

Poetry Series

**Anthony Weir**  
**- poems -**

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## Anthony Weir(13th September 1941)

Now 65, having lived my life entirely dissident, vasectomised, refusing to be employed, married, and to have anything to do with 'normality', I divide my State-Pensioned time between beautiful, remote, rural Northern Ireland and a beautiful mediæval village in the Aveyron Gorges of south-west France. I also write poems in French:

The most common comment about my poems on PoemHunter is 'PROVOCATIVE' - which in Literary New-speak means 'shocking' or 'outrageous'. This is very satisfying.

**8/6**

After Hiroshima  
all beauty is unbearable.  
Light is the condensation  
of darkness.

(8/6 = the sixth day of August, 'Hiroshima Day')

Anthony Weir

# A Cold Eye

Wisdom is awareness  
of the futility of communication  
and the prodigality of the  
communication of futility:  
Wisdom is bareness.

Books are dead trees  
and marketing and choked drains,  
and poems are dead cells  
from dying brains,

through whose intent, intention,  
intentionality  
the vivid randomness of life and nature  
has been turned to death  
by planned inequity and inequality.

Anthony Weir

# A Dublin Poem

At the Conference of  
Poetry Police  
An observer who claimed  
That a tree was worth  
A thousand poets  
Was declared mentally ill  
And unfit to work at  
The paper-mill.

Anthony Weir

# A La Recherche De Paul Verlaine

Miserable wars  
if love is not the reason  
Miserable wars

Miserable weapons  
if they are not kisses  
Miserable

Pitiable men  
if they don't die of love  
Pitiable

Men have killed  
more women than men

The most miserable love  
is fought for  
The most pitiable kisses are weapons  
and the most pathetic men  
refuse to live for love without motive.

Anthony Weir

# A Mound Of Refuse

Even the poor in our society  
have six times more  
than it's sane to desire

And the rich everywhere  
always  
are wanting something for nothing.

Anthony Weir

# A Path In Lake Waters

Between the sleeping and the dreaming  
Lie the landing and the boat  
Between strange and stranger shore  
A timeless lake  
A floating door  
A ferryman

The ancient guide  
Manifest dream-master  
Mythic ithyphallic bride

I am the dismembered masker  
Orpheus come like ore  
In the dazzling dark  
The teeming maze of the mine  
To drink the piss of the Minotaur

Though dreams like myths and stems entwine  
We dream apart  
Each drowning as we grasp the door  
Abstract as thresholds  
Scattered in the silent roar

Anthony Weir



# A Voice From The Mirror

The greatest achievement is to become  
unmentionable to the unspeakable.  
'Now' is glimpses of the always  
framed by never.

I should say my heart was broken  
if I believed in hearts.  
I recognise the void within me  
and despair.

Love is just as true as rumour  
and healing death the shadow  
of meaningless forever.

Anthony Weir

# About Wisdom

O wisdom - enchanter - was I greedy for fame?  
Did I lie and deceive to gain reputation  
as your greatest servant?

Did I stoop to currying favour with worthless  
people of position and power?  
Did I worry about status or money?

For those who wish to retain their integrity  
the only place to be is under your feet  
and whether we wash or not, walk clothed or naked,  
live or die,  
is of utmost irrelevance.

2. AFTER A POEM ENTITLED 'SLAVE BOY'  
by Yusuf ibn Harun al-Ramadi (died 1022 CE)

They shaved his head  
to make him unattractive,  
for his beauty made them  
mean.

They wiped out the night.  
They abandoned him to dawn.

Anthony Weir

## After The Sinking (Portrait Of Padraic Fiacc)

His daddy fought bitterly  
'for Ireland' - rarely  
at home - usually  
on the run.

His auntie hoped a teddy  
bear would keep him happy  
or comfort him at any  
rate - or at least keep him  
quiet while she did what she  
did for the cause  
without a gun.

He pulled the arms and legs off  
and shat upon the mutilated plush.  
He met his mother for the first time  
on the boat to America.  
Now he is a whining, published poet  
and a lush.

As he hugs me guiltily and almost tenderly  
I tell him:  
'Sex is only the tip of the iceberg...'

Anthony Weir

# All Souls Day, Saint-Antonin-Noble-Val

Here in the graveyard  
the rotting corpses lie.  
Children depress me.  
But it cheers me up to know  
that I and they will die.

Anthony Weir

## Alone, By The River Aveyron (After Tu-Fu)

The pain that beauty brings to me might seem to you ridiculous, but I'm not half-crazed - not with alcohol or cannabis, and not by madness or by love. Springtime is frightening as the biosphere ploughs on so pluckily to its doom. I am lucky, I will die soon - none too soon - but this gorgeous river and its bird-filled banks will die slowly, become an ooze, a miasma in its gorge. Little buds, open carefully. The whole planet is a grave already and will become another grave. Stratum on stratum, grave upon grave the earth; and we in our vainglory think our species is significant - because we have dreamed up significance and worth.

Anthony Weir

# Alphabetical

## ALPHABETICAL

A is for atom, which has many parts.  
B is for bomb, so dear to men's hearts.  
C is for cock, what you do to a rifle.  
D is for doom, which is only a trifle.  
E is for end which we're all of us living.  
F is for future - it's quite unforgiving.  
G is for Google, search-engine of choice.  
H is for hoodlums, who once were sweet boys.  
I is for me who should not be here  
J is for Jihad against all things queer.  
K is for Kali in Heaven Above.  
L is for Limbo the circle of love.  
M is for monster - what Man has become.  
N is for nation and nasty and numb.  
O is for ogle - what I do to dogs.  
P is for progress that's lost in the cogs.  
Q is for quiet: the peace of the dead.  
R is for raucous: the thoughts in my head.  
S is for steel destroying the world.  
T is for triumph with banners unfurled.  
U is for umbrage, so easily taken.  
V is for virtue by value forsaken.  
W doesn't scan - I'll leave it out.  
X is for xenophobe: a mere lout.  
Y is for yours, from terrible mines.  
Z is for zillion - far less than Man's crimes...

Anthony Weir

# Anti-Poem

Obviously, song came before speech  
and moans came before song.  
Whales sing refrains and antiphons,  
compose sonatas.

Darwin thought that certain fish designed their own eyes;  
researchers report that the planet's remaining fish not only  
like but can also recognise  
the less-commercial human music.

[Perhaps a line here ending with 'status'...]

[Perhaps a line here ending with 'God'...]

I both fear and pity people who think they are better than cod

Anthony Weir

## April 2006 (In Memoriam Sarah Teasdale)

What do I care in the cold winds and languor of spring  
That my face and my frame are not I?  
They are just furniture, but my poems are what I feel,  
I am a vacuum, they are a cry.

Why should I care? My life will soon finish  
And the world that was will be holocaust, flood and drought.  
My heart is a birth-wound, my mind a protest, a shout,  
And only at death will their pain and their noise diminish.

Through the years I have learned  
How few men and ideas are worthy of trust.  
I have seen my greatest love  
Murdered, trampled in the dust,  
And fears I never knew before  
Burrow into my heart's core.  
Hope little. Ask for less.  
Who dares to talk of happiness!

Anthony Weir



# Armageddon, After All, Is A Fairly Small Hill

Just an ordinary day: ordinary people  
work and do other usual things  
in the landscape of screams.  
The cleaners, the clergy,  
child prostitutes, bookbinders, loss-adjusters,  
judges...the rapists, the teachers,  
mechanics, chiropodists, vivisectionists,  
politicians, the police, the swindlers,  
the imams, the accountants, the advertising-agency janitors,  
the slaughterers of battery-chickens,  
loblolly-men,  
spies and shit-shifters, computer-programmers,  
together (with many more) compose  
the landscape of screams  
as a jigsaw of horrible fragments of false dreams.

And why would the creator not despise us  
as we despise dogs  
our very own unnatural selection?

Anthony Weir

# As A Dream Of A Night Vision

Because I look from outside out  
terrified to look from inside in  
I seem to come to life through burglary.

Puppet deliberately tangling my strings  
so as to have to cut them,  
I might thus fall from  
rôle not to reality but grace  
belongingness beyond longing  
affinity beyond sex  
conviviality beyond consumingness  
of fire where spiders burn  
and webs transmute to puppet-strings.

Because I take and take to things  
things which I make magically  
execute me  
and I am only questioning and doubt  
looking ineluctably from outside out.

Anthony Weir

# Asperger Meets Alzheimer

Every army is edible -  
just fry or boil or bake.  
In the Bar des Abattoirs  
we talk about Fast Food  
and churches, the mindless  
wondrousness and relentless  
logical absurdity of nature,  
and pubic-genital tattoos.  
I, le chien manqué, never lie  
and never lock my house.  
Nearing my demise,  
the dirty emptiness of life behind me,  
the pure nothingness of death in front,  
the inexpensive Bar des Abattoirs  
is my chosen nursing-home.

I don't know what age  
I am, am of -  
I share nothing with women or men  
and dislike cities, loathe pubs.  
Thinking of death and the error  
of being human, I am the bearer  
of unwelcome wisdom,  
an angry ghost among the shrubs.

God's name is Frankenstein.  
We are his monsters.

Anthony Weir

# Beached

The sea constantly  
ceaselessly conjugates  
the verb 'to murmur'  
sometimes very loudly  
sometimes so quietly  
that it's barely a rumour

And the white juices  
flow  
from black forces  
below  
and it conjugates 'to murmur'  
lovingly and cold  
cold and passionate  
violent and cold

So we are told  
who only dream the sea  
desiring it dreamingly  
seeming to be awake  
and just out of reach  
on the small fragile beach

where the shadows flap and shake.

Anthony Weir

# Beauty And Despair

The forest's lovely, dark and deep,  
But I, unlovely human, have pale and  
shallow promises to keep  
to well-kept humans.  
There is no gain but hurt  
as we turn the planet called Earth  
to the planet called Dirt,  
the planet of pain.  
And we are vanity & all in vain.

