

The Poetry of Grady Louis McMurtry



Grady Louis McMurtry 1918-1985

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INTRODUCTION

In 1969, Grady would comment upon his poetry, writing,

I have been writing poetry since I was a teenager. Much to the amazement & shock of my “Okie” family who, I suspect, probably thought it was a sure indication that I was “queer.” But it has always been a very positive thing. Something I did for my own amusement. Or edification. It would not be until relatively recently that I would see its fantastic potential in reinitiation. To know that, by reaching “out” in that blind, groping, intuitive sense, that I really could, when lucky, bring down “fire from heaven.”

He continued,

Much of my poetry is “writing poetry”, i.e. bumbling along, putting sentences together, imitating, even if only sometimes subconsciously because it was the last book of poetry I read, somebody else in their style, technique. But then, once in awhile, I start writing “as a poet.” The floodgates of inspiration open. You are acting as the “hand & pen” for some universe outside the span of time. And it is at times like that, that one must most beware, at least in my experience, of “tampering with the product.” And then will come those lines of initiatory experience that will tell you, rather than you tell them. Or even “write” them, for they are being written for you. To you thru you, as it were, from somebody else. Or at least from somewhere else. Much of my initiatory experience has come from “letting it flow,” and then trying to understand it later, even if it didn’t seem to make much sense at the time. As the Greek poets used to say, “from the Gods.” And you wouldn’t believe how many times I have been absolutely amazed as what I have “told” myself, as it were, when thinking about it later. And then sometimes I have even told myself things that I have never been able to understand even to this day.

“Poetry is the geyser of the unconscious.”

—Aleister Crowley

Grady Poems (A-C)

3 PEARS DORMANT

Roosevelt the god
Lies dead in a flower garden
Lenin in his tomb
Has been deified by the icon worshippers
And tomorrow
Is tomorrow
Is tomorrow

(2-10-47)

A FALL OF ANGELS

Prismed world of planed dispersion
Jonah Mona, Nojah Boa
Crystal sphere reflects immersion
Of thrones and stones and bones and tones

Star of East
Bride of Beast
Star of West
Dragon's crest
Star of South
Lion's mouth
Star of North
Shadow forth

“And be forever falling
Around the edge of the world.”

(5-31-62)

A FRAGMENT OF LIFE

— for we

Are but mortal and can not see
Nor know what demons lie between
Where misty columns soar unseen
To mark the space where witches roam
While warlocks form their lines to comb
Each nook where human might be screened
And finding one out march each fiend
With grisly token of the hunt
To cast it by the altar front
Where stand the mouthing Druid priests
Whose forms are those of hellish beasts
(undated)

A MAIDEN IN LOVE

A Play (in progress)

And it came to pass in Caliph LAND in the reign of GRADY THEBADASS that ye PHYLLIS felt a sharp pain in ye rectum as of a farte unborn and thereupon did call down imprecations upon the head of our most dread liege, crying “Fie upon thee, my Lord, and forsooth, for thou rainest not!” Whereupon tidings of these words being brought our lord as he addressed the assembled multitude in ye North courtyard and he, being appraised thereon, was heard to groan with the voice as of a thunder-box, “Oh, shit!” Thereon did 40 thousand pairs of iron pants hit the pavement with a clang! And 40 thousand scruffy long hair Berkeley hippie types did squat and strain, and a most un Godly stench did arise to ye Heavens. FORINTHOSEDAYS the King’s WORD and LAW! And Bullshit was unknown. And the North courtyard was awash with effluvia.

Then wast a wondrous miracle seen in the land, great & marvelous to Behold! Three Wise Guys riding camels came out of the East crying, “A Star! A Star!”, but we were all out of stars, so they

had to make do with Rita Hayworth. And all cried that it was the greatest thing since God made little condoms. Whereupon it was seen that farce is spelt with a “t” and not a “c”, a wonder to behold amongst ye wise.

And wonders and portents were seen in Ye sky! T.Casey asshole (yclept “Shit-For-Brains) did vaunt himself THE GREAT WILDe BEASTE cometh back across Ye Abyesse, and did Fart and Stench about, making Muddy ye waters that had been so clear, and generally making odiferous Ye landscape, as of an ancient Oriental rice paddy teemed with night-soil that had been ex-hum- ed, and giving a stench in ye cup of hot water as becomes Instant Shit. Whereup[on ye King did sit and ponder. Also did ye Karl Westkrap most foully deceive and procrastinate and refuse to pay Ye Caliph for slides promised and delievered for ye Deck of Fiddlers cards, most gapeingly agrace w/ye production errors undimm-ed, thereby inviting Ye karma dumping run upon his head as a shit monument. Yea verily.

(undated)

A TALE TOLD AT BEDTIME

There is a city — with domes and pylons
A City of light — and many colored
And once when I was very small
I came nigh onto this City
Yes, up the spiral stairs – like any outsider
But I was curiously at home.
Yes, it was like coming home
And I started walking towards this City
Across a plain that was black as night
And under a dome that was also black
But though the plain stretched on to infinity
it seemed

Yet it was like being in a closed room
For there were no stars — it was very strange

So I walked quickly, very quickly
But before I came to this City I met a Something
It was like a white flame
All pulsing and alive

But as I didn't know what it was I challenged it
And it turned all kinds of angry colors and buzzed
Yes, he buzzed — as if annoyed

So I protected myself and he went away someplace
But that made me stop and think

I wasn't afraid 3/4 but I wasn't sure of myself either
Who knows what strange Somethings might be in
that City?

I didn't — and maybe there were those
Who would only laugh at my simple protection
Because to them it might be useless – who knows?
I didn't —

So I turned around 3/4 and I walked to the stairs
No – I didn't run – I walked
But very quickly – as I always seem to do in
that strange place

And I slid down the banisters
And I walked down the ramp and around to the big
Gate

That is set in the Wall

And I came through and closed the

Gate

And sealed it up tight 3/4 real tight.

But some day I'm going back to the City

Or Someplace — — — — —

But when I do I am going to know what I am doing

And because I will know what I am doing

I'll go right on in — or anyplace else I want
to go to
But first I've so much to learn
And so little time to do it in
And I never have any time to myself anymore
But I will — someday.
(12-30-43)

A WORM IN EARNEST

Oh little worm who burrows, burrows
Making tiny, hollow furrows
Deep beneath my sagging mound
Here within the loggy ground;
Boasting of your courage brave
Of your campaigns in my grave;
Blazing trails through wilderness
Braving stagnant lakes of cess;
Pioneering through the muck
Making camp within the guk
Tell us, little worm, please do
How the welling slush did goo
When you opened up the hull;
How you crept around the skull,
Where the water level stood
When you peeked beneath the hood,
How you traversed all alone
Many leagues of softened bone,
Where you found the floating lobe
Of my ear, how lay the robe
On my shanks. And did you note

Those loosened scabs on my throat?
When you skidded down my foot
How large was the myrtle root
That had spread between my toes?
What was that within my nose?
When you took those playful nips
At the scale upon my hips
Are you sure that there you saw
A drooling fester, fat and raw?
I will take you at your word
If you wipe away that curd.
You must learn to be discreet;
From a habit to be neat.
As your winding way you squirm
My blessing on you, little worm.

(undated)

ABRA-MAGIAN

Isaac in the burning bush
Fair Lady in The Tower
Aries in a Cloud of Flame
Dana'e 's golden shower
Eleven is Her holy name
Flora is Her bower

Negativity?

Serendipity

“But before you can know Rama
you must first see The Devil”

(4-13-62)

ADEPTUS

Brooding eyes, apish browed,
What weird surmise lurks there endowed
With formless substance!

Thought

A gray blurred sphere

Ringed and glowing

Jagged rents

Flashing, twisting

Dissolved and warped

Tight coils of hate

Clashing, chaotic.

Smooth sweeping girders

Looping curves

Strange arcs that lead

A somewhere vague

Stark time is gone

And in its place

A central fire

A bridge of suns

All motions and

All loves are one

To Him whose Will

Because is done.

(11-7-41)

ADONI

In the Gardens of Adonis
Down the headlands of Lebanon
Groves of cypress, rue and pine trees
Hold their ancient, holy trust,
Hidden deep within the foliage
Marble temples clothed with verdure
Bramble branches bar the pathway
If you seek with knowledge lust.

Yet to him who comes a pilgrim
Who would taste the sacred vintage
Wine the blood and son of Cybele
Let him know, this is the Law;
Come with yearning soul and kingly
Know and be the god Adonis
Pass your way, and dye the scaffold
Ere is told that which you saw.

(2-15-42)

ALCHEMY

Fierce Virgin of the Sacred Source
Attracting all the world to Thee
We pray the Knowledge of Thy force:
Thine aching Negativity!

Thou Vacuum at the heart of All
Thou Purity without remorse
That pulls All, Belle Dame, to Thy Call:
Thy Knowledge and Thy Intercourse!

Thou Nothingness Personified
Renewed Perfection without end

Thou Voice of Silence that has cried
“The Arrow!” – and It rides the wind!

Thou Eros poised one point above
The Pyramid: Thou Virgin kiss!
Thy Crescent Moon; Thy Star of Love
Thy fearful Angst in the Abyss!

(Mar 1961)

ALIEN STAR

Deeper by far
Than any Star
Deeper than the Unknown Night
The spaceworm spins its prison bar
Its casement tower, height on height
“Shell by the Abyssal Crustacea”

Alien Star
Alien Light
Shine upon our Alien Fright
Alien Sun
Alien Star
Shine upon our Prison Bar

The nematodes
In their abodes
Renew the categories
The scaly reptile in the roads
Seeks on Her Lunar glories
“Shell by the Abyssal Crustacea”

Alien Star
Alien Light

Shine upon our Alien Fright

Alien Sun

Alien Star

Shine upon our Prison Bar

(8-21-61)

AMUCK!

When out the misty future clears

The written history of the years – – –

Across those scrolling pages laced

The fury of our storm is traced

In burnished gold – – for from the walls

Of mighty Karnaks' carven halls

Shrill silvery bugles sound the charge!

Come, Soldier-Priests of the ancient Tharge – – –

Arise ye Templars of the Graal

Send forth the ringing challenge – – Hail

The rebirth of the Laws of Pan

Reclaim your heritage and span

The waiting world. That which effaced

Our holy cause must be erased

With fiery sword and lifted rod

The mystic symbol of our God!

And when the dawn proclaims the day

Then may the crawling Christians pray.

So spake the Prophet of the Glen

Unto the Brotherhood of Men.

Thus it came that as the aeons crept or fled the spirit grew;

Out of elemental substance foamed the hot and potent brew.

Foamed and spewed in theurgic rhythm, roared a thundering litany;
Molded from its psychic forces our enshrined epiphany!

Stood our pantheon incarnate vesting full the Will of Man,
Glowing in its royal splendor, filling the imperial plan.

Brooded then within the mountains.
From the parks, between the fountains
Came a cyclone funnel roiling,
Holy, sacred Nago coiling
Rearing high the hydra hood
Which sign and token of the Rood
Guards with his canopy the Priest,
Our Lord of Lords, our King — — — THE BEAST!

Now our champion before us
Striking in the sight of Horus
Down into the valley swinging;
With a surging timbre ringing
Bright battle axe and arcing sword
Slash in and through the serried horde
Of those who thought to bound their hope
Within their own small meagre scope.

Hooves of thunder are a pealing
Roll as back they stagger reeling
From the black mailed Knights of Heiro,
Adepts of the station zero,
Sit their steeds of mighty thew
Swing out and then come shearing thru
To criss and cross behind these cattle
Stampeding from the shock of battle!
So mote it be!

Ho the rebels
Hail the carnage,
See the piles of stinking slain
Where the Christians met their Masters
South of Ulan, on the plain.

So in triumphal procession march the Lords of Karnak back
Tie their wounds and burn their dead before their bloody arms they stack.

As in wild and joyous revelry carillon and cymbals ring
Giving homage to our chosen Gods and glory to our King.

For on the littered plain this day was cleared an ancient wrong
The infidels were made to pay and yield unto the strong.

Yea, ruthless as the cleansing sea we crushed the Christian might
And now they lie enslaved before our revered Gods of Night!

What mortal man can do to Man they did unto our sires
But we, immortal, gathered strength from sacrificial fires.

Reincarnated stand the host that bridged the gulfs of time
Avenging what the Church of Rome had poisoned in its prime!

We honored not a craven slave
But followed one who deigned to brave
And tread the curving, star strewn path
Beyond our universe, the wrath
Of Chaos slumbered, to our sight
The darkness sheds eternal light.

Now to the joyous sacrifice
As cringing heathens pay the price
By dozens and the hecatomb
They taste the justice that was Rome
Upon our altars, as we feast
And give ovation to the Priest

Whose slashing knife unstops a flood
Of living, heady, salted blood
To overflow the hallowed cup
The Chalice held that we may sup
The symbol of eternity;
Our union, our fraternity
Of mind and body, soul and thought —
Our one is all, our ALL is nought!
(undated)

AN APISH GOD

Were I a high and mighty God
Who never had to pant and plod
Along one straight and narrow way
I'm sure I'd want to run and play
Across the ordered fields of stars
And scatter them with jolts and jars
Then swing upon the chandeliers
Of clustered suns, to tweak the ears
Of other Gods who might be nigh
Within the vast and empty sky.

Then, where these chandeliers are hung,
Down from the arching rafters swung
That roof the curving universe
I'd stop awhile and there converse.
With much ado and apish wit
I'd seat myself and there I'd sit
To state my views and eloquize
With those who would philosophize

Upon the broad celestial view;
Or pitch a bit of apish woo.

(7-20-41)

ANGEL FAR

My mind is as bleak as the steppes of the Moon
And as cold as the Uranian air
My heart is as hot as the brightside noon
Exploding in a solar flare
And with the lion love of my fiery boon
I burn in Her glorious hair

The galaxies
Are Arrow-Trees
Plumed by Maat's bright feather
Our Maid's fierce love's
A glowing see
That holds the worlds together

(1-14-62)

ARCHETYPE

Dead wood limbs of psychic yearning
Winging sparrow
Singing arrow
Star bright sun of Theban Pharaoh
Phoenix turning
Dragon burning

Gothic manse in matrix narrow
Lotus learning

Senses spurning
Quantum penetrate discerning
Stinging barrow
Ringing harrow

(11-21-61)

AS ABOVE

Live your life, nor seek to know
Why scream the dead, the grass will grow
Luxuriantly, taste of love
And trouble not for knowledge, glove
Your senses with the wine of Pan,
Let him lead you where he can
Thru woodland to the bacchanal,
There hide you from the fetid pall
Of reason. He who binds
The secret of arcanum finds
That which is truth, and which its foe
And he must live yet must he know
Why scream the dead below — below —

(undated)

ATAVISM

Come, my friend
I grow weary of this ceaseless bickering
Speak not of justice, or that right reward
Well bought with human sweat, and lost.
Blind Libra stands a pawn, her scales
Are pendulums to every vagrant wind of fate

That blows in choppy gusts about her feet
And she, swaying upon her limber pedestal
Stands drunk and giddy in the gale.
We are young
In this, our span of life, have not begun
That which must find its end
In some far future aeon
And whose beginning was
Before the time of Adam, yet
We have this present life to live
It must be full, in what we do
Completion of each act must be
Fulfillment of our basic will,
In this I charge you strongly
Be true unto thine self in all that is
If aught would find you lacking let it be
Bright steel on which to prove thy worth
And know, that by this test are all things known.
And now
As swinging stars that graze and strain apart
To leave a wreckage torn and hot between
I would there were an end to this as sharp and quick
As knives in the darkness that have made
A decision, the one way or the other.
(3-25-42)

AW HELL

With all the creeds from wick to pick
how can I tell wick one to chose?

Or upon which my faith to stick,
This is a game one shouldn't loose!

Now Kipling sez that should we fall,
Gehenna's Portal open wide.

Aw, he's just kidding us, that's all.

Hmm, I don't feel so good inside.

Mohamet sez that when we bow
And tread down to the many-names,
Lilith is there to stroke our brow
And feed us to the licking flames!

The greatest show of all is here,
Just step right up, Gents and Ladies.
A one-way ticket, paid with beer,
Takes you to the Land of Hades.

Now when our time has come to roll,
Will we descend to ring the bell
Of the bottomless pit of Sheol
Or the Urdeutsch — Frozen Gates of Hell?

To live a jolly life is fun,
I pay the preacher to be worried.
Perhaps I'll wish I'd made no pun
When it is me who's being buried!

BALLAD OF THE SPACEMAN'S WOE (The Star Hopper's Sad Sack)

You'll never know what you can do
Until you crack that sky of blue
And feel the dark space 'wash of you
You'll never, never know.

And in that vast sidereal sweep
Your old star-bucket's cosmic creep
Will take you to strange worlds and reap
The commerce that they grow.

Of iron and ore there is no dearth
Or metals all for what they're worth
To build fleets for Imperial Earth
The giant ships a'row.

And if there should be anyone
From Pluto's rim to farthest sun
Who doesn't like what we have done
They know where they can blow.

For Earth's Galactic Empire knows
No combination of her foes
Who could our great Grand Fleets oppose
Out in the ether flow.

* * * * *

A spaceman's life is hard indeed
Without there ever being need
For war with any alien breed
To give the spaceman woe.

