva Aria!

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The Ruba'iyat of Creteil Lake - Part One

The Ruba'iyat of Créteil Lake - Part One

Lone gold Venus nears the sickle moon in the late autumn sky
She lies naked dreaming with one leg tucked under her thigh
The pallor of her silvery skin simmering with tide
A lone white swan trundles on one webbed foot heaving a sigh

Her tiara of amber and halogen loose by her side
The gold-braided brocade and studded raiments on one side
Gushing tresses hang loose by twinkling broaches on her back
Heady scents from pubic island and dark armpits fester inside

Wintry winds sweep through weeping willows tickling her fancy
Sway clumps of yarrow stalks huddling fearless coots in colony
She turns and heaves a sigh thinking of Old Khayyam's ardour
Stars in his eyes and ruby red wine coursing through glory

Over the mobile hips and seductive slopes of her hills
Come calling Canada geese and wild duck in squawking trills
All messengers from Tundra's ever clasping hoary past
Will she remember you O! Omar! when freezing water kills

The hoar frost wheezes under-foot along her silken robes
And the lone otter dares not venture out in his last throes
Even the sea gulls swoop no more for deep hugging blind fish
While she slumbers through blared Canada geese trumpeting oboes!

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Limerick: Once French Demoiselle in Bikini

Limerick: Once French Demoiselle in Bikini

Once French Demoiselle in Bikini
Lived Moulin Rouge life en catimini
Cute Eye of Hurricane
Saw through naughty Jane/Jeanne:
No use for bikini in Bikini.

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Limerick: Once Indian Virgin met Peking Man

Limerick: Once Indian Virgin met Peking Man

**Once Indian Virgin met Peking Man
They spoke together in Malay van
North Koreans wondered
What in her ear thundered
Thai rebels found her fried in Japan.**

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Limerick: Once a future King heir apparent

Limerick: Once a future King heir apparent

**Once a future King heir apparent
Old House stained and shredded to pennant
Divorced the future Queen
Married divorcee between
Now sees Russian demimonde during Lent**

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Villanelle: Ask not why, how, where nor what we've become

Villanelle: Ask not why, how, where nor what we've become

Ask not why, how, where nor what we've become
Same fate's meant for all in this thrice-nailed world
Everybody's mistakes around they'll come

No use crying over some lost kingdom
Unless it's to prevent mistakes of old
Ask not why, how, where nor what we've become

If no one e'er made mistakes at random
Everybody will be mean, proud and bold
Everybody's mistakes around they'll come

Only life on earth will be boring some
Most will wonder where to live life like old
Ask not why, how, where nor what we've become

No life's straight nor easily overcome
None can claim the right mistake be re-told
Everybody's mistakes around they'll come

Right or wrong the challenge is to become
That person who knows how to learn from old
Ask not why, how, where nor what we've become
Everybody's mistakes around they'll come

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Rubai'i: Umar ibn Ibrahim al-Khayyam, Omar son of Ibrahim, the tent-maker

Ruba'i*: Umar ibn Ibrahim al-Khayyam*, Omar son of Ibrahim, the tent-maker

Words awoke on the retina of the astronomer
Unknown aeons piled dark energy upon dark matter
Astral bodies all strung like sea shells in the firmament
What old Khayyam saw was not what was seen by the Maker!

•Omar Khayyam, d. 1131, was a renowned mathematician-astronomer poet of old Persia

•ruba'i (plural: ruba'iyat): 11th-12th century Persian self-contained quatrain of 14 syllables rhyming aaba made popular in the West through Edward Fitzgerald's 1859 translations titled: The Ruba'iyat of Omar Khayyam

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Ruba'i: The Poet, the Page and the Word in whichever order

Ruba'i*: The Poet, the Page and the Word in whichever Order?

The poet en face the page: unwritten words come to head
Words await tongues to be formed for poems to be read
Heavenly bodies stretch out seeking caravanserai
En route to gauge the extent of the ruba'i's ruby red!

•ruba'i (plural: ruba'iyat): 11th-12th century Persian self-contained quatrain of 14 syllables rhyming aaba made popular in the West through Edward Fitzgerald's 1859 translations titled: The Ruba'iyat of Omar Khayyam

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A Chinese girl I took to a nunnery

A Chinese girl I took to a nunnery

I

I led her

Her silent leg-irons cutting into my shins

That day when the air stood still

Dry as the day perhaps on the hill

when he spoke standing still

Drier still my words today

of a redundant ransom of flesh:

I'll take you to the stopping place

Where the quiet cowled nuns make lace

They run a school for well-bred girls

In a cloistered fenced-in arbour

There where you'd have no need for curls

She turned just then seven and ten

Me barely two more when

She said in a breathless moan:

Take me to the French Convent

Here my road has come to an end

I want to learn

I want to gain

As much knowledge as my brain

Will strive to contain

I had no choice

I had no voice

In a Chinese school which stopped midway

She was the best of forty times five

Where I was hoarse from English and Science

She sat so close in the front row

She must have felt my breath at home

Her cowlick hand stretched crooked

Brushed my thoughts down my mane

Something about her dragging gait

Spoke of late hours as a kitchen mate

Or as the matron of squabbling squawking siblings

When the mother scrubbed and ironed
the landlord's lingerie and loins

A saddened face she kept awake
All through the hours at stake

II

It took me days and days of doubting pains
To ring at last the nunnery bell
And to stare aghast at a pallid face
Not quite white and not quite couched in cowl
To register my request

The novice drew and barred the door
As though I would break down the wall
And as the minutes raced in anguish by
And I heard the rusted pig-iron latch click open
Two forbidding eyes contemplated my plight
Under strictly starched and stretched folds a-sail:

"Is she Catho..." she made to ask
Then as urgently withdrew her demand.
"Bring her tomorrow at eight," she let her words
escape.
"Ring the bell at the gate."

I never saw the demure girl again.
Her schoolmates thought she worked for the nuns.
Others: " She took some vows!"
A sibling: " She took no clothes for a change!"

Just before her silhouette effaced itself
Under the porch of creepers dense
She turned to give me a look:

Was it a look of despair
Or a well-thought-out
farewell fair?

COPLA OCHO: This Bad Guy World

COPLA OCHO: This Bad Guy World

Think you this World upholds Justice
Or stands for Principle that's right
Fool not yourself

Everything's in place: throw no dice
To make this World go round alright
Fool not the Self

Life's like a never-ending film
With its patched-up plot come unstuck
In your dream true

In films Bad Guy's chances are slim
Think now how real life turns his luck
To win right through

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Take the poem by the tail

Take the poem by the tail

Dash not the Word on the rocks sans sense
Avalanches bury the meaning in the rubble
O'Malley came alive to prove this sound truth
Not words alone can make up the poem:
You can take the poem by the tail
And make it rightly wail

Words can't be killed not in their intent
Unless you kill sense in the making first
And destroy the minds of everybody else
On every planet made from darkest dirt:
You can take the poem by the tail
And whip it to make it wail

Then start all over again
Burn every creature rode on wings
Wore claws or suction pumps
Or sheathed in slithering muscles
Till the poem is turned on tail
And made to squeal and rail

Who spoke to the plants that lay in wait
High holy stench oozing in their udders
To watch the frail humming suppers
Fall eerily within their butter-cups:
Twist not the poem by the tail
To make it cough up its mail

When every parcelle de terre is tilled
You still need the motive to arrest the poem
That willed its worlds into being
Through that chartless string of meanings:
Rumbling trains of words would derail
Even where it did no McCauley entail

Cheat not to say it is this not that
Which made the poem to make sense
If you have something not jibberish to say
Even phonemes and syllables will line up:
You can then take the poem by the tail
Yet swiftly softly will it sail.

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Limerick crochet: The Saga of Sea Anne-Anne

Limerick crochet: The Saga of Sea Anne-Anne

Once the Captain of the good ship Anne-Anne
Took to the waves to conquer the main.
Slept round the clock mid-ship
Towed his women aft-ship:
Yet women and ship turned on him in pain.

The Flying Oarsman won America gain
And tamed the raging waters Sea Anne-Anne.
One cup he never won
Was the Darling fourth one:
A touching tale this: the tears shed by Jane!

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Limerick crochet: Once a dangling Dude got himself tattooed

Limerick crochet: Once a dangling Dude got himself tattooed

Once a dangling Dude got himself tattooed
All over to make himself look pretty good
Only piece tattoo free
Was the retracting pPp:
So he installed stainless steel under hood.

He met a woman with scarce a stain
On her svelte body smooth as satin
So they locked jaws and torso:
Steel piece severed in grotto
Surgeons found tattooed insides: shark's teeth and fin !

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Villanelle: Brand not a nation as Satan's igloo

Villanelle: Brand not a nation as Satan's igloo

Brand not a nation as Satan's igloo
All nations on their own play Satan's role
If S/He created you, then Satan too

It's the Satan in you brands other too
For the Satan in the other's calls roll
Brand not a nation as Satan's igloo

If Satan you think freezes in igloo
Tell me who made the Satan His equal
If S/He created you, then Satan too

Those who make nations also make igloo
For sure as Hell, nations will melt in thrall
Brand not a nation as Satan's igloo

Nations are fine for boosting their ego
At World Cup trials where balls get to roll
If S/He created you, then Satan too

Sink oceans, level mountains, customs too
And the Satans will be caught shivering all
Brand not a nation as Satan's igloo
If S/He created you, then the Satan too.

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Limerick crochet: Once Swiss Miss wanted to make cake with cheese

Limerick: Once Miss Swiss wanted to make cake with cheese

**Once Miss Swiss wanted to make cake with cheese
So she bought a cow, a dog and some geese.
The dog ate the gander
Geese laid no eggs for her,
So she locked the cow up in the deep freeze.**

**She called up her cousin in the French Alps
Through melodious yodeling yelps.
French cousine long in bed
Kept boiling her own blood,
So she blew the long mountain horn for help(s).**

**Her cousine germaine, a stout dairy maid
Answered her urgent melodic raid:
"Put the dog in manger,
Let cow sup in anger!"
Eh presto! Milk turned to holed-cheese sans aid!**

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Limerick: Once a Mom Tigress spurned her lame-born cub

Limerick: Once a Mom Tigress spurned her lame-born cub

for Commandant Cousteau's son

**Once a Mom Tigress spurned her lame-born cub
Wild Life Champ admitted cub to his club
Took cub under his wing
Till she could wildly spring:
Club members now learn to swing the knobbed club.**

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The Longing, Remembering the Sway of the Primal Guide, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem

Carlos Bousoño's poem : Recordando a pastora imperio

for Damaso Alonso

(Poem published in the collection : Metaphora del desafuero, 1988, and dedicated

to Damaso Alonso, who exerted on Carlos Bousoño an avowed influence and patronage, concludes my own present tribute to the Maître. I confess I had not read Bousoño's poems - I may have glanced at a couple of poems when I first bought the Espasa-Calpe anthology some years ago - before I began translating them on October 16, 2013.)

I have always thought that in the state of sudden immobility
of the immemorial dancer of flamenco the entire dance
is concentrated of a sudden in this posture
of an instant,
under the weight of centuries,
all of its foregoing agitation,
in such a way as in its absolute fixation is to be found
its passing and its minute and mysterious simulation :
the flight of sea gulls over the sea, their avid and sudden swoop
onto the prey,
and she herself, the flamenco dancer herself, becomes in that instant,
like the form most refined and pure
of such an incomprehensible paradox : velocity and paralisation,
becoming more dense in the procès
between Aquiles and parsimony,
or the tortoise and despair...
No, there is no différence,
because to differentiate here is to make a descent,
while here there is but an ascent.

And has the flamenco dancer understood suddenly
that to make a move
is an intolerable imperfection
for whoever aspires to the most arduous achievement,
to the supreme compromise with the fire in the beyond
and the surprise, sacred and full of rejoicing between
the fresh flames,
a compromise, then,
with the truth of the highest form of living,
and so the dancer of flamenco

remained for this reason without moving
in a difficult equilibrium
to see if that position, without touching it,
in not moving any of the pièces,
without turning a page, without causing the hinges to friction,
could by chance last, keep enduring there,
on the razor's edge,
maintain itself on the head of a pin's unlikely verticality,
balance itself on tip-toes, without breathing, each instant
succeeding the other,
on the verge of the abysm itself,
earth and boulders coming loose,
and one after another in succession, and in succession...

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The Little Master, Sachin Tendulkar

The Little Master, Sachin Tendulkar

At Wankhede Stadium in Mumbai,
The Little Master chose to say good-bye;
His Rembrandtesque canvass hat shading eyes,
He whispered thanks up to high-open skies.

Gods spurned earth but as living Avatar
Though Sachin was not from Superman star,
Yet rolled cork and leather, he hit so far
Which soared not from willow but from his roar.

And when his bat was laid up for the day
After ferrying his side to safety bay,
He donned his landscape painter's sunshade hat
And took his long-on stance as humble brat.

A twelve-year old watched India lose the Cup,
At thirty-seven roused his side, backed up
To the topmost crest in cricketing tide
And put one voice in a people torn aside.

A whole nation woke to the cry: Tendlya:
Beggar, Brahmin, Bhai and even infidel.
All drenched in the tide of common feeling
For one novelist's second book breeding.

Only five-foot five, strong neck in between
Body made to withstand pace bowling steam:
No bumper nor full toss cowered him down
Not even that mean ball bled his nose brown.

At Wankhede Stadium in Mumbai
The Little Master chose to say good-bye,
His Rembrandtesque canvass hat shading eyes
He whispered thanks up to high-open skies.

Then the nation held its breath at ninety-nine,
While Sachin knocked nineties, not the last nine
To make that long-awaited world history,
Until Bangladeshi ODI test victory.

Over heads of cover and point with off-lifts

Elegant leg glances through long-stop rifts
Straight drives above umpires' dreamy heads
Dashing pulls past gaping square leg dreads.

Back to back boundaries and easy singles
Late cuts through second slips' shocking bingles
Then the home-stretch past the century post
When India at last roared in burning thirst.

Myriad mrthangists thumped the beat
Plaintive senais by the million broke out neat
Temple bells joined in the merry festival:
Ton-up! O! Ton-up! No more survival !

But the Champ had other ideas in sight
Like the fastest one day fireworks of might,
So he flashed his blade all over the tight field
To rob the world of its remaining shield.

Now he says forty is not really old
Cricket's not the only thing to be sold:
To be a god in Hindustan is not all
To be a PM is not given to all.

Not one vote will go to the other men
Not one voice will be raised against batsmen
Who put the nation on the map of runs:
The man with the bat is the man who runs.

At Wankhede Stadium in Mumbai
The Little Master chose to say good-bye:
His Rembrandtesque canvass hat shading eyes
He mumbled something to himself between sighs.

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Waiting for the Government

Waiting for the government...

Waiting for the government
to do some thing
any thing

I didn't get that.
Oh, you took a space-craft out
into space

We'll keep our fingers crossed
behind our backs...

What's that?
No, not at all. Don't thank us. We thank you.
Don't call us to tell us if you're not coming back.
We understand.
We're no quid nunc.

Things like this happen: every house
collapses.
Haiyan rushed by in a leaking hurry.
Yes, we know. You told us to take flight.
Hours before landfall.
At least, you're safe from the likes of these
mud-slamming storm chasers...

What's that again?
O! Your quinquennium?
Don't you worry no more. We'll get that fixed, too.

Sorry, didn't get that?
O, you mean your tri-annual vacation trips.
No sweat! Just keep going. We'll understand.

What? What the...
You want your luggage sent express?
Consider it done. We're tearing muscle from bone.
Be without care.
Handouts by the mountain bales are on the way.
from outer-space...

Bon Voyage! Happy landing!

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Limerick: Once a School-Girl who didn't like babies

Once a School-girl who didn't like babies

**Once a School-girl who didn't like babies
Thought it'd be better than having scabies
So she engaged a Boor
To bore through the stuck door:
That's how she got both babies and scabies.**

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Biography, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem: Biografía

Biography, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem : Biografía

(from the collection : Oda en la ceniza, 1967)

Just to say three translations of Carlos Bousoño's poems have been spiked. If anyone is interested, please check on ZCommunications.org, PoemHunter.com, PoemsAbout.com or OccupyPoetry.net

Born.
Went out.
Prepared (or qualified) himself.
Returned.
Opened the door and closed it.
Looked about.
Went out.
Put on his thinking cap.
Came back.
Switched on
the light which he later put out.
Very carefully took
an apple which he didn't eat,
and chose
a chair on which he sat.
Didn't look about himself :
Re-prepared himself.
Went for a walk. Returned.
Breathed out
and disappeared.

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The sensation of nothingness, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem: Sensación de la nada

The sensation of nothingness, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem : Sensación de la nada

**Consider, no matter what, even something agreeable
falls so low : in the pureness
of metaphysics, in the sublime
brightness of nothingness.
In the cubic emptiness, in the number
of fire. It's the bonfire
which causes inanity to burn. In the centre
no wind whatsoever blows. It is the fire
pure, pure nothingness. No being inhabited by faith,
there is no extension. The reduction of the world
to a point, to a number which suffers.
Because it is hideous, a symbolical endurance,
without the uncertain material which enlivens it.
Is it the unwaveringness of suffering
in itself... Like the night
that never
would dawn.**

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The throbbing of his heart, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's sonnet: Los golpes de su corazón

The throbbing of his heart, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's sonnet : Los golpes de su corazón

(According to the anthology editor, Alejandro D. Amusco, this sonnet with a different title first appeared in Bousoño's collection : Invasion de la Realidad, 1962, and this revised sonnet : « In its new form – the sense of the poem varies radically – it stops being a love poem to become (one of) an auto-elegy. » I admit it would be futile to keep to the rhyme scheme : abba, abba, cca, bba. T. Wignesan)

I know the throbbing in your breast
has become scarce. Heart, slow down
your passionate movement
and make light the painful groans.

for this body where my feelings
concentrate all its love, where I feel
death at each ashen beat
of grave and oppressing repetitions.

Let sleep your heart, cross my casing
of death lowering into this dark soil
and there keep throbbing in all the senses.

Hark the strings ! Heart, slow down
your passionate movement
of your grave and oppressing repetitions.

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The Question, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem: La Cuestión

The Question, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem : La Cuestión

« ...Oh ! God, Oh ! Centre »*

for Vicente Puchol

(* Note by the editor, Alejandro D. Amusco, attesting that the above quotation was not included in Bousoño's *Antología poética*, 1976, and on the « mysterious Centre » on which the poem is a cogitation. T. Wignesan)

Yes, we know it : would you like to find the secret precinct,
the invulnerable enclosed sanctum,
to enter through any hole into the incredible spectacle,
to penetrate the labyrinth and find the powerful Centre.
As if a thief could rob the totality of light
to find, as I say, the powerful Centre, the absolute Centre,
the immobile Centre of the tempest which moves by itself,
a Centre where nothing is found to budge,
where everything is absorbed into itself, like love, containing
itself in itself,
not on its periphery, but fully wrapped in its contents,
overflowing like the apparition of a card in the suit of Spanish cards,
like an enormous cup of manifestation which augments,
like a wave which continues to mount higher and higher and beyond
its highest limits,
farther yet than possibility's horizons ;
and keeps growing afterwards, going on for days, and the spectacle of its
extermination - the hideous knowledge and the joy of recognising its loss ;
and which continues growing for an immemorial duration in the
direction of its own centre : terrible,
like a persistent cascade pouring down its interior, a flooding within
the experience of feeling well in one's being,
an existential waterfall without end which retracts - having stopped
flowing - inwards into its own Centre.

Ai ! The crucial question is therefore to enter the labyrinth,
The big question comes down to making the move.
Be warned that it is only an act of penetration,
a simple act of transfer ; it would suffice to make a gesture with an
idea that brings joy,
perchance it might suffice just to find water in the barn
or a path in the woods, or in the woods
to fall upon an exit

through the hole (where we came in), to proffer with the key to the
enigma
the solution of the charade,
and discover the other side of the abysm, the reversal of the plot,
before the roof deteriorates
under probing fingers...

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Truth, Falsehood, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's sonnet: Verdad, Mentira

Truth, Falsehood, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem : Verdad, Mentira

Note: I've tried in vain to upload, since November 2, 2013, the following poem:
"Words uttered in a subdued voice in order to constitute a dedication,
Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem: Palabras dichas en voz baja para formar
una dedicatoria", so if Soupers wish to check on it, go to ZCommunications.org;
OccupyPoetry.net, PoemHunter.com or PoemsAbout.com. Many thanks. T. Wignesan

(Quotation : « ...sino esencia real que al tacto obliga », excerpted from Lope de Vega's sonnet, « A un secreto muy secreto », 1634 in Bousoño's collection :
Invasion de la realidad. Madrid : Espasa-Calpe, 1962. I'm not quite sure who
the persona addresses : Lope de Vega, the most prolific playwright and
sonneteer the world has known, some one else, the poet himself or the persona
unto itself. Not that it matters, really ! T. Wignesan)

With your truth, with your falsehood, left alone,
with your incredible reality experienced,
your invented reason, your consumed
yet inexhaustible faith you raise high in the open ;

with the sadness in which you perhaps roll on
towards a haven you never felt attracted
with those enormous hopes destroyed,
the re-constructed like the sea its waves mend ;

with your dreams of love which never become
so really true like the sea suspired
with your over-charged heart which is born

dies and is re-born, resuscitates and dies, look
at the immensity of reality because there lies open
the source of all your truth and of all your falsehood.

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A New View, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem: La nueva mirada

A New View, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem : La nueva mirada

(My own view of Carlos Bousoño stems from a full academic year - from the beginning of September 1970 to the end of May-June 1971 - as a student of his at the Central (Complutense) University of Madrid where he taught the course : « Stylistic commentary of texts », but which included mainly a detailed exposition of his own theory of poetry and humour. It was difficult not to be wholly impressed by his brilliance and originality, even if I didn't quite agree with some of his principal theoretical premises. It is even more difficult to think of another poet who was an incisive and learned critic, literary historian, and a truly gifted teacher ; in short, the consummate Man of Letters of our Age. T. Wignesan)

Give me your hand - suffering and in pain - my old friend.
Give me your hand just once more and I know at another time you
were my companion,
just as you had been so many times in the lingering darkness.
The sea gulls crossed one another in the sky
making the sea look dark through the closeness of being tormented.
Give me your hand one more time, now I know
what I didn't know earlier on. I know how to welcome you without
rancour
nor reproach. I'm reconciled to your dismal visit.

Suffering and pain are embossed in my eyes :
where you fashion your more than fine œuvre,
where you exercise your distress, your
goldsmith's skills
beyond comparison. There
you deposit finally your redemption. You deposit
it as on an altar,
with extreme consideration,
your exquisite workmanship, and you achieve in the middle of the
night, the miracle :
slowly into the skies, the most intricately fine jewel
the golden spectacle
worked over with patience, accumulated reality which accommodates
itself afterwards
to my new view.
And this is so as of now, through your labours in the hidden cave,
in the recondite lair where I suffer the throes of your febrile creation.
And this is so as of now,

I can see
through the accustomed world, a world on fire.

The burning flames take on a colour beyond the habitual gray,
through the obscurity the light looks enraged, the rose
rounds out, the animated crimson
and yet beyond that, through its transcendent appearance,
one sees another mode : transpiercing towards an eternity,
a new country.

A new country, immobile under the light :
through the obscurity of my agitated night.

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A Partisan Heart, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem: Corazon partidario

A Partisan Heart, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem : Corazon partidario

for my Brother Luis

My heart, you know well
is not with him who triumphs or with one who entertains such
aspirations as with the sworn-in trader,
who lies in wait for a good opportunity, then crouches and pounces
on the usefulness of such utility which is his beloved activity :
looks to profit from the embrace,
exacts rent from butterflies and lays out the interest in the open,
collects the receipt for dawning miracles
of the changing nuances of colour
of an invisible and early rose,
sweet and in a hurry
as if it were a man or a flame
or a humane form of happiness : Yes !

My heart is not with the man who knows
the truth,
all that is needed
to forget the rest
that there is,
content with the wind, empowered by conceit,
the chancellor of snow, king by chance,
but never himself knows.

My heart is with him who one day,
though deprived of flitting fame, abandoned by the graces that kept
him going until then,
during the time it takes for everything hostile to render agreeable
reality itself : life being easy, the light adorable,
yet to know how to say : « It doesn't matter ! »

My heart is with him who as a consequence,
the glass which a hand of snow extends in the shade,
drinks up the last drop in all clarity
and without feeling bitter -
the scum of the world.

And afterwards, in all seriousness,
way out there, in the heavens,

sees with renewed eyes -
the sky that is pure.

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Metaphor of outrage, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem: Metafora del desafío

Metaphor of outrage, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem : Metafora del desafío

(In celebration of a birthday)
for Andrés Amoros

Having been outside of you, yourself, dizzying voyage
and then
the quiet, beggar
of your conscience, hermit
in the desert of your inaction, believing
only in the cactus/thistle, in the excessive stone,
without a hole from which to drink, without food, without bread,
miserable and without grove
like a boat struck by tempest
but a tempest not particularly disruptive, without the grandeur
of this sum of experience
in a sea, now, later, monotonous, without end, monochromatic,
with greying water,
or, better still, without it, sailing on it in its non-colour,
sailing in the not-water, with continuity in the never-monotony,
or in the midst of ruins after an earth-quake
that leaves everything low,
rather in a place where there was no house nor where they put up
monuments,
neither was the floor split open, nor were there cracks,
there, exiled, without the remembrance of a lost country,
dumb, without the notion of a language ido*
all the shine shorn off, all persuasion, all complaint,
irremediably left alone, but without solitude,
yet you hadn't any memory of any earlier companionship,
there, where no form of evocation could touch you,
even if to accomplish this, you had to be precise with the previous
declaration ;
there, there you were with your back to your own being,
without seeing, without seeing yourself,
even if sometimes the opposite took place and you began to think with
great clear-sightedness
who knows if for his (sic) condition, that is, principally,
your knee,
which happened, during this period, to occupy
the totality of your attentions and which grew (perceived then as of

a short distance) with it,
your enormous knee, your extraordinary foot, your great foot,
stepping on the treeless plain with resonance,
in a clatter like the rattle of a tambourine,
your gigantic foot,
your treacherous leg, rotund, which grew longer, alone and
autonomous, to a point where nobody could ever reach it,
and after that, but only afterwards,
your entire body made up of indeterminate material, of noise, such
that your skeleton without peer,
your terrible skeleton, advancing with great strides
towards no one, towards nothing,
because later
everything of a sudden began to diminish in size and returned little
by little to its initial state,
and every part of your body began, by slow degrees – yes, this – to
absent itself :
first the flesh and the skin disappeared, and then your erect sex :
impenitent, the object of ridicule,
even if the nails continued with indifference to grow,
attentive exclusively to its pre-occupation with its strange sense
of avariciousness in an effort to acquire much more :
the hair, the beard, without paying any attention to how
parsimoniously it proceeded,
but, following which, that in itself, subjected to such a state of
enrapture, obliterated itself, and arrived punctually on the
generalization of the scrupulous duty to obedience,
which is to disengage itself, in all precision, without any exception
whatsoever, nor leaving even an iota of dust on the polished
surface of the piece of furniture,
disorder,
the chaos of not being seen, the scandal of invisibility, of confusion,
there, on the obverse side of truth, on the other side of lying
on the frontier which it was deemed not worthy of being demarcated,
this area without topography where truth and lies appeared
intermingled
as the self-same answer to the question that you didn't pose.
Oh ! Beggar of your conscience ! Oh ! Scrutinisor !
Oh ! finicky Explorer !
Oh ! Celebrator of the unfortunate !

* Ido, cf. Idus, meaning the « Ides » of March, etc., in English. I don't quite
know. Could the poet be so kind as to enlighten us ?

But then, how am I to say it, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem: Pero como decírtelo

But then, how am I to say it ? Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem : Pero como decírtelo

(To those who are familiar with the Bhakti religious outpourings in the Hindu tradition, in certainly all the vernaculars of the sub-continent, this poem and its symbolism coming from the Iberian peninsula might be a delectable surprise. T. Wignesan)

But then how am I to say it since you insist on being
so light and quiet
like a flower. How will I tell it to you
when you are the water,
when you are a fountain, spring, a smile,
a(n) ear of wheat, wind,
when you are the air, love.
How can I say it
to you, incipient lightning,
early light, dawn,
that you will have to die one day
like somebody not here any more.

Your eternal form
like light and the sea, scarcely lays claim
to the enduring majesty
of matter. Beautiful
like the permanence of the ocean
against whatever will hold it back ; your flesh is more ephemeral
than that of a flower. But if you're
comparable to light, (that's because) you are the Light,
the light that would express itself
(and) which would say : « I love you ! »
that you would sleep in my arms,
that you would be thirsty : eyes, tiredness
and be possessed of an infinite need
to cry, when you see
the roses in the garden
blooming, once all over again.

Ascent into love, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem: Subida al amor

Ascent into love, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem : Subida al amor

(The first poem in Bousoño's first collection of the same name, written before he was 22, sounds very much like being his declaration of « love » with life or rather his « testament » of love . A good many of the poems selected by A. D. Amusco in his anthology : Poésia Antologia 1945-1993 have been revised by the poet, himself. T. Wignesan)

Pay attention to the airs, Solitary Soul !
Sad soul which goes whimpering all alone.
Rise up, mount ! Love awaits you !
The summit looms high. Limit the harness !

Fluttering, trembling and pale,
I see you mounting with your force held back.
The sun returns where, until yesterday, the moon reigned.
The moon arrives where yesterday blew the north wind.

At last, life shines forth with light.
At last, death is dealt a deadly blow by light.
The summits sing, and so do the valleys. Sing !
those who're always alive to those who never die !

Face to face together with God's : listen
to the airs vibrating and live your dreams !
Life together with life, light bound up with loving light
and the humane heaven bound with love in heaven.

Lower the light of love, the light of life.
I feel with ease the minuteness of airs.
Let the light of God dissolve in that of the soul !
How clear it all becomes at once. What silence !

Ode to Spain, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem: Oda a España

Ode to Spain, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem : Oda a España

(before the Civil War)

(Alejandro Duque Amusco draws attention - in his selection of Carlos Bousoño's poems - to the fact that José Luis Cano considers Bousoño to be the poet who re-introduced the theme of « patriotism » in the poetry of the post-Civil War (1936-39) era. T. Wignesan)

Oh ! Spain ! the land where
while one fighting bull assailed, another kills.
Drunks flying without direction in the stars
seek to ascend shirt-sleeves at the cuffs.

At the meeting points of unfortunate demise
and of living it up, the merrymaking
goes on until midnight. Accordeons.
More wine. Applause. Uproars. Whistlings. Nausea.

In the midst of this wild revelry, a priest militarily surges up.
Imposes benedictions and awards medals.
He climbs up upon a chair. Harangues the crowd.
A general rising up in the thick of battle.

In the hardened and deserted arenas
on the route of bitter thirst,
multitudes of drunks bracing themselves against the wind,
staggered at the rising of the sun.

One of them was dressed as a bull-fighter.
Another laughed to himself. All were dancing.

.....
In the treeless plain swept by wind : persistent hunger,
Spain stammered and choked.

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In the eye of the hurricane, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem: En el ojo del huracán

In the eye of the hurricane, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem : En el ojo del huracán

(Ninth in the collection : Metafora del Desafuero, published – according to the editor, Alejandro

Duque Amusco – not in 1988, but in 1989, was awarded the « Premio Nacional de Poésia »

for 1989, on May 28, 1990. Bousoño, as in these later free verse compositions, shows how

well he manages the long-breathed line, a clear contrast to the compact and elliptical earlier

verse, say, of the collection : Subida al amor. T. Wignesan)

The creatures of plenitude situated themselves holding their silence, the thrones of

inexplicability, exactly, therefore, in the very centre of the eye of the hurricane :

that doors be blown asunder, that windows be blown away,

that agonizing bodies in makeshift beds be smothered into oblivion,

half-dead widows, postmen who half-way in the act of delivering

the love letter which would definitely render us joyful,

the seat where the poor old grandmother was in the act of sitting while sewing

the newly-born baby's pony-tailed bonnet which turned around half-way in the gusts,

the hurricane which uplifted love and all that was left of love :

letters, papers, leaves

of music,

lovers in coitus at the orgiastic acmé and the light,

when it began to dawn,

when the saxophone cleared its throat and commenced the beat of the dance,

when everything on the stage in its place awaited the raising of the curtain,

when the wedding was at the point of being consecrated, and the

priest was ready to offer his benediction : « el ite misa est »,

when within the following few moments the inexorable

ceremonial of the written formalities was about to be concluded

then, as I said,

and only then,

the hurricane unleashed its violence with rage, the incomprehensible

hurricane, and there stood still only the immovable lucid eye,

separate, eminent, complete in its entire being, that by force of its
profundity had ascended to the exact point where it could
redeem its guilt,
the eye of reconciliation,
the eye of wisdom and suave serenity,
where the intact and silenced world sang
adorable and yet so beautiful without us,
necessary pretexts, notwithstanding, of its musical nature.

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The Error, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem: El Error

The Error, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem : El Error

for Miguel Delibes

(There are just some words and phrases in this translation that I might yet want to modify or substitute with other alternative phrasing. T. Wignesan)

There must be an error in the calculation,
a hole in the sock, a trick in the game :
behind our backs somebody drinks all the alcohol of the said-one
and gets drunk and is unable to stand up ;
somebody manages to conceal the harvest's wheat and the cream
of the meanings.

Search. in the basement or the dolls' quarters the reason for the
crucifixion,

and then be obliged to hide the powerful event behind the fact of
taking tea in the dining-room, below the vine arbour or in the
shade of the cherry trees.

Doubtless one will find meaning behind each vile act,
the mathematics of suffering where each crack of the whip is a
number.

Here you have the delightfulness of the encompassing of the
system which provides for exclusion as well,
the co-existence of both the truths, the framework of impossibility.
Right here, in front of us, the superb fitting together of horror and
of music stands presented,
that which engenders the enthusiastic cipher, the melody of the act
of birth and of death.

Faintly visible from an angle/a place the beauty of water spilled
over the floor,

the incessant leak from the eaves trough which makes us laugh.

Look ! How all of us dance around the fire,
we put one step after another over the firebrands without
compulsion,

we get close to the flames with joy, we become familiar with the
cinder(s).

Here we are dancing, enjoying ourselves, surrounding ourselves with ceremony
and with rites,

with the rhythm which makes us get together in the moment of
the cremation.

Here we are without fear as if someone perhaps, distractedly perhaps,
or enjoying himself perchance,

had undertaken for us to magically produce
pigeons full of surprise from the sombrero or in the pocket of the
juggler,
from the other side of an incipient horizon gone feeble,
from where perchance we would be warned of it,
dissimulating away those emerging golds from the topmost heights,
an ambiguous error in the calculation,
a hole in the sock,
a huge trick in the game.

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The Definition of Beauty, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem: Definición de la belleza

The Definition of Beauty, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem : Definición de la Belleza

(This poem is the third in the sequence titled : « Disquisición sobre la belleza visual », taken from Carlos Bousoño's collection : Metafora del desafío, 1988. I have stuck close to the original's « controlled and assurance-instilling breathing », I hope. T. Wignesan)

Yes, beauty is eternity, and transcends however
the appearance of its meteor, in that instant
when the snow falls and the wood becomes resplendant
through its dream-like whiteness during a dawn
most sweet. Transcends the vastness of space :
light sovereign. Again beauty
is moreover the means rather than an end and doesn't exhaust itself
like an uncomfortable path that we continue exhausted upon
on a dark night,
compelled by a feeling of anxiety, by some inner voice,
by a voice which makes us stutter and which invites us
to an impossible meeting
at a time of a difficult
feat of contemplation. It is impossible to understand
the meaning of the call, to listen with clarity
to the whisperings of obscurity.

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Somber psalm, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem: Salmo sombrío

Somber psalm, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem : Salmo sombrío

(from Carlos Bousoño's first book of poems, written before he was 22 : Subida al amor (Ascent into love), 1945, and dedicated to the 1977 Nobel laureate, Vicente Aleixandre.)

Do not pass by me , O ! God ! incognito,
do not cross my path like a sky emptied of its stars,
for my body turns in upon itself in flames,
loving you in silence with such persistent anguish.

Do not cross my path while I keep loving an obscure entity,
while I continue to whimper among cactuses, among stones.
So turn Your face away, Your face that I fear
during such a roaring and wild night !

Keep Your distance from me ! Abandon me in the dark !
so that I may wish to be the source and thirst of this earth
in order to be able to love this twisted
trunk of a body sans light, all alone in this blinding wilderness !

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Fear of God, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem, Miedo de Dios

Fear of God, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem, Miedo de Dios

(The second and fourth lines of these quatrains all end in the same rhyme, a feat it'll be hard to maintain without appearing to be inflexible with the sound rather than the sense of the poem. This poem is from Carlos Bousoño's first collection : *Subida al amor*, 1945, which he dedicated to Vicente Aleixandre, marking the commencement of his steadfast admiration and association with the Nobel laureate. T. Wignesan)

And nevertheless, O ! God ! when imbued with feelings of love
I placed my hand in within your bosom,
I felt the love which subdued me
as with one wave from your kingdom.

But I was afraid of the darkness that could
accumulate in the depths of your mystery,
so deep down where even stars could not reach.
Only the penumbra. Fear gripped me.

Ah ! My God ! With what height of pity you espied me,
yet with so much love you my blindness bless
for having feared the darkness where slumps
the light of all the universe.

Because you are the ultimate hold of knowable protection.
Besides, those who love you will with looks inward train
and see an azure horizon
where a perpetual sunrise will reign.

But here I am on the surface of the earth,
here, across the floor, stretched,
because I was afraid of the horrible night,
perchance locked up in your breast.

And a confused ignorance holds me up :
crossed and brutal, impure and dried.
Closed yet interminably increasing
as with the hardened dead.

The Poet's Task, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem: La Labor del Poeta

The Poet's Task, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem : La Labor del Poeta

To Vicente Aleixandre

(It might be worth bearing in mind, while reading this poem, that Vicente Aleixandre was severely handicapped by illness from an early age. T. Wignesan)

You, the poet of the solitary heart,
You divined from love why you're a man.
You gathered the truth of the plain
and your ancient eyes perceived
in the depths of the horizon : silence
unknowable.

You could never tell yourself what miracle
burned in your eyes of this blind planet,
what side of light was there in your life
when tremblingly you watched
the fall of night in the empty extension.

Because I know very well what you conceal from us.
In your corner of the shade, there is a filament
of light, there's a hot point of the interior flower fold
and you watch it openly while
the night sinks farther and deeper. Everything sleeps,
everything holds its silence in the night. Palpitates yet
the diminished light in the darkened corner,
your celestial innocence, your most pure
sense of reality.

The stars have all disappeared,
everything grows dark over the earth.
There's no consolation that could make us feel at ease
in our hearts. All of a sudden, you stand up,
your coarse hands upraised to the heavens.
It has taken you all your life
accumulating your efforts to do this. They were
very heavy, your hands,
as if they were made of stone or very heavy metal.
You have raised your fists in pain
during the night. Slowly, they opened up
with the force of centuries, of roots
which push upwards. As if from under the earth, you unfurled
your hands,

in within the denseness of the material
in darkness. And there, out there, beyond
the funereal space, between the thickness of the
shadow,
you were able, at last, to open your bleeding fists
and exhale in the name of all human beings,
your brothers, that you loved
the light that you saw,
the slight light which accompanied you all your life.

Shining cold for everybody in the light,
for everything celestial or diminished : coldly shining !
I cannot say if it looks like some fresh spurt of water,
I know for sure it poured forth freshness,
I do not know if it was like a river or a drop
of a transparent river.
That's some water which has flowed very slowly,
which has slid slowly for your life,
which has emanated from a trembling life,
finding its source from old roots, from routed
buried caverns.
From a love rooted in buried rocks.
A love for the world, for a world
of anxious maturity, of short
hopes, of blind effects of exterminations ;
a poor world of polished suffering,
of sorrowful horror, of prolonged sunsets...

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A Childhood Memory, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem: Recuerdo de infancia

A Childhood Memory, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem : Recuerdo de infancia

(Note : Poem inspired by the figure of Bousoño's grand-aunt with whom he had had to live since childhood, after the death of his mother. Cf. Carlos Bousoño. Poesia Antología : 1945-1993. Madrid : Espasa Calpe, 1993. T. Wignesan)

There was a child. A child who in your hands
wanted to experience the music of sunrise,
feel the soft lawn, the suave grass.*
Out there, in the heights, lights stuck up high.

Was I about to sound the rock
of its mysterious and cautious blackness ?
The world hushed as did also the sky.
The sky hushed like a child would.

Oh ! My childhood dream of a river lined with fronds,
My cristal flight : made all the more necessary ;
my constant tolerance faced with your mood changes
before the grimness of your statuesque stance !

Silent, stilled woman alone during the day,
woman without light, the woman of long shadows,
dried-up wall unable to feel pain : sheer matter.
A hard, embittered woman !

Further, as I watched you at other times walking about :
Your enormous dress train in the sombre mansion
while I continued to strike at my tenuous light.
My girlish light, my suave and livid lights.

Your quietude waxed furious, your parched country
when crossing your path
a child, even a child, always, always,
like scum, the nausea...

•cespedes

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When Death My Way Comes, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's sonnet: Cuando yo vaya a morir

When Death my Way Comes, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's sonnet : Cuando yo vaya a morir

(I prefer the reversal in my rendering of the title for it highlights the inevitability of the moment. I have also not vainly tried to stick to the end-rhyme scheme : abba/abba/aca/cac/ since in Spanish - likewise in Malay - the terminations of substantives and conjugations of verbs proliferate in « a », that is, vowels. The English language doesn't quite offer the poet such facility in rhyming. T. Wignesán)

This skin, this flower, this sapphire
these eyes, what'll they end up as afterwards.
I would have loved you to be a moon which rides
in the calm of an eternally-swishing whirl.

I would have wished to eternalise you when I espied
slight furrows your sweet face drown :
To breathe life into you, that in your entirety you'll live on
Even when you hear Death calling in my sigh.