Every girl and every boy  
is born with and robbed of  
the secret of joy.  
And not a thing will satisfy  
Because we all are cut away  
from our innate capacity  
to be appropriate, attuned.

Poems  
are pus from that terrible wound,  
wound of wanting, dark and deep.  
The woods are lovely...We explain  
and turn experience to pain,  
turn pain to planetary experience,  
and we are vanity, and all in vain.

Anthony Weir

# Big Bang

In the Beginning  
God burst like a Balloon  
Showering the World  
With dirty shreds  
Of indestructible Hypocrisy.

Anthony Weir

# 'Blood Is The Belly Of Logic' - In Memoriam Ted Hughes

Farming is more swords  
than earth-savaging, earth-exhausting ploughshares:  
exile from Eden,  
starvation and infection,  
hacking and sacking of the growing green,  
overpopulation and empire,  
power and glory,  
restlessness and greed and vivisection,  
savage fear of what is animal,  
guilt and comfort and uneasy self-satisfaction.

Anthony Weir

## Bone To Bone (Homage To Vasko Popa)

Apart from everyone  
I listen to the crows  
And admire the blood-red  
Japanese Quince flowers in April

The long-tailed dancer  
With Cyrillic teeth is laughing  
While I practise howling

Which is poetry

Anthony Weir



# Canticles For U.G. Krishnamurti

My invisible, other true friend, Brother Zoti Lamort,  
unknowable, ever-present, everywhere  
like a vast four-dimensional carpet,  
asks me silently why I have to be human,  
why I, shunning destiny, laden down  
with my great gift of sorrow, have to be?  
Not because there is a possibility  
of happiness! No, the idea of personal  
happiness (and the hunter's pursuit) is the most  
vain, destructive and self-destroying of concepts  
strangling Earth and us with false urgency.

Not that I feel a duty to life the dictatorship, cosmic  
catastrophe. Here in my chamber of raw  
understanding, wrestling the language of  
unutterability, I feel only too-muchness of being  
and being one of millions too many.  
I'm always wanting to leave both the state  
and the chamber - and I'm rooted by both.

Not that we make ourselves happy by torturing  
wiping out, exploiting, rounding up animals -  
no, increasingly we - the endangering species -  
herd and exploit each other, breed  
young to disable in schools, denounce any sign  
of spontaneous joy in each other.  
No, we hate happiness,  
seeing that, left to themselves, animals would be happy all over the place  
without us, thus showing us our soulless irrelevance.

No phenomenon here can possibly want us,  
who confront everything with our words and our swords and, far worse,  
hypocrisy -  
every one of us the enemy of everything  
- all creatures guiltless but us  
in the power of our shamelessness.  
And we just once, like lightning or meteor  
striking all other dimensions, and each of us once,  
but so many millions, mirror-struck, striking

down everything sane and appropriate.

Dogs know that we live noisy irrational lives,  
full of patterns and habits and unthinkingness.  
The weight of our being's so gross that we are quite unaware of it – but the  
world is increasingly crushed  
and squashed and dried up by us - like a prune  
swarming with maggots - and we are here only to say: Home, Tower, Power,  
Ambition and Threshold.

More than ever subtlety falls away, connection  
with Life driven out and replaced by the whimpering  
urgency of things and stupidly urging,  
hammering images. Happiness! Love! Success!  
Driving ourselves to achievement, there is no-one  
to praise us but Advertising,  
for God was appalled when alive. The Angels are all bred for bacon and organs  
and sperm.  
Praise the world to an Angel, and he squeals in the agony produceable only by  
devils of language.  
Refugee peoples and gypsies and children and  
pædophiles are just a small part  
of the tumult made by the Word.

I feel too much. I breathe in pain, and, novice, helplessly immature, can only  
breathe suffering out, cannot transmute it to anything like 'beatitude'.  
Joy is only the briefest suppression of pain.  
Writing cannot be serious when all human culture's  
suppression of feeling in ruthless pursuit  
of bizarre manifestations of the trivial,  
just as religions are for the anti-spiritual  
to justify their manufactured selves by,  
and science is merely tearing wings off flies  
to grow supremely grotesque on Buchenwald pigs.  
Even my anguish is mere manufacture.

(Reading polemic or poetry is such a waste  
of spirit and time, when all other creatures  
- dolphin or mollusc - are poems  
and cannot be other.)

Joy can only be given.

If a thing could be said to be happy  
as slug or squirrel is happy,  
that thing-happiness can be the only one possible  
in world turned to slaughterhouse/smouldering rubbish-pit of Gehenna.  
Nothing we do can be innocent,  
for with the blind and backward maze of the mind  
we turn everything wonderful terribly  
into reflections of our terrible selves.  
You my invisible friend, my desirable  
Earth Spirit, Anti-angel,  
you, beyond right or love or truth or happiness  
were always right, always Perfect in your holiest  
presence and insight.  
And my dog, with his divine understanding  
silently tells me each day that there is nothing  
to understand for there is no - never was - understanding - and no lie is big  
enough  
ever to justify us.

In Siberia people once lived who knew seven genders and never built megalith-  
cells for the dead  
or dead calculations for dying.  
In the Somme and Hiroshima pacifist worms  
have recovered from holocaust.  
I almost live. Might never have known...  
Live in what? Neither my forgotten, trivial childhood nor the terrible, ever-  
commissioning future -  
but on the present awareness of pain that I can neither transmute nor ignore.  
And everything shrivels, and only the shame of humanity pours out of, dries up  
in my heart.

Anthony Weir

# Catastrophe

Flowers are flowering  
Larks are larking  
Badgers badgering  
Pines are pining  
Rushes rushing  
Fish are fishing  
Plants are planting  
Swallows swallowing  
Stars are starring  
The moon is mooning

And man is manning  
Everything.

Anthony Weir

# Challenging Emily Dickinson

Nature's red in tooth and claw  
But we are black of heart.  
There's more 'soul' in a jackal's paw  
than all our works of art.  
So I will kindly stop for Death  
and do the gracious thing.  
And with the gift of my last breath  
transform to sweet  
nothing.

Anthony Weir

# Cides

After  
birth  
for the affluent  
is mostly  
-cides: bactericides  
insecticides  
herbicides  
rodenticides  
but too rarely  
spermicides  
and all too rarely  
suicide.  
Thus almost all of us  
are war-criminals.

Anthony Weir

# Coat-Trailing

Jean Genet said:

'the author of a beautiful poem  
is always dead'.

But beautiful poems  
are also always dead  
whereas a poet once lived  
in his head.

Great poetry now is what  
people can't bear to read.

Great poets are dead and dutiful.  
The dead are always beautiful.

Anthony Weir

## Coda (For Suchoon Mo)

Great is Death  
We are his  
urgent breath  
his eager pus.  
Thinking  
we're in the thick of life  
we do not see him  
blinking  
in the thick of us.

Anthony Weir



# Compassion

Compassion is flame  
and the ashes of the fire.  
Compassion is crossed fingers behind your back  
as your shoulders hunch like a crone's.  
Compassion is the corpse buried in your eyes.  
Compassion is the burying of stones.

Anthony Weir

# Confession Of A Failed Abortion

In the absurd  
eventuality of re-incarnation  
I should be desirous  
of returning as a bower-bird  
or a retrovirus.

Anthony Weir

# Consumer

I went out to buy contentment  
and came home with bulls' testicles.  
I went out to buy transcendence  
and came back with a mobile phone.

The vileness of money  
is that it turns stupidity of desire  
into virtue.

I listen to time coughing and watch  
the wolf in the Institute being  
flayed to the bone.

Anthony Weir

## Crinophily (Rue De La Petite Truanderie)

I would like a lover  
who looks like my teddybear  
who will ask me to do  
what I want to do  
and travel with me  
to the inner and the outer.

As for sex  
I have no preference -  
but not many women look like my  
teddybear,  
though I saw a splendidly  
hirsute lady in Paris.

Anthony Weir

# Culture Is The Vulture That Rips Apart The Heart

Every day that passes  
I spurn the social classes  
more and more and more.

I never lock my door.

Anthony Weir

## Daily Suicide (After The Albanian Of Bardhyl Londo)

We kill ourselves every day  
At grubby tables in the café  
At the polluted racks of newspapers  
In corrupt circles and sordid intrigues  
We slowly kill ourselves  
And of course we don't realise it.  
Eventually the moment comes:  
to take out the revolver -  
but you can't pull the trigger  
because you are already  
a long time dead,  
and it is well known that  
the dead can't kill themselves.

Anthony Weir

# Daisies On The Grass

Three out of every four Americans  
(93% in the Bible Belt)  
believe in Angels.  
Angels are kinda mystic.  
They drink heavenly Pepsi  
And are sexless but not genderless  
and make believers Spiritual  
and almost Artistic.

Anthony Weir

# Date With Death

Tonight I'm going on a date.  
We are meeting up at eight.  
A drink, and then I'll walk her home -  
I won't keep her out too late.

Anthony Weir



# Days

My correspondent wrote:

'I hope your day is being good to you.'

He is American, of course.

Days are often good to me.

But am I good to days?

Check out the Day-Abuse Website

to read about how horrible people can be

to nice, harmless, passing days

which just want to go by quietly

without too much noise, except

(what can they expect?) around volcanoes

which they learned about at Day School

from the Ancient of Days

who had a Santa beard and very hairy balls

and lived on top of cloudy pillars.

He's dead now.

Killed by Christians,

whom Jews might be justified in calling God-killers.

Anthony Weir

# Death Is The Second Coming

Words are  
the darkness speaking as light  
pretending that comfort  
is other than night.

Anthony Weir

# Deep Down

most of us are desperately superficial.  
How can we think our way out of problems  
when our problems arise from  
the fact that we think?

