WHEELS: AN ANTHOLOGY OF VERSE

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Wheels: an anthology of verse by B.H. Blackwell

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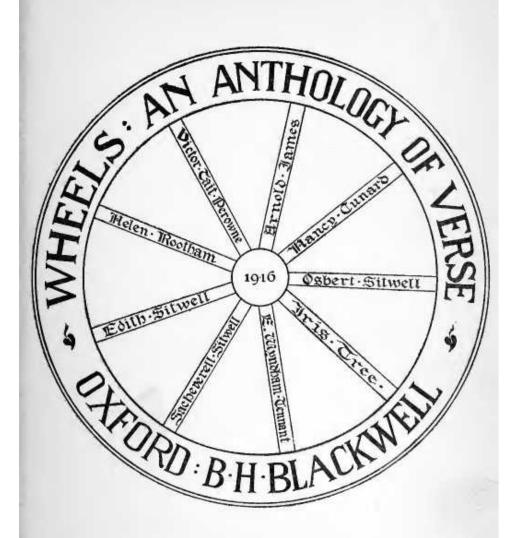
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B.H. BLACKWELL

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WHEELS.

SOMETIMES think that all our thoughts are wheels Rolling forever through the painted world, Moved by the cunning of a thousand clowns Dressed paper-wise, with blatant rounded masks, That take their multi-coloured caravans From place to place, and act and leap and sing, Catching the spinning hoops when cymbals clash. And one is dressed as Fate, and one as Death, The rest that represent Love, Joy and Sin, Join hands in solemn stage-learnt ecstasy, While Folly beats a drum with golden pegs, And mocks that shrouded Jester called Despair. The dwarves and other curious satellites, Voluptuous-mouthed, with slyly-pointed steps, Strut in the circus while the people stare .-And some have sober faces white with chalk, And roll the heavy wheels all through the streets Of sleeping hearts, with ponderance and noise Like weary armies on a solemn march.-

Wheels.

Now in the scented gardens of the night,
Where we are scattered like a pack of cards,
Our words are turned to spokes that thoughts may roll
And form a jangling chain around the world,
(Itself a fabulous wheel controlled by Time
Over the slow incline of centuries.)
So dreams and prayers and feelings born of sleep
As well as all the sun-gilt pageantry
Made out of summer breezes and hot noons,
Are in the great revolving of the spheres
Under the trampling of their chariot wheels.

THE BEGINNING.

REAT spheres of fire, to which the sun is nought
Pass thund'ring round our world. A golden mist—
The margin to the universe,—falls round
The verges of our vision. Rocks ablaze
Leap upward to the sun, or fall beneath
The rush of our rapidity, that seems
Catastrophy, and not the joyous birth
Of yet another star. The air is full
Of clashing colours, full of sights and sounds
Too plain and loud for men to heed or hear,—
The cosmic cries of pain that follow birth:
A multi-coloured world.

The scorching heat
Surpasses all the equatorial days:
Steam rises from the surface of the sea.
Gigantic rainbow mists resemble forms
That bring to mind strange elemental sprites

The Beginning.

Exulting in the chaos of creation. They glide above the tumult-ridden sea Which now is shaken as are autumn leaves: Great hollows open and reveal its depths-Denude of any form of life or death .-Then wave on wave it gathers strength again And shakes a mountain, splits it to the base (Still weak from struggles as a new-born babe). Then night comes on, and shows the flaming path Of all the rocks that vainly seek the sun. Broad as the arch of space, a myriad moons Sail slowly by the sea; the glowing world Shows up the pallor of their ivory .-The din grows greater from the universe There rises up the smell of fire and iron,-Not dreary like the smell of burnt-out things, But like the smell of some gigantic forge-Cheerful, of good intent, and full of life.

Now all the joyous cries of sea and earth The universal harmonies of birth Rise up to haunt the slumber of their god.