There was a time when we were told
The new trans-stellar drive would hold
A warp in space that we could fold
From here to there, like so.

And then what did those Brass Hats do?
They said, "That's just the thing for you
And on these ships your jolly crew
Can sail forever!" Oh.

And that's the reason why, you see,
No farthest nook of space is free
From our inquiring scrutiny
Above or down below

But I would rather take my tuck
Aboard a creaking freighter truck
Than try a Flying Dutchman's luck,
Oh moan the spaceman's woe.

On Ganymede I met a chick
Built like a certain house of brick,
'Twas then I said, 'Right here I'll stick
And never, never go.'

And right there I sat up my shack
And would have stayed until the crack
Of Doom, but I was shanghaied back
Oh, hear a sailor's woe.

Oh, bend an elbow, lend an ear
And gather round so all may hear
The story of a life so drear
Oh hear the spaceman's woe.

A thousand years are but a day
Asleep aboard the "Cosmic Ray"
And so we snooze our years away
Such is the spaceman's woe.

And if we die out in the deep
There's none to wail and none to weep
Our bones are in dry space to keep
Oh hear our tale of woe.

Or if we've been too long in space
We foul our jets and then they place
Us in a ship for Earth, Prime Base,
And tie us up like so.

But after one year in the crate
We're glad to grab a sky-bound freight
To let our nerves recuperate
Oh hear the spaceman's woe.

And when our rest has just begun
The long-haul trans-galactic run
Will need replacements, everyone,
And off again we'll go.

And what will this time be our fate?
A robot brain to navigate
To make of us more meteor bait
Oh play the dirge strains slow.

Or else we'll foul on piracy
As cruel as ever on the sea
They'll hull us with incendiary
And out our air will blow.

In sagas of the spaceways old
The tale of woe is often told
About the 'A-CH-ING hero bold
In days of long ago.

Who streaked his racing comet where
The methaned moons of Jupiter
Could grab him by his shortened fur
And end him up a glow.

And that is why 'tis often told
“There's heroes old and heroes bold,
But heroes bold are never old.”
Oh drown our tale of woe.

(undated)

BALLET SOL

With streaming costume of the dance,
And slanting in as tho to lance
The precessioning worlds that creep,
Our prima donna's comet sweep
Slips the grasp of the mighty sun,
Whose armored might of gold is spun,
And leaps again far into space.
The sun is chained and gives no chase
Tho never is his love forgotten ——

Ephemeral, star-begotten!
Music of the gravitic lutes
Shape elliptical convolutes
To which pirouetting planets whirl,
And as their satellites they twirl
About them, here match their ego
To this skirling, high allegro.
Each harp of closed concentric rings
Draws from its humming, weaving strings
A cosmic rhythm; savage drums
Pound the ecliptic plane! It thrums
And molds one all-embracing whole —
A living universe! A soul!

(undated)

BITTERNESS

In Metz the German dead lie stacked
Beneath the quiet snow
Along the railroad tracks – a wracked
And grotesque iron row
Between the trees – and where the packed
Wire brambles twist and grow.

Their wooden cheeks are dark with stain
Hoarfrost has iced their hair
Their broken bodies, shrunk with pain
Claw upwards in despair –
The fortress City of Lorraine
Is guarded by their stare.

The ghouls have had their business way
Among these frozen dead
Some stripped of boots – some with their grey
Ring fingers clipped instead
And some have even been the play
Of dogs – who must be fed.

These are the vaunted “Waffen Korps”
The cold embalms so well —
God – damn their souls forevermore
And may they rot in Hell!
We wanted Peace, they wanted War
So leave them where they fell.

(1-10-45)

BLIND HORUS

Mother Medusa of the solar wind
Lion paw and lambent thigh
Love-lightning playing in your hair
Has blinded me, and I am thine.

Mother Medusa, lion cubs
Come tumbling through your amber dream.
I hear you purr with a throat of iron
And your growl in the slap of thunder.

(2-19-72)

BREAKTHROUGH

We saw them coming high, that dawn,
 Their silver wings aflame
With morning sunlight, driving on,
 In endless streams they came —
They filled all heaven with the spawn
 Of dragon-seed and fame.
Beyond the hard-won beach, their sound,
 Beyond St. Mere Eglise
They opened bomb-bays over ‘Trond
 Then spilled their cargo free —
Concussion rolled and rocked the ground
 From St. Lo to the sea.
The sky fell in that summer’s day
 On friend as well as foe
And good men died to pry a way
 For tanks, who stole the show —

Smashing hard on a line-drive play
That broke us through St. Lo.

(6-11-45)

CHANGELING

It is cold within the nether skies;
Yet I flow thru the darkness streaming
Down to where, in stupor dreaming,
Lies a child-bed woman screaming
As her labor bursts her thighs.

There is blood and pain and — there it lies!
With a frightened passion churning
In my soulless body burning
Vortex of unholy yearning
Gaze I on the sightless eyes.

Then, just ere the infant's natal cries
Ring out into the still, black morning
With its fright and lethal warning,
Time and space of matter scorning
Sheath I in this new disguise!

Thus it is that none of Fairey ever dies.
Tho the sacrament be spoken
With the eucharist for token
It is so they may be broken
By the art the elfin plies.

(9-13-41)

CHOW HOUND SERENADE

Morning, noon and night you'll find
One place the Mason Men don't mind
To gather and to do their share,
As chow-hounds they have no compare,
In taking sustenance and vim.
There is no place or food for him
Who would be dainty with his mess,
From which it's not so hard to guess
Why we do say and advocate
This motto for the "Cup & Plate",
"When using forks we do insist
You must not spike above the wrist!"

(undated)

CONVOY ROLLING

Along the winding city street
The dusty convoys roll,
Across the downs a laden fleet
Is roaring to its goal —
We're hauling bombs that will defeat
The Boche — we take our toll.

The boys who wheel bomb laden trucks
Through blinding English fog
Or claw their way in six wheel drive
Across the Burma bog
With nothing for protection
From the strafing bombers dive
Are just as much our heroes
As the boys who lead the drive.

Have we ever tasted battle?

Do we lose our share of men?

Our dead line Stuka Valley

On the road to Kasserine!

Do we stop for mud or mountain?

Do we need the Engineers?

We build our road and flat-top

Where there are no Hairy Ears!

What if the map is hopeless

And the fog as grey as slate?

We roll those trucks on schedule

For the Bomber Boys can't wait!

It takes more than being reckless —

It takes more than gift of gab —

When there's five ton of explosive

Riding right behind the cab

And that box of fuses sitting

Right beside you on the seat —

But "Operations" doesn't give

Its medals to this fleet!

So we do our job in silence

Giving service to the line —

We roll by day, we roll by night

We roll come rain or shine —

And when the road's a target?

Rack 'er back and let 'er buck!

Through hell and high explosive

Rolls the Quartermaster Truck!

Then when we're through to "Bomber"
We can stop and take a rest —
Behind the wheel as like as not
May "Operations" be — unblessed!

And we dream of trucker's heaven
Where the wheeling convoys roll
On paving blocks of marble ——
Where there is no mud or toll

Where the Jerry planes are never
And the highway's broad and straight ——
Just dynamite that throttle
And we'll highball through that gate!

Till we 'wake to hit the trailway
And shuttle back for more,
Ours is a job that's never done;
Until the war is o'er
We're in there rolling with the punch —
The Quatermaster Corps!

(4-6-44)

CREED OF THE COMMANDO

I am the Commando
I have neither Father, nor Mother
Nor Sister, nor Brother
I was born to kill ——
And death is my destiny – for I am expendable

(litany)

We are the varied Legions of the Doomed
By shadow light of night we storm the shore

And break, to spume the beach with bloody gore
Against the emplaced cannon – and the roar
Of strafing aircraft sluicing down the loomed
Embroidered tracteries of flaming shell –
Whose cry the monstrous bat of nether hell
Would answer as the mating call – and dwell
Among the new cut dead not yet entombed.

I am the Commando
My Father burned in lakes of flaming oil
Blown from a tankers' crushed, torpedoed bowels
I was born to kill ——
And death is my destiny, for I am expendable

(litany)

We are the varied Legions of the Damned
Out of the night our barges loom and spill
The implements of war — the shadows kill
With lightening stab — then fade into the still
Black dawn that rings the Fortress — and the jammed
Troop-transport planes have sown their deadly capes
While bombers dive — with slitted mouth that gapes
To drip its poison on the beast who apes
The upright form of Man — We are the damned.

I am the Commando
My Mother's bruised and mangled body bore
The mute and silent testament of rape
I was born to kill ——
And death is my destiny — for I am expendable

(litany)

We are the varied legions of the Doomed
By shadow light, etc.

I am the Commando
My Sister's body lies in bloody shreds
Where bombs have torn it limb from shattered limb
I was born to kill ——
And death is my destiny — for I am expendable

(litany)

We are the varied Legions of the Damned
Out of the night, etc.

I am the Commando
In some mass grave my only Brother keeps good
company
With those long crucified upon the Iron Cross
I was born to kill ——
And death is my destiny – for I am expendable

(litany)

We are the varied Legions of the Doomed
By shadow light, etc.

I am the Commando
I have neither Father, nor Mother
Nor Sister, nor Brother
I was born to kill ——
And death is my destiny – for I am expendable

Amen (chorus)

(5-23-43)

CYCLOPS

Into a bowl of deepest night it peers
And probes the utmost reaches of the vast

Eternal marches of the suns — to cast
With esoteric glyphs the path of years.

Steel forg'd prongs grip fast the adamant,
And jumbled crags of charred obsidian
Strew close the base where — twined ophidian —
The space washed girders gleam and twist aslant.

And to this rock — this death-bound airless world —
It seems the tomb of Gods whose questioned Why
Has stripped them of their lone divinity

Come strange marked men who seek a knowledge furred
In deeper space — who train this monstrous eye
To gaze forever. On infinity.

(6-5-42)

Grady's Poetry D – M

DANCE OF THE GARGOYLE

Elemental – spirit flame –
Splay of snout and horny hoofed.
Deadly as a tiger lame
Bronze of claw and palate roofed.

Black as pigment night the hue
Of scaly hide, ocher eyes
Stir the cauldron – churn and strew
Smoke across the boiling skies.

And upon its wivern head
Hideous beyond compare –
Wattled monster of the hood –

Vanity with heavy tread
Stamps a livid imprint there –
“This is beauty, this is good.”

(9-17-42)

DEA

The leeching vacuum of hard space
Has sucked my tissues dry
And left a little pile of dust
Beneath the Gothic sky.

Mother Goddess, Queen of Space
Virgin of the Caverned Deep
Crone of Dark Death, Maiden bright
Magnet of Thy Star-son's leap

Thy longing pulls all worlds to Thee
Upon the dark Space Sea.
Intoxicated on our Blood
Thy Soul sings fittingly.

Mother Goddess, Queen of Space
Virgin of the Caverned Deep
Crone of Dark Death, Maiden bright
Magnet of Thy Star-son's leap

Thy Spirit of stability
Moves on the altered Dark;
The Blood Thy Saints have bled for Thee
Spills from Thy grail-fire Ark.

Mother Goddess, Queen of Space
Virgin of the Caverned Deep
Crone of Dark Death, Maiden bright
Magnet of Thy Star-son's leap

Thy crescent priestess, Lunar Star,
Has met me on Thy path
To guide my driving, homeward thrust
And shield Thy Gorgon wrath.

Mother Goddess, Queen of Space
Virgin of the Caverned Deep
Crone of Dark Death, Maiden bright
Magnet of Thy Star-son's leap

Thy Beauty, drunken on our Blood
And pregnant with our Death,
Casts forth our soul-fire, born again,
As Stars before Thy breath.

Mother Goddess, Queen of Space
Virgin of the Caverned Deep
Crone of Dark Death, Maiden bright
Magnet of Thy Star-son's leap

(4-4-62)

DEUS EX MACHINA

So has it come to this
The Hour of Peril
When Armageddon roils the storm of war
And kilted Mars bestrides a crumbling world
Of armor plated dragons belching flame
Of slant winged harpies sharding through a haze
Of incandescent fury
And of monstrous eggs
Ovum of a world gone mad with fear
And rationed thought

Such is the fate of gadget minded man
Who placed his faith in mechanistic thought
And sought no higher good than pleasure-pain
That now he finds his logic's fatal flaw
In skew-wise reason

And his need for love
Is smothered in the coils of The Machine
Upon whose altar lies his liliated soul
Till Moloch's triggered fingers arc the arms
That feed the flames

3-11-52

DREAM OF THE GHOUL

Ah, dear one, your fair face alight
With such joy is a blessed sight
As we embrace among the crypts
Through which the sluggish water drips;
Slowly it finds saturation
From bodies merged with hydration.
Lie reposed upon this lid, dear,
It is so long since you were near.
My stiff fingers would undress you,
My worm-eaten arms caress you
And in this dark my ghastly lips
Mash down upon the flesh-pink tips
Of your firm, yet soft yielding breast
That surges like an ocean crest.
Our love is stronger than the grave
For to my corpse a life it gave
To drag it back from out the slime
And now I live beyond my time;
Live? Undead is the better word;
My blood is whey, my brain a curd
And still the melting flesh flows down
From out the mattered hairline crown
As off my softened bones now slips
The feral flesh. The grave worm sips
And wriggles in this charnel slush
Of a corruption that is mush.
My rot-filled hair will yet grow out,
Each mud scaled string a grisly sprout
And from my dripping nostrils run
A filth that drives mad anyone.

But you, my love, have no such doom;
You were mad e'er you burst my tomb!

9-14-40

EGO

I, Star, swing out the perihelions of my round.
A million streamered tendrils coruscate and bound
Into the sky, they would escape, but no, I hold
Them yet more firmly, crush them, back into the fold
They slump with laggard bodies, yet their writhing souls
Strain out. While, fear lapped eyes are rolled in knotted boles
Away. Ha. Come to me my little ones, I play.

12-4-41

ELD

It is told in sagas and songs of old
That strange men dwelled on the world's high roof
And held strange commerce with gods aloof
When our Earth was young – and before the Cold.

And the stories tell of a fairey gold
That was bartered for garments of elfin woof,
For sequined jewels – but here is no proof –
So who is to know if the truth were told?

The dream worlds touch on those years of our eld
And hearty dreamers may voyage at will —
Through lands the waking have never beheld

They storm with their thunder winged steeds uphill
Up valley and mountain and icy ledge
Spearheading the sky-winds – over the Edge.

3-11-45

ELUSIAN

The Old Gods die not in their age
Yet curls the clinging vine
Pure Eros spins the subtle cage
The limbs of Kali twine
Brute Thor still plies the firmament
The corn of Attis sways
With jubilation and merriment
The Bacchic revel brays
Grim Pluto stalks the nether spheres
Pan pipes along the rill
Plump Juno scores the spinning years
Sophia lives her will

In bloody sacrifice the ranks
Of human kind are hurled
The Field of Mars by Tiber's banks
Has covered well the world.

2-2-42

END RUN

Load 'em up, lads, and break the camp
We're throwing the bomb dumps forward again
For Patton's Armor is off the map
And the winged sky-cavalry riding his flank

Has need of a rest.
So we are off at the dawn in a drizzling rain
And we're wheeling east, though we're going north,
For over there on our left, just beyond Falaise,
The whole damn German Seventh Army
Is being annihilated.
We have them behind the eight-ball
And in the side pocket.
But not without its cost to us
For here and there along the route
Are the remains of our gallant little Sherman tanks
Who have taken the brunt of the German Tigers
And are now clustered among the green trees.
Their burned out turrets have turned a bright orange-red
From the oxidizing rain;
A color scheme that is not appreciated
By the discerning observer.
Then out of the rain and into the clear
And we are wheeling north for hours on end
Until we begin to find Frenchmen lining the road
Yelling "Paree libres, Paree libres."
Yes, Paris is liberated.
So the Mademoiselles start throwing flowers at us,
And the little French kids throw anything they have.
Have you ever tried to catch a ripe tomato
At thirty miles an hour?
Then don't.
But Paris! Ah, Paris ...
And this would be the best of all possible times
For an American soldier
To be in Paris!

But we have a slight matter of a war to win
And a job to do
So we stop at Chartres instead.
Chartres, city of the cathedral of Chartres,
Cathedral of the Tower of Chartres,
Said to be the most beautiful in the world!
But not half as interesting at the moment

As setting up this bomb-dump
On an abandoned Luftwaffe field
Rich with mines.
So we are off on the high-way and into the fields
Where you are bounced from the truck
To land on your heels,
And your helmet's off in the mud.
So?
You wipe the crud off with the back of your hand
And put the bucket back on your head, of course.
What-the-hell else can you do?
We find a shack to sleep for the night,
For the rain has started again,
“Unload those trucks” for a long haul back
But how do we dump the bombs, without a crane,
Which we left back in Normandie
To load out the rest of the dump?
Oh, it is really very simple, once you know how.
“A soldier in the field must find his own expedient”
It says here,
In The Book.
You know, the Ordnance Field Manual.
Well, Aberdeen would go crazy if they saw this;
Wrestling them off by hand,

Five hundred pounds of high explosive and pig iron
Dropping fifteen feet from the top of a prime mover
And thudding into the mud with a shock
That jolts the back of your teeth.
If there is just one defective bomb in the whole lot,
Just one little precipitate of nitrogen against the iron
To make something deadly like a ferrous-nitrate
(Like the one that blew low-order
Back at Strip Three, on the Beach),
Then you, and your crew, and the whole damn countryside,
Not to mention that new six ton truck,
Would disintegrate in one heaven shaking blast of thunder.
But nothing happens,
Not this time, anyway.
So you see the convoy off
And post your guards, just in case,
And bed down in a shack with a leaking roof
And forget about it.