(How do I fit the square peg of my  
self-importance into the round  
hole of my sense of futility, renouncing  
both sadness and self?)

Time is god, is love  
is sightless, dumb  
creates. destroys  
and tells us only  
that we are noise.

Anthony Weir

# Deviants

In just one respect they tend to deviate.  
In other ways they earnestly collaborate,  
conform depressingly.  
The same is true of dissidents and poets.

Almost every day I feel that I'm  
the only person who's awake,  
while other people are sleepwalking  
the world to nightmare:  
the long, bad time for poetry  
now born of its dung.

The trickle of blood is time  
( 'O ancient, crimson curse! ' )  
Surviving birth was my third crime.

Although the 'Nuclear Winter'  
would have been the gentler way  
to kill the world we fundamentally resent,  
the Bible-blood of history  
and very recent history has shown  
that war is justifiable  
only to unreason and testosterone.

Anthony Weir

# Doors Of Estrangement - A Song For The Ghost Of Jacques Brel

When you're strange  
the glamour  
of the world is  
always out of range.  
You stammer.

People who are feared  
are never free from fear,  
go very soon insane.  
All of us are losers  
in a world hijacked by gain.

When you're strange  
the douceur of the world  
is always  
out of range.

Our minds are dirty cages  
crammed with beasts in pain.

When you're strange you bite  
the barbed-wire of your brain.

Anthony Weir

# Duendes - Self-Realization At The Age Of Sixty-One

This is the next-best sex: nobody  
used, disappointed, or hurt - and no-one  
engendered by my spermless ejaculate.

A rug by the fire, the moon  
shining through the window, 'Verklärte Nacht' playing,  
pictures of hairy men kissing, hairy men squirting:  
nobody used, nobody hurt, no misconnection.

Duende of climax

within a duende of solitude  
like the greater duende of forest, of river  
of peaceful and beautiful place  
achingly real and not dependent  
on hope or falsehood or people -

only dependent on something like grace...

Anthony Weir

## Eight Shorts

There are now more people  
living on the earth than ever died  
- though man is the only creature capable of suicide.

\*

The greatest mystery  
of life for me is not its origin  
nor end nor meaning  
but people's relentless superficiality.

\*

The people who waste the most water  
are those who most complain  
about rain.  
(Taps drip unfixed throughout  
vast regions of unceasing drought.)

\*

In my Auschwitz  
head are five nice Nazis,  
four Jewish war-criminals,  
three bestial anarchists,  
a Jehovah's Witness  
and six far-seeing  
(and very sexy) Gypsies.

\*

What 'Good Sex' Tells Us:  
time  
is  
nothing.

\*

The Past:

invented  
then lived in

(as far as is convenient) .

\*

America:  
the paranoid, collective  
loneliness of greed.

\*

In Nation States  
the breadth of human  
(and therefore animal)  
experience decreases day by day.  
And so we blaze our way.

Anthony Weir



# Ek Stasis

In the soulzone  
Conscious in the  
Ancient armpit  
Of the Unconscious  
At every moment  
And the beginning  
And the end of time  
Any tree is more wonderful  
Than any work of art  
And all that matters  
Is awareness  
That nothing matters

And fulfilment is  
To fall apart.

Anthony Weir

# Emigrant

Entering the sphere of enterprise and hope  
he sees unceasing energy  
trapped in the rat-race  
helplessly.

Anthony Weir

# Epiphany: Eochu, Lord Of The Underworld

Barrel

Slung between powerful thighs

Marvel

Fixing my humble and envious eyes

Slides out of its stock

Veins standing out, thick

As a man's arm:

Authority

Long and splendid and black

Extends towards the ground

Then with a masterful flick

Slaps a taut belly

Swings down again

And slowly slips back

Into thigh-portal

Leaving me trembling and awed

By unconscious display

Of superhumanity.

Anthony Weir

## Erech/Uruk - Iraq

We're told that writing was invented here:  
lists of weapons, foodstuffs, kings, kinsmen,  
laws and penalties.  
Here lived the first Man-God, Gilgamesh.  
Here children beg for ballpoint pens.  
Here there is no fence around the ruins,  
no turnstile, booklet, shop or guide.  
Here there are no tourists, toilets, postcards  
or Keep Off notices.  
Here is the first city.  
Here urban evil started  
to gyre its tentacles across a world  
which now it strangles.  
Here was the New York and Washington  
of seven thousand years ago -

the best of man is his ruins.

Not far away is Hamurabi's Babylon  
whose ruins were so recently reconquered  
by American Marines,  
and turned into a huge base  
with helipad and roads wide enough  
for trucks, the shards of pottery  
and threshing-floors  
covered with hardcore and gravel  
dug up from elsewhere.

The best of man is his ruins.

Anthony Weir

# Ever, Ever More Victims

(for Dr Robert M Sapolsky, vivisector)

The baboon  
Desperately holding the pig's heart  
Going septic  
Which 'scientists' have plumbed in  
To his neck  
Cannot cry  
    'My God!  
    My God,  
    Why hast thou forsaken me? '

Anthony Weir

# Every Moment Is A Moment Of Instruction

I write on time's hem, the brink of extinction,  
the end ever nearer as leaders and led become madder  
and fuller of power and products  
None of us more than 10%  
conscious and 9% rational, our species  
the irresistible error of crass evolution.

Is the mercy of dozens of hydrogen bombs  
more likely to cover the Planet of Pain  
than the long, cruel whimper of famine  
and drought, the ruthless  
destruction even of air?

Insanely

we think that Creation must live only through us -  
but humility is our nearest approximation to sanity.

I write, before being hurled  
from the brink of extinction, poems which just a few hundred beings  
in all the uncaring cosmos will read:  
the beginning of wisdom's the end of our world.

Anthony Weir

# Evolutionary Thoughts

The animal that lives in the kidney  
of the octopus  
was once more complex.

We have fewer genes than rice,  
and we are outraged when chimpanzees  
attack our children while we cut down  
their forests.

Because we invented words  
we are slaves of language;  
and we are willing slaves of number  
in the bright abattoirs of slumber.

Anthony Weir

## Falseness Close To Kin

After three half-hearted, vain abortion efforts came  
the mutual punishment of birth and the tight  
pretence of my Adoption. Then you failed  
to force me in the painful mould  
of your own image, uncommunicating, cold.  
Still, we have been faithful to each other:  
rebel son and secret mother.  
I'm getting old, and you're ever more stubborn.  
You think that I have failed you,  
and can't remember when last you ate.  
We were hardly in each other's knowing -  
now my half-respect for you has turned to emptiness  
almost dispassionate.

Anthony Weir



# Fishermen

Urinals are strange places  
where men stand  
like itinerant sweet-peas  
against temporary trellises  
and fumble.

Men are lucky.  
They can stand while they piss  
and play cards or violas  
or kiss.

When I was a child  
high toilet-walls  
were greenly-defiled  
by years of competitions:  
boys  
raising litre by metre.

Men are lucky.  
They can stand while they piss  
and angle for strange fish

like St. Peter.

Anthony Weir

# Flames Upon The Night

Christians destroyed the Oracles  
not because the Sibyls lied  
but because the uncouth  
New Testamenters  
wanted The Good News

and couldn't bear the truth.

Anthony Weir

## For Men Only?

Sex is much wider, deeper  
without penetration. It is much more  
]subtle without ejaculation or even  
orgasm. Best of all is the exquisite  
cultivation of friendships with men  
or women or animals or trees  
who excite you sexually  
but with whom there is no possibility of sex.

Anthony Weir

# For Sale

on eBay  
one old soul  
has been half-way  
to hell and back  
unwanted gift  
no reserve  
supplied with shadow

Anthony Weir

## For They Are...

...Short straws in my long beard  
The urine to be drunk on rising  
Holes in the moneybag  
Tombstone-lichens  
The hopelessness of hospitals  
Depraved experiments  
Screaming rust on the cages  
of laboratory animals  
Limbs mashed by landmines  
The oppressive presence of absence  
The despair of asylums  
Dead fleas from the Angel  
Vomit on in-trays  
Frightened albinos  
Decaying slaughterhouse-concrete  
Maggots on bones  
The drowned smells of psychiatrists  
And the smegma of the teaching wolf

Anthony Weir

# Funny Love Song

Midnight diamonds  
Morning coal  
Transmutation  
In the 'soul'

Diamond kisses  
Coal-deep sleep  
Some shall glory  
All shall weep

Loved and unbeloved all trudge  
Into death's disputed sludge

Anthony Weir

# Gertrude Stein

Gertrude Stein wrote mantras  
delicately. Rude mantras wrote  
refined Gert Stein.

Miss Mantras was the thing itself,  
the liberty of thing  
ringing in oblique observation  
like mad. Mansanity  
of selfaplomb and whimassured  
and dedication to the livery of word  
released from mantrashliterality of consonants and vowels:  
speech is cruelty to wise silenciousness.

Splendid right unto her bowels  
divinely mooing sticky tantras  
Gertrude Stein wrote spunky mantras  
quite a lot -  
as I cannot.

Anthony Weir

# Gloss On The Ninth Elegy Of Rainer-Maria Rilke

My invisible, other true friend, Brother Zoti Lamort,  
unknowable, ever-present, everywhere  
like a vast four-dimensional carpet,  
asks me silently why I have to be human,  
why I, shunning destiny, laden down  
with my great gift of sorrow, have to be?  
Not because there is a possibility  
of happiness! No, the idea of personal  
happiness (and the hunter's pursuit) is the most  
vain, destructive and self-destroying of concepts  
strangling Earth and us with false urgency.

Not that I feel a duty to life the dictatorship, cosmic  
catastrophe. Here in my chamber of raw  
understanding, wrestling the language of  
unutterability, I feel only too-muchness of being  
and being one of millions too many.  
I'm always wanting to leave both the state  
and the chamber - and I'm rooted by both.

