



JONATHAN DAVID LITTLE

TWO LYRICS



JONATHAN DAVID LITTLE

TWO LYRICS

Tillet Press



Limited First Edition of 100 copies

*Published by Tillet Press 2005
4 Woodyatt Court, Court Road,
Malvern, Worcs.,
WR14 3EG, U.K.*

Printed by Antony Rowe Limited,
2 Whittle Drive,
Highfield Industrial Estate,
Eastbourne, East Sussex,
BN23 6QH, U.K.

© 2005 Jonathan David Little

All Rights Reserved

INCANTATION

(Vogue la galère!)

Mellifluous bile's entangling ooze, oh sweet suffuse
This welling essence of Mnemosynean progeny!
Disembogue this auspicious paraclete, inspiring
Rhapsodist insatiate and perspicacious visionary!

Prolong Psyche! this pantheonic athenæum State:
This inner aureole's array disseminate!
Turn flywheel cog, Saturnal perihelion invade;
Charites all triumvirate – Proteus full conglomerate!

Infuse ichor, gilt weaving honeysuckle ore!
Maelstrom's epitome quicksilvering capillaries
Enharmonizing intricate mechanicals to draw
Converging distillate of quintessential spirits raw!

Encaustic Eos! Bright'ning Phoebe! – Aphrodite then entreat
The unattendant muse alchemy's apogee at solstice meet!
Let Roman candles coloured firework balls secrete
And from her spleen ecstatic *ignes fatui* accrete!

Ethereal fluid filoselle inditing lovers' fontanelle
Make Echo Narcissus repeat, assimilating great conceit!
Pandora's Box inlaid spinel where cameoed maenads revel
Wish bitter-sweet chimerical propitiating fates foretell!

Subliminal electric storm – peerless primrose's blue lymph warm:
Rubicon to Art Celestial, ush'ring lightning's dart terrestrial;
Confluent edulcoration, obviating exsiccation –
Crystallize as panels sliding, endless japonoise beguiling!

Elite Phantôme of Western Wynde, Ithuriel's spear Greatness excind
And mystic paragon infix, freezing ephemeron Phoenix!
In stasis bind Euphrosyne, captured in locket or etui;
Aglaia, Thalia join who'd flee – dispersed to fade in entropy!

NEITHER IS IT EITHER

Neither is it either
Nor the wind nor the trees
Either could it neither
Be the sighing of the breeze –
Neither is it either.

Being youthful we seemed truthful
In our golden enterprise
'Til when older we grew bolder
To appropriate old lies.

Rather we saw farther
In the singing of the seas
Farther than that rather
Before pleasure swamped disease –
Rather we saw farther.

Freeing dormant longing's torment
Then our fellows we'd indict
Until lately we'd seek greatly
To perfect the law of spite.

Never should it ever
Lift the pilgrim from his knees
Ever to be never
Trusted with the sacred keys –
Never should it ever.

Plainly we would vainly
Falsify our world entire
So that seldom need that beldame
Regret teaching to conspire.

Rarely could we barely
Our own bloated gods appease
Barely could or rarely
Lift the sword of Damocles –
Rarely could we barely.

To view any of the many
Foreign mirrors once we knew
Would instil us with the thrill
Of fabricating masks anew.

Never should it ever
Lift the pilgrim from his knees
Ever to be never
Trusted with the sacred keys –
Never should it ever.

All now partake of the heartache
To maintain each creaking fable
Little heeding inner pleading
Unless mentally unstable.

Rather we saw farther
In the singing of the seas
Farther than that rather
Before pleasure swamped disease –
Rather we saw farther.

Oh how slower comes the sower
Once amidst the worldly throng
Aging mostly like the ghostly
Silent wreck of human song.

Neither is it either
Nor the wind nor the trees
Either could it neither
Be the sighing of the breeze –
Neither is it either.

Could we try to face the lie
Subtracting self from paragon
Or would almost all then prove host
To some pale automaton?

***Neither never rather rarely
Ever farther either – barely.***