2-17-46

ENTITY

Tenuous it wells and spreads far out across the sleeted sky
A shapeless bulk against the suns which, immersed, within it lie
And glow a dull red angry hue, convulsed they wave with life aware
Arched tendrils of the galaxies; sentient, they curl and stare
Into the closely crowding gloom, taut filaments of pearl strung light
Stand stiff from where a bursting sun collapsed beneath the crushing might
Of this vast sprawling entity, spawn of the darkness, spherical
Or cubic relativity, a mindless thought, a miracle.

Into a finite consciousness there threads a thought of Being,
Intelligence is wrought to life within a mammal; seeing
With clumsy organs blind to all but one prismatic cord
Yet in that spectrum reveling to rob it of its hoard
Of orange, yellow, green, and gold, amethystine and blue,
Each sharp distinction rivaled by some subtle shade or hue
In the glory of the morning, at the brazen gong of noon
Or the swirling dusk of evening lapping at a sated moon.

Some wonder why it clings to earth, to live and live again
To taste with the ephemeral their joy and hate and pain
Why one who could destroy or build a universe should live
Within the confines of a man, what has that man to give?
That man has sight and taste and smell and touch to guide him by
And he can hear a thousand sounds, some beautiful, some wry.
For though his senses may be fogged and though his mind be dim
Each process of perception forms a thought distinct to him.

To one who broods within the void and is to all receptive;
A planet with encrusted life is but a pawn; perceptive,
Attuned to an infinity of graded radiation
Produces an intelligence that knows but one sensation
A color, it would be white to us, an unbearable glare
It has no shield, there is no help, it can only cringe and stare
Into the fire; or thrust itself into the mind of you or I
Escaping from the bitter cold, the blinding snow fields of the sky.

(undated)

ENTROPY

Far out beyond our lace of bars
Among the sprinkled world of stars

We find, at their swift play, the knaves,
The gossipers, the spectrum waves
That leap from out the fiery hearts
Of countless of the starry darts
That stud the blackened blank of space.
Humming joyfully in its race
This willful, gay precocious light
Will have its sway in bursting flight
Until vibrations dance is slowed
The star-dust of the suns
Is sowed.

Lashing out on its flashing wings
Around the universe it swings
For shy light is the fleeing prey
Of every swaggering cosmic ray
That struts along the aisles of space
And brags of this far distant place
Or, floating in the void close by
A blazing sun that brights the sky.
For by a random chance it sprang
From out a nova's bursting pang
Then lanced out through our galaxy
And on and on
Infinity.

With streaming, rainbowed plume aloft
It charges out in brave assault
To scatter wide on cosmic dust
From violet to the red of rust
And only then, with driving spent
Can it find quiet or content
From white searing heat, spreading rife,

This is the ultimate of life!
Of power, flooding from its source
To dissipate its heaving force
Throughout the limbo of the night
That shrouds and swallows
Eager light.

The rip tides of eternity
Pulse slowly in maturity
As, when unto death relinquished
The last faint fires are extinguished
And glowing radiation pale
Comes sifting down the spectrum scale.
The time clocks of the suns are slowed
And all the hall where once they glowed
Is now a vaulted, hollow husk
Where light has played from Dawn to Dusk
When on this feral cosmic sea
Triumphs the final
Entropy.

(undated)

EZEKIAL'S BESTIARY

The Seven Headed Beast has won
The Woman Clothed With The Sun
The Beast comes from the Conscious Sea
The Beast walks in eternity
Each Sign-Change must be served its Beast
As sacrifice, and royal yeast

The Lion and the Lamb shall share
The innocence of Beastly lair
The Eagle tears the Taurian sky
Androcles leads the Lion by
A Beast is beastly without sin
In Eden Beastly men begin
The Serpent is a Beastly tree
In His Edenic purity
And forests of the Trees of Heaven
Burn with Thy Star, Unstable Seven!
8-31-61

FORT MASON

The guns are gone. The casements stand
Gaunt and impotent; where the sand
Dunes of another day have lain
Green parks arise and funneled rain
Sprays fountain-wise across the lawn.
The rolling years of Time have drawn
Another picture on the page
That is Fort Mason's shifting stage.
Behind the drapes the props are changed,
Within the wings the actors ranged
By rank are not the same as when
Black Point stood guard against the Men-
o-War of other nations' fleets.
Headquarters' buildings, well paved streets;
Administration of supplies
Now reigns supreme and occupies

The personnel, and in command
A General Officer whose hand
Guides and directs the flowing streams
Of goods and merchandise and reams
Into the ships and holds their course
Far out to where the Nation's force
Of arms is gathered, there to build
Our ramparts strong. They must be filled
With fighting men and guns and planes
Prepared against the day when rains
Of bombs and shells sluice down the sky.
There must be food, there must be high
Test gasoline to throw fast
Dread fighter craft above the cast
Of stalking bombers. All of these
Depend on the abilities
Of officers and men who man
Fort Mason's port. Within the plan
America has for defense
We play a vital part, though since
The days of yore our guns are gone
Another day has seen the dawn
When wars are won by those who ply
The life-blood of our arms—Supply!

9-4-41

Definition: GODDESS

Gravity

Cavity

4-11-62

GODHEAD

All day we two had wandered in the hills
And, wind-blown, sat ourselves at last to rest.
Within your hair the poppy bloom I wove
Then by your side stretched out upon the grass
And closed my eyes; but you would savor now
Each shifting scene that comes at close of day—
You speak the ecstasy of living flesh
And that to be alive upon the Earth
Is miracle enough – why search the cause.
But I
I saw not fields of green and flowers there
Nor woods beyond that shimmered in the glow
Of sunset hyperboreal, nor heard
The pleasant breeze caress our wearied feet.
I only know
As one enthralled in chains of levined fire
An emptiness that spread its hollow cloak
Across the gulfs of space, where atoms swirl
Close-latticed in the slag of stars that were.
The wind I felt caressed no mortal brow
But streamed athwart the face of one who stood
Implacable as Death, the chaos stormed
On cyclone wings that roiled the ordered spheres
To twisting vortices – before mine eyes
Volcanic geysers thundered as the suns
Exploded in the duress of the wrack
And I
I stood four-square that roaring blast

Looked steadfast down the bronzen maw of Hell——
and laughed.

5-18-42

HAIKU

Smoky the Bear contemplating
Sounds of tourists departing:
A pile of tin cans in a high wind.

(undated)

HER LOVELY HAIR

I walked the dog in the woods today
And he consecrated the trees
We watched the bounding squirrels at play,
Crunched the snow in the rustling lees,
And echoed his joyous, belling bay
Down the hollow eternities.

Existential monad swaying
Star imago, molten attire
Lepidoptera unfolding
Metamorphosis, Angel fire

I walked the woods of the world today
The wood of the Ruined Towers
Where night-side trees in their Panic sway
To a lyre of lethal powers
I saw my skull in the disarray
Of Her gorgon-serpent flowers

Diana Archer, Maid of Light
Slayer of the Dragon-Tree
Thy Beauty's Beast, Thy Serpent Priest
Burst my head, and set me free

Her Arrow coursed the bright sea sands
And found me in my lair:
The universe came apart in my hands
And I pray-said Her lovely hair.

1-12-62

I, REBEL

Ho – rebel – you
There in the darkness
What have you seen? What weird
Infernal gorgon nyctolopic holds
Your trance-like gaze in awestruck wonder set?
What liche – or vicious larvae lethal have you found
That snares your thoughts in mesh-like plexus bound?

O fool – thou
There upon the precipice you stand
Slobbering and gibbering at the moon – know this truth
There is a universe – and there is a not universe
A seen – and an unseen
A Thing – and a no Thing
A Being – and that which is a beyond Being
A Chaos – and a Cosmos
A That-Which-Is – and a That-Which-Is-Not
You are
I am not.

9-7-43

IDENTIFICATION to be used in my own ritual

I am the Hymenaeus Alpha

My number is 777

I am the Bridge that is Between the Worlds

I am the Watchtowers of the Universe
that light the Way

On the shores of the Abyss of Night.

I am as Cold as a Cave of Ice

And as Dry as a Candle

I take the Work

The task I dare

As I enflame myself with prayer

The Bull that lows

The Lion's roar

Are for the Saints

Who go before

The Eagle's scream

The Serpent's hiss

Are for the Babe

In the Abyss

I am the King

The King must die

That He might live

Beyond the "I"

My Heart's life blood

I offer up

To Babalon

To fill her Cup

I give my Life
I give my Art
I hold not back
One speck of dust

I give my _____
I give my all
I am the Grail Knight,
Parzival!

(undated)

IN SEPTEMBER

The rains come down – the chalk grey mud of Gaul
Is foamed beneath the slash of treading tanks
And soldiers curse.

I used to like the Fall
And will again, I hope, stand on the banks
Of flooding streams made rich with Autumn rain,
A seasoned briar clenched between my teeth,
And breathe the stinging frost wind.

Once again
Stride down the tree laned byways where the heath
Has mingled scent of sage with fern and pine
To savor there the breath of growing things
Distilled in ice-chill silence.

This is mine!
This time of year when airborne ice makes rings
Around the Bacchic moon – when sun and tree
Thrall the wooded land with Summer's ember.

When these campaigns are but a memory
And I am home again. In September.

9-30-44

JERICHO

Phantom walls and phantom halls

The universe exploding

Desiccation in the soul

A phantom wind eroding

Imago and Jericho

Our tiger blood is urgent

Son of Midnight and the Sun

A winged splendor emergent

(10-16-61)

Ram's horn and Unicorn

The star-track waves are twinkling

Disassociated sense

A sieving Siva's inkling

(10-20-61)

METROGNOME *

Once, when traveling, I came

Upon a shrine of primal shame

Now desolate and lost in sump;

Sitting me upon the stump

Of the tree of life I thought

Back upon the knowledge sought

By Eve, when she was in her prime,

Slither tracks across the slime

March by a bore, the earthworm's door,
Where lay a molding apple core.

Humming faintly to a rune,
Some call it dun, some call it dune,
While munching steaks of Devon shark
I chipped the log of Noah's Ark
Until I came to where it said
"I wish that I had never read
Those books that Daddy used to keep
Well locked within the ocean deep."
By which I knew, it must be true,
The hair of Davy Jones is blue.

Materializing where he stood
Above a pot of rancid blood
A friendly ghoulie took a seat,
And pounded it beneath his feet
To see if it would break in two;
It did, and so he found a new
One. "Good Morning," said he, "Mister,
Who was that you were with yester
Day night." On clicked my nimbus bright
And I reached out to take a bite.

Addressing half the varied throng,
I told the tale I tell; "Too long,
My Fiends," said I with much delight,
"The time has come, the time is right"
And left they marched along the shore
In search of that which went before
While aft the bow was going down
To where most things of that sort drown

Their troubles here in, “Thanks old deer,
If you are thirsty, there’s the bier.”

9-27-41

* One what keeps time, literally. — 777

MIMEOGRAFT

The NYA, with printing press,
Has left us high and dry unless
We find, and soon, another way
To make the Mason paper pay.
Sez Whitie to the Chief of Staff
Now wouldn’t it be quite a laugh
If we resort to mimeograph?

And that’s the why of what’s been done
To see the Mason paper run,
As regular as we can do
We get the paper out to you.
If only we controlled a mint
We’d spare no effort nor a stint
To see the Guard (this rag) remains in print.

Yours truly,

Sgt. Grady L. McMurtry

(undated)

MY PHOENIX OF GOLGOTHA

I looked at you and you were dead.
You lay supine, your well groomed head

Was cradeled in the cushioned bier.
I looked at you, there was no fear
Within my choked and troubled heart
For you who were of me a part
Yet knew not of the grief I bore.
The life that swirled within your core
Is gone; and what there here remains
Will follow soon beyond the pains
Of life; the ecstasy we knew
Within the love life of we two

Is also gone, and yet, my Life,
My sweet, my lovely teasing wife
You lie and are to me as real
As when your hard pressed body's feel
Returned my yearning, hot desire
With your own joyous, fervent fire.
Your comely body I adored
And that was why I sought to hoard
Your beauty to myself alone
At first, and then you were my own
I knew and jealousy was gone;
Of hate I was no more a pawn
But gloried when men turned to see
That which I hold so close to me.

And now you're dead, and I am hurt;
I feed you to the senseless dirt.
Yet even as I know this thought
The tendrils of my soul are caught
To whip and writhe within a tone;
An essence that within you shone
Extends its light, caressing kiss

Across the ageless, black abyss.
The Tree of Life from which we grew
Reveals its heart to us, as you
Your love and benediction give;
Within my heart, again you live!
(undated)

Grady's Poetry N – P

NADIR

I have stood upon the battlements
Of ebon stone, and jet
Black light has bathed my body
With the force it can beget.
The Brothers of the Shadow
In the gloom that never fades
Have welcomed me to keeps that guard
The gulf thrown palisades.
I have stood in their cathedrals
And the hymns of hate I've sung.
I have heard the Mass of Mendes
Chaunted by a slitted tongue.
I have taught the works of blasphemy
With Succubi I've lain
By necromancy I have raised
The phantoms of the slain.
My steed has been the basilisk
My armor was a spell
By sorcery I could command
The fiery gods of Hell.
In monasteries of the Night
I've worn the hooded gown
With monks who crucify The Toad.
Where endless stairs go down
To the stagnant wells of shadow
Where the Four Great Princes stand.

I am alone. I am alone!
Dead. In a charnel land.

9-28-41

NOAH

Plasma grail-fire
Sailor stoa
Queen of Heaven, Maid of Longing
Royal ale-pyre
Brother Noah
Ark of Neptune, Child belonging
Frigidity?
Rigidity
Luminous?
Numinous
Demonic?
Mnemonic
Crucible?
Deucible
Acrostic?
Al Gnostic!

4-11-62

NOAH'S ARC

The demon headed Gods of Space
Come down on wings of fire.

Diana, Goddess of the Chase,
Has strung Her deadly lyre.

The Hierophant will, golden face
And hieroglyph, inspire.

Moon of Midnight

Moon of Space

Moon of many an Alien Race

Moon of Insight

Moon of Seeing

Moon of many an Alien Being

The Gods of Outer Space have met

The Demons of the Soul;

Great bug eyed monsters of The Get

With Devil and with Troll.

The Angel spreads vast wings of jet:

The Night Mere is in foal.

Moon of Midnight

Moon of Space

Moon of many an Alien Race

Moon of Insight

Moon of Seeing

Moon of many an Alien Being

8-27-61

NORMANDIE IN JUNE

There is a pestilence abroad upon the land

There is a plague — it is the plague of War

And it leaves a foulness upon the air —

It is the sickly sweet corruption of

the unattended dead

The dusty smell of charcoal in

the cannon rubble streets
And there are those who live in this pestilence
And those who go forward to die in it.
And they have known strange things — these men
Things filthy — and foul — and corrupt.
And they have known things beautiful — these men
Things clean — and courageous — and magnificent.
And they have strange memories — — —
The acid taste of champagne in
a metal canteen cup
The lonely graves of soldiers by
the ever teeming roads
The tragedy of gliders wrapped
about the stumps of trees
And bullet riddled parachutes
that flutter in the breeze
Dead tankers in burned chariots
who look like slaughtered sheep.
Dead Germans — and dead cattle — and
the guns that shatter sleep
This is the pestilence — this is the plague
And this is Normandie — in June.

10-18-44

NOTES ON A CITY (damn near any city)

Along the street the eddy whirls
With frowsy dames and sloppy girls
And somber men and blazon boys
Who stomp or trot; and it annoys (Period)

The crusty shops that cringe at sight
And droop beside each other, quiet
As tho their misery alone
Would be too much; they would atone.

My reason tells me that it must
Be true; the thoughtless crowds, the dust
The grimy walks, the littered streets,
The facades pass for scrawny teats.

And yet I know it can not be
There is no grass, there is no tree
But only sound that rolls and beats
And sanctioned murder in the streets.

While in his nest each merchant waits
As patiently his net he baits
And views his neighbor with contempt
Tho finding he is not exempt

From hatreds that swell from the needs
Of human want, within the seeds
Of laissez faire there are the germs
That hold decay and then the worms

Of avarice and greed and hate
Sprout forth, they bore, they eat, they sate
Their hunger on the scabs of men;
I sit and watch. I sit and grin.

2-11-41

NOW I KNOW

I read the lines of prophecy
And spoke the runic writ,

The red Go'e tia gave to me
The number of the Pit;
So on the brazen door I knocked
Before I could discern,
"I go to put my horns in hock,
Please wait 'till I return."
Now me, I am a patient lad,
Nor do I mind to wait
And so I sit me on a pad
Before the postern gate,
But cramped asana causes thought
And soon I had reflected
A tiger skin's more cheaply bought
Than devil hide collected.
So thinking thus I took to wing
And lit upon a rafter
Which would have been just dandy but
He sent somebody after ———

12-7-41

OBLIVION

Oh sweet, adultrous harlot of the skies
I yearn to thee with heart of burning fire
And pray that I might lie between thy thighs
To find in one mad, all consuming quire
The passion promised in thy tender eyes.