Not that we make ourselves happy by torturing  
wiping out, exploiting, rounding up animals -  
no, increasingly we - the endangering species -  
herd and exploit each other, breed  
young to disable in schools, denounce any sign  
of spontaneous joy in each other.  
No, we hate happiness,  
seeing that, left to themselves, animals would be happy all over the place  
without us, thus showing us our soulless irrelevance.

No phenomenon here can possibly want us,  
who confront everything with our words and our swords and, far worse,  
hypocrisy -  
every one of us the enemy of everything  
- all creatures guiltless but us  
in the power of our shamelessness.  
And we just once, like lightning or meteor  
striking all other dimensions, and each of us once,  
but so many millions, mirror-struck, striking



down everything sane and appropriate.

Dogs know that we live noisy irrational lives,  
full of patterns and habits and unthinkingness.  
The weight of our being's so gross that we are quite unaware of it – but the  
world is increasingly crushed  
and squashed and dried up by us - like a prune  
swarming with maggots - and we are here only to say: Home, Tower, Power,  
Ambition and Threshold.

More than ever subtlety falls away, connection  
with Life driven out and replaced by the whimpering  
urgency of things and stupidly urging,  
hammering images. Happiness! Love! Success!  
Driving ourselves to achievement, there is no-one  
to praise us but Advertising,  
for God was appalled when alive. The Angels are all bred for bacon and organs  
and sperm.  
Praise the world to an Angel, and he squeals in the agony produceable only by  
devils of language.  
Refugee peoples and gypsies and children and  
pædophiles are just a small part  
of the tumult made by the Word.

I feel too much. I breathe in pain, and, novice, helplessly immature, can only  
breathe suffering out, cannot transmute it to anything like 'beatitude'.  
Joy is only the briefest suppression of pain.  
Writing cannot be serious when all human culture's  
suppression of feeling in ruthless pursuit  
of bizarre manifestations of the trivial,  
just as religions are for the anti-spiritual  
to justify their manufactured selves by,  
and science is merely tearing wings off flies  
to grow supremely grotesque on Buchenwald pigs.  
Even my anguish is mere manufacture.

(Reading polemic or poetry is such a waste  
of spirit and time, when all other creatures  
- dolphin or mollusc - are poems  
and cannot be other.)

Joy can only be given.

If a thing could be said to be happy  
as slug or squirrel is happy,  
that thing-happiness can be the only one possible  
in world turned to slaughterhouse/smouldering rubbish-pit of Gehenna.  
Nothing we do can be innocent,  
for with the blind and backward maze of the mind  
we turn everything wonderful terribly  
into reflections of our terrible selves.  
You my invisible friend, my desirable  
Earth Spirit, Anti-angel,  
you, beyond right or love or truth or happiness  
were always right, always Perfect in your holiest  
presence and insight.  
And my dog, with his divine understanding  
silently tells me each day that there is nothing  
to understand for there is no - never was - understanding - and no lie is big  
enough  
ever to justify us.

In Siberia people once lived who knew seven genders and never built megalith-  
cells for the dead  
or dead calculations for dying.  
In the Somme and Hiroshima pacifist worms  
have recovered from holocaust.  
I almost live. Might never have known...  
Live in what? Neither my forgotten, trivial childhood nor the terrible, ever-  
commissioning future -  
but on the present awareness of pain that I can neither transmute nor ignore.  
And everything shrivels, and only the shame of humanity pours out of, dries up  
in my heart.

Anthony Weir

# Glosses On Two Poems By The Albanian Poet Petro Marko (1913-91)

## 1. SUCH BURDENS ON THE MIND

'Marrezi, turp  
turp dhe mëkate  
per jeten e tërbuar...'  
- APOLOGJIA IME (JETES)

Shame and rage  
greed and pain:  
life is a gaoler  
bejewelled and vain.

Life made misery.  
Life made Man.  
In the wastes of desire  
the grotesque can-can.

...as faliu ligjes sime,  
bindu i çmendur endërrtar...

'Wer, wenn ich schrie, hörte mich...? '

How can it possibly matter in which language I am unread?  
Or, even if read, not understood?  
The warmth and the words of the dead are my comfort,  
the greatest intimacy our grief beyond time  
and its terror and hatred and bitterness.

Along the valley of death I've always been walking  
and listening to the blood-pools talking,  
bones and bonfires everywhere,  
black and blue and red in the air.  
Poisoned the water, bitter the rain.  
Life itself is in love with pain.

Our comfort-manufactured metal hearts dissolve in rust  
so that 'Old myths renew as passionate as dusk.'

...të shpirtit, në një kend,  
lindi një shqetësim  
që çeli varrin tënd...

If 99% of the ever-expanding Universe is unknowable  
Dark Matter (The True God)  
and an infinitesimal percentage of the remaining 1% is the  
living matter we are so intent on corrupting and destroying,  
the whole of life is the tiniest blemish  
on the otherwise marvellous Universe,  
no matter how many billions of synapses are in my brain,  
no matter that life itself is in love with pain.

## 2. FLYING OVER EUROPE

Above us the blue.  
Beneath us an old, old map.  
I cannot see the borders or the armies  
only rivers and forests.  
The machine we are in  
(eating sandwiches which taste of Treblinka and Gulag)  
wipes through the mildew  
wipes through the blight  
of history. Those millions  
of terrible events might not have happened.  
But they are still happening now  
out of sight, day and night.  
Good news is something misreported.

Anthony Weir

# God

is love is  
a hoarding  
behind which hide  
desperate competitions.

Anthony Weir

# Grand Style (True Story)

Millionaire  
Gordon Bennett  
bought a restaurant  
on entering it

And before he left  
he gave it to the waiter  
as a tip.

Anthony Weir

# Great Technology - Pity About The People Who Use It

Let's clone Jesus from the DNA  
secreted in the Turin Shroud.  
Clone the Prophet from his beard.  
Clone the Buddha from his tooth at Kandy.

Clonings like that won't be allowed:  
THEY'd rather clone policemen,  
civil servants, yesmen,  
top executives and revered  
athletes. No Kafka. No Khayyám. No Gandhi.  
And certainly no Chief Red Cloud.

Anthony Weir

# Happiness Is Despair Having A Good Time

It is as true as rain  
and wind  
that mind  
is pain  
And knowledge  
differentiated pain  
And wisdom the sad gladness  
of the immense  
realisation  
that it is insane  
to look for sense  
inside the brain  
or outside sensation.

Anthony Weir



# Here, Now In The Junkyard Of Reality

The smell of death  
is a lover's smell:  
unchaste, alone,  
I'm perfumed by  
magnificent disgraces.

When day is strange dream  
Divided by night  
It's time to extinguish the light  
And dance in the odorous places.

Anthony Weir

# Hero

The body:

limp as a discarded condom  
avoided by all except perverts  
shrouded by ripped veils of rain  
rags of old sunlight  
dirty bandages of darkness  
which is faster than light  
and now shot to hell.

In paradise  
all is not well.

Anthony Weir

# Holy Grail

At the cenotaphs  
the holders and the representatives of power,  
the generals, the admirals, the air-vice-marshals  
pretend to mourn  
the powerless that their predecessors murdered  
by proxy as dictators also do  
through words like Glory and Defence  
and Fatherland and Honour  
and Democracy  
and Western Way-of-life - which we've now reduced to lifestyle.

Masters of claptrap, they call  
mass-murder sacrifice

but horses are the inevitably-unsung heroes  
the unremembered victims  
before replacement by the tank

and the Holy Grail is in the basement of a bank.

Anthony Weir

# Homo Nequam Frugi

When I was young my main  
ambition was to be wise.  
Now I realise  
that wisdom resides in understanding  
the worthlessness of wisdom.  
O to live the unexamined life of stone or tree!

Those who believe in gods or a god and paradise  
think they're not animals,  
and freely force themselves to be  
zombies as the mummy-lords decree.

Pity our intelligence, our demon-bride  
which has evolved just enough to wreck  
and slaughter everything that we evolved from  
- but not enough to bless or even tolerate the planet.  
The nearest that we get to rationality is suicide.

God knows:  
wisdom is the opposite of love  
(which is elaborate appropriation)  
- and the instrument  
most suitable for the operation  
of writing poems  
is a spade.

I saw God again  
the other day  
behind the slaughterhouse of right and wrong  
in an old fur coat the colour of jade  
digging up bones.

Either all life is sacred or none is:  
any betweenthought  
is mere theology  
the opposite of wisdom.

I spoke to a turd

another day.  
No reply.  
That turd was smart  
rejected art.

The paradox of truth  
is that the invention of the concept  
makes false all that is human.  
The nearest that we get to rationality is suicide.

To be fatherless  
is a privilege.  
To live alone  
is not to be disappointed  
by people  
but to be less disappointed  
by oneself,  
to be beyond affirmative election.  
O, the solipsistic maze of introspection!

Little that man creates  
is not contemptible.  
Time is the absence of bliss.  
'Who will save me from Existence? '  
Only myself, denying the monotony  
of unwished-for echo and abyss.

'Tout lasse, tout casse, tout passe.' - Pascal

Anthony Weir

# Hortus Deliciarum

I, a priest of egregiousness  
cursing miserable wisdom  
met the Buddha of Hairiness  
as we loafed together in saintliness  
in the Garden of Togetherness.

Some claim to have heard the Spirit  
even to have seen the Spirit - but I have  
smelt the Spirit in the Garden of Togetherness.  
Spirit is smell of connection,  
genderless but not sexless  
odour of earth, beyond tired, trite  
worlds of words.

I said to the Buddha of Hairiness:  
The only people who know wisdom  
are those who have never imagined  
that wisdom existed - and those who have not  
succumbed to consciousness  
but conquered it.

