

SPAN

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The beyond is distant and far inlaid  
Where no brother or sister indulge  
And the end is the beginning  
And segments dwell in the assumption of units  
And distinction vanish to unconsciousness.

Here is boundless, unfixed as variations  
And there is beyond, abstract as the  
Depthless, weightless world of thoughts  
Floating behind closed eyelids  
That protect searching eyes from the blinding sun.

Time, formless imaginative lines,  
Spirals into centuries penetrating my crust  
Setting a great firmament against itself  
To mate and spawn the dawn,  
Mother of existence, who,  
Moulding herself into concrete pillars of knowledge,  
Stake the path where horizons appear  
Anvilled to beginnings and ends.

I was,  
Many generations ago,  
Even the first of the first generation  
I was life.  
A seed in a seed, infinite,  
I was life in a life,  
Coiled to a knotted secret  
Still, the vortex of life's pith.

Warmed, moistened, roused  
I send my roots deeper  
Into darkness' black earth  
Tapping resources of dead empires  
Minerals, substances unknown.

The journey's end to an ecstatic climb  
- Pores erupt, flooding the human plain,  
Fighting, clinging tendrils collapse  
In jelly-like surrender.  
Time perfumes into oblivion, lashed shutters roll  
Eclipsing the one human planet from the other  
In a deep sapped night.

My roots firm in an old tree  
I sleep like a worm.  
The spring comes and I fight to the light,  
The old tree bends to the strain  
Trembling to my spasmodic rythms.

I want to be free,  
To breathe my own air  
To be blinded by the tonic sun  
To think, to calculate, to solve.

Caught in the swell of this rushing stream,  
Blind to the opening at the bend  
I dare to venture up and out, head first.  
Earth's womb belches its relief  
And heaven's weight falls, heavy,  
Heaved, slapped and tilted, upside down.

I find another darkness,  
That shames the sun, the moon and me.  
I am not free.  
I breathe fumes of eucalyptus (oil)  
My gaze barely reaches beyond  
The canopy of a mosquito net,  
Where the plague of human eyes,  
Curious deaths, set to announce my way  
Christened to a trodden heritage.

I am a museum piece,  
Bathed, dusted, powdered.  
I am cheated, I wriggle, play dead.  
I scream.  
Smothered, rocked with haste  
My mouth is stuffed closed,  
Life's nipples bag squeezed  
Drowning my cry in white saliva  
Rolling down my cheeks.

LeRoy Clarke

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