That I might find, oh sweet, incestuous one
The flame uniting heart to soul and mind
And having found this love of two and none

Cast off the shell that maketh mankind blind
Unto the glory of the dawning sun.

And having found my rapture in thy kiss
Of daughter of the evening's purple charms
To know the beauty, and the carnal bliss
Of total dissolution in thine arms
My Babalon. Veiled by the dread abyss.

12-4-43

“Oh melancholy brothers
Dark — dark — dark —“
Death is the way of thy birth,
Pain is the curse of thy mirth,
Sweet is the kiss of the earth.

OCTOBER BRIDGE

Flaming Year Ghost, Ghost of Flame
You whose vision comes unbidden;
Sacred seeker, seeker lame
Voyeur in Her vast star-midden.
(Virgin Goddess, Bright Star Maiden)

Enigmatic Tetrahedral
Esoteric bridge of longing
Numinous, in Her cathedral,
Cryptic star-track, Angel thronging.

Dance, Star Maiden, dancing cry
(Shakti Devi, Goddess Viti)
Dance the deer back; deadly dye

Autumn frosted, sad the City.
(Virgin Goddess, Bright Star Maiden)

Enigmatic Tetrahedral
Esoteric bridge of longing
Numinous, in Her cathedral,
Cryptic star-track, Angel thronging.

10-31 & 11-1-61

OF EMERALD EARTH

As space-borne fleets of Viking mariners
Swing round a world impregnable
To jettison each a cargo
Bomb shattering, irresistible

And space-marines with visored helms
Drop through the black
Of night, with strife that overwhelms
Upon the atom shattered wrack
Of worlds at war

So seetee sharded Adonis
Mills round an elder, wiser Sun
While astroids from her scattered hulk
Rust on the flame-scored plains of Mars

Now must we mark that cosmic war
When god-men stormed the Titan host
With atom fire —

Lest darkness fall
And Night engulf the Citadel
Of Emerald Earth

5-25-49

OUTBOUND

Knocking, glancing, looping, swirling,
Bound together in this whirling,
Rolling swarm of outbound cinders,
Slag of the void, cold embers
That have known the crushing heat
Of some stars guts' pulsing beat
And then into deep space were spawned.
Their parent dead there is no bond
To bind them, nomads they become
Stray homeless stardust on the bum;
Weaving out through galaxies,
Plunging where their fancies please
'Till tiring of this endless tour
They find there is a yearning lure
In black starless Infinity;
An urge that will not let them be.
So beyond the last outposted
Sun they long ago have coasted.
What lies beyond? Who knows? Who cares?
This is a jolly gang who dares
The limits of the timeless shore
On which they'll drift forevermore.

(undated)

OUTWARD BOUND!

We live in glory, outward bound!
Bound for the stars' immensity.
We soar above the Earth so round
On jets of flaming tensity.
In atmosphere,
Celestial sphere,
Or deepest stellar ocean,
We'll stride the skyways on the blast
Of nuclear implosion.

Our ranging cruisers ride the wind
Of space's dark umbration.
We loft them high, there to defend
Our homes and Freedom's Nation.

On guard we stand
Above our land
To guide our missile's motion,
And pledge our honor to the last
Full measure of devotion.

11-5-51

PAGEANT

Have you ever stood at sunset
Near the portals of the Bay
While the fog-horns sound their evening
Memnons to the closing day?

Have you ever seen the pageant
That a battle fleet can show
Standing out into the ocean
With her signal flags ablowl

As each muscled floating fortress
Sliding thru the channeled strait
Rides beneath the scimitered guardian,
The Colossus of the gate?

Amazons, in cold grey armor
Cavalcading to the West;

At their heels the swift destroyers

Plunge rollicking to the quest;

Amazons, with colors streaming
From each latticed battle crest

While her catapulting falcons

Swirl above the roving nest;

Amazons, with cradeled lances
Held athwart each mighty chest;

Once again they are crusading

Keel on keel they pour cascading,

Down the sea lanes they're parading

Cavalcading to the West.

(undated)

PANGENETOR

Ho! let there be rejoicing for I, Pan,
Am come to bid ye welcome to my shrine.
Bid trumpets flourish. Let my joy be thine
For by the beard of Zeus and Neptune's trine
I've waited long enough. Let him who can
Gainsay me. Come! the festal table creaks
With slabs of slaughtered ox and tender lamb
While from porcine herds we have sweet ham

To woo the taste of gluttony. And ram
Horn mugs awash with mead. Oho, who speaks?
Well, by my rough and hairy soul, of course!
For each fair maiden here's a dainty paste
And age'd wine to suit the fickle taste.
Fall to! m'lads, or would you have me waste
This festive hour in talking? Here's the source
Of all good things of life – so take your fill.
I'll have no pampered darlings at my feast,
You'll drink your liquor like a man, at least,
And eat your share of roasted beef – that beast
Of succulent refreshment. Now my will
In playing host to such a famished lot
As you've turned out to be this russet day
Is work. Aye, work m'lads, the work of play!
And such sweet work indeed I wot you'll say
When you have found my pleasure. Like as not
You'll scamper off like rabbits to the fields
When I have made my meaning to appear,
But first a word. Now gather 'round me near,
Move! the lads sit there, the fairest damsels here.
Oho! I jest. But Pan must joke – it shields
A tender heart. I love you all in sooth
For are you not my children? I would make
No difference between you for 'twould take
The joy of living from your eyes, and shake
Your faith in me, your parent. Now the truth
In this, my idle jesting, is that you
Have come to manhood – and must therefore know

What ordeals lie ahead. This being so
I've called you hither that I 'least might show
You guidance in this matter. Words are few
And ill express our subtle thoughts – so I
Must perforce speak to you as mind to mind.
Yet hold! I know your thought. I'm not as blind
As some would have you think me. Nor as kind
As others say. Why should I be? Why lie
About my attributions? Yet this thought
Of yours must have its answer. In the years
Gone by I've watched you grow, I've watched your fears,
Your little gods and devils – and your tears
Of childish hurt – yet slowly have I wrought
That which is best in you to finer gold.
Now heed. This mystery of mine is Truth!
No more. There is the serpent – and the tooth –
And though my shaggy thighs may seem uncouth
To those who know me not I have been told
They serve their purpose well – and, aye, they do!
But that is idle chatter. Now you ask,
“If this is Truth then why this lying mask?”
“If we have passed the ordeals, why the task?”
And I will give you answer. This is you.
Your life, your love, your will, your fate, not mine.
Though you be part of me you are alone
And individual. Your flesh and bone
Are fashioned from the earth. These facts are known
So let it be. Curse not those gods of thine

Cast in your imagery, nor veil the shrine
Of your incarnate bodies. They are pure.
Keep them so. Exercise is good. Endure
The discipline of hardship. Thus insure
Complete control of action. By this sign

You'll know you're fit for living – not before.
As for your birthdate. At the Equinox
Of Gods the word that mystically unlocks
My donjon keep was given. By the hocks
Of Chiron's horny hooves you will adore

Our Lady, Queen of Space, or you will fail
In this your chosen mission. This is so
Because the Aeon now at hand must show
The universe you live in. As the slow
Evolving of your concepts winds its trail

In ever upward spirals – so your soul,
Now clothed as you are – now in deep repose,
Has slowly come to understand the Rose,
The Cross, the Lux, the Tree that grows
Around the world. The task was hard. The Toll

Was terrible, but just. For only thus
Could I be certain you were forged to last
Through toil and inquisitions' flaming mast.
The dark age of the Slain God has been passed —
Aye, it has slowly passed. But as the pus

Of ulcers slow to heal, it lingers still.
Many's the night I've walked the Wilderness
With stars for company. And 'neath the press
Of the eternal trees have made address
Unto myself and questioned whether Will,

Or Love, or Hate, or blind and callous Fate
Could sanction your imprisonment. You found
No respite in revolting. You were ground
On racks blood stain'ed by the sadist Hound
Of your created Hell – and found the gate
Of Heaven locked against you. Nor could Death
Reprieve you from your sufferings for I,
Yea, even I, had so decreed. Your cry
Was mine own aching heart, yet the reply
Came ever back the same – they have the breath
Of Life – so they must die, and live and die
And live until they come to know their place.
These are not empty clods they are a race
Ordained for destiny. Though I could trace
Intelligence in any form – yet I
Have found you best adapted to my plan.
'Tis true upon the Earth you're not unique
Yet also true that you must ever seek
The far beyond. And 'tis this perverse streak
Of yours that so intrigues Old Father Pan!
But now a pox on such philosophy.
My melancholia would go too deep
Should I recount your tales of woe, and keep
Us from our pleasant task. The dreadful sleep
Of that long night wherein iniquity
Against the self held reign has been replaced!
Arise my children and awake, nor fear,
The Aeon of the Crown'ed Child is here!
“Do what thou wilt shall be the Law.” How clear
Did Rabelais fore-see, but now make haste!

Too long I've kept you waiting with my talk
Of death and sacrifice, those words are ill,
You have no right to do aught but your Will!
Do that and nothing more and you will till
The fertile fields of ecstasy. I'll walk

A way along the brook with you, 'tis naught,
I'm stiff from sitting still so long is all
And at my age no wonder. Aye, 'tis Fall
Again. The leaves are touched with gold, the pall
Of snow filled clouds is yet to come, though fraught

With Winter's chill the bracing air is sharp,
But not too sharp – just right I always say –
The Summer's time for work, the Fall for play!
And with my vats near bursting with the spray
Of my belov'd vine we'll take the harp

Of the Aeolian winds – I'll play my pipe
And you can dance! Now off with you. Begone!
Across the fields and greensward of the lawn
Before I should forget myself and yawn
When there is someone looking. Aye, the ripe

Fruit has been gathered in, the fields are brown,
The lovely grape is pressed – and I can scratch
Myself in comfort, now that they're gone. Catch
As catch can – down the hill – match and rematch
When they spill. Not a worry, care or frown

This pleasant day. Tomorrow? Who can tell?
Not I at least. Oh, I suppose I could
But not today – there's Wine to-hand! Aye, good
Red wholesome wine, I wot. Wine of the Wood.
Wine of the World! I'll help myself. And well

I may. 'tis mine indeed. Ah, here's to health —
And may it bless them ever in their way.
And here's to life — and here's to love — and may
The light of liberty be theirs, I say.
And here's to Pan — for this, indeed, is wealth!

12-13-43

PERTURBATIONS

Frater Perdurabo, where have you gone,
Hast come a cropper of mystical brawn?
Frater Perdurabo, you've wandered afar,
Please tell us concerning the mythical star
That is of yourself and none other yet
Frater Perdurabo, why keep us in fret?
Now I say that you are a whole galaxy
With names that are numbered by systems of three,
But others are yelling that this isn't so,
We must add and subtract you with fours, in a row,
By dividing and adding and squaring the cube
We'll find you are nothing but some Irish rube,
Who with powers, dimensions, and chymical hobbs
Has taken to raising his korn for the cobs.
Some say you are Baphomet, puissant, supreme,
That you stand on your head in a dream of a dream;
Some say that you are Crowley, a man what's a man,
Who would if he could and usually can.
Some say you are known with five V's in a string
Who ordered and templed a most solemn king;
Some say you are numbered by six and six six,
You would roast the profane on a bonfire of sticks;

(All this for their own good, we no doubt suppose,
Tho across the wide land the foul stench arose);
Some say you are Buddha, with a bare pate and ghauts,
That say you sit on a tack and think ponderous thoughts;
You say you can levy a tax on the brain
Whose constant persual would rid of all pain;
Some say you are Therion, and therefore are free
Of adenoids, hay-fever, and such allergy;
Some say you are gypsy Ank Af, and construe
The scriptures you scribble to be literally true;
Nor must we forget on the Russian to count
Or how you kahn climb the Himalayan Mount.
All these and more others you are known by, it seems,
Frater Perdurbo, the spinner of dreams.

12-20-41

Grady's Poetry R – S

REGRET

I have stood upon the battlements
Of ebon stone, and jet
Black light has bathed my body
With the force it can beget.
The Brothers of the Shadow
In their sullen scapulars
Have ministered unto my wants
And healed my battle scars.
I have stood in their cathedrals
And the hymns of hate I've sung,
I have heard the Mass of Mendes
Chanted by a slitted tongue.
I have taught the works of sorcery
To students of the fane,
By necromancy I have raised
The elemental rain.
I have viewed the land of utter night
And worn the monkish gown
Of those beyond life's misty pale,
Have you ever thought ——

How far is down?

(undated)

REMEMBERED EDEN

Dark Goddess of the Inward Sky
The Star King sings; as Charioteer

He leaps forth with his hounding cry
And dashes through the lightning's sear.

Tall Chessmen stand,
The World is square,
Opposites interpenetrate;
The King and Queen,
A royal pair,
Of Black and White in stately mate.

The Yin and Yang are Asian Light;
Their white and black spin on the Wheel:
Drawn by the vacuum of Her night
All things begin; and all things heal.

Tall Chessmen stand,
The World is square,
Opposites interpenetrate;
The King and Queen,
A stately pair,
Of White and Black in royal mate.

8-22-61

RENEWAL

I must go down
In Earth's dark crown
I must go down the slope
And sink my roots
In sandy boots
My arms a leather rope
I must be drowned

In rolling ground
Enclayed in silent hope

I must descend
The curtain rend
I must go down the Cave
In bones be traced
And, venous laced,
Possess the poisoned slave
Nor sing on high
For Kings who die:
This is the cycled grave

To be at home
In graveled loam
By Our Goddess planted
Humidity
Rigidity
Pebbled eye enchanted
Redundant soil
Be where I spoil
Spiritus decanted

I must lie still
Beneath the hill
A star-born Dragon seed
And then course up
In vernal cup
Renewed in Goddess mead
And blossom proud,
A starry cloud,
Thrust on: such is Her need

Fair Goddess of the Windward Sky
Diana of the Groves
Divine Thy trees, Thy woodland frieze
Divine Thy treasure troves
In silence meet, in darkness greet
To share Thy Fish and Loaves
5-4-62

REQUIEM

We leave this earth, this earth that is our pride,
This is our worth, by death of worlds we died,
Our hopes our loves, we leave our heritage
Of faith, to you who come across the stellar bridge.
Yours is the flame, the flame of truth and light,
Above the shambles of our hopeless fight,
Grieve not that we and all our kin are gone
We lived by grace which has been long withdrawn.
You are an alien race that will abide
Within the halls that we have been denied,
Hold fast the fire, this is our requiem,
Our peace be on you now and we with them
God grant that you may know what this betide
Yours is the slow task that we have defied
Accept our hope altho we cannot guide
For who may stand when suns and worlds collide.

12-6-41

Hymn for largo of "Finlandia" re the lost race
of planet Bronson Beta

RUST

Nails, red scales

Crust on crust;

Ashes to ashes

Dust to dust.

(undated)

SABBY (Sabotage)

Always quiet, never gabby —

That's the way that Mr. Sabby

Goes about the slimy job

Of playing every sort of hob

With Uncle Sammy's ships and men,

Which is the reason why we've been

Up late at night and out all day —

To see that Sabby doesn't play.

(undated)

SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE, OR THERE'S NOTHING NEW UNDER THE MOON, EITHER

When bored by the drone of the wedlocked pair

When bromides of marriage have started to wear,

Contemplate those of the crimson affair:

"I had to see you," &, "Tonight belongs to us!"

Skewered on bliss of a dubious sort

Are all individuals moved to consort

With creatures inspiring this hackneyed retort:

"I can't fight you any longer."

Some with such wheezes have gone to the dead,
Unwitting that Liebestod lurked up ahead.
That pistols would perforate them as they said:
“This thing is bigger than both of us.”

Experimentation in matters of sin
Pales on the instant it's destined to win;
Paramours end as conformers begin:
“I don't want just this – I want you.”

Explorers are highly unlikely to hear
Novelties murmured into their ear;
Checkered with such is the checkered career:
“It's not you I'm afraid of, it's myself.”

Such liturgies standardize lovers in league
That someone will cry in the midst of intrigue
(And someone will hear in the midst of fatigue):
“You don't want me – you just want sex!”

Strait is the gate and narrow the way
Closing at last on the ranging roue' ;
Who plucks a primrose plants a cliché' :
“We're married – in the eyes of Heaven.”

The dangerous life is so swiftly prosaic
You might as well marry and live in Passaic;
It ends and begins in established mosaic:
“For God's sake be careful, or someone will hear you!”

(undated)

SADDLE SAGA (re GO of Ft. Riley, Kans.)

On the western plains where the wind does blow,
Where the water is scarce and the trees don't grow,

We trooped and we fought in the long ago,
And this is our fearful tale.

Ho!

This is our tale of whoa!

The Colonel was good, though slightly gruff,
The Sergeants were men and they knew their stuff,
The Men were wild and plenty tough
And each was hearty and hale.

Ho!

We soldiered where it was rough!

The Injuns were hard and lean as wolves,
They raided and plundered and fired the roofs
Of the settlers huts, and the thundering hooves
Of the cavalry drummed again.

Ho!