He showed me twins floating  
silently, helplessly  
in a womb beyond world,  
and one was the Buddha of Hairiness  
and the other was the melancholy priest.  
This was the answer:

Flow beyond language, the barrage of consciousness,  
flow is in smell and (naturally) in noses.  
Flow is a nose as well as a smell,  
and flow is breath, and stone, and death,  
and orgasm needs neither friction nor fountain -  
and enlightenment is a cell.

Anthony Weir

# Hortus Maleficarum

Irish fields are bleak  
even in summer when the grass is high for silage.  
They are prisoners,  
beaten up, interned behind barbed wire,  
inside us, our fenced land, our property  
- and we cannot shut it out.  
Nor brick nor stone nor wool nor wine  
nor fire nor electricity can keep it out  
of the trampled, overcropped, exhausted  
field of consciousness

where club and cleft stick,  
man and woman  
are seasoned by the sourness of centuries  
thickening to peat above them and below  
spring after ritual spring.  
Gort - one of the Irish words for 'field' -  
comes from the same root as Latin hortus  
and English garth, yard and garden.  
The Persian paradise  
had prison-walls.

A garden is a shrine to tidiness,  
a place for dolls,  
fragile and cruel as its creators,  
each one a habitat destroyed,  
a wanton blasphemy of wilderness.  
And wolves and bears have vanished  
as the wilderness has vanished.

A garden's just a piece of tidy property  
whence beauty, truth and toleration have been banished  
into books. And books are dead trees  
and marketing and choked drains,  
and poems are dead cells dropping  
like sleet from wintry brains.

Anthony Weir

## How Can An Irish Poet Follow Yeats?

They danced for joy  
as the towers were burned  
the Towers of Ilium:  
the sack of Troy.

Instead of Troy, shall Washington be sack'd?  
And is bin Laden the new  
Odysseus? or yet  
the new Æneas,  
the falsely-justifying hero  
of societies not founded  
on the principles of greed and debt?

Anthony Weir



# I Am Open

like a wound  
that smiles  
and kisses with  
its tender edges  
knives & rags  
and flies & thorny hedges.

Beggars  
are  
the only  
heroes.

Anthony Weir

# Illusions In Three Parts (Haiku Sequence) I

The Northern Lights:  
the old dog shakes himself.

A damson falling  
brings leaves and wasps  
down to earth.

After the Sauna  
night-breeze on our nipples.  
The Northern Lights.

Friendless and magnificent  
above McDonald's:  
the Harvest Moon.

Pond beneath a moonless sky:  
Start and finish of everything.

Every year the leaves  
are deported by the wind  
to the camps of rot.

Its last blood-red leaves gone  
how stiff the creeper  
on the graveyard wall.

Hoar-frost on the hair  
upon the hot chests of the  
[magic] mushroom gatherers.

In my autumn groin  
mist and rain and river  
are indistinguishable.

Dead tree slanting athwart the stream:  
Ivy-stems entwine my life.

After the storm, apples pass  
from wasps to slugs to me.

Another robin in my mousetrap:  
few of us fail to give humanity  
a bad name.

Superhuman sound:  
a rat gnawing the steel grille  
with snow-white teeth.

Wagtail on the roof:  
the wise man combs his beard  
with a fork.

Seeming to do little  
the fossil has survived  
a hundred million years.

Full winter moon – is it  
a coalescing of coldness?

A winter morning:  
the soap is crenellated  
by the teeth of rats.

Snowflakes dancing down  
on the men who are digging  
another mass grave.

December foghorn:  
yet another beckoning  
from beyond the grave.

The weather forecast.  
Millennia of wind and rain  
- and now people shave.

Snail-trails in frost:  
'A painter should study  
the stains on walls.'

The crotch of a winter birch  
love, like the Unicorn

is conceived here.

The skin of the wine  
is a beautiful silk palace for lice.

Locked ward  
and sunless winter day:  
Home is where the mind is.

Neat path. Neat lawn.  
Neat visitors.  
Neat concentration-camp.

Anthony Weir

## Illusions In Three Parts (Haiku Sequence) II

The moon in a veil  
as if it had coldly evolved an ego.

Frost Kings were crowned  
again last night: my garden  
is bedecked with lace.

Digging: a fine red worm.  
Wisdom: to see everything  
as from the grave.

Thinking about my death  
I enthusiastically clean out  
the septic tank.

Dogshit on pavements:  
the unconscious calligraphy  
of prisoners.

Rotting leaves  
lie on each other lovingly  
in hecatombs.

Morning. My erection  
does not belie regret  
at my father's.

The day in silence.  
At night the telephone rings.  
It's a wrong number.

Winter solitude: gorse-bush  
flowering in a muddy field.

Red sky at morning:  
the blood of global greed  
has reached the very clouds.

Between life and death

I am always hoping to climb  
Out of myself.

Winter sunlight:  
trying to pull my shadow  
out of the shade...

Water on the knee...  
Water on the brain...and now  
Water on the moon!

With my dog: a cold wet day  
is an oceanic experience.

Our lives intertwined,  
Oscar and I check up on  
each other's fæces.

Community of luxury:  
I drink the wine  
while Oscar chews the cork.

Quiet rain. My dog expresses  
so much silently – why must we  
make so much noise?

Every night, before  
we go to bed – a brief  
strip-show for my dog.

Ice on a puddle:  
the brittle transience of wisdom.

Anthony Weir

# In Occultation

On the Turin Shroud  
Which it is claimed  
Our Lord was wrapped in  
And retains His image  
His clasping hands eclipse  
His cock and balls  
In holiness think the faithful  
For comfort in loneliness  
The least of misfortunes  
Say I who sleep thus  
And wake in occultation.  
Say I who sleep thus

Anthony Weir

# In Siena

on Tuesday

I stole Panforte, postcards & calendars  
ate too much ice-cream  
and strolled to the Asylum  
where I saw marvellous ceramics,  
and, after modestly mentioning  
my disabilities,  
was invited to come and make  
permanent use of the splendid facilities.

Anthony Weir



# In The Dead Zone

On warm, still nights  
I hear rocks groan in their sleep.  
I am mumbling sadness  
unable to love or to weep,  
a perforated stone  
windowing pain with words.

Inner me  
Anomie  
Enemy

can all sound the same on the phone.

Anthony Weir

# Infinite Banality

A world obsessed by communication  
and nothing to communicate  
but misinformation  
disinformation  
and infinite banality

which is why motors rule the world  
and ear-plugs don't.

Anthony Weir

# It Is Quite Difficult

to like human  
beings  
when you're quite sure  
that you don't like being  
human.

Anthony Weir

# It Is Very Difficult To Find The Real Thing

I had a friend  
who had a friend  
who had a stone  
for a friend,  
for a teacher:  
a master  
of silence.

Anthony Weir

# John Stuart Mill

and others believed in  
The Perfectibility of Man.  
But the last thing humans  
want to do is perfect themselves -  
indeed their civilisations ban it  
so we can get on with our business  
of wrecking the sad planet.

Anthony Weir

# Just Another Rape

I am nobody.  
As the lightning flashed  
the city showed itself as greasy ruins,  
and lush landscape was revealed  
as desert mask.

I am the restaurant that closed for lunch.  
I am the tedious  
foreword to an unwritten  
and unpublishable book.  
As bombs explode  
I am not even the most minor item  
in the most odious newspaper,  
not even the most minor character  
in the cheapest work of fiction.  
As bombs explode and people weep  
and politicians pretend to grieve,  
and the prices of insurance  
rise, I mumble forth my benediction:  
The best of Man is his ruins.

In pain-waste of ruin the lost jerk and squirm  
and dissolve into nothing but ruin  
and pain-waste of human connection  
to world and to human...

Sperm doesn't care  
whose cock it dribbles from.  
Shelves in the food-halls  
of terrible towers  
are stacked with prices and corpses.  
As famine hobbles and crawls  
I am the nothing around which spins  
the vainglory which I despise.  
What I experience as suffering  
is just the knowledge that  
(like the spat sperm which forced me into life)  
I'm floating in the sea of suffering,  
and my contempt is nothing

but a dropp of slime  
upon the infinitely deep and crumbling  
well-shaft of time.

Anthony Weir

# Lies Are The Most Acceptable Drug On Earth

Holy Mother:  
religions  
worship  
themselves  
but never  
each other.

Anthony Weir



# Living

is mystery.

Insight  
is misery

as living is  
for those and every  
living thing  
that suffers from  
Man's insightlessness.

Anthony Weir

# Love...Wine...Enlightenment

Love

is Soup Dream

Life

is Dream Soup;

Wine

is the love in the tortured vine

and art

first pressings of the hardened heart;

Enlightenment

is really knowing who you really are:

an animal with pretensions.

Anthony Weir

# Lycandrophily

Like most werewolves I find very few  
humans that I actually like.

Like most werewolves  
I find only large quadrupeds and other  
werewolves sexually attractive.

In front of the fire or out in the byre  
we hug and caress and make slow,  
impenetrative werewolfish love

And voluptuously ease into the even-  
better, slower, many-times-releasing  
ceasing.

Anthony Weir

# Maybe The Maggots

Heads full of dreams  
too many heads  
only one dream

in the world now poised between  
Hell and Hollywood  
genocide and overpopulation

words and politics and war  
there is no memory  
only expectation

for what begins with power ends in mysticism.

We are the devil of our creation  
and only the maggots  
can grant us salvation.

Anthony Weir

# Meat And My Mother

My father Diogenes  
who lived in a barrel  
and barked like a dog  
used to masturbate  
in the marketplace.

He pissed like a dog  
on offerings thrown to him:  
meat  
and my mother  
whom he raped  
like a butcher's knife  
at a cynical  
Christmas Party  
giving her crab-lice  
with his rushed sperm  
and half a lifetime  
of humble pretence.

Anthony Weir

# Megalith (Homage To The Macedonian Poet Mateja Matevski)

The forests have shrunk back to the forest  
holed up with the howl  
of the last wolf -  
the sound of time dying.  
The seas have drained back to Sargasso  
soup-thick with their dead:  
the stench of time threshing.  
And some of the old stones dragged and stood up  
at the flinty beginning of hatred  
by the river that once was  
still stand, only half-wrecked,  
their fissures expressionless.