I would therefore that you keep close,
so that I might touch you for a fleeting moment :
and know that you are safe, erect, whole.

As with the oak tree to bend the wind wouldn't dare.
As with the spring - the pennant.
As with the evening in its frivolous wear.

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The Investigator, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem: El Investigador

The Investigator, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem : El Investigador

for Alexandrito, seven months

The little infant keeps watching, staying attentive : what's this.
The little box , all by itself, (is) of the most engaging interest.

The little box appeared full of a profound interest.
If it doesn't budge, keep silent, dream, if it stirs.

He turns it on its head, weighs it in his hand, thing to touch.
If he gets close, it grows, if he keeps a distance, amounts to not much.

The box in its listless posture does not wish to be.
When moved to another place, changes completely.

What you have seen, is it valid ? Neither a fixed form nor norm ?
When moved, cataclysmic change seizes its form.

Standing it upright or casting it aside, yes, he can.
But what's surprising is that fall it/he can.
One little box lends itself to much occupation.

The teacher knows it : he has to hurry up,
Or else the little box will never be found or thought up.

He threw it on top of a rag, by disaster taken over :
All of a sudden, the little box was seen no more.

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Elegy on the Death of Vicente Aleixandre, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem: Elegia en la muerte

Elegy on the Death of Vicente Aleixandre, Translation of Carlos Bousoño's poem
: Elegia en la muerte de Vicente Aleixandre

(Born in 1923, Carlos Bousoño, a renowned prize-winning Spanish poet and eminent theoretician on the aesthetics of poetry, held the Chair of Stylistics at the Central (Complutense) University of Madrid. ; later as E-meritus. He wrote his doctoral dissertation, in 1950, on the poetry of Vicente Aleixandre, the recipient of the 1977 Nobel Prize for Literature. It is evident, he witnessed the Nobel laureate's passing in 1984. Bousoño's every lecture, delivered off the cuff, earned him an indomitable world-wide reputation. T. Wignesan)

In Death

Eyes that kept looking
so full of pain
on the last day, hardly moments
before dying,
and from the deathbed
he recalled in sadness,
from far away, very far away though somewhat hazily,
those days with his friends,
out there in the distance
of his childhood,
having himself a great time,
life even then being immortal,
they (may have) roamed through small orchards, or through the
pinewood, or the soaring heights
bathed palpitatingly in the light.

Then to run, concealing themselves,
in the rear of some thickets, awhile :
why were they not being called to
yet from the house.
A little later, a little later feeling really lonesome
for the very last time, and that would be it.

And when they put
a crown on his head as on the king of the world
the day when it all came to pass
the king* had reigned for seven years,
seven years as lord

over everyone in the universe : the air, the sea.
He breathed. He looked tired
and the impossibility. Life, the crown,
painted cardboard, feeling yet happy,
later in love, in the company
of those slinging shots, such happiness. Years without
knowing doubt, and all that was
just an instant so lonely,
bitter grief
real.

And now the tears -
he who never cried - filled his eyes,
sliding down ever so slowly
over his pale cheeks,
soaking the skin,
the mouth,
and continued sliding
even though he was already dead.
The tears lasted longer
than his sorrow-laden eyes.
Much longer
than his own pain.

•Probably a reference to King Juan Carlos of the House of Bourbon.

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The Awakening, Translation of Paul Verlaine's poem: Reveil

The Awakening, Translation of Paul Verlaine's poem : Réveil

I'm back in the bosom of poetry !
Decidedly wealth in the million
Has rejected my fullfilment,
And this's a sad denouement.

As for me, the chosen proverb to apply :
Water clear and pure and this bitter bread
Never to go without, as with
The gent strumming little tunes on the rebec !

As with me the bed of problems multiply :
The long white nights of darkening dreams,
Just as with me, the eternal hopes
Striding from mornings to evenings !

So's with me ethics and aesthetics !
I am he on whom poesy laid its indelible stamp
Rhyming staggeringly fantastic lines
In the penumbra of a smoking oil lamp !

I am the soul chosen by God
To keep entranced my contemporaries
Through such rare and fine refrains
Sung on an empty stomach, O ! Serene Heavens !

I'm back in the bosom of poetry.

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Dream, Translation of Paul Verlaine's poem: Reve

Dream

I give up writing poetry !
I'm going to be rich tomorrow.
I'd rather others took over the tow :
Who wishes ! Who wishes my double to be ?

Worthwhile endeavour, I dare testify :
Long hours given to the promenade
While attempting to rhyme a ballade,
I spent late nights and far away did lie.

Under a lucid and clear moon,
The bridges insidiously glowed,
The waters' waves graciously flowed.
Paris : gay as a cemetery's gloom.

All this good fortune, I renounce
And I bequeath to the Young my lyre !
Children ! To my delirium be the heir.
Me, I inherit the seductor's mantle at once.

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The Burial, Translation of Paul Verlaine's sonnet: L'Enterrement

The Burial, Translation of Paul Verlaine's sonnet : L'Enterrement

I know nothing as gay as a burial !
The grave-digger who sings with his pickaxe in bright thrill
The church bells from afar reverberating with their svelte trille
The priest in a white surplice whose joyous prayers hardly in denial

The chorus boy with his voice fresh as a girl's,
And when at the bottom of the hole, all warm and snug,
The coffin nestles in with the tumbling in soft tug
Of earth making the corpse's eiderdown, the lucky devil's

All this looks to me quite charming forsooth !
And then, all those, stuffed plump in tail coats' sheath,
Mourners whose noses redden while receiving tips

And then, the proper concise speeches stuffed with advice rare
And then, with bulging hearts and glorious foreheads glistening
Hail ! The sparkling heirs !

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Ballade: In favour of those called Decadents and Symbolists, Translation of Paul Verlaine's poem

Ballade : In favour of those called Decadents and Symbolists, Translation of
Paul Verlaine's Ballade en faveur des dénommés Décadents et Symbolistes

for Léon Vanier*

(The texts I use for my translations are from : Yves-Alain Favre, Ed. Paul
Verlaine : Œuvres Poétiques Complètes. Paris : Robert Laffont, 1992, XCIX-
939p.)

Some few in all this Paris :
We live off pride, yet flat broke we're
Even if with the bottle a bit too free
We drink above all fresh water
Being very sparing when taken with hunger.
With other fine fare and wines of high-estate
Likewise with beauty : sour-tempered never.
We are the writers of good taste.

Phoebé when all the cats gray be
Highly sharpened to a point much harsher
Our bodies nourished by glory
Hell licks its lips and in ambush does cower
And with his dart Phoebus pierces us ever
The night cradling us through dreamy waste
Strewn with seeds of peach beds over.
We are the writers of good taste.

A good many of the best minds rally
Holding high Man's standard : toffee-nosed scoffer
And Lemerre* retains with success poetry's destiny.
More than one poet then helter-skelter
Sought to join the rest through the narrow fissure ;
But Vanier at the very end made haste
The only lucky one to assume the rôle of Fisher*.
We are the writers of good taste.

ENVOI

Even if our stock exchange tends to dither
Princes hold sway : gentle folk and the divining caste.
Whatever one might say or pours forth the preacher,
We are the writers of good taste.

*One of Verlaine's publishers who first published his near-collected works at 19, quai Saint-Michel, Paris-V.

* Alphonse Lemerre (1838-1912), one of Verlaine's publishers at 47, Passage Choiseul, Paris, where from 1866 onwards the Parnassians met regularly.

*Vanier first specialised in articles for fishing as a sport.

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The Last Hope, Translation of Paul Verlaine's sonnet: Dernier espoir

The Last Hope, Translation of Paul Verlaine's sonnet : Dernier espoir

There stands a tree in the cemetery
Thrusting itself up in total freedom,
By no means the fruit of bereavement –
Spreading itself out on stone unobtrusively.

In this tree, be it summer or winter,
A bird alights to trill clearly
It's sad song of such fidelity.
This tree and this bird do us bind together :

You the object of my thoughts, I the absence
That time takes stock of in evanescence...
Ah ! To live again propped up against your knees !

Ah ! To be alive again ! But stay yet awhile, my lover,
Let not the void be my chilling victor...
At the least, say : I live but in your intimate core ?

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Conquistador, Translation of Paul Verlaine's tercets: Conquistador

Conquistador, Translation of Paul Verlaine's tercets : Conquistador

Message to fellow soupers: I have been trying to upload, in vain, yet another translation of a

Paul Verlaine poem titled: "Ballade in favour of those called Decadents and Symbolists" since 28/09/2013, so if anyone is interested in reading it, just Google it or go to my pages in other poetry sites like PoemHunter, PoemsAbout, ZCommunications, etc. Thank you. T. Wignesan

(Published in « La Revue blanche », April 1894 , under the title : « Mal de mer » ; and « Pall Mall Magazine » November 1894. Source : Jean-Yves Favre's Paul Verlaine : Œuvres Poétiques Complètes. Paris : Robert Laffont, 1992) T. Wignesan

My heart looms heavy as the ocean waters rear
From having left behind a cherished being dear
Who grows sad by the day, embittered by fear

Over the oceans, alas I must depart
With the heart stout and the soul stalwart
Even if from the Queen exile I must out

Exiling myself only to return to pasture
Though much more joyous beckons the future
Than thoughts of remembrances' adventure...

My heart has grown alike by many a wave
Pushed up in an enormous mass concave
Immense breast upon which the world doesn't rave...

O ! so far a way to be safe from fear
Yet left without care the being so dear
Excepting just that which holds down one tear.

I board ship while the tempest rages
With this hope which keeps gnawing for ages :
To find treasure which my quest assuages.

To bring back to her in merriment :
Gold, silver, pearl and diamond
With my heart as a supplement.

The waters rage, the ocean pregnant bulges

Terrible state : falling and rising spasms
Stooping low to make huge chasms.

Struggling as though forming a tomb
While with courage and with aplomb
The sailor wrestles even as waters loom

Meanwhile without respite the hurricane
Cradled like an infant lost in dreamy bane
The ocean holds to course or inhumes sane

Dreaming of gold by masses and more
Filling up infinite rows of corridor,
For my Sovereign, my life I lay down ever more..
November 1893, London

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Lament, Translation of Paul Verlaine's poem: Lamento

Lament, Translation of Paul Verlaine's poem : Lamento

Ma mie est morte.

Plourez mes yeux.

(from an old poet of the fourteenth century whose name escapes me. Paul Verlaine)

The town hoists its high roofs
Of a thousand zig-zagging hoods.
A sound of joyous bubbly words
Rises up to the heavens, reassuring voice.
____What this vile gaiety does to me
This gaiety of the city !

What vastness of peace reigns over the land !
The bird sings within a great oak tree,
Midday renders the plains all shiny
That turn golden at the setting of the sun.
----Little does it irk me your glory pure
O ! Nature !

With the signals of her waves
With her solemn moan,
Call to us the vast ocean :
All of us, dreamers and sailors.
----What do you want again of me
Sonorous sea ?

----Ah ! Neither the waves of the Oceans,
Nor the countrysides and their shadows,
Nor the cities of ceaseless noises
That giants raised over lands,
Nothing will bring to life my beloved lover
O ! So long in deep slumber.

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Epilogue, Translation of Paul Verlaine's poem: Epilogue

Epilogue, Translation of Paul Verlaine's poem : Epilogue

By way of a Farewell to « personal » poetry. Paul Verlaine, March 1895

(Towards the end of his rather short and tumultuous life, Verlaine in this poem - after composing somewhat in the manner of his times by distilling his own experiences in rhymed and fixed stanzaic forms - makes us believe wishes to put an end to his « personal » compositions. He died of pulmonary congestion on January 8, 1896.

T. Wignesan)

So, therefore, Farewell Dear me-Myself
That which decent people have held to blame.
The poor people ! Who put much love to flame
Remain much flattered (Lady, as when she loves herself !)

Farewell, Dear Me, joy and chagrin
Of which, it seems, I spoke of far too much
That no one wants more of : I have done with such.
From now on , I must my Self drown.

In the heart of hearts - how might one holler ?
Of Impersonal Art, and to take a dignified stand
That I assume a cold-blooded stance,
To celebrate you ! O ! Walhalla !

For, Buddha, to celebrate your rites
And your customs in all countries !
And as for those of my country, O ! Ssh !
Talk of your drawbacks and your merits.

And in breath-stopping plays
Amidst novels put together synthetic
Or, well, in the manner analytic,
Stretch myself out in stupefying tropes !

Farewell, Dear Me-Myself, out of work
I feel the numbness of the tomb already
Casting sneaky glances at us through beauty
On towards a project for unique-headed Art

Farewell ! Heart ! No need for more fare-thee-wells :

This's a little like mud somewhat
Piled up on one's austere Head – and over Art –
What with these « unresolved farewells ».

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Prayer, Translation of Paul Verlaine's poem: Priere

Prayer, Translation of Paul Verlaine's poem : Prière

(One of Paul Verlaine's later poems, after having gone through early success as a poet, love, family life, and yet another kind of relationship with Rimbaud, crime, prison, drunkenness, unrequited love, divorce, and intense inner turmoil. T. Wignesan)

Here am I at Your feet, conscience-stricken as I should be.
I have known all the misfortune for having lost the way
And I have no more hope, and I'm without joy anyway
Excepting for one woman in whom I place holy trust, and whose
worth be
In my eyes more than anything else: hope and well-being so gay.

She's goodness itself, she knows me from years and years ago
We shared days of gloom, bitterness, jealousy and guilt,
But we kept on going together, without any truce, towards the
ineluctable hilt.
Swayed from side to side, buffeted, at the mercy of all ebb and flow
Over the sea where dazzled the twinkle of stars' favourable lilt :

Openness, the awful lassitude of sin
Without ever having to repent, nor wishing for either of us any
pardon...
Well, this sprouting sense of peace, wasn't it after all Your kingdom,
Jesus, whether you wish I repent withdrawn, hidden ?
Grant us our wish which cannot but be Your own.

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Prison Souvenirs, Translation of Paul Verlaine's poem: Souvenirs de prison, March 1874

Prison Souvenirs, Translation of Paul Verlaine's poem : Souvenirs de prison, March 1874*

(Verlaine was sentenced to serve a term of two years in prison for having shot his erstwhile lover in the arm/hand, the legendary poet Arthur Rimbaud, ten years his junior, on July 9th or 10th, 1873, in Bruxelles ; yet he was deeply in love with his wife : Mathilde, left to nurse his son in Paris. He was also sentenced to a month in prison in 1885, following a complaint by his mother and another Dave, for drunkenness. Cf. Yves-Alain Favre, Ed. Paul Verlaine : Œuvres Poétiques Complètes. Paris : Robert Laffont, 1992.)

About a year now and more, I haven't seen the butt-end
Of a newspaper. « Could the « Blue Library » be
sufficient ?
Sometimes I tell myself, despite myself : « Would you
have believed it ? »
Oh ! Well ! One can't die for the lack of it. First of all,
it's undigestible a bit,
A little bit too insipid, the experienced eye gets angry.
But the spirit ! Since it laughs and triumphs, lets it be !
And then again, it's a patriotic pleasure, besides being
salubrious :
Not to want to know anything of this century turned
murderous
And not to continue to watch during this last spate of
trance
This abominable agony which plagues La France.

•There's a reference to Verlaine's letter to Lepelletier, dated August 22, 1874, and poems titled : Vieux Coppées.

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London, Translation of Paul Verlaine's poem: Londres

London, Translation of Paul Verlaine's poem : Londres

...a serious and well-behaved Englishman, well-attired, handsome clothes (Victor Hugo)

(In this poem, I didn't feel adhering strictly to the rhyme scheme would have served a higher purpose. T. Wignesan)

One summer Sunday when everything's bathed in sunshine
London turns into a real feast for delicate souls tuned in :
Trees strong and rotund from frail lawns sprouting
Tender green, an air far from mists and gases grows fine.

So much so they appear to be planted in pastoral country
Limpid sunshine feathery in the fine sky, though blue-ish
Hardly. One feels as if in a bath where wafts
The perfume of a lingering infusion of tea.

Ten-thirty, the hour of interminable services
Divine. Thousands of melodious bells toll through the air
Sonorous and volatile as though seized by strange caprices,
The psalms of David come snorting through clear fog.

Such silvery tintinnabulation that one hears not in France,
The country of intensely tolling bells of bitter bronze
Strike up a concert that's most sweet, instilling of hope and joyous
Though perhaps a little too sweet, one must there fear Hell.

Tolling bells again greet the afternoon. Men in queues
Well-dressed women and children glide rather
Than walk, hold to their silence in a selfish manner
With their voices reserved instead for exclaiming amen.

All this people look pleased in their stiffening posture
Clasping, even if mistakenly, to their profession of faith
And their Protestantism being alike rough and spineless
Makes some look even set right above the reach of the law.

Hopes of the true christian, Peter's ever-widening fish-pond,
Fish ready for the Fisher who may count on catching them ;
Holy-Ghost, God Almighty, let pour Thy light on them
So that Jesus' worth they might at last come to understand.

Six o'clock. The drinkers find their way to the refreshment room,
The family its «home » and the street's abandoned to God :
And in the dirty-looking sky a few stars look quite lonesome
Foreshadowing rain over homeless beggars out in the cold.

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The Virgin Maid of Orleans, Translation of Paul Verlaine's La Pucelle

The Virgin Maid of Orleans, Translation of Paul Verlaine's La Pucelle
To Robert Caze*

Even as the blaze crackled around the stake's pyre,
Joan was deafened by the clergy's brutal chanting,
Harsh eyes with hate from all the windows demeaning,
She felt her flesh quiver and her soul budge on fire.

And like lambs that resold to the butcher expire
The shepherd roamed with country airs whistling
She reflected in earnest on things and being
And met her lord who ungrateful did conspire.

« It's wrong, gentle Bastard, sweet Charles*, good Xaintrailles,
To let the English take charge of her funeral
She who forced them to abandon the siege of Orleans. »

And as for Lorraine, the very thought of that injury,
While death clasped in its arms the non-believers,
Weary ! She cried out just as another creature formerly.

•Acc. to Yves-Alain Favre, a journalist (1853-1886), slain in a duel.
•Charles the VII, crowned King at Rheims on July 17, 1429, with the help of
Joan of Arc who was then aged 15. It was thought Charles VII may not have been
the son of his father, Charles VI, owing to an extra-marital affaire with a
Bavarian monarch.

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The Evening Soup, Translation of Paul Verlaine's La soupe du soir

The Evening Soup, Translation of Paul Verlaine's La soupe du soir

To J.-K. Huysmans

(Verlaine here paints a stark tableau of working-class or peasant life shorn of any symbolic or imaginary references. Even if I see no reason to keep to the strict rhyme scheme, I have nevertheless tried – wherever possible – to retain the quatrain form. Yves-Alain Favre, the editor of Verlaine's complete works, says that the beginning resembles Victor Hugo's « Pauvres Gens » (Poor People). T. Wignesan)

The day dims in the narrow and cold room where the man
Just returned, in a shirt covered with snow, and for
The last three days has not uttered a word,
The woman takes fright and gesticulates warning the kids by signs .

One solitary bed, a dislocated sideboard, four chairs,
Curtains once white soiled by the blood of bugs,
A table which sags on one of its legs –
The whole wreaking with an air gone long stale

The man with the wide forehead, huge eyes fully sombre flame
Truly sparkled with intelligence and soulfulness,
What one calls a solid reliable bloke.
The woman, still young, looks beautiful afetr a fashion.

But Misery has laid its cursed hand on them,
And in a mad tumble, they were dispossessed of what was left
Of their hard-cherished honour and sense of humanity,
Tomorrow, it'll be the turn of the female and the male.

They were seated at the table to partake of the soup
And beef, and this sordid bunch made up a group
Whose shadows loomed endless invading the space around
The room, the lamp burned ever bright without any shutters.

The children are small and look pale though in stature robust
In spite of the apparent leanness of their chests
Which speak of winters gone by without proper warmth
And having to put up with stifling summers.

Closeby an old rusted rifle hangs on a nail
And which the lamp lights up in a strange way.

Anyone who would look about long in the retreat
With that eye of the policeman would see

Piled up at the bottom of a rickety almeirah
A few dust-caked books of « science » and « history »,
And under the mattress, concealed with great care,
Heady novels dog-eared at every end.

And yet they do eat. The man, morose and fierce,
Brings up this nauseating fare to his mouth
Like one notwithstanding a subdued air humbles,
While his Eustachian tube seems destined for other uses.

The woman thinks of some former buddy
Who has everything : carriage and cottage in the country,
While the children, their fists dug into their closed eye-lids
Slurp snoring over their bowls – the sound of imitated sobs.

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To a person, they say, frigid, Translation of Paul Verlaine's poem: A celle que l'on dit froide

To the person, they call, frigid, Translation of Paul Verlaine's poem : A celle que l'on dit froide

(Poem written on September 5, 1889 at Aix-les-Bains, which I found a bit jarring with abrupt exclamations and interrogations, not to mention the repetitive « jusqu'à/aux » which somewhat marring the tour de terrain of the young lady's seductive contours. The second person familiar pronoun « tu » is used throughout by the persona.

T. Wignesan)

You are not the most loving
Of those who partook of my flesh ;
You're not the most appetising
Of women other winters me enmesh.

But I adore you all the same !
Besides your body sweet and benign
Overall in its supreme calm,
So generously endowed feminine.

So voluptuous that words cannot suffice,
From the feet upwards lingeringly kissed
Up to those clear pure ecstatic eyes
So much for the good or better be appeased !

Rising from the legs and the thighs
Green fresh under the taut young skin,
Your odour of medical splints well-nigh
Comes through the smell of crayfish*, looking

Winsome, discreet, a soft little Thing
Hardly slender or the shadow of one,
Out as an apotheose unfurling
To my raucous desire numb.

Upto the budding nipples infantile,
Peaking hardly at puberty of a miss,
Upto your neck triumphant while
Swan-like sail down your body Venus,

Upto these shoulders lush and glowing,
Surging over the mouth on to the forehead

Looks so naïve innocent-looking
Such that the truth may be forfeited,

Upto her close-cut hair curling as
The tonsure of a handsome young lad,
But whose waves, overall, charm us,
The way they dress without fuss or fad.

Then, going past slowly down the spine
Made for pleasure undulating, up to
The sumptuous buttocks, whiteness divine,
Roundness by the scissor legs apt to

Fluffy Canova ! Upto the thighs
That we salute yet once more,
Down the calves, deliciously tight,
Down to the heels of golden rose !

Were the ties that bound us unforced ?
No, but they were their own attraction.
Was the fire engendered by us mad ?
No, but it provided the heat in unison.

As for the Point, Frigid ? Not at all. Fresh.
I said that our « earnest concentration »
Was above all and I lick my lips,
Something surely better than masturbation.

Although this's also those propensities
Which got you prepared well together,
As you/they say, such improprieties ,
Made of me a Lodger.

And I keep you among the/my women,
With regret, but not without some hope
That by the way we may make love when
We see ourselves again, I hope !

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Paris, Translation of Paul Verlaine's poem: Paris

Paris, Translation of Paul Verlaine's poem : Paris

(For those who may be interested, this poem by Paul Verlaine presents more difficulties than his other rhymed quatrains I have read, but then this may only be a personal feeling. T. Wignesan)

Paris cannot lay claim to beauty but through its history,
But this history is by beauty all through possessed !
The river Seine lies so absurdly sheltered,
Yet its bright green hue all on its own deserves glory.

Paris cannot be thought gay but by virtue of its chatter
Yet this loquaciousness, a teeming vulgar vice,
Springs from a throng of tongues in its voice,
Stirring this insipid linguistic stew into spicy banter.

Paris can hardly be considered wise but by the demure
Flux of its populace and its diverse factions,
Even if it can engender revolutions
It lies in ambush in the shade with its sense of Order.

Paris can boast not just with its charming Girl
Who has no need to envy those who're Exotic
But for harmless wrongs and sins not quite endemic
Such that they come to pass in a detached swirl.

Paris thus may be held to be good but for its flighty
Inebriation with lust and with pleasure,
Nothing much more than a flirtation with desire
Such pleasure as at the expense of a brother be duty.

Paris doesn't display anything as sad and as cruel
As the poet we see by the year or at random
Dying of ennui under clinical surveillance
Not far from the old worker fraternal.

Long life to Paris, likewise for its history,
For its eloquence and its Girl, naïve
Products of an art both perverse and primitive
And die the poet purging himself by duty !

To Don Quixote, Translation of Paul Verlaine's A Don Quichotte

To Don Quixote, Translation of Paul Verlaine's sonnet : A Don Quichotte

(Poem written in March 1861 that I would Verlaine had dedicated to the Grand Dear Old Man of Letters : Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra - with kind permission, of course, sought by me and which I know he wouldn't withhold. T. Wignesan)

O ! Don Quixote, medieval princely champion, incomparable Bohemian,
Only in vain does the absurd and vile crowd laugh at you :
You died as a martyr and your life remains a poem,
And the windmills wronged you, O ! King true !

Always keep going, keep going, protected by your faith,
Astride your fantastic charger that I cannot but love.
Sublime gleaner, forward ! - those the law wraps in moth
Balls are more numerous, more staggering than bygone days
enough.

Hurrah ! We follow in your steps, we, the saintly horde of poets
Dishevelled, our heads wrapped in verveine tights.
Lead us on to assault high-strung fantasies,

And soon enough, in spite of every form of treason,
Up on high will flap our winged standard of Poesies
Over the hoary skull of our inept reason !

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To a Public Prosecutor, Translation of Paul Verlaine's A un Magistrat de boue

To a Public Prosecutor or a Judge of Mud*, Translation of Paul Verlaine's : A un magistrat de boue*

Remembrance from the year 1885

Dedicated to the late internationally-famous Franco-Vietnamese lawyer : Jacques Vergès (1925-2013) who likewise defied/despised less-than-upright judges and was not afraid to say so in court.

(Here, one should bear in mind that when the persona of the poem apostrophises, he is using the French second-person familiar or rude pronoun « tu » aimed at the Public Prosecutor)

Bugger off, make yourself scarce or rather much sooner
From our land of decent folk : chaste Ardennes
Go to your equally virtuous Auvergne where meander
The sluggishness of your chugged up veins.

Idler ! get out of this Public Prosecutor's Office to polish
In the literal sense
Feet of others to the letter instead of anchoring slavish,
By filthy Caryatid's frozen stance,

In this court where you hammer away at the innocent
Demanding banishment to the penal colony and jails
Here where in your summing up expressed through frightful accent
Worse yet than can be thought droll,

Despicable lawyer who amassed, the least they tell me,
For himself nothing but his inherited fortune
Without which he could ne'er have earned but a penny
Indeed even a thune,*

You insulted me, You ! from the safety of your stage,
Rude, trivial, peasant !
You dared insult me, Me ! a Man solely by Beauty bound in
bondage,
Me, whom the world would with fame anoint !

You talk of my morals, you insignificant chatter-box,
Bereft of the slightest eloquence,

Yet insults when they emanate from such a rascal's voice-box
Can hardly be thought of as being of any consequence.

The consequence of all this, first of all you're a sod
Who knows not how not to be but a beast,
Well without further ado - whereas, due to your shameful assault
Pinning down a poor poet

A naïve poet who may not be blamed for having done any wrong
But for being this poet,
Victimsed by him, subject to the laziness in him throng,
Common, ugly, in his boëte*,

(Exactly as you pronounce it, double and triple auverpin*)
That in the centuries to come
That you be damned ! your name, Grivel (be bathed in shame)
By virtue of this little poem.

•Magistrat de boue : literally « a judge of mud », in fact is a play on the word : « debout », that is, to stand up. In France the Bench is distinguished by judges who speak while standing up or those who prosecute in the name of the People, and those « juges de siège » who speak while being seated or rather the judges who pass sentences.

* thune : a five-franc coin, that is, a inconsequent sum

* boëte : a fishing trap

* auverpin : or « avergnat », an inhabitant of the province of Auvergne

T. Wignesan - Paris, 2013

To a woman, Translation of Paul Verlaine's sonnet: A une femme

To a woman

(In this traslation of Paul Verlaine's sonnet : « A une femme »,
I have retained the rhyme scheme to the letter, I hope. T. Wignesan)

To you these lines in faith must console I address :
A sweet dream laughs and cries in your large eyes through
The purity of your soul which is wholly good, to you
These lines from the depths of my turbulent distress.

Just that, Alas ! the nightmare which haunts me hideous
Allows no respite and furious, mad and jealous continue
Multiplying themselves like wolves in a funeral retinue
Hanging on to my fate which at their mercy they harrass !

Oh ! how I suffer, I suffer hopelessly, so mean
That the initial whimperings of the first man
Banished from Eden a mere eclogue to the cost I wean. !

And the minor discomforts you may endure in comparison
Are like the swallows in the sky on an afternoon
- My Dear - make the beautiful warm September day a boon !

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Nightmare, Translation of Paul Verlaine's Cauchemar

Nightmare, Translation of Paul Verlaine's Cauchemar

(Translation of Paul Verlaine's quintilla : « Cauchemar ». As usual, I have tried to stick to the original's stanzaic format and rhyme scheme. T. Wignesan)

In my unfurling dream I saw it happen
- The way the hurricane lashes the strand -
A two-edged sword whirling in one hand
An hourglass in the other
This knight rider

Come coursing through Germany
Down through towns and the open country
And from the river up mountain free,
And from forests to valley lone
This stallion

Ebony black and red as flame
Sans bridle, nor bit, nor rein.
Ne'er a hup ! nor crop, constrain
In the midst of deafening railing
Unfailing ! Unfailing !

Long plume adorning a huge felt hat
Kept in shade his eye which up it lit
And then it dimmed. Such as in the mist
Explodes and dies this blue flash clear
The weapon fire

As when the white-tailed eagle's wing
As might by a sudden storm sting
The air streaked with snowing,
His fur coat out-raised distend
Beat back the wind,

And disclosed with an air : glory be
A torso sombre and of ivory,
While in the black night free
Through strident neighing : dazzling beneath
Thirty-two teeth.

Villanelle: Strike - And you sign your own death warrant

Villanelle : Strike ! And you sign your own death warrant !

for Obama, a swell chap he may have been or may yet be

Strike ! And you sign your own death warrant !
Wild men'll come a-gunning avenge their own god
Is that wart on Fa-ling line : Death by shot ?

Come they'll too clad in black : King and President
All muttering under breath : « The Old Sod ! »
Strike ! And you sign your own death warrant !

You'll have time to rue what a lone strike meant
Your shores were never at stake nor your Lord
Is that wart on Fa-ling line : Death by shot?

Those who build iron walls know they can't hunt
Must the World be sacrificed for one god ?
Strike ! And you sign your own death warrant !

When d'you strike back for the Sandyhook Lent
The NRA strikes back and call you : « Sod »
Is that wart on Fa-ling line : Death by shot ?

Be the Statesman and make every word count
Bring the toddler gods to the feet of God
Strike ! And you sign your own death warrant !
Is the wart on Fa-ling line : Death by shot?

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Nevermore, Translation of Paul Verlaine's sonnet: Nevermore

Nevermore, Translation of Paul Verlaine's sonnet : Nevermore

(In this translation of Paul Verlaine's « Nevermore » , I must say I felt inveigled into adhering to the fixed form by making some unnecessary allowances just in order to respect the rime scheme. It would have been better if I had abandoned the effort at laboriously keeping to the original's end-rimes. T. Wignesan)

Souvenirs, souvenirs, what do you want of me ? Autumn
Invites the thrush to fly through the air lifeless sans tone,
And the sun beats its rays down : relentless monotone
Over the yellowing wood where claps the North wind's thunder tone.

We were walking all by ourselves as if in a dream,
She and I, hair and thoughts buffeted by the wind's non-esteem.
All of a sudden, she turned towards me her looks agleam
« Which was your most beautiful day ? » did her lively golden voice beam.

Her voice soft and sonorous, a fresh timbre angelic.
A discreet smile she did redeem as a reaction cyclic,
And her blanched hand I kissed with devoutness.

Oh ! the first flowers, how their scent liberates perfumes !
And the first sounds they emit akin to charming murmur
The first « yes » that escapes the lips of virgin dames consumes !

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Basking in Moonshine, Translation of Paul Verlaine's Claire de lune

Basking in Moonshine, Translation of Paul Verlaine's Claire de lune

(Translation of Paul Verlaine's « Claire de lune » by T. Wignesan. Again I try to keep to the original syntactic patterns and visible layout, but I must admit I could produce other renderings which could equally do justice to the probable « intention » of the poet.)

None may ask for better landscape than where souls lie
Wherein might rove charmingly masked bergamaskers
Strumming their luths while dancing but who well nigh
Look stricken under their outlandish disguises.

Verily singing in a murmurous tone
Love that triumphs and life's seizable worthiness
Yet hardly seem to believe in their own good fortune
And their song dissipates into moonlight's pallidness,

Into that sad yet pleasing stillness the moon engenders
Which must surely induce birds in trees to dream
And to gush ecstatic through sturdy water spurts,
Tall chiselled water columns against marble gleam.

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Limerick: So this Wily Woman from Franco's Spain - 7

Limerick : So this Wily Woman from Franco's Spain - 7

On Jan. 16 : declares lost her paper(s)
On Jan. 17 : Consulate declares her spinster
Next day abandons son
Sets up shop : Free Maison*
Named worthy Napoleons' Sexual Advisor !

•Maison : French for house or even firm.

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Limerick: Then this Wily Woman from Franco's Spain - 6

Limerick : Once this Wily Woman from Franco's Spain - 6

This Wily Woman went on the rampage
New Year's Day Seventy-Six* start of new age :
Marriage beds soiled with verve
This woman first to serve
Free-Maisons' Afro-Asians free of charge !

•Adultery was a criminal offence punishable under the French Penal Code before January 1, 1976

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To Charles Baudelaire: Translation of Paul Verlaine's A Charles Baudelaire

for Charles Baudelaire

(Paul Verlaine's sonnet : « A Charles Baudelaire », translated by T. Wignesan. I thought I'll first present to readers - they should see why - an unrimed version, and maybe later the strict sonnet form.)

I didn't know you, I didn't love you,
I know you not : period, and I love you even less :
I can hardly defend your diffamed name,
And if I have some right to count myself among your witnesses,

Then it's, first of all, and besides all, towards the Feet tied.
Initially by the cold nails, then the surges of feeling
The women of sin - whose Oh ! how anointed,
So many kisses, intoxicating chrism and kisses full of hunger !-

You fell, you prayed, like me, like all the rest
The souls that hunger and thirst during the passage
Pushed so many well-wishing hopes to reach Calvary !

Calvary rightful and true, Calvary where, then, these doubts
This, that, grimaces, art, tearful at their rout.
What ? To die unprotesting, we, men of sin.

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Limerick: Then this Wily Woman from Franco's Spain - 5

Limerick : Once this Wily Woman from Franco's Spain - 5

Now this Wily Woman from Franco's Spain
Pumped hard to become Free-Maisons' Main Drain.
Only thing left to win :
Marianne* in dung-bin -
National Assembly long lock-jawed - slain !

•Marianne : symbol of the French Republic

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Free Verse: Translation of Paul Verlaine's Vers Libres

Free Verse : Translation of Paul Verlaine's Vers Libres

(Yet another possible translation of Paul Verlaine's « Vers Libres » by T. Wignesan, though I prefer in my translations not to derange the visual structure and syntactical and linear layout - with some exceptions - of the poem)

I admire the ambition Free Verse invokes
And me, what do I do at the moment
My attempts to derange the equilibrium evokes
The number of syllables only by two rhythms rent

It's true I count myself among these syllable counters
And rimers, a sin for which I well know
How sorely it drags and how heavily it clutters
Yet something intrinsic to our French art's glow.

Otherwise it remains submerged in poetry,
Since the language is oblivious to accent.
What can you do there ? And wild fantasy
Here loses its rights : riming is of the moment.

That Free Verse's ambition haunts
Youthful brains venturing to take risks !
Such passion for a dear illusion daunts
One cannot but smile at alienating mistakes.

Frisky foals which go gamboling over the green
Manifesting their sincere nature dear !
Insane they might be but at their age - supreme,
Truely fetching, Free Verse tempts us here !

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Limerick: Then this Wily Woman from Franco's Spain - 4

Limerick : Then this Wily Woman from Franco's Spain - 4

Then this Wily Woman from Franco's Spain
Married a divorcee and put Church in chain
There, she said : « Me ? Married ! »
Here, she said : « Me ? Curried ! »
Free-Maisons dubbed her : Saint Marianne* Brain !

* Marianne : symbol of the French Republic

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Limerick: Then this Wily Woman from Franco's Spain - 3

Limerick : Then this Wily Woman from Franco's Spain - 3

Then this Wily Woman from Franco's Spain
Got the old suction pump jerking again
She pumped herself so hard
They said she set record
Till sewers now run through her to the Seine.

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Villanelle: There are more poets than there are poems

Villanelle : There are more poets than there are poems

There are more poets than there are poems
Everybody writes with some poets' tongue
Do duckweed and mugwort breed well in loams

If only those who teach could write poems
The world will be spared many gasps in lung
There are more poets than there are poems

And there'd be less of those who push poems
And even less of those who parse the tongue
Do duckweed and mugwort breed well in loams

Who says this be damned ever in dungeons
Let billions rant and rage in their own tongue
There are more poets than there are poems

Words mean what they seem beyond their poems
To hell with those who demean words with dung
Do duckweed and mugwort breed well in loams

Every human has a right to write poems
As every bird empties its sing-song lung
There are more poets than there are poems
Do duckweed and mugwort breed well in loams

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It Pitter-Patters Down My Heart: translation of Paul Verlaine's Il pleure dans mon coeur

It Pitter-Patters Down My Heart

(Another possible translation of Paul Verlaine's « Il pleure dans mon cœur » by T. Wignesan)

**It pitter-patters down my heart
Just as it does over the town.
What's this languorous thought
Which creeps into my heart ?**

**Oh ! the gentle tread of the rain
On the ground and on roof-tops !
For a heart which is in chagrin
Oh ! the music that is rain !**

**It rains without rhyme or cause
In this heart which constricts.
What ! No treacherous force ?
Plunges me in mourning's remorse.**

**Well, the worst possible sentence
Is to leave me with not even a clue,
Bereft of love and hate - whence
My heart founders under sentence.**

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Limerick: Once this Wily Woman from Franco's Spain - 2

Limerick : Once this Wily Woman from Franco's Spain - 2

**Once this Wily Woman from Franco's Spain
Found refuge in Napoleonic Domain
Antics at home found out
In new home given clout
All criminal codes waived to let her reign !**

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Autumnal Dirge: Translation of Paul Verlaine's Chanson d'automne

Autumnal Dirge

(One of many possible translations* of « Chanson d'automne » by Paul Verlaine)

for Sandra Feldman

Drawn out sobs
Violins
of autumn
Wound my heart
Through a languor
Monotonous

Hardly breathing
And turning wan, when
The knell tolls,
I recall
Days gone by
And I cry

And I have to leave
With the unwelcome wind
Which bears me away
Here now, there then
Much as a
(Wafting) Dead leaf.

•This is as close to a literal translation as I can get, for I do think the original visual structure ought not to be disturbed and as long as the poet's « meaning » (Intentional fallacy/Affective fallacy notwithstanding), if any, be not overly distorted.

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Rugby Scrum Dance for Divorced and Disabused Wedding Guests

Rugby SCRUM* DANCE for Divorced and Dis-abused Wedding Guests

(Packs made up of eight « players » (see note below) may be formed indifferently : either segregate the sexes or mix them up. No sweat ! Only keep children away !)

First Half

Step up

Both parties, now

Take two steps forward

Crouch - Pause - Engage

Lock jaws, crush noses, twist mouths, stick tongue in eyes

Chew tufts of ear and eye hair, straggling locks and stubborn cowlicks

Spit putrid saliva into slobbering teary-sweaty faces

Crush toes under boots, judo-kick ankles and, if possible, necks

Watch the three heads stuck between first-row thighs

Aim kick to upturn canines

Let not number 8 make as if s/he was kept out of pack

Hooker ! Reach out with your you-know-what

And tickle fancies

Watch both scrum-halves wheedle legs between legs with number 8s

Aim side-kicks to tumble them down flat on face

Now inhale long arm-pit fragrance

And expel into snorting nostrils

Hey ! Cut that exhaust fuming out back there, you 8s !

Exert pressure with cheeks on thighs

Slurp up grass and worm-eaten soil

With every boot-kick to resist head-on-shoulder thrust

Stay put

Hold breath

Second Half

While pushing with all one's might from the thighs upwards

Claw with three fingers : one in ears, the other in mouths and the third in either of the eyes (best when nails have not been cut for three weeks or more)

In fact, claw at anything that presents a bulbous jelly-like substance

Those gasping for breath in the rear of the pack have to content themselves breathing in spent jettisoned shafts of air forced out by tremendous thrusts

Take two steps to the right and then to the left

Go back a bit once this way

and then the other

Now turn the packs around : once, twice, thrice

Ladies ! Please !

Dig high heels in hookers' rumps

Riggle

Wiggle waggle chops

Let paps hang loose and dangle dangle over men's knees

Hold on to any protruding thing !

Over-Time

Wheel around sideways thrice

Stop !

Take a deep breath

Then wheel around and around holding fast to the next player's shorts

Stick tongues out and gasp for breath

Wag chins from side to side jammed to opponents' faces

If this doesn't work

Bite ears

If this doesn't still work

Try tickling wet torsoes with sticky palms

If this too doesn't work

Ladies ! Burp three times in men's faces

And if even this doesn't work

Stand up and fall backwards (if you can)

This - sure as hell - will work !

End of Game

•Certain infringements of the rules in the game can give rise to the SCRUM which is yet another way to re-start the game. The scrum is formed with eight

players from each side. The players come together in a crouching position by interlocking arms and has the following formation : 3-4-1. The referee calls out : « Crouch - Pause - Engage ! », and the two eights of each side ram into each other head on ! The scrum half - the player who stands outside - then rolls the ball into the tunnel formed by the opposing players. The scrum players then try to get possession of the ball with their legs.