The cavalry fought the Sioux!

Then, when the Injuns were layin low
We'd rope and ride the buffalo
And rassle them in the patio
Of the Colonel's litte shack.

Ho!

Of the Colonel's bungalow!

There's one thing only we'd never do,
Tho we'd toast the West on ration brew,
And that was to shoot where Headquarters grew
On edge of the ground of parade.

Ho!

That was a rule we all knew!

(undated)

SARGE

In other days the sarge was tough,
And little yardbirds had it rough;
For when it was their wont to play,
The Old Man felt it time to bray
And hold them in their lines so straight —
Chin in, chest out — it was their fate
To heel the line and guide it right,
With drill and dress from morn to night.

But now our sarge is lean and lank
And loose and limber in the shank,
His manner mild, his voice so sweet,
Just like a mother nanny's bleat.
Each morning ere the night is done
He comes and wakes us every one
With gentle tap and whispered word —
The sleepy rookies' morning bird.

Oh, sarge who was my father's fright,
That you should be my shining light
In teaching me what I should know;
The rifle sling, the cadence slow,
What time to go to bed at night,
And that I shouldn't come home tight.
The brood of chicks, the doting hen.
Don't mind me, Sarge, with us "you're in!"

(undated)

SATURN

Your eyes are as wise as the world
Your lips are a mockery
Of paint, your hair is curled
With the shape of the pottery
Of ancient Thrace, your face
I have seen when convolutes
Of meteor dust have swirled
Between the flowing roots
Of Yggdrasill, I know
The thoughts you have dreamed and lost,
For I am he whose foe
Is king of the giants, Frost.

10-2-41

SOME ONE BEHIND YOU?

He glances neither right nor left
At He-Who-Walks-Behind
His mouth is sealed, his sense bereft
He stumbles as tho blind
For he is summoned by the Eft
And he was hard to find
The Eft have Things to do their work
As He-Who-Walks-Behind
Android or formless they may lurk
Where shadows fog the mind
For they thrive best in sluggish murk
And tight their tendrils bind.
Implacable and mute as stone
Is He-Who-Walks-Behind

He is not flesh, He is not bone
He is not cruel or kind
He walks by night, but not alone
Is He-Who-Walks-Behind.

No matter where you hide or pray
From He-Who-Walks-Behind
Someday He'll find you — yes, someday
He'll come and stand behind
The head you cannot turn away
The eyes you cannot rind.

And then your terror, white or fane
To He-Who-Walks-Behind
Will make no difference, for pain
Both horrible and blind
Will dip into your cringing brain
And clutch the shrieking mind.

The icy touch of His embrace
Of He-Who-Walks-Behind
Is cold, is colder than the trace
Of shadow undefined
That wakes you, screaming in the face
Of He-Who-Walks-Behind.

And when they see your vacant stare
Your white eyes, dead and blind
Beyond which mask unfocused there
Is crawling blackness twined
Take care, then, mortal man, beware
Of He-Who-Walks-Behind.

6-6-43

SPACE TIDES: A PROPHECY

The roar of space winds poring o'er
The star hung cataracts of night
Has thundered on the sapphire shore
Of Orion. And in the light
Of clustered suns the men of Earth
Have heard this song celestial
Have stopped their labors, and their mirth,
Looked back to where, terrestrial,
Our mother planet swings in peace
Around her parent sun of old
And in those gyres that never cease
The story of our life is told.
From here the race of Man has sprung
To conquer space and claim the stars,
With fire atomic as the rung
He leaped the chasmed isobars
Between the worlds! From Him there came
The Cosmic Engineers who spanned
The stellar deep with ships of flame
Who saw galactic empires planned
For all of time. And so they dreamed
To throw the outposts of the Race
Beyond the farthest stars that gleamed
Upon the outer rim of space.

Hull down the ranging cruisers ride
The star winds o'er the Pleiades,
The space tanned mariners may stride
Their quarter-decks, or stand at ease

Along the bridge. While on patrol
Space borne torpedoes of the deep
Trans-stellar spaces gently roll
And feel the space tides as they leap
The curving parsecs. Through the roar
Of stellar seas their orbits run
And close hauled clippers drive before
The blast of an exploding sun
That ripples space. And in the holds
Of merchant argosies are gems
From Centaurus; strange fungoid molds,
Monstrosities with many limbs

From Aldebaran; by the tons
Uranium and all its ores;
The priceless commerce of the suns
Consigned to Earth from foreign shores!

The cold, dry wind of outer space
That sweeps a way between the stars
Has fanned Capella's flaming face
And stirred the sanguine sands of Mars.
And I would ride that dark simoon
With the Corsair avatars of old,
In racing shells that plunge the flume
Of interstellar space. Behold
The orange flame of Fomalhaut's
From far below the Median Deep,
And stand the watch with astronauts
Who time the light years as they seep
Across the universe. Who know
How wheeling galaxies will strain
The spatial curve; what storms may grow

A million years before they gain
The strength of cosmic hurricanes.
Such cyclone vortices as these,
Light-years across, have fanned the vanes
Of stations anchored in the seas
That wash Polaris. And the spawn
Of this space-warping typhoon wind
Are fiery molecules whole drawn
From some sub-ether. So they send
Another nebula to swirl
Across the strained and troubled void.
A cloud of new-born stars to whirl
And lure the questing anthropoid.

The power of atomic might
Stripped from the ore uranium,
Where nucleons are whipped in white
Heat from bed-rock neutronium,
Has fueled the navies of high space.
And out in that sidereal sleet
A mighty dreadnought seeks to trace
The orbit of a spindrift fleet
Lost on the deep. Whose men marooned
On racing meteorites have gazed
With fevered eyes, their minds attuned
To dusky phantoms on the glazed
Backdrop of stars: in dream they see
The sleeting comets crash and burn
And gaunt ribbed worlds flap hopelessly
About a guttered sun whose urn
Of ashes cold spills in the gloom—
Such drifting clouds of dust set free

May sail the dead, high seas of doom
Forever – yet may never see
Nor spume in breakers on the shore
Of worlds that spin in hyperspace:
Beyond the ken of terrene lore
Are planets out of time and space.

Upon the islands of a sun
In Andromeda's stellar swarms
These cosmic pioneers have won
A beach-head. And against the storms
Of toxic gases they have wrought
Weird cities' domed with crystal shell,
And to these alien worlds have brought
Some touch of Earth. Here they may dwell
Until once more the call of space
Has echoed in their hearts – and then
The snub-nosed mining fleets will pace
The comet trails, and trading men
Watch massive glyptodons make war
On monsters trapped in the marine
Of worlds ruled by the dinosaur
Near Procyon. Such men have seen
The speeding slag of cinder rocks
Orbit the Rim's periphery
While from the sun ensorcelled locks
Of guardian keeps on Mercury.

(undated)

SPIRIT OF EARTH

I am a Soldier –
I kill!
I am the essence of hatred
And bred in the red alembic of war
I hate with a feral pride
Both brilliant and terrible.
Once I was Peace
And in my heart there glowed the futile hope
That for all time the bestial law of might
Had sheathed its sanguine talons
Now I know
That this was false, for in its stead there rose
The tyranny and arrogance of race
To sweep the world with flaming war and leave
The rancid blood of rapine to immerse
And clot the soil of freedom
Here my hopes
And thin illusions for a better world
Were crushed and torn between the titan claws
Of brutal force barbarian ——
I saw
The planned hypocrisy succeed its goal
And cultured nations reel before the lash
Of monster war mechanical unleashed ——
And in my soul
Was gendered from this cataclysmic rift
A hatred more insatiate
Than lust of fame or gain or ought but that I find
This beast of Tyranny, and then with care
Enfold him sure and slowly that he feel
And know with terror numb'ed tongue the dread

Dark bitter taste of death — as kraken limbed
I crush his life with bonds unloosed and shorn
From peoples never conquered ——
Thus I work
And plan that day of justice when all men
May live the peace of progress, and their will
Of life and love be not denied ——
For this — I am a Soldier
For this — I kill!

7-3-42

SPRING FEVER

The green wood hummed, all day the sun
 Had shimmerd in the rustic glade
And quick the flies swept thru the shade
 And I reached out and swatted one.

A swish and gurgle in the creek
 As sly the perch browse in the stream
And dragon flies hang in the steam
 Of stagnant pools that breed and reek.

Indolence on a summer day
 The fitful slumber and the yawn
Of sleepy thunder in the brawn
 Of satyr muscles tired of play —

 Ho hum.

2-19-42

STERILITY

Along an orbit charted by the sun
A charging cruiser swings —
With flaring jets
It sweeps a path elliptic.
At his set
A somber man keeps vigil for the call
Of other ships that rendezvous.
It comes
On beam'ed light that pulses as alive
With modulated frequencies
And hums
An alien intelligence.
He nods
And scans the message ——
Then returns to sit
And contemplate again with weary gaze
A universe.
He idly tunes
The photophones to scope a sullen sky
Whose barren waste of star embedded night
Has settled on his own immortal soul
A touch of its aridity.
He sighs
And listens – half unconscious – to the dry
Hypnotic rustle of the myriad stars ——
Whispering.

12-2-42

STYMIED POET

When the muse is hard upon me
Would I lie upon the grass
Scribble with a stubby pencil
Whimsies ere they fade and pass;
Plot my verses willy-nilly
As they play across my mind
Humming quickly in and out
Catch it now or never find
The vagrant rhymes that startle, then
Dissolve and come no more;
Compared with this the work-a-day
Is really quite a chore.

(undated)

Grady's Poems T (1 of 2)

TEST TUBES

Joe Jugg, he was a chemist, sure—of Truth he was a seeker;
Solutions of all kinds he mixed within his little beaker.
But once he judged his pH wrong, and when it cleared (the pall),
This was his plaintive comment as they scraped him off the wall:
“When mixing NO₃,” he said, “that is, if you ever should,
Note: Filter it through paper that is really made of wood;
For cotton, it has properties, you know this, I assume,
If these two mix with glycerol, 'tis likely to go “Boom”.
Now that is what has happened here—would I'd listened to the teacher!
What little there is left of me must perforce meet the preacher.”

(undated)

THE ABYSS

Point-source light of phallic tower
Scrying, spying, eyeing, lying
Sharp star-sheen; metallic power
Crying, sighing, vying, dying

Thicketed, the brambled numbers
Fiery steel-springs: Golden Ram
Dream-sequenced perception slumbers
Alien space-beast; abstract am

Star-shot canvas; serpent flower
Roiling, coiling, boiling, spoiling
Sun-burst nova; northlight hour

Toiling, broiling, moiling, foiling
11-5-61

THE ARK OF THE COVENANT

Lion lust
Queen of Spheres
Monad windowless divining
Arrow thrust
Deathless years
Star alembic role defining

Neptune's trident
Sea storm strident
Waves combining
Forms intertwining
Sea salt teeming
Pledge redeeming
Bivalve plenum
Star-spate venom
Screwing physis
Starry Isis
Ophidian
Meridian

Grail task
Night sky manic
Fierce love of Heaven, pull of soul
Lampshade mask
Love joy panic
Diana Zagreus, take your toll!

Sailor drowning
Hound dog clowning
Meaning hidden
Knowledge midden
Salt shape sigil
Star spray vigil
Name reviling
Goddess smiling
Snake vibration
Sharp elation
Crustacea
Acacia
12-5-61

**THE BEATNICK MOTHER GOOSE or:
Old Analysts never die, they just smell that way!**

Like, man...

It was the night before Yuletide,
And all through the pad
Not a creature had eyes
Not even old Dad.
The mice were all tucked
In their war surplus sack
And The Snowman was a'banging
The bongos, out back.
When what should I hear
On my old radar set
But the high screaming whine
Of a low flying jet
And out of the Night,

Which was frigid and black,
Came a red flannel Cat
With a pack on his back
And a horn in his hand,
Blowing wild on the breeze,
He was riding the needle
Like, “Cut out and freeze!”
He came on like a bomb,
Dropping straight from the rack,
And left skid marks all over
The top of my shack
So I throw out the crash pad
And invite the man in
And he says, “like crazy, Dad,
Slip me some skin!
So I light him some pod
And we ball it up big

And he sits there, like cool, man,
Flipping his wig.
While the mice are all stoned
In their little round beds
With visions of cool jazz
In their hip little heads.
And we make with the Zen,
Like the sound of one hand,
And the voice of the cuckoo
Is heard in the land!
‘Till the wee hours have fled:
Then he holds up the sack
And shakes down the goodies
For the mice in the pack.

A sax for the oldest,
A zip-blade for me (like Mac-the-Knife!),
A jolt for the Snowman
And bags of pure tea!
Then into the sandbox,
And he's out like a light,
But he gives it the count-down
And blasts out of sight.
But before he can go, man,
I lift that white thatch
And dig those glazed eyeballs
In their little round hatch.
And there in the Night
"Like a square on the kick,
Why, it's smiling old Laughing Boy
"Jolly" Beat Nick!

11-27-59

THE BLACK MESSIAH

Within the Colosseum roars
the restless Roman mob
Howling for the blood of Christians
driven forth with jeer and probe.
Shift the scene a dozen centuries
to northern Europe land;
See the Christians prick the pagans
as they search for Nimir's brand;
Hear the righteous, feel the struggle,
know the horror of the thought
Of the swelling horde of innocent

that are for slaughter caught.
Caught to satisfy the thirst of those
who ride the church as wain,
Though the Christians died as martyrs yet
the witches burned in vain.

Be ye not deceived,
Still those sobs within your throat,
Let not your hearts be grieved,
Soldiers of the Mighty Goat!

This ritual that mocks the church
with incantations of the Mass
But opens pathways to the search
for knowledge old, and not of crass.
For we who are to Lilith born
remain in homage to our Queen;
The Old Religion reared again
will batter down all walls between,
To conquer all that men can know
and raise again our rule supreme;
O'er all the nations of the world
the Witchcult will regain its dream!
And those who died upon the pyre
will take their honors from the fire.

11/20/40

THE BLACK OSIRIS

Dread Virgin, Mother, Harlot, Crone
Thy dusky beauty sears my dreams
Direct my quest to Thee alone

Dissolve this world in all it seems

KALI! Mother of Horror

Transmitter of the Secret Seed

Thyself untouched and undefiled

Bend down and bless us in our need

Pure black perfection that has smiled

KALI! Mother of Horror

Deep black Abyss that is the mind

Eternal Worm that cannot die

Save by Your grace to humankind:

Relieve us in our agony

KALI! Mother of Horror

Dark Virgin pregnant with The Child

The Dragon's Head is raised for Thee

To tread upon. The bruise is mild

But he explodes in ecstasy

KALI! Mother of Horror

6-24-61

THE CHILD

Around, around, the circling Hound

Around, around He goes

A zero round, the Hound has found

A land No Body knows

Around, around the Hound has Clowned

Enquiring through his gnose.

Around, around, the Troubador

Walks on the precipice

The crocodile and tiger war

The dove and serpent kiss:
The Troubadour will now explore
The precipice Abyss.

Around, around, the world of sense
The weary warrior led
Around, around: His recompense
A tall and thorny bed.
A Child of Perfect Innocence
The fiery Angels dread.

Jun-July '61

THE COMBAT ENGINEERS

We are the Corps of Engineers,
The forts we build are made to stand for ever
We are fighting pioneers,
The Army rolls on roads of our endeavor.
Casements and bridges of steel,
Or mines that blow the foe to eternity;
We are THE COMBAT ENGINEERS,
We are the Essayons Fraternity.

1942

THE CYNIC

The passions of my youth have burned me dry
And unrequited dreams stand in my eyes
They were my hopes — and now they ill disguise
My futile gesturings. They pass me by.

I would admit no mystery so high
As to be sacred from my questing pries —
Nor would I seek defeat in compromise
But stood athwart the sky-winds — such was I.

The bright-eyed dreams of youth are dead and gone
My destiny is done, my die is cast.
Perhaps there will be surcease with the dawn
Perhaps – but I have thought that in the past.
The wheeling universe grinds on and on
Insensible – insatiate – and vast.

9-17-44

THE DRAGON'S HEAD

Pragmatic Earth Sign, Bird of Light

Frigidity

Rigidity

Dramatic Birth Line, Word in Flight

Clarity

Polarity

Star Snake Shining, Blind Sperm Spinning

Normality

Reality

Bright Roots Twining, First Beginning

Quality

Frivolity

11-29-61

THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD

The Angel stood on Gilead
His wings a coursing flame
Two eyes of piercing fire he had
With folded arms he came
The Angel stood on Gilead
Pure number was his name
July '61

THE ELFINWISE

The daughters of Odin are Fey, my Lad,
The daughters of Odin are Fey,
The buxom daughters of Frey I've had
When the icy arctic moon was mad
And the snow was cold and deep, my Lad,
In a land beyond the day.

Aye, in a land beyond the day, my Lad,
In a land beyond the day.
Where the Valkyr eyes are grey and sad
As they pace the windy terrace, clad
In a lace of steel and gold, my Lad!
And they hunger for their prey.