Anthony Weir

# Memorial Hymn To Diogenes Of Sinope

Dogs are our souls.  
Consciousness is mere complexity  
of joined-up holes -  
a rotten shroud  
of overweening cruelty.  
Dogs are our beaten,  
starving, tortured,  
pampered souls.

Anthony Weir

# Miasma Of A Rotting God

What can one say about the treasons of hope?  
(We are destruction and the noise of destruction.)  
(Men demand saviours, while women just cope.)

Anthony Weir



# Midnight At The Crossroads Of Awareness

Wisdom is the road to wisdom  
The dust upon the road is love  
The road is made of dust  
Is unimaginably short  
Wisdom unimaginably brief  
Deep upon the road love lies  
Burying the corpses of the almost-wise.

Anthony Weir

# Mind

is rind around desire -

Passion:

ration of our fire -

Soul:

a hole of consciousness

Life:

a knife to carve the emptiness.

Anthony Weir

# Mistake

If the human brain is as wonderful  
as we are constantly told it is -  
why are we not living in Paradise?  
Why are we the only stupid species?

The Fundamentalists have an answer:  
Original Sin.

But of course a little thought  
with our marvellous brains reveals  
that the sin is not ours - but God's  
(without the snake) .

To put it more scientifically:  
we are (like the dinosaurs)  
one of the blind alleys, evolution's  
latest apocalyptic mistake.

Anthony Weir

# Morceau De Napoléon ('Who Dares To Speak Of '98? ')

Napoleon had very tiny private  
parts, hacked off, apparently, post mortem,  
sold to a Canadian for £18,000  
a little while ago.  
His mistresses were just for show.

Had the Irish  
(whom he failed to liberate)  
known this, they might  
have placed their trust in -  
pointed in dance  
around -  
their 1800 phallic stones  
and not upon the impotent and upstart  
Emperor of France.

Anthony Weir

# Names & Numbers Games

A man who kills five people  
is called a psychopath, a serial killer

A man who kills ten people and himself  
is called a terrorist

A man who has a hundred people killed  
is called an entrepreneur

A man who has a thousand people killed  
is called a politician

A man who has ten thousand people killed  
is called a Minister of Justice

A man who kills a hundred thousand animals  
is just doing his job

Anthony Weir

# Ninety-Eight Percent

98% of our genes are shared with chimpanzees.

We have polluted 98% of the world.

Dogs are bored 98% of the time.

Nearly 98% of life is mechanical.

More than 98% of us are lost in the plot.

And parrots think,  
and parrots mope.

O praise

the 98% of thinking animals with the integrity

not to pray or hope.

Anthony Weir

# No Poetry After Auschwitz And Nagasaki

Conclusion escapes me  
slinking away like someone who witnessed  
a Mafia murder

and ending up nowhere:  
the mined no-man's-land of ideas  
where lights swallow the moon  
like Viagra.

My shadow: a one-dimensional  
even-more-substanceless me  
a peninsula  
not of regret  
but of grief.

Freedom is meaningless  
when you're dead  
because you are freer  
than freedom.

Anthony Weir

# Normality's Unknown

to dogs, unknown  
to sharks and humming-birds -

normality is merely  
to be defined by words.

Anthony Weir



# On Reading A Commentary On The Vision Of The Prophet Daniel

To the invisible  
nothing is divisible.  
The visible is  
infinitesimal.  
I am infinitesimal  
amongst the visible,  
but not invisible.  
My vision goes beyond  
the visible and I see  
misery.

The cross we don't  
quite die on is Desire:  
we call it Throne.  
Crucifixion is our home  
if there is no eternal fire.

Anthony Weir

# Our 'Democracy' And 'Freedom Of Information'

The British government papers  
concerning Napoleon's life and death on  
St Helena are still Top Secret  
and available to nobody but the Prime Minister.  
How sinister.

Anthony Weir

# Paid

A rent of flesh -  
Two tissues shot -  
One moment's gather -  
The ravelling rush -  
The loosening of one knot  
picks out the threads  
to wind another.

Anthony Weir

# Parade

I'm not happy with Parade  
which is why these poems are placed  
by stealth upon a web-page among millions  
- where you, a tiny few unknown to me, find them  
by accident, by stealth.  
You are my virtual wealth.

Anthony Weir

# People Called Sioux - A Holocaust Poem

Was Shel Silverstein just being crass  
in the lyric sung by Johnny Cash -  
or was he being amazingly, subversively,  
unamericanly ironic?

The boy was not a boy, but a lot of men and women  
their name not Sue but Sioux,  
and ethnically cleansed by some of American Democracy's  
many land-grabs and pogroms  
carried out by racist rednecks  
and Ulstermen with bombs.

(many more than 9 million aboriginal Americans were killed in every possible way  
by Europeans)

Anthony Weir

# Poem Dedicated To The Vast Transnational Medico-Pharmaceutical Industry

Through language we lose  
our innocence,  
our animal integrity.  
Through knowledge  
we become ever madder and rougher,  
unworthy to kiss the quiet  
intestines of quadrupeds.

After Descartes  
'scientists' nailed dogs to walls  
'to show that beasts could not suffer'.

Anthony Weir

# Poetry Reading

Just another little organ  
of the Great Conspiracy:  
poetry as pathetic part  
of the entertainment industry  
keeping us from questioning  
our words, ourselves, our species  
- life itself.

IS Life worth living? No -  
not as long as people say  
it must be so.

Anthony Weir

# Portrait Of a With Credit-Card, Upon Which Rests One Of Her Amputated, Blue-Veined Breasts

Passing between The Slaves of Glory  
Tabernacle and the vast, last fast-food  
outlet, still considering  
the irredeemability of Man,  
I, who only twice brought stinking beggars home  
and have aspired to kiss the sores  
of dogs, felt the packaged-stupid  
God put his product in my mouth

And in that little  
delivered-moment of God's fun  
I recognised the dark side of the moon  
to be humanity,  
and consciousness to be  
the dark side of the sun.

Anthony Weir



# Progress...

...is progression of madness.  
In fighting death  
we extinguish life.

Anthony Weir

# Rue Saint-Denis

In the Paris street  
famous for at least 800 years  
for comforts and deformities of flesh  
a pretty, very sweet  
and almost-fresh  
young whore approached me:  
I'll pleasure you  
for just 100 francs, she said.  
You have a tender face.  
I touched her gently on the arm  
and smilingly declined  
her old recensions of the intimate  
freak-show by which some choose  
and some refuse  
to propagate the race.

Anthony Weir

# Saturn Reflects

How wonderful  
are spectacles -  
obstacles  
so magical  
they let us see  
other obstacles  
(which may not be) .

Spectacles  
like testicles  
are usually a pair.  
But spectacles  
are appendices  
you CAN choose  
NOT to wear.

Anthony Weir

# Self-Portrait

Beyond-the-Pale  
does not do similes nor metaphors  
nor family  
nor birthdays, nor Christmas  
nor bars, nor restaurants,  
and very little sex;  
does not have television  
nor washing-machine;  
does not do hygiene  
nor publishers  
and has never been employed -

he's someone the banal avoid.

Anthony Weir

# Senility

You invented  
the World  
because  
you forgot  
you were  
God  
when you became  
Peeping Tom.

Your third name is Frankenstein.  
We are your monsters.  
We worship you  
in your senility.

O  
dribbling tragedy!

Anthony Weir

# 'Seul Le Silence Est Grand: Tout Le Reste Est Faiblesse.'

Much preferring  
music to meat  
I live mostly in well-fed silence.

Anthony Weir

# Shade More Than Man

My bones were formed by sorrow  
as shrines are built by doubt  
Sorrow of being  
Doubt of becoming  
Sweat upon sand  
Tide in, tide out  
Inevitable  
invisible  
shipwreck in fog  
I make soup for tomorrow  
lost like a dog  
between doubt and sorrow.

Anthony Weir

## Sidelongings - Belfast 1969

In dark courts and entries  
between cold urinals  
long since demolished  
where men looked over and down  
at each other (hopeful, peninsular)  
little girls loitered.  
Always in pairs  
(for they were not lonely)  
uncourted  
unentered  
they whispered to grim, sidelong men:  
'How much will you give us to rub you off, Mister? '  
Little girls with dirty  
little-girl faces worked  
stony-faced men with quick  
and matter-of-fact  
little-girl hands  
to new-old  
I TOLD YOU SO of soft flesh

when some men don't pay

near old, lost urinals  
where other men  
sidelong and wistfully  
fingered each other  
(bleak seas round peninsulas)  
shifting from toilet to toilet  
or paired off in the night  
past old little girls  
for brief, hopeless pleasures.

Anthony Weir



# Sirius

Sirius shines  
the dog star  
low in the sky  
the brightest star  
revolving round  
a small dark sun  
which no man has ever seen  
like a body  
round a soul  
or words  
around a man  
or a man  
around his words  
or a man  
around a man  
or words  
around a soul  
like a body  
which no man has ever seen  
a small dark sun  
revolving round  
the brightest star  
low in the sky  
the dog star  
Sirius shines

Anthony Weir

## Six Very Short Poems

Man in a shower.  
His only reality  
the removal of reality.

Polluted stream: the liberation  
of having nothing to hope for.

Relentless blue skies;  
the smug sameness of hundreds of haiku.

Sex-change operation -  
but no surgery to alter my species.

Floods in October.  
I don't ever want to read  
another haiku.

Fantastic Offer -  
Western Values  
(integrity not included) .

Anthony Weir

# Sonnet Inspired By The Last Words Of Rilke's 8th Elegy

Seeming to live  
and always taking leave and re-attaching,  
re-inventing love and hate and obligation  
we are shadow-beings, abusing reason,  
talking of 'soul' and always beyond all consolation.