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Limerick croises: There was a wily woman from Spain

Limerick croisés : There was a wily woman from Spain

There was a wily woman from Spain
Who thought she could take much sizzling pain
She let herself be split
By mustangs in a fit
So that's why she kept howling in vain

In a new town that rhymes much with tail
Dwarf made it to the top on a pail
Then he filled up her lake
With his sprung tail to take
A bath in the leaking pail and wail !

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Limerick croises: Once our 'Rita jumped into Sea Anne-Anne - 14

Limerick croises : Once our 'Rita jumped into Sea Anne-Anne - 14

Once our 'Rita jumped into Sea Anne-Anne
Sirens howled « panic stations » refrain
One Valhalla Rani
Offered her much money
For a shot sans mantilla - in vain

Our 'Rita - you bet - a stunning beauty
Not given to falling for flattery
Was all of prime six feet
Which she tucked under meat
For Sevillan beds stood (on) two feet plus three !

So they put her up that night till Morgan
Classified her as subterfuge weapon
NSA roped her in
To put one o'er Putin
Now Chinese wish her to test rat poison !

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COPLA SIETE: This Bad Guy World

COPLA SIETE : This Bad Guy World

Watch those who say they serve God most
They'll boast their God stands for peace
And for Him - kill !

Watch those who clearly wish to boast
Theirs is the ONLY sacred lease
Yet show ill-will

To all those who likewise proclaim
ONE GOD - not their own - with disdain
Yet kill their own

And in killing their own, they maim
Their OWN GOD who will not even deign
To help His own !

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Limerick: Once our Senorita watched Sea Anne-Anne - 13

Limerick : Once our Senorita watched Sea Anne-Anne - 13

Once our Senorita watched Sea Anne-Anne
What got her was all that Royal Can-Can :
« Little Rascal » - « Car Seat »
« New Father » - « New Hope » feat
So she changed sex to lure She-Anne-Anne !

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Limerick: Once our Senorita from Sevilla - 12

Limerick : Once our Senorita from Sevilla - 12

Once our Senorita from Sevilla
Entered a dance contest in Bahia
Others danced the salsa
Rita dirty samba
Since Sevilla sells the new dance : Salsamba !*

•« Sal » in French means « dirty ».

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Limerick croises: Once our Senorita from Sevilla - 11

Limerick croisés : Once our Senorita from Sevilla - 11

Once our Senorita from Sevilla
Shed tears for Don Carlo in Opera
Touched by Verdi in heart
Present in Phillip's Court
She could give her life for Isabella !

Oh ! How she cursed the Princess Eboli
Denounced hers-Inquisitor's treachery
Upped her seat in Act IV
Hung around Exit Door :
Which caused King Phillip's heirless Court to flee

So there she slept till the next performance
When tocsin rang the King's comeuppance
Carlos Quinto's grandson
All spruced-up as Mammon
Wed Senorita richer by tuppence !

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Limerick: Once our Senorita from Sevilla - 10

Limerick : Once our Senorita from Sevilla - 10

Once our Senorita from Sevilla
Took to reading books set in Castilla
One Knight de la Mancha
Tickled her jugular
Since at windmills rails : Anda ! Lucia !

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Limerick: Once our Senorita from Sevilla - 9

Limerick : Once our Senorita from Sevilla - 9

Once our Senorita from Sevilla
Lied about going to Colombia
Rivals said : You know why !
Others : Her life's a lie !
Our Saint confessed lie in Iglésia !

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Limerick: Once our Senorita from Sevilla - 8

Limerick : Once our Senorita from Sevilla - 8

Once our Senorita from Sevilla
Climbed ladder to pluck tree guava
Gathered under a crowd
Gaping under her shroud
So she squeezed juice to stop saliva.

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Limerick: Once our Senorita from Sevilla - 7

Limerick : Once our Senorita from Sevilla - 7

Once our Senorita from Sevilla
Hurried with unborn twins to Lisboa
Some said twins were long due
Others : Port Ugh ! Geese knew
Why then she named twins : Macau and Goa ?

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Limerick: Once slick Senorita from Sevilla - 6

Limerick : Once slick Senorita from Sevilla - 6

Once slick Senorita from Sevilla
Watched proud Toro shamed by faena*
So she lured Picador
Behind her unlocked door
And gored him till he split on his Pica.

•faena : the manœuvres with the cape
the toro is subjected to by the matador
after the maiming of the magnificent beast
by the picador

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Limerick: Once a Senorita from Sevilla - 5

Limerick : Once a Senorita from Sevilla - 5

Once a Senorita from Sevilla
Learned Flamenco to strut at Feria
Eyes flashed to kill gallants
Bitten by red hot ants
Now at ferias she sells tortia.

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Limerick: Once a Senorita from Sevilla - 4

Limerick : Once a Senorita from Sevilla - 4

Once a Senorita from Sevilla
Gobbled four water-melons from Murcia
Head took the shape of one
Buns in front then weighed ton
Sad, only one bum could say : Bon Dia !

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Limerick: Once a Senorita from Sevilla - 3

Limerick : Once a Senorita from Sevilla - 3

**Once a Senorita from Sevilla
Caught a Cock to make a paella
Paella tasted good
But Cock stayed in bad mood
Crowed all the way down : Mama ! Mia !**

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Limerick: Once a Senorita from Sevilla - 2

Limerick : Once a Senorita from Sevilla - 2

**Once a Senorita from Sevilla
Took a short cut to Segovia
Met Toro on the way
And rode him half the way
Bore Toro on back rest of via.**

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Limerick multiplication: Once an optimistic Optician

Limerick multiplication : Once an optimistic Optician

for Elodie

Once an optimistic Optician
Looked deep into her Client's vision
Saw worlds unknown to her
And lost her way back here
Client left her in utter confusion
or
Client left but stark pessimism
or
Now straddles acute astigmatism
or
Now suffers from divided attention
or
Now has gone on a mystic mission
or
Optician and Client in mutation
or
Now both revel in sacred damnation
or
Client made Optician eye donation
or
Now both sell eye-drops in collusion
or
Now Client gives Optician eye lotion
or
Now Client gives lessons in eye motion
or
Optician gives Client sole solution
or
Client then rubs Optician in the shin
or
Optician then throws Client in the bin.

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Limericks croises: Once Boxer met a Poodle in broad street

Limericks croises : Once a Boxer met Poodle on leash

**Once Monsieur walked Poodle in broad street
Madame laid up after nightlong feat
Poodle tripped in full glee
In Paris rue carefree
Monsieur took note of neighbours who cheat**

**Saw Mademoiselle walk Boxer on leash
Boxer lick-jumped Poodle with relish
Monsieur's leash entangled
Mademoiselle's hose bungled
Rush hour traffic stopped to let dogs enmesh/unleash.**

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Limerick: Once a Senorita from Sevilla

Limerick : Once a Senorita from Sevilla

**Once a Senorita from Sevilla
Took to hiding looks under mantilla
Not unbeknown to her
Sullen senior Senor
Gazed but at her wide open Gran Via.**

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Limerick: Once a lazy Lout without any clout

Limerick : Once a lazy Lout without any clout

**Once a lazy Lout without any clout
Entered politics though hampered by gout
Party voted him Chief
Being good at misChief
Now UN wants him for what ? Ne'er a doubt !**

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Limerick: Once a tongue-twisting Pop Man-Eater

Limerick : Once a tongue-twisting Pop Man-Eater

Once a tongue-twisting Pop Man-Eater
Went on rampage with just her Strummer
Tunes she hissed were so sweet
Crunched Frenchmen by the fleet
Watch Out ! 'Merica ! for this Nor'-Easter !

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Limerick: Once a Lion of a Man in ruin

Limerick : Once a Lion of a Man in ruin

Once a Lion of a Man in ruin
Tried to salvage his pawns and queer Queen
Far too late t'was end-game
Even his Knight was lame
So he reset rules and horsed his Queen !

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Limericks croises: Once Meat-Eater met a Veg-Eater

Limerick : Once Meat-Eater met a Veg-Eater

Once Meat-Eater met a Veg-Eater
And they got along fine in summer
Who d'you think stopped rains
And dried up all the drains
Meat-Eater slaked thirst thanks to Veg-Eater

Then the snows from Kilimanjaro
Blizzard-driven chilled bones and marrow
Rare preys made themselves scarce
Even ants froze their ass
Whose bones Meat-Eater drained you needn't know !

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Limerick: Once a tight Tycoon fell in a swoon

Limerick : Once a tight Tycoon fell in a swoon

Once a tight Tycoon fell in a swoon
Having slapped a Goon during typhoon
Both his hands got twisted
Behind his back instead
Since Goon spits into Tycoon's spittoon.

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Maquillage Civilization

Maquillage Civilization

Come ! Quick ! Quick !
Cover up the tracks !
That lead to my doom
Even the lynx watches blear-eyed the bald-eagle
badgering badgers waddling down slithering marshes
Curling wisps of mists torn shreds of time
hug low down by dripping pines

And I wonder at the long lost lines of pre-Stone Age Cave Men
who have long preceded my own

Come! Quick! Quick!
Cover up the tracks!
Am I the Cloned Monster of my dreams!
Fierce thoughts warp my mind on wild backs
And make my hand shake through weird themes

Say, how many eons ago
Did this entrenched sea-begetter of mine
Binding metallic force on maddraged muscled ego
Take shape to terrorize the brine

How many the magmatic engines hide under my gnarled hide
I hear them growl and grind in my bowels
Fizzing comets drill through memory-compressed neurons
And foist the thoughts boil-caged in my veins

Who are the unkempt ogling and babbling baboons
Prising libidos through rousing neck-biting sex-twined clashes
through gaping maw
Come streamlined in a many-laundered thing

The downward civilizing trek
The paint on the wall
held firm by the poisoning lead

Come! Quick! Quick!
Cover up the tracks!
Nothing changes like Change!
The Monster who lurks under the skin
Is still the Master of my whims!

Come! Quick! Quick!

Cover up the ...

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Limerick: Once a Nanny looked for a Manny-Mannie

Limerick : Once a Nanny looked for a Manny/Mannie

**Once a Nanny looked for a Manny
And found the father of her Kiddie
Poor Cuckold gave assent
With his Girlie's consent
Now all five live in One Bliss House free.**

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Limerick: Once a scandal-ridden Monarchy

Limerick : Once a scandal-ridden Monarchy

**Once a scandal-ridden Monarchy
Took to breeding with Tom Dick & Harry
The last Prince with scant blue
Donned the saffron robe true
Thus Millésime House lost lineage Tree.**

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Limerick: Once a Briton in the Tour de France

Limerick : Once a Briton in the Tour de France

**Once a Briton in the Tour de France
Smoked cigars drank Champagne made bike dance
From Versailles to Paris
Yet won the Tour easy
How ? By breathing exhaust fumes' fragrance !**

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Limerick: Once a Poet used an harmless Word

Limerick : Once a Poet used an harmless Word

for Andrea D. & Catie L.

**Once a Poet used an harmless Word
Word over-use connotes slicing Sword
Sword decapitates sense:
Poet's sauna incense
Now Word's Wraith rants on Kerouac Road.**

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Limerick: Once a Miser lost hoard of halfpence

Limerick : Once a Miser lost hoard of halfpence

**Once a Miser lost hoard of halfpence
Looked high and low and over the fence
When at last he found it
It wasn't worth his spit
Ha'penny tipper got his comeuppance**

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Villanelle: Who's not racist, do stand not up, please

Villanelle : Who's not racist, do stand not up, please

for Piers Morgan & Anderson Cooper

Who's not racist, do stand not up, please
Isn't S/He who put us here the biggest
S/he who asked to be put here, stand up, please

We're all African, so don't ever tease
Mutations make some think they're the best
Who's not racist, do stand not up, please

Even the Neanderthal can freeze
Yet leave behind just a trace in jest
S/he who asked to be put here, stand up, please

Did the Heidelbergers race the pygmies
Up Peking Man's cave to win the contest
Who's not racist, do stand not up, please

Can the genes of Evolution release
The real truth of the DNA test
S/he who asked to be put here, stand up, please

Will not Human Nature be our complice
Arraigned before a jury perplexed
Who's not racist, do stand not up, please
S/he who asked to be put here, stand up, please

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Villanelle: The lesson cannot just be one life's lost

Villanelle : The lesson cannot just be one life's lost

for Trayvon Martin's parents

The lesson cannot just be one life's lost
When all around daily thousands are crushed
Small lives remind us of big causes most

Who followed whom and for what purpose just
The enigma's always formed well-brushed
The lesson cannot just be one life's lost

Generations march step by step foremost
To repeal Tyrant Laws meanly enmeshed
Small lives remind us of big causes most

Is there such a thing as a real black ghost
Would it have in its hands a black head dashed
The lesson cannot just be one life's lost

Would those who cling most to this world make boast
That the next honour their desires cherished
Small lives remind us of big causes most

Can our lives mean as much as those lost
In great battles of the minds Space unleashed
The lesson cannot just be one life's lost
Small lives remind us of big causes most

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Limericks croises: Once a Rigolo Tennisman won Wimbledon

**Limericks croises : Once a Rigolo Tennisman
won Wimbledon**

**Once a Tennisman won Roland Garros
Made a speech drowned in tears of rose
Said : « Of all Tournaments
Love this best - Compliments ! »
Nation enveloped his heart with applause.**

**Then he won the US tough Masters
Made a speech that sounded like tweezers
Said : « Of all Tournaments
Love this best - Compliments ! »
Nation loved watching twitching whiskers.**

**Then the Ladies Man won Aussie Open
Made a speech without keeping mouth open
Said : « Of all Tournaments
Love this best - Compliments ! »
Nation kept its Heart all stripped open.**

**Then Rigolo Tennisman won Wimbledon
Made a speech on Central Court of London
Said : « Of all Tournaments
Love this best - Compliments ! »
Nation rose as ONE : « Git the Hell...Ye Con ! »**

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Limerick: Once a Cadre in a Revolution

Limerick : Once a Cadre in a Revolution

**Once a Cadre in a Revolution
Took strict lessons in elocution
Saw himself on podium
Safe from opprobrium
Ai ! Missed lessons in execution !**

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Limerick: Once a Lonely Grand-Dad in a Log-Jam

Limerick : Once a Lonely Grand-Dad in a Log-Jam

Once a Lonely Grand-Dad in a Log-Jam
Paid an urgent visit to a Grande-Dame*
She lifted the stuck log
During Pea-Souper smog
Damn ! Got carried down Grand-Dad Rapids – Wham !

* Dame : pronounced as in French

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Villanelle: The Poietics of Being

Villanelle : The Poietics* of Being

This World and All that we see and cannot
Came into being without warning
With its Past and Future replete with plot

There's no such thing as the Present in slot
For there'd be no one to see in Yijing*
This World and All that we see and cannot

Those that want to see this World in their cot
Give it incomplete myth and beginning
With its Past and Future replete with plot

That's why it's endless and far too way out
Made to elude any true mind's probing
This World and All that we see and cannot

Break this eternal chain: the sexual knot
And the Yang will allay the Yin binding
With its Past and Future replete with plot

No Heaven will be claimed by senseless clot
Mindless matter will then clash clang and cling
This World and All that we see and cannot
With its Past and Future replete with plot

*Poietics : the science and/or philosophy of creation.

Cf. T. Wignesan. Poietics : Disquisitions on the Art of Creation.
Allahabad : Cyberwit.net, 2008, xiv-214p.

*Yijing : the Canon of Changes. Among others, Cf. Richard John Lynn (transl.).
The Classic of Changes. New York : Columbia University Press, 1994, 602p.

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Villanelle: Martin-Pêcheur, the Fisher King

Villanelle : Martin-Pêcheur*, the Fisher King

Walk not dark alleys nor the dim-lit lane
Darkless suns lighten not the skin in vain
Cry not « Help ! » « Help ! » lest you be thought insane

Stand not your ground in the land guns profane
Hark ! the voice struggling through ageless pain
Walk not dark alleys nor the dim-lit lane

Think not who will keep vigil high on vane
Winds echo myriad voices with rain
Cry not « Help ! » « Help ! » lest you be thought insane

Seek not to proclaim your forefathers' bane
Your pathetic looks of sufferance contain
Walk not dark alleys nor the dim-lit lane

Your life you bartered for a head sans mane
Who thought well he had everything to gain
Cry not « Help ! » « Help ! » lest you be thought insane

Towards which Red Star* must spirit emplane
When your King his son wishes you ordain
Walk not dark alleys nor the dim-lit lane
Cry not « Help ! » « Help ! » lest you be thought insane

•Martin-Pêcheur : French for « kingfisher » ; here the Fisher King
* Red Star : Red dwarfs in our Milky Way where some 60 billion planets
circulating them
could likely support life.

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Limerick: Once a rich Widow went to the Globe

Limerick : Once a rich Widow went to the Globe*

**Once a rich Widow went to the Globe
To fill her pipes in a jolly robe
A lone lost-looking bloke
Lost his poke in her choke
Now all he's good for is to blow globe.
or
What he should do now is to blow The Globe !**

•Globe : A café-restaurant in Paris where the old and the young get to meeting.

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Limerick: Once a Leftist Stuffed-Shirt taught class

Limerick : Once a Leftist Stuffed-Shirt taught class

**Once a Leftist Stuffed-Shirt taught class
He stuffed students' drains with high-class grass
The girls during recess
Gave him ample access
Now hangs out with big-funding Top-Brass.**

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Villanelle: If you scoff at the world we live in

Villanelle : If you scoff at the world we live in

If you scoff at the world we live in
You'll slip and fall and break your neck
Better bury your bones in between

Seek not our galaxy to win
For myriads luminous beck
If you scoff at the world we live in

Each in his solipsistic bin
Twists and turns and rots without break
Better bury your bones in between

What life there is has locked us within
With no way out but by mistake
If you scoff at the world we live in

Even safe eutopias spin
On their dreamers' axes breakneck
Better bury your bones in between

Ask not if life's but wanton sin
The moon also rises by daybreak
If you scoff at the world we live in
Better bury your bones in between

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Limericks croises: Once a Mother Professor and Daughter

Limericks croisés : Once a Mother Professor and Daughter

for Farid & Zafir

Once (a) Mother Professor and Daughter
Came to Paris to see a Poet Mister
He took them on a lope
From Opera* to Procope*
Till their feet got thicker with blister

He took them to see Doctor Goethe :
Said Devil was shooting thorns from Under
They went to Mephisto*
To calm down their sore toe
« Une belle épine du pied , Mister »

« Vous m'enlevez »,* said learned Mother.
« How can we repay you », said Daughter.
« Not a care, I dare hope,
I'll take you to Procope. »
The bill for trout, veg-dish and butter

Came to more than what they could then pay.
« Don't give us this ol' Napoléon lay !
You're not wearing Bicorné*! »
« Yes, but for Devil's thorn ! »
« Leave us your Mephisto shoes or pray ! »

So Mind-Full Poet took them upstairs)
To prostrate long at Table Voltaire*
Philosopher weighed plea
Said : « This Poet like Me ! »
Mephisto shoes freed from Procope lair !

Resources

- Opéra : The National Academy of Music in Paris where ballets are still performed ; opera performances having been moved to the new concert hall in the Place de la Bastille.
- Procope : One of the oldest cafés in Paris, founded in 1686 (and opened in 1689) by a Sicillian whose Frenchified name was « Procope », at 13, rue de la Comédie Française, Paris-75006.

- Mephisto(pheles) : In Goethe's play : Faust, one of the principal devils. Happens to be a brand name for shoes under the pretexte that it is better to have the Devil under-foot rather than in the boudoir.
- « Vous m'enlevez une belle épine du pied » : French for, according to Collins (bi-lingue) Dictionary : « You have got me out of a spot. » Literally means : « You have extracted a painful thorn from (the sole of) my foot. »
- Bicorne : two-cornered hat
- Napoléon lay : Napoléon as a young officer is supposed to have left his « bicorne » hat as a pledge for the meals he ate there and could not settle with cash. The hat is displayed in a glass case at the entrance till this day, for the future emperor had far more interesting things to do - like conquering a continent - and could not take the time off to reclaim it.
- * Voltaire : The great French philosopher, author of the satirical novel : Candide, became a Freemason just four months before his demise. He was a frequent visitor to the Procope, and his table is still displayed on the first floor of the café-restaurant at the top of the ornate stairway. The décor of the place is preserved exactly as it was realised in 1835.

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Limerick: Once a Flutist played an enticing tune

Limerick : Once a Flutist played an enticing tune

Once a Flutist played an enticing tune
 While sitting on a seat-burning dune
 Bedouins learned from camels
 While suff'ring from measles
 To compose get camel measles in June !

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Limerick: Once a Little Girl, a lovely Chick

Limerick : Once a Little Girl, a lovely Chick

Once a Little Girl, a lovely Chick
 Was warned not to play with her friend's ?ick
 In time ?ick grew to stick
 Her till heart couldn't tick
 Now she wears Nun's clothes and isn't that sick.

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Limerick: Once an Orphan begged at the Town Hall

Limerick : Once an Orphan begged at the Town Hall

**Once an Orphan begged at the Town Hall
The Mayor thought he had better bawl
So he had him bawled out
And nearly used his clout
When the Orphan bawled : « See ! Who wants it all ! »**

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Ghazal: Now that she's left and gone to be herself again

Ghazal : Now she's left and gone to be herself again

Now she's left and gone away, my clothes hang dry
On the line for all to see - what a crying shame !

The lone cuckoo calls out in a haunting tone
Who hears him down here but on wing - what a shame !

Pigeons and crows balance on the clothes-line
And their droppings stain the sheets - Oh open shame !

She's gone with shrieks from the magpies that dark day
And left me with her first born - Block my shame !

Baby cries for all to hear recall her voice
Where will it hide its face - Oh growing shame !

The musang miaows its woes in the jackfruit tree
Now that the wild she-cat roams in wayward shame

Baby gapes out the window and wonders why
If earth and sky witness bear - painful shame !

Would that the mother hear the cuckoo call
And lift her head to listen to quell my shame

The jackfruit's ripe and sags at the tree trunk
A moaning woman at child birth - no shame

The puffed monsoon pulls its South-West skirts up
And floods the rice fields with tears, bitter shame !

Hamadryad's hypnotic eyes turn ire red
Fate keeps the mongoose from common death - O Shame !

Still the baby's cries in my ears call to you
What will I tell her later - wipe out shame ?

My own shame mixed with no name to call my own
No Elephant God of Wisdom can blot out shame !

Limerick: Once a Dapper Diplomat in Paris

Limerick : Once a Dapper Diplomat in Paris

Once a Dapper Diplomat in Paris
Took to « wife » a Man for his Mrs.
« She » wanted a Baby
« She » married a Lady
Now Diplomat has Wife minus His.

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COPLA SEIS: This Bad Guy World

COPLA SEIS : This Bad Guy World

Politicians hatch decisions
After much show of bravado :
Innate cunning

First stage gets set through collusions
Actors then strut words with much glow :
Only miming

Wounded foot soldier falls with flag
Families pray and people pay :
Penthouse lords jive

Politicos salute their rag
« God Bless My Country », so they say :
« All the rest : Dive ! »

(To be continued)

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Limerick: Once a Toro in a Madrid prairie

Limerick : Once a Toro in a Madrid prairie

Once a Toro in a Madrid prairie
Wondered why it had two horns, not three
Spaniards signal cuckold
With two fingers all told
So three for Spanish husbands in Paris ?*

*Paris : pronounced in French as : Parie/Paree

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Limerick: Once Gout which got a Lady in disease

Limerick : Once Gout which got a Lady in disease

Once Gout which got Lady in disease
Which meant she couldn't hop 'bout with ease
In doubt came together
With Louts feeling Super(ior)
To keep Gadabouts (from) eating Chinese.

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Limerick: Once a Heavy Weight was given a choice

Limerick : Once a Heavy Weight was given a choice

Once a Heavy Weight was given a choice
Either to eat rice or curried lice
Mice in his training camp
Carried lice for their champ
So he ate raw rice with curried mice.

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Ballad: Just another odd guy

Ballad : Just another odd guy*

He was just another odd guy
With a self-abnegating smile
He spun no known wilful ploy
Enough – just look at him a while

Others came to camp by the Seine
And watch the folks saunter by
His place by the Pont , it was plain
No one ever wished to occupy

He made no show of his wild child's face
Querying side-boards curled round ears
Nor no look of pain would surface
From behind the mask's ravaged years

He was just another odd guy
With a self-abnegating smile

Meek children looked him in the eye
Where some gleam of mutual ties shone
Babies blinked hardly an eye
To take in his clucked smile forgone

No hint of a past hung o'er him
No woman came by with a flask
Nor some grown lad with the shopping
He emerged from behind a mask

He spun no known wilful ploy
Enough – just look at him a while

No regrets sagged down his full lips
His chin held firm and tipped upward
Bushy brows spoke well of his tips
Though crown to nose-bud bit wayward

One could read weary clothes threadbare
His shoes could speak of miles out-worn
And the wriggly strands of his hair

Reminded one of wild thoughts torn

Doves and crows alike found his hand
Outstretched with crumbs from some table
No sparrow stilled on wing sought land
Without some morsel to unravel

Weeks went by in screeching silence
And still no sign of him rode where
His winged friends kept in his absence
The stone-slabbed bench warm through bare air

Some unsuspecting passer-by
Wrapped in lone airs comes to this spot
Makes as if to stay with a sigh
Yet moves along to some other plot

He was just the other odd guy
With the self-abnegating smile
His trusted friends all gone to fly
In weird worlds beyond the last mile

All looking for that other guy
With his empty hands and a smile
He would spin no known wilful ploy
Just remember him for a while

•After posting the poem, I came across the line :
« I'm just an average guy » in the Masqueradors'
song of 1969, so I'm constrained to change the same
phrase in my poem to : « Just another odd guy. »
Things like this happen when we use words.

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Limerick: Once a Firebrand Fraulein from the Black Forest

Limerick : Once a Firebrand Fräulein from the Black Forest

**Once a Firebrand Fräulein from the Black Forest
In winter went out to cut wood sans vest
In fact sans Lederhose
Nor even horse fire hose
So she got fired on wood with zest.**

**or
So she got fired for good in jest.**

**or
So she got fired by Crook in earnest.**

**or
So she got fired in crook by Earnest.**

**or
So she got fired with Earnest in the nest.**

(and so on and on...)

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Limerick: Once a Tennis Woman named Sue Baule

Limerick : Once a Tennis Woman named Sue Baule

**Once a Tennis Woman named Sue Baule
Tried to avoid being called : « Screw Ball ! »
So she got her hair cut
In the shape of a snout
Since at French Open gets dubbed : « Screwed Doll ! »**

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Limerick: Once a Dark Horse in a handicap

Limerick : Once a Dark Horse in a handicap

**Once a Dark Horse in a handicap
Led head, tail and hoof in the last lap
All eyes on winning post
Cameras clicked the most
Horse lost in the negative, so clap !**

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Limerick: Once a Queen stuck to Doddering Duke

Limerick : Once a Queen stuck to Doddering Duke

**Once a Queen stuck to Doddering Duke
Sent him on a mission with Lucky Luke*
Off on Jolly Jumper*
With Rantanplan's* sister
Ever since Queen is free of/from rebuke.**

Resources :

- Lucky Luke : a French cartoon héro, the caricature of the Far West sharp-shooter**
- Jolly Jumper : in the Lucky Luke comic books, considered « the best horse in the world ».**
- Rantanplan : in the Lucky Luke series, considered « the stupidest dog in the Universe »**

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Limerick: Once the Great Leader gave a brave speech

Limerick : Once the Great Leader gave a brave speech

for Charmaine Chircop, with thanks

**Once the Great Leader gave a brave speech
Excused himself for his over-reach :
« I give One to save Ten »
His Poor in need live when
Even bomb victims still feed the leech.**

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Limerick: Once a young Opera Fan of Wagner's

Limerick : Once a young Opera Fan of Wagner's

**Once a young Opera Fan of Wagner's
Sat out the Ring Cycle in blinkers
House chockful at the start
Such silence: heard no fart
Came out gray-haired and wailing bonkers.**

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Rondelet: Nuclear Rot in bowels

Rondelet : (Nuclear) Rot in bowels

**Rot in bowels
Sealed tight in cans, retarded bombs
Rot in bowels
Nuclear waste Earth sucks capsules
Poisoned gift to children in dumps
Let's dance in White Night till Hell comes
(Nuclear) Rot in bowels.**

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COPLA CINCO: This Bad Guy World

COPLA CINCO (FIVE) : This Bad Guy World

The way the dice got thrown, it's toss-up
Tangled under, Yang must suffer
That's how Worlds turn

The Ferris wheel from down goes up
If Good Guys simply surrender
The World will burn

Can conundrums then drop their mask
Aren't Villains after all human
Beget offspring

Bad Guys all can't be brought to task
Nor be made to endorse reason
And let drop sting

(to be continued)

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Limerick: Once buoyed Anchors in Sea Anne-Anne

Limerick : Once buoyed Anchors in Sea Anne-Anne

Once buoyed Anchors in Sea Anne-Anne
Looked like they needed maning by Man
One said : « Whatever it be !
Got'em all covered, see ! »
Didn't see at Sea thrive but Merman.

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Rondel: You came too late this time our tryst to keep

Rondel : You came too late this time our tryst to keep

**You came too late this time our tryst to keep
Lost in your reveries in other lives
So long, Mon Amour, just one thought survives**

**I must be away to lie in irked sleep
Linger not here where sours honey in hives
You came too late this time our tryst to keep
Lost in your reveries in other lives**

**Will your dreams bind with mine in sleep to reap
The hour when tolls true meaning of drives
Free as spirits cut loose by demon knives
You came too late this time our tryst to keep
Lost in your reveries in other lives
So long, Mon Amour, just one thought survives**

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Limerick: Once the UN wore a carnation

Limerick : Once the UN wore a carnation

**Once the UN wore a carnation
Now in the shade looks like damnation
Halls echo inane talk
House for rent at New York
Is UN ever on vacation ?**

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Limerick: Once Monsters from fearful Mother-Villes

Limerick : Once Monsters from fearful Mother-Villes

**Once Monsters from fearful Mother-Villes
Forgive the lapsus, I meant : Moths-Drills
Not that They ate but flies
But also butter flies
Though lately added French fries with frills.**

© T. Wignesan – Paris, 2013

Limerick: Once a Veep in a VIP Lounge

Limerick : Once a Veep in a V.I.P. Lounge

**Once a Veep in a V.I.P. Lounge
Laid low till Mary Lynn took the plunge
Then put on airs of Chief
Whipped her in the mischief
Till the Chief threw in the bloodied sponge.**

© T. Wignesan – Paris, 2013

Limerick: Once a dashing Damsel with tough biceps

Limerick : Once a dashing Damsel with tough biceps

**Once a dashing Damsel with tough biceps
Tried to bulge her pectorals with triceps
Compressed air back-fired
To where moon was mired
Since then carries pec-pumps in contracepts.**

© T. Wignesan – Paris, 2013

Limerick: Once a Cossack in tundra cassock

Limerick : Once a Cossack in tundra cassock

**Once a Cossack in tundra cassock
Crept to spy on his wife : got a shock
She lay stooped in prayer
Without a stitch on her
Guess whose head was on the butcher's block ?**

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Limerick: Once a Bengal Tigress supped on a Goat

Limerick : Once a Bengal Tigress supped on a Goat

**Once a Bengal Tigress supped on a Goat
The horns – pardon – got stuck in her throat
A Dentist pulled one out
The other by a Scout
Now – sad to say – Both made her bloat.**

© T. Wignesan – Paris, 2013

Rondelet: Who Takes Over

Rondelet : Who Takes Over ?

**Who takes over
God is about to retire
Who takes over
Sea Anne-Anne boils for Foot-Lover
Next in line to replace Sire
He who set Club-Foot afire
Who takes over**

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Limerick: Once a shocking Norseman crowned Viking

Limerick : Once a shocking Norseman crowned Viking

**Once a shocking Norseman crowned Viking
Took his flaxen men on an ice outing
They lusted for fat Finns
Knocked walrus and dolphins
Why Arctic now with Vi-wal-phins seething.**

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Limerick: Once a pregnant Teen saw a Barrister

Limerick : Once a pregnant Teen saw a Barrister

**Once a pregnant Teen saw a Barrister
Thought she recognised the future Father
So she set him a trap
He rushed into her lap
Now she's stuck with Twins, says Solicitor.**

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Limerick: Once a wife Nurse and husband Doctor

Limerick : Once a wife Nurse and husband Doctor

**Once a wife Nurse and husband Doctor
Loved the meat served from Clinic larder
So they went in to see
Found morgue bodies for free
Since then stopped buying meat from butcher.**

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Rondelet: De-Human-ised Rights

Rondelet : De-Human(-ised) Rights

**De-human rights
Most rights rest with superior-born humans
De-human rights
Some with their favourites in tights
Most to Muscle-men and Masons
Least to God-less men sans under-pants
De-human(-ised) rights.**

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Limerick: Once a Stud Stallion in wild Mare charge

Limerick : Once a Stud Stallion in wild Mare charge

**for Rick Zablocki
(as promised from the horse's mouth)**

**Once a Stud Stallion in wild Mare charge
Didn't see his gear was far too large
Hit goal right smack in poke
Mare humped : It in two broke
Since then in stud-farm draws dunged-straw barge.**

© T. Wignesan - Paris, 2013

Limerick: Once a Yahoo forced to go Google

Limerick : Once a Yahoo forced to go Google

**Once a Yahoo* forced to go Google
Took out a leash/lease to lasso Poodle
Yahoo marched his Mistress
Through high-water distress
And for pains was told to « Go ! Doodle ! »**

***Refers to beings in Jonathan Swift's Gullivers Travels**

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Limerick: Once a cute Little Lark laughed for a lark

Limerick : Once a cute Little Lark laughed for a lark

**Once a cute Little Lark laughed for a lark
And woke up the Bush Watchman in the dark
Man barked : « What's so funny ? »
Lark chirped : « Look at Bunny ! »
Bush felt snails oozing up Bunny's bark.**

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Limerick: Once a Salesgirl who sold silk stockings

Limerick : Once a Salesgirl who sold silk stockings

Once a Salesgirl who sold silk stockings
Eyed a man who fingered the linings
Stockings stuck on her legs
Made-to-fit wooden dregs
Kept stockings but gave him legs on springs.

© T. Wignesan – Paris, 2013

Memo for Destroyer Poet A LINDA: 3 20 p m, 23rd April 2013 Paris, France

MEMO for Destroyer Poet A Linda: 3. 20 p.m., 23rd April 2013 – Paris, France

If you are Red I am Brown
If you're not
Then as one concrete painter using phonemes
to another

Now we speak in the common-denominator tongue
Of those who went across oceans
Yours you took across the Bering
From the frozen solid roof of the world
The common step-mothering-tongue
And the common heel-bone

Take this memo down I tell myself
For my long-lost sister
Now weary with chilblains
And walnut warts from the long trek

Tell her you're sorry
You took so long
Tell her you read excerpts of her outpouring
In a lone-lost cave overgrown with moss
lost without cause
Mixed with the growls and coughs of shaggy beasts
And the lone mountain lioness' scowling howl at the stars
In a dry season

Tell her you're sorry not to have returned the compliment
For this's the Way of the Community
That each rushes to fulfill a sacrosanct duty

Tell her
I read your spiraling lyrical threnody
of the Soul's age-old Odyssey
through the bony interstices of breast-beating moans
and groans
Right there where it hurts most
in the guts

I saw how your people lifted themselves
on their fists

after their arms and knuckles looked gnarled
I saw the claws of the lone eagle clutch your soul
in one fell swoop
down concertina centuries
And make you swallow your tongue
wailing in cloistered valleys of lilacs and magnolias
to the rhythm of crescendo stamping feet
and besetting winds
cacophonous through wildly flapping wigwams
I felt the ancient beat of your pulse
in the huskily refined whisper of your verse
come seething harpies
unleashed at my throat
I saw wild stallions
sleek and shoddymanes aloft
come steaming and fuming down mountain sides
your fathers tamed
I saw generations of silent sturdy women
kindle fierce fires
while brawny braves rode away on bare-backs
to bring the venison back

I now hear your gentle voice
in dulcet drops tinkle down waterfalls
of your manifold genres

Yet I do not hear you cry
Nor do I wonder why
You are made of that stuff of breed
That can traverse ice without steed
And scale Himalayas down continents
To reach the other side of impediments

And lest I forget let me tell you this
Your lyrical voice will linger long in bliss.

Every good wish.

Sincerely,
T. Wignesan

On the Boston Marathon bomb blast: On a festive flag-flapping day of fun

Terza Rima Sonnet On the Boston Marathon bomb blast:
On a festive flag-flapping day of fun

for the victims of blind bombs all over the globe

On a festive flag-flapping day of fun
Two brothers back-packed with hot nails in pipes
White cap leading black cap in marathon

More than two millions' indoor hemmed in gripes
Nine thousand armed to teeth charged for brother
And six doleful innocent eyes Boston wipes

One misled madly charges a brother
In tether out to die in showdown blast
A last ditch for some ill-tutored blabber

Then while the world looks on in pity aghast
A mindless lad plays out the cult of yore
Some Sohrab takes on the West's blind bomb blast

If those bright and good be un-taught to adore
What hope may there be for the rest any more.

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Limerick: Once a Great Doubter climbed Jack's Bean Stalk

Limerick : Once a Great Doubter climbed Jack's Bean Stalk

for the raped 5-year-old Indian girl next door

Once a Great Doubter climbed Jack's Bean Stalk

Cried : « For what Crime 5-year-old was debauched ? »

He got no true hearing

Slid down no more doubting

Now stalks 4-year-olds on dark side-walk.

© T. Wignesan – Paris, 2013

Limerick: Once a tipsy Toddy-Tapper took Wench

Limerick : Once a tipsy Toddy-Tapper took Wench

Once a tipsy Toddy-Tapper took Wench

Up coco-nut tree with monkey wrench

He pumped her full toddy

Till Wench was tight giddy

But she hung on to ? nuts with wrench.

© T. Wignesan – Paris, 2013

Limerick: Once a Ticket-Puncher got dead drunk

Limerick : Once a Ticket-Puncher got dead drunk

Once a Ticket-Puncher got dead drunk

Punched everyone he called « Bloody Skunk ! »

Sentenced to punch in ring

Minus his wedding ring

Now his wife's punched drunk by a starved Monk.

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Limerick: Once an Airman who couldn't stand his wife

Limerick : Once an Airman who couldn't stand his wife

Once an Airman who couldn't stand his wife
Was going out of his mind with strife
Took to the clouds with spouse
Called her names like : »Leech ! Louse ! »
Then jumped out plane to sentence for life.

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Limerick: Once Hillbilly Bumpkin came to town

Limerick : Once Hillbilly Bumpkin came to town

Once Hillbilly Bumpkin came to town
Citizens mocked this no-make-up clown
She hitched ride on red bus
To Piqued-Silly-Circus
And there let drop (her) feathered eiderdown.

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Limerick: Once a Time-Keeper at race Marathon

Limerick : Once a Time-Keeper at race Marathon

Once (a) Time-Keeper at race Marathon
Decided to keep time on the run
He kept looking at watch
Runners forgot to watch
Ended up in Tower of London.

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Limerick: Once a lone Sailor sank with his ship

Limerick : Once a lone Sailor who sank wih his ship

Once a lone Sailor who sank with his ship
Bargained with a Mermaid through her hare-lip
She would give him a lift
If he'd give her a gift
That's how mermaids got to wear haïr-clip.

OR

That's how mermaids got second hare-lip.

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Limerick: Once a rich Janitress rode on a broom

Limerick : Once a rich Janitress rode on a broom

Once a rich Janitress rode on a broom
From cheek to jowl her looks spelt dire doom
She thought she owned the world
And the world owed her gold
So she chewed gold and lost gums and bloom.

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Limerick: Once a Pathan paid for a brandy

Limerick : Once a Pathan paid for a brandy

Once a Pathan paid for a brandy
While in the company of (a) Dandy
Dandy was all so gay
He squealed like a blue jay
While Pathan jumped up on his bounty.

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Limerick: Once a sick Sikh in a great hurry

Limerick : Once a sick Sikh in a great hurry

Once a sick Sikh in a great hurry
Went to see a doctor after (a) hot curry
He hurried back mid-way
You know why so don't bray
Now (he) sees doctors only when merry.
or
Since (he) sees doctors under a lorry
or
Now he sees proctors I'm so sorry.

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Limerick: Once Anchor-Woman at Sea Anne-Anne

Limerick : Once Anchor-Woman at Sea Anne-Anne

Once Anchor-Woman at Sea Anne-Anne
Called Main-Chain-In-Vain-Gain-Mane-Rain-Van
Pulled anchor, lost finger
Put in place cucumber
Now sucks lost finger to spew news ban.

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Limerick: Once a Little Girl and her Sister

Limerick : Once a Little Girl and her Sister

Once a little girl and her sister
Went out for a walk in a bluster
Little girl lost her way
Big sister blew away
With a Mister who wore a whisker.

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Limerick: Once a Korean crossed the border

Limerick : Once a Korean crossed the border

Once a Korean crossed the border
Found his papers were not in order
They checked his knees and genes
Found he ate the same beans
So they stewed him in nuclear cooker.

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Limerick: Once a Privy Counsellor at Lord's

Limerick : Once a Privy Counsellor at Lord's

Once a Privy Counsellor at Lord's*
Watched a bowler* throw balls like gourds
Convened judicial com.*
Summoned bowler to come
And sentenced him to eat bitter gourds.

**Lord's : The Mecca of cricket grounds in London
where the Marylebone Cricket Club has
its seat.**

**bowler : The player who lances the ball at the
batsman ; yet during the act the elbow
must not be bent – at the risk of being
called by the Umpire a « no ball » , that is,
even if the ball hits the wickets and the
bails are dislodged, the batsman is not
given « out. ».**

***Judicial Com(mittee) of the Privy Council, the highest
Court of Appeal in England (and the former
British territories) until the Supreme
Court was set up in 2010 to hear some appeals.
The Privy Counsellor/Councillor
is a Member of the House of Lords and a judge.**

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Limerick: Once a Baby found in a bucket

Limerick : Once a Baby found in a bucket

**Once a Baby found in a bucket
Grew up to be tough as a biscuit
She took a desert trip
Sahara took a flip
(Some people take her/me for a nitwit)
That's why biscuits taste sandy when bit.**

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Limerick: Once a Banker from starving Wall Street

Limerick : Once a Banker from starving Wall Street

**Once a Banker from starving Wall Street
Craved for a mountain of juicy meat
So he hired King Kong
To play U. N. Ding-Dong
Now the World avidly kiss his feet.**

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Limerick: Once a Toro loved by a Matador

Limerick : Once a Toro loved by a Matador

Once a Toro* loved by a Matador*
Maimed between shoulders by Picador*
Matador garrocha*
Picador muchacha*
Picador cornudo* Matador.

