

**Classic Poetry Series**

**Dom Moraes**  
**- poems -**

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# Dom Moraes(19 July 1938 – 2 June 2004)

Dominic Francis Moraes, popularly known as Dom Moraes, was a Goan writer, poet and columnist. He published nearly 30 books.

## <b> Early Life </b>

Moraes was born in Bombay (now Mumbai) to Beryl and Frank Moraes, former editor of the Times of India. He attended St. Mary's School (ISC), Mazagoan, Bombay, and Jesus College, Oxford University.

Moraes spent eight years in Britain, in London and Oxford, New York city, Hong Kong, Delhi and Mumbai.

## <b> Career</b>

He edited magazines in London, Hong Kong and New York. He became the editor of The Asia Magazine in 1971. He scripted and partially directed over 20 television documentaries for the BBC and ITV. He was a war correspondent in Algeria, Israel and Vietnam. In 1976 he joined the United Nations.

Moraes conducted one of the first interviews of the Dalai Lama after the Tibetan spiritual leader fled to India in 1959. The Dalai Lama was then 23 and Moraes was 20. Moraes ended his writing career, writing books in collaboration with Sarayu Srivatsa.

## <b> Later Life </b>

He had a lifelong battle with alcoholism. Moraes suffered from cancer, but refused treatment and died from a heart attack in Bandra, Mumbai. He was buried in the Sewri Cemetery in Mumbai and as per his last wishes Sarayu Srivatsa buried the soil from his grave in Odcombe, Somerset, on 19 July 2002 (his birthdate). Many of Dom's old friends and publishers attended the memorial service in Odcombe. A headstone in yellow Jaisalmer stone lies embedded in the front lawn of the church to mark the service.

When the Gujarat riots erupted in 2002, with their heavy toll of Muslim dead, Moraes left for Ahmedabad the minute the news came through, claiming that since he was a Catholic, Muslims would not see him as an enemy. Even though he was physically in considerable pain by then, he was one of the first on the scene.

## **<b> Personal Life </b>**

In 1956, aged 18, he was courted by Henrietta Moraes. They married in 1961. He left her, according to his close friends in London, but did not divorce her.[citation needed] He had a son, Heff Moraes, with his second wife Judith. He later married celebrated Indian actress and beauty Leela Naidu and they were a star couple, known across several continents, for over two decades. They separated in the mid-1990s.

## **<b> Awards and Recognitions </b>**

Hawthornden Prize for the best work of the imagination, 1958, for the book of poems *A Beginning*

Autumn Choice of the Poetry Book Society for Poems (1960)

# Absences

Smear out the last star.  
No lights from the islands  
Or hills. In the great square  
The prolonged vowel of silence  
Makes itself plainly heard  
Round the ghost of a headland  
Clouds, leaves, shreds of bird  
Eddy, hindering the wind.

No vigils left to keep.  
No enemies left to slaughter.  
The rough roofs of the slopes,  
Loosely thatched with splayed water,  
Only shelter microliths and fossils.  
Unwatched, the rainbows build  
On the architraves of hills.  
No wounds left to be healed.

Nobody left to be beautiful.  
No polyp admiral to sip  
Blood and whiskey from a skull  
While fingering his warships.  
Terrible relics, by tiderace  
Untouched, the stromalites breathe.  
Bubbles plop on the surface,  
Disturbing the balance of death.

No sound would be heard if  
So much silence was not heard.  
Clouds scuff like sheep on the cliff.  
The echoes of stones are restored.  
No longer any foreshore  
Or any abyss, this  
World only held together  
By its variety of absences.

Dom Moraes

# Architecture

The architecture of an aunt  
Made the child dream of cupolas,  
Domes, other smoothly rounded shapes.  
Geometries troubled his sleep.

The architecture of young women  
Mildly obsessed the young man:  
Its globosity, firmness, texture,  
Lace cobwebs for adornment and support.

Miles from his aunt, the old child  
Watched domes and cupolas defaced  
In a hundred countries, as time passed.