We talk of beauty, but what we mean  
is sad adornment of the squalor that we make.  
We talk of 'progress': our progressive  
enslavement to comfort - no give, all take

from whom and what we crush for comfort's sake;  
progressive dependency on rapine  
and diminishment of the whole world -  
we demi-beings of too much light  
and chatter, infantile, unilluminated, arrogant and fake.

Anthony Weir

# Soul Is What You Call My Pain

Humans are almost everywhere.  
Most other animals and criminals  
are very rare.  
Mice are very brave.

Anthony Weir

# St Valentine's Day Poem

Soul resides in hair  
and fur and feather  
scale and leaf and earth.  
Soul is part of sap and rock  
and blood and turds and weather.  
Soul inhabits empty spaces -  
not brains nor hearts  
nor tongues nor mouths  
nor eyes nor faces.

Soul resides in fur and bushy places.

Anthony Weir

# Stale Grandeur Of Annihilation

For I am awake among the overfed  
sleepers of Hell: for truth is the stair  
descending to despair  
and rising thence to more abysmal truth.  
For just because I'm dying doesn't mean  
I'm dead. And where  
are the killers of the pain of consciousness?

For beauty dies where comfort lies.

For I am exhausted by the fight.  
Why am I struggling to compose the poems  
that nobody else  
seems to have the guts or perception to write?

Anthony Weir

# Suicide For Non-Beginners

For I will die anyway  
Better to die sooner in chosen  
conditions rather than later  
most probably in pain  
in hospital powerless  
with tubes and no animal connection  
no tenderness, no cuddles  
and no music to help you detach  
from a world half as full of music  
as of din and blare and moan.

Fifty-five thousand American soldiers  
were killed in Viet Nam. A hundred  
thousand killed themselves  
after returning home.

Anthony Weir

# Suppose Anything, Believe Nothing

If men could only feel  
their cocks were feminine  
and reality as just a crack  
the world could almost be  
the paradise it was.

Anthony Weir



# Tantra-Mantra

Once you have understanding  
throw that understanding away  
and look for a new one,  
like breath after breath,  
for having is clinging.  
True happiness comes  
when you no longer hold on to happiness:

for the spirit needs desolation  
as much as the body needs death.

Anthony Weir

# Television

It's not that images are powerful  
but that consciousness -  
already cursed by narrative - is weak:  
everybody watches, mimics.  
No-one sees.

We are all distorted  
unreadable reflections of each other.

In this globalisation  
hypocrisy like prurience  
is a vast equaliser  
making us all moral latrines  
horribly disguised as clinics.

Anthony Weir

# The Beauty Of Perfection Is Impossible - But Anything Is Possible To The Imagination

So animal and so benign  
the Tyger is my sentinel  
my balm of blessedness  
my vigilance  
the fur most exquisite  
in his underparts  
his eyes night-centred suns.  
In his uninhabitable place  
he wears a cage  
of soft-edged dashing stripes  
a moving maze.  
I wear my beast-face:  
for his desire  
I am a gracious  
Minotaur.

Anthony Weir

# The Car Of Jagernathi

The Sufi Malamatis  
led sinful lives  
so they could do good and worship God  
without expectation of heavenly reward.

But we lead sinful lives  
because the only other options  
are social or actual suicide.

The worst that we do  
to each other is nothing compared  
with what we do to mammals, fish and birds.

Outliving evolution  
we are all idiots-savants  
stupefied by the tyranny  
of our concocted words.

Anthony Weir

# The Diogenes Museum

Uniquely, what Man puts into life  
is Death - while seeing his 'soul' as sanctum  
and not slaughterhouse.

Trapped in our private catastrophes of comfort  
we only seem to live:  
comfort, even more than consciousness,  
makes criminals of us all,

hovering like pale moths between madness and sanity.

Madness is what fashion-doctors say it is;  
sanity: what business makes us buy;  
consciousness: the madness of not being  
but wanting to be: new rot in new wood.  
We are no more alive  
than the machines that are our only progress.  
Hope is the most addictive of afflictions.

The only problems are human - and  
the human problem is the problem of scale.  
The outer darkness is much more inviting  
than the inner one. What people call  
'the miracle of life' is really the costly accident of existence,  
a consuming hotel.

Why should we need reasons for suicide  
when life for those whose consciences are open  
is the only Hell?

Anthony Weir

# The Earth-Mother's Lamentation (Newly Translated From The Old Irish)

My life is ebbing: let it drain -  
unlike the sea which flows again,  
The boiling, unbegotten sea.

I whose gown was always new  
am now so pitifully thin  
that this old shift will outlive me.

They want only money now.  
When I was young, love was what  
I wanted - and so richly got.

People then were generous,  
and in return they asked a lot.  
They ask and give so little now.

5. I had chariots and horses then,  
given by admiring kings.  
I drank mead and wine with them.

Now among old onion-skins  
of withered women I drink whey,  
myself a withered onion-skin.

My hands are bony now, and thin;  
once they plied their loving trade  
upon the bodies of great kings.

My hands are bony, wasted things,  
unfit to stroke an old man's head,  
much less a young man's glowing skin

Young girls are happy in the Spring,  
but I am sad and worse than sad,  
for I'm an old and useless thing.

10. Nobody round me is glad;

My hair is grey and going thin.  
My veil conceals what is well hid.

I once had bright cloth on my head  
and went with kings - now I dread  
the going to the king of kings.

The winter winds ravish the sea.  
No nobleman will visit me –  
no, not even a slave will come.

It's long ago I sailed the sea  
of youth and beauty wantonly.  
Now my Passion too has gone.

Even in Summer I wear a shawl  
It's many a day since I was warm.  
The Spring of youth has turned to Fall.

15. Wintry age's smothering pall  
is wrapping slowly round my limbs.  
My hair's like lichen, my paps like galls.

I don't regret my lust and rage,  
for even had I been demure  
I still would wear the cloak of age.

The cloak that wooded hillsides wear  
is beautiful; their foliage  
is woven with eternal care.

I am old: the eyes that once  
burned bright for men are now decayed:  
the torch has burned out its sconce.

My life is ebbing; let it drain  
unlike the sea which flows again,  
the man-torn and tormented sea.

20. Flow and ebb: what the flow brings  
the ebb soon takes away again

- the flow and the ebb following.

The flow and the ebb following:  
the flow's joy and the ebb's pain,  
the flow's honey, the ebb's sting.

The flow has not quite flooded me.  
There is a recess still quite dry  
though many were my company.

Well might Jesus come to me  
in my recess - could I deny  
a man my only hospitality?

A hand is laid upon them all  
whose ebb always succeeds their flow,  
whose rising sinks into their fall.

25. If my veiled and sunken eyes  
could see more than their own ebb  
there's nothing they would recognise.

Happy the island of the sea  
where flow always comes after ebb:  
What flow will follow ebb in me?

I am wretched. What was flow  
is now all ebb. Ebbing I go.  
After the Tide, the Undertow.

Anthony Weir



# The Empty House

We are always having and wanting to have  
more than that we wanted to have  
and had not - so always we do  
in order to compensate for what  
others did or did not do to or for us  
And we have no peace to be  
may never have been at all  
living our lives without being  
always blocking each other  
making war on ourselves, each other,  
the world  
trying to blot out the wanting  
by doing and having.  
We all move in the same mad direction  
away from ourselves, away from being  
ourselves, being animals, being voyagers,  
being.

The smell of my armpit is ocean  
In it I can learn to be.

Anthony Weir

# The Futility Of Trying To Communicate The Futility Of Communication

True poetry is to prose  
not as dancing is to walking, but  
as going on a pilgrimage is to  
running for a bus.  
There isn't much of it around.

Truth is not a dancer, but a leper  
at the gate beyond the honey, the money,  
the glamour.

Truth is a stammer, not a song.  
The world and all things wonderful  
go wrong.

Anthony Weir

# The Graceful Dead

Of course we got it wrong.  
Neanderthals  
were more intelligent than we.  
They understood that the perpetuation  
of mere cleverness leads to  
disaster. So they gracefully  
died out - and left us to turn  
the planet of marvellous diversity  
to a world of pain.

Anthony Weir

# The Great Attractor

Only 10% of the total mass  
of the once-expanding  
now-contracting Universe  
is matter. The rest  
remains ineffable, in occultation.  
As each of us crawls helplessly  
back and forth between our ears,  
on a planet spinning on its axis  
and revolving round a sun revolving  
in a galaxy which hurtles at six hundred  
kilometres per second to the black holes of  
the Great Ineffable Attractor,  
we think we are important  
and live as if we were immortal.

And we predict that the duration of the Cosmos  
will be another 15 to 20 billion years.

Anthony Weir

# The Happy Pessimist

I love to hear that man's works have been destroyed  
by earthquake, flood or hurricane  
and claimed back by the teeming void.  
All man's works are wrung from pain  
- and all his secrets are the same.

Anthony Weir

# The Inventor Of Slavery

Because all gods are now bred in gulags  
wisdom is the slaughterhouse,  
and knowledge is the scrambled  
brains of screaming pigs.

Thus,

gasping in the air of mindful cruelty  
in which we all are illiberally hurled,  
I fight for breath  
to curse the hatefulness of being  
human (all too human)  
and want my lungs to stop

- for worse things than mere death  
await me and the whole wide world.

Anthony Weir

# The Misery Of Milk And Hitler In The Heart

People eat meat as though  
vegetables were rare

- as if we lived in cold palæolithic times  
when there weren't even nettles or chickweed
- as if they were feudal lords
- as if meat tasted better than cellulose flavoured with blood
- as if it were not forbidden to photograph abattoirs
- as if cows had no sorrow
- as if we were only victims of history
- as if there were no tomorrow.