*Toro : bull raised for fighting in arenas (rings)

*Matador : « matador de toros », bullfighter ; usually
the head « torero », title obtained after the
« alternativa », ceremony honoring the torero
or « novillero », the apprentice bullfighter

*Picador : the well-protected assistant to the matador
on horseback who wounds the toro between
the shoulders in order to cause the bull to hang
its head

*garrocha/garrochar : (to use) the long lance with a metallic
harpoon-like head , wielded by the Picador

*muchacha : Spanish for girl or « daughter » as in this case

*cornudo : cuckolded (husband gored)

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Limerick: Once a President of Bolivia

Limerick : Once a President of Bolivia

Once a President of Bolivia
Frothed oblongate green saliva
Must dream was Ashoka*
On Andes throne Inca
That's how COCA-cola drug India.

*ASHOKA, b. circa 304 BCE (reigned: 273-232 BCE): King of Magadha, was the first great commoner Buddhist Emperor of India which, then, extended from Afghanistan to Bengal, and from Nepal to Southern Deccan. Among his recorded edicts : concern for the peoples' welfare ; medical attention for the needy ; arboured thoroughfares ; nomination of officers to oversee morality and magistrates ; forbade the slaughter of animals for food or for religious purposes ; required the reconciliation of all religious tendencies ; wanted everyone to practice compassion and charity towards one another and to follow the laws of the Dharma or Righteousness ; and drew attention to the vanity of glory and emphasised the supreme aim of Life itself.

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Limerick: Once a brave laddie at Lake Loch Ness

Limerick : Once a brave laddie at Lake Loch Ness

for one who calls no one "Monster"
when the truth may not be known:
Domino X

Once a brave laddie at Lake Loch Ness
Kept vigil to catch Monster on lens
He shut eye just for once
Monster jumped in one bounce
Took pic and signed it: Loch Ness Goddess !

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Villanelle: Lodged in our cockles Aladdin lamps hum

Villanelle : Lodged in our cockles Aladdin lamps hum

Lodged in our cockles Aladdin lamps hum
Always to heart stings awakened to soothe
That in lost coves and caves melodious strum

When in dark lonesome nights owl hoots knock glum
None to hear silent sobs shut in tight booth
Lodged in our cockles Aladdin lamps hum

Some bounceable dame caught in a doldrum
Each secret finger on the Djinn's sharp tooth
That in lost coves and caves melodious strum

Some invoke the lordly prince staid and glum
And make him slave to every wish in truth
Lodged in our cockles Aladdin lamps hum

If this right to steal some solace and plum
Were this not a gift from high above a truth
That in lost coves and caves melodious strum

How right we then all the fanfare and drum
For those few well-bred and armed to the tooth
Lodged in our cockles Aladdin lamps hum
That in lost coves and caves melodious strum

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Limerick: Once a Great Leader with empty pockets

Limerick: Once a Great Leader with empty pockets

Once Great Leader with empty pockets
Strode our World distributing nuggets
Nuggets Made in China
Slick smooth like Godiva
Now makes Godiva China rockets.

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Limerick: Once a Grand Duke in Londonderry

Limerick : Once a Grand Duke in Londonderry

**Once a Grand Duke in Londonderry
Thought he could run his own Grand Duchy
So he slammed door on Queen
Gave full vent to his spleen
Now he's left with trillion debt treasury.**

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Limerick: Once a lovely Lady caught in her shower

Limerick : Once a lovely Lady caught in her shower

**Once lovely Lady caught in shower
With broken pipe and gushing water
Ran out to buy new pipe
Forgot the soap to wipe
Now waits for rain to come over her.**

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Limerick: Once a delicious hen fed on rice-sticks

Limerick: Once a delicious hen fed on rice-sticks

for Delysia Hendricks, with many, many thanks

**Once a delicious hen fed on rice-sticks
Loved gorging herself on limericks
She pecked on a sweet line
It turned all alkaline
Now chicken's served with acid on bricks.**

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Limerick: Once a Roundsman signed a round robin

Limerick : Once a Roundsman signed a round robin

Once a Roundsman signed a round robin
To keep his men from a certain inn
Men called to tell his wife :
At inn he danced to fife
So the wife played high fife with the men*.

•Pronounced as in England : « min ».

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Limerick: Once a Woman-Cleanser in Malawi

Limerick: Once a Woman-Cleanser in Malawi

for Seodi White

Once (a) Widow-Cleanser* in Malawi
Insisted (on) being paid double fee
The dead man made certain
Left gift (on) this side (of) curtain
Now Cleanser on (the) dole with H.I.V.

•The “Widow-Cleanser” is a Malawian professional “intermediate husband” of widows imposed on women who cannot – under the laws of Malawi – own anything legally, EVEN their bodies. The Woman-Cleanser sleeps with widows for a fee (\$50/-) in order to prevent widows and future husbands – from being polluted by the dead husband.

This limerick dramatises facts divulged in a CNN interview with valorous women-rights lawyer: Seodi WHITE on March 17, 2013.

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Limerick: Once a Belly-Dancer in Cairo

Limerick: Once a Belly-Dancer in Cairo

**Once a Belly-Dancer in Cairo
Tried to wiggle her way through Fado
Only thing she had on
Was a navel button:
(Now) Fado mambo-jambo Oporto.**

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Limerick: Once a Belly-Dancer in Cairo

**Once a Belly-Dancer in Cairo
Tried to wiggle her way through Fado
Only thing she had on
Was a navel button:
Now she wiggles in jelly limbo.**

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COPLA CUATRO: This Bad Guy World

COPLA CUATRO: This Bad Guy World

**Bad guys gang up with God on lips
But place Their country above Their god:
God Bless Patrie**

**Their god other gods still outstrips
And for Their god they will kill God
Not above country**

**For good measure they kill own kind
They dispute nature of Their god:
Men take His place**

**They each lay claim to God's own mind
And if by chance to Earth came God
Him they'd replace**

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COPLA TRES: This Bad Guy World

COPLA TRES (THREE): This Bad Guy World

Bad guys signal to each other
In cryptic lingo and hand signs
Close ranks bind ties

Egg-white eyes of the murderer
Encroach the pupil with designs
Embryo dies

No worse enemy than the friend
Who feigns being a bosom pal:
Snake in the shoe

They know their role is to offend
Their lives but ephemeral
Do they yet rue

(Continued from COPLA DOS)

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Limerick: Once a Viscountess in a mess

Limerick : Once a Viscountess in a mess

Once a Viscountess in a mess
Tried in vain to extricate dress
With Dwarf in the middle
And Duke in the fiddle
So she swung from swing to undress.

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Limerick: Once a pretty Pole psychologist

Limerick: Once a pretty Pole psychologist

for Ewa

Once a pretty Pole psychologist
Who preferred fast pedalling cyclist(s)
Kept a velo d'apparte*
And a Tour de France dart
Found trundling Bone-Shaker* merry twist.

- Velo d'apparte(ment) = exercise bike
- Bone-Shaker = first French bicycle, invented and manufactured by Michaux during the 1860s, whose framework was made of wrought iron and whose wooden wheels were bounded by iron tires.

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COPLA DOS: This Bad Guy World

COPLA DOS (TWO): This Bad Guy World

-The second COPLA in the series -

Bad guys in this world got it made
They simply outnumber good guys:
Their paradise;

Bad guys help themselves to the shade
Reduce good guys to broken toys
Every so wise;

If good guys by chance reach the top
Then they'll drag them down with one voice
Crying foul play;

If good guys fight back they'll sure flop
For bad guys know how to rig dice:
Great game they play.

(to be continued)

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Limerick: Once an-Other Anchor-Woman at Sea Anne-Anne

Limerick: Once an-Other Anchor-Woman at Sea Anne-Anne

Once an' Anchor-Woman at Sea Anne-Anne
Slipped tongue into a Black Hole's butt end
She came out Parallel
In multi-Verse pell-mell
Now she reads sweN at aeS (Ace) ennA-N*.

•For the general knowledge of readers of this limerick, humble clarifications are offered here. The capital letters: A, H, I, M, N, O, T, U, V, W, X, and Y are used without any visible change in the alphabet of our own Parallel Universe where – as everybody knows – Time regresses from Future to Past, i.e., e.g. say, from being “well-satiated” to being “hungry” and back forth. Here, even though “N” is written as “N”, the pronunciation is unwaveringly: “nE”. For more detailed explanations regarding the rules of prosody in our Parallel Universe, s’il vous plait, address your queries to Yours Truly at his address in Multi-Verse.

Merci Beaucoup!

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Petrarchan Sonnet: If no one else breathed in this wide, wide world

Petrarchan Sonnet: If no one else breathed in this wide, wide world

If no one else breathed in this wide, wide world
Will one know one exists under this sun
Or how will he guess he's the only one
If none thought of him in some other world

Will he then climb upon some hill all bold
To announce: Where is there another son
Not just the wayward scowling wind undone
By thunder – great tyrant out to scold

Alone bears this man the pain of mankind
Left to look for answers in porous sky
None else around to guide his erring hand

If he but an instant shut his lone mind
Even an attosecond long gone by
Will earth and sky stay true not second hand.

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Villanelle: Oscar Victorius

Villanelle: Oscar Victorius

Lock not the door in the face of your fate
The intruder lies dimly in your place
Will he die for you were he your true mate

Soft the dark wind taps in every haste late
Makes your darling come lie by your fire-place
Lock not the door in the face of your fate

Harsh words stifle your heart uttered so late
Behind closed doors locked by fear on your face
Will he die for you were he your true mate

Will he run as fast as feet duplicate
When you tug at the bed-sheets of his race
Lock not the door in the face of your fate

Whose screams you heard in your embattled state
Before four blasts broke the silence of your grace
Will he die for you were he your true mate

Now your voice shrieks still behind the loud gate
What mindless mistake takes you out of space
Lock not the door in the face of your fate
Will he die for you were he your true mate.

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Limerick: Once an elegant Earl from Eton

Limerick: Once an elegant Earl from Eton

Once an elegant Earl from Eton
Daily dreamed of swinging with Tarzan
In Brazil learned samba
Married virile cougar
Now sells D.V.D.s on Amazon.

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Limerick: Once the Yogi of Himalaya or the Laughing Gas Yogi

Limerick: Once the Yogi of Himalaya
or the laughing gas Yogi

I

Once the Yogi of Himalaya
Preached laughing loud with Prânâyâma*
They thought him immortal
Put him on pedestal
Now he's the toast of lost Gondwana.

II

Once the same Yogi Himalaya
Taught laughing during Prânâyâma*
Lungs stuck to diaphragm
Voice: phonocardiogram
Now he's part of iced Fujiyama.

- Sanskrit for the art of breathing in yogic practices:
- prânâ = (cosmic) energy; âyâma = vitality.

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Limerick: Once a tight Lobbyist in real pain

Limerick: Once a tight Lobbyist in real pain

Once a tight Lobbyist in real pain
Tried in vain to get his M.P.'s gain
So his Secretary
A laced Bloody Mary
Pumped M.P.s to P.M. to take reign.

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Limerick: Once a mum Mademoiselle rode in a Metro

Limerick: Once a mum Mademoiselle rode in a Metro

for Heather M.

Once (a) mum Mademoiselle rode in (a) Metro
Felt snug and dozed dreaming of Brando
Lights went out, the train stopped
Coach temperature dropped
She woke up in arms of Eskimo.

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Limerick: Once an Anchor Woman at Sea Anne-Anne

Limerick: Once an Anchor Woman at Sea Anne-Anne

Once an Anchor Woman at Sea Anne-Anne
Interviewed OFPRA* doing Can-Can
She said: Will you?
OF said: You, too!
And they rowed off in a rude bed-pan.

•Office français pour la Protection des réfugiés
et d'apatrides (French Office for the Protection
of Refugees and Stateless Persons)

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Limerick: Once an uppity Lady in Freeze

Limerick: Once an uppity Lady from Freeze

Once an uppity Lady in Freeze
Bought a thousand three-hundred shoe-trees.
She had only two feet
Under her buckling meat.
People ate skunk cabbage soles to grease.

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Limerick: Once a gorgeous Geisha in Kyoto

Limerick: Once a gorgeous Geisha in Kyoto

Once a gorgeous Geisha in Kyoto
Took (a) Cowboy to see crisp kimono
Ai ! took time to unfold
Lo ! Behold ! Body cold !
Pistol fired: one two finito !

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Limerick: Once a measly Miser in Mumbai

Limerick: Once a measly Miser in Mumbai

Once a measly Miser in Mumbai
Liked watching dancing girls on the sly
He went to Bolly-Wood
Though he felt jolly good
His loot sucked by Bombay Ducks well nigh.

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Limerick: Once a Lady-in-Waiting in London

Limerick: Once a Lady-in-Waiting in London

Once (a) Lady-in-Waiting in London
Was kept waiting by a Spanish Don
She stood with one leg up
And called busy Don up
That's how (the) cramp in the fun got undone.

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COPLA SUELTA: The One and the Same Dream

COPLA SUELTA: The One and the Same Dream

If you must dream the dream I dream
Then the dream comes true when you wake
But who dreams first

Yet if you wake before the dream
Has had time to gestate and make
The dream will burst

Is there only one dream out there
The kind we watch ponder record
And hang up high

Then if you never dream or dare
To think what lies beyond the word
The dream will die.

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Limerick: Once a Meat-Vendor in Mylapur

Limerick: Once a Meat-Vendor in Mylapur

Once a Meat-Vendor in Mylapur*
Set up shop (O!) Brahmin virtue pure
No hungry customers
Knocked past the front shutters
Though brisk business raged at rear door.

•Brahmin enclave in Chennai, Tamil-Nadu, India.
Brahmins were not vegetarians from antiquity.

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Limerick: Once a Baron born near Basingstoke

Limerick: Once a Baron born near Basingstoke

Once a Baron born near Basingstoke
Dreaded being made (the) butt of a joke
Yet he built his castle
Shaped as a sharp whistle
Winds coursed through laughing like Marma-Duke.

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Rondelet: Fata Morgana

Rondelet: Fa' Morgana

Fa' Morgana
Who stood up to the NRA:
Fa' Morgana
Who looked down barrel of fauna
Whose News the World read in UK
None other than King Arthur's Fay:
Fa' morgana

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Am I the Assassin or the Undertaker

Am I the Assassin
or the Undertaker

For Palani

I

He stopped coming our way again
He was no where in sight at school
Then, after a long absence
In the pit of the Chan Ah Tong padang
He came and stood at one corner of the field

He looked resigned grave
A stoic smile hovering over his lips
Over his virgin gossamer moustache

His voice a calm breeze
Of vowels constrained by crisp consonants
We saw less of his teeth
He was dressed in silk shirts
Well-ironed without creases
Trousers pleats showing strictness
Shoes shiny and sleek
The sheen of his hair obedient under cream
His gait measured strained
As though grim hands clawed at him
Through gaps in the ground

At first, we didn't know
What to make of him
His new tutored appearance
And detached forbearing looks

He watched us play
Close on hours
Aloof far away
He never so much as waved
We turned to look
He was gone
Leaving the dusk to fall behind him

I called to see anyway at his place
His father frowned at me
Gruff undertones accompanied him inside
I saw a curtain ever so slightly tremble
After a while his mother
Came out to say
He had gone for good

I wasn't sure what she meant
I stood there looking dazed
Then tears licked her cheeks
Her drained and stricken face

She went in dabbing her eyes
With the loose end of her sari

I never called on them again
I just couldn't understand
The father's anger and pain
At this world on which we stand

I was just a playing pal of his son's
He was older than I was then
Yet he came just once
Out of who knows what inner command
Just to talk or stroll around

Now I am older and his elder

But is it I who laid him low

II

A date with fate
He came one morning to my place
All decked in his glad rags
Fingering a shiny white billiard ball
Twirling it between bony fingers
Like the natural leg-spinner he was
Just for fun he would let it lick the dust
And it swished near ninety-degree turns

I said: What about some quick nets
The day aged in labour and with forceps
He hesitated but on the spur
Said: Yes, why not

The rest of the morning I batted
Saw the wickets tumble uprooted

His spirits surged
Sweat sweet and sour
Sprinkled his shirt
And ran down his collar and spine

We laughed at every googly
Which missed the wickets by inches
We were back in olden Ali Baba times
Truants lost in a cave of our own
Diamonds refracted from his eyes

He said: We should do this more often

His heart must have caved in that very night
Or was it when he barely made it home

© T. Wignesán – Paris, February 3-4, 2013

Limerick: Once the Great Grandson of Queen Victoria

Limerick: Once the Great Grandson of Queen Victoria

Once the great grandson* of Victoria
Heir to the throne of tsarist Russia
Saved by “Doc” Rasputin
Killed by Lenin-Stalin
Lo! Heir to Queen Vic’s haemophilia!

*Tsarevich Alexei of the Romanov royal house.

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Limerick: Once the Middle Kingdom's top Concubine

Limerick: Once the Middle Kingdom's top Concubine

Once the Middle Kingdom's top Concubine*
Said to rule China through love combine
Dallying generals: O! Dear!
Forced Emperor to fear:
Eunuch strangled her at Buddhist shrine.

*Emperor Xuanzong's Consort and his daughter-in-law,
Yang Guifei, 719-756 C.E.

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Limerick: Once a bold billionaire from Ma-Lays-She-Ah

Limerick: Once a bold billionaire from Ma-Lays-She-Ah

Once a bold billionaire from Ma-Lays-She-Ah*
Bought up politicians to militia
They put his money to work
Called him a right proper jerk
Now he pulls rickshaws barefoot in absentia.

•Read also as: "Ma-Lays-He-Ah"

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Limerick: Once an upset farmer in Xin Jia Po

Limerick: Once an upset farmer in Xin Jia Po

Once an upset farmer in Xin Jia Po*
Built farms upwards in tiers: O! Vertigo!
Produce diminishing
UFOs pilfering
Now he sows wild oats in Infierno!

•Chinese for Singapore

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Limerick: Once a fierce Samurai from Xi Ban Guo

Limerick: Once a fierce Samurai from Xi Ban Guo

**Once a fierce Samurai from Xi Ban Guo
Displayed his sword-play in a tornado
But his sword slipped hands
And entered his ampersands*
So now he limps about incognito.**

•In fact, I really mean: §

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Limerick: Once a randy Rajah from Ratnapoor

Limerick: Once a randy Rajah from Ratnapoor

**Once a randy Rajah from Ratnapoor
Stole into his harem to take a tour
Eunuchs were most occupied
With Ranis left untied
So he cut their heads off to seal the door.**

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Limerick: Once a fidgety Lady from Greenwich

Limerick: Once a fidgety Lady from Greenwich

**Once a fidgety Lady from Greenwich
Who couldn't tell the time from a witch
Asked Big Ben the long hand
Why slower than short hand
Since at Westm'nster serves as a switch.**

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Limerick: Once a lolling lassie from Laredo

Limerick: Once a lolling lassie from Laredo

**Once a lolling lassie from Laredo
Jumped on a bronco to enter a rodeo
But the steed fell in love
With the curve of her alcove
And sped away on a honeymoon to Mejico.**

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Limerick: Once a mincing Mrs from Mississippi

Limerick: Once a mincing Mrs. from Mississippi

**Once a mincing Mrs. from Mississippi*
Went to a bank for a fiddle-d-dee
But her girdle got stuck
And the "SS" came unstuck
That's why Missis ends as a double P..**

***No aspersions cast on Mississippians here;
the term refers to the Paleozoic era in North America,
following the Devonian and preceding the Pennsylvanian,
of course.**

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Limerick: Once a Prince from the Kingdom Toikey

Limerick: Once a Prince from the Kingdom Toikey

**Once a Prince from the Kingdom Toikey
Insisted on being wed by his turnkey
But his you may know not
Got stuck in a chamber pot
That's how the Queen got wed by her lackey.**

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Criss-Cross Acrostic: Ai My Eye

Criss-Cross Acrostic*: Ai My Eye !

I Was Saw Eye

Eye Saw Was I

Eye Was Saw I

I Saw Was Eye

*Construe as “words” not as “letters”:

Lines 1 and 3 read alike reversed;

Lines 2 and 4 read alike reversed;

likewise vertically and diagonally
from up-down or down-up mode.

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The Malay Pantun: The Non-Party Communal Triumvirate

The Malay Pantun: The Non-Party Communal Triumvirate

Ursidae carnivora hug and hibernate
Hypolais polyglottes trill without triumph
Alliance Party* wins and vituperate
Opposition parties coagulate without lymph

•The ruling Malaysian communal triumvirate –
since Independence in 1957.

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Rondelet: Bad Guy Dope

Rondelet: Bad Guy Dope*

See what I said
Head strong arm strong ham-strung bike dope
See what I said
Training ground's where villains are bred
Good guys strain up Sisyphus slope
Bad guys dope down Paris and mope
See what I said

*Please see poem posted on December 31, 2012, titled:
"This Bad Guy World (in all seriousness)"

(c) T. Wignesan, Paris, 2013

Rondelet: Don't blame India, the land of 64 artful Kama-Sutra positions

Rondelet: Don't blame India, the land of the 64 artful Kama-Sutra positions
for the Punjabi Lady in an all-night jogging bus

Don't blame India
For a thousand three hundred years
Don't blame India
Bored by repetitive Kama
And pedologic incest - tears
In iron-hosing buses - cheers!
Don't blame India

(c) T. Wignesan, Paris, 2013

Limerick: Once a Lord from the Kingdom of Dunkey

Once a Lord from the Kingdom of Dunkey
Who wasn't quite descended from the monkey
Didn't quite see he was a mule
On account of a royal rule
That anything on back must be flunkey

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2012

COPLA ONE: This Bad Guy World - in all seriousness

COPLA ONE: This Bad Guy World
(in all seriousness)

If this world has a true purpose
I'm sure it's as a training ground
For the villain;
The good guys play hare to disclose
The great skill of the bad guys' hound
For a good ol' run;
The good guys of course bear the brunt
Of being stuck under the knee
Of bad guys' jinn;
While bad guys get the fun to shunt
Good guys up the sooty chimney
Down boot black bin.

© T. Wignesan - Paris, 2012

Rondelet: Yang be evil

Rondelet: Yang be evil

for the continuously raped and hidden
minors of India

Yang be evil

Yin acts with rash impunity

Yang be evil

No power controls the Devil

Wombs despoiled in mad enmity

Innocence: raped humanity

Yang be evil

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2012

Rondelet: Cliff hangers

Rondelet: Cliff hangers

In the name of

Our party let other half cry

In the name of

Our safety sever one half off

For mere two per cents let's all die

The chosen people never lie

In the name of

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2012

The Malay Pantun: Post-colonial writing

La capinera's wintering pieces of tropic tunes
The garden warbler's echoes of dark melodies
Post-colonial poets return by summering fortunes
Learnt by rote as sacred Oxbridge duties

Note

The French "pantoum" may be modeled on the Malay pantun, or at least it may aspire to, but it does not adhere to its fundamental compositional criteria. For the original prototype, cf. T. Wignesan, "The Poietics of the Pantun" in Journal of the Institute of Asian studies, Vol. XII, n° 2 (Chennai), March 1995, pp. 1-15; reproduced with corrections in T. Wignesan. Sporadic Striving amid Echoed Voices, Mirrored Images and Stereotypic Posturing in Malaysian-Singaporean Literatures. Allahabad: Cyberwit.net, 2008, pp. 49-67.

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2012

Rondelet: On the payroll

"I had said, that some of our crew left their country on account of having been ruined by *law*; that I had already explained the meaning of the word; but he was at a loss how it should come to pass, that the *law* which was intended for man's preservation, should be any man's ruin."

Jonathan Swift (1667 - 1745) was a cousin of the poet Dryden

Rondelet: On the payroll

On the payroll

The law causes more misery

On the payroll

Than what puts people on the dole

All judges accept salary

Are lawyers born divinity

On the payroll

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2012

Rondelet: Tuut-tuut All Aboard

Merry Xmas to ALL !

Tuut-tuut All 'board
Hades (Heav'n) train leaves at mid of night
Tuut-tuut All 'board
Death comes at eve of ning, Dear Lord
Make haste and pack in Day of Light
Lest ye be left behind What a plight
Tuut-tuut All 'board

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2012

Rondelet: Panic Stations

Panic stations
Uneasy the herds where packs rode
Panic stations
Packs close ranks when lone wolf notions
Disrupt the pecking order mode
It's the lone voice that bears the load
Panic stations

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2012

Rondelet: No man is an

"Each man's death diminishes me,
For I am involved in mankind."
John Donne

No man is an...
All men need belong in a group
No man is an...
Stand alone: the group will you ban
Can stray warped strands make sails droop
The lone man drowns (swims) in his own soup
No man is an...

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2012

Rondelet: Eyes from afar

"Qu'il départage avec équité avant leurs transformations,
ceux qui arriveront aux cieux avec les Justifiés, de ceux
qui iront en bas avec les Justiciés, car la Balance pèse les
Ames souverainement." Verset 25, Papyrus de Nebseni

Rondelet: Eyes from afar

Eyes from afar

Frequent visitors from the Dark

Eyes from afar

Come spy on life under our star

This your experiment or lark

Wonder brains criss-cross mad as quark

Eyes from afar

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2012

Rondelet: Who the hell cares

Rondelet: Who the hell cares

Who the hell cares

If it's the end of hostile world

Who the hell cares

See you soon - no sweat - just for scares

Upon some astre in maya* mould

Bye from this ball of molten gold

Who the hell cares

* maya: Sanskrit for "illusion; here "illusory"

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2012

Rondelet: Tau Ceti Soul

Rondelet: Tau Ceti* Soul

Tau Ceti Soul

Four times Earth round our backyard sun

Tau Ceti Soul

Hope your Gods make one whole Goal

Here we say One and let blood run

Don't dare come here to overrun

Tau Ceti Soul

* "Astonomers have detected five possible alien planets circling the star Tau Ceti, which is less than 12-light years from Earth - a mere stone's throw in the cosmic scheme of things." Mike Wall

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2012

Rondelet: Give me country

Rondelet: Give me country

Give me country

Goddamn my values and cultures

Give me country

I'll not die for my family

Devil take mother and sisters

I'll lay my life down at borders

Give me country

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2012 - (A Stateless Person for over 43 years.)

Rondelet: Obama hear

Rondelet: Obama hear

Obama hear

Chance of an age to set right things

Obama hear

Abraham lambs call - you hear

Run the gauntlet before knell rings

One life may quell voiceless suff'rings

Obama hear

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2012

Rondelet: Rat-a-tat-'tat

For the Sandy Hook Newtown
children and their mentors

Rondelet: Rat-a-tat-'tat

Rat-a-tat-'tat

Rattle staccato riddle tumble

Rat-a-tat-'tat

Toppled children scatter rat-tat

Innocent voices all tremble

Rifled trillions sure-fire treble

Rat-a-tat-'tat

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2012

Rondelet: Democracy

Rondelet: Democracy

"I'm fed up with democracy. In a democracy, people vote for the mayors. I wanted to build a city where I will choose the citizens." Emir (Nemanja) Kusturica, director and scriptwriter (with David Atkins) of the masterpiece: *Arizona Dream* (1993).

Democracy

One vote cast is *carte blanche* cast out

Democracy

Feeds small men constituency

The one-vote majority clout

Enough to send tough troops all out

Democracy

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2012

Rondelet: Reduce the size and population of the state

Rondelet: "Reduce the size and population of the state."

"Ensure that even though the people have tools of war (...) they will not use them (...) they will be reluctant to move to distant places because they look on death as no light matter. (...) Bring it about that the people will (...) find relish in their food And beauty in their clothes, Will be content in their abode And happy in the way they live." Tao Te Ching, LXXX. Transl. by D. C. Lau. (Penguin Books).

Population

Cut sex: immigration will stop

Population

Well almost: miscegenation

Humans put sex at utmost top:

Aids herpes chlamydia crop up

Population

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2012

Rondelet: Be charitable

Rondelet: Be Charitable

Be charitable

Employer of rich paper waste

Be charitable

Statistics make high-ups noble

Pulp industry makes rich thick paste

More you give the more the distaste

Be charitable

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2012

Rondelet: Masons in Arms

Rondelet

Masons in arms
Make much matter in a muddle
Masons in arms
Country all dire in alarms
Brothers all in cosy cuddle
People without voice in fuddle
Masons in arms

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2012

Rondelet: Stuck in a hole

Rondelet

Stuck in a hole
Ear-drums bursting from crumpled sound
Stuck in a hole
Secret wire-tapping sin soul
Loss of sleep is thunder unbound
Death is a noise heart-beats confound
Stuck in a hole

(c) T. Wignesan - Paris, 2012

Post coitum omne animal triste est, sive gallus et mulier

Post coitum omne animal triste est,
sive gallus et mulier*

Yes, no cockerel who rules the cackling roost
Will stomach slander from Latin master;
But who will stand aside and let the ghost
Of hints slur old motherhood's register.
Manhood must of needs hang its head in pain
After all the sweat and toil in loins of love;
After millions of squiggly soldiers in vain
Drop their lean tails at the egg wall alcove.
Only the fool who dares call woman's bluff
Shall learn hard way positions in bedstead;
Virile pride will sink in the depths of fluff
While smooth gym-trained muscles rage instead.
As they say hereabouts *sur le vieil* Continent
La différence, Mon Sieur: lip's shade content.

. * "After the sexual encounter every animal is
grief-stricken,
excepting the cock and the woman."

© T. Wignesan – Paris, 2005-2012. From the collection:

Poems Omega Plus, 2005. Rev. 2012.

Turn the sod to find a hand in your hand

Turn the sod to find a hand in your hand
Lord of your dreams come to haunt your reason
Rot Rot O Heart soiled through the muddied land

One mistake too many mounting offhand
Scars experiences of every person
Turn the sod to find a hand in your hand

If only you could have known before hand
What destiny marked out as your poison
Rot Rot O Heart soiled through the muddied land

You wouldn't hasten to offer your hand
Extremes make for a right lethal portion
Turn the sod to find a hand in your hand

No sacrifice should be your last command
Come bodies: go in sundered unison
Rot Rot O Heart soiled through the muddied land

If you interfere with Nature's grand plan
Then gladly pay the price of treason
Turn the sod to find a hand in your hand
Rot Rot O Heart soiled through the muddied land

© T. Wignesan – Paris, 2005-2012. From the collection:
Poems Omega Plus, 2005-2012

What time are we living in

It's not if but since the future can be told

To a broadly verifiable degree

What time are we living in: present old

Future or has it all gone past already

Don't tell it for honours to politicians

They hanker after two-bit history lines

Don't even whisper it to military macros

Lest generals decorate brows with vines

Don't spill the truth to those who slaughter

With God on their bloody bleeding minds

For they will leave none alive hereafter

And lease Heaven out to kith and kinds

Time is but a ruse of passing moments

The more it unfurls the more the laments.

© T. Wignesan – Paris, 2005-2012. (From the collection:

Poems Omega Plus, 2005-2012)

What you do not see is not necessarily not there

I

Take out the caked grimy faucet plug

Let those unseen crawlies dive and duck

under the rust-ridden slime

stuck to phlegm and saliva globs

dried blood and flaky semen

shot through with crap

The seen and the unseeable

The sane and the goneforsaken

This glob of virus a syruppy eggdash

got rid of in a hurry

close your thoughts

to the raw genital-*****l whiff of public lavatories

the brothel closets' stained sticky sheets

the stink and the dirt and the stinging hell

that comes from under

pipes

tanks

drains

sewers

rivers

all stuffed with fizzing

fuming water

cloacal wind

and the aftershave lotion

Nothing that wouldn't burn forever

when we all disappear

II

Even if you slow your rhythm down to a stilled beat

at rest

haven't you heard your blood

coursing through in a reckless lickety-split

past the pinned ear in the pillow

The silence of the hour

outside

your pulse down to a twenty-five or thirty

listless

cutaway from the clatterbanging engine within

gushing

whistling

throttling

wheezing

jerking

cartwheeling

shunting

beating a frenzied time

racing round and round in a cataclysmic din

Whoever jams it all from the eye

hears its thunderous roar in the cells

The cells that slither

creep

and ooze

acidic enzymes

down the washes of stuffed putrefying canals

This the great manufacturer

of what oozes in lethean sewers

III

cell into cells

in the coursing blood

the car jams

the myriad alleyway mazes of city cells

heartless

traffic-lights

valves that stop

letpass

white-red corpuscles

In the city's centre is the heartless pulsing leviathan

and through the aorta highway

everybody alights on a wc cuvette

and back

through the ventricles

the carnival parade of

scabies

herpes

spittle and slime

Die City

Die like bodies

and empires

disease-clogged sewers

funding plagues

pandemics

What is left from afar

is a clouded-over scorched patch

fossilised cellular forms under the microscope

Who cares after a thousand billion years

What went on during a trillion light years

ago

I care You care We care

Do All ALL care

© T. Wignesan, Paris, 1986 – 87. Rev. 2012 (from the collection : longhand notes : a binding of poems, 1999).

Breath of the Informer, an Allegory

for Thirugnanamoorthy

Remorseful, the noonday sun
Frizzles with the stealthy wind
Under the rubbery mountain green.
A calmness has come to rest
From having tossed in its sleep.
The forest has taken leave
Of the hunted horn and drum.
No more the tapper late of nap
Scurries to the haven of a nest.
No more the rattle whisper fades
To nothingness in a lonesome rest.
No more, no more, for the heavens
Sleep and all the troops sleep too.
The sinewy python stretched past
Clumsily the ragged rock and branch.
The Owl has called its reveille at last.
And the forest sleeps with the wind
Gently fanning some whisper closer
And closer, every wave, a venomous flick
Of a serpent, a kiss of rest.

(Letter describing the situation in Malaya and denouncing treachery, written in 1952 to Thirugnanamoorthy who was banished by a British magistrate to Ceylon in March 1952. The letter never reached him.)

© T. Wignesan, Seremban, 1952. Pub. in Tracks of a Tramp : a first collection of poems, 1951-1961. Kuala Lumpur-Singapore : Rayirath Publications, 1961.

You said: Why can i not have my Day

a cherished paper-cutting

for

those who forgot to care

and for you

too late

a cribbed account

in pale bold face

on some crowded backpage

which lapped up the soya stains on the takeaway counter

some faded picture of you

crammed in nubile twists of fronting elegance

in meagre-columned glossy pages

you said : why can't i have my day

why should a destitute Greek prince

lord it over the world

just by tying a knot with his regal cousin

your eyes recognising too late

a world you may never see again

a world you may not be seen in again

all your self-suffocating words
and all those poured in contempt
on you
through you
for you
to feed those who grudged your fleeting glory

Now now that all may be forgotten
now that no bile inhabits this carcass

over some too pulpy a fruit
a taste of you
from freshly-turned earth
bloody juicy earth
our teeth caught
clinging to your bleeding shredded flesh

of cells into cells
of us into our selves

© T.Wignesán, Paris, 1987 (from the collection : Poems Omega-Plus : a less than obvious sequence, 2005)

Requiem for an Unknown Tigress Cub

still the climbing green lianoid lass

her tender tendrils torn

massive metal lying like a cutlass

in her lap forlorn

finger on trigger

still the wetness thighs eyes

the breasts peaking

the quick quelling blushing frenzy

the slightly forwardthrusting awkward turgidness of the torso

the stalk-neck craning

a young pallid green palmyra on the thrust

the dusky knuckly fingers strict and bony quivering

the gangly gait now stiffening

and within alert grasp

an AK-47

rounds of bandolier bullets

nipping her nipples

fatigues for jungle sarees loose silk anklelength skirts

over rough cotton jodhpurs

rubbery canvas shoes for Ali Baba leather sandals

sandalwood clogs

the loin-length sesame-oiled tresses severed at the shoulders

the rationed tampax crushed in the back jodhpur pocket

the drilled march still aching in the pelvic girdle

the shoulder blades

too tendon-strained streaky shark's fins

her mind on her mother's diurnal diabetic needle

and the relief the dowry promised to the boy next door

the lightly tripping fiesta truant feeling

a matinee show

the classes well the classes but for the maths teacher

she was just then getting on the mend

her mind shutting out the homely odour of steaming

puttu and cambal

itiyappam and coti

rasam and rice

the rat-a-tat of sudden staccato fire

the screaming blinding flash of shells

the dirgeful thudthud of bursting bombs

the grating crackling of armoured car chains

and the distant muffled blasts

droning planes swooping

the bark and shriek of schrapnel...

then the raspy clipped yelp of the platoon commander

ends her reverie

her face crushed against a mound of freshturned sod

her right knee twisted trapped in the hunched cavern of her

pubertally pulpy belly

the breath expelled in an urgent wheezing crushed moan

the last stifled desperate cry

for her long distraught mother

(© T.Wignesane – Paris, May 1st., 1997 ; rev. 2012 ; from the collection : Words
for a Lost Sub-Continent, 1999.)

The difference of touch: in D minor KV 466 and Variations on a theme of Paganini

the robin hops from the tips of the rose bush

spilling snow dust

sprinkling skeins of early dew

dusting with its uppity tail fan

a caterpillar

softly dousing concertina

then it trips up the clothesline

stops and grips it in its claws

sways and balances with its tail fanning out

chirps clucks tweets

and repeats itself

all the way down again

and up the scale

comes back once more to skip a note or two

and tumbles

sweeps past the old toy bicycle leaning against the wire fence

the claw marks hardly visible on the spray of frost-like snow on the balustrade

light ephemeral peripatetic

the dulcet flexions rising and falling on the tympana without breath of motion

or vibration

crisp colliding notes rising and falling

as the first tentative drops of drizzle before the rain

the robin gone to sing full throttle on wing

© T. Wignesan, Paris, 1997; from the collection: "Poems Omega-Plus", Paris, 2005.

FREE POWER - Part Three

from state dinner pent-up flatulence

from stentorian vociferousness

from stem-winding-ness

from log-rollingness

from flabby-bellied-ness

from stench-filled under-arm-ed-ness

from sweaty-palm-ness

from stink-breath-ness

from treacherous backslappingness

from stuffing-the-mouth-without-chewing-ness

from word slipperiness

from work inertia and lethargy

from gamboling sleepiness

from not-listening-ness

from turning-the-back-while-talking-ness

from averting-the-eyes-ness

from dirty-trick-ness

from sick secret-service-ness

from bloody tricky smiling-ness

from thinking-one-and-saying-another-ness

from forked-tongue-ness

from spitting-in-the-face-when-talking-ness

from smiling-and-looking-daggers-ness

from gourmandise

from niaiserie

from wishy

-washy

-n

e

s

s

and

leaving

loads

of

lurid

lumpiness

© T. Wignesan, Fresnes-Paris, May 14-17, 1997. From the collection : « Poems
Omega Plus : a less than obvious sequence », Paris, 2005.

FREE POWER - Part Two

from press confounding conférences

from the Security Council colluding combine

from the General Assembly showy-mugheadedness

from secret international pacts

from noseyparker-ness

from the international monetary fund

from partychairmanship-ness

from multi-national-ness

from Fort Knox Reserve Bank Swiss numbered accounts

from Wall Street self-indulging perks to whoppy self-given salaries

and billion-dollar bonuses

from electioneering charitable-ness

from taking more than giving-ness

from absent inaccessibility

from highly guarded hifaluting-ness

from bypassing-ness

from sanctimonious peacefulness

from viagra sterility

from bleary-eyed self-satisfaction

from save this to spend that-ness

from take a crap on others-ness

from stratified doddering hierarchy

from smirking hypocrisy

from foie gras state dinners under candelabras in coattail-ness

from promising full-employment save the forests children and old-aged-ness

from so-called full medicare social security lower taxes & more paid leisure-ness

from housing for every no-one to no parking ticket-ness

from HIV indigestion

from AIDS constipation

from putting-on airs-ness

from marauding menacingness

from mièvrerie

© T. Wignesan, Fresnes-Paris, May 14-17, 1997. From the collection : « Poems Omega Plus : a less than obvious sequence », Paris, 2005.

FREE POWER - Part One

Free Power

from

O P S

W S

E E

R - M A D - N

free power

from its fetters

no power without the people

does power arise from any other source

than through the intent to control confine confiscate con conk conjure

computerize contort compel complicate concoct compress concuss conflict

confute condemn corrupt collar convict collectivize confound

concenter communalize colloque collude collonize commandeer

compartmentalize castrate calumniate crucify combinate cutdown curtail

curryfavour curb cully cuff cuckold crush crunch cross-question curveball

conform confuse criticize croak criminate crash cramp cram crackdown

covert counterplan

countermine counterfeit counterattack corrode convert contrive

contaminate constrain consecrate

connive conquer

power is a venomous snake

that sheds its skin

but not its venom

free power from its sting

free power from belief

from self-righteousness

from don't-not-look-at-me aloofness

from protective-damnedness

from ego-centred-ness

from megalomaniac mindlessness

from aryo-apartheid-ness

from i'm-right-Jack exclusiveness

from self-opining holiness

from crass-headed-ness

from puritanic-mule-headedness

from airy-fairy grandiloquence

from haughty vengefulness

from scary authoritarianism

from the love of command

from sexually dominating abusiveness

from un-empathic tightfistedness

from back-scratching dastardliness
from building castles in the air-ness
from masonic clubbiness
from musty brotherhood-ness
from stealing and selling-ness
from never-enough greediness
from carion-loving usury
from thoughtless puttingdown-ness
from self-aggrandizing acquisitiveness
from the love of pomposity
from the seclusive-ness of honours
from fawning and flattery
from foggy non-visibility
from armoured parades

© T. Wignesan, Fresnes-Paris, May 14-17, 1997. From the collection : « Poems
Omega Plus : a less than obvious sequence », Paris, 2005.