Aye, and they hunger for their prey, my Lad,
And they hunger for their prey.
Valhalla's grim display has had
No Viking strong to feed the mad
Hyrröckin Queen of Snow, my Lad,
For many a weary day.
5-7-42

THE GNOME

There is a Gnome
In the iron mountains of the western desert
Where the jagged spires of the granite rimrock
Come ripping up through the corroded foothills
And he lives in these iron mountains
This Gnome
And he plays on the flame seared plains below
With his trails of dust and his twisting thermals
That begin nowhere and end in swirling nothingness
And he swims over the heat choked ravines
Flowing ever and around the blistering hearth stones
The chipped and glowing walls of the open hearth stones
This Gnome – whose furnace breath
Is the rippling heat of the bake oven
Pulsing and simmering on the desert floor
And in whose cupped and twisted hands
The molten hyalesence
Of the mirage is prisoned
And he feeds on the fires in his crucible
This Gnome
Feeding and swimming in the fluid seas of the flame winds
In the viscous, liquid heat of the burning flame winds
Which lick the baked and scorching clay with tongues
Of fire that seem as serpent shapen flames
To bathe the nether islands of the sun
At their dire perihelion
And this amorphous Gnome
Like some smoke pillared djinn a god evoked
To stand the watch of Cerberus

Above the river Phlegethon – has found
Beneath the slabs of basalt that are split
And rivened by the long diurnal siege
A noded grain mercuric that had seeped
And sweated from the smelt of cinnabar

This Gnome – this entity – this eidolon
Self procreate of fire and flame and heat
This Gnome

7-31-43

THE GREAT WHITE HUNTER or: Bill Green Redivivus

In the forms jungle primeval,
Like a Knight Medieval,
Our “Wild Bill” Green will seek his foes
Slash red tape and step on toes.
Stalking the wily bureaucrat
In his native habitat.
Straightening out the young green peas
Lost in forest, finding trees.
Up to all his usual tricks,
Shrink his eyeballs with a “fix”.
For the sacred cow of rubber
Hone his fangs, carve the blubber,
Smiling while he eviscerates.
Lifts his voice and deprecates
A pay scale that will guarantee
Organized stupidity.

In this deck there’s just one Joker
He’s a card, bright and ochre,

Who should be dealt with, back to back.

He's a living One-Eyed Jack!

(and the One-Eyed Jacks are Wild, Son!)

11-20-59

THE HEAVENS OF URANIA

Blind Horus on His Falcon Throne

Has blasted back the sky.

The Hawk upon the World has thrown

The challenge of His cry

That Virgin Isis veiled, alone,

The terror of His Eye.

Child of Light

Child of Story

Child of Archsupernal Glory

Child of Night

Child of Season

Child to bridge a World's Unreason.

8-25-61

THE INTRUDER

Come, Man, let us go

We have Intruded — you and I

Who were never meant to be

Upon this toil worn planet.

Alone we stand — and are alone

Though multitudes may mill about our feet

And know us not — what had you thought?

That they would welcome Us with open arms?
Be not the Fool
From that which is Outside we came to be
And this is our reward —
That we are shunned as is this mottled plague
We and our company.
For is it not as I did oft foretell?
These creatures are as scum upon the Urth
That live and breathe and populate and die
And are as blind as kobalds in the Sun —
That transcendental light of ether born.
We speak — and are not heard
We paint — and no man sees
We sing — and find our song not known
We mold — and they know not the form
We are Outsiders

So let it be and grieve not at their loss
Come — for there is other life we need attend
Through galaxies remote the life tide roars
And worlds unknown have spawned their hellish broods
Who knows — perhaps on one of these we'll find
A sentient crystal — or some horn'd Thing
Or eyeless monster of the sub-terrane
Whose weird and alien consciousness has found
Perception as a sense —
There we may rest
And hold communion with the Silent Ones
To know again the Beauty that was Eld
Before the Cataclysm and the Cold
Had sharded Kolabon athwart the gulf
So let us go

And leave them in the fector of their slime
Until eternal sameness rots their souls
And they have found the surcease of the dead —
Whenas they walk beyond the walls of sleep —
Is but a prelude of the greater storm
That crouches just beyond the barrier reef
Rumbling in its nimbostratic murk —
Come, Man, let us go — we have Intruded ——

9-17-43

THE LAMP OF THE SPIRIT

Cat Head Goddess, Lion of Light
Thy whirlpool pulls all things to Thee
To fire the Beacons of Thy Night
And justify Duality.

Angel Star
Angel bright
Angel glowing fiery light
Angel far
Angel folie
Angel burning hot and holy

The Negative attracts the norm,
Black Space is vacuum to the Soul;
Reflected Light has stirred the storm
And lightning Arrows to Its goal.

Angel Star
Angel bright
Angel glowing fiery light
Angel far

Angel folie
Angel burning hot and holy
8-24-61

THE LONG WATCH

You stand your post in eerie still,
The night moves slowly on,
Above the hill
The moon is chill,
You're waiting for the dawn.

The plain below is lost in sleep,
The sombre rocks are old,
The snow is deep
Where shadows creep
And, somehow, very cold.

But in that endless time you stand,
'Tween midnight and the day
You try your hand
To understand
Why war should come your way.

You think of Home, and what it meant
To leave the ones you love.
The song you sent
When Holy Lent
Proclaimed the World above.

You think of little things we know
That make us what we are
A guy named Joe,

A movie show,
Or working on your car.

At times it seems but yesterday
That Mother's cheeks were wet
With tears that lay,
And seemed to say,
"My son, please don't forget."

Or then again it's Father, who
With voice so gruff and slow
Was proud of you,
It thrilled him through
To see you turn and go.

This is that private history
A man may not confide.
But memory
For company
Will keep him warm – inside.

12-20-42

THE MAGUS

King Arthur reigns in Camelot
The Zodiac his Table Round
With Merlin Mage and Lancelot
And Fair Diana, crescent crowned.

In groves at night your Golden Cup
By Brother Nemo lifted up
O Babalon the Beautiful!

Sir Palamede the Saracen
Rode forth to slay the Questing Beast

While Parsifal the Paladin
Has found his Wedding, Wine and Feast!

In groves at night your Golden Cup
By Brother Nemo lifted up
O Babalon the Beautiful!

Apr 1961

THE MASS

A slashing knife, and thick red blood
Across your breast a weal of stain,
White are your limbs and white the pain
Of ecstasy, and earth, and rain.

2-12-42

Grady's Poems T (2 of 2) and U

THE MIDNIGHT RAIN

Softly slanting to the ground
It spatters on each yielding mound
Of loose-caught earth that knows no pain
But dumbly sheds this scourging whip
That lashes off the mangled flesh
For here there is no writhing lip
To cry its protest to the rain
That with its misty shroud is wound
And sighs upon the loggy drowned.

With its phantom people towned
Wet chilled and lonely, it is found
To wreak its anguish on the slope
Where gullies tear the earth to shreds
And sift it through its mud clogged mesh
Then washes it to delta beds
Thru darkness that reveals no hope.
Thus with its timeless sorrow crowned
It swirls its way across the downed.

(undated)

THE MYSTICAL MARRIAGE OF THE SOLDIER AND THE QUEEN

I am the Virgin of the Queen.
Do you accept me?

I am the Representative of Heaven on Earth.

Do you accept me?

I am the Virgin whereby all things are accomplished,
but am not myself changed thereby.

Do you accept me?

Who accepts my burden may never lay me down.

Do you accept me?

Who binds himself to me can never again be free,
for I am all things to all men.

Do you accept me?

To seek me is to enter upon the Holy Quest for Oblivion,
for you must give All that you may attain Nothing.

Dare you accept me?

I am the Promise and I am the Fulfillment.

Dare you accept me?

I am the Negative in the Supernal Union
of the Interpenetration of the Opposites.

Dare you accept me?

I am Purity beyond all comprehension of Cancellation.

I am the Balance of the Wheel, and the Fiery Feather
of Maat.

Dare you accept me?

Response: There is no holier vessel
than a Maiden who has become a Virgin,
for a Virgin may attain
even unto the Throne of the Queen.

Anthem: We are a community of the living and the dead.
We are the Deathless Stars who manifest
in a Higher State of Existence.

We are the Serpent Flower that is Death and Second Birth.
We are the next Stage of Oblivion.

6-28-62 (0920 hrs)

THE NIKE'S ON THE HILL

The Nike's on the hill
God's in his heaven
All's well with the world
(undated)

THE OTHER END OF OBLIVION

Plug Castle of the atom wars
Is melted at the seam;
Compressed into the glass-ridged slag
And fused across its beam:
Plug castle of the atom wars
Has heard our children scream.

Saturn
Pattern

Dread castle of the mind's decay
Dark crumbling Fort of Night;
Abyssal guardian whose dream
Affrights the anchorite:
The Dove and Serpent intertwined
In archetypal flight.

Oyster
Roister

Triskelion Goddess, healing flame
Sheet-lightning of the soul;
Iron Tower of the Guardian Keeps
Discharge your fiery poll!
The ruined fortress stands agape
Around your casement's bole.

Triton

Chiton

5-23-62

THE PARISH PARSON

I have found a place to dwell
A quiet, peaceful part of Hell
Far from the heavy trafficked Styx.
My house is built of lava bricks
And in my nurtured garden grows
The black and lustrous Leper rose.

On furnace Road

Lies my abode

Close by the Temple of the Toad.

And there I live, tho not in state

My life is dignified, sedate.

Within our peaceful neighborhood

Live other martyrs of the Rood

Who served their Master well – and now

May share the promise of their vow,

To live their days

Beneath the gaze

Of Him whose eyes with evil blaze.

And of my cherished work in Hell
I have but only this to tell.
That once a week I don my gown
And catch the midnight train to town
To oversee my Sabbath's mirth
And represent our Hell on Earth.
A parish priest
For those who feast
And pledge their souls unto the Beast.
circa 1940 e.v.

THE REBEL SOUL

Disembodied, floating free
Swept above the windy hills;
Lashing at the rolling sea,
Fleeing where the spirit wills.

A soul unleashed across the world
To speed its way with freedom full
It leaps, its outstretched tendrils curled
To rip and rend, a cyclone bull.

It has no ties that bind to earth
It knows no bonds to hold its form
But writhes and twists and howls its mirth
And has its being in the storm.

Upon its thought there is no rein
Upon its heart there is no hold
An entity in joyous strain
That knows IT IS, so can be bold.

(undated)

THE REDEEMER THAT IS IN THE WATERS

O who will go with the mermen bold
With the mermen, wild and free
O who will rule from the castle old
In the Chasm of the sea
And who will brave the abyssal cold
For all eternity?

O I will go with the mermen bold
With the mermen, wild and free
And I will rule from the castle old
In the Chasm of the sea
And I will brave the abyssal cold
For one eternity!

Mar 61

THE SEA FIGHT WITH THE GHOULS

Signalman! Signalman!
Stand to your Lamp
Leviathan roils on the deep:
The Enemy ship are alaunch from the ramp
Our Vigilmen watch from the Keep.

Book of Kells
Dead man shells

Signalman! Signalman!
Stand to your Light
The Ghoul fleet stands out from the lee:
The wind of Her vacuum will scatter their might
And wash the wide wave with debris.

Temple bell
Crown of shell
Signalman! Signalman!
Stand to your Mark
The Enemy goes by the board:
With Pharos-flame signal now splinter the dark!
The Enemy died by the Sword.

Demon ghosts
Lord of Hosts

Water walking
Specter stalking
Wild storm calming
Mind embalming
Demon binding
Balance finding
Circle treading
Serpent shedding
Id frustration
Shell fixation
Sign notation
Approbation

4-20-62

THE SEEKER: An Appreciation of H.P. Lovecraft

I've sped across the sea of suns
And trailed their veils of white;
I've raced the comets in their runs
And – breathless in my flight –

I've seen the star-winds pouring o'er
The cataracts of night.

I've sought the rare and shining spores
That float in outer space;
And crystal sands on other shores
Have felt my headlong pace;
My eager hand has sought the door
Of which there is no trace.

Somewhere in this immensity –
It may be near or far –
In hollow space – or density
Of some enormous star
I'll find the treasure of the lore
That made you what you are!

And then I'll pass across with ease
Where time and space are bent –
Into worlds where ecstasies
Of mind and thought are spent;
And know the beauty held in store –
And all your poems meant.

2-1-44

THE SHADOW OF THE VALE

Prince, Potentate, Divinity,
Thou, of the Lower Trinity,
Receive our liege to thee our Lord
That thou may know and they reward
Who serve thee in the realms of Earth,
Receive, O King, we at our worth.

O Master of All Mysteries,
O Molder of All Histories,
Receive from us upon the fen
These bodies that were once of men
But now whose forms are those diverse;
Receive, O Lord, deign to converse
With us who make our homage known
About thy shadowed Sabbat throne.
Receive and make thy presence clear
In symbol show, that all may hear
And know the Power of the Night
O trusted servant of God's might.

(undated)

THE SIGN OF THE SPHINX

For I was born in the Sign of the Sphinx
In the incandescent air
With my serpent rod and my shining links
And my halo haunted hair
And I guide upon the Red Lion
And ride him to his lair

Four kerubs guard the silent Sphinx
Four pillars of the sky
A God, a Beast, a Star, a Priest
Four Angels, Adonai!
But me they hid in the pyramid
To die, but not to die

“To become a Sphinx one must be born a Sphinx”
The Transformers did not lie.

And the pile of dust was burned to ash
As the Angel wind passed by
A Star was born in the Abyss
From the Eye that is not "I"

Mar 1961

THE SLAUGHTER

Father, why have I died today?
Life to me was so very sweet.
Please tell me why I must lay
Mixed with the mud, no more complete.
Is it a sin that I should be
So virile, cocksure, full of fun,
That youth's tidal spirit we
Find adventure in the gun?
There's tropism in the flashing sword,
Tho I'm not taking you to task,
Yet why is this our doom, Lord?
Do you mind if I ask?

God, my thoughts are in such a daze,
This whole thing seems so out of place.
Please sweep away the gray haze
That blanks out your mighty face.
You give us bodies that are strong
With which to please our many whims;
To enjoy must be a wrong
The smooth power of our limbs.
You sculptured from Creation's hod
And then you gave First Man his breath,

You give us all of this, God,
And then you give us death!

I haven't had the time, as yet,
To see the justice of my loss,
But if your plan requires it
Why, I guess you're the boss.
It isn't that I mind to die
I know that that's for you to say.
What I want to know is why
Must you take your gifts away?
I'll come when you give me the nod,
My life was by your grace, I know.
But if we are your image, God,
Why can't you keep us so!

9-20-40

THE SORCERER

They dug him up and he was fresh,
By this and by the tangled mesh
Of roots that found no sustenance
Within him, they were want to know
That this was him who bid there grow
About him that which mortal lance
Could not dispute, and so they lopped
His head with silver axe and chopped
A stake to drive into his heart
Which, doing this, removed his art.

11-28-41

THE STAR OF THE MAGI

Beyond the Fortress of the Night
That rules the Gulfs of Avatar
My own transfigured soul burns bright
And glorious: A Deathless Star!

And this our pledge to those who keep
Their vigil on the Dreadful Deep
“Ad Astra Athanasia!”

This is the Star the Magi know
It flashes in the Mystic North
Artemis bends it to Her bow
It tips the shaft She blazes forth!

And this our pledge to those who keep
Their vigil on the Dreadful Deep
“Ad Astra Athanasia!”

There is a Tyger burning bright
A Star seen from between the Trees
“In the forests of the night”
Of Her eternal mysteries!

And this our pledge to those who keep
Their vigil on the Dreadful Deep
“Ad Astra Athanasia!”

“Childe Roland to the dark tower came”
The Watchtower of the Universe
“Siege Perilous” its awful name
And “Chapel Dolorous” its curse

And this our pledge to those who keep
Their vigil on the Dreadful Deep
“Ad Astra Athanasia!”

Supine the armored dead man lies
A Master slain, an empty Shrine
Diana, Huntress of the Skies!
Take Thou his soul, and make it Thine

And this our pledge to those who keep
Their vigil on the Dreadful Deep
“Ad Astra Athanasia!”

March 1961

THE THRONE OF HELL

Bright Goddess in your Bed of Flame
Eternal noon. Eternal sun.
Gaze on your enemies. Their shame
Has found them out. The work is done.

Serpent Goddess. Lion of Light.
Hot sands of Hell have bound their ire.
You hold their ka in blinkless gaze
And their soul on the Frog of Fire!

3-3-72

THE UNICORN

I saw the god Harpocrates
Stride forth into the glow
Of cloud bank suns, whole galaxies
Their stars like drifting snow
I saw the wide eternities
Of dust stars sift and flow.

O Lady Ishtar lift the bowl
And drain the Life that is our Blood
O Wine, Illusion of the Soul,
Be Nectar of the living flood!

5-18-61

O hollow god Harpocrates
Writ large upon the rift
Of space-time continuities
Thy bloodless Saints adrift
Between the walled realities
Have felt the space tide's lift!

O Lady Ishtar lift the bowl
And drain the Life that is our Blood
O Wine, Illusion of the Soul,
Be Nectar of the living flood!

6-11-61

THE VIRGIN

The silent god Harpocrates
Has spoken on the Deep
The Sphinx screams in his agonies
Locked in the donjon-keep
The Angel's wing has stirred the breeze
The space-warped cruisers leap.

O Pharos Flame that spans the Dark
Your razor's edge in Zion
Has sped The Arrow to Its mark:
The Eagle and the Lion!