A thousand kilometres of lace defiled,  
And much gleaming and perfect architecture  
Flaming in the fields with no visible support.

Dom Moraes

# Key

Ground in the Victorian lock, stiff,  
With difficulty screwed open,  
To admit me to the seven mossed stairs  
And the badly kept garden.

Who runs to me in memory  
Through flowers destroyed by no love

But the child with brown hair and eyes,  
Smudged all over with toffee?

I lick his cheeks. I bounce him in air.  
Two bounces, he disappears.

Fifteen years later, he redescends,  
Not as a postponed child, but a letter  
Asking me for his father who now possesses  
No garden, no home, not even any key.

Dom Moraes

# Rendezvous

[For Nathan Altermann ]

Altermann, sipping wine, reads with a look  
Of infinite patience and slight suffering.  
When I approach him, he puts down his book,  
Waves to the chair beside him like a king,  
Then claps his hands, and an awed waiter fetches  
Bread, kosher sausage, cake, a chicken's wing,  
More wine, some English cigarettes, and matches.  
'Eat, eat,' Altermann says, 'this is good food.'  
Through the awning over us the sunlight catches  
His aquiline sad head, till it seems hewed  
From tombstone marble. I accept some bread.  
I've lunched already, but would not seem rude.  
When I refuse more, he feeds me instead,  
Heaping my plate, clapping for wine, his eyes  
-Expressionless inside the marble head—  
Appearing not to notice how the flies  
Form a black, sticky icing on the cake.  
Thinking of my health now, I visualize  
The Aryan snow floating, flake upon flake,  
Over the ghetto wall where only fleas  
Fed well, and they and hunger kept awake  
Under sharp stars, those waiting for release.  
Birds had their nests, but Jews nowhere to hide  
When visited by vans and black police.  
The shekinah rose where a people died,  
A pillar of flame by night, of smoke by day.  
From Europe then the starved and terrified  
Flew. Now their mourner sits in this café.  
Telling me how to scan a Hebrew line.  
Though my attention has moved far away  
His features stay marble and aquiline.  
But the eternal gesture of his race  
Flowing through the hands that offer bread and wine  
Reveals the deep love sealed in the still face.

Dom Moraes

# Spree

[For Yosl Bergner]

Tonight I see your blue protuberant eyes  
Following your angry wife, who sweeps away,  
With their perpetual look of mild surprise.  
'Nu, have another drink for luck,' you say  
I settle back to let your swift talk flow  
Freer with drink through the small hours till day  
Reddens the bottles in your studio,  
While, still unchecked, a rapid spate of words  
Explains some brush-technique I did not know.  
A Polish boy, you took cadaverous birds,  
Perched in a burnt-out Europe, for your text,  
Then came here, but kept sympathy towards  
Creatures with wings, for you chose angels next,  
Though different from those flaming ones that flew  
Into the Bible: yours are too perplexed  
Even to fly, waifs without work to do.  
Yudl reproved you once, in the Cassit:  
'Your angels are not Israelis, Jew.'  
No: but they are the images we meet  
In every mirror: so I understand  
Those helpless angels waiting in the street  
For somebody to take them by the hand.  
Still, hangovers won't await, so now we walk  
Past herons down the beach towards liquor land.  
There's not much left to talk of: but you talk,  
Waving both arms, eccentric, Yiddish, free,  
In your new home where tall winged creatures stalk  
Between the ancient mountains and the sea.

Dom Moraes

# The Garden

I -wake and find myself in love:  
And this one time I do not doubt.  
I only fear, and wander out  
To hold long parley with a dove.

The innocent and the guilty, met  
Here in the garden, feel no fear.  
But I'm afraid of you, my dear.  
There was a reason: I forget.

And I by shyness am undone  
And can't go out for fear I meet  
My poems dancing down the street  
Telling your name to everyone.

The lichen peels along the wall.  
My conversation bores the dove.  
He knows it all: that I'm in love  
And you care much and not at all.

I shall stay here and keep my word.  
Glumly I wait to marry dust.  
It grieves me only that I must  
Speak not to you, but to a bird.

Dom Moraes