Poem by Kasiananthan on the Tamil Diaspora and Eelam, trans by T Wignesan

The Parrot and the Woodpecker may turn...

[Sung by TEnicayccal Cellappa] Translated by T.Wignesan

mAnkiliyum marankottiyum The parrot and the woodpecker

kUtutirumpa tatayillai their nests to regain nothing waylays

nAnkal mattum ulakattilEyE Only we in all this world

nAtutirumpa mutiyavillai our homeland to seek may not turn

nAtutirumpa mutiyavillai our homeland to seek may not turn

[Above refrain repeated twice]

cinkalavan pataivAnil From skies filled with Sinhalese planes

neruppai alli corikiratu fire tumbles down in seething showers

enkal uyir tamil Elam Our lifeblood our Tamil Eelam

cutukAtAy erikiratu a simmering graveyard on fire

tAykatarap pillaikalin While mothers rave in pain children's

nencukalaik kilikkinrAn breasts the oppressor tears apart

kAyyAkum munne ilam Long before they might ripen tender

pincukalai alikkirAn the buds crushed from burgeoning

[Refrain]

pettavankal UrilE Those who begot us back home

Enku rAnku pAcattile tossing turning in their longing for us

ettanai nAl kArttiruppOm For how many days might we linger on

atuttavan tEcattile in the other man's refugee land

unnavum mutiyavillai Without proper food

urankavum mutiyavillai without sufficient sleep

ennavum mutiyavillai Unable rightly even to think

innumtAn vitiyutillai when will the day dawn for us

[Refrain]

kitti pullu atittu nankal We who played at kitti pullu*

vilaiyAtum teruvilEyE joyously in the heedless streets

katti vayttuc cutukirAnAm There now tethered others lie felled

yAr manatum urukavillai no no hearts pain for us

Ur katitam patikkayilEyE When our eyes light on letters from home

vimmi nencu vetikkitu sobs prise open our brimming breasts

pOrpulikal pakkattilEyE By the flanks of battling Tigers

pOkamanam tutikkitu there to be our hearts throb and yearn

[Refrain]

Note: * A competitive game played by hitting a small stick with a bigger one, the goal being to cover the greatest distance. Also called in Tamil Nadu and Malaysia: kavuntA kavunti.

© T. Wignesan – Paris, 1995. From the collection: “Words for a Lost Sub-Continent” (2001). Excerpted from “Kasi Ananthan: Poet Laureate of Tamil Eelam” by T. Wignesan in Hot Spring: A Journal of Commitment, Vol. 3, No. 9 (London), December 1998, pp. 17-18.

Is there an Exclusive All-in-One Principle

' In general, quantum mechanics does not predict a single definite result for an observation. Instead, it predicts a number of different possible outcomes and tells us how likely each of these is. '

Which side of the Wolf-coin are we looking at

the red or the green

nothing then is certain

not even death but the life one endures

quarks protons neutrons electrons bosons

particles like men and beings in general

bathe not necessarily in the same lifeless soup

great teachers or rather teachers with great followings

those that always attract those who prefer to let others do the thinking for them

especially through transcendently transmitted interstellar telegraphy

would want us believe

there's just This One

and all comes and goes to That Only ONE

If only it were just as simple as that

Then what is it that This One wants

Or is It caught up in its own caveat

And must of needs come apart

on the seed that It alone plants

and do what we may

nothing goes wrong

whatever the explanation

everybody is right

right from the start

Big Bang from a tight-fisted unfurling hand

Big Crunch to a crushing tightening stranglehold

and out again

for the Brahma Day

and after aeons the Brahma Night

And at the stillstanding blackhole singularity

neither space nor time

squeezed in and out

Birth as in Death

An eventual point of total extinction

if ever there was one

Yet always the two extremes

and the ever-changing in-betweens

Matter versus Anti-Matter

Here the Yang is not lkely to be set againt the Yin

Though matter itself is neither

Is nor Is-Not-ness

And the 96% Dark Matter

And the infinite number of parallel universes

Does it really matter

when

' ... if you meet your antiself, don't shake hands !

You would both vanish in a great flash of light.'

Vanish into what

Dark matter

or just non-dark matter

Still the duality of matter

Still the ever-changing conundrum

Everything moves jostles couples alters reproduces destructs

self-destructs

'Sex is emotion in motion.'

Emotion erupts

into thin air

into where

Dark air

Motion disrupts

and roots one here

tied to the lunar year

why should it matter

if we cannot know the reason why

ego id libido

drive faith fame femme father future

if super/alter ego connects the ego

to the collective unconscious

why drown the self in the Great Self

by wilful act

when the Ultimate One

is the sum of all the little ones

Is the Original One incapable of absorbing all the ones

each of whom must move to eat drink sleep

copulate make money grow roots in a society

get and fight to keep a job

make love marry raise children

struggle to keep one's wife one's children

one's house if one can get one

one's career one's future

and helter-skelter race to cheat death

If it's the self-same thing that's being born anew

What does it matter if it keeps changing in view

Of the desperate haste with which everything

We see smell hear feel intute sense

Keeps hurtling away from the Ding an Sich

And leaves us with a parochial Milky Way

Bastardised stealthily by grandiose Andromeda

Left retrograded entwined within measely galaxy clusters

Through some trillion cataclysmic light years

What's the impulse to keep moving

Is the yogi's stilled-centre

The death of all action

Which cannot call for a reaction

Or is the art of keeping still

Merely the art of making belief

'...actors act out the pun that life is the art of acting

until your performed role becomes your normal character.

Then you are safe inside your character armour.'

As soon as you have thought It out

It turns around and re-structrures Itself inside out

and you know just why

don't you now

References to the quotations

Stephen W. Hawking, A Brief History of Time : From the Big Bang to Black Holes, London-New York, 1988.

Ibid.

Attributed to Mae West.

Eric N. W. Mottram, « Men & Gods : A Study of Eugene O'Neill », Encore (London), 1963.

I'm not sure the « re-structuring » bit at the end comes from Steven Weinberg or John Gribbin, or perhaps even from Fred Allan Wolf ?

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Back Door Side Door Front Door : Which door might a Confucian take

Back Door Side Door Front Door : Which door might a Confucian take

.....for René ETIEMBLE (Jan. 26, 1909 – Jan. 7, 2002)*

In homage - dedicated to the Chair Professor of Comparative Literature
.....at the prestigious pre-1968 Sorbonne University

Barely a few speechless moments before your first words
.....burned the « Coplas por la muerte de su padre » :

.....‘Nuestras vidas son los ríos
.....que van a dar en la mar,
.....que es el morir ;

.....
.....y llegados, son iguales
.....los que viven por sus manos
.....y los ricos.’

.....Is the open back door which emboldens courage
No untarnished name to be remembered by
No selfless mate to lay by your honour
.....No issue laying about themselves for your prize

.....Decidedly it was a door of stealth
As if choosing it.....you let it be known
you were only merely passing by
.....and stopped to hang your hat here for a while

Yet you let your kin and callers believe
.....your whims were worth putting up with
.....your mischievous tantrums and gripes
merely the mental athlete’s unwinding antics

The poiëtic birth pangs of imminent glory
.....just the mounting stones in the monumental lighthouse
that ages from hence would pick forth
.....your works on Montesquix.....Confucious
your unfathomable literary resource

You upheld dozens who did leave behind a name
.....a lasting name...not quite torn from solitary pain

Yet who could deny you could have bettered their fame
.....What undisclosed pain you harboured in your brain

Oh so strangely were you endowed with the intelligence
.....of the Chun Tzu - that uncanny eagle's scan
To rout out of the mazes of your students' past lives
.....just that one passage through their Tierra del Fuego

But then you who completely espoused the rigours
.....of that step by step mounting of respectful steps
Were unsparing in your demands of adherence
.....to old Master Kung's hierarchical obedience

An open hand ready to sign any cheque
.....to succour the caller's needs
.....was alas ! also the whip hand
To keep the renegades in constant check

You were possessed of a rare brand of anger
.....which shook the land about you
At those who bent justice to their unsavoury will
.....such thunder boiled from within the guts of the earth

Now you're gone and empty lecture halls echo your
.....uncontainable ire where forged resounding silence
You said at the start of a seminal master-seminar :
.....« Nul n'est prophète dans son pays ! »

With the distaff side hanging on your every word
.....wondering if your plans were for something yet undone

No stray notes lie about to record your travail
.....No visible correspondence to make it all credible
Only books and books...files magazines and books
.....and an overcrowdedly conquered mental pad
jumbled words scratched into shaded inchoate sketches
.....ganglia synapses shot-up neurons

.....no clues to a ragingly flailing mind
.....none to record the lives you succoured
.....nor even the beneficiaries' hurriedly scribbled thanks

.....nor besides to the beclouding relations with one and all
.....not even a hint at why you may have refused
.....to forge a name beyond the beaten path of fame

Would going by the front door

in a fanfare of tv talkshows conference papers prize-giving ceremonies paper-
interviews in ample studied poses and thoughts for future auto-memoirs volume
one to seven the rest put-together posthumously in an omnibus

expurgated version with prefaces notes introductions critiques eulogies

.....would it have been less like you
.....to exit by the
side-door
the baywindow leading to reflected glory
.....in a cool cloister of buffeted leaves

stray poems in the tradition of your schooled masters
or did you burn them all

.....
...in a fit of (cou)rage
..... tore them to bits...incinerated by your fiery mind
.....or squashed within yesterday's leftovers

not caring who thought what
.....the mocking condescension
.....towards

qu'en-dira-t-on

* The late Professor René Etiemble held the Chair of Comparative Literature at the old, pre-1968 Sorbonne University but retired in 1978 while a professor at the Sorbonne-Nouvelle University. In later life, he even refused nomination to the French Academy of Letters, though he did accept the Academy's Prize. He was a prolific critic, essayist, and memorialist, having published some poetry (one book, he burned the rest) and three novels. Like most French greats, he finished schooling at the highly competitive Louis le Grand Lycée which runs alongside the Sorbonne. A renowned linguist (he could either speak or do research into a dozen languages) and grammarian (a graduate of the prestigious and elite Ecole Normale Supérieure de rue d'Ulm, Paris), he remained until his very last days an inveterate Sinophile. He edited the Gallimard-instituted UNESCO oriental literary classics series, a fitting tribute to his encyclopaedic learning. He was also one of the editors of the Encyclopedia Universalis. His father died when he was four, and his mother did menial chores in rich homes to pay for his upkeep. During WWII, he taught at Chicago University and was co-opted into the State Department for the war effort.

© T.Wignesan, 6 novembre 1997, Fresnes-94, France (from the collection : Poems Omega Minus, Paris, 2002: Poem revised.)

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To the lucky quill-feathered poets of pre-MAC-PC yore

When I think of all the seconds I drubbed my fingers
On the skin of long-drummed typefaces to wipe spam
Away from the screen of my inboxes in my computers
I wonder how many years of my life drift as flotsam
So many sales pitches tail in mouth in epizeuses
String their tuneless spiralling from end to no-end
Swim in the swirling soup strings of multiverse oases
Lost as jetsam into a blacksucked bottomless oven
A spam is a foe who seeks to con you as an old friend
Sure don't mean that old spiv driveling over your girl
But who'll make you think you're good for a lend
While he seeks to worm your hard disc in a whirl
McPeesee McCoffee McMoney or McMaster Kasparov
Spam is the Checkmate King none of us can fend off

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The Old Man and the Seine

The Old Man and the Seine

For the legendary George Whitman

(1912 – December 13, 2011)

King George peered out of the oval of the hollow mile

And caught the Hunchback ogling Gina Lollobrigida;

Victor Hugo sat engrossed in his séance at Guernsey Isle

Feigning he would hold back the Cervantes Armada;

So witty Ol' Walt sat on the lip of Notre Dame bridge

Scuffing overgrown grass with his heels in the Seine

But his beard got caught in Quijote's wordy porridge:

That's why they say he set up shop in Butcher's Lane.

The Master of Ol' Vic took exception to this affront

And shook his spear such that it stirred a tsunami

From the Thames down the Chunnel to the front

Of Tumbleweed Hotel's Shakespeare & Company.

Now you know why King George kept his window shut

All through the century keeping no eye even half shut.

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Siluroïd

I am the prize catch
I live in an artificial lake
fed by a *nappe phréatique*
I was put there to keep
lesser fish: carp
from taking up too much space
I live to be caught
and caught again
and be let loose as rain
I protest only to attract attention
Twenty minutes to make things look good
for the fresh-water sportsman

I know now well how to play the game

My almost fanless tail
A slithering mermaid mass from my puffed-up head
where overcoat-button eyes
sunk on either side
of my gaping gasping mouth
shell-fish fins for hands
Seven beige whiskers under my gawking chin
make me the butt
of dare-devil diving click-clucking coots
Even the slender-necked darting grebe ignores me
I stay low when the wild geese gather
with their young :
duckling swan barnacle
I make no sound to call my own
Only the crunch of carp
between two rows of filed-down molars

It is not my duty to swagger around
even under my metallic raincoat camouflage
I hide where the yarrow stalks grow thick and deep
or where the weeping willows dip their loaded plaits

Every Sunday I await the sporting *hameçon*
The tear makes the wear more *ludique*
Only the side of my underlip looks like a harelip

It doesn't much matter
for the fun-loving trotters and rovers
like to marvel with pride at my side
in the fishing-club picture of the week

Meantime I gorge myself with carp
That's why I hardly ever wish to carp

© T. Wignesan - Paris - 2012

Note : The Siluroid , one of the largest fresh-water fishes, sometimes a metre and a half in length.

Wake asia Wake - Part Two - 3

(Continued from Part Two - 2)

While those that lay claim, nay, boast of
to the largest democratic state
a bi-cameral constitution
simply inherited from Westminster
as much as the unifying language
and the soi-disant socialist stamp
transported lock stock and *tablier*
from a Cambridge freemasonic lodge
by the Nehru dynasty progenitor
look the other way
with thumb and index closing on nostrils
when their pariah cart their faeces away
and still after millennia acknowledge and uphold the Brahmin
the self-proclaimed superior priesthood caste
those who speak for the Godhead Brahman
albeit speak with Him in the only sacred Sanskrit tongue
thus to be enthroned
on the highest pure-blooded pedestal

Can there be an Asia
the cradle of quarrelling Gods
which can listen to the little voice within
the voice of innocence

Is there an ASIA
or
are there asias

As there were warring Euro-nations...

[to be continued]

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(Written between April 7th and 20th, 1996; revised February 2001/2012 and published in The Asianists' Asia, Vol. II, March 2001, an on-line journal [from the "original version" in the collection: longhand notes (a binding of poems), 1999]

Published in T. Wignesane. Rama and Ravana at the Altar of Hanuman: on Tamils,

Tamil Literature and Tamil Culture. Chennai: Institute of Asian Studies, 2006.

Wake Asia Wake - Part Two - 2

(Continued from Part Two - 1)

Nothing of the foisoning ageold homegrownwine
strained through Ol' Kayyam's ever draining ruba'iyat bowl
keeps vigil in their sclerosed veins

*I will slap this officious reason
In the face with wine in hand*

Who so bold to slap sense into the buttressed *elus*
But those drunk with common insolence sense

Darius the First built a confining wall
around the Greco-Roman Empire's eastern front
a first wall of self-will
Gengiz Khan tore it down with his saberssharp teeth
after climbing deftly through the David Copperfield hole
in the Great Wall

See how Mao stemmed the tide with his Long March
Only to wall in his Zhong Guo
An Asia within an Asia
The Central Asian Crown
to be propped up again either by vassal states
or by tribute offering nations in return for health-giving largesse

while tough little Viets struggled without wailing on bare feet
to sling the Twentieth Century's Goldorak down to an ignominious fall

while those that weep after twenty lost centuries at their Wailing Wall
wall their brethren in a closely policed jail
wailing at every television reprisal performance
their insecure un-Godly fate in the dead sea of faiths
at the bare hands of suicidal wall breakers
hemmed in around their waists

like those fencesitters
the Greater East Asia
Prosperity builders who
let MacArthur gird them behind an Ocean Wall
silent superior-thinking men and women
unable to wish their neighbours bonjour
even after the unhealed unhealing wounds inflicted

by kamikaze samurais
walled in behind obsequious bending backs
and mechanical smiling faces

What brews in quiet what festers in stealth
Asia's white master race
a Botha-deemed non-apartheid equal

ONE of the seven rulers of this world

(Continued in Part Two -3)

Wake Asia Wake - Part Two - 1

Part Two

Older in age
younger in growth

still heeding His Master's Voice

the Great swirling dark illiterate masses

led by less than nought point nought nought nought nought nought nought
to the power of 32

who prefer nukes for toys
at the cost of common everyday joys

These that hanker after the departed master's pat on the back

for the Man-Booker
for the National Book Award
for the Fullbright
for the Visiting Professorship and/or IIAS Fellowship
for the Ivy League-Oxbridge doctoral degree
for in short the Master's pedigree-conferring embrace

These who do not know
do not want to know
do not wish to know
will not know
if there's a difference

between a Genji Monogatari or the Monkey
between a Sakuntala or the Gitanjali
between a poem and a public parade

These that will *****ons of postcolonial muck
And oblige their students to gorge every bit with spit
Just to stamp careers with their brainprints

These that will turn their coat
turn their tongue
turn their souls
for a Nobel

These that preen strut pout pose pretend
mouth ready to swill the millesium

*this bouquet mind you titillates the left corner of the upper palate
like a petal unfolding in spring from a hymen*

the dark obedient swirling masses lie dumb night after never-ending night
to ebola and dingle and chikungunya swill water
shrivelling their cramped contorted viscera

(Continued in Part Two - 2)

Wake Asia Wake - Part One - 10

Your bombs and canons come late far too late now to put together your sundered
arms

no use crying robber in Kashmir when the poor hunger for a bowl of dusty gruel
nor stretch your mighty legs over the Palk Straits to proclaim your integral
faith

Wake! India! Wake!

There are no borders to the staunchly raised in unbending respect and
unrelenting loyalty

there is no need for police-ed borders for those who are tied to you by blood
there're only stretches of unfathomable water so much un-scaleable mountainous
frights

Wake! Asia! Wake!

And draw your sons and daughters about you they who inherit your fate
tell them not when they may act or how just let them gather around you
with time if you wake up in time they'll hoist you to Himalayan heights
Wake! Now! Asia! Wake! Before It's Too Late!

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[from the "original version" in the collection: longhand notes (a binding of
poems), 1999]

Wake Asia Wake - Part One - 9

Make haste to befriend the toro meanly reared away from spectator prying eyes
by dread alone the bull is nurtured and prodded to terrify
and when at last the ranchero's silhouette appears in the arena it charges
Wake! India! Wake!

There are no greater mysteries than those your scientists can unravel
the only mysteries that persist are those drummed by priests into your brains
even a helpless Stephen Hawking can pierce the Aryan mystery by silent
reflection
Wake! India! Wake!

Let those who seek power in the polls seek it for their own sakes
sooner or later sooner than later they too will pass away
their power gnawing at their bones will feed the etherising flames of their
pyres
Wake! India! Wake!

Let those who seek to challenge their power challenge it for their own sakes
they too will rot in the chains they have willingly chained themselves in
for they too seek power for the sake of power and for theirs and their own
comfort
Wake! India! Wake!

And let them all pass over you you who have borne in quiet pain
mauling under the pretext of mournful migrations and the Mughal might
Mohenjodaro and Harrappa notwithstanding Vijayanagar and Kaveripumpattinam
Wake! India! Wake!

Do not for a moment think your sons have deserted you
nor your daughters gone to spawn with other spouses under other suns
your needs are their needs your tears their blood coursing in their veins
Wake! India! Wake!

If you had woken up earlier to tend to your shores to tend to the marauders at
the border
letting only the lone Kshatriya exert his martial art abused by fine courtly
comfort
you would not now wonder how a Rajput court at Mewar drove Akbar to such
lengths
Wake! India! Wake!

(Continued in Part One - 10)

Wake Asia Wake - Part One - 8

Wake not to feel that all is maya all futile all cyclic dust
even if it were so the pain lingers pain is cantankerous
in the beggar's strife-torn eyes in the child's fly-infested blown belly
Wake! India! Wake!

All is not illusion all is not fake all is not a passing phase
the hurt lingers on in the memory of those who died in pain
forsaken forbidden trodden on and driven under
Wake! India! Wake!

To lose even a day no to lose even an hour
is to put millions on the block
is to set them back by aeons
Wake! India! Wake!

Rise with the sun rise fresh from yesterday's toil
from poisoning TV commercials and commercials' mightily airy-fairy movies
from jingling song and bill-cooing in gardens from worshipfuls of Bollywood
idols
Wake! India! Wake!

Lull not your finely-tuned senses in lilting goose-pimple melodies
let not your far-sighted perceptions become dulled in spurious imitations
here in the West they marvel at the speechless facial rhythms of a Satyajit Ray
Wake! India! Wake!

How do you manage to listen day in and day out to the sentimental romantic
quatrains
set to rumba and samba cinematic background less-than-roaring forties' dance
music
under a decor of piped sky-lancing and prancing tinny gushy melodramatics
Wake! India! Wake!

Before your children grow up thinking reality is a coloured film-strip in hot
gasping halls
where plumpy heavily mascara-ed curly moustachio-ed pot-bellied half-men
chase blown-up versions of the eternal Sita oozing midrift flesh heaving in
rosy gardens
Wake! India! Wake!

Wake and take the future by the horns it's no toro that will gore you into the
past
you need no muleta for a faena with the dark and terrifying future

the future's just a bull raised on cow's milk in green pastures
Wake! India! Wake!

(Continued in Part One - 9)

Wake Asia Wake - Part One - 7

And shake off the mantric spells ringing in your conditioned minds
but remember and preserve the great sanskrit treatises
those that refined aesthetics in dance music drama poetry in sculpted
architecture

Wake! Artful India! Wake!

And see how all is not bad in the horrendous past
see how Akbar the Great lavished learning in between dangling his sabre
see how the Moghuls wrought lasting mausoleums in the name of love
Wake! O! Suffering India! Wake!

See how the British-planned railways brought you closer than ever before
see the I.C.S. examination as the equaliser the Confucian meritocracy
see how the Western savants discovered your own glorious past for you
Wake! O! India! Awake!

Recognize the truth of your enslavers' contribution to the sub-continent
heed not those who would poison your minds with chauvinistic lust
accept the historical fact as a truth that cannot recede into wishful oblivion
Wake! Now! India! Wake!

There is no shame in being taught the truth of your present or past plight
the accidents of history have reaped their toll on your memory
but now you are master of your own fate of your own history to come
Wake! India! Wake!

Wake! and show the way to a better understanding for the less fortunate
the maimed in mind the thwarted by birth those the abject shunned from sight
let them also claim descent from your Himalayan height
Wake! India! O! Wake!

Before it's too late! Before your own kind enslave you again
victim to your former masters' machinations
slave to your own listless traditions
Alas! Wake! India! Wake!

Where is that all-embracing self-negating self
You who have turned upon yourself
once too often to shed your precious blood and repent
Wake! India! Wake!

(Continued in Part One - 8)

Wake Asia Wake - Part One - 6

Show them that a fair deal is still one to be honoured in your shores
no one will take more than what is his earned share
and none will seek to shortchange his honour for luxury
Wake! India! Wake!

And let the Wheel of the Law turn your fortunes to steadfast mettle
and he that abjured gold and palace to roam the streets and forests
has long since won the hearts of nations beyond your continent
Wake! India! Wake!

And learn from his example the simplicity of forsaking futile ambition
of forsaking all that crippled your body and mind
of letting them alone in their Vedic mystic glorification
Wake! India! Wake!

For he has woken up those peer nations they who woke up before you
and have put their fellowmen in a state of equal plenitude
with nothing to envy those who conquered and humiliated you
Wake! India! Wake!

And think not nor devise how you may emulate your past masters
envy not them their lives nor their wealth in times to come
your future is no more never more tied to their apron strings
Wake! O! AsiaWake!

And let your heart beat to the rhythm of thriving hives
let no one tell you where to put your feet next
when you pull your weight together there your feet will prop you up straight
Wake! Asia! Wake!

And let those who enslaved your body and mind for so long
let them learn from your willingness to forgive
that they too have a place in your heart as guests
Wake! Asia! Wake!

Do not crush the children of those whose ancestors sought to humiliate you
children grow conditioned to the ways which you accepted for ages
as you accepted the conditioning of your children by their fathers
Wake! India! Wake!

(Continued in Part One - 7)

Wake Asia Wake - Part One - 5

And take the tasks in your own hands the tasks of your own fate
do not let the helper from elsewhere tell you what is best
what is best for you in his words is always infinitely better for him
Wake! Wake! Asia! Now!

The poor the misguided in streets and villages weigh on consciences
for you have always let them be in their ignominious plight
show them how share with them your superior knowledge
Wake! India! Wake!

Differences only persist because you want them to
it is enough to show them what causes their bodies to weaken
it is enough to feed their minds with that little which will grow in time
Wake! India! Wake!

If you give them no running water and the drains and pipes of evacuation
if the rubbish that piles up behind huts and mansions heaves and humps
if you dung and spray in the open air to feed legions of flies and insects
Wake! O! India! Wake!

The food that they serve you will be from unclean hands
and the tourist will bypass the hotel and soon the sub-continent
and there'd be little use in saying we the upper castes we live in godly-
cleanliness
Wake! India! Wake!

And shatter the dream of the purity of untarnished blood
there are just those who are born with blood and bones legs hands eyes
and those who think they are twice-born with more than just that
Wake! India! Wake!

We have all but one mother over that great eastern divide of the Black
Continent
in the nuit des temps our dreams stood up on hind legs
and uttered the words we now mouth in Babelic tongues
Wake! O Asia! Wake!

And take upon yourselves the task of showing those who falter in spent spurious
dreams
that the age of conquerors is an age brought to a standstill in history books
that buying and selling is all the commerce conquerors can peddle nowadays
Wake! Asia! Wake!

(Continued in Part One - 6)

Wake Asia Wake - Part One - 4

And remember the sun never really sets only on covetousness
no greater co-prosperity sphere is there than inner contentment
here the sun only rises and spreads its eyes in constant kindness
Wake! Japan! Wake!

O! Where have they all gone who drank deep and late Old Khayyam's wine
while with compass and rule he measured the rhymes of the skies
and found the tulip-cheeked maiden wrapped round his earthen cup
Wake! Old Persia! Wake!

And still the venomous thunders flooding in the Tigris-Euphrates veins
every minority has a right to his pride of place every dog his manger
no monster bomb worth the sweetness of the four-stringed ruba'i
Wake! Saddam! Wake!

Let not the dust from streets settle on the rags of the by-standing beggar
batten down the mud with stones and gravel with those very hands
that culled the Ajanta Caves from the rocks of teeming wilderness
Wake! O! India! Wake!

See not how the chiselled rocks of Fathepur Sikri lie chipped in negligence
nor how the hordes of monkeys romp on the fortifications in disdain
see only the vision that shaped the mind of Akbar's masons
Wake! O! India! Wake!

Scorn not the erstwhile brother now behind a frontier wall
if your ways were just no brother would have sought cover
siblings are no higher or lower born of the same mother
Wake! Now India! Wake!

Receive the bounteous waters that descend from the heavens
confine and clean them in reservoirs in troughs or in buckets
and make them pour forth in joy onto your children's faces
Wake! O! Asia! Wake!

Wake! wake your neighbours also from the gonepast Rip-van-Winkle millennium
it's hardly enough just to keep going from day to day
nor rely on the idea that no matter what It works India works
Wake! O! India! Wake!

(Continued in Part One - 5)

Wake Asia Wake - Part One - 3

No wisdom more canny than the folksome pantun's peasant proverbials
Wake! Monde Malais! Wake and note no Sultan whirls as a Sufi
Nor no Sage of Singapore pouting platitudes can make you wake
Wake! Malay! Wake!

And settle your differences with neighbours over the bamboo fences
for as long as you chain produce Kalashnikovs and cartridges
others far-off will pride themselves on their need to divide et impera
Wake! China! O! Wake!

Give your less mighty neighbours not so much the helping hand
as the glory of an example of standing upright free on equal feet
you who had over the ages exported suzerain panaceas and no conquests
Wake! O! China! Wake!

Remember again Asoka the masterful Mauryas the golden era of the artful Guptas
Kalidasa's Shakuntala Tulsi Das Pannini's grammar Bharatha's Natya Sastra
The Tolkappiyam the Cilappatikaram Manimekalai Ramayana Maha Bharatha
Wake! India! Wake!

Remember Lao Tse! Master Kung! and the all-doubt dispelling future perfect
Yijing!

Remember the finest mind-embroidered silk flowing down the ages
in Wu's Monkey skeins of thought calligraphed in the Buddhist mean!
Wake! O! China! Wake!

All is not full-figures all not burgeoning percentage growth
if glory can be reduced to mere Middle Kingdom might!
then bound feet will drag on face-down in seven kowtows
Wake! O! Mighty China! Wake!

And set your legions marching not to win wars or quell rebellions
but to unclog your drains canals marshes and rivers
let your lifeblood circulate nourished in lifegiving oxygen
Wake! O! Asia! Wake!

Whose art the better glints down the ages the gilded Samurai swords
or those of Bashô and Issa in the carved rocky sands of the combed garden
or those of Lady Murasaki in Genji Monogatari and Chikamatsu
Wake! Sleepless Rising Sun! Wake!

Wake Asia Wake - Part One - 2

Wake! and see the extent to which you're still enslaved
enslaved by your own kind who hanker after conditioning platitudes
the clubby comfort of secretly oath-taking power cliques
Wake! O! Asia! Wake!

Remember! Remember Haidar Ali his son Tipu and Akbar
remember Sivaji and Chandra Bose and Kattapomman and Asoka
remember O! remember the one and only Mahatma
Wake India! O! Wake!

Wake! India! Wake! and see how your destitute generations are shunned aside
in infested villages sans drains sans potable water sans hope
see how they're bound in mantric incantating castiron caste strictures
Wake! O! India! Wake!

No where else in the world are humans so in-humane-ly stratified
what proof have the Brahmins to issue forth from Brahma's head
who proclaimed them the chosen elite on top of the Indian pile of castes
Wake! O! India! Wake!

Wake! and see how your northern brethren have cast off their spiritual shackles
even if they had abjured the path of the just to yoke their bodies
yet for each child a vaccine a soja-filled stomach to keep slavers away
Wake! O! India! Wake!

Wake! O! India! Wake before it's too late!
for your own kind are about to enslave you once all over again
and the old master needs hardly despatch troops to proclaim his divine law
Wake! India! Wake!

Wake and watch how your elite ape and espouse the ways of the old master
how for an air-ticket a stipend per diem they would do you in without
compunction
how for some lions memberships in select clubs they'd betray your own true kind
Wake! O! Asia! Wake!

Wake! O! Indonesia! Wake and see how the G.N.P. in Singapore
far outweighs that of the former papal Portugal now
how the four fiery Eastern Dragons no more parade in papier maché garb
Wake! Indonesia! Wake!

(Continued in Part One - 3)

Wake Asia Wake - Part One - 1

It is night yet in the West
and the planes land between listlessly burning tarmac lamps
stealthy fingers scurrying through diadems of neons halogens and amber
Wake! O! Asia! Wake!

The cowherds' bare blistered feet already trample yesterday's dust into mud
and cartwheels strain in crusted fissures where rains fell only once or twice
while dreams fester in cosy centrally-heated silken beds in luxury flats
Wake! O! Asia! Wake!

Tomorrow is yesteryear's planned strikes
buses trains taxis office machines lie soundlessly asleep
and will not wake until the battle over psychic comfort comes to an end
Wake! O! Asia! Wake!

For You there is no respite no pause
no tea-breaks with cheese biscuits or croissants
there's only the last container to crane over the dock in unpaid overtime
Wake! O! Asia! Wake!

Your eyes will hurt in the twilight's hazy glimmer
no time to brush your teeth nor shave in hot and cold running water
nor the right to flush a toilet nor heedlessly course through in cosy tubes to
work
Wake! O! Asia! Wake!

The sirens rave through boulevards in broad night-light
rushing hypertensic cardiac cases from their delight-full beds
cholesterol and diabetic cane sugar within reach of every child in supermarkets
Wake! O! Asia! Wake!

Let those who succeeded their former masters
sip their sweet sweatless porto before the hors-d'oeuvres
and flap their tabliers hiding their secret shame under cabalistic arms
Wake! O! Asia! Wake!

Wake! there's little time left for your own bickering differences to fester
the dawn signals the tasks that lie ahead unfinished
and the carrion hunters trained in their old master's image club together
Wake! O! Asia! Wake!

(Continued in Part One - 2)

Over which Cat s Shoulders is raised the Lintel

To be left alone
to be a cat
a porcelain memento on the mantelshelf
unnoticed un-thought-of even un-heeded
till a hand accidentally stretches
to caress the China paw of a line
all tucked in
out of a Federer need to be willingly unobtrusive
knowing the place of the homely cat
that's fed as a pet
for the well-being of the spectator
in polite chaste drawing-room court

To take him à *rebrousse-poil*
and the pretty picture is shattered
canine claws unfurl drawn in offence
the conquering *hargne* of a Djokovic
the pounce leap and tumble
on the millimetre of the angular line
of brazen self-righteous discomfort

and desire becomes a clay cat
baking in the womb of the mantelpiece

under a creaking crumbling lintel

Revised from a 1986 poem : « Cat on the Mantelshelf »

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Letter from a Classic Archetypal Dope, January 4, 1960 - Part Three

Part Three

Did you not notice then
How uneasy I was in the eye of abundance
How hiding from the surfeit of joy
From whose very object I
Learned not to cry

And so all through with fear
Fear opening fresh fear
Without respite, without cause
Deft day handling stolen night
Within the walls of our breath
Smarting, whining
Nudging through illusory pretences
Waking and making our presence
Forever shy of ourselves
As if all this were not true
Heart closing on heart
Excreting gratitude

You have done your part
What more could I ask
Could you then blame me that I fought
Every step of your way to me
For what I was worth to you
I was ready as a knave to soot

And when indeed you took a man
You took to bed a goon not a man

Though we account for ourselves
and whatever we have accounted for
We do not take ourselves apart
and when we have to account for ourselves
between you and me
Then what we have to account for is three
You, the goon, and the man or me

But when we have nothing to account for
There is but one lonesome count

And so you came to me
A thwarted child
and you told me

"You Me"

© T. Wignesan - Paris, 1957 (from Tracks of a Tramp. Kuala Lumpur-Singapore:
Rayirath Publications, 1961.) Rev. 2012.

Letter from a Classic Archetypal Dope, January 4, 1960 - Part Two

Part Two

From that moment onwards
Not when the fingerless muscles unclasped
the indented bones
But from that moment of knowing
from that very moment of sustenance
That day of human unbelief died unsung
And the depth of human grief buried long
bestirred a momentous song

It willed within me it were man
Some kindly soul no less
But in surfeit laid aside
The biscuits of distaste

It willed within me it were some organisation
Hurrying to the bed of despair
With the spare crumbs of conversion
The Holy Infant to succour

I willed then it were a friend
From want of excuse to teach
His fooling heart to bleat
Robbed his conscience of a treat

I willed and willed and never
In my thankless memory
Sat the image of my enemy
The fulcrum of my singular division

And when that day I delved into my depths
To find the words of irreproachable thanks
I saw you turn and stamp the light
Of my begging steps of penance

I turned, rebuffed
Should I have turned and gone
Away from the stony snarl of thanklessness
Away from all that I saw in that
One inseparable act
Away from my insurrection
From the illimitable doubt of humility

Far away from all the coquetry of cunning

No man was divided more
Between himself and self
Between life and cherished death
Astride on the unwelcome threshold of emptiness

Had I come out of dying
And yet the chained stick of fate
Was certain to unravel for me
No less, no more, the vicious sting of hate

And revived with urgency's gratitude
Twice over, reconditely, I was blessed

(Continued in Part Three)

Letter from a Classic Archetypal Dope, January 4, 1960 - Part One

Part One

Now as I account for myself
I know the fight is over
You made me feel if I was worth saving
I was worth having
And I knew as the man flattered to grow
He also learned the crafts of
clinging on to his sleazy self

When we have to account for ourselves
When we have to take stock of the unaccountable
When we have but ourselves to account for
When all but you and I alone are left
standing
Amid the crowds that hover at our presence
in your eye
Amid the lashing lolling tongues

Amid the squelching claws of distrust
And the deriding press of after thought
What are my lean-throated words
What are my bleating pleas of
what
When we have to account for ourselves
In the awakening stillness of other judgment worlds
What account do we have for ourselves
But the rabid thirst of a search
When we may have met in this or that town
But in this land and in this continent
This world
This incarnation
This temporal crevice

You in the fresh burst of discovery
I in the aftermath of debunking rediscovery
Time was then held alike that summer
Growing only to fruition in our recognition
My senses were growingly numb from blunt use
burning when the electric fondling
dared enter and worry the concealed corners

I saw you then

Not as the strapping dash of bubbline
Nor as the plaited innocence of schooling youth
Trundling the scenes of covertly revisited crimes
Forming with others the dutiful mannered habits
Nor as the tall preening blot of shyness
at the hedge of a group picture
Fronting a personality
Dicing friendship
Simulating elder precepts
Feeling your maidenhood pulsate in reveries
Testing its beat upon hidden hay heaps
Nor as the pure shaft of consciousness
Thrusting into the wake of frightfulness

I saw you
Only as a parcel come to me in mortal need
In a prelatic bestowment of fruits and tins
The salt and pepper of spicy tables

I saw you come to me
in disguise well wrapped and well meant
I saw you come to me
That low day of my life
As a parcel bound in the selfless vines of veins
As the blood of transfusion
As the hope of persistent verse

It was one big inconsumable heart that arrived
Unnamed and unasked for
And I stood and stared
Stared and stood
No longer in unbelief
I did not live from victuals coursing through
I lived and thrived from gorging one
Insuperable unknown heart

(Continued in Part Two)

Once I was a Prince - Part Three

Part Three

...swishing away with your sunshrivelled burgundy knotty arms with broad
disdainful harvesting sweeps the cobras come out to water in the sweltering
heat by the thatched fly-buzzed hole

your low under-the-breath warning tones a reminder of the will of your self-
inflicted charge

you never ate until i gorged myself

like the dutiful wife given with a dowry

watching me all the time through the shield of the wisp of cloud of cheroot
smoke in your sentinel corner against the far wall your eyes glinting fearing
that i might take exception and even before my plate was half-empty you had
already darted across the kitchen floor to bring me more fried brinjals mashed
greens fried and sliced plantain the steaming rice lying bare by its metal
cover hanging on the lip of the open pot-mouth in a clear aluminium pot by my
side

now they say you are gone for some plotted and took your life in haste
even before you had time to ensure an heir

others say you were alone dismayed abandoned by your own
prey to enchanters coveting

the plot of land the house derelict forsaken by your absence

they say some one else caretakes it for himself

others no a forbidden son of your husband's has raked it for himself

alas would you have known how landless nationless stateless i'd be
this dot of ancestral land clinging-clanging in memory

did you know then you might never see me again

nor probably ever hear of me

or if you had how might you have taken it all

did you believe the tales true and false they told

or only what you wanted to hear

of your precious prince you once served in silence and

who had gone to slave in other lands

Notes

eevaa peerankal muuvaa marunthu is a take on another well-known Tamil proverb:
eevaa makkal muuvaa marunthu meaning "children who obey even before the order

is given are a God-send". Here, in lieu of children, the word "grandparents" is substituted

chembu: a small usually copper vessel shaped like a rounded vase with a tapering neck and open mouth, used for holding drinking water or milk

kuul: thick holdall gruel which may also be highly spiced

chemman: red soil

Vaithi: ayurvedic doctor, practising the traditional Indian homeopathic medicine

© T.Wignesane 1997 - Paris May 7, 1997 (from the Sequence/Collection: "Words for a Lost Sub-Continent")

Once I was a Prince - Part Two

Once i was a prince in your eyes my every wish granted
even before I could wish it

eevaa peerankal muuvaa maruntu

the hot *kuul* boiling complaining in the *chessman* earthenpot
your apparent fear that the nextdoor neighbour woman might begin her daily
chant of your ancestors' drawbacks failings mishaps for fear that my still
sheltered ears might tire of your village ways tire of the lack of other
comforts running water showers toilets for fear that your native untutored
tongue might sound too outlandish to my ears
your pain perpetually shrivelled between your brows notching your fine flanking
nose

Once you touched me

for I had not risen at the appointed hour for my ritual bath
the huge cauldron of water simmering on stacked bricks

for you daren't let me expose my yet-unscorched skin to the mild chill of early
morning dew rising in the torrid heat your full palm cupped protectively across
my forehead held a fleeting moment longer than necessary in the freshly
carpented wooden cubicle you had had made for me where I slept within fresh
crisp cotton and soothing silk torn no doubt from your bridal saree and again
you brought it down after wiping off the cooking wet with one edge of your
saree the consternation in your all-watching eyes you had no time to hide

i could hear you calling out to the boy passing down the pathway to the
ricefields

your urgent voice pressing instructions

and the boy then setting the wickerbasket full of corn down on the finesand
track and retracing his fleeting steps as the familiar swish swish of bare feet
slurping sand fills my ears an urgent call to the Ayurvedic doctor husband now
some nights bedded by his concubine

then as the boy returned with the message of the *Vaithi's* arrival within the
hour the yet other curative orders to have fresh palmyra toddy milked for me
then you forbade me to leave the bed dabbed and cleaned me and served me for
seven long days on the toddy that made my flesh swell and shine

how you never failed to precede me with the cut palmyra branch

like a ferocious Saracen - I'd wager - with his scimitar before his advancing
lord and master

every time i took it upon myself to take that narrow footpath into the back
compound overgrown with palmyra coco-palm sweet mango guava and papaya and the
swordlike rasping grass trembling upright in the low crumbling wind and the
thorny touch-me-not ground-hugging folding brush

Once I was Prince - Part One

for Granny Letchumi (b. fin 19th C. - d. 1978)

Once i was a prince in your highbeamed palm-thatched house
timber and stone
of hardened mud and cold green shiny cement
in your village ribbed with drying splintering palmleaf fences
buttressed by ferns
palmyra jackfruit mango trees standing solitary sentinel in compound corners

then just for a month
i was a prince in your eyes
i hazarded the Bay of Bengal on a lolling steamer
and watched in unbelief naked children dive for coins in the Nagapattinam
offshore anchorage
just to be with you
still a teeny dreamy youth
and there you were
afraid that your village ways might irk me
make me want to go back before time

the day i arrived a double murder in the island
a day or two earlier another
vendetta vengeance wreaked in blood for slights of caste contraventions
other threats other life-taking threats for mere unintended insults innuendoes
injuries
to the state of one's birth
to the validity of one's finance
one's moral upstandingness
one's looks
one's genealogy
a longdrawnout court case for the plucking of a ripe mango from an overhanging
branch in the neighbour's compound

sitting squat on your two firm broiled scarred feet
your coarse borderless demure saree stretched to its apparent tatters
your stalwart all-bearing sturdiness masked in that humble crouching posture
your rough-rolled cheroot smouldering on the edge of the kitchen-patio cemented
mudfloor
and rolling off the corner of the wallbacked seat from where you listened to
the swish swish of my coming down the fine sand-filled path rising swiftly
furtively only to prepare the ceremonial washing of my feet hands face with the
natural coolness from your own ancestral well the *chembu* as you reverently
tilted it giving off just that much of thrashing water into my upturned cupped

hands

your melancholy dreamy gaze riveted on my face my hands my hair my feet
recalling perhaps the husband you moaned and whom I had never seen not even in
a word-picture

your eyes those bee's full-trusting warm honey-coloured ensconced within
sharply falling epicanthic folds watching without imposing but who knows how
nostalgically

your fear of touching me with those toil-knotted fingers lest I recoil worn yet
tender frail still strong from serving two husbands over half a century lest I
inadvertently even make a gesture that might make you feel unlike someone of
your highborn bridal glory

(Continued in Part Two)

Kunst

Each sound
free or bound
each petal
Each quivering utterance
bold and round

these handicrafts
these unthinking feelings
flower in the minute thinking fingers
untranslatable untransmutable intent
when other more enduring
forms
stop the outpour
tax and stem
and call for ageing patience's munificence :

At this the heart will pause
before labour
the consciousness
severing from congenital cries

« I'll pound harder for patience's sake »
- the penitent heart upbraids.