Jul-Aug 1961

THE VISION

THE VISION

OF RED AND WHITE

AND BLACK AND

AND GOLD AND GREEN

OF WHITE AND BLACK

AND GOLD AND GREEN

AND EVERY COLOR IN BETWEEN

WHO THROGLY BAND IN MEMORY

WHEN WE RECALL OUR MISERY

AND THIS IS MY AFFIRMATION

ALL LIFE IS A BOON

OF THE GODDESS OUR MOTHER

AT OUR TERM WE RETURN

TO OUR MAID OF THE STAR DRIFTS

(undated)

THE VOYAGE HOME

When I had played my role as fool,

I stood beside an inky pool

Of jet, which on its surface bore

A phantom fleet, each knew one oar

To guide its course. And as I stood

I saw the curtains of each hood

Were black and wet, and this seemed strange.

For tho I looked, within the range

Of sight there was no storm, no foam

To splash and drench; the darkened dome
Was still. A gentle wind breathed thru
The lofty hall, yet of the crew
I saw not one to man the sweeps,
And yet we moved across the deeps
To where a darkened funnel led
Beneath the curving overhead.

The current moves more swiftly here,
It feeds the treadmills of a weir
Of jagged rocks beneath the lashed
Foam of the water, bubble sashed
The cavern wall stands to the tides
That sluice its worn, eroded sides
And candles gutter in their wicks
As ever faster rolls the Styx.
It beats the shadowed air to whirl
Above the frightened dead, its purl
Becomes a raging, snarling stream
Thru which the boats are shot, the scream
Of those who hoped for peace in Hell
Is drowned beneath the rushing swell
Of sound that thunders thru this cave
Beyond the portals of the grave.

In clusters drift the sodden boats
Upon the bay, wet sluggish motes
They bob and dance among the waves,
To wind and tide they are as slaves
That know no motive of their own
But lie within the fluid zone
Of force that moves them as it wills
To where the rushing water stills

And spreads into a placid sea.
The pilgrims sag on bended knee
In thankfulness unto that form
Who held them thru the mortal storm;
For there, beyond the torrent's roar,
In swinging tiers above the shore
Where Lethe's rolling combers break
Lies, coil on coil, our Mother Snake.

4-28-41

THIS I REMEMBER

Quiet your ceaseless burbling
I am remembering
Let me sit and think
These things happened long ago
Before you or I were born
Within our present boundaries
You are lovely, yes, I know I have said it before
But you are
Nevertheless today I would remember
The night the comets crashed
Above a land that never was
Before the time of yesterday
When gods were mortal as the stars
Yes Yes hush now
While I reminisce
On days the sun shone mottled red
Thru clouds of sifting calcium
And threw loose shadows clumsily
Across the dying citadels

It is good to sit in the sun again
And dream of one vast empire manned
By giants who were never men
But builded on an alien world
Colossal monuments that stood
Long aeons ere they crumbled back
And then within a nighted sea
Where phosphorescence glowed and fought
Around the pistons of machines
Whose turbines rolled and rumbled deep
Beneath the braced sea bottom roof
This I remember
A jagged rock careening past
The mellowed sun, with hyperbolic
Arcs athwart its orbit course
Deflected, straight it shot
Into the interstellar space as strange
Dark lichens died again
And wilted back upon its face
This I remember — — — — —

(undated)

THY SERPENT PRIEST

In Eden stands Thy Serpent Priest,
In Space Thy Serpent Flower;
The Heaven of Thy holy lust
Has burst my casement Tower.

4-4-62

TOAST OF SCHOWLAR *

Skoal to the Norse man!

Skoal!

Skoal to the Souse man!

Skoal!

Skoal to the Yeast man!

Skoal!

Skoal to the Welsh man!

Skoal!

Scowl and Skoal and School together

Whose to know at when or whether

Rain or shine or sun or weather

He's not born who's built to tether **

You and I, birds of a feather

Skoal! Skoal! Skoal!

* As differentiated from a scholar.

**A variant thereof:

Japs weren't born or built to tether

3-2-42

TO DREAM OF SNAILS

How long does it take a snail to die?

Slowly, slowly, hot and holy

Scrushed in its juices

Excruciatingly

Steaming and screaming

Surreptitiously

Exploding in red pain fevered

Agony

Mangling and strangling
Silently
Almost as long as some men
To die
With a gurgling
Ay-y-y-y-lug.
5-14-57

TO MY FALLEN COMRADES

There is a certain agony of heart
We soldiers know when we look on our dead.
It is not pity – but a thing apart —
A sympathy of helpless hurt, instead.

We do not think of them as dead in vain,
In sober truth we hardly think at all —
Why should we? When the big guns speak again
The laws of Chance will judge — and Reason fall.
3-3-45

UNHALLOWED EVE

Long ere the Cabal held its' sway
Knew we the powers of the Fey
That ruled the ancient, pagan Celt,
Sealbearers of the flayed wolf's pelt,
Who worshipped to the Gods of Night
And lived to please the runic might
Of forces chained within the Pit
And incarnated Evil's writ.

We Irish who hold the Cult
Nor care what should our deeds result
Return to Earth on Hallow's Eves
To leap the Druid Dance of Leaves
Across the blackened, rolling heath
And gather Lilith's corn'al wreaths
From those who honor ancient lore
With fire, on hills we knew of yore.

(undated)

UNNAMED (Basic Training Poems)

Deep within the pits we sit
And look to where the bullets hit.
That is, I mean, to where they should
The bulls-eye target, not the wood
That frames the circles in the square.
The ricochets that part your hair
And sizzle off the parapet
To leave their profiles in the net
Are harmless once they've passed you by –
But never say they didn't try!

(on giving the OD your GO, as written)

Down upon Pier Seventeen
Relief is few and far between
For those who pace the weathered front,
Or so it was one night when Runt,
The Squirrel, was there upon patrol
And wearing out more G.I. sole:

So when the O.D. came his way,
He stopped to pass the time of day.

Have you ever planned a garden?
Hoed it through with minute care
Not a weed or grass root pardon
Track each gopher to his lair?
Trace him to a fresh turned dirt pile
Where you had a stalk of corn
Or a budding bed of myrtle
Standing on the mound, forlorn?
Then begins the merry hunting
As with hose and water (wet)
You drowned out half the neighborhood
And here's the thanks you get.
No recompense for labor,
When he won't be caught he won't
Because, you see, with gophers
Now you have him, now you don't!
Here we have a close up view
Of a draftee in his new
Uniform that is his own,
Tho 'tis not the same as shown
In the stylish fashion plates.
Once he was within the gates
Of the office where supplies
Are given to selected guys,
He discovered that the clothes
They hang on us, by the pose
They assume when they are draped
On his frame, were never shaped

To satisfy a tailor's thought
Of the only way they ought
To look when he is wearing them,
From collar tight to baggy hem
Their three sizes are, to wit;
Too large, too small and doesn't fit!

Once on an inspection morn
There was a sleepy soldier, torn
From downy bunk and slumber land
They led him to his place, to stand
A weary lad. Upon his shoe
There was no shine, nor yet a clue
As how to find the vanished pants;
And so he stood, and so he slants.
It is such sights as this, you see,
That make an officer to be
A trifle gray above the gills;
For all his work, for all the drills,
That this should happen on the day
When they are placed upon display.

Pay days come and pay days go,
But what is there I have to show?
For all the twenty one I earn
There is no part I can discern
To tell me what my ratings are;
One glass of beer upon the bar,
One try at hot licks with the bones
Show no moss grows on rolling stones,
Repay my thoughtful friends who were

So loose with dough, at twenty per,
The PX checks have come and gone
Which leaves me yet more overdrawn
Except for one small bit of change
With which I think to try my range
And sit me to a friendly game
Of cut-throat stud, not quite the same
As never having played at all
For now there is no hope to stall
The truth of that so ancient saying;
“Yardbirds are forever paying!”
We have often heard it said,
And in the papers we have read,
That when Aquatic Park is set
Aside for Army use, they’ll let
The soldier boys upon the beach
Where each will rate a gorgeous peach
To wile away a summer’s day
With healthy fun and frolic, play
Is good for boys away from home;
This is one beach we’d like to comb!

URNIE

People often have declaimed,
Hardly are they to be blamed,
That, if after they have died
Relatives should have them fried
 They would turn,
 In their urn.

I, upon the other hand,
Highly rate the blazing brand,
Wonder how the dust will sift
As I idly pile and drift.

Will I learn,
In my urn?

Should I awake when I'm dead,
Find the sod above my head,
I will haunt and make them go
Dig me up and fry me, so

I can churn,
In my urn!

2-18-42

Grady's Poems V-Z

VOYAGER

Out of the star enshrouded night it fell —
A battered derelict that space had maimed
Its hull a twisted wreck — its power tamed
And of its crew no living soul to tell.

Space dry and thin the rigid mummy sits
And marks a vigil only death may keep —
What endless night — what weary age of sleep
Has he kept sentinel? No lip admits.

That was a golden age — that world carefree
When men stood foursquare on the crust of Urth
And threw their challenge to the stars — with mirth
They swore to conquer all infinity.

So armed with courage knowledge would deny
Their fragile bulbs of steel were launched to float
Across the shallow solar gulfs — where bloat
Strange moons and planets in a crowded sky.

And then with knowledge astronomic gained,
With fire atomic as a willing slave,
Unto the silent God of Night they gave
An offering of ships — and men ordained

Of men imbued with seal the mystics know —
Who manned those mighty ether ships that fell
Like pebbles dropping down an endless well
Until they came to alien suns where glow

The incandescent vapors multihued —
Whose toxic gases burn with tourquoise light
Or smash the space-time continuum with white
Heat from a hellish dwarf — where planets brood

Like peering eyes that stare upon the doomed —
And from those new worlds of the starlit seas —
From island nebulae — from galaxies —
From burned-out suns whose glory once illumed

Weird destinies — here cosmic engineers
Set colonies along their orbit runs
‘Till navies filled with commerce of the suns
Bore fruit of conquest — for those pioneers
On the high sea of interstellar space
By trellised lace of orbit lines — and force
That binds each star and planet to its course
Had welded fast their empire. But the race

Of humankind had changed as aeons passed.
No longer was the man of Urth supreme
But cosmopolitan — had lost his dream
And tho he stood where wealth of knowledge massed

Had thrown his outposts to the chasmed lip
That marks the lightless, ultimate abyss
Beyond which shore no beacon sun may hiss
Or sibilate in silence — yet the whip

Of manly strength that was his heritage
Sank deep and fallow — while his gnurled machines
Were given to the task and thoughtless means
Of mindless android monsters who for gage

To measure used no human eye that scans
But walked in darkness shadowed by the length
Of instruments prehensible to strength
Of electronic solenoids — where spans
The rippled muscles of a force that spoke
The unleashed power of atomic might
Stripped from the glowing nucleus — where bright
And hot the whiplashed positrons broke
Against bedrock neutronium — but soft,
Effeminate and poised the progeny
Of space tanned mariners were dark debris
That bloated on the ebb tide — for aloft
The tentacles that spread to integrate
With calculus logistical the plan
That was to be Monument to Man —
A universe of virile peace — a state
Omnipotent of matter — held decay
And back the tide rolled — back across the years
Of light and peace — back down the trail of tears —
For empire is not won within a day
But must be purchased by the blood of those
Who dream the Greater Dream — and who would die
While searching in the archives of the sky
For knowledge that was placed beneath the Rose
So long ago — back to its place of birth
It slowly ebbed — and then along the sands
Of outpost planets it had washed — rough hands
Colonial were set against the Urth

And Chaos ruled. So came Tongueless One
To walk the empty spaceways — and to grin
With His huge imbecility — at men
Beat down into the dust and, beaten, shun
Their heritage. And now from Urth is seen —
When with a slow, majestic sweep begun
Each eventide at setting of the sun —
The Wheel of Stars parading down a screen
Sidereal — the constellations lost —
The solar systems — fertile worlds — and rocks —
The frigid planets — and the flame swept locks
Of guardian keeps on Mercury. The cost
Was paid in treasures of energy
Extraneous — and toil and sweat and thought
Of terrene life to barren planets brought —
Ten billion New Worlds in immensity.
And now the old Urth — like a jeweled hag —
Her gem'ed cities bright against the breast
Of umbral shadows drapped across the West
From shoulders of the senile hills that sag
With weariness the ages slow erode —
Has gathered her ephemerae to dwell
In cities sealed and domed with crystal shell —
Here sit the Elder Brethren — here they bode
In vaulted halls to weigh the Cosmic Plan
By symbolized logos — and as worlds set free
Launch each a space-borne fleet to destiny —
They comprehend the All — this was our Pan!

8-6-43

WAHLPURGISNACHT

Upon the crags with ghostlight drenched
Writhe up the weres with hands outclenched
As now the chant of those undead
To He who rules below is read
By ghouls who gargoyles at the sky,
Red lipped with crimson, bloody dye,
Their twisting forms paint the rock
With flickering shadows of the Boch
To whom they offer down their prayer
On this Black Sabbath, in his lair
He 'waits the moment of His sign
To sit upon this stony shrine
Among the shattered boulders strewn
As ever higher mounts the moon.
The Noon of Night approaches near,
Satanas Rex appear, appear.

Swiftly stalking 'neath the moon
On wings of wind as though a boon
To place before His gathered host,
He, Overlord of souls now lost
Is seen across the foothilled plains
Sweeping up the mountain chains
'Till towering far above the peak
The breeze moans – This is whom you seek.
Hushed as though by Death itself
Now lie the band upon a shelf
Of stone the juts above the deep,
Here cry the bats and witches weep

Beseeching Him with words that croak
Until He lifts His arms and cloak
To shroud them all in shadows dim
Hidden from the world by Him.

The Hexentanz begins its whirl
Within the cauldron entrails swirl.
Among those present at their grave
Are none but those whose soul is slave
To Satan Rex, the Lord of Hell,
King-Emperor of all who dwell
Within where leaps the flaming breath
Of blackened Sheol's pit of death
For these are no common shades
But the officer elite of Hades
Whose cabalistic tongue is spoken
In this vague half-world on the Brocken
As in high state Satanas sits
While demon legions of the Pits
Pay homage to the Ho"lle Boch
On this witch-brewed Wahlpurgisnacht.

circa 1937-38 ev

WAR AND I

The warrior drums across the seas
Have rolled another war,
Embattled Britian stands at bay
Still proud above the roar
As keel on keel the sharks of steel
Are sliding down the way

The hawks of death in airy sleath
Are pouncing on their prey.

And once again America
Is gathering her strength
To hold the arteries of life
Across the ocean's length;
To turn the tide, at Britain's side,
To smash the pagan Hun,
And when the peace of battles cease
To right that which is done.

For this I must be merciless
For this I must be brave
For this I know the arts of war
For this I face the grave.

(undated)

WEIGHTING AT THE GATE

They, the Norns, who sit and spin
The destinies of mice and men
Upon the weave and woof of time
Perhaps may understand the rhyme
And reason for facilities
Enhancing our puerilities
But I, with knobby head and small,
Have yet to hear the ringing call
Demanding that I rise and shine
The brazen altar of the shrine
On which they say the fates are stored
Because they leave me slightly bored.

So when my friends of karma prate
I give to them a swinging gait.

4-9-42

WHEN DAY IS DONE

The Day is done
There is no sun
To warm the race, and so they fled;
For Earth is old
In sweeps the cold
Entombed in space, and Earth is dead!

The shrilling wind
Across each bend
Mourns for the lost, mourns for the gone:
Unblinking stars
Gaze on its soars
Where is the host, this crumbling bone?

Across the void
We anthropoid
In search of life have sent our shells:
Oh rest in peace
Our Mother, cease;
For toil and strife no more here dwells.

(undated)

WITCH

She lays not still within her grave
But, restless, bode herself behave

In manner strange; she trod the air
Where paced the world of Otherwhere
Until again the cycle runs
Its pattern in the weave of suns
And she may lodge herself within
Another form that is of men.

11-28-41

WITCHWINE

In the sanctum of the Cavern
By a phantom altar, burning
With desires mad and unhuman
Know we but the fiery yearning
Of our hearts that to each other
Cling in fear and wracked devotion;
In the red alembic bubbles
Venom of a lethal potion.
This to feed those who would part us
This to those who cackle “Witch”
This to the clergyman and Bishop
Bought with gold by robber rich.
This to barons in their manors
This to hangmen and the cell
This to henchmen of the kingdom
May the silent ghouls feed well.
This to those who inquisition
This to those who damn the free
This to murderers patrician
May they die in agony.
This to merchant, prince, and burgher

This to Pope and gilded lord
This to mercenaries who fatten
On the profits of the sword.
This be secret, dark, and eldritch
This be weapon, charged with worth
This to lift the curse of Mammon
From the peoples of the Urth.

3-3-43

ZEUS

Tell me, Pan, you of the Wilderness
That space wherein all men must dwell
If they would know thy secrets
Tell me, who is this Christ
This upstart godling?

And Pan answered, slowly, grimly sad
A fool, your Grace, oh mighty Zeus
An embassy of Typhon
Tho he may know it not.
He lives his own lies.

Then what can he mean to us, old goat?
Again Pan answered, wearily
Two thousand years and more, Lord,
Of famine, pestilence,
Death for my children.

