

THE LINCHPIN

TEN POEMS

[1964-1967]

by

George Thaniel



ANTHELION PRESS

Montreal / 1969



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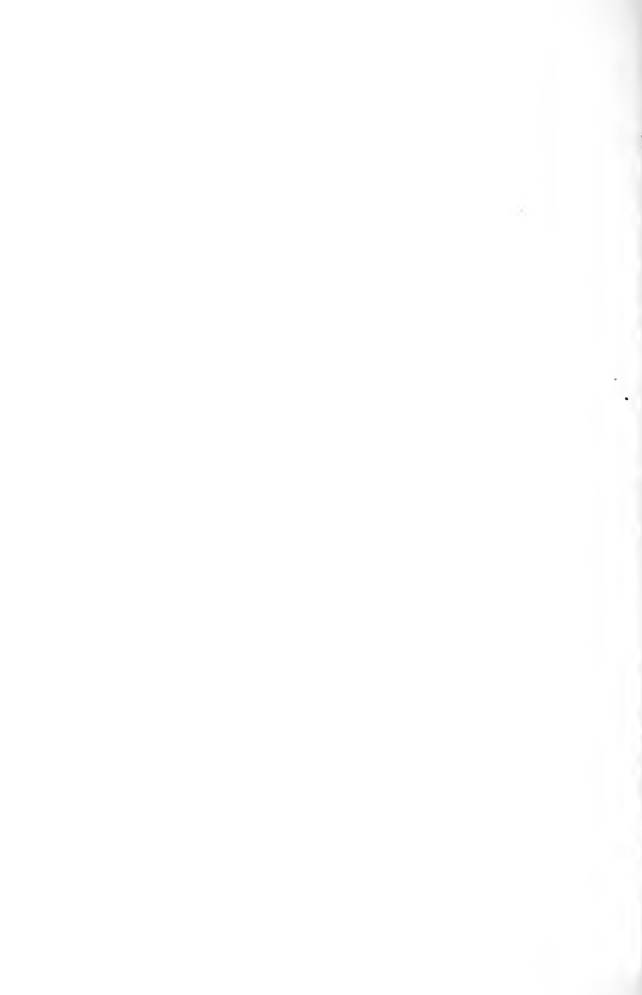


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For Albert



*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
Linchpin
ten
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written
in
Ontario
from
1964
to
1967
by
George Thaniel*



*Set
printed
&
bound
at the
ANTHELION
PRESS*



*Montreal
in February & March
1939*