« Only so, until I too have learned
to punish words into some form
until men of all climes may equally say:
'This I understand for my father did as well
as forefathers to grandchildren might in it dwell' »

Might one say again
(need it be necessarily said)

Why this shape for the violin
Is this the only colour of sound
That must with horsetail on bark
be whipped to wail and whine
like an harpy

© T. Wignesan – 1960 Heidelberg, Germany. (Rev. 2012) from the collection : «
tell them i'm gone », Paris, 1983. ISBN 2-904428-07-0

The Best of the Night to You, too, Bala - Part Two

Part Two

Do you remember your run-up to the crease
your Lindwall-delivery dragging the clasping flannel round hobbled boots
your anger
at the wicket that went on a no-ball

Do you remember your opening bat
that snicked the runs to leg and off
which dozing umpires signalled as byes from pads

Do you remember Brigitte
her perky bobtail
her boucles of prancing hair
lances on her forehead
sickles on her verti-vir-ginous temples

Where are the bridges you have crossed
and those you had planned
and those you saw grow pebble by pylon and cementing stone
where the roads you laid
up virgin forest and limestone

Where indeed the buildings you repaired
erected
re-erected and razed
and the thousands and thousands of miles
you rode the wild *seladang* of the primeval jungle
hand on hump
with no stars in the paly night to guide you
through venomous *blukar*
and the boiling green torture
seared deep into your burning entrails
these that now have run out on you

Watch now how the river glues under your fuming stare
when the monsoon torrents sweep the knock-knee-ed pylons to a side
those dry as split-bark legs of yours
itching once too often in comforting company
though a little spindly for a Pied Piper

Yet you made the puppety Peninsula run
down drains and monsoon pipes

to a purge-full sea

Who is there now who wouldn't wake to your fits of irrupting gurgly merriment
to ease the tension
amongst unlikely fellows
Who who wouldn't miss your seething whiteheat glee
at his side

You who knew how to accompany Kay and Richard
up to the closed door of your last night
a very good night on your lips

Your opening bat's duty done
the side shored-up in safekeeping
the last fast breathless ball you faced
nicking the bails off

You needn't return to the pavilion
for the standing ovation goes on
for you Bala
long after the cloddy-stumps lie slain on the tiled floor

© T.Wignesán 1993 August 8, 1993 - Paris [from the collection: back to
background material, 1993]

The Best of the Night to You, too, Bala - Part One

Part One

for E. Balasubramaniam

(June 13, 1935 - August 7, 1993)

So you took the covert road of the night
and stalked me

while I listened to Vivaldi up to midnight

At two when you were ready to go

you woke me stunned stark in your memory

your impishly entrancing laughter

your dark bright pupils beaming through the slits of your tightly drawn lids

your ivory teeth basking in uncontrollable mirth

your blacker than black ear-antennae and higher than high civil-servant brows

marking your dark-diamond worth

your patience

your more than necessary feeling for the less than fortunate friends and
relatives

stretched cummerbund tight round your caring nature

How you knew how to share your luck

Always a little put out for your beneficiaries' putout-ness

Worrying speechless night after night lest your luck run out

teeth in protesting grind

against the risks of your calculated outstepping

Paths led up straight

for one whose smiles funnelled from the heart

lit in ever-foraging circles of fire

There was no obstacle to the summit

for you took with grace

only what you knew how to spare

with care

To the authors of Manimekalai - Part Two

Part Two

To have written is to leave but a mark
nothing stands for the proud rhyming syllables
more than his acquired business acumen
a Vaishya karmic hope

Now we stand aghast before this edifying monument
and verily wonder at some man
who may have in gusting wind and blasting brine
clung to his loincloth on the scaffolding
his knotted hair thick with the chimes of the Colamandala tide
the bells from Mahabalipuram to Chidamparam tolling in his veins
his sinewy rhyming muscles pulsing to the chiselling of reliefs
in memory of Kannaki and Matavi
and the liana apsara Manimekalai
in her forbidding expunging of her caste courtesan rôle
the lethal unmaking of an infatuated prince

Tied then to the creaking wooden framework
left by Ilango Adigal's epic-making epic
his stomach heaving
the low burning wicker lamp stinging his nostrils
in the stilled small hours
his eyes hardly following the olai leaf of his beaten memory
night after sleepless night
his merchant's paunch and eyes sagging
wife and mistresses in unrequited rut
while in tryst forlorn
one thought lingering under the tree in Bodhgaya
lamenting for the disciple's offering of trichinosis
he lets the dawn creep into his ears
with the kuyil's ironically teasing call
the fingertips charred with lampblack
till loaded cartwheels grind on the gravel of his spent dreams

It is easy for us now to quibble over him
and make much of when he may have conceived his poem
for at least in so doing he comes alive
only to be killed
revived
chided
praised
drowned in words
more than he has bequeathed us

© T. Wignesán- April 7, 1992 (from the sequence/collection: Words for a lost sub-continent). Pub. in T. Wignesán. Rama and Ravana at the Altar of Hanuman: on Tamils, Tamil Literature & Tamil Culture. Chennai: Institute of Asian Studies, 2006.

To the authors of Manimekalai - Part One

Part One

"Apart from its popular conception of transmigration, (which is) sometimes almost humouristic, Manimekhalai offers a documentary contribution of immense value, under an easily accessible form, on the philosophical speculations of Ancient India.

The cosmology of Sankya, the scientism of Vaisheshika, the logic of Nyaya, the materialism of Lokayata, originally related to the Ajivika tradition, (all of) which re-appeared with force in the Dravidian world following the Saivite renewal a little before the beginning of the Christian era. The(se) concepts which had little by little, during the course of centuries, influenced the Vedic tradition manifested themselves with force from then on in an autonomous way and went on to give birth to the philosophy of Mediaeval India."

(From Alain Danielou's "Preface" in his and T. V. Gopala Iyer's Manimékhalaí)

To some the interest is in the reading hearing singing
To others in the Buddhist faith that moved the begetter(s)
To most the wondrous-unwonders of the story
born in the Cilappatikaram
To a few in the monstrous bending of the verse in *nilamantilavaciriyappa*
To all time to parse in tongue-grinding heady rhymes
initial rhymes
end-rhymes
alliterations
antitheses
rigorous unsyntactic ellipses
double syllabic feet
four to the line
the exceptions in three
all a mnemonic scaffolding of repetitive sound

For yet others after Catanar's warehouses in Puhar were long empty
the task of interpretation arose
Some sought to impute his motives to caste-enhancing kingly favours
Some as Aravana Atigal's hagiographer
Some as a bodhisattva-feat acquirer
Some as the anthologiser of myth and tradition
Some as the poet-laureate of a people's ancient lore
Some as a collective grass-roots inspirational catalyser
Some as the hindu kings' proselytiser
Some as a patron of a ghost-writer
Some perhaps as the first ecstatic copyist
Some who knows as an unrepenting plagiarist

Who should care after all these years
Who wrote what and why
no image rests of him
nor the jetties and godowns of the Cola entrepôt
nor whether some Yavana read to him
during the long monsoonal wait back for Rome
the feisty encounters of a Ulysses
or the airy goings and comings of the Olympian pantheon
nor whether he cared to listen
being full of a pride of his own

(Continued in Part Two)

Master Valluvan, the long-misunderstood Tamil Mentor - Part Six

Is poetry only meant for teaching what is time-honoured
what is authorised
what seeks not to rock the ship of fate

Part Six

Helas! My universally-renowned peerless ancestor!
I'd like to think
You'd be the first to have recognized the always changing world

The first to have accepted the parting of ways
For your intelligence your foresight and hindsight
Your immensely powerful quill
would have sought other remedies
other means to convince
a wayward world
a world far too gone and worldly-wise
to hatch the nuances of your admonishing word
all afresh

N'empêche your name is a comet
hurtling down the ages

©T.Wignesán, December 2001, Paris, France (from the Sequence: "Words for a Lost Sub-Continent", 1999)

Master Valluvan, the long-misunderstood Tamil Mentor - Part Five

Part Five

Some couplets apart
much remains redundant
even obvious
inapt by way of pointing to fresher vistas
and those that follow the rarity of your verse
imbibe nothing else from this age's handy cornucopia
of instant wisdom

Your lines served an eminent purpose in your time
now we bed our minds down by encyclopaedic libraries
we live on another planet
Your chain-ganged lines served to teach the meek
the lame of mind
the dislocated of your time

Yes some still wallow in the same myth
today
not from want of will
but from the fear of rebirth
imprisoned in conditioned belief

and the essor of Dravidian identity
only deferring to the feigned purity of Aryanising blood
reverts to the same mythic belief
some kind of imagined power of breed

History is in the past
It cannot help the present to liberate itself
If one has not understood the difference
If one has not disowned and let fall meaningless myths

If you dear Valuvan lived in these times
Would you not have disowned your own lines

well perhaps some or more
not all finding their way into a florilège of your choice

for you know how love in the third part changed with moeurs
changing with the times
so has the art of governance
and the unconscionable ways and practices of the artha classes

other precautions more pressing than mere friendship
would have compelled you to jettison many a couplet

Who knows even your first ten would have found their way
into a bin
ethical lines of advice
would turn sour in today's ear

No child would heed to the letter your admonitions on behaviour
Nor no wife take her place in the humiliating role of kitchen-helper
No political king will base his reign on your strict plans of concern for
etiquette
No youth seek virtue in the puritanical preachment of bygone observances

One singular contention:
No peasant revolution
No women's liberation
No religious reformation
grace your pages
the establishment the status quo the traditional hierarchy the Almighty
All find mindful foundation
in your ardent didacticism
and extend licence to those who cry sacrilege
in the coming dismantling of the clans of castial power

(Continued in Part Six)

Master Valluvan, the long-misunderstood Tamil Mentor - Part Four

Part Four

and you might never have thought
the mighty today are like those trodden poor of your day
who
at least were shackled to ignorance by force
by godly fear
a racially discriminating Overlord

now the privileged in blindness give you lip-service
and a lot of money
hoping by this gesture to earn your merit
not earn YOU merit
and the society's accolade

You remain abused still
by the vain undistinguishing crowd
who upon the mention of your name
rise to feel proud
of what then
than
in their shored-up selves
of belonging within
the self-same pigment and tongue

None of your real worth passes into them
Nor the reason for your epigrammatic lines

Pray
Should I then beg forgiveness for this affront

(Continued in Part Five)

Master Valluvan, the long-misunderstood Tamil Mentor - Part Three

Part Three

Whether or not relations with the uncultured enamour
Do not seek to succour what should sour

What does it matter if you gain or lose inferiors
Who feather their own nests and leave you in a mess

Those who look to the benefit that accrues from friendship
And those who covet largesse are thick as thieves

Better be content to walk alone than surround yourself
With friends who'd ditch you like wild stallions in battle

It's better to sever than solder vile ties
With the petty-minded who'd fail you in need

By far it'd serve you better to be snubbed by the wise
Than be warmed by the company of narrow-minded fools

It's infinitely more useful to bear your enemies' scorn
Than court raucous revellers who'd warm you up with guffaws

Friends who'd proffer help remonstrate and find fault
Might as well shun them with scarcely a farewell

Friends who please by word and yet act otherwise
Crop up as a rude shock even in dreams

Turn away from the friend who snuggles up in private
While he seeks to denounce you in a public place

[Tirukkural, Chapter 82: "Evil Friendship"]

No-one contests your calligraphic diamond cutter's skills
Nor your codifier rôle of existing customs beliefs
of kingly comportment
of the wife's place
of manner of securing friendships
of the obtention and dispensation of education
of the seductions in the dainty maiden's coyness

Nor of your infinite wisdom of the times
Nor of your observation of the passing of life about you
Nor alas! of your inveterate nay obsessive need to pontificate
in what is evident to the even half-baked

PERHAPS

What mattered was to get the lesson through
even one in ten was well worth the while
if remembered by the unfortunate by birth
Who never traversed the threshold of class and caste
Who never even buckled exceeding numbers on their toes

To you the ten-by-tens by one-hundred-and-thirty
perhaps you planned a florilège
in old age
by weeding out for posterity's privileged classes
the few quoted over and over

katka kasadara katka karrapin
nitka athatkut thaka

thiiyinaal suddapun ullaarum araathe
naavinaal sudta vadu

(Continued in Part Four)

Master Valluvan, the long-misunderstood Tamil Mentor - Part Two

Part Two

SEVEN STARK WORDS

Seven alliterative blockbuster words struck so
they rhymed initially in juxta-positioning lineal parallels
pausing but in the fourth
to resume breath in the fifth
Leaving the interstitial morphemes in resonating ellipses

The economy of your parsing has wreaked havoc down the ages
in all trans-explicatory tongues
Tough-minded men come from afar
with other gods to serve
and sacrifices to make in the name of their Lords
bent your versification to limp rhyme
and left meaning a hung pursuit
in the hands of plagiarists professors preachers
who
not knowing nor divining the reason for your craftsman's
concatenation of weighted phonemes
advanced theories for your elastic pregnant mind
strung myriads of pages in exegeses
each staking a claim to posterity
the villainous hanging on your lips

In a time devoid of papered learning for the poor
When to be born a Sudra or Pariah was a sin
When masters were those top-heavy manically-mantric Brahmin priests
Preying on the duped loyal sycophantic Vaishyas
wishing to earn karmic merit with their agricultural gain at their altar feet
such servant-financers as they by legions now lay their souls down
as even the long-gone royally leisure-dispensing Kshaktriyas

how would he who sought the spread of knowledge
not seek to encapsulate learning in mnemonic couplets
arranged according to rigid design
for those who could not count either

Ten fingers in the hand so
Ten the number of facets of a thought
a subject
a theme

even if theme subject thought were stretched too thin

Master Valluvan, the long-misunderstood Tamil Mentor - Part One

Part One

“The Kurral owes much of its popularity to its exquisite poetic form. A kurral is a couplet containing a complete and striking idea expressed in a refined and intricate metre. No translation can convey an idea of its charming effect. [...] The brevity rendered necessary by the form [composed in the Venpa metre] gives an oracular effect to the utterances of the great Tamil ‘Master of the sentences.’ They are the choicest of moral epigrams. [...] Tiruvalluvar is generally very simple, and his commentators very profound.”

Rev. G.U. Pope, Former Fellow of Madras University

[Pardon these futile measly words from your great Potiya height: they can hardly belittle your true worth.]

Under what leaky hutment roof by stamped-mud floors
trembling clair-oscuro straw-wick *kuttuvilakku*
on the stark anvil of crisp phrase and sparse syntax
by the raging nama-nir rhyming brine
at Mayilapur’s S.Thomé sandy doors
while peacocks danced to your innate pulsating chimes
have you chipped away at uncut gems

Those the Yavanas brought with the monsoons
or such as your sea-daring captain friend Elela-Cinkan’s
Even those the Christian missionaries preached
in daredevil enticement
after St.Thomas fell to a vel stuck in his bosom
or of those like you who were stamped underfoot

Caste in cast-iron strictures
Priest only to the proclaimer paraiyar drum-beaters
The warp and woof of intricately woven *venpa* verse
elevating your weaving clan to fresh artistic heights

YET
in the humbled ways of your birth
on whose steps have you pitched your ears
whose wisdom have you had to pilfer
filter
whose ways have you had to ape
whose mere thoughts have you then had to set aright
ennoble
and remould into inextinguishable lines

Or had you tread the ahimsa path of gentle-foot Jains
Treading gently the earth for fear of loping boot pains

(Continued in Part Two)

Lessons of Change - X - Part Two

Part Two

Till October comes around with its bounty
The granary stuffed to the full
Lush fruits still pulpy and juicy
Ripen to a filthy rashes on skin brashness
The greenness of innocence
Turned to an over-ageing dun-yellow
Tell-tale sickening silliness

Soon detached the firm leaves will lie
Thick on the ground spurned and trampled
Earlier than the appointed hour

No matter
Recourse to pins and stitches
Breast uplifts
Straightened nosebridges
Dead Indian women's *chevelures*
High straining buttressing stilts under heels
And thick sticky chemical tasting paint
Squeezed carcasses concentrated musk
Furs of bludgeoned seals and foxes
Haute couture paid through bankers' loots
Or the easy secret service paid trysts
Through hard-earned tax payers' sweat
In five-star deluxe hotels
Will lengthen the hour
Yet
In the boudoir

Yes
Pity the woman
She has but a score years
from teen to thirty-five
Before men take her
for a whore

Some women know this well
And cleverly work to use this sell

She'll kick and thrust her lolly chops
from bum to cheek

In the later Heaven's southwest sky
Fascination oozing from her loins
The sacred portals of propagation

Bruised all over under fire-dragon skies
Bloody a limb or two out of joint
and the gnawing ignominy
Of having relented in June

Sowing your wild oats
with the blessings of 13.7 billion years
The trained and disciplined chromosomes

Without the company on whom to work her wiles
and sap nourishing energy to continue
She'll seek the riotousness of her ilk
and at autumn's summit
At the height of smoldering flesh
When worms and germs
will make a merry feast
Of the beast in her meat

Let her fade away with her booty
Seek not to set right wrongs

You have only yourself to blame
For thinking easily entered gamboling
Will not be made out to be your aim
For weren't you then the spirit consoling

© T. Wignesan, May 10, 1987 (rev. 2012, from the collection: Lessons of Change, 1987)

Lessons of Change - X - Part One

Part One

GOU - Hexagram 44: One powerful Yin encounters or comes to meet the Yang in the Sixth month of the Gregorian Calendar, on the Sixth of June onwards - having associated with five (meaning any number) of them. The symbol of Sun, the eldest daughter, under Qian, the father; Sun, the wind, raging under Qian, the sky. the soft underside of the solid strong edifice: one broken line under five unbroken ones, a veritable open and free orifice that sucks, topples and breaches the closed Yang fortress.

When the encounter takes place on the sixth of the sixth month in the century's sixty-sixth year, for instance, of the last century, then anything may be possible: a whole people's mores suffer, and general decline sets in through slow rot.

According to Richard Lynn and Richard Wilhelm's translations: It would not do to marry such a woman. It must be brought swiftly under control by tying it to metal brakes, the Fourth Yang. The Yijing's commentators: Confucius, Wang Bi - take the broken line to signify "woman" as Yin in their male-oriented society. Here, "Yin" may be of either sex, though the "sow", the "lean pig" rests the book's cherished image. One such lesson - among many - then would be:

Beware beware of the Sixth of June
When everything begins to go out of tune
Though it be but the fifth month of the moon
On which the Yijing decides Yang's semesterly swoon

The dark abusive days diminish at the winter solstice
Fresh buds push inexorably under the icy parapet
Once again the earth awakens to right itself
After the skies close their eyes
To take a short nap
During the months of leisure
When work slows down
When Qian withdraws in August
Wrong-doers wreak havoc
Under the guise of hard-earned reprieve

Days lengthen to expose the Yin's covert covetous doings
Under cover of six long rollicking months of shenanigans

In June the lean pitiable sow
Begins her enticing solo

The boars close-eyed ignore
And gore

This's the day on the wretched creature
sidles up

Both pity and compassion
nourish her

The poor defenceless shivering thing

Fatherless misunderstood

Victim of strict meanness

Faking blind discrimination

Unjustly broken

forsaken

The oddly fascinating Yin

willing to be folded within

Protective wings

(Continued on the next page)

Now you are put to rest - Part Two

II

You had said when I kidded you? After all I'm not going to be far away? Now you are put to rest? In a place dug and slabbed for you alone As if you were not going to rest for good ?with all the others?

It is a place to a side in the pebble-strewn sidewalk ?against the wall ?your feet to the east ?all the other feet to the south ?As of a general standing to a salute from his army

There was no sight of you ?The golden chocolatish-pink of your casket ?made more glittering the cross? I couldn't guess if you would have wanted the Church's ornament then the feeling of being out-of-place? thoughts of you in a cloud

We talked in suppressed tones? about you of you ?trying to be polite and succeeding among uneasy fellows? here and there some unwanted details slipped in through nervousness ?yet none felt your hand tremble on the racket

You were the master of the court ?as now you mastered your going by the low sleek slate-grained marble? in sharply polished angular correctness ?amidst shy upright cypresses and neatly cut passage ways of chipped stone

We sprinkled your tomb with Church water ?Neither rain nor snow you remember could keep you from finishing your game? Already as we turned in a column the voices now louder in the distance? They were arranging the roughly hewn stone slabs ?before the marble thickened your bed

You may at last be at rest ?with no one to challenge you to a test of strength? your referee's whistle holding its un-disputable silence

You came with the spring ?Now you go in cheery spring ?Your sollicitous voice still lingers in our courts ?You knew us all by name and style at play ?long before we met under your critical gaze

(Jean Franco, born in Morocco of Spanish stock, was an Income Tax Inspector and in his spare-time an International Soccer Referee for France. We often played tennis at the Tennis Club in Fresnes-94.)

©T.Wignesán 1992 April 21, 1992 - [from the collection: back to background material, 1993]

Now you are put to rest - Part One

for Jean Franco ?(March 15, 1907- April 15, 1992)

I

They opened his abdomen
found what they were not looking for though half-expected to see ?polyps
enormous cancerous mush in lieu of and the rest that had given out on him

They said: if we had known we wouldn't have torn into his tripes?to see even
the sample test told us as much but we did it for him he so wanted it done now
we merely have to wait and see just how long it would take him to conk out
without solid food to pass from his newly-grafted conduit

He was completely in their hands and hung on to their lips their every nod
their plans for him and the use he had for their *apprentis chirurgiens sorciers*

He kept his anger for his friends family telephone operators the *aide-
soignantes* those he could intimidate with his age for he didn't know what they
knew they wouldn't feel the hurt the slight for long the rankling umbrage sans
riposte

He didn't mind all the inconvenience the constant waking to pass water the
secluded room without tv without his wife to take it out on without the means
to exude his usual referee's contempt of rules

In their hands he was the meek inept thing pleading with his eyes his entire
body bent to their gaze of wonder of why he would so question going now then or
even a little later

(Continued in Part Two)

Who dares to take this life from me, Knows no better: Parts Five and Six

(continued)

V

Has it not occurred to you how I sat with you
dear sister, counting the chicking back of the
evening train by the window sill and then
got up to wind my way down the snake infested rail
to shoo shoo the cows home to brood
while you gee gee-d the chicks to coop
and did we not then plan of a farm
a green milking farm to warm the palm
then turned to scratch the itch over in our minds
lay down on the floors, mat aside
our thoughts to cushion heads
whilst dug tapioca roots heaped the dream
and we lay scraping the kernel-less
fiber shelled coconuts

O Bhama, my goatless daughter kid
how I nursed you with the callow calves
those mutual moments forced in these common lives
and then, that day when they sold you
the blistering shirtless sun never flinching
an eye, defiant I stood caressing your creamy coat
and all you could say was a hopeless baaa..a..aa
and then, then, that day as we came over the mountains
two kids you led to the thorny brush, business bent
the eye-balling *bharata natyam*

VI

O masters of my fading August dream
For should you take this life from me
Know you any better
Than when children we have joyously romped
Down and deep in the August river
Washing on the mountain tin.

Now on the growing granite's precipitous face
In our vigilant wassail
Remember the children downstream playing
Where your own little voices are speechless lingering

Let it not be simply said that a river flows
to flourish a land
More than that he who is high at the source
take heed:
For a river putrid in the cradle is worse
than the plunging flooding rain.

And the eclectic monsoons may have come
Have gathered and may have gone
While the senses still within torrid membranes

thap-pooo-ng
thap-pong-ng-ng
thap-pong

(for "Glossary of Vernacular Terms" see next page)

Who dares to take this life from me,Knows no better: Parts Three and Four

III

This is the land of the convectional rains
Which vie on the monsoon back scrubbing streets
This is the land at half-past four
The rainbow rubs the chilli face of the afternoon
And an evening-morning pervades the dripping, weeping
Rain tree, and gushing, tumbling, sewerless rain drains
Sub-cutaneously eddy sampan fed, muddy, fingerless rivers
Down with crocodile logs to the Malacca Sea.

This is the land of stately dipterocarp, casuarina
And coco-palms reeding north easterly over ancient rites
Of turtle bound breeding sands.

This is the land of the chignoned swaying bottoms
Of sarong-kebaya, sari and cheongsam.
The residual perch of promises
That threw the meek in within
The legs of the over-eager fledgelings.

The land since the Carnatic conquerors
Shovelling at the bottom of the offering mountains
The bounceable verdure brought to its bowers
The three adventurers.

A land frozen in a thousand
Climatic, communal ages
Wags its primordial bushy tail to the Himalayas
Within a three cornered monsoon sea -
In reincarnate churches
And cracker carousels.
The stranglehold of boasting strutting pedigrees
And infidel hordes of marauding thieves,
Where pullulant ideals
Long rocketed in other climes
Ride flat-foot on flat tyres.

IV

Let us go then, hurrying by
Second show nights and jogget parks

Listening to the distant whinings of wayangs
Down the sidewalk frying stalls on Campbell Road
Cheong-Kee mee and queh teow plates
Sateh, rojak and kachang puteh
(rediffusion vigil plates)
Let us then dash to the Madras stalls
To the five cent lye chee slakes.

la la la step stepping
Each in his own inordinate step
Shuffling the *terang bulan*.
Blindly buzzes the bee
Criss-crossing
Weep, rain tree, weep
The grass untrampled with laughter
In the noonday sobering shade.

Go Cheena-becha Kling-qui Sakai

(continued from Parts One & Two)

Who dares to take this life from me, Knows no better: Parts One and Two

for Eric Mottram

"Nur wenn das Herz erschlossen,
Dann ist die Erde schön."
Goethe.

I

An important thing in living
Is to know when to go;
He who does not know this
Has not far to go,
Though death may come and go
When you do not know.

Come, give me your hand,
Together shoulder and cheek to shoulder
We'll go, sour kana in cheeks
And in the mornings cherry sticks
To gum: the infectious chilli smiles
Over touch-me-not thorns, crushing snails
From banana leaves, past
Clawing outstretched arms of the bougainvillias
To stone the salt-bite mangoes.

Tread carefully through this durian kampong
For the ripe season has pricked many a sole.

II

la la la tham'-pong
Let's go running intermittent
To the spitting, clucking rubber fruit
And bamboo lashes through the silent graves,
Fresh sod, red mounds, knee stuck, incensing joss sticks
All night long burning, exhuming, expelling the spirit.
Let's scour, hiding behind the lowing boughs of the hibiscus
Skirting the school-green parapet thorny fields.
Let us now squawk, piercing the sultry, humid blanket
In the shrill wakeful tarzan tones,
Paddle high on the swings
Naked thighs, testicles dry.

Let us now vanish panting on the climbing slopes
Bare breasted, steaming rolling with perspiration,

Biting with lalang burn.

Let us now go and stand under the school

Water tap, thrashing water to and fro.

Then steal through the towkay's

Barbed compound to pluck the hairy

Eyeing rambutans, blood red, parang in hand,

And caoutchouc pungent with peeling.

Now scurrying through the estate glades

Crunching, kicking autumnal rubber leavings,

Kneading, rolling milky latex balls,

Now standing to water by the corner garden post.

The Urchin in Dr Radhakrishnan Road - Part Two

Part Two

a hardly flickering oilwick open trough lamp lighting
limply other framed coloured pictures of Ganapati
two half-empty troughs of kunkunum and vibhuti
on the half-opened cicatrised shrine gate
traces of twirls of white chalk on the road
reminders of mandala and disrespectful feet
a bleak reminder to the departed donor's culpability

To the boy now awakened
looking through dazed poolai-stuck eyes
the obeisances of hurrying office workers
and the coins they reverently pressed in a cement platter
at the saffron-robed shrine's feet
strewn with fading frangipani
and shrivelling kernel in split coconut-halves
all these were on a reel
spun high on a screen
the lad could neither fear
nor partake of the proffered fare

his only Right was his right hand
stretched long but never touching
the deadened fury of his looks
softened only by the lowered eyes

The day was long or short
depending on his cavernous gastric growls
and according to how he laid himself out in some public place
to shut out the important world of poets and politicians

shout-shooting around him
into the Twenty-First Century
towards wild parties and fun-conferences
to shore up their sagging petty images

to bombs and cars that fly
to other worlds won on stars
to shrines adorned like filmstars
and filmstars adorned like shrines

Just a privileged lingerer

allowed to watch a while the magic lantern show
behind burning fearful eyes
that dreamt of
steamy coco-shavings-crust-ed puttu
a second stomach thunderbread and chapati
ladiesfingers and drumsticks
pumpkin in hot sambar
stringhoppers in coti
masala tosai
and a tumbler of buttermilk

Notes

1. Dr. Radhakrishnan Rd.: Boulevard in Madras (Chennai, India) where are to be found some posh hotels
2. mallikai: Tamil for a variety of the jasmine.
3. splodges: a blend of "splotches" and "lodges" (in the sense of "to serve as a receptacle for"), meaning a great heap of splotches
4. kunkunum and vibhuti: Hindus streak their faces with these powders either for customary or religious reasons
5. poolai: Tamil for rheum in the eyes
6. magic lantern show: a reference from Omar Khayyam's Ruba'iyat.
7. puttu, sambar, coti, stringhoppers, masala tosai: Indian Tamil cuisine, usually taken as part of breakfast

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The Urchin in Dr Radhakrishnan Road - Part One

Part One

Still the din dashes about in his dreams
now louder in the spacedout quiet:
an occasional auto-rickshaw backfiring revving
spluttering too close for chancy comfort
some blaring tv hoisted above craning necks

Over the squeezed out crackling mud sidewalk
his head buried in the crook of his charred bony arm
his right elbow crusted in a masked-eye pattern
his left spindly leg knotted at the knee
jauntily splayed in a triangle on his right
the mud-soaked sole inturned at the angle
as if to cushion the prickly grains on bare scorched skin
a defensive gesture against
cold
dust
wind
noise
pain
the slight lukewarm breeze lifting from Marina Beach
teasing the settled dust the strangled pores
he had for a blanket

Through the dropped jaw rosy-pink at the bled bitten lips
his breath wheezed through stained craggy teeth
his broken nose stopped by blobs of bloody phlegm
a hovering fly or two keeping undisturbed guard

His hair streaked in plaited dusty strands
lost in the sidewalk's trampled mud

On his loins some tortured rags bound at the hips
bulged at the dryblown stomach
the navel unfurled like a budding ear
to where the hardly heaving contorted ribs
held the will to awaken
the evaporating carcass of a steamy engine at the works

He woke to the mocking streaking laughter of the magpie
calling out to its mate across the slipping concave-tiled roofs
across the dense mango green weighted clusters

where they had slumbered for the night
to the mangy scavenger dog digging its nozzle in the splodges
of decomposing leaves paper and tins larded with leavings:

turds dung urine phlegm and menstrual foam
that the parched earth gulped during the day
to the bluebottles festering on the peeled shin-bone
to the hordes of tinkling bicycles piercing his unquiet drums
to the buses and taxis top-heavy creaking and near toppling
and the sharp clipped voices of servants
urgently preparing the exit of their master
in a polished limousine through laundered lawns

Some fifty yards away across the road
a low saffron roofed-box of a stone shrine
lay crushed and sagging on the tarmac against the mud-sidetable
from which sprawled the scaly frame of a dust-throttled tree
the garland of mallikai on the dark stubby slippery shrine
of a squat Ganesha

Krishna's Advice to Arjuna - Part Two

II

for Thodti trailing barefeet his dried coconut-stick broom on cracked macadam
in the gutter festering oozing fresh month-old drying turds urine remains of
fed-up banana-leaves skins withered jasmine garlands drained motor-oil from
scooter-taxis overfed flies lean stray kids fowl cows
all that was wonder from afar
magic mythic mystery the lingo of gods on earth
the brahmin vegetarian clattering-pans over order shouting eating-hotels
as though the heavens deigned to camp down on his doorstep
derailed on their celestial inter-galactic circuit

his mind if he cared to exercise one was of little use to him
nor were they to his ancestors
called upon only to clean the bottoms off those who
shat upon his forefathers for ages
his only use for his intelligence
is to know his place
minus the alphabet
minus arithmetic
minus the patinenkilkkanakku
minus the grandold Vedic mystic gods and rishis
minus the right to think for himself

only the dullard's right to die daft dull damned
and be reborn in the womb of ignorance

So much for your Godly advice Charioteer Krishna
For don't Gods only talk to Gods on Earth

Detach yourself first then
KILL
Do not feel for those you kill

For what lofty ideal the Mahabharatha
pitted mythically gambling polyandrous cousins

Is India today a magical-realist myth
or a cranking up Indo-Pak Armageddon

Sattva Rajas Tamas

Sattva Rajas Thodti

Notes

Sattva: pure intelligence and goodness

Rajas: impure mental energy and restless passion

Tamas: dullness and inertia

Blodok or belodok (also beluduh): Malay for large-eyed goby, found in tropical or equatorial muddy flats

Gopuram: the tiered, sculptured towers over the main entrances to Hindu temples

Kannagi: heroine of the medieval Tamil epic Cilappatikaram

Kolusu: ornamental anklet chains with bells worn by Tamil women

Kunkumam: saffron (yellow or red) powder serving as adornment marks of auspiciousness on women's faces

Patinenkilkkannakku: the traditionally collective name for eighteen Tamil classical works

Tali: usually gold chains worn by married Tamil women round the neck or tumeric-

stained cords in lieu of

Thodti: a caste name for Night Soil Men

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Krishna's Advice to Arjuna - Part One

14: If the soul meets death when Sattva prevails, then it goes to the pure regions of those who are seeking truth.

15: If a man meets death in a state of Rajas, he is reborn amongst those who are bound by their restless activity; and if he dies in Tamas, he is reborn in the wombs of the irrational.

The Bhagavad Gita , XIV, transl. Juan Mascaro.

« It is incorrect to assume that Hindu thought strained excessively after the unattainable and was guilty of indifference to the problems of the world. (...) The Gita asks us to live in the world and save it. »

S. Radhakrishnan, *The Bhagavadgita*.

When Thodti was born at Nelveli in the latter half of the XXth century
his ancestors had been living out-of-right
for the past XXX centuries hovering
on never-never land under villages with-out-back twenty-hutments
now overgrown to two one-thousand hovels in towncentre marshalling yards
no sewers gurglecourse under their feet
nor piped potable water flush their long-curdled alimentary canals
nor showers chase the clinging cloaca stench
nor even un-broken drains tarred roads garbage removal vans
find mouth on election platforms
the towncentre = the bus-terminal churning flipping putrid mud after three-day
drubbing storms and bulging human fleshed trains run on forgotten time
the lav's stinging week-long turds splashvomits the feast of flies

temples carved with mantric-mouthed hands from the VIIteenth & VIIIteenth
gopurams in congested tiered runaway curlicue rococo-baroque fantasy
rose chalk kunkumam ripe mango yellow pitch black indigo
bulging fuming thick mascara eyes Zapata moustaches dangling over burgeoning
bellies
lithe white cows gracing Ganesha's flanks
garlands of roses hibiscus jasmine
identical buxomy lasses ballooning commodious backs ample thighs their sarees
a deliberately clasped transparent veneer of pudeur
the jingling nautch girl anklets
vain reminders of Kannagi
bangles bracelets armlets tiaras talis earrings noserings fingerings toerings
kolusus
the prancing stained eyelashes the full lascivious lips
and that eternally round-eyed vacant supercilious stare
past the invisible sanctum sanctorum
the vast sinking steps of the holy tank murky with blodok
torn bookmatches ceremonial paper ferns water-lilies lotuses and centuries-old
ooze
caked ulcerous washing feet and tick-milling matted hair

see how trailing reams of wishes and private wants

rise in pre-paid puja-thin mantric magic smoke to high heaven

Gerard Sekoto, In Memorium: 1913 - 1993, Part Three

[Poem read at Sekoto's inhumation ceremony at the Neuilly-sur-Marne-93 Cemetery, near Paris. Channel 4 in London recorded the reading as they did the funeral rites in the presence of his close relatives come from afar for the nonce and based their documentary - as far as I can tell - on my lead cover article on the South African self-taught painter and musician Gérard SEKOTO, published in The Journal of Comparative Poietics, Vol. 2 (Paris), 1993. Both the article and the poem were re-published in my book on "poietics/la poïétique", entitled: Poietics: Disquisitions on the Art of Creation. Allahabad: Cyberwit.net, 2008, 214p. There ensued a general scramble for his canvasses at the Maison des Artistes where he was lodged in his declining years, and even the sketches he gave me for publication disappeared from my studio.]

III

Long are the years you have lain your easel down
Longer still the sun at Botshebelo burnishing your skin

In the soft autumnal retreat of your heart
You could still hear children playing in the mission station
You saw with what glee they jigged in Sophiatown
And bled for your brothers enchained in District Six

Away in the quiet slumber of a land you loved
You wrought the blazing colours of a secret rage

of man's will thriving in his limbs
of an enduring passion for hope
in the dance of stoic joyousness
in the embrace of a Mandela

Not a shaft of light escaped your hunt for
traces of your childhood
nor
were lost the spare airs that filtered through shanty-towns

Your world was a world of people
simple people
going about their chores with premeditated caution
oppressed people
endowed by need with the guile for survival

People for whom you lived
People who live on in your veins
uninterred in your carved canvasses

(Poem read by the author at Sekoto's funeral in Neuilly-sur-Marne, France)

(c) T. Wignesan, Paris - 1993. (Pub. in the *Journal of Comparative Poietics* ,
Vol. 2 & 3 (Paris), 1993 & in *Poietics: Disquisitions on the Art of Creation*.
Allahabad: Cyberwit.Net, 2008.)

Gerard Sekoto, In Memorium: 1913 - 1993 Parts One and Two

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I

Would that anger subside
anger fed on pride

pride of I against You
who is right: I not YOU
meum et tuum

Some words hastily released on the verge of angry pride
Tear from us a part of our flesh a part of our cells
Leaving us lesser men forever pitted against the I in You
forever wanting to be right
I above You

You may not - yes, now I know you didn't - have meant it
Your words were stony arrows sunk in the mud of my hurt
splitting even before they found the unintended target

There may yet have lingered then a little bit of the *malign* in you
That ultimate grace-saver in your embattled loneliness
I didn't stop to think
I had to show you I was hurt
I didn't realise your hurt was legendary
already formed and contorted in the aeons of darkness
each in our indelible separateness

Your age your despair your self-abandonment
in the gorge of medicines
in the crises that felled you

careering through terrifying electric storms
leaving you year after year worsted
wiping duster-strokes of your memory clean

I didn't stop to think

II

Your demise is the passing of an age
is the passing of a people's pain
unrequited

In your veins you take with you a hundred years
of hurts and slings
of dismemberment and mindlessness
of lost chances anguish and despair

though
driven into your lonesome corner
upright against the inroads of a Rhodes
or the pitted power of Buthelesis

finding in the milling Seine
in the plucky rhythms of an ebony-and-ivory keyboard
in the hidden skeins of your eyes
a pulse

beating with the heart of downtrodden generations
the infinitely pulsing look of defiance
that ultimate refusal of defeat

© T.Wignesan, March 29, 1993 [from the collection: back to background material,
1993] Pub. in Journal of Comparative Poietics, Vol. II (1993), Paris &
Poietics: Disquisitions on the Art of Creation. Allahabad: Cyberwit.net, 2008.