2-8-42

Grady's Long Poem: "Memo Pencilled on a Helmet Skull"

MEMO PENCILLED ON A HELMET SKULL (Korea, 1952-1953)

By tunnel trip to Moji
Down the southeast coast of Honshu
Past heaven soaring Fuji and the tranquil Inland Sea
Then by naval transport
Out the port of Sasebo
And through the island studded sea lanes
To Pusan in Korea
Korea
Ancient Chosen
"Land of the Morning Freshness"
Where the GI is furnished the exquisite pleasure
Of being rinsed in a heavy dew of his own perspiration
On a hot and humid day
In the Chosen land.
And so here we go again
Sweating out the boredom and the tedium
The new faces and the strange land
The hurry up and wait The heroism, the horror
The endless drive of the foreign campaign
As once again we man the frontier garrisons
Against barbarian assault
(Oh Mother of Sorrow, when will this agony end?)
The eternal sameness of moving up
Through the wreckage and debris of war
By slow train to Taegu
(Where the pensive peasant "boy-san"
In the immemorial squat of the Orient

Watches the long limbed anthropoids
Litter his station platform
With the tin can offal of their C rations)
And on past the graceful architecture
Flaunting its tattered rice paper windows
As the ghosts and gods of other days
Look down on a renewal of conflict.
How have the mighty fallen
From the high days when the Mongol Horse
Thundered out of Asia
And the Emperors of East and West
Paid tribute to the Tartar Khan.
Out in the boondocks
Out in the sandhills and rice paddies
(Uuh, that Rice Paddy #5!)
Where the public piss call is universal
And sex squats by the side of the road
With its pudenda hanging out
Unpretty, exotic, the not-so-mysterious East
Free of Victorian taboo and neo-Puritanism
And with a fine appreciation for the sensuality
Of a woman's neck and shoulders
(Not too surprisingly where women have legs like children)
And out in the broiling sun of summer
So hot you wonder how it is possible to live
When you are being cooked alive.
This is a miserable existence but
 "I am a combat soldier
 I've got my combat boots on!"
 (Ai, yi-yi, yi, yi!)
And up in the mountain passes

Where the dust rolls and billows and smothers
Choking you until your stomach revolts
And coating your throat with a fine metallic lining
That only a can of cold beer can cut
If you can find one
And then if you are very, very lucky
A cold shower in the evenings
So that just once a day you can
Splash and revel and shout with anthropoid delight
At being "20° Cooler Inside!"
In the evenings you drink Scotch and chlorinated water
In the mornings you shave out of your helmet
In water that smells green with chlorine
And you stride forth into the noonday sun
With your head in a spray of aerosol DDT
Dignified by the unconscious arrogance
Of the man born in freedom
To whom it has never occurred
That others may not share his childlike faith
That all our problems can be solved with the clean simplicity
Of a hard right to the chin.

In the high hills of Korea, in the valley south of Ch'unch'on, there stands the fire cleansed remains of an institution of learning. Here one will find in rain stained mortar and weed grown halls a silent testimonial to the desecration of destruction. Here in the gapetoothed walls the lidless windows stare with an idiocy whose mindless agony fails to comprehend this awful hurt. Here where former years beheld the golden promise of youth even the chalk marked paneling has been burned from the walls as if to erase forever the intelligible communication of generation unto generation. Here where one may savor the ultimate consummation of tyranny, here where the teaching voice is stilled, the books are burned, the guiding mind is dispossessed. Here where one may see and touch and feel the imprint of the vandal, the new barbarian, the tyranny against all rights of men. Here let us see the face of the enemy, that tyranny will destroy what it cannot

possess, that terror is a weapon and violence a way of life. Here where wind and shadow mark the passage of the hours on the flame drenched masonry and sunlight streams upon the futility of passive security there comes a moment of silent dedication. Here, in the high hills of Korea, in the valley south of Ch'unch'on, where time is meaningless in the chaos of desolation, let us vow that we will never cease until we have wiped the blasphemy of all tyranny from the face of the Earth.

Then comes the rain
And the typhoon Karen
Striking in out of the China Sea
Slashing, tearing, flooding, gorging
Collapsing waterlogged bunkers along the MLR
Undercutting the never ending work of the Engineers
Turning the dust into splashing silt
Mining the roads into chuckholes
And over the steep cut road banks
The water pregnant hills begin to slide.
Ammo, AMmo, AMMo, AMMO
You can't fight a war without ammo!
And somewhere up along the MSR
The road is blocked with a slide.

“OK, Myers, OK. Lay off the panic button.
I can hear you screaming from here
What am I supposed to do,
Clean it off with my elbows and fingernails?
Half the convoys are already lost on the other side
And the ones on this side can't get through anyway.
Take it easy, we're working on it.
And keep The Chinaman busy.”

This don't show me much,
But if you can't go over it you gotta go around it.
OK, that's east to TEN Corps

Or southwest towards Seoul.
Check the Truck Battalion 3
The southern route is open but no info on the east
They're working on it
That's fine, that's great
I've got troubles I haven't even heard about
And we'll send convoys in both directions
And hope that something gets through.
Down 17 to Kap'yong, swing north on 17A
Keep them rolling
Keep pushing it
Over two mountain passes and up the winding Pukhan-gang
And my heart rides with them
For a slip of the wrist and you're over the bluff
On the cliff road east of Kap'yong.
Or right on 29 to the junction
22 hundred hours CHECK!
Now they've turned north on 103
Up the jumbled slopes of Puyang-san
Whining-clawing-rolling-winding
Tearing-yawing-roaring-grinding
Sliding-clutching-heaving-praying
 "Come on you Jimmy six-by"
 "Come on you son of a deuce-and-a-half"
Sturdy trucks those GMC's
Six wheels down and six wheels driving
Wheeled by the sons of the "Rolling O"
Wheeled by the bastard "Double Clutchers" MOVE IT!
GET YOUR FUCKING ASS IN GEAR!
We've got a WAR to fight
Up here!

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Snap-shit, Charlie

I have got you maxed!

MOSHI MOSHI, HAI!

NO SHIT! YOU'RE KIDDING

FAR FUCKING OUT!

“You calls, we hauls

We got 2 by 2's, fo' by fo's, 6 by's, semi's

And those great big mother-fuckers that go

Chug' chug' chug' chug' chug' chug' chug' chug'”

Far into the night

All the way to Hwachon

Either way to Hwachon

All that's left of Hwachon

Which is four walls and a piss pipe

And then on to the ROK's.

When we first came here they told us

“You've had it. This is the Central Front. II ROK Corps.

All you've got in front of you is ROK's.

All The Chinaman has to do is sneeze

And they'll take off like a herd of turtles.”

But that was before the ROK's got artillery.

Sure The Laundryman hit the ROK Divisions.

Those “high powered American Divisions,”

More glory to them,

Had BIG guns to play with

All the s'koshi ROK's had were guts and bayonets.

Now it's a different story.

Now the ROK's have boom guns too

105's and ace-double-nickles

And even a few 8" American batteries to back them up.

(On a clear night in Ch'unch'un

You can see the muzzle flash of the 8 inch HOW's

FIRE!

(Orange stab winking into darkness)

20 miles away, looking north,

There

Just to the right of Ch'unch'on Hill)

October in the Kumhwa Ridges

And The Chinaman decides to push. (Damn!)

This is it (again)

This is the frontier in flame.

Up along highway 6 to Chorwon,

Kumhwa and the Iron Triangle.

And there is Joe Chink up on Pappa-san

Breathing down your neck

And dropping in his marker rounds (one . . . two . . . three . . .)

TIME ON TAR-GET!)

"Look, Jonesy, we gotta have more VT's.

You know we can't stop them without VT's!

Yeah, yeah, I know.

Take it easy. You're working on it."

Well, that's all she wrote.

The ROK's, are they holding? Hell, they've got to hold.

And with their 105's to back them up they will hold.

(Maybe this is what Einstein meant when he said

"In the next war we'll throw ROK's at them.")

Barrage

Flame in the night

Artillery thunder rolling in the mountains.

What are they doing?

What's happening?
Is it good enough?
And the stories that come filtering back:
The Kay-MAG adviser the ROK's knocked down
And covered with their own bodies
When the barrage came crashing in.
Not just about to lose that MEE-gook adviser!
(Oh ya better believe it, boysan)
The choppers lifting through the acrid smelling smoke
Like pollywogs in hell
Bringing the dripping bundles of shredded flesh
Back to the forward MASH
How rough can it get?
 "And keep that ammo humping, GI!"
Sure, sure, got it rolling
Hubba-hubba all the way.
It's at times like this that the walls start closing in
(Ya gotta watch those walls!)
This squirrel cage is going nuts
And Odd John the Panic Button Pusher
Is on the phone again.
 "How much 105 r'ya sending up tonight?"
 "None, sir, we cleaned out this morning."
 "Wal then get some 155 on the road."
 "Can't, sir, that's all gone too."
 "DON'T ARGUE WITH ME, SEND 40 TRUCK LOADS!"
 "YES, SIR!"
Just like they say
 "All the world be crazy save thee and me
 And right now I'm not so sure about thee."
So you take it out with a GI gripe

And work off some of the steam
 With your own little Rabelesian ribaldry
 Like “The KMAG Song,” “R.A. — All The Way!”
 Or, “The Sheik of Sockcho-ri.”
 Singing nonsense under your breath
 While the world rocks
 And you push that ammo forward with body english
 “Oh, I’m the Sheik — not the Freak — but the Sheik of Socho-ri!
 For I just love kimchee!
 At night when you’re asleep
 On your hot floor I’ll creep
 (Without no pa-i-yants on!)”
 Just like when we were sweating out the landings in Normandy
 And sang with the British paratroopers
 “Aoh, I don’t want to join the Army
 I don’t want to go to war.
 I just want to ‘ang around
 The Piccadilly H’Underground Living on the earnings of a
 ‘igh class laidy ——“
 But that was another campaign long, oh very long ago.
 Now we live in the Atomic Age and the roads are just as dusty.
 Then comes that snow “that just won’t stop”
 And the first touch of that searing Siberian wind
 Sweeping down over the frost fingered ridges of Korea
 Where alien stars look down upon
 An alien desert land
 And alien winds blow alien snow
 Across the alien sand.
 “Now is the time of all good men”
 To come and bring their hibachis.
 (Soliloquy spoken beside a Korean mound burial)

I am a Centurion of the Legions (echo: "ave caesar!")
I spoke strange oaths in many foreign tongues
And home is where I hang my helmet skull.
I am a Centurion of the Legions
I have campaigned for my country to the ends of the Earth
And the term of my service is the measure of my devotion.
I am a Centurion of the Legions.
I have stood the watch on Chotto Matte's Castle
Where the wild mares breed in the border marches
And Peace I have known as a lull in an endless storm.
I am a Centurion of the Legions.
I bring discipline to anarchy and order out of chaos
And I look with the bleak eyes of experience
On the crumbling transience of eternity.
I am a Centurion of the Legions.
I hold back the Ages of Darkness
And I stand my ground when those about me turn and flee
Crying, "Blow it out your tailpipe. We got better things to do
Than wasting our days and years upon those barren hills.
These slopies got no regard for what we're doing anyhow."
Dai'jobel. Cutta, djeska, bali-bali.
I am a Centurion of the marching Legions
In my combat boots and piss pot I stand naked
Before the onrushing years of forever
And down the endless corridors of suns and winds
And men of Rome
And men who call their Asia home
And men from East
And men from West
And men who follow the Eagle's crest
And men from far

And men from near
 And men who shout their challenge clear
 And men who died in the long ago
 And men who'll live in the Space below
 Tramping down through the winds and days
 The sweat and heat and the humid haze
 To the rolling pound of the kettle DRUMS!

WHAM! BAM! DOUBLEDY DAMN!

Flex and stride with a rolling cam

WHAM! BAM! DOUBLEDY DAMN!

Stride and swing from the knee-o.

And the nasal skirl of the screaming pipes

WHEE! WHEE! LOOK AT ME!

A TOM CAT FREE!

IN A TALL PINE TREE!

O WHEE! WHEE! LOOK AT ME!

A BAGPIPE CAT IN A TREE-O!

ee-

ee

tol tul tul tul tul tul tul tul

(oh ee oh ee)

DUM DUM

lee

ee

toh tul tul tul tul tul

(oh ee ee ee-DUM!)

DUM tul

Till all those columns join in one
 And all the men since Time's begun
 Of noble brow and broken face
 Of every breed and time and place

Who've fought to keep their people free
Or died opposing tyranny
From Inchon to Sockcho-ri
From The Punch Bowl to Normandy
With men whose names begin with Lee
And men who end their names with "ski"
With red and white and golden green
And every color in between
Who throngly band in memory
When we recall our misery
The long nights in the cold and rain
The longer years of broken pa-IN!
May God have mercy on our souls
This is our destiny
This is our fate
And this is my affirmation!
I am a Centurion
of the Legions of Freedom
all free men my comrades
all nations my brothers
all life is a boon
of the Goddess Our Mother
at our term we return
to Our Maid of the Star Drifts
there is no dread hereafter
there is the dissolution of the body
and eternal ecstasy in the kisses of Our Goddess
there is death for the dogs
of Sensate and Reason.
there is no bond that can unite the divided but love
all else is a curse.

there is no higher rank
than Centurion of The Legions!
there is no higher honor
than Legionnaire of The Legions!
ave The Centurion!
ave Our Starborne Goddess Mother!
ave The Legions
R & R
I & I
A & A
L & L
For five glorious days
(Oh you know it!)
Shop for the home folks
Visit the shrines
See the sights
Walk the Ginza
And by the Imperial Moat on a winter evening
Watching the traffic swirl around the sweeping turns
With the red fire flies of their running lights
“Whatsamatta you, mishangay?”
“Tak’san kugema, GI!”
The Frozen Chosen on a Saturday night
The Light Colonels and their albino moose
 (“Don’t look now, but she’s a ’round eye!”)
And the American women in their social islands
Insulated and self-isolating
The 121st Evac at Yong Dung Po
 “Captain, you know you’re not supposed to have
 that (Korean) girl on this dance floor!”
 (sic transit gloria mundi)

Like it says in the phrase book

“Tall, robust, with hazel eyes and finely chiseled features.”

(No, they were not chiseled with a broken beer bottle)

Condition Green

And it's Bedcheck Charlie with his Washing Machine

The “Dear John” letters

“Dear John,” that's all she wrote

“Dear John, that's all” she wrote And little Johnny Peters took his trusty carbine

And blew his brains out.

“What do you hear from the Old Folks at home?”

“Save your money boys. Hard times' ahead.

There's agonna be snow balls in Hell!”

MIG Alley

And the Sabre Jets thundering over

“Like Archangels in their might!”

Ch'wibong-san at Kwandae-ri

In the rain.

Taeryong-san at Ch'urch'on

Baking greenly in the heat.

And Kwanak-san south of Yong Dung Po

On the road to Suwon

Glaciating in the snow.

These I remember

And endless miles of unpaved roadbed

In a jeepo

(The Laundryman! The Laundryman!

I'll be washed as white as the driven snow

By The Launrдыman. The Laundryman.)

And now to leave this bloody place

Out

Back

Home

The Big R

Riding the 8 Ball Express

And singing a little nursery rhyme

So happy you don't make good sense

Extinguishing themselves on the downsweep

Tokyo in the mist at dusk

And then back to the squirrel cage.

X Corps

The East Coast

Cold, wet and miserable

So far up in the hills

They have to shoot beans at you with a howitzer.

Wonju

And Yong the Rain Dragon

Writhing slowly on the hump backed ridges.

The Moon Festival

With fire dancing on the hills

And the long arching streaks of light

As they swing their fire pots far out

To scare away the darkness.

Yanggu Pass

Up 29E into gooney bird country

The rock walls

The dead villages north of 38

Marking a roll call in limbo

Nasan

Tojong-dong

Songa-ri

Chong-ni

Yongha-ri

Yach'on-ni
Yumok-tong
Yonhwa-dong Kaoch'ang-ni
Oejok-kol
Imdang-ni
And on north to Heartbreak Ridge
Or right to The Punch Bowl
Sand Bag Castle, and The Laundryman.
Thoughts
Arrows in the night
Here in the land of Moscow Mollie
Mona the Mongolian
The Honey Buccaneers
The Rice Paddy Daddy
And the "A" Frame Pappa-san.
The charge of the Korean moose
To the cry of "She-e-e Ain't Got no YO-YO!"

 "An-ya-hasha-meeka

 Ko-nop-sim-needa

ON YOUR HORSE, AMIGO!

 Me-am-hawhm-neeta.

 Caun-ma-na-yo

 Caun-mn-ma-na-yo

 Caun-ma-na-a-a-YO!"

EE-chee-bahn #'ACK'in One

Mo sko'shi, GI, MEE-gook moosey-may EE-so! E-ee-YAH-hoo!

Exultingly shouting (to the sound of fife and drum)

 "Last night I slept in the wilderness

 The wolves were howling 'round me

 But tonight I'll sleep in a feather bed

 With the girl I left behind me."

um-
dul- tum-
Ta- um- tum-
tum dul- tum- tum
tum- Ta- tum
Tum- tum Ta-
tum- dul-
Tum- um-
tum- dul-
tum- Ta- ah-
tum- tum- um-tum dul-
Ta-dul- dul- um
um- Ta-
tum-

[END]

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