

# THE LINCHPIN

TEN POEMS

[ 1964-1967 ]

*by*

*George Thaniel*



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ANTHELION PRESS

*Montreal / 1969*



*THE LINCHPIN*

*Copyright 1969 by George Thaniel*

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*Printed in Canada*

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*For Albert*





*I adore and cherish you,  
erected arm of thought,  
pink, yellow and green,  
potential flesh with ivory bones,  
roof of sucked brittle stone,  
hitch-hiker of the long way.*

*Barbecued beef on a warm spring day  
on the fringe of the lake  
with the galaxy of grasshoppers,  
brick oven bread with maple syrup  
on the dandelions by the dozing barn  
with its own strange identity,  
country dancing and singing displays,  
while the air thickens in a home-made cake,  
half-way the crimson tulip  
of our secret longings.*

*Great empires pass away,  
but good Amanda will ever stay  
in her romantic waiting-room,  
eager to meet her bridegroom.*

*Let Sappho roll down the rocks;  
let Corydon weep over Alexis' locks.  
Amanda knitting cute moccasins  
will redeem us of our sins.*

*My beloved dead  
 make their simple beds  
 under these cedar trees,  
 that came from distant Lebanon,  
 all the way on rafts,  
 came through the ocean,  
 to scent and shade my dead  
 from old frosty times,  
 cradled by Bach's divine music  
 in canoes, and chariots,  
 that swing low.*

*Squirrels decorate the park  
scampering all around,  
rolling nuts about the grass,  
climbing the trees carelessly.*

*A passer's-by cautious pace  
doesn't seem to scare them at all;  
trailing their royal tails  
cross and recross the green landscape,  
while the passer, deep in thought,  
cautiously raises his hand  
to ring the bell of a grey house  
on this equally grey morning of October.*

*We shared our seat;  
later our loneliness.  
At night we sleepwalked  
miles of purple sandstone.  
A pony sniffed in the dark—  
the train turned into a pony.*

*The summer stressed the growth of spring;  
naked birds ascend the rugged stairs—  
their goal being heaven.*

*All year round these birds  
had breakfast only; dropping the other meals  
in the hollow basket of their voice.*

*They made an easy way of hunger and thirst,  
ignored the funerals passing in solemn processions  
under a sullen sky—a rainbow of dust  
and dizzy sounds.*

*Slow down, you, birds of summer,  
teach me how to sing.*

*Sugar canes still grow there  
and partridges are left unshot;  
pinned on the street lamps  
old Voltaire smiles roguishly;  
the pagan gods, once again,  
in long jeans and scaly beards  
sip their drinks in the bars,  
trading foxskins for chestnuts  
skirting post mortem issues.*



*Your eyes have a mercurial light  
in their deep-set holes.*

*You came out of stone,  
fluid, milky, turquoise stone,  
amid the surge of laughter,  
an accident of the perpetual design.*

*You came out of darkness,  
from the unnamed grapes,  
pressed in a sudden drought of wine  
in urgent need of being drunk,*

*not in a bitter pub,  
not in a stale restaurant  
but in the candid peristyle  
of a wealthy Roman villa.*



*Deserted Dido climbed the pyre;  
pius Aeneas changed the tire  
and drove forth to his destination  
to found a new powerful nation.*

*Fate willed for you simpler goals  
but truer to Nature; in virtuous bowls  
you mix every day's trustful wine—  
exotic drinks is not your line.*

*A common blessing is still the fall rain;  
the breath of time soothes all pain.  
And so be it forever; forgive,  
let Dido change her mind and live.*





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*The  
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George Thaniel*



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