The Partitioned Wailing Wall - Part Two

Part Two

one by one numbered they falter
stricken parted
mother from unborn still-born
ravaged lover from brother
now huddled they go
up the altar
now a grey veil
to bind the blush of brides
wan and bent
voyaging through no-man's water
to weak to feel even pain

O for a job, a job
to keep me going
to fatten my woman
to draw a pension

And while we are waiting
Give me leave, my Captain
Give me leave
to go upon the shore
for the sails do droop and flop
in the shrouded past and I
may no longer see the breast
of my tarnished home-born door

Kritik der Urteilskraft

Are we all agreed on this point
Then clear the court for the Queen Mother
Yesterday's sister science

Throw out the precedents, no, not that one
Dust those three long buried in Königsberg

And remember, always remember

Here are no laws, make your own
If the wind will not favour you
Then tear down the sails
If physics will hamper you

Then paddle your way through

For

Here are no laws, only, you

You must go on and on

That's all that's left for you

Give no quarter

Discount not your enemies

Always on and on

For

Here are no laws

only

YOU

© T. Wignesan, 1957 (from the collection: tell them i'm gone, 1983)

The Partitioned Wailing Wall - Part One

for Alan Painter

I have put into many ports
labelled:
handle with care
stood on the wharfs, bare-shouldered
up to the knee, unloading
cashew and coconuts
and then set sail again
finding no substance to trade
with

I have seen the waters rising
and the walls submerge
the roofs converge
the children washed on
the battlements

I have heard the chasm cries
Stifled under jackboots
the whimpering against walls
lost somewhere
in the hoarse
Gött mit Uns !

Come home, she cried,
strappadoed
in the lap of jettisoning tribes
Come home, my weary ones
home to toil and die
labour and sigh
curse and cry

Did he not withdraw to that
holy backwater by Milan
and with the cup of his Confessions
bathe his horrent sins away

I listened to a story
that our first quarter
remembered to tell
but the waters of the Himavant
had long curdled
in the breast
of the suttee wife

I listened long

in the myopic light
disfigured in the white heat
of our Enlightenment
to the trapped voices of inquiry
before all the mania of demigods
trumped through the weaning years
in
the delirious lust of revenge

And then, and then I
did not care what happened
what could happen
there was life
it was worth having
So I went
labelled: *handle with care*

Who are those people
skimming past the mortal coast
torch untouched by hand
in the drowning mists
have they no work to do

And that rope of smoke
A troubling dizziness
rising out of the funnel
of the Black Forest
where professors they say
guide the race
in the aftermath
of charred marrow
tissue
brain
Yet
I see no mists, no ghosts
No coasts, only torches
and parades and blocks and blocks
of beering beef and munition mounds

and in the not too open days
froth in the lolling oceans
and bowelling brain-splattered skies

even like unmapped sunset glories
now the Krakatua lies spent
fished out of some Japanese isle

the false auroras of enchanting horizons
when souging metallic dust
courses through skulls
lava in an epileptic fit

(...continued in Part Two)

Plaidoirie for a 'Prince' of Jaffna - Part Two

Part Two

A Prince may not bring dishonour to his kingdom
In times of strife for the sake of Christendom;
If he seeks spurious honours to feather his nest
And alienates a people who die for freedom.

A King is he who in high danger opts for sacrifice
Like Kattabomman seeking no excuse nor artifice
Met the East India Company's Collector all alone
And fought his valiant way through gunfire malice.

The history of Tamil kingdoms in all ages gone by
Teaches us the same lesson made proverbial by
An Ettappan who in his insatiable envy of grandeur
Caused the ultimate Tamil Prince to hang high.

We live in a world where politicians are the real Princes
Who wear no crowns but their ministerial pince-nez;
Yet other captains struggle against such fait accompli
And in jungles forge a human bulwark of chances.

It's not the cherry on the icing that makes a cake
If underneath the slender icing over a lake
Wild worms bore at the crust raised in protection,
Won't people then take a Kshastriya for a fake.

If you want to be king then let your voice be true
Renounce all wish to be ordained a true blue;
Let the people choose what they want for a crown
If they need you, will they not call upon you.

Uneasy the head which wears the realm's crown
While the people fret and fume and frown;
See how caretaker John usurps the Lion-Heart's throne:
Uneasier the head become the butt of a clown.

Lay aside all thought of fame
In the quest for a feudal name;
He who assumes an ancient title
Must prove worthy of the same.

Plaidoirie for a 'Prince' of Jaffna - Part One

"We learn from history that we learn nothing from history."
George Bernard Shaw (1856-1950) Nobel Prize

Part One

Blue blood gushes when heroes die
From gory wounds on battlefields
Not in castle intrigues when for a lie
Crowns use commoners as shields.

A royal house does not construct itself
After centuries have broken tradition
Or on formal rules on how to name itself
Nor on who should follow in succession.

A true prince re-possesses the land first
Takes for his witnesses native-born citizens
Bids them follow his will out of dire thirst
Not as the self-crowned leader of denizens.

To be born a Kshastriya is not a privilege,
The birthright is even an act of sacrilege
If he who dons the crown scorns the people;
A spurned poem in the culled florilege.

In the blown sliver of land at Great Bharat's feet
No one knows what Tamil line came to greet
Found refuge and took throne to announce a reign
Nor helas to make much of a glorious feat.

Kings are not born to hoist the castial banner,
Rather had they earlier scaled the social ladder
Through heroic deeds by protecting the masses;
Chieftains peer-elected to top the social order.

(...continued in Part Two)

'Blood' Brothers or 'Bloody' Brothers under the Banner - Parts 3 to 5

III

What shame if might measures not with muscle?
What disgrace awaits those who fail?
Should wanting life be held lèse-majesté to a tussle?
Should a nation thrive as in a sundered jail?

To the high nor low slams the door
To him who seeks the Law and more.
Take, take the Golden Mean road!
Truth your only key, never the sword!

Decades from now sawn men will in right ask:
Had we then no will to attend to our wounds?
Should not the White Master be called back to task
To bear the burden of our graveyard mounds?

What guidance should wise men need
More than their own tested counsels?
Lay, lay aside the pride of higher breed
Like two strong men upright in councils!

IV

People are made to feel their lives rendered great
By what their leaders do to invoke fate;
Destiny asks not who may stand in as its fated mate,
When all around lives are lost through hate.

To the high nor low slams the door
To him who seeks the Law and more.
Take, take the Golden Mean way!
Truth the only key, no, never slay!

If the Lion strays from its prescribed domain,
The Tiger will seek to sink its fangs in flanks.
Two kings bide their time in a land full of bane,
While the common folk lie razed by tanks.

V

Seek not to replace life with conundrums.
Seek only a life-giving solution.
Herald not the arrival of the enemy with drums.
Let only your heart speak in absolution.

The mountain cannot reach up to the sky.
The lake at the summit is full.
If monsoons come, calling cranes will cry.
Kindred spirits will rally in full.

To the high nor low slams the door
To him who seeks the Law and more.
Take, take the Golden Mean way!
Truth the only key, no, never ever slay!

Can a people simply grow strong in broken places
While strong men before the hour vacate places?
"Man can be destroyed but not defeated.
Man can be defeated but not destroyed."

© T.Wignesam 2005 - September 21, 2005- (from the Sequence: "Words for a Lost Sub-Continent", Paris, France. Pub. in Rama and Ravana at the Altar of Hanuman: on Tamils, Tamil Literature and Tamil Culture. Chennai: Institute of Asian Studies, 2006.)

'Blood' Brothers or 'Bloody' Brothers under the Banner - Parts 1 and 2

"A dying people tolerates the present, rejects the future, and finds its satisfactions in past greatness and half-remembered glory."

"A strong man makes a weak people. A strong people don't need a strong man."
John Steinbeck (Nobel Prize 1962)

for the DEAD in the Struggle for EELAM

I

Ages from now, let it not be said:
Blood spills only as brother dies.
Ages from now, let not peace be bled
By chances lost now in sighs.

To the high nor low slams the door
To him who seeks the Law and more.
Take, take the Golden Mean way!
Truth your only key, don't ever slay!

Where the elephant roams un-tethered free,
The familiar myna will echo carefree
Words of yore buried in sacred memory:
One breed, one species carved in ivory.

No greater fear simmers in the lowlands
Than the stealth of brother against brother;
No higher disdain festers in the highlands
Than vengeance lying in wait for the other.

II

Think not of the promises made and broken,
Think only of the time lost and forsaken.
Every hour, every day, a life blown or taken;
Every month, every year, a people woe-driven.

To the high nor low slams the door
To him who seeks the Law and more.
Take, take the Golden Mean path!
Truth your only key, never the lathe!

Think of Prince Paranirupasingham who to succour
King Jayavira's queen, to Kandy, fled his throne:
Abandoned to court intrigue, schemes and wiles encore:
A princely retreat, a physician's penance alone.

First governor, then regent, the last Jaffna King Cankili
Learnt best the conqueror's cruel art of slaughter;
Then, fired by the local converts' iniquitous treachery,
Revolted too late, his head the butt of lofty laughter.

Think of C.P. Ramanathan the island's cause to defend
Sailed over choppy seas past wild submarines
To raise the nation's flag in the court of the Empire's den,
His homeward chariot drawn by one peoples' teens.

(...continued in Parts 3 to 5)

Tuan Tata: Song of Uda - I

Part Two

shrinking you again within our ruwai
though always fearing, always cringeing at the thought
of the day
when his brothers would come in numbers
bearing fire-spitting engines
over the sodden earth
in search of you

« My people... my PEOPLE...
Will avenge this dastardly deed...
This foul and bloody deed ! »

I have not slept these past years
And Anjang heaves murmuring in a strange tongue
I cannot understand

« But then, do not forget you murdered too
for someone else's cause
down from 5th Corps at Lasah !»

« Remember what you wrote your parents :

'Now if I become a Temiar
by marriage
there would be no barriers.

I would be party then to their most intimate secrets.

TOHAT NA MED: SAKA SENOI SELAMAT !' »

NOTES

Patrick Noone, a British anthropologist, discovered the Ple-Temiar tribe living isolated in the jungle highlands in the State of Perak on the west coast of the Malayan peninsula in the early nineteen-thirties. The tribe was so cut away from civilization that the notion of crime did not exist in their society. The shaman leader of the tribe welcomed « Pat » and gave him his sixteen-year old daughter Anjang in marriage. She was betrothed to Uda, a young Temiar. Unable to bear the separation, Uda murdered Pat - the very first crime in their history. This poem - one of the cantos - commemorates this event.

Glossary of Ple-Temiar terms

ruwai : group protective soul of the Temiar community.

gunig : the guiding soul of the Temiar shaman which often takes the shape of a tiger.

buloh seworr : (Malay) the best of the blow-pipe bamboo to be found on the slopes of the high mountains in Ulu Perak.

Tohat na med : saka senoi selamat ! : Our Master is well : the Senoi country is safe !

saka : each Temiar community's agricultural domain.

halak : shaman

rokap : a tree whose branches are especially tough.

ladang : the land on which shifting cultivation is practised.

chinchem : the Temiar shaman's dance learnt in a dream from his gunig (cf.).

© T. Wignesán, 1977 (from the collection: tell them i'm gone, 1983)

Poems Omega Minus - Parts Three to Five

III

Kept out

kept out he was: muzzled and shut out
from mothering social approval
and the usual conning courtesies

Kept shut

Involuting in the hippo-lipped paranoïa
from the darling eyes of his deriding kinsfolk
from packed houses' applauding mental aneamia.

The touch-me-not

pricking even in the withdrawing shyness
no middle way in the eight-fold path
piston-pummeled by the venom-limbed banyan
the unsuspecting aqua-anemone lashes
bludgeoned from the bandit-fish club

the unhailed conquering hero

without a hometown coming
bullied by the brass band's
trumpeting forgetful brashness

He bound his house using unseverable streaky tissue

drained of the blood of lost causes
propped his wordy-walls up with nervous sinew
and for want of laughter
hung his loin-cloth up
high on the mast posts
of his fluttering shame

Something

In the nature of his coming to his senses
compelled
the inviting of contemptuous laughter
something of the brazen sea's encroachment upon land.

Would that he had

in the Three Kingdom's way been raised
he would
hoist his sorrows in the public's jaws
and sport his ennui by pleading laws.

IV

It was a time of year too that mattered
not just the finite month
disgorging
it was the time of doing.

Into the empty mouth of his
scaling
he saw, not just wanted
the alien assault, the politicking manoeuvring mirth.

It was a time too for waiting all alone
for the luckless voices belted to cries.

They changed, not just moulting a tan
And dug and divided into splintering worms.

Was it the time of year now
he bowed
out and away
When the Chersonese
smote his pang's worsted bile :
he lay there not daring to move
nor just faking
(the least he could do)
unfret
his ageing anger to work
his passion to a numb centre
and die there a shamed
and inglorious thing.

V

Once coming down from the mountain
to which he never went
there was no mountain
from the summit he never left

Once coming down the mountain
to which he never came
he stalked down the leeward

and said :

'I am come from the mountain
which in me shows no pains
I am locked in the mountain
my feet dug in the plains.'

Can you hide a water-melon in a plate of rice
Or a mountain under the earth without a rise

There where the lowly land barely humps
I beseech you seek my nuke, my knees, my lumps.

(c) T. Wignesan, 1965 (from the collection: tell them i'm gone, 1983)

Poems Omega Minus - Parts One and Two

I

For once he banished all birds
from the air
not just Mynas tick-picking
on twitching backs
but all birds, unnamed
and high bred
with each wave of his contrived hand
extending the pelting rice on the shorn land.

Some came to sort the heedless grain
in their hunger of disdain
Some fluttered from hump to hump
from his total need
to his clambering might.

Each time they came and went
he let them alone
choked in their distensions.

He could not see their pain.

Perhaps their general nature - too
grave to offend
saw in his absence
in his indifference to want
the chance of their malice
their frolicksome end.

II

Too late in the arbour'd rites
he careered with his adolescent fancies :
the ghee-man
with his pails of souring milk
Working within his churning bones
old rishis' immolating ambitions :
the curious incantatory neologisms
the crowd-infused lusty prayer
the unsliced un-schismatic *advaita* piety

What should he take : the game or the adulation

both silently exploding buds
in the crammed clutch of mania.

Somewhere in the lambent miasma
Old age and the deep cloistered pining of chaste women
roused out of season
make mud the surmounting of goals.

Must he not retreat then and melt
Fuse into a negating *asana*
Conniving at the self-raped
furtive orgasms.

That
he could extinguish his cravings
with too much incontinence
he saw
That
he assailed entrances along marbled corridors
with hardly a mindful push
he knew.

(c) T. Wignesan - 1965 in tell them i'm gone. Paris: 1983.

Bedtime on Tramp - Part Two

He helped himself up to the wind's foremost blow
On a hillock where the moon searched his impecunious pockets,
Waking a flood in his eyes like swelled teats.
He opened wide to receive the Lady, this Endymion cheats,
No worm-wood virus but sweet philtre phials.
Finishing, he is a lover...
He sought the bosom of Erebus in her wildest glow.

He moved and with him, his bed
And time moved.

A scavenger cat clawing a bushman's billy-can
Some hard laid by in his work, purred with surveillance
In disgust over him turning tins over in the bin.
Together he cast the lid by to biltong and raisin:
The cat devours, he abandons the prandial dance.
Pausing, he is a server...
He ate them all like yams those starved seamen.

He moved and with him, his bed
And time moved.

Over the mellowy orchard, for a while he blotted,
Down the glen he skied on the mossy rock
And rubbed clean in the steamy fume of the fall.
Clambering on the paddock, the love-grass over him gall
His rag-patches, bee-combed, mock.
Swearing, he is a dreamer...
He tore tearfully through the palliasse of touch-me-not.

He moved and with him, his bed
And time moved.

Now upon the road of life, he chanced
And espied himself the mutest spectre dust,
Cruising his hour in the propelled sleep of night.
He saw himself waft from this mount to that bight
And saw it was not wont or just.
Laughing, he is a god...
But this infidel purpose of man be countenanced.

He moved and with him, his bed
And time moved.

Bedtime on Tramp - Part One

He woke down the slope, by the hay
With him a thousand shrill cries
That stilled to him, yawning.
He moved with strands of hay, trailing
On his rags.
Sauntering, he is a flaneur...
The road lamps gave him away.

He moved and with him, his bed
And time moved.

Half-way on a bridge over its side
He saw a bridge in Japanese ruin
Chaffing in the hurrying waters below.
He cursed the Japs for lying fallow
Spouting his rheum.
Pondering, he is a sinner...
He knelt for those braves, never to ride.

He moved and with him, his bed
And time moved.

A gale rolled down the road in dust,
Churning it up, a regular willy-willy.
The fizzing trees corked: the shutters' hinges off.
His eyes sore: swaying he would cough.
He stood now willy-nilly.
Thinking, he is a fritterer...
He chased the trapping miasma, loping his Wellingtons' lust.

He moved and with him, his bed
And time moved.

The rains were bursting heavy on the esplanade,
A rocky splash soared with spray from the waves.
He sought the bulwark of the stony balustrade,
The waters were rising over the promenade
Like columns of graves.
Musing, he is a shirker...
He plunged into the sea, bold as a blade.

He moved and with him, his bed
And time moved.

Prologue to Lessons of Change

for King Wen, circa 1151-1143 B.C.E. – with seven mind-bending kowtows

There where you had no occasion for play
There in your confined Ming I space
Where change wrought no change
In your fate
But for those plagued by your linear grouping games

Where before the fall from your embroidered gardens
The lavender embossed bowl to dip your fingers in
The enamelled dais that spurned the kowtows
the cloistered summer watering palace
the decorative duck pond
the turtle and dove court
where dainty demure mincing concubines
under dispassionate eunuch eyes
stroked and tickled the mandolin strings of their Lord's heart
Where time sailed through Flying Dutchman seas
At the serene centre of Qian's mundane realm

Even what drops from the sky may hit the ocean bed
And so stamped under in your tyrant's dungeons
With your retinue and court
Where each faked their fate in psychotic delusions
Simulating as it were
The neurotico-schizophrenic passage in another dimension
There where you bought a little time
Time enough to fashion a play
A game of change
A game that never really changes
Even if your son the Duke of Chou
And the Master expositor Kung
Paved your broken and unbroken lines in words
from which no man may return
unchanged

Where the longest dialogue you began
Becomes seems a polylogue among some
or all
Who have gone beyond the hexagram wall
And those who await the inexorable call
Where speech is ambiguous
To say the least
In eight by eight cyclic situations
Though someone YOU maybe ME seems to be saying
Take heed ! all this's a mess
The Truth

Might not it be hidden in the lines
and in the lines alone
and not in the words

Take them down one by one
And build them up again
Note the beginning and the end
And the correspondances of change
Put the judgments of my son
And the wordy attributions to Kung
Especially those from the young Wang Bi
On either side of the hexagram
What is claimed for the Superior Man
Is within the reach of every clan
Measure the lines in or out of tune
The trigrams from whence
The inner ones note hence
Think on them but once
Or only now and then
for the nonce
This's all I have to say
Though others may make much of the Way
Think not on what I have said
More than it takes to put paid

O ! Great Royal Sage !
Are there not behind these lines
Three or four bearded lords, nay sages
Who drive terror into those who gaze
Day and night into their wizened faces !

© T. Wignesan, May 20, 1987 (rev. 2011, from the collection: Lessons of Change, 1987)

Stop writing Literature, You garrulous Indian

for Eric Mottram (1924 - 1995)*

a life of toil for the man in the centre
a hub in the peripheral tireless wheel

where he go then where he go this working man
he go on waking people working at waking man

no words cling now no words meant in blame
the tongue he lash the words they now tame

no shock of blast open laughter rock the hall
everyman there say there sure were a man

a man no fear cowed in communion to other
made for no gods made for no demons either

all men he know best when he see just once
no second thought resurrect the man if bad

so go tell the magi no trek in sight in sky
here a man be born here he so sure die

other no like see one so bright stand up high
other no like feel like sky fall low into ocean

what make 'm i say with feeling so just
is sure he different he force hisself work

work work work work an' again work
he work nite an' nite so 50-hour in day

where he go then where he go this working man
he go on waking people working at waking man

where you go from word born here now
turn and twist all whoring the alphabet

'don't write anything you can get published'
so publish only what you can't call your own

writing like reading's a public coital act
so showing your work is exhibitionism

'why don't you send your stuff around
keeping it to yourself's sheer masturbation'

reading-watching-listening's just voyeurism
so sending wares around is prostitutionism

where he go then where he go this working man
he go on waking people working at waking man

he it was in minesweeper capture aurora borealis
message from extrasensory enter into he word

in Bengal waters alone he hear No-man cry
only in deepdown psyche water drip drip dry

then on land he no see reason to the fight
so he let he wrists spill he guts to the fill

then he take the world on all by he torn self
he spare no skin in dug-Malayan-jungle-out

what he do what he think he do he no tell
everybody meet man an' no see albatross hang

he no tell story like ol' mariner in dream
he go wake people from dumb dead trance

many many people high up no like this act
some call him stuckup other just 'im damn

is all he do then what kind of working this
is big work man 'cause most body dead sleep

where he go then where he go this working man
he go on waking people working at waking man

* The late Eric N. W. Mottram, made Chair Professor of English and American Literature at King's College, University of London, in 1983, was appointed Lecturer

in American Literature - the first such appointment - in the University of London. By then he had already taught English literature in Zurich, Singapore, and Groningen. He obtained a Double First in English Tripos at Cambridge University after serving out the Second World War (in the North Sea and the Bay of Bengal) on a mine-sweeper. He edited 22 issues of the Poetry Review in the

seventies, the organ of the Poetry Society in England. He published some 35 books of poems and some fifteen books of criticism and was the recepient of the American Learned Society's Award for 1965. He also taught at Northwestern University and in New York University at Buffalo. In 1994-1995, he was recommended for the Nobel Prize in Literature, but he passed away on January 16, 1995 while a E-meritus Professor at London University.

© T. Wignesan 13-15 October 1995. Pub. in "Radical Poetics (Inventory of Possibilities)", London, 1997.

Too late for amends

For T. Ganesan (1931-1985)

It is as though an unjust hand punished you
As if the Adlerian guiltless position in the constellation wasn't enough
toppling you from a pedestal

You were groomed for position
for heading a family
vacated by the head himself
out of time
So they protected you pampered you
the custom required it
there were sisters whose dowries you were supposed to earn
there were grounds whose circumferences you were designated to crush
there were centuries and goals you were bound to knock with stick and bat
there were exams you were deemed to sail through
there were jobs you were merely to inherit on merit
The second son was sacrificed
He was too close a second
They turned a deaf eye to your sacrificial deeds
the suffocating cries
"Work on what has been spoiled by the father and the mother."
Other hands worked on the second son
Other sacrifices nearly came to pass
Fierce jungles swirling muddy rivers
stalking cobras poisonous thorns
aboriginal hunters
even your suffocating arms to lock the broken neck
fresh from a hanging

These worked
where the mother and father failed
and instilled a wish for survival in your Abel
How could you be blamed for being the first born boy
if the second took longer to arrive
or instead came as a baby girl

Neither parent may be faulted
How could either have known or foreseen
Your traversing of the desert alone
often in shame
in fear of being found out

You kept your back straight
You honoured your position
You wore that air of masterfulness
in your stride

in your respect for the meek
in your willingness to come to the aid of the needy
in your alas mind's reach
bereft of the means to give it authority

In your own mind
you had wandered far
as far and beyond the distances of your strides
within three walls four posts open ground and air
you never bothered with approving thumps on the back
nor the little-watched heroic actions on some turf
nor did you recount these match-winning feats
in a thirst for applause

You were the quintessential sportsman
You played your last game alone
far away from your folk
You had no wish for a farewell

Yet you are mourned in pain by all

© T.Wignesán - April 14, 1993

[from the collection : back to background material, 1993]

The Exile

for Prithwin

first
left downstroke
start from the top
plane out
let the long anchor tip roof-line curve sharply upwards
at the stern down-end
pile it in stuffed in the centre
leave the bottom open
that's where the studded boot rightly fits

Over billowing transmuted waters
the haze lifts now and then
winds amber green waft and skim
with the late light caught shimmering
no albatross circles the mast
guilt is pure guilt without wanton arrows
there are no signs of land
but the proffered hand
the wanderer knows no words of his own

Reach - disgorge with your nails
Walls that concuss entrails

Can he yet placate asylum
echo the cluck of a poaching North American coot
nestling amidst Eurasian breeding reeds
taut bunching yarrow rushes
an embattled haven
against majestic swan ships
sleek velvety rich drake
peacockish barnacle goose
come in early from the cold

Let the dards of Orion spell syllables of ease
through the congested smudge of yore
contorted fantizi ideograms
cursory calligraphic long dripping brush strokes
pale to pinyin

Simplified
the exile gasps for instant phonemic breath

under choppy waves of stuttering tongues
racy blades
extirpate langue crucify parole
mix meaning into heady synaesthesiac brew
loss of face is a loss of noodles
develop equals hair

Could René Char's Zeit Geist
have diagnosed the myna's Kâla-Purusha

Reach - disgorge with your nails
Walls that concuss entrails

Resources

1. This poem has to do with a Bengali translator's first encounter with René Char at his residence. The French poet questioned his translator on the meaning of "le dard d'Orion" in his poem: "Jeu muet". The translator interpreted the phrase as having to do with astronomy and thus rendered it as "kâla Purusha" (Zeit Geist or literally as in Hindu mythology: the Primal Being at the beginning of time). René Char then picked a certain variety of the cactus flower in his garden and said that the French "phrase" applied to that particular flower.

2. The imagery in the poem also relates to the simplification of classical Chinese characters (fantizi) by the Peoples Republic of China in the early fifties and the alphabetisation of Chinese characters, known as "pinyin" as opposed to the Wade and Yale systems. The simplified characters produced certain semantic anomalies.

©T. Wignesan, Paris - May 3, 2009

The Shore Temple of Mahabalipuram

The mirtangist may never willingly hear
may not want to hear
the multaiyam announcing his cue
nor the melodist aware of the flautist's right
to the change in the raga
the plucking of the yal strings
to the goatskin drummed bleats
and pleas of mindless fingers
for out there
on the receding promontary's rising granite mounds
of three-tiered edifices held up
by the Pallava's view of the Descent into the Ganges:

rishis crosslegged contemplate yakshis or apsaras' unharnessed thighs
attenuated waists commodious backs buxom breasts
where mantra-chanting brahmins bathe drink and contort themselves
through puzzling demeaning rites
where Hanuman's emissary mounts guard
where the wizened Ganesha
with Buddhic lobes his tusks bent inward
the noble crown and forehead
higher than the top-heavy octogonal coupole

The yal's graveness guiding the scorched chiselling hand
through all the buffeting splash and spray
the taste of briny sand in jasmin-scented rounds
of hand-pressed rice
till the sun roots out vision from botched corneas
deaf jabs of moulting faltering hands on damp sand

Thus would prideful devotees heedlessly later claim :

This is a monument to Pallava vision
Pallava faith Pallava fortitude
See how the obedient ocean dutifully recedes
from Pallava wrath and glory!
Even the hardest rock wears with the winnowing wind
Little by little a decade of centuries later

To whose glory must this monument testify
to the servile sudra mixer of sand and stone
the poor flabbergasted feckless porter
never knowing why the bother
about effigies of mythic figures
the spurned sculptor
whose fingers now and then falter
the endlessly silhouetted nubile lines of near-naked damsels

balancing sandstone blocks on wicker-work troughs
on lean but sturdy necks
the overseer the mandore
yelling through hoarse parched out throats
so many curses to stem the rising tides
to keep them from soiling the temple's wicket-gate
the carpenter called to mind the scaffolding
hugging the walls with his spindly legs
and trailing loin cloth

and then the women-folk huddled in the windy hutless hinterland
around myriad swishing swirling wood fires
hoisting earthen pots of gruel
and culled gourds of well water
on thick matted hair
their infants slithering on hips
all who on pinching stomachs and broken backs
graft their unwritten signatures
in the howling cavernous dirges of the Coromandel ocean breath

© T. Wignesan - Paris, 1992 - (from the sequence/collection: "Words for a Lost
Sub-Continent", 1999.)

Curse of Caste

I

They came on bullock-carts
loaded with gods
Indra
Agni
Varuna
Rudra
traversed sinuous mountain ranges
rivers
gurgling outlandish tongues
their children caged as poultry
their priests chanting weird mantras
spells
charms
curses
hymns
drank the soma juice
choking with the sacrificial bleating
of rams

II

Agreed, all societies structure themselves
Out of scant need to function sans bother
Just as individuals must come together
In order better to protect themselves

All men are born equal, so say the Wise
But the Elders do not know how to stem
Rishis who would seek to mock them
By claiming they were twice-born to rise

Above all mankind for wasn't it the decreed omen
For the Primaeval Being that the self-chosen few
Should forever speak for the Brahman in lieu
Of Purusha's helpless eyes, brain, heart and abdomen

The only difference between the Brahmin
And the rest of the menial human race
Is that they were born with Brahma's grace
So that they could spurn the rest as vermin

Yet India's underside boasts of invisible millions
Who have no place in sacred Hymns of Man
They weren't created by Rig-Veda: only as Harijan
May they hang out in limbo as Gandhi's minions.

Resources

Roughly, the Hindu caste system is broadly divided into four sacrosanct strata ; yet there are literally tens of sub-castes in each category :

1. Brahmin (the priesthood caste, supposedly on top of the social hierarchy), followed by :
2. Kshatriya (the princely hereditary and/or ruling warrior caste) ;
3. Vashya (the commercial trading, professional and land-owning agricultural castes) ;
4. Sudra (the menial serving and peasant castes), followed by the Out-caste :
5. The Untouchable or scavenging caste (which has not found authority in the following Vedic hymn.)

« brahmano 'sya mukham asid,
bahu rajaniah krtah ;
uru tad asya yad vaisya ;
padbhyam sudro ajayata. »

Rigveda, X, 90, 12 (sans signes diacritiques)

"His mouth was the Brahman,
His two arms were made the warrior,
His two thighs the Vaisya ;
From his two feet the Sudra was born."

Transl. & translit. by Arthur A. MacDonnell (1854 - 1930), 1917

© T. Wignesan - Paris, 1998 - (from the sequence/collection: "Words for a Lost Sub-Continent", 1999, published in Rama and Ravana at the Altar of Hanuman. Chennai: Institute of Asian Studies, 2006 & Allahabad: Cyberwit, 2008.)

Little Clock

for Gertrud Widmayer, my landlady at Heidelberg

Why in pensive ticking, silent thoughts
You wile your time away
When all around huge swelling bells
Toll the days away!

Every hour that announced may go
Your silent hands take hold
And though the ages chimed in ears
Yours they never behold.

If all the clocks the world had known
Had struck one strong big note,
They would never still your plodding tone
Nor the working hearth you alert.

Do you wonder, wonder, little clock
What makes the grandfather tick!
Or his aching belly in the depth of sorrow
Cries to the world it's sick!

Thirty million years and Pleistocene dark,
They are one split second short!
And whimpering suns that rise and flop
Have scarce stolen your tick or thought!

So, my little clock, my faithful clock
When I hear the tall town bell,
I'll shrug my shoulders, one tiny moment
And know that all is well.

© T. Wignesan, 1957 (from the collection: Tracks of a Tramp. Kuala Lumpur-Singapore: 1961)

I saw a tree a-falling

I saw a tree a-falling
a-falling down on me
I had no way to turn
it was close on me

I thought it was a plot
to force me out
I knew I could not
even hold it or shout

It was a tree I sheltered
on many a longing day
And now it was so altered
coming to make me pay

I asked it why it longed
to touch its upmost brim
When all around no foe
turned the sun down dim

I touched its bark to hear
I thought I heard a cry
Two leaves it shed on me
and brushed its bark up high

I asked it why it stood
alone and left to brood
It shook its sticks in emphasis
as if to say it was good

© T. Wignesan - Paris, 1957 (from Tracks of a Tramp. Kuala Lumpur-Singapore:
Rayirath Publications, 1961.)

Himmelweg: Block Fall from the Zyklon Door

When you have passed nonplussed
by rumours
of ovens
of being burned alive by the horde
calcinated bones in torrid ashes
teeth without a name
pebbles in the sands of hate waves

When between you and the other side
is the block-flesh thrust through to Himmelweg
too late
you smell the Zyklon trap
about to be sprung on your innocence
your children looking to you for a way out
not daring to believe
you have left home without an answer

You can only wonder at how they led you
each child's hand ensconced in its mother's
the old and the infirm weeded out
the pill in the nape
of men rushed ahead from their charges
huddled
slapped jostled
whipped

for daring to ask with rifle butt
whacked
jabbed bundled
trundled
the eye searching hazily the breach under the helmet
benumbed fate
squashed hope
in the last faltering meek steps

It's only
when you're on the other side of yourself
between you and the block-flesh
forming on the other side of the zyklon door

You may wonder why you let your anger go
in safekeeping

Doppelganger

Coming home late from wandering in my sleep
In search of that which goes ahead of chase
i saw the image of my form stretched on my bed
His looks - minus my glasses - through an impish mien
Transfixed me
my sandals gently flapping on his soles.
i peeped into the mirror
and saw him hovering
over my upturned eyes.
Out of the window and still his eyes held me.
i was aware my room was lived-in :
my cigarette wasting in an arc of ash i rescued
my opened book advanced a page or two
(no great reader, thought i)
But when i saw him in my new shirt too
There was little i could do.
i turned as if to go
and thought i saw him beckon to me thus : _____))
i stripped
till limp as limbless on my bed
He gave myself up to him.
He's looking down this ball-point
and methinks i'm trying to say
what he wants me to think
and i'm not quite sure
if what he thinks i'd want
It seems to me
He MUST of needs have his mischief
But couldn't i do both
and bring him back to me
Yet he seems to be saying how free i am
Mocking my ways as sham.
Then when my eyes keep drooping
i say - i think i'm saying to him : Wait !
i'll trap you yet in my consciousness !
Abruptly i rise up not seeing him around and wonder
Where has he loped
What has he seen that i have not
Who has he met
Whose stealthy arms enveloped my torso
Why would he not share what he knows with me
And when total strangers in foreign places
Cock their eyes at me
i'm verily jealous-ed
that he makes friends with such ease
and judging by the curves and peaks
with such aplomb too - the impish fella

though i dare not return the blown conniving kisses
from his chance acquaintances
Downcast as i halt from straying
in the lower lids of my eyes
i spy him once again
cavorting : clasping his fingers in mock tantara
cartwheeling : jumping in and out of my almeirah
and yet when i try to read what i have written
he sits on the sill of the wash-basin
his taunting bee's eyes stilled on me
the stand-stillness sucking all sound from around
and when i dare return his wistful stare
he throws a manic tantrum
a million tam-tams bursting through my ear-drums
And when his time to leave comes round
by fall of each full lid
Departing he leaves me
worsted, stuck and fey

Now when alas i stand apart, i think...
Well, you know, when i recall...
Well, what gets my goat...you see, that is...
What i darned can't stand about him
is that prankish habit of his in bed :
While mine halves
The woman's doubles

©T. Wignesán, 1959 (from the collection: tell them i'm gone, 1983)

What head of hero that did not roll

In retrospect, for the US SS

Times when the winds howl
and chase ships home to brood
there are no fish in the water
that did not tremble too.

In the nude of the dawn
and at the trembling of the day
a rapturous melancholic wonder
holds you at bay.

Then the meal that's stripped in form
is in remote mood sliced
and you did not know
if your hand you cut for cake
nor did you think it could...

In such times too
in the teeming thought of the town
think you :

with all eyes chasing you
down the street
you draw up at red
and stretch out when green

did not do it
did not will it
but you did it all the same
why you couldn't think of blame

yet all the company followed you
way from vacant luminous glares
of gathering traffic throbbing by

but then even in red wheels roll
and what head of hero did not roll...

You have talked to her out of sight
in the placid coolness of the night
you had never thought this could bite
and despite old odourless days

winds will rush in spite

for even in red wheels roll...

and what head of hero will not roll

© T. Wignesan, 1955 - London (from the collection: tell them i'm gone, 1983)

Coal-Truck

for Gertrud Widmayer

I am a coal-truck
Carrying gold dust.
Someone threw some
Coal-dust upon
My gold-dust.

I am a coal-truck
In a gold mine.
Someone struck a coal vein
And piled me full in vain.

I am a coal-truck
Covered in subterranean dust.
Someone shovelled my soil
And found an ancient bone
All coiled.

I am a coal-truck
Waiting for the rain.
The sun is my rail
The night my shed.

I am a coal-truck
Rumbling all the way.
Wash me in the rain-storm
And fill me full of coke
Until I choke.

© T. Wignesan, 1957 - Pub. in "Forum Academicum", Heidelberg University, 1957
(from the collection: Tracks of a Tramp. Kuala Lumpur-Singapore: 1961)

On that day when all is dark

For Ananga

On that day when all is dark

When I wake on that blackened day
Though I wake to find no day
I will burn a flower on my tiny finger
And cipher the heart of the yelp

© T. Wignesan - Paris, 1957 (from Tracks of a Tramp. Kuala Lumpur-Singapore:
1961; first pub. in "Forum Academicum", University of Heidelberg, 1957)

Night in the Eyes, Invading

I do not know if this is true what I see:
I see in some dim, distant, desolate rock-hold
gathering peoples, driven as though by common fear.
A low mournful humming drifts with the breeze
of manhood tread, and eyeless turban-headed
in the lambent darkness, fire-fly brands moving.
This symphonious humming fills my heart
with deep remorse I cannot quite understand.
In a winding never-ending line they keep coming:
mesmerically drawn as in a living dream.

They do not speak but it seems they are in
common bondage bound and move to words of order.

Someone is dying or some great catastrophe
has befallen these earthen men - for they do not speak!

So many seem to come, but only a few are here.
Yet they keep coming and around
a little rock are gathered cross-legged, naked
scalded knees jagged out, a cluster of brown skinny men.

On the rock someone is standing and a little
behind him - I do not know what - a tree, a ragged pole
or dolmen! and yet here it glows, now a moment paly.
Fading far volcanic lights skip engulfing the sky.

I cannot say what this is all about.
I have a fear the Aliens are here.

And in the middle of this funereal happening,
a voice bursts out crying - 'EMILIANO'...
'Emiliano', and then a choking whimpering
and again - 'Emiliano.....'

Is this all that is left for me!'

© T. Wignesan - Paris, 1957 - rev. (from Tracks of a Tramp. Kuala Lumpur -
Singapore: Rayirath Publications, 1961.)

Unheeded in the spread of his name, quaking

Unheeded in the spread of his name, quaking
Through the knit brow cuddling the sombre eye
Twice buckled into the couch of his yearning

The mouldy cast of unsculptured hands, moulting
In the surging sweaty cries' unexpected sigh
Sooner lost than won with unrenewed longing

Every day, every night in chastened haste, calling
That one face, one hand trembling on bosomy thigh
Through all the twigs of his knotty brooding

Mighty log in the dismembered chips, raking
In uneasy orgasms of a protracted lie
The woman clasped in the memory revolting

Fleshy hair to press, hovering nostrils, drinking
In the incensing vapours, and that face a wry
Screaming in the rubbing spasm, a bloody cursing

All, all and more, and the biting shame, clawing
Now at the name, silently growing, that shy
Child of old hopefully shared and lingered moaning

© T. Wignesan, 1960, first pub. in "Forum Academicum", University of
Heidelberg, 1957 (from the collection: Tracks of a Tramp. Kuala Lumpur-
Singapore: 1961)

The cure for forty death-dealing cells

Impotent at birth

Impotent at death

and only somewhat potent in between

Why were you born without your own consent

What was the karmic guilt of your first birth
and what about those maimed in the mind
crippled in the womb
eaten by meningitis
by herpes
by syphilis
by aids

What are their chances of mending their karma

And what about that baby born without a brain
How is it to be blamed
for not giving its organs to some transplant bank

Who cares if you live on
If you die
who cares
and for how long

Does one have to care
being but ephemeral

© T. Wignesan, April 2, 1992 (from the collection: back to background material, 1993)

Paths in the Private Country

The memory in need
Is the implacable enemy of the creed,
Waits and watches its foe

The all-clawing frenzy on tip-toe;
Quiescent in the instant's repose
The thud of flurried gnawing years evoke.

The poet in his solitary moments, spoke
Those whispered words, memory's secret ear yoke.
His wares, his scares, ailments and balms

Suddenly at the oasis of his thirst, awoke
Transilluminating the hard wad of his private notes,
Clutching at the infant's murmurous innocence

The clear innocuous dogma of cries;
While his immodestly preened notes of travesty
Hark back; and the first poem playfully struck

Teaches him now too late the laugh, the critic's qualms.
Just as the poet had wandered away from childhood,
So will the child thwart the unspoilt man

And shyly, shyly he turns away from the poet
Coming in like a stray camp-follower to brood.
For who may ask which the supreme poet

The child's sweet ineffable musings disrespect
While language etherises meanings proudly sown:
The title in two is halved - one the art, one, lone.

And the man, memory's ill-begotten infant
Lurking round the corner, pranks the urgent moment
Or two - then restores the poet to the poem.

© T. Wignesán, 1957 - First pub. in "Diskus", University of Frankfurt-am-Main,
1960 (from the collection: Tracks of a Tramp. Kuala Lumpur-Singapore: 1961)

A bare afternoon

Waking to a breaking thought
rude warblers in the tree's dark
contort the image
in the eye
of a sundered dream
into a wholesome bounteous vision

The symphony is expansive
trained to unnatural correctness
alien to the warbler
bends order to
mastered mindfulness
regimental violins
scold and chastise
the senses to D Major

Now the sparrow and Segovia
minuet in the sun
lurk in the veins
clasping word on wing
numbing sense within sound
silenced within windows
the blaring harshness of the warbler

© T. Wignesan, London – 1963 from the collection: tell them I'm gone. Paris:
1983.

Akbar, the Great 1542 - 1605

Can a man - all alone - foist a god upon his fellows
Even if it's only himself
And they his subjects

G.. is Akbar!

Does the muezzin from the minaret of Qoutoub-Minar
look up or
down to the illiterate savant emperor
whose newly-ordered cosmos
much as Tamerlane and Genghis Khan's blood
mixed gods
invented the Gysin-Burroughs cut-up and fold-in method
a cornucopian chimera

shi'ite-sunnite-kharidjites
hindu/buddhist-jain
confucian-taoist/zoroastrian
orthodox-christian/judaic
saivite-vaishnavite
mahayanist-theravadite
shintoist-zen-chan
agnostic-atheist

A... is Great!