Anthony Weir

# The Motto Of Capitalism: Enough Is Not Enough

The animal garden  
Is now a murder-hole.  
Language was always the Labyrinth.  
Civilisation is striving, spurning  
starving, burning  
mass graves and marble tombs,  
wonderful wine and no-one to drink it with  
but the Black Riders  
the achievers, civilised dealers  
in death, machine-mad  
half-controlling the machine.  
They are the forms of desire  
(suppression of grace, the soul's death)  
stencils of men,  
power-bleak, power-black  
teeth in the maw  
of perpetual war  
against Nature and grace

as the planet of pain and vainglory  
hurtles through space.

Anthony Weir



# The Nearest To Joy

The nearest to joy  
I have known  
since I was a boy  
on my own  
in an attic of junk  
was seeing the joy  
in my teacher, my dog  
as he gnawed at a bone  
or romped in a field  
or played tug-of-war with a brush.

Anthony Weir

# 'The Scent Of These Armpits Is An Aroma Finer Than Prayer' (Walt Whitman)

I dreamed.  
I woke in tenderness.  
I dreamed of tenderness  
as a ripe plum squirting  
down my beard – tenderness  
that turned to tide  
which flowed through both of us  
and in which we floated  
through our cuddle-space  
wherein our snug adhesion  
the unseen ballet of our tongues  
the breath shared by each other's lungs  
were part of an epiphanic lace  
of delicate and gorgeous things  
that we in sacred, shared  
humility presented to each other  
as sweet kings –  
and the smiling  
exuberantly-bearded sun  
was his  
life-giving face.

Anthony Weir

# The Secret Society Of Suicides

Let us dress up  
in hairy brown blankets  
disguised as god's testicles,  
bump into people, crush them

and crash into many-towered skyscrapers  
of vanity  
for

A POEM THAT IS NOT A VIPER  
IS A BATTERY-TURKEY

for

beneath the mountains of bone  
among the skeletons of trees  
upon the sickly seas  
of not understanding understanding  
Progress is death's pseudonym

and

This Liberty you vaunt  
is sold with terrible compulsions

This Peace that you manipulate  
drips out of dreadful mutilations

This Civilisation that you serve  
is wanton devastation  
All your Heavens and Utopias of luxury  
bleak and full of angry comfort

We are raped and raping  
Hope is the crime and mother of crime

We are always on the way, and never arrive  
Some infinities are very small

Happiness is an imaginary number  
and a by-product  
(with what evolutionary worth, I wonder?)

LET US DRESS UP

in hairy black blankets  
masquerading as god's testicles  
and bump into people and crush them

and crash into many-towered skyscrapers  
of vanity  
for

destruction  
was the birth of civilisation  
and in destruction of destruction  
it slowly dies, ever more demanding

The only true achievement  
is renunciation

and not understanding  
is also understanding

Anthony Weir

# The Shadow Of A Shadow Of A Wound

Because I'm terrified of letting go  
all my celebration is uneasy  
dialogue with suicide. Time  
seems tight. When time becomes  
too tight it's time to die - and glory  
at the only letting-go. My inmost thoughts  
are homeless: every door a gate to hell.

Time tells us nothing but 'I told you so'.

Anthony Weir

# The Welsh Word For 'England' Is 'Land That We Lost'

More beautiful  
than a beautiful thing  
is the ruin  
of a beautiful thing.

The most beautiful thing is  
not to have been born

and, having been born  
and reborn, death  
is the only decent thing.

Anthony Weir

## These Also

To wear no clothes  
To be illiterate  
To have no name.

Anthony Weir

# Thinking Without Language

All water is holy.  
Animals are too clever  
for words.

Anthony Weir



# Time And Dog

Time flies  
Time heals  
The poor in spirit  
The meek shall inherit  
Time lies  
Heavy  
Time lies  
All the time  
Time feels  
Nothing  
We lie  
All the time  
We feel  
Only feeling

Nothing feeling  
Nothing doing  
Apart  
Apart  
Throw discretion to  
Gone to the dog  
Give him a bad name  
And hang him  
Nearer my Dog to thee  
Pure in heart  
Timeless humility

Anthony Weir

# To America

[spoken] That land's not your land  
nor is it anyone's land  
from Alcatraz to Ellis Island.  
That land was stolen  
but not from those folks  
who never claimed it  
who had respect for wolves and bears.

All land is stolen from the planet  
and the earth is now bereft.  
As the Frenchman said:  
property is theft.

[sung] This world's not your world.  
This world's not my world  
from the Antarctic to Baffin Island.  
This world's the sun's world  
the world of nature  
and man is alien,  
the vile dictator.  
Man's rule knows no democracy.

Anthony Weir

# To Amnesty International

I mourn in anger the fall  
of Lucifer  
who was the first political  
prisoner.

All this mess  
is made by prisoners  
of consciousness.

Anthony Weir

# To The Ghost Of Willie Yeats

Users of glass have no transparency.

Beyond the tombstone palaces of sensual delight  
the ultimate sensuality  
is dying. Can anything else we do  
in the self-regarding Punch-&-Judy show  
of psychoclastic Normality  
be harmless - let alone be good?  
Words cannot be free  
nor silence right...  
I say to you:

The only art  
that's true is how you mould your heart.

Anthony Weir

# Tombs For The Living Are Erected By The Dead

Normal is other people  
They don't look happy, either  
The speed of dark always  
greater than the speed of light  
What they say  
is either meaningless or has  
hidden meaning False  
sincerity their commonest  
expression Each eye  
a wary void  
Stupidity is faster than  
wisdom  
I am the past that I'm forgetting  
Everything I want to celebrate  
is threatened or destroyed.

Anthony Weir

# Touching Bottom

In the silence of eventless  
solitary days lurks wisdom  
somewhere. I am waiting in the muddle  
of waiting for wisdom  
for illumination like a turnip-lantern  
for the ghost of an answer  
to the unanswerable riddle  
Waiting for my lover  
dark enfolding infinitely-gentle  
Brother Death  
The great cuddler  
The great cuddle  
At the last breath.

Anthony Weir

# Trousers Of Internment

My pants  
covered in patches,  
were rinsed by my wife -  
but the suffering wouldn't wash out.

Like faded days  
my pants hung on the Collective's door  
on the rusty nail of Internment.

And the wind brought me from far-off the memory  
of the unerasable face of poverty.

Anthony Weir

## Two Very Short Poems

December snow falling  
tells me to stop thinking.

Anthony Weir



# Understanding Möbius

The meaning of  
catastrophe  
is the  
catastrophe  
of meaning.

Anthony Weir

# Unhappiness Comes

Like sperm,  
from the pursuit  
of happiness and comfort.

Reality is just  
a little crack  
in the façade

And the façade is full of cracks.

Anthony Weir

# Unrequited

In the estranging chill  
of consciousness  
which things  
make ever colder,  
your tenderness,  
your sensual good-will  
seemed warmer than the furs of kings,  
and your hugs warmed me  
like hypocausts  
in this refrigerative dream.

Anthony Weir

# Wake

Philosophy's a corpse  
continually washed and combed  
wordblind, megalithic  
I prise open its eyelids

to receive the light  
of the dark dog-star.

That which is written is hollow:

illegibility  
of knowing,  
everything repeated  
an hundredfold -

we climb in  
but never climb out.

Anthony Weir

# War Against Circumcision

The human generative-penetrative  
organ has more variations  
than the human face.

Some totalitarian societies and cultures  
rigorously amputate all penile personality  
by circumcision.

It is probably an accident that the USA and Israel  
and Muslim nations  
are in a state of continual war  
(even against their own populations) ...

Anthony Weir

# 'When You Are Very Old...'

translation of a famous sonnet by Pierre de Ronsard (1524-1585)  
from Sonnets for Hélène

When you are very old, at evening, by the fire,  
spinning wool by candlelight and winding it in skeins,  
you will say in wonderment as you recite my lines:  
'Ronsard admired me in the days when I was fair.'

Then not one of your servants dozing gently there  
hearing my name's cadence break through your low repines  
but will start into wakefulness out of her dreams  
and bless your name - immortalised by my desire.

I'll be underneath the ground, and a boneless shade  
taking my long rest in the scented myrtle-glade,  
and you'll be an old woman, nodding towards life's close,

regretting my love, and regretting your disdain.  
Heed me, and live for now: this time won't come again.  
Come, pluck now - today - life's so quickly-fading rose.

(translation by Anthony Weir)

Anthony Weir

# Where Can I Put The Symbols?

Where can I put the symbol of Honour and  
the symbol of Justice?

Where can I put the symbol of Hope and  
the symbol of Compassion?

Where can I put the symbol of Love?

In our time pedestals  
have been smashed to bits  
- which I am putting  
on my mother's grave.

Anthony Weir

# 'Who Gathers Knowledge, Gathers Pain'

(Book of Ecclesiastes)

The twist, the torque in our brains  
that caused language  
caused badness and sadness and madness  
unique among beasts.  
Take away the words (and much of the pain goes)  
We are almost only words (and have nothing else to say)  
Too many words in the world (and not enough truth)  
The busyness and the acquisitive words (remembering...dismembering)

What can I say about words  
whose naked emperor is solitude?  
No gods, no magic helpers (and words are only work)  
Why do we prefer stories to insight?

Religion (just the mirror of arrogance)  
Philosophy (fake analysis of arrogance)  
Knowledge (mere myth)  
(wisdom is silence)  
Thought (only words endlessly permutating  
spawning their busyness)  
Because we invented reason we think we are rational.

Madness is the price of language.

Can we not reduce the words that pass for awareness  
(that tell us we are swimming in our sinking) ?  
Reduce them to very small poems (less smug than haiku)  
Or just to breathings  
Or just to looks?

Let there be no more words!  
Let there be no more books!

Anthony Weir



# Xanadu

In that exotic land  
coffee and pornography  
arrived at the same time.  
Coffee they called  
'American Tea'.  
Pornography they called  
'American Joy'.

Anthony Weir