In the begining there was no VERB for him
In the end
from
"brahmana" Himalayas to the "asurya" Deccan
from
Ghazna and Kabul to the spent chugged mouth of the Ganges
where bloomed the Allah-Upanishad

One common language
One uncommon religion
One classless society
One mutually nourishing art
One scientific quest

and the sweet music of friendly disputation
within then the world's vastest book and art collection

though knowingly
took to wife an Hindu princess
chose his prime counsellor from among the Brahmin élite

where within hearing distance lithesome nymphs bathed in scented milk
his victoriously wearied warrior limbs back from punitive expeditions
through Panipat Delhi Agra Punjab Gwalior Ajmer
Gujarat Bengal Sind Orissa Baluchistan Ahmadnagar Kashmir
Khandesh
to circumscribe the sub-continent
a Ceasar at the court of Fatehpur-Sikri

Akbar is ____!

Who would parse and complete or conclude the syllogism

For « One » who dared abolish the jiziyah

Note: Jalal ud-Din Muhammad Akbar (1542-1605), the third Mughal Emperor,
edicted that muezzins should herald the rising of the sun by the call: Allah-u-
Akbar!

The « jiziyah » , a word of Arabic origin, meaning a tax levied on non-Muslims
who wished to conserve their own property, and imposed by the Moghul sovereigns
- on and off - in India, was abolished by Akbar in his seventh year of
accession to the throne.

©: T. Wignesane, March 13, 1992 (from the sequence/collection: "Words for a Lost
Sub-Continent")

Blinks through bloodshot walks

When at five-thirty
In the rubbed-eye haziness
Of ferreting lonesome night walks
The camera-eye refugee
Asleep in the half wakefulness
Of the hour
Peers out of his high turbanned sockets:
Hyde Park's through road links
London's diurnally estranged couple -
The Arch and Gate.

When at five-thirty
The foot falls gently
Of the vision cut in dark recesses
And the man, finger gingerly on the fly
Gapes dolefully about
For a while
Exchanges a casual passing word
Standing in the Rembrandtesque clefts
And the multiplied ma'm'selle trips out:
Neat and slick.
They say you meet the girls at parties
And get deeper than swine in orgies.

When at five-thirty
The fisherman's chilled chips
Lie soggy and heeled under the Arch
Where patchy transparent wrappers cling
To slippery hands jingling the inexact change
That mounted the trustful fisherman's credit:
The stub legged fisher of diplomat
And cool cat
And the prostitutes' confidant;
Each shivering pimp's warming pan.

Then at five-thirty
The bowels of Hyde Park
Improperly growled and shunted
And shook the half-night-long
Lazily swaggering double-deckers,
Suddenly as in a rude recollection,
To break and pull, grind and swing away
And around, drawing the knotting air after

Curling and unfurling on the pavements.

And at five-thirty
The prostrate mindful old refugee
Dares not stir
Nor cares to wake and swallow
The precisely half-downed bottle
Of Coke clinging to the pearly dew
Nor lick the clasp knife clean
Lying bare by a tin of' skewed top
Corned beef, incisively culled
Look! that garden all spruced up
An incongruous lot of hair on that bald pate
No soul stirs in there but the foul air
No parking alongside but from eight to eight.

Learning so hard and late
No time to scratch the bald pate.

At five-thirty-one
A minute just gone
The thud is on, the sledge-hammer yawns
And in the back of ears, strange noises
As from afar and a million feet tramp.
One infinitesimal particle knocks another
And the whirl begins in a silent rage
And the human heart beats harder
While in and around, this London
This atomic mammoth roams
In the wastes of wars and tumbling empires.

[NOTES: Written in 1956 when - on and off for nearly two years - I was a tramp sleeping in Hyde Park and waiting rooms in railway stations or just roaming the streets. Like me two million others were unemployed. One could get temporary jobs during holidays lasting a week or two though. Must say the London unarmed "Bobbies" let us alone. They could have locked us up on a vagrancy charge. This poem mysteriously disappeared from my collection: Blind Man's Lantern...

I feel I should add here that I was listening to a jazz band at the corner of Foyles Book Shop on Tottenham Court Road one night when an American soldier (who later became a Professor of German at - I think - some university in Colorado: check my novel, "Ice in My Eyes...") struck up a conversation with me. Result - sometime after _ I bought a boat ticket over the English Channel and tramped all over Holland and West Germany to meet him in Cassell where he was stationed and nearly starved to death...]

T. Wignesan 1956 (from Tracks of a Tramp. (A first collection of poems: 1948-61) Kuala Lumpur-Singapore: 1961.

The Temple Drummer and Piper

for J.C. Alldridge

Flagellant!
Flexor of the Temple's
Flexuous moulded walls
The high reliefs sallying through your
Flaunting fingers
Wrap the holy-comer with your
Invocatory maul
While word of Vedic prayer
Seeps from some steepening Brahmin wall

O stretched bowel of your potted paunch
In perspiration's puffing piped paeon
Rivet the eyes of man and god
Outside the walls of priestly palaver

Monotonic bell and OM
OM and monotonic bell
OM
OMM
OM

©: T. Wignesan - Paris, 1957 (from Tracks of a Tramp. Kuala Lumpur-Singapore: 1961; first pub. in "Forum Academicum", University of Heidelberg, 1957)

The Death of the Hindu

Chin cupped
on the ancient bone
of his elbow
he spread five fingers to the world:
and like a cat on zither strings
the hoarse voice of his fathers
issues from his forgotten children:
now he picks one tick
from the back of that suckling cow:
his failing fingers
find not the strength to crush

Not a single eyelash twitters
pass him by
pass him

'Wake not a man asleep
And tell him he has
Nothing to eat.'

©: T. Wignesan - Paris, 1957 (from Tracks of a Tramp. Kuala Lumpur-Singapore:
1961; first pub. in "Forum Academicum", University of Heidelberg, 1957)

The Snake Charmer and the Hamadryad

For J. C. Alldridge

Piccolo and been-throated pibroch
Dilating dimpled hood
Spreading photometric darkroom eyes
Waxing waxing matching
Venomous lip to music's piping lip

O Queen of stung dragon-mouthed Po
Dancing girl of nuanceless ancient reliefs
The apotheosis Brahman curling on the neck
Must you now sink sink
Dread watched
Spineless
Into the winding womb wickerwork
Watching watching pipe-eyed watching
Until you slip
Over the sill of the pipe and the lip

Anathema!
Amorphous piteous anathema!
Amulet of Siva!
Licking the boneless air companionless
Then slithering to lie on the trodden path
Must you have this one last lick
A lick that
Stills the
Unheeding
Child astray
Or ripple tailless
In the reedy gust
To the squat charmer's
Hypnotical pibroch

©: T. Wignesan - Paris, 1957 (from Tracks of a Tramp. Kuala Lumpur-Singapore:
1961; first pub. in "Forum Academicum", University of Heidelberg, 1957)

Born to die at Stromboli

« Think, the world remembers only the poets. The name of a country depends on how its poets behave. »

Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, the Philosopher-President of India*

Whoever dies at his Stromboli
needs no excuse to be born
as those who sail their ships
to the farther regions of the mind
even if they lose their way
finding their way back to sanity

While those who invent the Soul
construct pyramids
cathedrals
stupas
to raise those royal patrons
who raised them
to the skies
or even
those who lived to soothe others
with televisions
cars
innoculations
like those who raised townships
settled industries on reclaimable land

Much like those who gave their names
to bills of rights
to streets
faculty buildings
political dynasties

All these and more may need no excuse
Such even centuries hence may not accuse

But where alas is the poet
the painter of million melodies
assailing the living tastes of times
and bounded traditions
they that need to be examined
explained
exclaimed
declaimed

Men who have strayed from the volcano of their birth
For fear of leaving no revenge nor challenge on this earth

Note

* The philosopher's parting words to me in New Delhi when he was the vice-president in May 1961.

©: T. Wignesan, May 30, 1987 [from the collection : back to background material, 1993]

The Gnat Nebulae

for J.C. Alldridge

Full pummelling fisticuffs
Stitch over stitch
In and out
Imperceptibly kaleidoscopic
Swirling from ear to ear
Sporadic
Thrumming mystical notes
Notes of whisper
Whisper in the ear
Now a bothered swish of clawing
Cleaving slipping fingers
Immalleable rolling universal ball

Microcosmic needle into
Macrocosmic wool all
Silently thudding kneading pulling
Sealing a sin all opened unforgiven
Eternally whispering to a few
And never really heard
Pummelling sewing the invisible centre
Round and round the darkless sun
Only the end that began

Only a scratch and a bother
What bother to scratch
For scratching bothers
Bothers a scratch

Scratch and not to bother
Scratch Scratch Scratch

©: From: T. Wignesan - Paris, 1957 (from Tracks of a Tramp. Kuala Lumpur-Singapore: 1961; first pub. in "Forum Academicum", University of Heidelberg, 1957)

Feet, feet that walked away with the toes

Heavy the hoods of the eyes
that laboured the scan of horizons
Heavy the course of the thoughts
that sat unstirred on the sill of the stare

Heavy this ancient bottomed nose
sitting in judgment over this meat
Endlessly shunting the frenzied workers
now sniff-drunk and steam-bellowed in the street

This the scull careered through rutted scars
the primeval hair bushed in pathways
Where long tribes with long lances
prod the undergrowth for signs of lost bones

These the ears that heard the wake of worlds
wandering in the ever irretraceable tread
Ears though that admit the silent secrets
ever still and hospitable to the panicky refrain

This the assembled machinery, forging fire
have dropped the tongs
Down the corridors of investigation
hurtling in darkening diseases

These the loins, companion of time
stalked through fire, filth, and foam
Baked in the hot ovens of empires
wearied some morning in blurry depredation

Wobble-eyed, knee-tied, dragged with pacing company
through yesterdays that are forever lost indemnity
Heavy the larvae lipped throb, kiss and consider
heavy the molten strata ooze, consider and kiss

These the organs that prodded nations
and shrivelled up to curse them all in pain
Pursed its potency, convulsed the course of the vein
this the dismembered member of the tribe

Heavy, alas, these feet that thump
jog and reel in the dancing rhythm of millenniums
Trod on the will-less face of faiths
twitched their toes and walked their way

Singapore: 1961)

He who creates re-creates himself

for René Passeron*

You may not grow old too soon
if
Things you have known will come back to you again
No revision nor recall need put them back in place

Time was when you knew the time
the place the face
Even the scarce women in prized moments gone in pain

Who would care nor what would it matter
in which life upon what water
you have trailed your fingers
upon waves of papers

Let your mind brush
some canvas in a rush
Left your mark
upon some bark
Wed some wanton women
spawned wholesome omens

Made as if the artier your words
held some moment in a perennial frame
Never to be banged away by fading suns
collapsing quasars
asteroid storms
puncturing galaxies
usurping black holes

Can this act of writing seize the moment
Or is it your way of saying

What else is there to be done?

Let the unknowable undermine the unknown

Here on this planet
we have made our sinuous conventions
stick to paper and canvas
stone and sound

And words that are haloed
by the sickness of the poet
though all is not lost for the pen
whose blood will

possess
anchor
expose

our futile justifications
explications
ratiocinations
doctoral dissertations

And generations will tremulously grant him
The right to unravel the eternities
For one who dared capture the moment
In the capsule of a poem

*René Passeron, b. 1920, a surrealist painter and philosopher, was the principal figure conducting research into "poietics" in France, since the eighties, after the renowned aesthetician Etienne Souriau took over from the internationally famous poet Paul Valéry who first mooted the project in 1939, though the Russians had already begun publishing in this field of research during the First World War. Professor Passeron led a twin career as a Senior Research Fellow with the premier European research organization: the French National Centre for Scientific Research (C.N.R.S.) and as a Professor at the Ecole des Hautes Etudes en Sciences Sociales and at the University of Paris-I-Panthéon Sorbonne where he was the Director of the Institute of Aesthetics and Fine Arts.

©: T.Wignesán 1987 April 12, 1987 [from the collection : back to background material, 1993] Pub. in Poietics: Disquisitions on the Art of Creation. Allahabad: Cyberwit.net, 2008.

Pied a terre

Once within a break in brambly fields
something stirred its fearful head in sleep:
Though it be woman or child, work or vision
something that dares not hold me in derision

But till that lingering day bares your face
with prating breath I bide my bane
And even as I clear the brake, shift the trunks
hosannas crop up before you every dawn.

And someday as I have you in my arms
in osculation's brimming nirvanic bliss,
May I not then turn away empty handed
though warm in your inane atmanic face

Then as I wend my kindly way down the road
pitch my tent on this terraqueous matter-mind
Should I then go looking for my immortality
through doors that are forever locked to me

Or could I then lie upon nescience' impervious skies
upon some smoky grass unmapped or husbanded
And hear the awakening cries of spring born trees
then get up to wind my way to some factory blast

©: T. Wignesan, 1957 (from the collection: Tracks of a Tramp. Kuala Lumpur-Singapore: 1961)

Before you go a little way, prospecting

for F. A.

You, in going a little way from yourself
Have gone a long way from my gullible ilk.
« I'm trying hard not to like you, » you said
The breaths of several men surging in your nostrils
And the stench abraded in your flesh :
« You are unshaven. »

You took proper care to remember the right words :
« Why are you so far away, I cannot reach you. »
The orgasm you probably tried to fake -
Thanks for the repeated protestations -
Blew all the other exhausted noises through.
« I think it's all this lack of sleep and all that, » you said
Trapping me with your alien scents.

You have gone away more than a little from yourself.
I have felt and avoided the humiliation in your voice :
« Turn out the lights. I'm afraid
You'd never like me again. »
These are bothersome words.
Only constant repetition make them less wearisome.

One whole week you waited and watched.
One by one you chalked us down.
We fled, not so much from you
As from ourselves, not knowing which
You or the condemned flower to take :
« Why don't you tell me something about yourself.
I've said enough, » you said and came closer
Wraithed in your trapper's overflying airs.

Now that you have prospected a little
Confiscated my intimate thoughts, coaxed my ego
Applied the guileful balms which embolden
A man in bed and made of the future a promise
And turned and sighed like the unwanted thing

Now that you have preyed in my sanctuary
Gazed long in wistful silence my empty shrine
How can I let you go - take my scent
And mix it till it roots in other flesh

And wandering, I'll not know why someday
I might fret in the company of familiar strangers.

« What about the lad ? » Alone and wishfully loitering
« Oh, let him toss and turn. Why shouldn't he ?
He'll write better then, » you said, for once
Rippling the nimble calm embossed on feigning face
That poised flutter of your lips when words you wield
Assume a dextrous innocence
Little wonder then the sensually provoked blushes
Cross-fertilise the loping lurk of your poems.

You in going a little way towards me
Have gone a long way from yourself.

Before you go a little way prospecting
Leave leave a little of yourself in your safe.

©: T. Wignesán, 1965 (from the collection: tell them i'm gone, 1983, rev. 2012)

give me back my name

tell them i'm gone
tell them i'm gone to change my name
give them any name
i'll not give them another name

tell them i'll not take my father's name
no more father than i'm my own
i do not create
i'm not responsible
i have no ownership over my makings

so i'll take this name i've got
for the moment
tell them
and i'll go short-changed to be cast again

yes
tell them i'll go and change my name
not have my name changed
and come out again unchanged

tell them again i'll not take my father's name
yes
tell them that
tell them i've gone to change my name
my very own name
and yet keep the name i've gone to change

yes
tell them that

tell them when i'm there
i'll see why josephus broke the essenic law
why marx the mighty essene changed his name
and note
why the ribonucleic-acid embargo in between
why the dna father-son short supply

i am a cell lodged in the molecular-memory-millennia
i'm the agent of growth and decay
i see the cells strung out in an embryonic fantasy riddle
while intercourse was still permissible

i proclaim
i propound
in my genes the spermatic stimulation
the evolutionary process

the woman the link-breaker
keeps it all going longer and longer
until i stand and transmit
until we reach out into the micro-wave length
listen in on ourselves
in the multi-macro-cosmic network :
the tv stations
the electronic transmitters
the nether-world subliminal messages
all shall interlock
and we remain tuned in
sitting bolt-tight-up
in our nudging squeezing cells
no more afearing nor doing
no more no less that is
than sucking a python diet

we'll do without rousing sex-play
courtship nor foreplay
or even sans monetary excuse
we'll do it for ourcells
in ourcells
by ourcells

then i'll not have to go away
nor will you have to tell them

'he thinks he's gone to change his name
his only name
and quite probably not take his father's name'

rendes-moi mon nom unique

Copyright ©: T. Wignesan, 1965 - London from the collection : tell them i'm
gone. Paris : 1983. (rev. 2012)

On driving westward toward Versailles

I

wet cat impaled on telegraph poles
serrated ashbrown fur
tinged with flinting silver
a mirror blue
cut by guitar strings on a shining plate
bathed in molten evening shine

jet streaks through pylon barrage
windshield wipers' hemicircular swipe

dry cat's crusty baguette fur
ashen edges of rapidfire cirrus

pylons stalk the sky
and catch the wipers in the eye

II

horses purr in the cat's geule
carriages trot through veins of pomp

hounds howl in pinewood packs
fountains spurt warrior sperms

over-stuffed regalia golden-tressed coiffures
wrap scalp and skin in scented sweat

coachmen backfire trussed up in perches
perfumed eminences speed to trysts

III

The Sun-King illumines long dead VISTA galaxies
The Hall of Mirrors reveberates secret oaths
Lights dim as Le Notre adjusts tropical palm vats
The parvenu Corsican struts on depraved genes

IV

wipers peer through moving fingers
pylons jetstreak high-wire noon
Marie Antoinette drivels at Fresnes

The gilded streaming sun dances on fitful time
Glints through slithering interstitial space

Am I driving or am I driven in a cariole.

© T. Wignesan, October 29, 1986, Paris (Revised)

From: T. Wignesan

Copyright ©: T. Wignesan 1992 - October 29, 1986 [from the collection : back to background material, 1993]

Bikku under the Bodhi Tree

yogi under the banyan tree
yogi under the bodhi tree
bikku under the banyan tree

waiting for release

bikku in blissful nibbhana
yogi in extinguishing moksha

Penniless poet under the tenement roof
Jazz organist under the pavement sky
Struggling novelist under the Riviera blue
Russian ballerina under the American umbrella
Apprentice painter under the Sistine Chapel
Sculptor Underground

waiting for the agent's call

burning Anne Frank manuscripts in an air-raid fire
singular melodies drowned in the descending drone

Kafka writing without a morrow
van Gogh dabbing his tormented palette under the Arles sun
Sartre turning the Nobel Prize down for teenage girls
Siddhartha abandoning his body's palace for the people's pain

the common man unable to abandon his workload family

bikku under the bodhi tree
his body shrivelled under the saffron robe
his begging bowl filled by karma-earning hands
the last trichinosis-filled moksha meal

bikku rising on a thousand-petalled flower
bikku piercing through the cakras' splendrous colours

bikku on a burning pyre

©T.Wignesane 1992

April 29, 1997

Paris

[from the collection : longhand notes (a binding of poems), 1999]

Embryo

You who sexless heard the pounding of the sex
nerves conditioned to the tune
through all the slushy push of distending flesh
in the ooze slime of semen *****l fluid

Your eyes turned inward
heart brimming to the flush
fed by your central runaway generator
though
your frail limbs were hardly sketched
in the clasp of a Reichian curve
through all the terrifying pounding

More terrifying still
Now YOU see the crook of the aborting metal
the surgeon's staff
dig into your behind
puncturing
the gossamer sack of your promised dream world

avoiding at every thrust
the inevitable dismemberment
charred chicken wings coming apart in cinders

JOLT of the bend in the crook
your eyes to the back of you
a ninja without arms or legs
whirling upwards
flying in the face of crookish metal
by the grit of your teeth

FIRST your spine goes
shrivelled skin over mashed bone and marrow
the nerves a calligrapher's skein
vaguely stretched over your incumbent's drawn face

TILL your seminal fluid
stains the blood
splashing through every thrust
of the abortionist's clinical will

YET you resist
STILL clinging to your umbilical chord
the silent screams of your unformed mouth
reaching no where
the mother sprawled on the trolley etherised
In the distance a faraway distance

a vague throbbing
away from prying eyes
a ringing call unanswered
and you let go...
see your will turned to mash

Only your long sleep nurtured your dream
a singular dream of a snuffed world
YOU HADN'T EVEN BREATHED

© T.Wignesan 1992 (March 10, 1992)

[from the collection: back to background material, 1993]

Notes

On seeing an ecography of an abortion on the FR3 French TV programme: "La Marche du siècle: Contraception et avortement", March 4, 1992 at 20.40 hours. Professor Etienne Baulieu, the inventor of the oral abortive pill, was the guest of honour.

On hearing that Ronnie

for Ronald Hindmarsh-Midwood
(24.05.30 - 17.01.92)

To recall a friend
is never an adieu
he has merely stepped across the landing
the light still beams the door's ajar
you can hear him pacing humming swinging the windows
to let the street in the warmth
the wind ruffled
through his half-opened shirt

Across the spare digs halfway to the Schloss
austere in the shaded light slanting on drab curtains
the bare table rough-hewn the dishevelled books
the gaping porcelain jug and still wet basin
the whiff of fresh-bitten soap the close shave
and the stiff white collar excusing the day-old striped shirt

A gentle tap the door opens to a glass of port
cut bread
and even if you will not cheese

"Beware! Beware you don't become an Hasbeen!"
he made no bones of his luck from stipends through Reading
the wideopen eyes commiserating through the flailing sheaf
fallen on his ample brow
the hand ever brushing aside
that wilful unconcern in your life
in your little worries your mishaps
And you knew you had mattered in his life

To recall a friend
is to give body to form
to words that bind muscle to bone
those mutual moments

You may come back a quarter of a century later
And he is still there a trifle stumped by your aged face
the mutual moments flow without break

You had driven through four sleepless nights
your eyes peeled beyond weariness
your mind bristling and in the red

"Take care! Take care", he said, "lest you burn both ends!"

Other worlds other duties
keep you from bringing up his face
keep you from keeping mementoes:
"Never excuse, never apologise!"
yes you might have penned a word
when the stolid face swung back
you didn't for that would've been abrupt
too flippant unceremonious requiring tact

So you turn up à *l'improviste*
the mutual moments flow over coffee at the *Konditorei*
the same cream curtains
the same goldbraided periodlike chairs
over neatly folded ceremoniallike lace
the unreal flood of filtered light
outside
no more the tug and grating pull of trams to dull your words

Again the same attentive stare the same empathic vigil
for your fresh worries for your private imbroglions
while he foregoes a meal at the *mensa*

Only you hadn't known nor suspected
the stealthy pain gnawing away at the bones
nor did he let it be shown

Only the stoic face and the pained look

for your own *blasé* pain

© T.Wignesán, July 4, 1992 [from the collection: back to background material,
1993] Published as a "Preface" to Ronald Hindmarsh's commemorative writings:
Mr. Hindmarsh is not writing a book. Heidelberg: Department of English, 1993.
Ronnie taught English at Heidelberg University when I first met him, during the
summer semester, in 1957.

Jean LAPRESLE: The Solitary Oak on Mount Kremlin Bicetre

A French 'Indianist' Doctor: A Tribute to a Die-hard Humanist

by T. Wignesan, Chercheur au C.N.R.S.

Professor Jean LAPRESLE, the last of the great French Neurologists and/or Neuro-Pathologists [Feb. 3, 1921 - Dec. 2, 2000]

An Indianist ('Indophile' is too meek a word for him) in his own right, he visited the Southern States, especially Tamil Nadu and Kerala, twice a year, for decades and came to love the people and place to such an extent that there was little worth knowing about the place and its history or culture that he couldn't hold forth upon. He read the Bhagavad Gita, the Upanishads, Naipaul and Rushdie, and constantly plied every caller with searching questions on "Eternal India: The Mother of all wisdom" in his words.

A towering lifelong bachelor of distinguished bearing and manners and whose perhaps "only" non-professional diversion, one might rightly divine, was Indian !

The Solitary Oak on Mount Kremlin-Bicêtre

T. Wignesan

On Bicêtre Mount a stately oak did spread its unmeshed
boughs to swarms of sparrows beating retreat
To turtle-doves and flapping pigeon-mates a frolicsome
haven

Where now on thunder-split crutches hop the mocking
magpie

Its black upturned tail uppity down high-domed arches'
smooth-shorn limbs

Desolate within chilled-threaded casements of fading
green

Sleek crows guard the sentinel post where gentle souls
tread lonesome

Once his benign fiery eye caught the tame light in lame
downcast distress

Novice and apprentice sorciers sought the shelter of his
eagle umbrella wing

The charge-nurse at his beck and call

Under the official seal of his high personal Chair

Now the lordly craftsman called to lay down his tools in
honorary quack contempt

By some aging loyal birds.....too meek to fly away

.....to the welcoming soothing Kerala waters

lovingly lashing under swaying "sussurait"-ing palms

Too lame to avoid the headlong charge down teetering fate
Had him appear in white blouson for the nonce's sake

No nurse to jump at the phone's end
No student his ears peeled to every remark and question
No professorial stamp at his command

"You know he takes no new patients..."
The voice trailing..... hoarse and dead

Carting rough brown bulky dossiers in his failing arms
Furtive
..Distraught
.....A Visitor in his home
May.....A thief in his fiefdom
He stalks a room.....any room for a moment's reprieve
The hand now less firm.....somewhat shaky
The date a tussle with memory
Then the long unnoticed wait at the central reception desk
To ask for his patient the next bi-annual or trimestrial appointment
.....patient
like a Patient
A whole life ministering to personal needs
.....of
strangers
The life-long bachelor

"When you no more have the charge of the place..."
His eyes make as if to plead in lieu of an apology

Then abruptly the trimestrial rendez-vous stays open.....
..... un-confirmed
No excuse no reason is proffered
Only by chance you surmise

.....The frail fallen oak lies limp in some forsaken
lot

Paris, August 1, 2004

(P.S. I used to accompany a patient to his consultation offices for some
sixteen years, and many were the long and fruitful discussions that ensued
during the visits.)

Born in Paris on February 3rd 1921, together with his twin brother Claude, both
of them finished their last four years' of schooling at the prestigious Lycée
Louis Le Grand, France's elite lycée. And both went on to qualify, like their

younger brother Pierre, as doctors at the Sorbonne's renowned medical school. Dr. Claude Lapresle, an eminent specialist himself, is at the moment serving as Professeur Honoraire à l'INSTITUT PASTEUR.

After graduating in 1946, he went on to obtain his Doctor of Medicine degree in 1950. His dissertation, *La porphyrie aiguë intermittente. Etude anatomo-clinique* was published in the same year by the Librairie Arnette, Paris. Even as a young interne, he was regularly contributing scholarly research papers in collaboration with other French medical greats, such as, Jean BERNARD and Raymond GARCIN.

By 1961, he became Professor (agrégé) of Neurology and Psychiatry and was made a full professor without a chair in 1969. In 1972, he was appointed Professeur Titulaire à Titre Personnel at the Faculty of Medicine of the South.

Among his distinguished achievements:

Médaille d'Honneur des Epidémies (1948); Médaille d'Argent of the Faculty of Medicine, Paris (1951); Prix Pierre Marie of the National Academy of Medicine (1954); Prix Robert Bing of the Swiss Academy of Medical Sciences (1968) General-Secretary of the VIth International Congress of Neuropathology, Paris (1970); Member (1970-74) and Vice-President (1974-78) of the Executive Committee of the International Society of Neuropathology

Visiting Fellow in Neurology, Columbia University, New York (1950-51)

Visiting Professor of Neurology, Albert Einstein College of Medicine New York (1969); Visiting Professor at the Veterans General Hospital and the National Yang-Ming Medical College, Taipei (1982). He also undertook Technical Cooperation Missions to MALAYSIA (1971), TUNIS (1964, 1975, & 1976), and SINGAPORE (1976).

By 1984, he had already published, both under his own signature and those of his collaborators, some 196 research papers in scholarly journals, with a predilection for the *Revue Neurologique*. Cf. *Notice sur les Titres et Travaux Scientifiques du Professeur Jean Lapresle*. Paris: Masson, 1984, 16p.

. (c) T. Wignesan - Paris, August 1, 2004 (revised version)

pub. in *Blind Man's Lantern: Poems that lash out, mock and rip into the dark*. Allahabad: Cyberwit.net, 2015, 864p.)

Sing haughty yacht-y yea

bayboats purse seine whey
journey yearlong gay
laddy inured dry up
haughty yacht-y yea

mildred mayhem dewlap
naughty jaunty jay
sons caught in car capers
haughty yacht-y yea

vicar baking in butterfat
orphan boy screwed in larder
bluejay frolic jane
and a haughty yacht-y yea

bombs in bay bombard
dickson singsick cockpit
french chicks *s'envoient en l'air**
oh a haughty yacht-y yea

idols jailed in temples
choked in garlanded incense
priestly eyedance pose
yes a haughty yacht-y yea

masons' mildewy masters
with compass stone and pilasters
plan solomon's might on earth
yea sing haughty yacht-y yea

royal houses love in stables
lords and ladies love in regalia
loving ones love in limbo
cry haughty yacht-y yea

dote on damsels in december
hey yacht-y haughty yea
make them deliver in september
ho yickety yackety yea eh

* "s'envoient en l'air": French, literally, for "throwing legs up in the air";
in France - guess, if you can - this phrase means: ???

©T.Wignesan - Paris, May 4, 1997

[from the collection : longhand notes: a binding of poems. Paris: 1999]

Career

for Nachiketas

Tether the cow to the post of your patience
and wait

First make ready the field in which you choose to let her loose
There where no lilacs grow
nor lotuses in the pond of your astrological gaze

If you haven't enough cut-grass in the loft
Make sure your sickle doesn't rake through touch-me-nots and lallang

You may only prepare the pasturing ground
You cannot make your cow browse in it
all her dogged years
her udder bitten
fangs sunk in stealth
milk mixed with venom
milched in terror
suckling in fear

You may not clear your fields
of
toads
snails
snakes
or centipedes

They are the legitimate heirs of the land
where
you plan to graze your cow
You may only tend to her when she comes home
if she comes
by her own will
acknowledging not a master
but an inherited contract
thus
you may milk her but at this appointed hour
with this can
two-spans-full
if you give her fresh grass and barley
before she goes
'cause she is bespoken to patience

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April 18, 1992

[from the collection : back to background material, 1993]

Golden secrets in the flower

"...The Secret of the Golden Flower is not only a Taoist text of Chinese yoga but also an alchemical tract. (...) it was the text of The Golden Flower that first put me in the direction of the right track." C. G. Jung

"The Golden Flower alone, which grows out of inner detachment from all entanglement with things, is eternal." Richard Wilhelm

does it bloom in the subatomic quark neuron
a flower petals deranged
burning with green rage
dark firmament pullulating infinitesimal quasars
unpeeling layers of nuclear fusions fissions
the blue-blackish greenish-blue haze

is this the eye looking at the eye
which I
between the crushed ajña-eyebrows
under eyes straining to envelope reality from afar
spotty bright grains pulsating in a velvety ink-blue-black throbbing screen
thoughts racing forwards and backwards in time

childhood slights deprivations unrevenged hurts
throbbing thriving on treacherous jabs by of-all beings friends
those who profit from taken-for-granted confidences
the women who dun-you-in
thoughts of a nature to make you hate fate

then the pulsating roving churning dismembering coalescing screen
dissolves
and in the pale fringe opening white furry stripes on the blue-black greenish
bulge bed of velvet
whose I
lights the frigid fire burning dynamo
whose eye
shrivels
reopens brightens
what is it an eye
which stares
shrinks sharper by the fractioned second
closes and opens again
and again
till the pinpoint galactic blackholing centre
bigbangs

the myriad diamondlights buoyed on a myriad-petalled dryburning flowering sun
shedding golden glory
expelling all thought or is it mere doubt

the intense unrelenting feeling of
is it joy
or a fumbling stolen fear
the mental orgasmic relief
the sense of deep other knowing power come face to face
refreshing retreading the worn-out neuron paths

then the return
after the wearinesses
or is it nonplussednesses

to this world
to words
to wars
to waste
to wickedness
a world without wonder
without womb
a world dying
dead
a tomb
see only what you should see
words see only what eyes make belief
even when words don't mean what they see

© T. Wignesan - Paris, July 3, 1997[Revised May 2003] -from longhand notes: a
binding of poems. 1997

Komori

The komoris' eyes fix the camera
from around
and in the straining double bandoliers' hump
the babies shaven heads strain

The body dares not face the camera
The frontal posture is not for the servant

heads turned bent regards meek and in stress
hair hastily gathered in the dark
now straggly with their loads

and in the eked-out smiles
the years of sleeplessly fading pallid faces

the rough cotton kimono
drab thick resistant to baby-faeces and crachat

And in their stilted sandals
their meagre dignity in a stoop

the bare adolescent feet still showing

Whose mothers are whose children?

Notes

"KOMORI is a generic term that consists of a noun, ko (a child), and a verb, moru (to protect or to take care of); Japanese use it to refer to any person, male or female, old or young, who takes care of children. (...) Like their European counterparts, nursemaids and nannies, komori began to appear in what Michel Foucault has called the "discourse of power" in the late nineteenth century..."

from Mariko Asano Tamanai's "Songs as Weapons: The Culture and History of Komori (Nursemaids) in Modern Japan", in The Journal of Asian Studies, 50, no.4 (November 1991): 793-817.

Boy running in the rain

His face swinging from ear to ear
A bemused smile lighting up
His gander gait
Under the burlap mop
Who's looking at me
Why is everyone looking at my legs

His mother telling him to be back this summer
Before the green peacocks turn to blue

Droplets big as his nightshade eyes bursting at each swan step

Boy on an errand

The stealthy guilt-ridden leaves of the linden
Motionless in the sudden metallic green flood

Boy still running in the rain
How old am I
As old as the linden when it was eight
Where are the caterwauling magpies this day
None to mock me in my gait

He thinks he's running in the still hot rain
But the cars and trucks along the road shower
In their mindless manic main

Wait till you see my master drive me proud
Over the bridges under high-volting cables
My throat loosening up in coughs and curses
The mud drained from my tired gables

Boy still keeps running in the rain

When will the summer end
When the cotton sky turns to lead

Or when the boy stops running in the rain

Way out over Copland's Appalachian Springs

We dragged the slopes to our feet.
On the summit, we burnt our clothes
for wood and there shuffled our feet
in the hush of the falling snow.

We had come out of the scuffed grass.

With one look back in unbelief
exhuming the long trek
the silent keen
puffing through blubbery fingers.
We pulled the hooped trail through
the trapdoor of our unchained links
foisting for new heights.

Beyond the Appalachian Mountains
the hanging fern on pine dripped snow
on moles burrowing in gashed hollows.

We paused. In that doubtful moment
we rued the climb, succumbing to the assault
upon this stilled millennia's eerie silence.

All that time the swivelling blizzards raged
shifting soil, eroding avalanches.
Below, burgeoning customs
unmaned the silent dignity of bisons.
All bore testimony to a familiar preparation.

And then, suddenly before our eyes
the solemn ground rose with the breeze
the spangled map changing to the quick:

Chicago Pittsburgh Kansas City
wild barnyards dry-coughing, pop-corning garages
horrent timber ribbed the coasting steamboats
the linoleum walls
the mild Indian piqued he was
by the mahogany cubism of our speech.

We wondered if coming so far
only mattered, we would be content
to build a fire, here and now
and unpack our horses.

We saw little need to go on.

One night the summit might open
up and swallow us all or old age
would come upon us like a lonely neighbour
on a pretext to the door.

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London, U.K.

[from the collection: tell them i'm gone, 1983; published in Fire Readings (A Collection of Contemporary Writing from the Shakespeare & Company Fire Benefit Readings). Paris-Boston: Frank Books, 1991, pp. 36-37.]

Radically Chinese

for Eric Mottram: 1924-1995 (not because of any debt, felt or incurred)*

one stroke a point

leftstroke bent

hooked

two a cover man

man enter eight borders to cover ice

table receptacle

knife strength

wrap spoon basket

box ten to divine

seal cliff private

also mouth enclosure

earth

scholar follow

walk evening

great woman child

roof inch small

lame crooked corpse

sprout mountain stream

work self

napkin shield

tiny shelter

move on

join hands

a dart a bow

pig's head feathery

to pace heart spear door

hand branch

tap writings

measure axe square not sun

speak

moon wood owe

stop evil kill

do not compare hair family air water

fire

claws father

change a frame a strip

tooth

ox

dog

dark jade

melon

tile

sweet produce
use field
bolt of cloth
sick back to back
white skin dish
eye lance arrow stone
spirit to track grain cave

erect bamboo rice silk earthenware net
sheep feathers old
plough ear
brush flesh officer from self reach
a mortar tongue opposed boat a limit
colour grass tiger
insect blood do clothes cover
see horn
words
valley
platter
pig
reptile shell red
walk
foot body
cart bitter time
stop & go
city new wine separate village
metal long gate plenty
reach to a bird rain
azure false face
rawhide leather leek
sound heading wind
fly eat head fragrance
horse bone high
long hair fight wine cauldron ghost
fish bird
salt deer
wheat
hemp
yellow millet
black embroidery toad
tripod
drum rodent nose

even teeth drag on tortoise flute

* Eric N.W. Mottram, an outstanding and prolific poet, held the Chair of English and American Literature at King's College, University of London. [This poem was accepted for publication in Radical Poetics (London).]

From: T. Wignesan

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notes (a binding of poems), 1999.

A reluctant Sayonara

« She must suffer to her last breath. (...) They'll all soon be as Dead as 0-Ren Ishii. »

« That woman deserves her Revenge. And we deserve to die. »

From « Kill Bill Vol. 1 »

I

Two French girls in Paris
one aged thirteen
the other fourteen
together take wing.

The police bring them back home.

Then hand-in-hand they jump
from their seventeenth floor flat.

They leave behind a note :
« This life has nothing to offer.
What are we living for ? »

An Austrian socialist philosopher-journalist in Paris
in perfect physical health
lies down beside his terminally ailing English wife
never to wake again together
after bequeathing their papers and wealth
not to the Socialist Party
but to a Catholic charity.

He leaves behind a long love letter
his very last remember-me book.

Till death does not do us part.

A Stateless poet passes through Paris
with his Spanish putative spouse
and infant boy.
Paris casts a covetous eye on the mother.
She plans the poet's murder
and maims her son for life.

The People's protectors pressgang her
and daily pound the poet to pulp.

Vive ! la France ! Viva ! la Francia !

II

A lone coyote trumpets over the sakura strewn snow
A moanful flute tugs at nostalgic heartstrings
Meiko Kaji comes on with her plaintive lilt :

Urami yibushi
We've not long to go in this void

The still frozen air gasps through swishing slices
Spurting Strüwel-Peter blood and bones
cherry blossoms on the snow-clad parapet
struck down by the lethally-chilled sheen
of the Hattori Hanzo steel

To kill there need be no will
The will to kill resides in the sill
of the vengeful white of the eye

III

Even if we can't stand it any longer, Lady
We'd rather not leave just yet in a hurry
Would we see the likes of this world again
Ever know what's better than this domain

Unknown to us the slow melodious dirge
Tugs at us : stay yet a while, it whispers !

Who knows who'd be there to receive us
Yes, yes, stay yet a while, little lady !

Hum a sentimental ditty
Recall even a fated memory
Revive some moments of levity :
A friend a face an outing
A little tenderness
A tiny moment of harmony
Together in this wilderness

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From: T. Wignesan

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To our dearly beloved son, now dead

for Mahathero Gunasena

In a makeshift vihara in the heart of London
Bikku then disclosed his parents long gone
Might one dare utter after all these years
Was it yesterday he would shed dry tears

Somewhere in the saffron folds of his faith
A lonely boy still lurked wanting his mother
Or brother sister and hope-dislocating father
Of how they could abandon even his wraith

Just a single line in the inner board of a book
Over dried blue ink his fingers caressed words
A life he might've had in who knows what worlds
He just wanted to say: 'See, who so forsook!'

In an unwatched vihara in the heart of London
A forsaken boy dared break out of monkdom
Might one dare utter after all these years
Was it yesterday he would shed dry tears

Too late he had come to own up this truth:
'If there's a Supreme Being leave Him well be
He knows best what He's doing forsooth
Mind your own business leave Him well be!'

Should one gauge the measure of a man's humanity
From his ability to outgrow imposed attachments:
Such as confines of his community race or country
But most of all withstand the viral encroachments
Of his conditioned beliefs upon his own personality.

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From: T. Wignesan

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Our country-earth which is of YOUR size

Notre terre qui est à Votre taille

Forgive us please our enormous bilious hubris
The quasar-lit heavens smile only down upon us
For Our Master he presideth over the Universe

Our Architect-Father he beds down in the blackest holes
Our temple bells and lodges' knell toll only for Thee
While Thou slips from one parallel universe to another
Yeah, notre terre qui est à Votre taille

The muezzin's cry reaches far into the darkest cloud
From turret to galactic turret resounds the prophetic call
Colliding antennae make a murky Baghdad morass
The fallout heralds the bigcrunchy messianic massage

Our Master who art the shine on the Brahmin's head
Which knows no limbs feet chest nor shivering loins
Forgive us our cowering at the spewing Purusha mouth
For Thine is the thunder exploding forever and ever

Did not a bodhi prince once keep a damning silence
He saw no need to undo Thy mighty male tie
Lest he's forced to traverse this soil again in rags
Notre terre qui est à Votre taille

As for the other fully bearded nodding mates
They are those who first invoked Thy game
They've now bought the world over in Thy name
But prefer to run the banks 'ere Thou cutteth the rates

Notre terre qui est à Votre taille
Is the epicentre of the roiling boiling might
Where domes echo for the right to languish at Thy side
And watch the Goya geek chew the heathen to shreds

Notre terre qui est à Votre taille
All the stars you see out there in the ever-ever
Are but the conjurer's balls dancing up in the air
The illusory waking dream of the never-never

Notre terre qui est à Votre taille
Give us every day the fireworks in the sky
For Thine is the show and ours the joy

For ever and ever spinning a lie !

T.Wignesan, November 3, 1997, Fresnes-Paris (Rev. 2012, Paris)

From: T. Wignesan

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